

Scene 1: A Hostile Party

SETTING: The deck of a ship. Ostensibly a pirate ship, but nothing about it looks threatening. There is a large trunk center and a ship's wheel stage left. A piece of ship's hull with the word "Destiny" across it is on the front of the stage. Other suggested sections of ship can be around the periphery as desired.

AT RISE: MUSIC plays (Drunken Sailor) as curtain opens on SWASHBUCKLE, mopping the deck of the ship and singing along. He continues singing with gusto as MUSIC fades. DUFFLE looks out to sea with a telescope. PLANK is trying to engage SWASHBUCKLE in play.

SWASHBUCKLE: *(TO PLANK)* NO, PLANK! I CAN'T PLAY NOW. I HAVE TO SWAB THE DECK. DUFFLE, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE PLANK BELOW DECK?

(PLANK GIVES A WHINE AND LOOKS MOURNFUL.)

DUFFLE: C'MON, SWASHBUCKLE, YOU KNOW I'M ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MERMAIDS. HOW WILL I SEE A MERMAID SWIM UP IF WE'RE BELOW DECK?

(PLANK RUNS AROUND SWASHBUCKLE AGAIN.)

SWASHBUCKLE: OUT OF MY WAY, PLANK! FOR AN OLD, SALTY DOG, YOU NEVER SLOW DOWN.

DUFFLE: HOW OLD IS PLANK?

SWASHBUCKLE: *(CONSIDERING)* WELL, HE WAS AROUND WHEN OUR FATHERS WERE PIRATES AND THEIR FATHERS, TOO... SO PRETTY OLD, I GUESS.

DUFFLE: DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S A LITTLE STRANGE? IT'S KIND OF HARD TO BELIEVE.

SWASHBUCKLE: *(CONSIDERING)* MAYBE...BUT NOT AS HARD TO BELIEVE AS MERMAIDS.

SCALLYWAG: *(ENTERING)* AHOY, ME MATEYS!

SWASHBUCKLE: ARRR, SCALLYWAG. MIND THE DECK! IT'S JUST BEEN SWABBED.

SCALLYWAG: (*MOVING TO THE SIDE OF THE STAGE.*) OH, SORRY ABOUT THAT. HEY DUFFLE, FOR ONE POINT CAN YOU ANSWER THIS: WHERE BLOWS SHE?

DUFFLE: WAIT – I GOT THIS. HOLD ON...IT'S...*THAR* SHE BLOWS!

SCALLYWAG. VERY GOOD, DUFFLE, YOU'RE IN THE LEAD. HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, SWASHBUCKLE: SHIVER ME...?

SWASHBUCKLE: (*STOPS MOPPING TO CONCENTRATE VERY HARD.*) SHIVER ME...SHIVER ME...LIMBER?

DUFFLE: No, TIMBERS! MY POINT!

SCALLYWAG: INDEED. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THAT POINT TO DUFFLE AS WELL. THE PHRASE IS, SHIVER ME TIMBERS.

SWASHBUCKLE: YOU BOTH MAKE BETTER PIRATES THAN ME. ALL I CARE ABOUT IS CLEANING. IF ONLY I COULD BE A JANITOR IN AN OFFICE BUILDING SOMEWHERE. (*DREAMILY*) A UNION JOB.

SCALLYWAG: WELL KEEP DREAMING. WE'RE STUCK BEING PIRATES. NOW, HAVE EITHER OF YOU SEEN THE CAPTAIN ABOUT?

SWASHBUCKLE: REMIND ME AGAIN; WHOSE TURN IS IT TO BE CAPTAIN THIS WEEK?

DUFFLE: IT WOULD BE ORLOP'S TURN AT THE WHEEL THIS WEEK.

SWASHBUCKLE: OH, RIGHT YOU ARRR!

(PLANK ROLLS HIS EYES AT THE PUN.)

