

The Unsinkable Bismarck had its premiere production in Los Angeles at The Eclectic Company Theatre on September 13, 2003. The production was produced by Jeff Folschinsky & Joe Camareno; it was directed by Paul Millet; set design by Jeff G. Rack; costumes by Kristen Monda; lighting by John J. Grant; sound by Drew Dalzell; and musical arrangements by Michael Hooker. The production stage manager was John Dickey. The cast was as follows:

Admiral Lutjens	David Reynolds
Cpt. Lindemann	Shon Little
Lt. Vienna	Matt Godecker
Admiral Tovey	David Fruechting
Lt. Andrews	Aaron Bellinston
Radio Voices	William Joseph Hill

SCENE 1

The lights come up on the bridge of the battleship Bismarck. Lt. Vienna is standing behind the wheel of the ship intently concentrating on what he's doing. Two people walk onto the bridge, Admiral Lutjens and Cpt. Lindemann. The Admiral is a very positive-looking man, while Cpt. Lindemann has a very confused look about him.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: It's a very good day for Germany, Captain.

CPT. LINDEMANN: Ja, I agree, a very good day, Herr Admiral.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Do you know why it's a good day?

CPT. LINDEMANN: Not a clue in the world, to tell you the truth. Is it Friday?

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Nein, of course not. What would make you think it's Friday?

CPT. LINDEMANN: Well Friday's are always my favorite days. There's just something about the way it sounds. Friday. See what I mean?

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Well Ja, it is quite catchy, but I was referring to the historic event we are about to embark on.

CPT. LINDEMANN: The weekend?

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Nein, not the weekend!

CPT. LINDEMANN: But it's Friday, isn't it?

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Nein, it's Tuesday.

CPT. LINDEMANN: Well what's so special about Tuesday? It's still practically the beginning of the week.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: It's special because today is the day that we set sail for the open sea on the most powerful battleship ever created.

(Dramatic music plays in the background, and everyone looks up to see where it came from)

CPT. LINDEMANN: Oh, well, Ja, I guess that's pretty big. Not as big as being Friday, but still good nonetheless.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Well I'm glad it meets with your approval. We have our orders and great glory awaits us as we set sail to confront our adversaries, the British...

(Everybody spits)

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: ...Royal Navy. I'm sure our victory will be swift and glorious, seeing that they've never had to face a foe such as us.

CPT. LINDEMANN: What about the Spanish Armada of Fünfzehn Hundert und Achtzig acht?

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Excuse me?

CPT. LINDEMANN: The Spanish Armada of 1588. It's what many historians considered the most powerful battle fleet ever assembled, and the British...

(Everybody spits)

CPT. LINDEMANN: ...beat them.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Nonsense, I'm sure that no such event ever took place.

CPT. LINDEMANN: Of course it took place. It's history; it's written in history books.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Captain, I really think you need to start thinking outside the box here. If you're going to let several centuries of well-documented historical fact impair your judgment, then we're off to a really bad start.

CPT. LINDEMANN: I'm sorry, you're right. How could I have been so foolish? And to think of all those wasted years I spent in school.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: I think I'm detecting a little sarcasm here.

LT. VIENNA: Well, I would hope so; he said under his breath with a bit of a sarcastic tone in his voice. The dissatisfaction of matching wits with an unarmed man left our hero with a sense of loss and pity for the man that he directed his comments to.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Silence! I will not take such insubordination. Especially from a helmsmen.

LT. VIENNA: Sorry, I was just trying to help; he replied with a bit of a defiant tone to the man that addressed him so rudely, knowing in the back of his mind that men such as he will burn in hell for treating others so cruelly.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Who the hell are you talking to?

LT. VIENNA: Me? Oh, no one, I was just thinking out loud.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Well, if it happens again, I'll have you whipped.

LT. VIENNA: Really?; he said with a bit of anticipation in his voice. If only they knew that the thought of a leather whip and pain made our hero feel a tad bit moist.

(Both Cpt. Lindemann and Admiral Lutjens look at him in disbelief for a second)

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Ja, well, where was I?

CPT. LINDEMANN: Rewriting history.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Ja, I mean, nein. You know, you're just being rude now, and I am your commanding officer. Now, if I say no such event took place, then no such event took place. Do we understand each other?

CPT. LINDEMANN: Ja vohl.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: What's that?

CPT. LINDEMANN: I said, ja vohl!

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Now, as I was saying before. Never before has such a powerful...

(The radio starts making noises, interrupting the Admiral's speech. Lt. Vienna goes over to the radio to receive the incoming message)

LT. VIENNA: Herr Captain, we're about to receive a message from the Fuehrer himself.

(Dramatic music plays in the background. They all look up in the air to see where the music came from and then at each other in shock)

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: This is a great day indeed. The Fuehrer is about to honor us with words of encouragement. Never before has a vessel in the German navy received such an honor. Helmsmen, play it over the intercom so all the men can hear what the Fuehrer is about to say.

LT. VIENNA: Ja vohl.

(Lt. Vienna switches the radio to the intercom so that everybody can hear what's going on. He then sits there twisting the knobs of the radio trying to get a clear signal. The signal is a little vague at first but then comes in so everyone can hear it)

VOICE ON RADIO: Attention Bismarck, attention Bismarck. Prepare to receive a message from the Fuehrer.

LT. VIENNA: This is the Bismarck. Ready to receive your message.

(Music that sounds like it's being played on a phonograph begins playing over the radio. Lights come up on The Fuehrer in front of a microphone as he begins to speak in a loud voice that no one can understand. Every once in awhile there is a word or two that can be understood but as a whole, it sounds like he's shouting gibberish)

THE FUEHRER: Ve sak en do do blah de Bismarck! Ta abot ta gu tis hel mu ta us quest! Na ber ses te get babble uf 1588, hab sup a pabbleful tit be set apun the pea! Al up Germany is bith u! Gud hubbing, aid mab wabie huk heil apun ewe! Seig Hail!

(The lights fade off of The Fuehrer. The Admiral who seems to be hanging on every word raises his arm in salute)

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Heil Hitler!

(Lt. Vienna and Cpt. Lindemann do the same but with a confused look on their faces)

CPT. LINDEMANN & LT VIENNA: Heil Hitler?

(Lt. Vienna switches off the radio)

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: It never ceases to amaze me, what mastery of the German language the Fuehrer possesses. Have you ever heard anything like it before?

CPT. LINDEMANN: I can say, in all honesty, nein, nein, I haven't.

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Well what more do you want? We're aboard the most powerful battleship known to man, and we just received those inspirational words from the Fuehrer himself. What more could one ask for? Captain, set sail immediately, nothing can stop us now.

LT. VIENNA: Herr Admiral, a fog bank just rolled in.

(Dramatic music is heard followed by a fog horn, everyone looks around, alarmed. They then look at Admiral Lutjens to see what his response will be)

ADMIRAL LUTJENS: Well, scheisse.

Lights fade to black as everyone starts squinting their eyes trying to see around them.

SCENE 2

The lights come up on the command center of the British Royal Navy. Admiral Tovey, a model-looking British officer is pacing back and forth, trying to dictate a letter to his assistant, Lt. Andrews. Lt. Andrews is trying to type the letter but keeps getting distracted by Admiral Tovey, who he is obviously taken with.

ADMIRAL TOVEY: To my immortal beloved. No, no, too strong. My dearest love. No, no, too simple I believe. This is just not coming out right. What do you have so far?

LT. ANDREWS: Just a few words so far. *(under his breath)* My love.