

Un Capitano Moro

By Suzanne Prentis

It is in the Year of Our Lord A.D.2064,
And intergalactic wars are to the very fore.
Un Capitano Moro is the Starfleet man of the hour,
No finer individual, so pure, not sour.
He commands all types of peoples aboard his ship,
All serve beyond the call of duty, on this trip.
But personal interactions are the cause of this sad tale,
And the plight of this prestigious, Moro male.

Act I

(Lieutenant Roderigo and Ensign Iago are drinking in the Starfleet Bar.)

Roderigo: This Spacedust Juice is causing me to feel so queasy,
Methinks my love for Desdemona has made me very uneasy.
That she went and married the Capitano Moro,
And no-one thought to tell me – what such sorrow!

Iago: It was a quiet, secret, civil partnership,
On board this very Intergalactic Starfleet Ship.

Roderigo: But I had asked her father Brabantio, for her hand in marriage,
Meanwhile she marries this alien carnage!

Iago aside: I can use this lovesick Venutian in my promotion plan,
To ensure my rival, Captain Cassio, gets a Starfleet Ban!
I'll stop that upstart Cassio overtaking me,
Especially, as I am the better Space Warrior, than he be!

Iago: I suggest you go and tell Brabantio of his daughter's elopement,
He needs to know of this outrageous development.

Roderigo: You are quite right my fine friend,
His daughter's honour, I must defend!

Iago aside: I must to the Ship's Command Station go,
To be a good friend to the Capitano Moro.
I must warn him of his father-in-law's intended visit,
To prepare him, before the air-lock doors reveal this bit!

The Ship's Command Station aboard the Starfleet Ship:

Brabantio: I wish to speak to my daughter, Desdemona,
I need to know that neither drugs nor sorcery have overcome her.

Capitano Moro: Chief Commander of the Venutians, you must witness this testimony,
That my beloved wife speaks freely – she is no phoney!
Send for Desdemona to report to the Command Room,
To speak of her marriage and allay her Father's gloom.

Desdemona arrives and speaks:

Capitano Moro dearest, you have sent for me to speak before my father,
I do declare that on this day, married to no other, would I rather!

Brabantio: Methinks Capitano Moro if you can but see,
That she has so deceived me; she may well thee.

Capitano Moro: There is no time to discuss this now,
The Venutians and Saturnites have caused a row.
Intergalactic Starfleet has a role to play,
To intercept these waring Generals, I must, I pray.
My wife, Captain Cassio, Ensign Iago and his wife Emilia must bid farewell,
We have a war to fight – it will be hell!

Act II

**The scene is set, as the Capitano Moro guides the Starfleet into place,
To the exact co-ordinates in deepest space.
But on arrival the messages loom,
Of destruction in the unearthly gloom.
Large asteroids have destroyed their Starship Fleets.
So, there is none left, for them to greet.**

Capitano Moro addresses his Starfleet Crew via the video link:

I am grateful, that war has been today, averted,
A celebration is in order, if this is, not deemed perverted.
Desdemona and I bid you goodnight - anon.
Enjoy the good food and drink, with Intergalactic song!

Iago listens in the Starfleet Bar and says aside:

But I have other unfulfilled plans ahead,
And must set in motion ideas, that I have bred.

Iago: Come my dear Capitano Cassio, have another drink,
Star-shots all round, are the order of the day, I think!

Roderigo: Here, try these fish-shaped nibble bites,
Not something you get on those Hubble flights!

Cassio: The Capitano Moro is off to bed his bride, I bet,
Such a lovely girl, that he has met!

Roderigo: Well, I think that wee lassie is in for a bit of a shock,
When she spies the size of his love-making co.....

Interrupted by the Green skinned Bar Man, who minces in:

Coburns Special Port shots, for anyone here?

We've lots of free tasters, we're trying to clear.

I'll put this tray of shots down, on this table,

Take as many as you want, drink as many, as you are able!