DUFFLE: (*LAUGHING*) GOOD ONE, SWASHBUCKLE! I THINK I HEARD ORLOP – I MEAN, THE CAPTAIN – HEADING DOWN TO THE KITCHEN –

SCALLYWAG: (*CORRECTING HIM*) GALLEY!

DUFFLE: RIGHT – CAPTAIN ORLOP WAS HEADING DOWN TO THE GALLEY WITH BUCCANEER.

(SCALLYWAG TURNS TO LEAVE AS ANCHOR RUNS ONSTAGE WITH AN ARMFUL OF COLORFUL SCARVES. HE/SHE IS FOLLOWED BY BARNACLE, WHO IS CLINGING TO HIM WHILE TYING ONE OF THE SCARVES ON – POSSIBLY TRYING TO TIE THE TWO OF THEM TOGETHER –

*AND SCURVY, WHO IS HOLDING ONE
AND STARING AT IT DOUBTFULLY.)*

ANCHOR: Scallywag! Swashbuckle! Duffle! I've finished sewing the new ascots. Aren't they fabulous? Just look at Scurvy's color!

BARNACLE: And mine is turquoise!

SCURVY: Really, Andrew? Must you? I mean, is it really necessary to use these ridiculous pirate names when it's just us here together?

SCALLYWAG: I can't decide which one to pick.

SWASHBUCKLE: Can I have the hot pink one?

ANCHOR: *(Handing it to SWASHBUCKLE.)* Fuschia for you. *(Trying to disentangle himself from BARNACLE)* Barnacle! Must you be so clingy? *(Turning to SCURVY)* Yes, Scurvy, of course we have to use our pirate names. How else will we know who we are when we encounter a hostile party?

SCURVY: You mean *if* we encounter a hostile party.

BARNACLE: Are we going to a party?

SWASHBUCKLE: Wouldn't that be fun?

SCURVY: Really, William?

SWASHBUCKLE: No, no, call me Swashbuckle! I like my pirate name. William is so ordinary. I always call you Scurvy.

SCURVY: But I don't *want* to be called Scurvy. It sounds like I have bad hygiene.

SCALLYWAG: *(Sighing)* I think it's romantic. Following in the footsteps of our ancestors – keeping the family business alive.

DUFFLE: And searching for mermaids!

SCURVY: Romantic? Are you serious? The business is floundering! *(Aside to audience)* No pun intended. *(Back to pirates)* How is it possible that I, Howard Morgan, have missed my true calling?

SCALLYWAG: What's your true calling?

SCURVY: To be an accountant with good benefits – not some pretender dressed like a pirate.

ANCHOR: But Scurvy, you know we don't have a choice. *(speaking slowly)* It's...our...

ALL: Destiny!

(SCUTTLE enters.)

SCUTTLE: Are the ascots ready?

SCURVY: *(Turning to SCUTTLE)* Stuart! What about you? How do you like your pirate name? Do you *prefer* being called Scuttlebutt?

SCUTTLE: I've told you, it's Scuttle, not Scuttlebutt! You're just being mean.

ANCHOR: Maybe if you try saying it with a bit more panache. *Skeh-vy?* Or perhaps *Skuh-vee?*

SCURVY: Andrew, are you serious?

ALL: Anchor!

BARNACLE: You stopped being captain yesterday, Scurvy. Now it's Orlop's turn, so we're back to our pirate names.

*(ALL speak the names in unison.
Substitute girl names as needed:
Alice, Barbara, Doris, etc.)*

ALL: Andrew is Anchor, Ben is Buccaneer, Dennis is Duffle, William is Swashbuckle, Stuart is Scuttle, Louis is Scallywag, Bartholomew is Barnacle, Orville is Orlop, George is Scourge, and the dog is Plank.

SCURVY: *(Dryly.)* Yes...very funny.

SCUTTLE: We're stuck here, so we may as well play the parts.

ANCHOR: Isn't the weather marvelous? Perhaps we should play charades whilst yachting.

