Venture's End

A solo performance piece by Andrew Greene

Dramatica Personae:

Provincial Governor Thomas Gates- a very articulate and well learned man. He is the soon-to-be Governor of the Jamestown colony and was traveling from London to Jamestown on board the *Sea Venture* to assume his new title and position.

Sir George Somers- the captain of the *Sea Venture*. Despite his title as captain, Sir George Somers takes his orders directly from Provincial Governor Thomas Gates. An expert in sea navigation and all things related to nautical exploration.

Stephen Hopkins- a flamboyant and extravagant passenger on board the *Sea Venture.* His past experiences in the New World and the Jamestown Colony allowed him passage on board the *Sea Venture* as a minister's clerk to Reverend Buck. During the ten-months the crew was stranded on the Bermuda Isle, Stephen Hopkins organizes a mutiny against Governor Thomas Gates and was sentenced to death.

Reverend Buck- the *Sea Venture*'s ship pastor. Wears a large golden crucifix and habitually ends every sentence with "Amen."

First Mate- the First Mate of Captain George Somers and the *Sea Venture.* A very superstitious man who performs a number of petty rituals to ward off and counter bad luck (i.e spinning around three times to the right, throwing salt over the left shoulder, interpreting omens, ect.)

William- the personal assistant and cabin boy to Provincial Governor Thomas Gates. William records/transcribes Thomas Gate's dictation of the events that occur while the crew is shipwrecked on the Bermuda Isle. He speaks with a very pronounced stutter.

Ship Crewman- a member of the *Sea Venture*'s crew stranded on the Bermuda Isle. He does not interact with the other characters on stage, but rather addresses the audience directly with interjections and sidebars related to the character's recollections of the mysterious island.

Opening Stage Directions and At Rise:

This play is intended for a solo performer; however, multiple actors may be used per the discretion of the director. For clarity, the actor may use a variety of props to distinguish between the characters: Provincial Governor Thomas Gates may wear a powdered white wig, Captain Somers; a triangular captain's hat, Stephen Hopkins may wear an extravagant or colorful costume, Reverend Buck; a large golden crucifix, First Mate may carry several talismans to ward off bad luck, William; a sheet of manuscript paper and quill pen, and lastly, the Ship Crewman may be adorned in traditional sailor regalia.

Sounds:

- Hurricane→high gust wind and thunder sounds
- Sound of snapping timber and ropes
- Sound of ship cabin door opening and closing
- Ocean waves crashing on the shore
- Fairy voices singing
- Knocking sound (as if on a door)
- Hammer and Nails (the crew building a ship to escape the island)
- Wind whistling through the Captain's cabin.

Additional Stage Properties:

- Table filled with food (fruits [wild berries, bananas, pineapples, ect.], roasted boar, turtle stew, nuts)
- Captain's desk inside the cabin
- Backdrop to represent the cave→"Caliban" painted on the back wall in red
- Foliage to simulate the tropical jungle
- Any optional props such as those mentioned above to distinguish between characters

At Rise:

The curtain rises, revealing a large wooden desk in the center of the stage. The desk should appear old, as if it was built in the 17th century. The desk is located in the captain's quarters on board the *Sea Venture.* The desk may be cluttered with nautical instruments including a Mariner's astrolabe, compass, a telescope, and numerous maps spread over its

surface. Additionally, the desk should be equipped with wheels in order to easy roll/remove it from the stage. Maps may also cover the surrounding walls. Additionally, a bookshelf with other nautical books and instruments: a globe, dividers, parallel rules, ect, stands against one of the walls. The crash of waves as they roll onto the shore can be heard from outside the cabin. The sound of the cabin door opening prompts the Provincial Governor Thomas Gates to enter into the room via stage left. As mentioned above, Governor Gates may be identified by a white powdered wig. He enters the room and stops at center stage in front of the large desk. He looks around the room as if searching for someone or something before beginning…

PART I

Thomas Gates:

William? William! (*Brief pause*) Confound it boy! Where are you? Do you not hear me calling for you? Come here this instant!

(*The cabin door opens with a loud creak and immediately slams shut with a 'bang.' The rapid patter of footsteps indicates William has "entered" into the captain's cabin)*

William:

(*Bows upon entering*) H-h-here sir! You c-called for me sir?

