

"SUN DRUNK."

A Comedy in Two Acts by P.S. Drake

3 F/ 3 M

SYNOPSIS

A wealthy heiress, Charlie Du Pont has been invited by her father, tequila tycoon Floyd Du Pont, on their private yacht for a Caribbean cruise. Charlie, who is going through a scandal with the tabloids, agrees thinking it will be a reprieve from her current situation, as well as a way to check in on her father, who seems to be losing his mind after an unfortunate tequila vat accident. Complicating matters further is a new step-mother who Charlie believes to not have the best intentions, and a hired deckhand that might not be as loyal as he's thought to be. Things quickly run amuck when a mysterious, yet handsome, businessman arrives and brings with him some news that leaves Charlie shaken up, and realizing that her father had ulterior motives for bringing everyone together for one last family cruise.

SETTING

Modern day. The deck of a private cruise ship, as well as a cabin of the ship.

CHARACTERS

CHARLIE DU PONT (F, 20+) - Wealthy heiress of a tequila tycoon

FLOYD DU PONT (M, 40+) - Tequila tycoon who has recently suffered a head injury

VICTOR TORRES (M, 30+) - Businessman with a secret past who has unfortunate news for Charlie

CAMILLA DU PONT (F, 40+) - Floyd's new wife who is not trusted by Charlie

DUKE (M, 20+) - New deckhand for the S. S. Du Pont

ANNE O'MALLEY (F, 20+) - A pirate queen that brings chaos wherever she goes

ACT I, Scene I

The Deck

FLOYD enters with a golf club. He's dressed in a Hawaiian shirt and is humming a cheesy, tropical song. DUKE, a crewmate, enters with him.

FLOYD: Beautiful day to set sail, eh Duke?

DUKE: Sure is, Mr. Du Pont.

FLOYD: Oh, none of that. Call me "sir." (*Brandishes his golf club*)
You're one of the new crewmates, aren't you?

DUKE: Yes... sir. (*Eyes golf club*) This is my first sail on the S.S.
Du Pont.

FLOYD: I bought this yacht 35 years ago after I made my first big sale
with Chichi Bonita.

DUKE: America's favorite tequila! "When life gets you down, just say--"

FLOYD & DUKE: "I need-a Bonita!"

FLOYD: Ah, that slogan cost me a fortune. Well, welcome aboard, Duke.
And, I'm sorry. (*Walks to the edge of the deck, lines up his club*)

DUKE: For what?

FLOYD: Everything. Four! (*There's no golf ball. But he watches it sail
away and land in the water anyways*)

CAMILLA: (*From off-stage*) Floyd, darling?

FLOYD: Yes, dear! (*He lines up another swing*) Five! (*CAMILLA enters*)

CAMILLA: There you are. You can't go wandering off like that.

FLOYD: Back-up, love. (*Lines up another swing*) Eleven! (*DUKE watches
FLOYD curiously*)

DUKE: Would you like a golf ball, sir?

FLOYD: Are you blind? I've already got one. (*CAMILLA pulls DUKE away
from FLOYD*)

CAMILLA: (To DUKE) Forgive him. He hasn't been the same since the incident.

DUKE: Incident?

CAMILLA: You haven't heard?

DUKE: I'm new to the crew, ma'am.

CAMILLA: Clearly. All the seasoned workers know not to call me ma'am.

FLOYD: 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue! (*Swings again*)

CAMILLA: (*Gestures to FLOYD*) It's all very tragic. Floyd went to visit one of his distilleries and ended up falling into a vat of liquor. He was there for three days before anyone found him. Survived on tequila and limes. The doctors say it pickled his brain.

FLOYD: The War of 1812! (*Swings*)

DUKE: Wow.

CAMILLA: He's been through a lot recently. Our wedding's been the highlight of his summer.

DUKE: You're newlyweds?

CAMILLA: (*Shows off her ring*) Yes! You're speaking to the new Mrs. Du Pont.