SCURVY: *Whilst yachting?* You do realize we are literally lost at sea on a junky, old pirate ship that hasn't been in for a tune-up since...since...Actually, has this wreck ever been in for a tune-up?

ANCHOR: This is a fine, vintage sea craft.

SCURVY: Denial and avoidance, people! When are you all going to face the facts? We are terrible pirates: we have no skills and absolutely no sense.

ANCHOR: Well you don't have to get personal.

SCALLYWAG: What about our sense of direction?

ANCHOR: And sense of style?

SWASHBUCKLE: And sense of humor?

ALL: And sense of honor!

SCURVY: Sense of honor? We're pirates! *(beat – throwing up his hands)* I give up.

SCUTTLE: Hey you guys!

SCALLYWAG: *(Correcting him/her)* Scuttle!

SCUTTLE: Sorry, I mean, Ahoy, me mateys! What's that out there?

SWASHBUCKLE: Out where?

SCUTTLE: Out *there!* On the water. Out to sea. Where else would out there be?

ANCHOR: From the deck of a ship, everything is out there. *(Looking out to sea at the audience and momentarily losing his accent.)* – Whoa! What is out there?

DUFFLE: *(Running to the front of the stage and looking in earnest.)* Oh, is it a mermaid? Is it? It could be a mermaid!

SCALLYWAG: *(Looking at the audience.)* Heave ho! It's a hostile party!

ALL: Aaar!!

(ALL run around in a panic, opening the trunk and pulling out swords, putting on pirate hats, eye patches, picking up a hook, fake parrot, etc, and taking positions at the front of the stage, scowling out at the audience. In the mayhem, BARNACLE clings desperately from one pirate to another before grabbing a bucket and putting it over his head. SWASHBUCKLE points his mop out at the audience, hoping for action. As they take their positions, NARRATOR enters from the aisle and PIRATES freeze in a threatening tableaux.)

NARRATOR: Sorry I'm late – couldn't find my script. I just got back from narrating a fairy tale at the library. It was really grim! Get it? *(beat)* Sorry, I couldn't resist. Anyway, I'm here now. Did you start without me? What part are you up to?

(NARRATOR takes his seat and begins flipping through his script.)

NARRATOR: Looks like you're at the part where...wait, I got this...did you skip over? I'm pretty sure it's...um...actually, looks like you're completely off book! Where's the Captain?

(PIRATES unfreeze but stay in place, anxiously asking about the Captain. [Where is he? Call him! He's ruining everything! The Narrator noticed! Etc...] ORLOP enters, a bit chagrined, followed by BUCCANEER who is stirring a pot in her hands.)

ORLOP: Oh, did we start? So sorry, since it's my week to be Captain, I get to taste test everything Bucky is cooking. The stew for tonight's dinner is just delicious!

SWASHBUCKLE: (*Waving his mop at the audience.*) Captain! We've been encountered by a hostile party!

BUCCANEER: A party? But I didn't make enough food!

SCUTTLE: And just look at them – no hats, noisemakers, balloons...nothing!

ANCHOR: They probably didn't even bring presents.

BARNACLE: (*Lifting the bucket off his head.*) What kind of party is that?

SWASHBUCKLE: A *hostile* party!

SCALLYWAG: Arrr! We can be plenty hostile too!

DUFFLE: But what if one of them is a mermaid?

SCURVY: Don't be daft, Duffle! For the last time, there is no such thing as mermaids.

BUCCANEER: Besides – none of them are attractive enough to be mermaids!

BARNACLE: (*Turning from whoever he's attached to and grabbing hold of SCALLYWAG.*) I'm scared!

SCALLYWAG: Get off me, Barnacle! That's no way for a pirate to behave. We can't let the enemy see us cowering in fear.

ORLOP: Shh! They'll hear you!

NARRATOR: Excuse me, Pirates? Why don't you all just turn around? That way, they won't see you cowering in fear?

