

A FIGHT TO REMEMBER

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(C) 2003

SCENE: *Deck of the TITANIC.*

VOICE (*insufferably calm and pleasant*)

Passengers are kindly requested to proceed to the nearest lifeboat for a continuation of their memorable maiden voyage on the *TITANIC*. Women and children first, please. Gentlemen, if you would join the First Mate on the Promenade Deck for a cigar and brandy, the Captain would be most grateful.

White Star Lines hopes you have had an enjoyable experience with us. As always, we cheerfully offer unsatisfied customers free passage on another liner. We are proud to announce that the HMS *Lusitania* is available for you. Have a pleasant journey.

HERBERT (*appearing SL, moving briskly; he is dressed as completely as Agnes, down to hat, gloves, and walking stick*) Hold that boat, please!

AGNES (*hooking his arm with the umbrella, pulling him back*)

You shan't tell me what to do this time!

HERBERT

What are you doing?

AGNES

You have played the tyrant with me this entire voyage, sir! Now I am staging a revolution.

HERBERT

You are making a serious mistake. (*advances on her*)

AGNES (*tip of umbrella in his chest*)

In other circumstances I should share your revulsion at such a step, but the situation requires painful but necessary action. Stand aside, please.

HERBERT

I am unaccustomed to taking orders from anyone, much less an overdressed woman! (*advances on her, stick in front of him, knob up*)

AGNES (*jabbing his foot with umbrella*)

I fear you must learn to live with disappointment.

HERBERT (*wincing and hopping away*)

You've forced me into an agonizing decision, madam.

AGNES

So I see.

(He advances on her, swinging the stick; she parries effectively and repulses him with a hip bump; as she turns toward the boat, he howls in rage and draws a sword from the cane; the ladies gasp; Agnes draws her own sword from the umbrella, spins, parries him again; they fight)

AGNES (*as he raises the cane body over his head*)

Ah-ah-ah! Don't you dare touch the hat!

(He hesitates for a moment, then slashes down at her head; she parries, then whacks him on his head with the umbrella body; knocking his hat down around his ears)

AGNES

I thought your hearing was quite acute?

HERBERT

You'll find my point control impressive, as well.

(He attacks furiously; she parries with ease, disarms him, jams her umbrella handle into his groin; he squeaks, stands there helplessly, umbrella trapped between his legs, point up to the sky; after a long beat, it slowly sags down to the deck; ladies giggle)

AGNES

Yes. I see what you mean. (*takes back her umbrella with a yank; he sinks butt-first onto the deck*)

(She adjusts her ensemble, gives him a little wave, and gets into the boat)