

1 Valhalla

1.1 Introduction

Composed by Dileep "Trauma" V. Reddy.

This play is inspired by "Das Boot", a movie by Wolfgang Peterson, as well as the "Return of the Eagle" story-arc from "Black Lagoon". There are no copyright issues attached with its use. The author merely wishes that he be credited during curtain call.

It takes place in a submarine (U-Boat), in two timelines, alternating with the scenes. The population diversity, limited size and general scenarios encountered on a submarine naturally lends the setting to a plot designed for a stage performance.

When Saraswathi Hostel (IITM) performed this play for lit-soc '08-09, their production team saw fit to restrict the use of stage space to create a deliberately cluttered, obstacle ridden environ. The stage was divided into 4 sections. 3 of the sections were aligned from stage left to right, to represent the submarine interiors, namely the barracks, the Dining room and the control room respectively. The interior compartments were virtually demarcated by two elliptical door frames made out of PVC tubing, similar to the metal door frames inside a real sub. The barracks consisted of a pair of bunk-beds, and a footlocker. The central dining hall had a table, three chairs and a gramophone on a stool. A chess board and pieces were placed on the table. The control room had an assortment of machinery and seats for crew-members. A vertical cylindrical tube meant to symbolise a periscope was also planned. While these sections were against the backdrop, the fourth section, the deck of the submarine, was created in the form of a 1 foot high raised platform in front of the barracks section, towards the audience.

The scenes in the play alternate between two timelines. In the past timeline, the crew of the sub were alive and well. In these scenes, the lighting is bright and general, unless in silent run mode, when the lights were switched to an alarm-esque red. Ambient sounds of submarine engine drones, radio announcements and sea-waves (in the deck scenes) were employed. In the

future timeline, the submarine is supposed to have sunk to the sea-bed, and all of the crew are dead. And a couple of deep-sea divers infiltrate the vessel with torch-lights. In these scenes, dark blue lighting, and ambient soundtrack of water-dripping were used. Most crew members would play dead in various compartments of the sub. The captain, the Japanese Colonel and the SS officer would be dead in the barracks area. A couple of guns littered the barrack floor, prominently. The Chess game is in progress, the gramophone has a record sitting in it, and a couple of bones and a skull litter the stage.

The idea of the play is to experiment with anti-climax (what is going to happen in the past is narrated early in the future scenes), and to portray mass-acting in a closed, confined environment, with zero visibility of stimulus. The crew of the submarine should react to mere sound cues from the outside world, and their dial gauge readings. An ambitious project, that requires heavy team-work, heavy tech and practice to pull-off.

Characters:

Past:-

Captain Aabe
Colonel Matsuda (Japanese)
SS Officer
First Mate
7 Crew members

Present:-

Rock (diver)
Revy (diver)
Dutch (voice over only)

1.2 Scene 1

—2 min Documentary track, consisting of sections of WW2 documentary narrative and sound effects followed by Slow Guitar music. Dark stage. Voice over from off-stage.—

Rock: Still listening to that old VCR of yours?

Dutch: I always do a little background research into all my dealings. It helps put things into perspective.

Rock: Sounds elegant.

But, in our business, isn't it wiser to keep our noses off of our client secrets, and concentrate on the job instead.

Dutch: That's not what I'm trying to do at all.

I'm merely extending the breadth of my conscience. The whole experience stays with you more vividly then.

Rock: Then pray enlighten me. What great perspective did you achieve after listening to that tape?

Dutch: Don't play psycho-analyst with me boy.

Rock: You never allow yourself to experience a single vulnerable moment, do you?

Is that what happens to everyone? Once they've been doing this job for long enough?

Dutch: Keep staring into the abyss, and the abyss starts to stare back at you.

Rock: Although today's abyss will be my deepest yet. Its a shame. I was beginning to enjoy the view up here. It is much more serene compared to yesterday.

Dutch: The waters around here are in real technicolor. It's a masterpiece once you dive in.

Rock: I'm sure it is. I've done some scuba diving at Ishigaki Island.

Dutch: Sounds elegant. Like a real yuppie bachelor's life.

Rock: It's not that great.

Putting this beer to my lips in this sea breeze, is much more elegant.

Dutch: This underground grave is about to open.

—Lights on: The skies are black with smoke and dusk (spot). The Cap-

tain, the jap and the SS officer, along with a crew member stand on the submarine's deck. The SS officer is looking into the distance, aloof to the conversation between the others.—

Crew4: Man on Bridge?

Crew5: Affirmative.

—Crew 4 comes up to deck with camera.—

Capt: Take photos of the crew returning, not putting out to sea.

Crew4: Why, captain?

Capt: They'll have beards by then.

It would shame the brits to see mere boys giving them hell.

You're from Mexico?

Crew4: Yes, sir. South of Mexico City.

Capt: Is it nice?