FLOYD: 3.14159! (*Swings his club again*)

CAMILLA: At least now he has me. Lord knows he can't count on his good-for-nothing, spoiled rotten daughter.

DUKE: Charlie Du Pont.

CAMILLA: She's made quite the name for herself- galavanting across the globe, leaving nothing but a lipstick stain on the world's collar. And then there's that recent scandal of hers...

FLOYD: 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea! (*He swings*)

CAMILLA: He must be so ashamed. Or he would be if he had his wits about him. Floyd? Floyd, honey, let's put this down for now. (*Lowers*

his golf club) Was there anything else, Duke? We'd like to get settled-in.

DUKE: Well, there is the issue of the rat.

CAMILLA: (*Horrorified*) Rat?

DUKE: A big one. In the boiler room.

CAMILLA: Well, go kill him!

DUKE: (*Sick at the thought*) I-I can't do that. We haven't left port yet- can't we just ask him to leave?

CAMILLA: No! (*Grabs FLOYD's golf club, says to DUKE*) Come on. Floyd, darling, don't go falling in when we're gone. (*CAMILLA exits, DUKE goes to follow after her but is stopped by FLOYD*)

FLOYD: Say, Duke. How much tequila did we load for this trip?

DUKE: Eight cases, sir.

FLOYD: Is that enough?

DUKE: I'll ask the rat. (*Exits*)

FLOYD: (*To himself*) Rat? (*VICTOR enters with his suitcases. He's dressed in smart business casual clothes. He carries a cool confidence about him.*)

VICTOR: Mr. Du Pont.

FLOYD: What took you so long, boy? We're about to set sail!

VICTOR: I'm right on time. Five minutes early, actually.

FLOYD: The crew needed to arrive two hours ago! Look at you, you're not even in your uniform.

VICTOR: Uniform? Sir, I'm Victor Torres. We spoke on the phone... about your situation. You invited me as a guest?

FLOYD: Victor...? Oh, yes! Yes, that's right. Victor! Of course! Hold on. (*Grabs a lei, or takes one off himself. He puts it on VICTOR*) There we go! Now you're a proper guest.

VICTOR: Thanks. (*Shakes his hand*) It's an honor to set sail with the man that created the Chichi Bonita empire. Even under such strange circumstances.

FLOYD: Boy, when you get to be my age you discover that life is just one long string of strange circumstances.

VICTOR: Thank you, for the cruise. I thought you'd want as little to do with me as possible.

FLOYD: No, no, it's what had to be done. This way you can get to know a little more about me- get a better handle on my life so-to-speak.

VICTOR: Of course.

FLOYD: You ever been on the open ocean, Victor?

VICTOR: I own a vacation home in Maui. Got a couple of catamarans.

FLOYD: So you know how moody the sea can be. One minute she welcomes you in her arms like a doting wife, then the next she casts you aside like a lover scorned. It's enough to give a man whiplash. (*From off-stage you hear CAMILLA yelling*)

CAMILLA: Stay still, you bastard!

FLOYD: That's my new bride, Camilla. Just wait 'till you meet her- she's a real stand-up woman, an angel.

CAMILLA: I'LL KILL YOU! (*DUKE screams*)

VICTOR: I thought this sail would just be for the two of us? To settle our arrangement?

FLOYD: Is that what I said? (*VICTOR nods*) Hm. The ol' noodle really must be giving up on me. Let's get you to your room. Duke! (*DUKE and CAMILLA enter. She's holding a golf club, crazed. To CAMILLA*) Dear? You don't golf.

CAMILLA: It was for the rat.

FLOYD: Rat?

DUKE: He's fine, sir. Nothing but air.

FLOYD: Duke, will you take our guest's luggage to his room? (*DUKE nods and takes VICTOR's bags, he exits*)

CAMILLA: (*To FLOYD*) Guest? (*FLOYD nods, she says to VICTOR*) I'm Mrs. Du Pont. (*She hesitates*) You look so familiar to me. Have we met?

VICTOR: Not that I can recall.