Thomas Gates:

Good Lord Boy! Whatever took you so long? I have only been calling for you these past five minutes. Have I not taught you that it is loutish to keep a gentleman waiting? Consider yourself lucky that I am a patient man, but my patience is not endless. When I call for you, I expect you by my side immediately!

William:

Y-yes sir. Of c-c-course sir!

(*Performs another quick and jerky bow)*

Thomas Gates:

Yes, see that it does not happen again.

William:

Y-y-yes sir. It w-won't happen a-again my Lord. H-h-how can I help you, s-sir?

Thomas Gates:

You are my assistant are you not?

William:

I-I am sir. It is m-m-my duty and p-p-privilege to assist you, sir.

Thomas Gates:

Well then dear boy, assist me! Grab a sheet of parchment and quill from the desk. I have need for you to record my thoughts exactly as I speak them. It is most probable that our time here will be long, and I must make an account of our dire predicament and the events that so led us to this verdant, yet unfamiliar, isle. Hurry boy! Do as I ask!

(*William walks behind the desk and shuffles through the pile of maps and brass nautical equipment, looking for a spare piece of parchment. He picks up the sheet of parchment and a quill pen.*)

Thomas Gates continued:

Yes, yes, those will do. Don't just stand there, boy! Sit down! (*William sits in the chair behind Governor Gate's desk. Brief pause)* Now, how should I begin? "My most esteemed and fair Lady..." No, no that will not do, strike it out. "Our Glorious Majesty…" No, that will not suffice either. How does one address the Queen with ill tidings? (*Brief pause)* "Excellent Lady…" Yes, that will suffice! It has a certain ring to it; a salutation that properly addresses her Majesty, yet the tone does not falsely suggest that the contents to follow will be of a benign nature. (*Begins pacing back and forth in front of the desk as he dictates aloud)*

"EXCELLENT LADY, Know that upon Friday late in the evening we brake ground out of the sound of Plymouth, our whole fleet then consisting of seven good ships and two pinnaces, all which, from the said second of June unto the twenty-third of July, kept in friendly consort together, not a whole watch at any time losing the sight each of other. Our course, when we came about the height of between 26 and 27 degrees, we declined to the northward, and according to our captain's instructions, altered the trade and ordinary way used heretofore by Dominica and Nevis in the West Indies and found the wind to this course indeed as friendly, as in the judgment of all seamen it is upon a more direct line.

We had followed this course so long as now we were within seven or eight days at the most, by Captain Newport's reckoning, of making Cape Henry upon the coast of Virginia, when on St. James' day, July 24, being Monday (preparing for no less all the black night before), the clouds gathering thick upon us and the wind singing and whistling most unusually (which made us to cast off our pinnace, towing the same until then astern), a dreadful storm and hideous began

to blow from out the northeast (*the sound of forceful wind gusts and thunder claps echo on stage),* which swelling and roaring it were by fits, some hours with more violence than others, at length did beat all light from Heaven; which, like an hell of darkness, turned black upon us, so much the more fuller of horror, as in such cases horror and fear use to overrun the troubled and overmastered senses of all, which taken up with amazement, the ears lay so sensible to the terrible cries and murmurs of the winds and distraction of our company, as who was most armed and best prepared was not a little shaken…" (*William shudders visibly)* Why, what's wrong lad? You shiver as if you had seen the devil himself!

William:

Oh it's n-n-nothing, sir! I was j-j-just remembering the f-f-ferocity of the m-m-maelstrom. It was as if God himself sought v-v-vengeance against our souls. The w-w-waves crashing against the s-s-side, t-t-throwing men from the deck into the g-g-gaping mouth of the sea. It w-w-was an awful s-s-sight to behold, sir. And the w-w-wind! How it howled, s-s-snapping the t-t-topmast (The *sound of gale force winds grows louder. The sound of snapping timber reverberates across the stage)* as if it were a t-t-twig, no bigger than my t-tiny finger. (*William holds out his pinky finger to demonstrate the comparison)*

Thomas Gates:

Aye, lad. So it was. The ferocity of that fuming Tempest was beyond the power and resilience of mere man. We were as helpless as new-born babes before its terrible wrath, but let us not quiver in our recollections of that awful night. Pick up your quill, William, and let us continue:

"Howbeit this was not all. It pleased God to bring a greater affliction yet upon us; for in the beginning of the storm we had received likewise a mighty leak. And the ship, in every joint almost, having spewed out her oakum before we were aware (a casualty more desperate than any other that a voyage by sea draweth with it), was grown five foot suddenly deep with water above her ballast, and we almost drowned within whilst we sat looking when to perish from above. This, imparting no less terror than danger, ran through the whole ship with much fright and amazement, startled and turned the blood, and took down the braves of the most hardy mariner of them all, insomuch as he that before happily felt not the sorrow of others, now began to sorrow for himself when he saw such a pond of water so suddenly broken in and which he knew could not but instantly sink him.