Crew4: Yes. Great climate, due to high altitude.

Capt: You've come a long way.

Crew4: As a German, it was a matter of course.

Capt: What did you do there?

Crew4: Worked on a plantation with my step-grandparents, Sir.

Capt: I see.

—Jap walks up to him.—

Jap: New recruit?

Capt: Replacement unit. Got him just yesterday.

Rigid Jawbones.

Baby faces.

I feel ancient around these kids.

Like I'm on some Children's crusade.

Jap: So its "Farewell Germany".

Its a shame that the last German sky we'll see is its usual leaden colour.

Capt: Thanks to it, the Allies' patrol over us has thinned. If we get past the Shetlands and out of the North Sea, we'll soon be under Spain's blue sky, and then on to Africa's beaches. And you'll soon miss these clouds, Lieutenant Colonel Matsuda.

Jap: After all, a man who's here to study aeronautics shouldn't be killed by a plane.

Capt: And after coming all the way to Germany!

Jap: —Laughs— How long do you think it'll take us to get there?

Capt: Not to worry Colonel. U-boats are the fastest marine creatures on earth. We'll have you home in 4 or 5 days.

Jap: The clouds, up so high,
pale doorways in rusted sky.
Winter has begun.

Capt: Was that a haiku, Colonel?

Jap: Why indeed it was. Aren't there any poems in your goth culture? Captain? Something that has touched you, inspired you in any way?

Capt: I can't recall anything. Oh yeah, there is a battlecry though.

Jap: A Battlecry? Seems apt.

Capt: Its not really a cry, more like a personal litany.

Jap: Let me have it.

Capt: Lo there do I see my father

Lo there do I see my mother and my sisters and my brothers

Lo there do I see the line of my people back to the beginning

Lo they do call to me, they bid me take my place among them

Both: In the halls of Valhalla, where the brave may live forever!

Jap: —Laughs— It seems like we'll understand each other on this long trip.
—looks toward SS— I'd like to feel the same about that other passenger.

Capt: I don't understand the SS or SD, whatever those people are.

—Lights out—

1.3 Scene 2

—Present time. Blue lighting. Explosion. Rock stumbles into sub from stage left. Comm is a voice-over from off-stage.—

Revy: Geez. What are you doing? Hey, you alright?

Rock: You didn't warn me you were detonating it! What if we'd flooded the place? You're too rough.

Revy: We can't be screwing around like that. The more fuss the less time we'll have.

Rock: You could have just warned me.

Revy: How do you expect me to talk underwater? At least keep track of what I'm doing.

Rock: Just give me a signal or something when you do something! —places

his hand on a skull, lifts it up— B-Bones! BONES!!!

Revy: There's gonna be bones, Rock. They're all over the place.

This is a graveyard that humans living on the surface have forgotten.

The end of those who were visited by the Grim Reaper against their will.

No flowers or candles. No one comes, and no one remembers. A fucking catacomb without saints. I've never liked these sorts of places. It smells like something's rotten.

If we stay too long, our lungs will rot.

Rock: Well, then what are we doing about it?

Revy: Nothing.

Rock: N-N-N-Nothing!!!? Why?!

Revy: Keep it down!! I can hear you.

Rock: What do you mean nothing?! You're supposed to be the expert on hazardous environments...

Revy: Trust me. The body adapts.

Rock: Adapts?! To meat eating bacteria?!!

Comm: Testing.... testing... can you two hear me?

Revy: Ahah, loud and clear Dutch.

Comm: I'm tracking you from your beacons. What's the status?

Revy: We're inside the sub. Although Rock is a bit shaken.

Rock: The pressure is too high. My ears hurt. I think they've begun to rot.

Comm: Get used to it. Revy, how accessible is the bow?

Revy: It was completely watered in. We entered in through the torpedo tubes.

Comm: How does it feel?

Rock: Dark..... and cold....

Revy: Like a theme ride at disneyland. Complete with real algae. —Checks the hydrophone— The hydrophone still works.

Comm: Chart the surroundings. Confirm all accessible areas.

Revy: So this is the legendary wolfpack? Ever been inside a submarine before?

Rock: No.

Revy: Well, feast your eyes Rock! This is a once in a life-time opportunity.

Rock: I hope that's true. What are we after again?

Revy: Navigations, dial gauges not functioning. batteries must be dead. The depth reads 280 meters.

Rock: 280!!! No wonder my ears hurt. The pressure's too high.

Comm: Rock, zip it, get back into the water and weld the holes shut. Revy, release the oxygen tank at rate 1/18 the gauge value. You'll be able to breath normally in about 10 minutes. Until then, don't exert yourself. Try not to burn too much air from the tanks.

You'll need it....

Revy:to swim back up. I know.

Rock: But how? We're sealing ourselves in!

Comm: Just make a hole somewhere and swim out.