(PIRATES freeze, glaring out at the audience, then slowly, as though sneaking unseen, turn around and face upstage.)

NARRATOR: (*To audience*) Not what you imagine when you think of pirates are they? No, this stylish but otherwise unintimidating crew are not, as you have probably discerned by now, seasoned, professional pirates. But they do each have a legitimate claim to the title. You see; these snappy seamen are all pirate *descendants*.

(As each pirate is named, he/she turns to face the audience, posing as they do so.)

NARRATOR: Take Anchor there: his great grandfather was Sir Francis Drake. Scurvy's great uncle was Henry Morgan. Scuttle and Barnacle are cousins whose common ancestor was Captain Kidd. Calico Jack was Orlop's great, great grandfather.

Swashbuckle and Buccaneer are both descended from the Barbarossa brothers and Scallywag is the double fourth cousin, twice removed, of Blackbeard. Our most tragic character of all is young Duffle there, the descendent of a privateer who was unfortunately lost to easterly winds during a three-hour tour.

DUFFLE: A three hour tour!?

NARRATOR: Indeed... a three hour tour... First-mate Gilligan was his name. Yes, Duffle is a dreamer, poor kid. Wants nothing in life but to read and study philosophy

DUFFLE: And meet a mermaid!

NARRATOR: Like I said, a dreamer; but fate and destiny are powerful forces and these pirates were born to theirs. Together, their ancestors were the most opportunistic, ruthless, cutthroat, and *successful* pirates to ever sail the seas. Success, unfortunately, does not run in the family. They may have been born to pirating, but they're not very good at it.

(PLANK starts howling and barking.)

NARRATOR: All except for Plank the dog, that is. Isn't he adorable? Plank did not have an ancestor pirate. In fact, nobody is really sure where Plank came from, but he is an important part of our story, which we should be getting back to. All right then, pirates, shall we begin again?

ORLOP: *(Indicating audience.)* What about them?

BUCCANEER: They can *see* us!

NARRATOR: Yes, it seems so.

ANCHOR: Are they taking pictures? Scuttle, how does my ascot look?

SCUTTLE: Casually carefree.

BARNACLE: Well done!

SWASHBUCKLE: But they're a hostile party!

NARRATOR: Are you sure?

(PIRATES look doubtful and embarrassed.)

NARRATOR: Maybe we should ask them. *(To audience.)* Do you have hostile intentions?

(PIRATES may prompt audience for an answer until they reply.)

DUFFLE: So...does this mean there's no party?

(PIRATES all look very sad.)

NARRATOR *(Softening)* Tell you what, if we can get on with the story, perhaps we'll have time to stay after and have a little party. How would that be?

(PIRATES cheer in giddy delight.)

NARRATOR: Pirates! You are supposed to be pirates!

(PIRATES resume fierce and threatening looks – “Aaar!” – then freeze again. As each speaks, he/she releases their place in the tableaux.)

NARRATOR: *(Back to the audience)* Tonight we have for you a story of treasure untold.

SCURVY: That's quite a lot to share.

SWASHBUCKLE: But they probably already expect it has something to do with treasure. This is a pirate story.

DUFFLE: *And* a mermaid story.

ORLOP: What do you think, Anchor?

ANCHOR: About my ascot? I still can't decide if I like it better this way...or –

SCALLYWAG: What, exactly, do we know about the treasure?

BARNACLE: Well, that's just the thing.

SCUTTLE: It's untold.

ORLOP: *(To the NARRATOR)* If you mention the treasure...just, you know, don't *tell* them anything about it.

SCALLYWAG: Keep it untold.

NARRATOR: Understood. *(Miming a mouth lockbox and throwing away the key before turning to the audience.)* Right – this is a story of treasure untold...that began thousands of years ago in a place far away and fantastic: The lost city of Atlantis. You may be surprised to hear that the lost city of Atlantis, is not actually lost at all...but it is very, very well hidden. *(To the ENGINEER.)* Sound effects for magical undersea world.