CAMILLA: Hm. Well, pleased to make your acquaintance (*She accidentally holds out the club, retracts it and extends her hand*) Mr...?

VICTOR: Torres. Victor Torres.

CAMILLA: Ah, Mr. Torres. Floyd's told us so much about you.

FLOYD: I have?

CAMILLA: No, he hasn't. (*To FLOYD*) Who's this man?

VICTOR: You didn't tell her I was coming?

FLOYD: I haven't told anybody.

VICTOR: Anybody? Who else is joining us? (*From off-stage CHARLIE yells*)

CHARLIE: I'll shove that camera up your ass, you swine! (*CHARLIE DU PONT enters. She's the definition of an heiress, decked head-to-toe in an outrageous outfit, carrying multiple suitcases. She says to herself*) I hate paparazzi.

FLOYD: Chichi!

CHARLIE: Daddy! (*She drops all her bags and hugs her father*)

FLOYD: I'm so glad you could make it, Chichi.

CHARLIE: Well you did post my bail.

FLOYD: That's my girl!

CAMILLA: (*Tersely*) Floyd? Dear, you didn't say anything about your daughter coming.

FLOYD: I didn't? I *must* be losing it.

CHARLIE: Don't let me ruin your whole weekend, *mother*. Congrats, by the way.

CAMILLA: We missed you at the wedding.

CHARLIE: I'll make sure I'm at his next one.

FLOYD: (*Hugs CHARLIE and CAMILLA*) What a beautiful day to set sail on the open seas!

CHARLIE: Why's it so bright out?

VICTOR: ...because it's daytime.

CHARLIE: Again? (*CHARLIE turns and looks at VICTOR*) There you are. (*She picks up her luggage and piles it on top of him*) Take these to the goddess suite.

CAMILLA: I'm in the goddess suite.

CHARLIE: (*To FLOYD*) You gave her the goddess suite?

FLOYD: She picked it herself.

CHARLIE: Fine, then I'll take my childhood room- the Poseidon suite.

FLOYD: But that's where Victor's staying.

CHARLIE: Who's Victor?

VICTOR: (*He sticks his hand out, barely visible through all the luggage*) I am.

CHARLIE: Why is the luggage talking?

VICTOR: (*Goes to shake CHARLIE's hand*) Victor Torres. I'm a... friend of your fathers.

CHARLIE: (*She ignores his hand*) Fine! Just throw them all overboard since I apparently mean nothing to this family! I didn't even have to come on this trip.

CAMILLA: Something tells me you're looking forward to a little time out of the limelight?

CHARLIE: What's that supposed to mean?

CAMILLA: Oh, we're pretending like you haven't been the focus of this week's news cycle.

FLOYD: *(To CHARLIE)* Is everything alright?

CHARLIE: *(Embarrassed, trying to sweep it under the rug)* Nothing, Daddy. Nobody reads the news nowadays. Oof! It's hot as hell out here! I could go for a drink. How much tequila did we bring?

FLOYD: Eight cases.

CHARLIE: Is that enough?

FLOYD: Ask the rat.

CHARLIE: Rat?

CAMILLA: I'll join you for that drink.

FLOYD: We all will. Come, come, everyone. Let's stop yapping and start enjoying each other's company! *(They all exit, except FLOYD who is stopped by VICTOR)*

VICTOR: Floyd. You really haven't told them why I'm here?

FLOYD: I thought they should hear it from you. At dinner tonight. *(VICTOR gives a look)* Aw, don't look so glum, son. I'm sure it'll be alright. If there's one word I'd use to describe my ladies it's "easy going." *(He laughs boisterously, grabs VICTOR's shoulders and leads him offstage)* Anchors aweigh! *(There's a foghorn to indicate the ship is leaving port)*

ACT I, Scene II

The Deck

A crazed woman in an inflatable lifeboat appears next to the ship, ANNE O'MALLEY. She shields her eyes with her hand and searches the deck.