Once we get what we want, we don't need anything else. Alright then, once the O2 levels

reach their optimum, you can breath without the cylinders.

Revy: And what do we do until then?

Comm: Adapt.

Revy: —reads it off a wall— IXC-U-859. Well, at least we know we are on the right boat.

Rock: Its not like there were a lot of choices outside.

Revy: —Examining the walls— Huh... heavy Metal Fatigue, no bolts... I'm surprised this thing is even intact.

Rock: So, how did it end up like this?

Comm: This boat's Captain went by the name of Major Venztel H. Aabe. The last order he received from the falling homeland was to take a Japanese officer to Batavia. But things weren't that simple.

Revy: You'd have to go around Europe, then Africa.

Comm: A voyage worthy of Magellan. But Aabe pulled it off.

Rock: Almost, by the looks of it.

Revy: While searching for the Japanese, the US navy came across this U-boat. Because of their boredom, they would have all struck at once.

Comm: The captain, and 44 of his crew, disappeared into the darkness of the sea.

Rock: And we are here beecaauuussee...

Comm: Because up until this point, it's all historical fact. But there is another, untold story.

Revy: Uuuu. Ssspooky.

1.4 Scene 3

—Colonel Matsuda and crew 1 are playing chess. Crew 1 is feeling very sleepy. The rest in control room. Tense moment.—

Capt: Steady as she goes.

FirstM: Bow up 15. Stern up 10. Both up.

Boat trimmed.
Close main vents.

Crew5: Vents closed.

FisrtM: Bow down 15, stern up 10.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

Crew4: —To SS— The shipyard rates it to 90 meters. But we can go deeper.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

Capt: Deeper, Chief. Let's see if these valves are tight.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

Crew4:—To SS— Of course, there's a limit.
We can only take so much pressure... ..before the boat's crushed.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

FirstM: Secure upper hatches.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

Crew4: It's water pressure.

SS: Yes, of course.

Capt: Deeper.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

FirstM: 140 meters.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

Capt: It's gotta take it.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

FirstM: 150. 160 meters.

—Sound of metal bending/creeking—

Capt: That's all today. Surface.

Crew5: Surface.

FirstM: Bow up 10. Stern up 5.

Radio: Attention. Ladies and Gentlemen of the crew. U-859 has temporarily halted and will be surfacing for fresh air. Please return your seats to their full, upright position. The captain is not responsible for loss of personal belongings. Thank you for choosing the German Navy.

—Reduce drone volume, start Jazz music with low-pass radio filtering—

Crew1: Hurry up and go Colonel.

Jap: Don't rush me.

—After a while, Jap. makes his move, but Crew 1 makes his immediately after.—

Jap: Hmmm?! Why don't you think before you go?

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Crew1: Hurry up...

Jap: In the game of Chess, you think ahead and predict the opponent's moves.

—Crew 1 Yawns.—

Jap: When the time is right, be where your opponent wants to be. Being one step ahead is the true purpose.

It doesn't mean that you can just move whenever you want. I want to move here.

Crew1: With just rules, you can't win at Chess.

Jap: You don't get it, do you?

Simon. In Chess, your personality shows in the game. If you just play around when you feel like it...

Crew1: —cuts him off— please hurry-up.

—The chess room goes mute. Crew2 and crew3 are discussing in the control room.—

Crew2: And then what happened?

Crew3: Well, Colonel Stauffenberg only had time to arm one of the bombs, when a guard knocked on the door. **Crew2:** A guard knocked on the door?

Crew3: So lieutenant Haeften took the other bomb outside while the Colonel casually took the briefcase into the briefing room, where the Fuhrer was present.

Crew2: Wait. I'm confused. He knocked on the door!! How did they.....

—Captain walks in. They both stand in attention.—

Capt: I don't mind my crew engaging in treasonous gossip, but do save it for when your shifts are over.

Crew2: Sir!

Capt: Back to work!

Both: Sir, Yes Sir.

—Crew 2 and 3 return to repairing equipment. Captain walks into chess room. Crew 1 stands-up to salute. Capt. gestures for him to sit. He goes back to original posture.—

Jap: Before I teamed-up with you guys, I had a normal life. —Makes a move, and immediate response is exacted.—

Jap: Were they discussing the July 20 plot?

Capt: The very same.

Jap: Herr Hitler is one lucky man to have survived that blast Captain.

Capt: Indeed. Did you know that after Stauffenberg left the room, one of the other lieutenants moved the briefcase further away from the Fuhrer because it obstructed his feet?

Jap: No!

Capt: He placed it behind one of the table's wooden legs, just before the explosion.

Jap: And you believe that simple act spared your leader his life? —Chess move.—

Crew1: Divine providence.

Capt: Or, an incredible coincidence.

Jap: Come on, captain. The meeting was shifted from a confined bunker to an open wooden cabin in the last minute,

Crew1: The table was assembled with breakaway parts. Stauffenberg used only one set of explosives, when he brought two.

