

Scene: 1

SOUND: EGGS FRYING, AND ARGUING FADING INTO HEARING

NICO:

How the HECK did you stand! On a ghost ship!

FREY:

Okay, look, it was more floating than actual standing, Okay.

NICO:

How?! With ghost shoes? Did your boots pass on into the other plane?!

FREY:

I mean... probably.

NICO:

(FRUSTRATED NOISES)
Why???

TANGO:

(LETS OUT A BIG YAWN AND STRETCHES)
Good morning guys!

FREY:

(STAMMERS)
G-good morning...

NICO:

(DEADPAN)
Good morning, the third weirdest member of our party.

SOUND: HE FLIPS THE BIG FRYING PAN OF EGGS

FREY:

(BLURTS IT OUT LIKE A DUMMY)
Tango, your hair looks really pretty like that!

NICO:

(SARCASTIC)
Smooth.

TANGO:

(YAWNING DURING ALL OF THAT)
What'd you say, Frey?

FREY:

(EMBARRASSED)
Nico! Eggs! EGGS BURNING!

NICO:

(GRUMP)

I'm workin on it, shut up, Ghost Boots!

FREY:

Do you want me to tell you how this wedding went or not?

NICO:

I'd prefer a lecture on the properties of ghost items and how you managed physical interaction with them, but whatever.

TANGO:

I would like pickles. Could you put pickles in my omlette, Nico?

NICO:

(WEARY SIGH)

That makes me miss scavenged Instant Ramen. This is the worst breakfast since those sriracha noodles I found.

SOUND: HUGE OMELETTE BEING CUT UP INTO THIRDS, THEN NICO SCROUNGING AROUND THE WAGON FOR A PICKLE JAR

FREY:

Right, well, anyways! The wedding...

Scene: 2 - The Wedding

SOUND: GULLS AND CALM WAVES FADE IN AND THERE'S SOFT SHIP CREAKING AND STUFF

ARTAX:

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of the sea to join these two together in holy matrimony.

MARTINUS:

(IS ALREADY SOBBING IN JOY)

ARTAX:

(DEADPAN)

I didn't even ask the questions about love and cherishing... Okay, you two get the picture, just tell each other just how much you love each other.

MARTINUS:

(SNIFFLING)

My love... my strong, powerful siren of the sea. Looking at you now, it's as if we're locking eyes for the first time on that beach. The morning light reflected off of your body like stained glass, the shells around your form like flowers... and I fell in love as soon as you said hello.

(AFTER THAT IT FADES OUT INTO THE BACKGROUND WHILE FREY AND ARTAX SUPPLY COMMENTARY LIKE TERRIBLE MOVIEGOERS)
 And, oh, my stars, how we spent our night by the bonfire in each others arms, but you knew that no mere flame could ever compare to the radiance that my heart has for you. So infinite in its spark, you make me feel I am the Sun, and that must mean that you are the tide that cools the sands, those never-ending sands...
 (giggles, flustered) like my love for you.

FREY:

(TO ARTAX)

When he was in one of those moods where he talks, I guess. /He/ hasn't said anything at all.

ARTAX:

(TO FREY)

Well, hey, I think Martinus will talk enough for both of them at this point. Plus, it's all about body language. The way he holds his posture next to Martinus. Like he wants to carry him away and yet be as gentle as possible.

(SIGHS)

That's the sea for you.

FREY:

(CHIDING)

Aw, brother o' mine, you're not going soft on me like some landlubber, are you? And I thought you weren't the type for all this romanticality.

ARTAX:

(SNORTS)

Look, I'm a captain, and like the sea, my crew has to be just as easy to read... If only he was as easy to listen to, then this'd be a lot quicker. Or maybe it's going by quicker all the same.

Scene: 3

NICO:

So, what, you and your brother just talked through the entire ceremony? Like right in front of them, not even a yard away? God, that's kinda rude.

FREY:

(GROANS)

Uggggghhhhh, Martinus is just... so woorddyyyyyyy. Like he has to take the most amount of time possible totake the shortest thing, like: "I love you you sexy siren" suddenly turns into some sort of dissertation. You know I could not stop for death so he kindly stopped for me, kinda situation. you know when really all you actually want to say is "I'm dead!"

NICO:

(SMIRKING)

"I have eaten / the plums / that were in / the
icebox."

TANGO:

Ooh, plums would go great with this omelette! And some
hashbrowns!

FREY:

(SARCASTIC)

Ha-ha, very clever, William Carlos Williams. If only
Martinus hadn't died before modernism became a thing...

NICO:

Oh yeah, and speaking of, did you have a fancy pair of
dead wedding shoes to be able to not sink through the
ghost ship? Because seriously HOW DOES THAT WORK, I
WANT TO KNOW!

Scene: 4

MARTINUS:

And I know that our love may never leave from beyond
the shores, but I can imagine having a home by the sea,
a small cottage by a lighthouse, and eating breakfasts
together on the sand and spending our days together...
I love you, truly and incredibly so. I've never felt
this way about anyone before. And-

FREY:

Aaallright, Martinus, my sweet and gentle and lovely
and just adorably talkative baby, you've been talking
for like half an hour. Maybe just wrap it up and let
your hubby say something.

SOUND: THE SEAS AND SKIES GETTING ROUGHER SLOWLY, AND THEN
LIGHTNING CRASHES AND STRIKES THE SIREN'S HANDS

ARTAX:

Whoa!

FREY:

Oh my god!

MARTINUS:

My love!!

SOUND: FOUR ROCKS RUBBING TOGETHER

FREY:

He... he's holding a figuette. Is that sea glass.

ARTAX:

It's... shaped like a heart. Martinus, he's giving you his heart.

MARTINUS:

(CRYING IN COMPLETE JOY)

My love, my love... thank you. Thank you, you know I will treasure your heart with every ounce of care and dedication I can give to you.

Scene: 5

TANGO:

(GASPS)

That's so beautiful! I bet it was really pretty.

NICO:

(SOFTLY)

"i carry your heart with me..."

FREY:

You and your poetry, Nico.

NICO:

Clearly not mine my dude.