ANNE: Duke? DUKE. Where is he? *(Checks her pocket watch)* We said we'd meet at 1600 hours... Why is he wasting my time? *(A bird caws)* Damn seagulls. Leave me alone you miserable vermin! *(DUKE enters, he looks around to make sure no one's watching, then approaches ANNE)*

DUKE: Mistress O'Malley! I'm sorry I'm late.

ANNE: You're fine, Duke. I was just suntanning my ass cheeks.

DUKE: Really?

ANNE: No! Where the hell have you been? *(DUKE throws a rope to ANNE so their boats are tethered together)*

DUKE: I got caught up. There's a lot more to pretending to be a sailor than I realized.

ANNE: You're on a trial basis, Duke. Fail and your ass gets the boot from my crew.

DUKE: But, I'm the only one in your crew.

ANNE: Was I taking a head count, you idiot boy?

DUKE: *(Fearful)* No, mistress.

ANNE: God, there's nothing more satisfying than seeing fear in the eyes of a man. *(The bird caws again)* Shut up, you insufferable mongrel! *(She pulls out a gun and fires it above DUKE's head three times, DUKE squeals)* Damn! I missed! *(To DUKE)* Now tell me what you've got so far that'll help us.

DUKE: *(DUKE looks around then whispers)* The old man's lost his marbles.

ANNE: Floyd Du Pont?

DUKE: (*Nods his head*) The head of the Chichi Bonita empire himself.
His mind's mush.

ANNE: Hm... good. Very good.

DUKE: And we have a surprise guest. His daughter, Charlie.

ANNE: Charlie Du Pont. On this very ship?

DUKE: In the flesh. I haven't spoken to her yet. She makes me kinda nervous.

ANNE: Don't go losing your head. Your loyalty lies with me.

DUKE: Of course, Mistress O'Malley, but I've never seen a celebrity in-person before. And... and, well, it's Charlie freaking Du Pont.

ANNE: (*Snaps*) Need I remind you what we're here to do?

DUKE: No, mistress.

ANNE: Good. Now tell me that I'm the most frightening, fearsome woman you've ever met in your entire life.

DUKE: You terrify me, my queen.

ANNE: And that you'd do anything to please me.

DUKE: Anything.

ANNE: Eat broken glass.

DUKE: Yes.

ANNE: Sit on an open flame.

DUKE: Oh, yes.

ANNE: Murder your whole family.

DUKE: Don't have any.

ANNE: Perfect.

DUKE: Do you think you'll be okay? I fear for your life in that thing.
(*Gestures to ANNE's pathetic boat*)

ANNE: I once made it all the way from San Juan to St. Thomas with nothing but three banana leaves and my hatred for an ex-lover. This is nothing.

DUKE: Oh. Well... good.

ANNE: (*The bird caws again*) Back for more? (*She takes out her gun and fires it again*) Fight me, you beady-eyed sky rat! (*FLOYD pops his head out from the cabin*)

FLOYD: Duke? What in the world is that noise? (*ANNE attempts to hide*)

DUKE: Oh, uh, um... I think it's just the engine back-firing!

FLOYD: Good Lord, is it okay?

DUKE: I'll check. (*Shouts down to ANNE*) Everything alright down there?

ANNE: All good! (*DUKE shrugs at FLOYD*)

DUKE: Seems fine, sir.

FLOYD: Very well. Keep up the good work, son! (*FLOYD exits*)

ANNE: I should get going, I don't want to draw attention to myself.

DUKE: I wish you wouldn't leave me.

ANNE: I can't board yet. We're nowhere near far enough from shore. We stick to the plan.

DUKE: Yes, mistress. (*ANNE tosses the rope back up to DUKE*) I'll see this through!

ANNE: Sure you will, kid. (*She sails away*) Remember- stick to the plan! (*Exits*)

DUKE: I will. I will do your bidding, my queen. (*He exits into the cabin*) (*CHARLIE enters with a tropical drink. She lays down to sunbathe and takes out her phone to take a picture. VICTOR enters and stands behind her.*)

CHARLIE: You're blocking my sun.

VICTOR: You're welcome. UV rays cause premature aging.