Iago: Where was I, Roderigo; how goes it with the ladies, fair?

Have you seen Bianca, Cassio's great mare?

She's all shapely and appears serene,

You give her the eye - I have seen!

Roderigo: No, you are mistaken, no, not I,

I have not given that lady, the evil eye!

Cassio: You be sure, to leave my sweetheart well alone,

Or you may find, that by mistake, you've swallowed my mobile phone!

So, with their taser guns switched to standby,

They fight and shout, scream and cry.

Capitano hears of all the commotion,

So, he enters to order Cassio's demotion.

Capitano Moro: You brawl like common vermin on the Stardeck,

You deserve to lose your promotion – What the heck!

Cassio: Capitano Moro, I do apologise for what has occurred,

I was sorely provoked and my vision is so blurred!

Capitano Moro exits in disgust.

Cassio: Oh no, what have I done?

I've just ruined my career in one!

Iago: Dear Cassio, I must to you implore,

That you speak to Desdemona, whom the Moro doth adore.

She will help to re-instate you to your rightful position,

A man of your aptitude and great physical condition.

Act III

Starfleet Recreational Decks

Iago: My Capitano Moro, how goes things this fine morrow?

I see Cassio and Desdemona are so close, since his personal sorrow.

Look how she shows Cassio that fine headscarf, that you gave her,
Enamoured he is, if this be not, an unfair slur?

Capitano Moro: I have noticed that they are close friends of late,
But surely, he must realise she is not his fate!
I have work to do and must get on,
Reports to write for Starfleet, about a con.

Iago bowing: Farewell Capitano Moro, have a good day,
I must find my wife Emilia, for Starship Sports we are bound to play.

Emilia enters and says: Look here husband, see what I have just found,
The very first gift the Moro gave Desdemona, I'll be bound!

Iago: Her gold thread headscarf you have in your possession?
Give it to me wife, it will be our insurance in these times of recession.
Gold is inert and a precious commodity for Space trade,
It can for other goods, be paid.

Exit Iago and Emilia to play on the Sportsdeck.

Meanwhile, Capitano Moro is hard at work, at the interactive table, in the Starfleet Command Room.

Capitano Moro issues a command: Lock onto that Super Nova in the Astra One Belt,
Monitor its growth and report back, what is felt.

(A chorus of, 'Yes, Capitano' is heard.)

Capitano Moro aside: I am concerned how close Desdemona is to Cassio,
A drunk who brawls, Mamma Mio!
They are both fair skinned and young in age,
Enjoying each other's company in this space cage!
Both close in their life's outlook,
Love to gossip and read a book.
Life on this Spaceship can be a drag,
Too few women and the odd, old hag.
I must keep a stringent eye on my wife,
Least she be the cause of any on board strife.

ACT IV

Iago aside: I have conjured up a cunning plan,
To deliver up Cassio, a wife too, if I can!
I will plant the gold thread headscarf, so monogramed,
In Cassio's locker, so he is framed.

Iago enters the Command Room.

Iago: Capitano Moro, may I have a word?
Something has definitely, just occurred.
Please come with me, to bear witness to a deed,
To something, of which, you must take heed!

Capitano Moro: Is this important Iago, just right now?
I need to read onscreen the guide to deep space and how.....

Iago: Yes! Please step this way,
Your undivided attention, I need, I pray.

At Cassio's Locker Room

Iago: Good morrow, Cassio my fine friend,
Your locker key..... do not pretend!

Cassio: What is it that you hope to find?
Something to be requisitioned, that is not mine?

Iago rummages in Cassio's Locker

Iago: Just so, it seems, indeed my friend,
A lady's item of apparel, I apprehend.

Iago hands Capitano Moro the Gold Threaded Headscarf

Iago: How goes it with the fair lady (*whispers 'Bianca'*) of the night?
Who keeps you awake, behold, she's such a lovely sight!

