

OLD MAN: (*Stuttering in shock.*) I...I...I was just fishing and the waves crashed more and more and—

SICK MAN: And now you are in the belly of this whale.

OLD MAN: It seems so. (*Looks around.*) Have you tried anything to get out?

SICK MAN: Yes. I've tried it all. (*Coughs.*) No point in trying, it's a whale.

OLD MAN: Whale or not, there has to be a way out. Have you tried the blowhole?

SICK MAN: No.

OLD MAN: Then there *is* a way out.

SICK MAN: How are you gonna get up there and squeeze out? Even if you do get out, good luck trying to swim at whatever depth we are at. (*Coughs.*)

OLD MAN: (*To himself.*) Get me out of this damn whale. (*Grabs a miscellaneous chair.*) Help us! We are trapped in here! We were eaten by a monster! (*Screams ludicrously.*)

SICK MAN: This is useless (*Beat.*) Sit down old man!

OLD MAN: (*Sits down.*) Fine. I'm trying to find a way out of here. I don't wanna die in the stomach of this evil whale.

SICK MAN: What makes you think this whale is evil?

OLD MAN: When a creature attacks a human out of fear, it is defending itself or hungry. When a creature just kills a human for no reason, that is an evil to fathom, a monster that needs to be killed.

SICK MAN: Well, it hasn't killed us.

OLD MAN: If we don't get out of his belly we will die. Now help me so we can both escape this hell.

SICK MAN: (*Coughs.*) No point old man. That whale hasn't opened its mouth for days. When it eats, this whole place is flushed with rapid waters and there is no way you can get out through the mouth. (*Beat.*) So now we just sit and wait.

OLD MAN: Wait for what?

SICK MAN: To die.

OLD MAN: What? I don't want to die.

SICK MAN: We wait to die. You're obviously very old, and I'm already slowly dying.  
*(Coughs.)*

OLD MAN: Is that sickness a concern I should worry about?

SICK MAN: It's tuberculosis.

OLD MAN: No. Please god no. Let us out whale! Or I will rip up your insides with these ancient hands as I make my way into your gullet!

*[Silence. Old Man causes more ruckus but soon tires himself out. He sits down.]*

OLD MAN: I'm too old, too tired to be doing this. *(Beat.)* All I wanted was to be a great man.

SICK MAN: What do you mean?

OLD MAN: I'm a lucid man. I've had nothing and done nothing my whole life.

SICK MAN: That's not always a bad thing, old man.

OLD MAN: But I don't want to be the gray man, I want greatness. I want riches and achievements. I want the power that powerful men have. I'm a veteran for god sake. But I never once set foot on a battlefield. I served and was sent home.

SICK MAN: Since you love life so much, shouldn't you be happy about that.