Jap: Everyone in the room died but him.....

That's a lot of coincidences. You don't think God was on your side?

Capt: I'd really rather the German public understand the difference between national Socialism and magical thinking, Colonel. Conquest of other countries may or may not be justified, but to invoke God, and the Superior race rhetoric just doesn't go down well with me.

Jap: If illusions can serve to arouse popularity, and mass loyalty, surely they has some merit? I mean, what is the one major difference between the Yanks and Us?

Crew1: We are more disciplined, more motivated.

Jap: No you're not. I mean YOU in particular....mmake a move.

Where were we?

Capt: Every single unit, ready to die for the emperor.

Jap: This is why we "Know" we cannot lose this war. I think Germany could use a little magical thinking. Don't you?

Capt: Do you know now the Russians clear minefields Colonel? —Pause. Sideways nod.— Cattle. They use cattle. And once all the livestock is ex-

austed, they use people. Row after row of conscripts, locking hands and walking across huge fields, filling in the gaps in the chain left by exploding mines. And a machine-gunner would always follow from behind. Do you know why?

Jap: Why?

Capt: To shoot anyone who defies the order and breaks file, trying to escape. The Red Army uses fear to strengthen their resolve. The German army cannot compete with such a force, and still hope to retain its sanity. If propaganda, illusions and frenzied armies are the cost of victory, the victors might forget the reasons for having started the war in the first place.

Jap: That's why we trust the chain of Command to make our decisions for us. The populace is sometimes expendable, as long as its leaders still have their minds intact. Gambits are unavoidable. The King, is all that matters.

Capt: Tell that to Stauffenberg. Now, make no mistake, I do get your point. I totally see how illusions might help me maintain order on my little vessel, so far from the mainland, but when the Chessboard becomes so big, I have to account for the possibility that the War in Europe has already ended. That one side has surrendered to the other, and people have stopped dying. What are the illusions worth then, Colonel?

Jap: Like I said. Before I teamed-up with you guys, I had a normal life.

Capt: Reminiscing about your earlier days Colonel?

Jap: Haha. Don't you Captain?

Capt: Everyday. —Pulls out photo of family.—

Jap: Is that your family?! May I?

Capt: 'course. —Hands it to him.—

A wife and two kids. In Munich. Gunter is enrolled the academy. The little one, we haven't named yet.

Jap: You look happy with each other.

Capt: How 'bout you Colonel? Don't you have a loving wife waiting for you back home?

Jap: I never married. I live with my old mother.

Capt: —laughs— Lucky bastard.

—Pause.—

Radio: Attention, mighty crew of U-859. We have recharged our batteries and taken in fresh air to almost full capacity. Those of you in the top deck, whether you are fishing, or just Sunbathing, are advised to pack-up and prepare for dive in 15 minutes. Thank you.

Jap: —Sign— War.... war never changes.

Capt: Define Irony. War tears the nation apart in the name of preserving and promoting national identity.

Jap: What do you mean?

Capt: How would you define a nation colonel?

Jap: A large group of people, united under a single flag, for a common purpose. Everyone doing their part to protect the King. Just like, the pawns in a Chess game.

Capt: But who is the King, Colonel Matsuda? Is it some man who inherited a crown from his dead father? Some elected administrator? Or some piece of coloured cloth? that nations use to wrap the dead with?

Jap: Thats easy. The real King are our decendents Captain. The infinite unborn of our lineage whos future we have to secure. So they have a safe haven to propagate our culture. To give them a chance at living a normal life, to study in academies, to marry each other and raise families of their own, in peace.

Capt: Thats an interesting theory. But Colonel, Isn't that exactly what we were doing before the war?!

Jap: —laughs— Why you..... So you claim that families make nations. Not soldiers. You must miss them terribly.

Capt: I get along. Humans tend to adapt to any situation. As long as we form and preserve bonds of a similar nature with the men we serve, in some sense, we are still with our families.

Jap: Unless.... —Hints toward the barracks, where SS sits still.—

Capt: He is just, all alone. He couldn't enjoy a game with anyone else. Like living inside a dream. That's the kind of man he is. A ghost.

Jap: What does he keep in that bag, anyway?

Capt: I've got something that'll cheer him up.

—Captain plays record on Gramophone (Tipperary song). The crew sing along.—

Jap: Haha... Isn't that an Irish song?!

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Capt: Hey, we're the Royal Navy now! This record shouldn't hurt his ideological edifice.

—Colonel makes a move and looks to Crew 1, who has fallen asleep.—

Jap: Simon. Oye, SIMON!!!

—Awakens.—

Capt: You best hit the barracks and catch some sleep private.

Crew1: What? In there? With him? I'll pass Captain. Colonel.

—He gets up and walks into control room. Colonel gestures toward the empty seat to Captain. Captain obliges.—

Capt: After the Chess game, the King and the Pawn return to the same box.