Cassio: She is as good as ever, such great curves and fleshy bits,
A wonderful woman with enormous, big ti.....

Capitano Moro interrupts: By Jove, the audacity with which he brags,
As though she were some lady, in a girly mag!
I'm so enraged I cannot stay to hear,
For what else he has to say, I really fear!
I need some Stardust Juice to steady my nerves,
This Cassio chap, has more than just the usual verve!

(Capitano Moro exits and heads to the Starfleet Bar.)

Later, whilst still in the Starship Bar, Capitano Moro being the worse for wear, witnesses another incident involving Cassio.

Bianca: What gift is this, that you gave to me?
Some second-hand item, from another lover, I see!

Cassio: I can assure you that it was not cheap,
And not an item from another, to keep.

Iago sidles up to the Moro: Capitano Moro, you see what this man is truly like?
And think on it, that this be, a true insight!
To think Cassio had the Gold Threaded Scarf from your wife,
This man is such a cad, upon my life!

Capitano Moro's speech is slow and slurred: My Ensign, this is what you must do today,
Take Cassio to the Starfleet loading bay.
You need to ensure that he goes floating into space,
Across the galaxies, his body can race.

Capitano Moro exits, to look for Desdemona, in the Command Room, where the Venutian Noble is ensconced.

Capitano Moro: Oh, there you are my fickle wife,
The cause of all my suffering and strife.

Desdemona: My Capitano Moro, what ails you so?
You are very upset and it doth show!

Capitano Moro: What you have done, deserves this blow!
You are the one, who is in the know.

(He strikes Desdemona, who flees, distraught. The Venutian Noble is shocked.)

Meanwhile, back in the Starfleet bar, Roderigo is looking for Iago; he has a bone to pick with him.)

Roderigo: Ah, Iago, you promised for my payment, some reward,
To advance myself, with Desdemona, your allotted ward.
Yet, nothing whatsoever, has taken place,
You're not making any efforts to advance my case!

Iago: Roderigo, good friend, you are so wrong,
These things take an age, so very long!
Patience is a virtue and will win in the end,
Trust me, the lady's ear, I will for thee, bend!

Roderigo: Well, if you are so sure – perhaps you are right,
To be very patient and look forward to my special night!

Iago: In the meantime, there is a duty you must perform,
It is Cassio, you have to deform.
The scoundrel must leave Spacefleet via the back door,
This is something you must do before.....

Roderigo interrupts: Has this been issued by direct command?
Something the Capitano would willingly demand?

Iago: Yes! See to it, that this is obeyed,
Then I will see to it, that you in turn, are not dismayed!

Act V

**Cassio is drunk and leaving Bianca's quarters,
Roderigo grabs him and applies electronic handcuffs, for the porters.
Cassio thinks it to be a high jinks prank,
So taser stuns Roderigo, in the groin, to be quite frank.
Iago sneaks up to join in the affray,
To taser Cassio, his arch rival, since early May.
The alarm is then raised on board the ship,
Lodovico and Gratiano come to the aid of this flip.
Appearing to help, just in the nick of time,
Iago turns up on this scene, of crime!**

Gratiano: What have you fine young fellows been up to?
Playing pranks on other members of the crew?

Iago: Oh, I know, they are all so daft,
Playing games in the corridors and lift shaft!

Lodovico: We must get a transporter to take them to the medical wing,
They will patch them up and make them sing!

Cassio: Roderigo, was the one who attacked me after I left the Bar,
He put on the cuffs and then tasered me, from afar.

Iago aside: I have to put a stop to his fateful claims,
Otherwise, all will realise, that I am to blame.
I must taser Roderigo for one last time,
Or else for me, it'll be more than just a fine!

(Iago deftly delivers the fatal zap to Roderigo.)

Iago: Ah, here's Bianca come to see the commotion outside,
We know it was you, so do not pretend or hide!
You planned for Cassio to die,
You instigated this, so do not lie!

