

MOBY-DUDE

Or: The Three-Minute Whale

a monologue

by

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(SFX: sound of WAVES AND GULLS. DISTANT SHIP'S BELL.)

(Our narrator is a stoned-out surfer of 17.)

OUR NARRATOR

Call me Ishmael, dude. Yes, Mrs. Podgorski, I did read "Moby-Dick" over the summer like I was supposed to. It was bohdacious. Actually, y'know, it's "Moby-hyphen-Dick." The title's got a little hyphen before the "Dick." And what is the meaning of this dash before the "Dick"? WHOAAA! Another mystery in this awesome American masterpiece, a peerless allegorical saga of mortal courage, metaphysical ambiguity and maniacal obsession! What, Mrs. Podgorski? You don't believe I really read Herman Melville's "Moby-Dick Or The Whale"? Five hundred sixty-two pages, fourteen ounces, published 1851, totally tanked its first weekend, re-released in the 1920's as one of the world's gnarliest works of Art? You think I copped all this like off the back of the tome or by watching the crappy 1956 film starring Gregory Peck? Mrs. P., you been chasing my tail since Middle School, do I get all testy? Do I say, what is the plot in under two minutes -- besides a whale and a hyphen? "Moby-Dick" in two minutes, huh? Okay, kyool. Let's rip.

(SFX: SHIP'S BELL, close up and sharp, to signal the start and a TICKING

WATCH, underneath. Very fast:)

Fade in the boonies of Massachusetts, 18-something. Young dude possibly named Ishmael, like the Bible, meets-cute with, TAA-DAA!, Queequeg, a South Sea cannibal with a heart of gold.

(SFX: cutesy voice going, "Awwwww.")

Maybe they're gay.

(SFX: TONGUE SLURP.)

Or maybe they represent some east-west, pagan-Christian duality action. Anyway, the two newfound bro's go to Mass and hear a sermon about Jonah...

(SFX: ONE SECOND OF CHURCH ORGAN.)

Biblical tie-in, then ship out on Christmas Day (could be symbolical!) aboard The U.S.S. Pequod with its mysterious wack-o Captain Ahab...

(SFX: MADMAN LAUGHTER.)

...who — backstory — is goofyfoot because the equally mysterious momboosaloid white whale Moby-like-the-singer Dick bit his leg off.

(SFX: CHOMP.)

Freudian castration action. I mean he's big and he's got sperm and his last name is "Dick," right? Moby is also a metaphor for God, Nature, Truth, obsessisical love, the world, the past, and white people. Check out Pip the Negro cabin boy who by a fluke...

(SFX: RIMSHOT.)

... goes wacko too. Ahab says,

(SFX: ECHO EFFECT:)

"Bring me the head of the Great White Whale and you win this prize!"

(SFX: ECHO EFFECT OUT, CASH REGISTER SOUND.)

The crew is stoked, but NOT first-mate like-the-coffee-Starbuck. Ahab wants the big one, Starbuck wants the whale juice. Idealism versus capitalism.

(SFX: and impressed "Whoo.")

Radical. Queequeg tells the carpenter to build him a coffin shaped like a canoe.

(SFX: THERAMIN.)

Foreshadowing! Then lots of chapters everybody skips about the scientology of whales.

(SFX: YAWN.)

Cut to...

(SFX: TRUMPET FANFARE.)

Page 523, the Pacific Ocean. “Surf’s up!” Ahab sights the Dick. He’s totally amped. The boards hit the waves, the crew snakes the Dick for three whole days, bottom of the third Ahab is ten-toes-on-the-nose, he’s aggro, Moby goes aerial, Ahab’s in the zone, he fires his choicest harpoon, the rope does a 360 round his neck, Ahab crushes out, Moby totals the Pequod, everybody eats it ‘cept our faithful narrator Ishmael who boogies to safety on Queequeg’s coffin...

(SFX: RESOUNDING ECHO EFFECT, DEEPER VOICE.)

“AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED ALONE TO TELL THEE!”

(RESUME NORMAL VOICE.)

Roll final credits. The End.

(SFX: SHIP’S BELL to signal end of fight. END TICKING WATCH.)

So what do you say, Mrs. Podgorski? You want to like hang and catch a cup of Starbucks sometime...? – Tubular!

- END -