Jap: So, this fellow Stauffenberg. What happened to him.

Capt: Captured and shot. Even in the end, he didn't know that his plot had failed.

Jap: I suppose it was for the best.

Radio: Gentlemen, Chef's message. Please look forward to sea turtle soup tonight!

—Crew cheers.—

—Kill all lights.—

1.5 Scene 4

—Present time. Rock and Revy playing chess wearing gas-masks.—

Revy: Rock... your turn. Rock. Oye Rock... ROCKU-SAMA!!! MAKE A MOVE!!!

Rock: Ah..huh..—makes his move—

Revy: So, why would an SS officer, smuggle his way onto a U-boat on a voyage half-way around the world, with no gold or papers, but a simple, painting?

Comm: Well, don't wait for me to answer, its just an incredible story.

Revy: And these are international waters? So no country has jurisdiction?

Comm: And that's where we come in. A nice 50000 dollar job. Our client is a collector from Spain.

specialises in Nazi art.

Revy: Weird hobby.

Rock: Revy.

Revy: Mmmm?

Rock: How do you think they felt when they were down here?

Revy: What do you mean? —quickly makes a move.— Your turn.

Rock: What did they think once the light died, and they struggled for breath?

Revy: That's too damn gloomy. I wouldn't know anyway.

Dying without air just feels like dying without air. How strangers die is just how strangers die. Thinking about it isn't gonna do a damn thing, Rock.

Just think of things that won't bother you. And make your next move.

Comm: Ok. O-2 levels are optimum. Take off your masks. —Both take masks off.—

Revy: About time. Stinks.

Yosh. —Stands up— Lets begin.

Comm: I'll be offline for the next half-hour. Good Luck.

Rock: Revy. How do we identify the painting?

Revy: How many paintings to do expect to find here!!! Idiot. Besides, I've seen the photograph.

Rock: Really? What's special about it?

Revy: Frankly, it looked pretty fucking boring. Graffiti on the New York Metro looks more exciting.

—they enter barracks area—

Revy: Look at this. These guys... —flashlight illuminates a rifle on the ground— Its like they had a Gunfight at the OK Carrol right here.

Rock: Revy, this one's probably the captain.

Revy: That Aabe guy, right?

Is his iron cross lying around somewhere? It'll be worth something. —notices epaulet on SS officer's body— Over here! This guy's uniform is different. Definitely the SS.

Rock: Where's the painting?

Revy: I don't know. If its not here its got to be in a safe.

What kind of mindset started this gunfight, anyway?

Rock: Panic caused by desperation?

Revy: That's a laughable theory. Despair is the same as the end of cancer: You've got nothing left to lose. Well, I don't know the details but this Gestapo was the one that shot first. The sailors came in here to avenge their captain. And that ended with the Last Stand at the Alamo. On a ship, they might as well have been family. They wouldn't have fought amongst themselves when they knew they were gonna die. The only one that'd start shit would be an outsider.

Rock: Is that how it works?

Revy: That's exactly how it works. —rock picks something up— What's up Rock? Is that the goods?

Rock: Is this the same as that image?

Revy: Yeah! Bingo. You put this away. I'll take care of the rest.

Rock: The rest? This is what we were after.

Revy: We're not kids on an errand, Rock. If we don't grab everything that's worth some money, its a wasted trip. The captain had an iron cross with a sword. Its got a diamond on it. Its a little too expensive to leave as food for sea breams. —walks out of view—

Rock: But....Oye!!

Revy: When I've got everythin that's going, I'll be right back. Just sit tight.

Rock: —To a skull— Don't glare. I don't think its the right thing to do either.

—They both switch on torches. Kill lights—

1.6 Scene 5

—Old time. Up on Aerie, The Indian Ocean—

—der Indische Ozean—

—Capt. and a few crew members on the aerie are looking through binoculars in the same direction. SS officer stands behind them.—

Crew3: They're moving with us at bearing 270.

Crew2: It's a freighter convoy out of South Africa heading to Caylon.

SS: Captain.

Capt: We're in battle positions. Please get inside.

Crew2: Bearing changed to 280. They still haven't noticed us.

SS: I apologize, but I want you to answer me one thing.

Are you going to ignore your orders, just to attack that freighter?

Crew3: What shall we do?

Capt: I will take you to Batavia (Jakarta) without fail Lieutenant Colonel.
Fritz!

Crew3: Yes sir!

Capt: Can't you even greet the enemy without confirmation?

You call yourself this ship's-...

Crew3: Understood. I'll ready the rowing boat that's under maintenance.
—runs off into the sub.—

Capt: You too, Lieutenant Colonel, get inside.

SS: An attack would be a completely unnecessary risk.

Capt: That is a transport of your life-long enemy, England.