Bianca: My Ensign, this is just not true.
Cassio, I love, through and through!

Iago: Phh! You are not a worthy woman at all,
You are a teller of stories, that are so tall!

Gratiano: Shall I take this lady to be detained?
It would appear that on her, this blight be blamed.

Iago: Ey! On my good authority have her banged up,
Another banquet on this ship, she'll not sup.

It is very late the same night and the Capitano Moro and Desdemona are in their married quarters.

Desdemona: My good Capitano Moro, what a bad humour you are in,
Why is it this way, what is the sin?

Capitano Moro: Oh, estranged wife, what games you play,
You entice others, that you'd like to stay.

Desdemona: I know not, of what it is that you talk,
This is not some playing pitch with lines of chalk.

Capitano Moro: Put out the light and then put out the light,
I cannot bear to see thy fair sight.

Desdemona: Tomorrow, all will be, just fine,
We will talk and you will hear the opinions of mine.
Goodnight my Capitano Moro, love of my life,
I truly intend to be a good wife.

**In tears, in the dark, the Capitano Moro smothers Desdemona;
Emilia hears the muffled cries for help and rushes in.**

Desdemona dying: Emilia fair, it is not my Capitano Moro's fault,
The blame on him, must not be sought.
We were from different worlds, with different skins,
But my undying love, will ne're diminish for him.

Desdemona dies in Emilia's arms

Capitano Moro is distraught: She was with Cassio and I could not bear it,
A jealous man am I and in a fit....

Emilia: Capitano! I must the panic button press,
And reveal all that has happened in this mess.

Enter the former Governor, Montano, Gratiano and Iago.

Capitano Moro: Oh, here is the man, Iago, who showed me the proof,
The gold threaded scarf, that he held aloof!
The scarf that Cassio, in his locker had,
That scum of Galaxy life, the traitor, the cad!

Emilia: Oh no, Capitano Moro, you are so wrong!
I picked up that gold thread scarf/sarong.
I gave it to Iago at his request,
For him to do with, as he bequest.

Iago: Silence! You foolish wife of old,
You have not kept quiet about matters, as you were told.

Iago kills her through her heart, with a fatal injection gun. All look on, in stunned silence.

Capitano Moro in tears: Iago, you are a most dreadful fiend all right,
So wicked a man, of Satan's delight.
I wound thee, for the innocent Desdemona fair,
With her truthful eyes and her golden hair.
I hope this gun will harm you for evermore,
With as much pain and suffering galore!

(Capitano Moro then proceeds to stab Iago in his side, with his Laser Knife.)

Iago in pain: I have no explanations for what has befallen you,
I have nothing to say to your interrogation crew.

Enter Lodovico with a heavy heart.

Lodovico: It is with heavy heart that I arrest you both,
Remember, you are under Spacefleet Commander oath.
Take the Capitano Moro and his Ensign Iago to the holding room,
Keep them under the camera, on high zoom!

**Capitano Moro is in his cell and crying in the dark,
He bites his bitter pill and listens for his Angel – Hark!**

Much later in the Starfleet Control Room

Lodovico: Cassio, this sad story was not of your doing,
Desdemona, you were wrongly accused of wooing.
You are a fine Warrior and a man of humble heart,
You are to be appointed the Capitano's successor – a fresh start!

Cassio bowing: Lodovico, I thank you for your devoted trust,
The very best I will do; I must.

Lodovico: Iago was a villain of these great skies,
I will convey to all of his demise.
Cassio, his punishment must befit his crime,
He must be banished to an outpost 'til the end of time.

Cassio addresses all: Let this be a moral tale for all to read,
About Iago and his dastardly deed.
This is a story about the fairer sex,
And so much more than racism, sent by Intergalactic text.
It is about a black man's jealousy and of his profound love,
For his fair wife, now in heaven above.
Such betrayal and revenge it now doth hold,
This sad tale, of suffering and of repentance gone untold.

All exit the Starfleet Command Room.