So as joining (only for his own sake, not yet worth the saving) in the public safety there might be seen master, master's mate, boatswain, quartermaster, coopers, carpenters, and who not, with candles in their hands, creeping along the ribs viewing the sides, searching every corner and listening in every place if they could hear the water run. Many a weeping leak was this way found and hastily stopped, and at length one in the gunner room made up with I know not how many pieces of beef. But all was to no purpose; the leak which drunk in our greatest seas and took in our destruction fastest could not then be found, nor ever was, by any labor, counsel, or search…"

(A knock from the cabin door interrupts Thomas Gate's account. He looks to the door before continuing)

Thomas Gates Continue:

What is it now! Can a man not enjoy a moment of peace in the midst of such travesty? Must he always have his thoughts interrupted with such impunity? Come in, come in! But do not trouble me with further ill-tidings if that be the purpose of your coming!

(*The sound of the cabin door opening. Footsteps sound across the stage as the new arrival approaches Thomas Gates/William. "Enter" Reverend Buck, the ship minister)*

Good day to you, Reverend Buck. What brings you to my quarters this day?

Reverend Buck:

The company you sent to explore the island have returned. Thanks be to the Holy Father for their quick and safe return, Amen. (*Brings hands together in a praying gesture)*

Thomas Gates:

(*Sighs before continuing)* Very well, send them in. I would speak to them and learn what they have discovered. Perhaps something may be of use to us in our current plight.

Reverend Buck:

Of course, but I should caution you of one thing: they have returned, but it seems as if they have returned in a less blessed state. I have been praying for them ever since they set foot back on the ship.

Thomas Gates:

Whatever do you mean, Reverend? I dearly hope God would not abandon the individual in a time such as this when the strength of our collective fortitude has already been crippled by

the seriousness of our grave circumstance. (*Turns away from Reverend Buck and addresses William)* Write that down, boy.

William:

Y-yes sir! V-v-very well spoken s-sir. (*Begins scribbling on the sheet of parchment)*

Reverend Buck:

They speak of dark and magical things encountered at the heart of this furtive isle. The Devil is at work in this place, and I fear he has already asserted his influence over their God-fearing souls and possessed them for his own evil designs. (*Brings hands together in a praying gesture)* "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good," Amen.

Thomas Gates:

Strange accounts are to be expected in a place such as this where myth and superstitions converge. The men are perhaps only enchanted with the very notion of mystery; therefore, their minds wander aimlessly, manifesting malevolent ills where they do not exist. Send them in, and I will hear these accounts straight from their own tongues and judge accordingly.

Reverend Buck:

I will send for them. (*Footsteps sound across the stage. The sound of the door opening and closing marks Reverend Buck's exit)*

Thomas Gates:

Why is it that the stoutest of men always become victims to their own imaginative delusions when confronted with unfamiliar spectacles? Right here and now I will placate the fears of those who have abandoned their reason! I take it upon myself to make it known that Truth is the daughter of Time, and that men ought not to dread everything which is not subject to their immediate understanding. "I hope to deliver the world from a foul and general error, it being counted of most that they can be no habitation for men, but rather given over to devils and wicked spirits." (*A knock on the cabin door)* William, my boy, be sure that your quill keeps up! We are soon to hear three enthralling accounts which shall make for a splendid tale indeed! (*Brief Pause. Door knocks once again)* You may enter!

(*The door opens and slams shut. Multiple footsteps can be hear stomping across the stage. "Enter" Sir George Somers, the First Mate, Stephen Hopkins, and the Ship Crewman)*

Thomas Gates Continued:

Captain Somers, First Mate, and Mr. Hopkins, it pleases me that you have all returned safely. How fared the expedition? Did you learn anything of value?