What's being carried is fuel for an invasion of the ally we'll soon be guests
of. Are you telling me to ignore that enemy?

Then what was the point of our war so far?

SS: Sinking that ship will have no effect on our fatherland.

Capt: I see...

SS: What?

Capt: Are you saying that you can't stop the setting sun?

SS: Are you trying to force me to say more?

Capt: No. I was just surprised. I thought you were worrying about some-
thing more pathetic. —stands in attention.— I apologize. But there are
battles that must be taken on, despite that.

Let's go! —to the crew— Prepare the submergin torpedos. Add a score of
3I to the third ship.

Crew3: Launcher is ready.

FirstM: —From below— Man on deck?

Capt: Affirmative.

—FirstM climbs up.—

FirstM: What's going on?

Crew5: Convoy.

Convoy putting to sea.

5 columns.

Real big show!

Capt: You see any escort?

Destroyers?

Crew5: Nope, nothing.

No security. Nothing.

Capt: Strange.

Are they chasing one of ours on the other side?

Shall we risk it?

FirstM: I think so, Captain.

Capt: Port to 180 degrees.

Crew5: —To bottom deck— New course...

...port to 180 degrees.

Capt: Tubes 1 to 4,

prepare for surface firing.

Crew5: —To bottom deck— Flood tubes 1 to 4.

Capt: I'll take the helm.

FirstM: Target optics to bridge. —Heads down.—

Capt: All ahead full, port to 107 degrees.

Commencing attack!

Crew5: Bow right, position 50.

Crew4: Check.

Crew5: Range: 2200.

Capt: Those two that overlap... ...double blast the fat one, single shots for the other.

Crew4: Tracking target.

Capt: All ahead one-third.

Capt: Open torpedo hatches.

Crew5: Tubes 1 and 2 coordinates: Target bearing 63.

Crew4: Sights adjusted.

Crew5: Keep tracking target.

Crew4: Target acquisition.

Capt: Tubes 1 and 2...
...fire at will.

Crew5: Tube 1...

Crew4: 1

Crew5: ...fire!

Crew5: Tube 2.

Crew4: 2

Crew5: Fire!

Tube 3, stand by.

Crew4: 3

Crew5: Fire!

Tube 4 ready.

Crew4: 4

Crew5: Fire!

Capt: Destroyer dead ahead!

FirstM: They're firing!

Alarm!

—Sirens ring. All enter control room.—

Crew2: Flood Tanks!

Crew1: —Into microphone—Dive. Dive. Dive.

FirstM: Bow up 10, stern up 5.

Quiet, damn it!

Capt: Down to 80 meters.

FirstM: Down to 80 meters.

Capt: Slowly!

FirstM: Bow down 15, stern up 10.

SS: What's with the torpedoes?

Crew5: Wait and see.

The party is about to start.

Crew3: —Holding two stop watches— Hundred ten.
Hundred twenty.

Crew1: Shitty torpedoes.
Tracking is off again.

—Explosion—

Capt: Got that one! —Celebrations—

Quiet now!

—2nd explosion—

Crew3: Time's up for third torpedo.
—3rd explosion—

Crew5: Number three.

Capt: Here it comes...
...their revenge.

Crew6: —On Hydrophone— Destroyer bearing 44 degrees.

Capt: Any movement?

Crew6: Moving left...

...fading.

Capt: Right full rudder.
All ahead one-half.

Crew1: —Into Microphone—Right full rudder.
All ahead one-half.

—Sounds of distant muffled explosions—

Capt: They're spitting at the wrong spot.
We aren't rid of them yet.
I guess they're a bit upset.

SS: Ahem. captain. A word.

—Captain, SS and Jap walk into mid section. They argue in raised whispers.—

SS: Typical. That was typical.

Jap: Keep your voice down.

SS: This is why Germany is losing on the frontiers.
Disobedience. Utter lack of discipline.

Capt: I will advise you to watch your comment.

SS: Scant regard for authority. No wonder that hat-sporting, drunkard is walking all over us. That..Churchill, that Cigar Chomping Paralytic..

Jap: Quite down will you. There are Destroyers up there.

SS: And you. Of all I've heard of Japanese sense of discipline...

Capt: That's enough!!! Insult me all you want, but speak a word ill about my guest or my crew....

SS: And you'll what?

Capt: You chose to force your way onboard my ship!

Crew6: Two more vessels.

Crew5: Two more vessels Captain.

Crew6: Bearing 140. Closing in fast.

Capt: We are being dominated.

SS: And whose fault is that.

Jap: Will you calm down. Captain we might initiate silent run....

SS: He jeopardized our mission.

Capt: I did what Warriors do! Engage the enemy. —To Control room—
status?

Crew6: 130, and 135.

Capt: Slow down to half. Bank 75 left.

SS: This is why war is too important to be left to the generals. They don't understand the complications. And make a bloody mess of it.

