Cast In Order Of Appearance:

Narrator
Everyone
Ahab
Starbuck
Moby
Stubb
Flask
Tashtego
Ishmael

NARRATOR : And now we move on to the dramatic conclusion with:
Moby Dick - The Chase - Third Day

SFX: ocean waves

AHAB : What a lovely day again. D'ye see him?

EVERYONE : No.

AHAB : Follow his wake.

STARBUCK : His wake, sir?

AHAB : His turbulence path in the water, Mr. Starbuck. Am I the only one who's ever been on a ship before? Now go away. I have to have a talk with myself that will take over a page in the book.

SFX: Ahab mutters

STARBUCK : Are you done, Captain Ahab?

AHAB : Almost. To it! Aloft there! What d'ye see?

EVERYONE : Nothing.

AHAB : What? It's almost noon. Sway me up to the top of the main masthead.

SFX: rig hoisting sounds

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AHAB : Darn! We've oversailed him. Moby Dick's chasing me now. About! About! Man the braces!

EVERYONE : What?

AHAB : Turn the ship around.

EVERYONE : Oh.

STARBUCK : Well, this seems like a brilliant idea. Turn the ship around and head for a giant whale's mouth. Hello God, I'm saying my prayers now.

AHAB : There she blows! Forehead to forehead I meet thee, this third time, Moby Dick! On deck there! Brace sharper up! Crowd her into the wind's eye! Stand over that helmsman with a top maul.

EVERYONE : Huh?

AHAB : Point the ship at the whale and go faster, okay?

EVERYONE : Okay.

AHAB : And while you're doing that I think I'll sit up here and reminisce about the sea, Nantucket, and my youth. Hey, there's moss growing in this masthead. Here we are, myself and this mast, growing old together.

And what did Fedallah, the Oriental Parsee, say? That I'd see him before I died and that hemp was the only thing that could kill me?

But he's at the bottom of the ocean and we've been sailing from the spot where he sank since last night. Oh well, goodbye masthead. We'll talk again tomorrow when I have Moby Dick dead on the deck of the Pequod.

STARBUCK : Sir, are you done talking to an inanimate object?

AHAB : Sure. Lower me down and lower the boats while you're at it. Oh, and Starbuck?

STARBUCK : Yes, Captain Ahab?

AHAB : Shake my hand. There's only eight more pages in this book and I think I might die.

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STARBUCK : Oh, my captain, my captain! Please don't go!

AHAB : You stay on board, Mr. Starbuck.

STARBUCK : Aw shucks, I never get to have any fun and all this tension is making me cry.

EVERYONE : The sharks! The sharks!

STARBUCK : Gee, a whole bunch of sharks are biting the oars of Captain Ahab's boat and they're not bothering the other two boats at all. That man just cannot take a hint. And now I'm having doomsday visions. I'm shuddering, I feel faint, and a sea hawk just ripped the red flag off our mainmast and is flying off with it!

AHAB : Golly, from here it looks like Mr. Starbuck is a bit upset. Anyway, Moby Dick has just sounde d. I'll just sit here and wait for him to surface again. And will someone please shut these snapping sharks up?

MOBY : Well, well, well. It seems that these people simply can't get enough of me, Moby Dick. I guess I'll have to surface and teach them another lesson. Take that!

SFX: big splash crash

MOBY : And that!

SFX: big splash crash

MOBY : And that!

SFX: big splash crash

AHAB : Hey! The White Whale has bashed in the front end of the other two boats but left mine alone. And yuck! Fedallah's half-torn body is lashed to Moby Dick's side. I guess Fedallah was right. I am seeing him again. You guys take your boats and head back to the ship.

STUBB : We'll repair them if we can and then return.

AHAB : That's nice to hear, Stubb. But if you can't, I don't mind dying alone.

EVERYONE : Alone?

AHAB : Quiet, crew of my boat. Keep rowing.

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EVERYONE : The sharks!

AHAB : Oh, whack ‘em with what’s left of the oars.

MOBY : This party is getting boring. It’s time to bag these clowns.

STARBUCK : Look, Captain Ahab! Moby Dick is swimming away! You see? He doesn’t seek you. It’s you who seeks him. It’s not too late to stop this madness!

AHAB : Can it, Starbuck. I’m gonna get that whale. You follow me with the Pequod, but don’t follow too closely. And tell Tashtego, the harpooner, to hammer up another flag on the main masthead. It looks naked without one.

MOBY : Gosh, I’m tired. Why don’t they just leave me alone? Maybe if I pretend to ignore them—

AHAB : This is it! I’m going to sink my lucky harpoon into this whale and curse him at the same time!

MOBY : Oh, how original. Take that!

AHAB : Oh sure. Knock three of my boat crew into the water, why don’t you. And one of them is now floating away. Oh well, I’ll put the other two back on board and hang onto that rope tied to my harpoon.

EVERYONE : It snapped!

MOBY : That’s it. I’ve tried to be nice and swim away, but no! You have to keep pushing the issue. Okay. Step back, Jack, I’m gunning for the Pequod now!

EVERYONE : The whale! The ship!

AHAB : Darn! Now my boat has also caved in from Moby Dick’s thrashings and we are only able to sit here in the water and watch while the White Whale swims onward to sink my ship.

STARBUCK : Oh, what a mess this is! And to think that all my life I’ve been faithful and prayed on a daily basis. This is unfair! I mean really, to be smote by a whale that I’m not even in favor of chasing.

STUBB : You? I say, Mr. Starbuck, I, Stubb, am a bit dismayed that I will die without the taste of some fresh fruit in my mouth. A cherry, perhaps?

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FLASK : A cherry? How selfish! I, Flask, only wish that my poor mother has gotten my part-pay by now. O therwise she's gonna be poor, poor, poor.

MOBY : Oh, boo-hoo, you idiots should have thought about this before. I'm going to smite the Pequod's starboard bow.

STUBB : Oh, no!

EVERYONE : We're sinking!

AHAB : Darn this whale! I'm going to harpoon him again. Rats! The line is stuck! I'll fix it. Oops! The line's caught me about the neck and I'm a dead man.

SFX: bubbles gurgling

STUBB : Ahab's harpoon boat is sinking!

EVERYONE : What more can happen?

TASHTEGO : It is I, Tashtego, who says that all three of us harpooners will each stay at the top of a mast as the Pequod sinks from sight. Not only that, but I will nail a passing sea hawk—

SFX: squawk

TASHTEGO : —who's being a real pest, I must say, to the mainmast. And as we sink, I will keep my arm and hammer raised to the end.

EVERYONE : Talk about poetic justice and an enduring visual!

TASHTEGO : Yeah, and a great plug for a cooking and cleaning product. I could start a company, but I have to drown instead.

ISHMAEL : Well, at least I, Ishmael, get to survive and tell the tale even though a great deal of it is in third person. Go figure. I was the one who floated away the last time Moby Dick flipped Ahab's boat. It was a piece of the debris from the Pequod that kept me afloat until another ship picked me up a day later.

And, no matter what some PhD English professor in the Cliff Notes tries to tell you, the only reason why my character survives is because without me surviving, there'd be no one to tell the story in first person.

Full stop. Plain and simple.

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