

D

BELLBOY. Fourteen, sir.

CAPTAIN. I was a cabin boy at fourteen. What are you called?

BELLBOY. Edward, sir.

CAPTAIN. Really. So am I.

The BELLBOY exits.

ETCHES. All of the ladies in first-class, except one, are safely away, Captain.

CAPTAIN. Thank you, Mr. Etches.

ETCHES. I'm afraid most of the gentlemen we know are still aboard. There's no hope, I suppose—*(no response)* I see. Who could have imagined it, sir? Everyone said she was unsinkable.

CAPTAIN. Mr. Ismay was fond of boasting that Titanic was her own lifeboat.

MURDOCH. That must have been before he used one of the little ones to save his own skin.

CAPTAIN. More than anything else the man wanted a legend. Well, now, by God, he's got one.

MURDOCH. Captain—I want you to know that I take full responsibility. I was the ranking officer on the bridge at the time of—if I were a fit master I'd have rammed the iceberg head on. We'd have staved the bow, perhaps lost a few people, but the ship would have survived.

CAPTAIN. I'm sure you did what you thought best at the time, Mr. Murdoch.

MURDOCH. You expected more of me, sir—you had every right—but your expectations were misplaced. *(exits)*

CAPTAIN. *(lost in his own thoughts)* The truth is, I've been uncommonly lucky. In my forty-three years at sea I've served on them all, all of the White Star ships—and in all that time I have never been in, nor even seen a shipwreck, nor any other calamity worth speaking of.

CAPTAIN exits, leaving Etches alone in spotlight Downstage Center.

FOR CAPT. MURDOCH, ETCHES,
LIEUTENANT, PITMAN, HICHENS,
BOY HARVEY, J. N. ROGERS