Jap: The only thing to understand here, is that you have never been in a submarine before. In fact I doubt you've even seen actual combat. All of this is psyching you out....

SS: That does not mean I don't know what it means to die for love of ones country....

Capt: You know nothing about dying, and you know NOTHING about love!

Jap: —Interrupts— Gentlemen Please. Let us not let our emotions turn men into beasts.

Crew6: Both vessels fading.

Jap: Lietenant. The captain is right. The submarine is by design a hit and run weapon. We've managed to hit three targets. Now this is the run phase. It might be part of standard warfare at sea. I suggest we wait it out in the barracks while the crew handle this.... After you...

SS: When this is over, you're getting yourself a court marshall.

—They both walk off to barracks. Captain returns to control room.—

Capt: Anything new?

FirstM:The Usual, Captain.

Capt: We'll wait submerged until...

Crew6: Destroyer contact!

Contact bearing 270 and closing.

.... ACTIVE SONAR!!

Capt: Silent Run! —Lights turn to red.—

FirstM: Switch to Electric motors. 50 r.p.m.

Capt: All ahead one-third.

Capt: Here they come.

—Sonar beeps with increasing frequency. Sonar soundtrack followed by explosions.—

—Kill houselights. Use camera flashes for explosions. Everyone screams.—

Background: All ahead full!

Dump 150 litres!

—Many explosions. Lights blink.—

Crew1: Bow plane jammed!

FirstM: Use manual rudder!

Crew7: —From engine room—Bow plane stuck in full down position!

Crew2: Both engines have stopped stop.

FirstM: Trim all to stern !

Crew7: Ballast pump down!

Crew1: We're sinking!

Crew7: Main pump down!

FirstM: —to Capt— Blow tanks?

Capt: All back full!

FirstM: Boat not responding.

—Sound of U-Boat crashing on hard rock. Water leaking in.—

—Screams in the dark, with sounds.—

Torpedo hatch taking water!

Taking water behind control panel !

Taking water in motor bilge!

Tube 5 taking water!

What you need?

-Leakage plugs.

-In the bow.

Exhaust valve?

Leakage plugs! Move!

—End of Scene 5.—

1.7 Scene 6

—Revy and Rock in the sub—

Revy: —returns with a sack/bag— Huh, Big catch.

Not only did I find iron crosses, there were other goodies that'll make the collectors pay. This kind of haul would make grave robbers jealous.

Whats the matter? You look a little whiter than usual.

Rock: Revy..... I've been thinking a lot and...

Revy: Urmmm?

Rock: Let's leave that here.

Revy: Hey now. "Thou shalt not steal" eh? When did you become a priest?

Rock: That's not what I meant. Those medals are proof of what these people did.

Revy: Proof for what these people did?!

Hmmm, what these people did.

You do realise we are talking about the Germans right?

Rock:Yeah....So?

Revy: SO!!? Dude... GERMANS! NAZISM!! WORLD WAR 2!!!

Rock: Oh, shut the..... I... That was only the Nazi party. It was Hitler. You can't blame their whole nation for what he did.

Revy: Of course I can. Hitler, no he was just the catalyst. As soon as he lit the fuse the whole country was ready to blow. They were aggressive bastards Rock. They invaded every neighbouring country. Murdered six million Jews!! Rock they were evil. And you want to kiss them for that?

Rock: No You listen to me. Germany inherits one of the richest cultures in the world. They rebuilt their country and economy from scratch, Twice in a single century. No I'm not asking you to kiss them. You are not even required to like them. But you WILL, respect them!!.

These were not members of some political party, Revy. They were the national military. Their, job, was to follow orders. And these medals, are all that is left of their legacy.

We don't have the right to strip them of those.

If anyone has the right to those medals.... —holds up the photograph— its these people.

It was right next to his body. The captain had this with him until the end. The captain left his family to come here. To us the medals are just antiques, but to them they're priceless memories.

Revy: —Lights up a cigarette— Is that what you think? I see.

You think just because these fuckers weren't part of the fucking Nazi party, we should show them sympathy, YOU.... think again. Any intelligent being knows when he is being used. If these guys were wiser, they would have stood up to him. Not escorted one of the SS on a freaking impossible voyage half-way around the world in a metal tube. Anarchism is not a romantic fable but the hardheaded realization, based on five thousand years of experience, that we cannot entrust the management of our lives to kings, priests, politicians, generals, and county commissioners. You speak of honour, well....

Since we're here... —sits down— I've got a story that's perfect for this atmosphere.

I'll tell you a little secret, Rock.

Let me ask you this. —picks up a skull, and a medal— What are these two things?

Rock: A medal and a human skull.

Revy: That's wrong. These are things, Rock. When you strip away their meanings, that's all they are.

Just things. And if you were to give these things meaning again, it isn't some memory.

The one thing that a million people agree on. Money.