Sir George Somers:

This is an infinite and inscrutable place. Never before has the Sea betrayed me to such a stifling and uninhabitable land.

Crewman:

(*Aside to the audience)* Sir George Somers, our admiral and a gentleman of approved assuredness and ready knowledge in all seafaring actions, having often carried command and chief charge in many ships royal of Her Majesty's.

First Mate:

Dark spirits and devils rule unchecked over this place. I have observed the omens, and they have revealed to me the evil of this hellish place. We are all doomed! (*Spins around in place three times to the right—a ward/counter against bad luck)*

Crewman:

(*Aside to the audience)* The First Mate, a superstitious fool. I once saw him jump in pure fright at the length of his own noon-time shadow! See how his pockets bulge with the trinkets and good luck charms he hoards inside their folds

Stephen Hopkins:

(*Performs an exaggerated bow with arms stretched out wide before him)* O Lord! O Governor! O worthy Gentleman! This place, it is a paradise abundant with verdant life and ample sustenance for all! And the sultry breeze, ahh, how it thaws my very soul!

Crewman:

(*Aside to the audience)* Stephen Hopkins, a salty character if I ever did meet one. He is serving as the minister's clerk to Reverend Buck, but much debauchery surrounds the reputation of Mr. Hopkins! It is rumored that he drinks excessively and gambles on the Sabbath! (*Brief pause)* I suppose he has his worth though; he is the only one of our sizeable crew who has previously crossed the Atlantic and voyaged to the New World.

Thomas Gates:

What devilish trickeries awaited you at the island's center? Speak up now! Your fear is unwarranted here. Which of you will be the first to step forward and share your tale?

Sir George Somers:

(*Stepping forward)* I will recite my peculiar account.

Thomas Gates:

Very well, Sir Somers. Proceed.

(*Lights down. The captain's desk should be rolled/moved off stage and replaced with a few tropical plants to emulate the jungle. Lights up.)*

Sir George Somers:

We departed as you commanded on the first day following the tempestuous storm that wrecked us on this very beach. We marched for many hours through the dense vegetation that all the while threatened to suffocate the air from our lungs. Upon reaching an open expanse of ground, our troupe sat and rested our tired feet and exhausted minds. It was here when my ears first discerned the strangest of music drifting through the jungle canopy.

Thomas Gates:

Music you say? That is a strange incidence indeed!

Sir George Somers:

Aye, Sir. It was the most peaceful music that my ears ever did discern. The rhythmic beat of a tabor drum accompanied the airy melody of a panpipe, causing my eyes to grow heavy as sleep threatened to overwhelm my senses. (*Brief pause as the tabor and pipe play on stage)* I resisted the incessant urge to close my eyes, and my ears soon perceived the sound of voices attending the soothing arrangement.

Thomas Gates:

Voices? From which direction did they sound? Who else did you encounter on this vile and mysterious island?

Sir George Somers:

The voices came from every which direction—a perverse angelic choir whose fairy voices weaved a spell of stupor and melancholy. Our enchanted company experienced the curious sensation of blood turning to ice as the voices rose in an unholy cadence, singing of ill-tidings and other malevolent happenings. (*Lights down. Remove tropical plants from the stage and replace with the captain's desk. Lights up.)*

Thomas Gates:

This is a most disturbing account! What did the voices sing to you? What misfortune did they speak of in such melodic terms?

(*The sound of wind rushes through the cabin window. The drum and pipe play once again accompanied by the choir of fairy voices drifting through the cabin)*

Chorus:

Evergreen boat sailing
Forever sailing endlessly
In an infinite choice
Open-eyed conspiracy
Their time doth take
Nothing of them that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Destined to stain forever
Unfurl the slacked sails
The boat sails forever
Forever evergreen

Sir George Somers:

Did you hear it, Sir! The very song and chorus that haunted us whilst we explored the island's heart! My blood runs as cold as it did upon my first hearing!

Thomas Gates:

Yes, yes, I heard it plainly!

First Mate:

(*Reaches into his pockets and extracts a pewter salt shaker, empties a handful of salt into his open palm, and tosses it over his left shoulder)* The voices sing of our ruined companions! The ones your Lordship ordered into the only remaining longboat on the first day. They braved the open ocean and broke ground with hopes of reaching Jamestown in search of aid, but they will never succeed in their given task—the sea and the malicious spirits at work here have claimed them!

