

**Excerpt from *Suzette Who Set to Sea*, written by Finegan Kruckemeyer. Not to be presented without official licensing. To enquire, please go to: [www.finegankruckemeyer.com](http://www.finegankruckemeyer.com)**

**Prologue – A Sail Hoisted, and a Host Assailed**

*Silence. The deck of a boat, with none aboard.*

*Then suddenly much commotion and two sailors launch into the space, mid brawl. Conroy is a flailing mess, One Leg Pete in control. Finally Pete holds Conroy in a lock.*

Conroy: Ow! Okay... Okay! Let me... I said... How are you so strong!? *[He relaxes, feigning submission]* Okay, I take it back. It's not weird she's a lady captain. *[Beat]* Yes, it is!

*He suddenly struggles furiously. Then really submits. The Captain strolls onstage.*

Captain: Problem, lads?

Conroy: Ow! Will you just... *[He is released and hastily neatens himself]* You saw it, Captain! One Leg Pete was just... attacking me.

Captain: Anything to add, One Leg Pete?

*Pete shakes his head.*

Captain: Right. I'll believe Pete's version.

Conroy: What!? He didn't have a version! I just had a version! He didn't say any!

Captain: /One Leg doesn't speak.

Conroy: I know he doesn't! But he can't just shake his head and that's enough to con/

*/And why's he even called One Leg Pete!? I actually have a huge issue with this. The man's got two legs! Look, there they are – a pair of them!*

Captain: His Dad only had one.

Conroy: I don't... What's that mean?

Captain: His dad was One Leg Pete. He's One Leg Pete Jr. But we dropped the Jr bit.

Conroy: Well... why didn't you drop the One Leg bit!? That's the redundant bit! Pete Jr still makes sense. But One Leg Pete is... pointless.

*Beat. The Captain and Pete nod in bemused agreement.*

Conroy: And he doesn't speak! Why don't any of us reference that in his nickname? Call him No Voice Pete! Or... Silent Pete! Not a Peep Pete! Has Two Legs But Is Less Inclined To Verbalise Things Pete!

Captain: Mm. *[To Pete]* Any of those take your fancy?

*Pete considers. He points to the leg.*

Captain: I think he'll stick with One Leg/

Conroy: /Ahhh!

Captain: So why the fight? No use fightin' without a good fighting reason.

Conroy: Sure. It was about how it's weird you're a la/ Um... No. Forgot, sorry.

Captain: One Leg?

*Pete makes a small gesture.*

Captain: Oh I see. You wanted to know why your Captain, was a woman. That you're excited about becoming second mate and being part of our crew – only not with a lady in charge.

Conroy: Sorry – are you serious?

Captain: What?

Conroy: You got all that... from a hand movement!/? Pete said all that with... *that!/?*

Captain: What Pete said was, he wouldn't tell on you – he didn't want to get you in trouble. *[Pete smiles]* One Leg, how many years you and I sailed the seas for?

*Pete raises six fingers.*

Captain: And what adventures we seen in that time?

*Pete signs something.*

Captain: Oh yeah – the scurvy outbreak! And the sea monster too, that's right.

Conroy: Funny – I thought you just said sea mo/

Captain: /Ha! The Bermuda Triangle – and the tornado that picked us up! Yeah, I forgot that one.

Conroy: The what? With the what? And you *forgot* about this!/?/

Captain: /And how many times, One Leg Pete (out of all that big long list of calamities and life-threateningnesses) have I ever failed to bring my crew back safe and dry?

*Pete smiles. He makes a zero sign.*

Captain: That many, aye.

*He signs again.*

Captain: But not dry, no. I did lie about that. You okay with getting wet, Conroy?

Conroy: ...wet-ish.

Captain: Wet-ish. Right well, we'll be sure to remember that then.

Conroy: So... how'd you get to be all... captainy?

Captain: Simple. I was trained by the best.

Conroy: Right – and what was his name?

Captain: Ha. *The Captain's* name, was *Suzette*.

Conroy: Suzette... Ha! That sounds more like a girl's na... Oh.

Captain: 'Oh' exactly. The he, was a she. Was the greatest knower of the water I ever had the privilege to sail with. Was Suzette. Who Set... To Sea.

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