That's the only value these have. Anything else is emotional bullshit.

Rock: Is money.. God?

Revy: Its power. And a lot more useful than God.

Rock, besides this, what do you put value on?

God? Love? Don't make me laugh. When I was a brat, and crawling around in the streets,

for some reason God and love were always sold out.

But before I knew better, I clung and cried out to God.

Until one night when cops beat the shit out of me for something I didn't do.

Just because I was in a poor neighbourhood.

What can a powerless street urchin rely on if there's no God? —shakes the medal— Its money.

And guns. With these two things, the world's a great place.

Rock: That's terrible. Sorr-

Revy: Shut up.

If I wanted pity I would have whored up the story a little more.

The moral of the story is that when you're living on life's edge, that's all that matters.

Not everyone can get off on the normal bullshit, Rock.

And one more thing: Wealthy fat bastards that live unde a palm tree, bitches who see life's greatest

work as putting on make up, I don't want you to listen to this story like those hypocrites would.

There's nothing worse than being treated like a victim by your companions.

If you ever turn these stories on me, you stop being one of us.

When that happens... I'm going to kill you. —Revy leaves—

—Rock just sits there.—

1.8 Scene 7

—Inside grounded submarine. Red lighting. Captain and crew are conferencing in control room.—

Capt: Listen up.

We're going to blow tanks now...

...to see if we can lift our butt.

If we do...

...it might get uncomfortable again.

Lots of traffic up there.

So, all we can do...

...is pray those diesels start up.

Then full speed ahead and off we go...

...out of this crater...

...and back home.

If it works...

...half a bottle of beer for everyone!

We just might get lucky.

They're not expecting us.

Well, men...

...are we ready?

All: Aye Captain.

Capt: Contact bearings?

Crew1: No contact.

Capt: Prepare to surface,
rescue gear ready.
Switch to red lights.

—Lighting changes to red.—
Man your diving stations.

Capt: Blow tanks.
FirstM: Blow tanks.

—Pressure release sound. Slowly fades out. Boat doesn't move. Everyone is disappointed.—
Crew2: Blow pressure exhausted.

Capt: Report.
Crew1: We've stopped taking on water as much as possible.
Engines and the electric generator are damaged. Repairing either is ...
Capt: —Silent nod, then hand on crew's shoulder—
It is unfortunate that we couldn't return the Japanese to his homeland.
—To the entire crew— Brave and loyal soldiers of Germany. We faced great
opposition and rough waters in the Atlantic, but we will finish our final battle,
without seeing the coconuts of Batavia.
Currently our ship has run aground at a depth of 280 meters.
There is no promise that the ballast or engine will be repaired.
You have endured numerous battles with courage.
At this moment, I relieve you all of military duties. In two hours, our air
will run out.
Choose freely how you wish to die.

—Captain walks into barrack area where SS officer is hugging his painting
with both hands.—

Capt: —Spots Jap dead— So. He killed himself?

SS: Yes.

Capt: —Walks up to jap, kneels to investigate— And you didn't try to stop him.

SS: No. I did not.

Capt: The way of the Samurai huh? Had I known he'd brought a Katana to this end..

SS: Captain, I haven't heard the engine in a while. When will we surface?

Capt: We won't surface. Ever. I'm sorry.

SS: Pathetic.

Capt: I am.

SS: You don't understand. You don't understand at all!

Capt: Understand what?

SS: The importance of your mission! The meaning of this painting I carry!

Capt: Oh, so the package was this painting. It doesn't look that impressive to me.

What is it titled?

SS: "The Twelve Knights led by Brunhilda."

This is the only piece that has been painted since the Fuhrer took power.

"Steadfast in our honour and loyalty, hide this until the promise day."

"The day the Nazi flag flies again."

"This will be the guiding light for our comrades!"

Capt: So, we already knew we are going to lose this war.

—looks at his family's photograph— And we wanted to prepare for the next war.

You people... Do you have a family?

SS: A wife and child in Stuttgart. So what?

Capt: I am proud that I fought with all I had for the fatherland.

I have no regrets, even now as I'm condemned to a watery grave.

However, if I have one dissatisfaction,

its that I have to share a casket with a fuck-head like you,

who can't even remember his family in his last moments.

SS: Take back that statement, Captain.

You cannot compare family to the righteousness of country.

Capt: Its worthless. No matter how much you struggle, Hitler's empire is

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over.

SS: Shut up.

Capt: By putting up with your obsession, my country and my navy ended up like this.

SS: Shut up!

Capt: I'm glad we've sunk if my children never have to see that accursed Nazi flag ever again.

SS: —drops painting, takes off cap and pulls out gun— Shut up!! Take it back!!!

Capt: Our ship sinking may be the will of God.

—darkness, followed by two gun shots.—

—Blue lights come on. Rock gets up, starts playing the tipperary song on gramophone and walks away. Credits.—