Crewman:

(*Aside to the audience)* Look how the First Mate trembles! The voices have stolen what little courage he had remaining, but even I must admit to the chilling influence the grim choir elicits upon my soul!

Thomas Gates:

Control yourself, man! We must not succumb to the hysteria tempted by the singings of whatever abhorrent apparitions that have claimed this place as their Pandemonium throne. Now more than ever we must become masters over our fears. You there, First Mate, let us continue with your account. What transpired next?

(*Light down. The captain's desk should once again be removed/rolled off stage and replaced with a large banquet table. The surface of the table should be laden with all manner of succulent foods and wine. Surrounding the table is the tropical foliage to once again emulate the jungle. Lights up)*

First Mate:

We continued further into the jungle, thoroughly startled, but determined to complete our obligation. There was not a man amongst our party rendered unaffected by the enchanting voices, but we hardened our resolve, buried our uncertainties, and proceeded to explore the island as your Lordship commanded. We marched for some time until we came upon another clearing in the midst of the jungle. Remembering well the last time we had stopped for a brief respite, we were resolved to continue onwards, but at that very moment, a table materialized before our astonished eyes!

Thomas Gates:

Do you mean to say that this table appeared out of thin air? Speak honestly to me, sailor, and do not cloud my already troubled mind with such impossibilities!

First Mate:

My Lord, I speak the truth as I beheld it. The table was conjured before us seemingly out of nothing. What is more, atop its polished surface was an assemblage of the finest victuals that my eyes ever saw and my nostrils ever smelled. From the depths of the jungle, the choir of voices beckoned our company to partake and eat our fill of the banquet laid before us. (*Removes a token of good luck from one of his coat pockets and fidgets with it in his hands before continuing.)* Our sensibilities were justly overwhelmed by our gnawing hunger and the harpy

voices that continued to urge us to eat from the banquet table. We gathered around the feast and began to satiate our empty stomachs and quench our parched thirst.

Crewman:

(*Aside to the audience)* I warned everyone not to eat from the banquet, but even I was intoxicated by the sight and delectable aroma of a particular roasted pig resting at the table's center!

First Mate:

We ate and drank to our content. Despite the voracity of our hunger and the haste with which we consumed the conjured meal, the platters and dishes of mouthwatering provisions never emptied, but rather replenished the devoured contents faster than we could partake of them. As we consumed the banquet, our eyes began to droop, and an unnatural weariness crept over our gluttonous bodies. (*The First Mate slowly lays down on the stage floor, as he "falls asleep."*) Before sleep overtook us, I caught one final glimpse of the banquet table before it vanished as inexplicably as it had appeared!

(*Lights down. Remove the banquet table from the center stage and jungle foliage. Return the captain's desk back to its place at center stage. Lights up.)*

Thomas Gates:

This is devilish magic indeed! There can be no other explanation for these bizarre occurrences of Fate. And you are sure in your deduction that the table vanished into nothingness? What of the food? Did it also disappear along with the banquet table?

First Mate:

Aye, Sir. When we awoke some time later from our enchanted slumber, the table and all its provisions were rightly absent. I myself woke to the great shock of a large boar pawing the ground where the table had once existed.

Thomas Gates:

Some good tidings at last! The presence of wild boar on this desolate island is a portent of satisfied appetites for our entire company. I will orchestrate a hunting party first thing in the morrow. Freshly gotten meat will do wonders for the crew's moral, but for now, let us return to the more pressing matters at hand. (*Brief pause before continuing)* It would rightly appear to me that the devil's purpose on this mysterious isle was to hinder your company's advancement to the island's center, wherever that may be. First, there was the fairy choir, and then there was the

banquet with food bewitched to induce a deep slumber on all who would partake of its fare. Tell me, Mr. Hopkins, did you successfully reach your destination without further spiteful happenings?

Stephen Hopkins:

(*Steps forward and performs another exaggerated bow. He carries a wooden wine bottle.)*

O most gracious Sir, would you happen to have a pint of fine mead, so that I may wet my parched gullet before recounting my tale? No? Very well, I have brought my own (*holds up the wooden bottle*) which I precisely carved from the bark of a jungle tree with my own two hands!

