

PANOS SAKELIS

JUDAS IS PRESENT



THEATRICAL PLAY

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Characters of the Play:

<i>Captain</i>	The captain of the ship.
<i>Quartermaster</i>	The one in charge of the materials, food, accommodation and everything that has to do with the supplies. Male.
<i>Boatswain</i>	The one in charge of the ship. Male.
<i>Cook</i>	The cook of the vessel. Female.
<i>Doctor</i>	The doctor that accompanies the lunatics. Female.
<i>Nurse</i>	The one in charge of the ship's hygiene. Female.
<i>Magda</i>	One of the lunatics. Female.
<i>Manos</i>	One of the lunatics. Male.
<i>Michael</i>	One of the lunatics. Male.
<i>Antigone</i>	One of the lunatics. Female.
<i>Joanna</i>	One of the lunatics. Female.
<i>Jordan</i>	One of the lunatics. Male.

The setting of the Play:

We have three different scenic shots in a single stage. All three represent the living quarters of a ferryboat or landing ship. The first is on the right of the scene, the other on the left, while the third is like a second floor on top and left. In the lower-left part, there are bunks and a table with chairs. It reminds, respectively, the sleeping and eating area of a cargo ship. On the right is an empty space where chains are hanging from the walls, indicating the lower hangar of a ferry boat where cars, and other vehicles, are parked. On the upper level, there is the bunk and the captain's office. There is still a ladder from the middle part of the scene that is going up to this level.

Time of the Play:

The present.

ACT ONE

We hear the ship whistle, and a loudspeaker announces that the time is seven in the morning. From the right, the Cook enters carrying a tray with cake and a jug of tea. She lets the dish on the table. She's dressed in something like an outfit. She sits at the table and fills a glass with tea.

Cook: What a day today! From the very start and you understand what is coming!

The Quartermaster and the Boatswain enter the scene. They wear blue jean pants and blue shirts while over their right pocket, hangs a badge with their names. They sit next to her and start to eat without saying a word.

Cook: Can you tell me, where were you yesterday night?

Quartermaster: And how on earth, once more, you got that conclusion?

Cook: Your beds are layered from the early morning. Did you ditch last night?

Boatswain: Don't shout! We went for a walk in the city just for not freaking from staying in so long.

Cook: In that hell of a city?

Quartermaster: (Looking at her strangely) Why you call it hell?

Cook: Yeah! You are capable of telling me that it has hidden beauties. It is also their madhouse!

Quartermaster: So what? Mad people do not walk on the streets! They keep them inside.

Cook: Nobody walks on the streets.

Boatswain: They walk.

Cook: Indeed, the...

Quartermaster: Why don't you say?

Cook: You believe I am ashamed? The whores! But fire will fall from the sky and will burn you all.

Boatswain: Don't shout, you, jackass. I'm not deaf!

Cook: Captain said no one to go abroad. We all heard him from the loudspeakers. The ship had to be ready to sail at any time.

Quartermaster: That's why he had collected them all at his table, and we couldn't find for the whole night even one with straight legs!

Boatswain: Come on now!

Boatswain: Where to come, and why? What I know is that we get fucked. We went out to fuck and left with the dick in our hands!

Cook: Aren't you ashamed to talk like that, you cretin?

Quartermaster: Ashamed? For what?

Cook: No one talks like this.

Boatswain: I don't know how they talk. What I know for sure is that we lost our time for nothing.

Quartermaster: Oh, yes, and not only that! Now, with a hangover as shit, who wants to work? While if we...

Cook: I repeat once again, speak more polite in front of me.

Quartermaster: Crap! I'm going now for a nap, and afterward, we can see what to do. (He stood up, and after walking a few steps he returns again) And Cook, be careful! You know what? After so many days locked in here, I begin to believe that you are becoming prettier day by day!

Cook: (She looks happy with what she heard.) Boys, aren't you ashamed? Why don't you look after your job for a moment or two? Don't you care to be informed of the program?

Quartermaster: And what do I care about the program? I'm the Quartermaster of this brothel. I regularly check my materials, I keep my books in order; I take care of the provisions, and for the rest, I don't give a shit!

Boatswain: Shut up, mother fucker! The way she talks concludes that she wants to say something else. Her bla bla smelled more of a hint than just an observation. Well, sweetheart?

Cook: Well, what? I just read the daily orders. I also take care of learning what is hidden between the words, and I have not in my mind only to accompany you to the dirty shops and the like.

Quartermaster: Come on now! Tell us the bottom line, and we'll see the details later.

Cook: We'll carry lunatics.

Boatswain: What are we gonna do?

Cook: We'll carry lunatics! Didn't you hear what I said the first time?

Boatswain: I heard it, but I didn't understand. And can you tell me where we will transport them?

Cook: He is the Boatswain and asks you where we are going! Oh! Really? Don't you know where we're going?

Boatswain: Oh, I don't give a damn! Here or there, what is the difference? It is essential to be responsible for something, to be a Quartermaster, a Boatswain, not to exercise your duties seriously!

Quartermaster: Stop it now! You are talking as if it is challenging to have a look from time to time, just for fun. Besides, who asked you for particular responsibilities?

Boatswain: Come on, are you taking now the part of the old bitch? You know that at something like that I am the best of the best. But all these are for passing our time.

Quartermaster: Are you gonna tell us finally what is going on, or we will continue all that crap?

Cook: They'll bring lunatics aboard. This and nothing more. You will also have an opportunity to practice your charm at them. Probably to the females.

Boatswain: Go fuck yourself! You think I am gonna lay down with lunatics?

Cook: Do you know any rational to want you?

The Quartermaster laughs.

Boatswain: Why are you laughing now, asshole? Do you think you are better?

Quartermaster: Now, you're right up my alley!

Cook: You are both the same.

Quartermaster: You're not any better.

Cook: Yes! (Imitates the Quartermaster) You're not any better! You learned an aphorism, and you say it. It would be funny if we were to be the same.

Boatswain: Why? You think we aren't? Or you think we don't know why you are playing the role of Santa Maria?

Cook: I'm curious to learn. Can you inform me?

Quartermaster: Boatswain, let's go. Smells like trouble.

Cook: No need, I am to leave. (She picks up the dishes and start walking to the exit).

Boatswain: Since that guy left the old bitch, she pretended to be sad and turned her affection to chicks.

The Cook, who hasn't yet gone away, heard him, seized a piece of cake and threw it on his head. Both left in a hurry to the other side of the stage.