CHARLIE: Great! Move so I can die faster. (*VICTOR moves*) Here. (*She hands him her phone*) Take my picture. I need to look like I'm having fun.

VICTOR: Are you?

CHARLIE: Does it matter? (*VICTOR takes her picture. He hands her back the phone*) Damn, I'm so hot. (*She clicks a few buttons, then stops*) Wait. I probably shouldn't post this. I told my publicist I'd lay low for a while...

VICTOR: Why?

CHARLIE: You don't know?

VICTOR: I don't do social media.

CHARLIE: Oh. Well, because people love to talk. People love to talk about me.

VICTOR: People only talk about others when they have nothing in their own lives worth mentioning. I say post it.

CHARLIE: Okay. Thanks. Maybe I will. (*She looks at her phone, then back at VICTOR*) Who are you, again?

VICTOR: Victor? Victor Torres.

CHARLIE: But who are you really? What's your story? What do you do?

VICTOR: (*Uncomfortable*) Well, I... work for the government, mostly law.

CHARLIE: Yawn!

VICTOR: I also own several investment properties.

CHARLIE: Literally blacked out before you finished that sentence.

VICTOR: Are you always so blunt?

CHARLIE: Are you always so boring? And where's your margarita?

VICTOR: I don't drink.

CHARLIE: You don't do social media, you don't drink. Do you have any vices?

VICTOR: None I can tell a perfect stranger.

CHARLIE: Is that what we are? Strangers? You know nothing about me?

VICTOR: Does that bother you?

CHARLIE: No. It's... incredible. *(She pauses)* Let's take off our clothes.

VICTOR: Hm?

CHARLIE: We'll get crazy tan lines sunbathing like this. *(She removes a shirt, or a cover-up)* Duke? *(She claps her hands, DUKE enters)* Put some sunscreen on my back. *(She hands the sunscreen to DUKE)*

DUKE: Sure thing, Ms. Du Pont. *(He shakes uncontrollably as he tries to open up the bottle. He manages to open it and squeezes some into his hand. He tries to touch CHARLIE's back)*

CHARLIE: What's taking you so long?

DUKE: *(Trembling)* It's like touching the surface of the sun.

VICTOR: I'll do it. *(He grabs some lotion, puts it in his hand and starts rubbing CHARLIE's back)* Is that good?

CHARLIE: Yeah... yeah, that's good. *(Enjoying it a little too much)* Oh. Yeah, that's really good.

VICTOR: Really? Because I can go harder.

DUKE: That's enough! I think that's enough lotion.

CHARLIE: *(To VICTOR)* Thanks.

VICTOR: Don't mention it.

DUKE: *(To VICTOR)* Would you like some, sir?

VICTOR: No. I'm not one for sunbathing.

CHARLIE: Come on, I don't want to be the only one.

VICTOR: I'm fine.

CHARLIE: But you're so hot. Looking. You look so hot wearing all those layers.

VICTOR: (*Insistent*) I'll be keeping my clothes on and that's the end of it.

CHARLIE: (*Defensive*) Fine.

DUKE: (*To himself, not meaning to be rude*) Ms. Du Pont should keep her clothes on, too.

CHARLIE: What did you say?

VICTOR: She's a grown adult, she can wear, or not wear whatever she wants.

DUKE: I didn't mean it like that. I'm sorry. (*To CHARLIE*) You've been through so much recently, with your scandal and everything-

VICTOR: Scandal?

CHARLIE: What did I say? People love to talk.

VICTOR: I had no idea.

CHARLIE: It's not like we could've stayed strangers forever. You two chat while I get another drink.

VICTOR: Charlie. (*She exits*)

DUKE: So, she's all over the internet-

VICTOR: Whatever it is, it's none of my business. We all have a past. Some of us don't get to keep it there. (*He gets up*)

DUKE: Where are you going? Can I get something for you?

VICTOR: I'll be in my room preparing for dinner. It's time I figure out how I'm going to tell them.

DUKE: Tell them what?

VICTOR: That I'm about to ruin their lives.