Crewman:

(*Aside to the audience)* I see that the rumors were true! Look how he sways under the influence of the devil's poison!

Stephen Hopkins:

I alone maintained my lofty wits in the midst of such perplexities. I did not scaped drowning to be afeared now. We rose from our deep slumber and proceeded toward our destination. I led our company deep into the jungle without further incident until we happened upon a dark cave set into a craggy enfacement.

Thomas Gates:

Did you enter into the cavern?

Stephen Hopkins:

Why, of course *I* did, your magnificence. My companions here (*Gestures to his left and right)* were too frightened to delve into its gluttonous depths. I much figured that if I were to die in this remote paradise, here shall I die ashore. And what is more, a cave is already a partially excavated grave! So, I hitched up my trousers, straightened my jerkin, and marched 'one-two' into the cavern, willingly alone. (*The lights darken, and a single spotlight focuses on Stephen Hopkins to emulate being inside the cave.)* The interior of that earthen tomb was a head and a half taller than my own frame, allowing me ample room to navigate its rocky channels. I eventually came into a wide cavern fully lit by the flickering of fairy fires dancing jubilantly along the outer walls. (*The stage lights are turned back on, revealing the large cavern and the items soon to be described by Stephen Hopkins)* There were items of various natures and purposes laying askew on the cavern

floor, including a simple bedding constructed of folded coverlets and mantels. I must admit, it made for a wonderful place to rest my head for a few scarce moments of rest!

Thomas Gates:

Dear Lord! Whatever did you find inside? Some native dwellers? Perhaps some unnatural beasts and monsters?

Stephen Hopkins:

Nothing.

Thomas Gates:

Nothing? Surely, the cavern was the domicile of whoever, or better yet, whatever, claims dominion and lordship over this most unusual isle. I ask again, what did you find inside?

Stephen Hopkins:

O most esteemed Governor, I assure you there were no beasts or natives lurking inside that brightly lit cavern. I suppose it is probable that the cave's master had departed for an evening stroll or some other matter of business, but the occupants, if there were ever any, were not home at the time I came a'knocking. However, if you will pardon me for just one moment, I did discover a most unusual tome inside the cavernous cave. I will fetch it! (*Runs quickly off stage and returns with a large, leather bound, book.)* A souvenir of our magical expedition, my magnificent, esteemed, omnificent, and most worthy Lord. (*Hands the book to Thomas Gates and performs yet another exaggerated bow with his arms stretched wide before him.)*

Thomas Gates:

Excellent work, Mr. Hopkins! Contained within these pages is undoubtedly the key to our escape—if God so wills it. Perhaps we may also unravel some clues to better interpret these supernatural happenings. Thank you, Mr. Hopkins, for this invaluable discovery. Now, if you have nothing left to report, I dismiss you. Return amongst the ship's crew and offer your assistance wherever it is needed. Good day to you all. (*Sound of multiple pairs of feet stomping across the stage. The sound of the cabin door opening and then closing shut as Sir George Somers, First Mate, Stephen Hopkins, and the Crewman "exit" the captain's cabin. Thomas Gates flips open the tome and begins scanning the opening pages before continuing.)*

Come, William my boy! We have much to do and learn. With this book I will divulge this island's secrets and see fit to use them to our advantage. Come, come, and let us begin! I already struggle to decipher the meaning behind some strange markings inked on the first page.

Look, boy, and tell me what you see. (*Opens the book toward the audience)* The letters are the same as our English alphabet, yet I have no knowledge of the word's meaning. It is a most illegible word indeed: "Caliban." (*Brief pause as Gates ponders the word)* Perhaps it is a word only understood in the native tongue of this immoral place. Hurry, William. We must begin at once, for I have questions that require immediate answering! I am resolved to uncover the meaning of "Caliban!"

(*The sound of gusting wind 'whooshes' across the stage, heralding in the voices of the fairy chorus.)*

Chorus:

For at his words the stormy wind
Ariseth in a rage
And stirreth up the surges so,
As naught can they assuage
Then are they lifted up so high
The clouds they seem to gain;
And plunging down the depths, until
Their souls consume with pain

And like a Drunkard to and fro
Now here, now there they reel:
As men with fear of with bereft,
Or had of sense no feel.
And in the dangerous deep the same
Most marvelous they see

(Lights down/curtain close. End of Venture's End Part I)