

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright Protection. This play (the “Play”) is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights. All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments. Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. (“Playscripts”). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website (www.playscripts.com). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author's agent, as applicable.

Restriction of Alterations. There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

Author Credit. Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

**Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.
(www.playscripts.com)**

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying. Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

Statement of Non-affiliation. This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works. This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work, or performance of a sound recording of a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov), ASCAP (www.ascap.com), BMI (www.bmi.com), and NMPA (www.nmpa.org) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

The Rules in Brief

- 1) Do NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.
- 2) Do NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- 3) Do NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.
- 4) DO provide the required credit to the author and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

For more details on these and other rules, see the opposite page.

Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that playwrights are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the playwright, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—*whether or not you charge an admission fee*. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law. Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to \$150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov) for more information.

THE BOTTOM LINE: If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

Playscripts, Inc.
325 W. 38th Street, Suite 305
New York, NY 10018

Phone/fax: 1-866-NEW-PLAY (639-7529)
Email: info@playscripts.com
Web: www.playscripts.com

Cast of Characters

JOHANN ANDREAS
FISHERMAN
MOTHER
SEAMAN #1
SEAMAN #2
CAPTAIN COMPOSURE
BURGUNDY BEARD
LUSCIOUS CHARLIE
LEGS
BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS
HAMMER HAND JOHN
CAPTAIN FISHBULB
DOCTOR ROSE
DELIA
FLAP JOHN JACK
CHARLIE
TABLE TOP JOE
FIELD OCTOPUS

PIRATES OF THE GREAT LAKES

by Tim Kochenderfer

ACT I

Scene 1

(The Inn. JOHANN ANDREAS stands behind the counter. There are some empty tables and chairs in the room. A FISHERMAN enters carrying a bag.)

FISHERMAN. Thank you for the hospitality master Johann. I'd recommend thy mother's inn to all of me friends, but most of me friends be mermaids and mermen, so... Ye know... I'd like to help thee out but...

(The FISHERMAN turns to leave.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Just a moment Fisherman Johnson.

FISHERMAN. Be there a problem lad?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Yes, there is a discrepancy with your bill.

FISHERMAN. Was it not paid in full?

JOHANN ANDREAS. The question isn't whether it was paid in full, it's how you paid.

(The FISHERMAN waits for a further explanation. JOHANN pulls out a large sack.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. In fish.

FISHERMAN. Aye lad, well about that. I think ye shall find there is enough fish there to tender a fair trade.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Yes, well, it's not really the fish so much as the type of fish.

FISHERMAN. What's wrong with them.

JOHANN ANDREAS. They're made out of wood.

FISHERMAN. The Lord made em, I just catch them. Yo, ho, ho.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Fisherman Johnson, it's obvious you carved them with your own hands.

FISHERMAN. Yes, well...lad... Do ye know how long it took me to carve all of those? Look at the detail! Ye couldn't buy better quality crafts. Ye definitely have more than thy money's worth there.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Not really. Upon further inspection of your room, we figured out that you carved the fish out of the bed posts and the furniture, *(Points to the ceiling.)* Look you even carved up the floor boards...

FISHERMAN. Aye, tis a floor window lad. Ye know how much people pay to have those things installed in their homes?

JOHANN ANDREAS. You tried to cover it up with a rug Mister Johnson. Our only maid fell through and broke her foot while trying to change your bed sheets.

FISHERMAN. Heh, heh, yes well... The detail of the fish you know...

JOHANN ANDREAS. You owe us ten dollars for the month you stayed here Fisherman Johnson, plus one hundred and fifty dollars for the damage done to the room and our maid.

FISHERMAN. Aye, tis' not a problem lad, tis not a problem, let me just...

(The FISHERMAN pulls out a knife and starts to carve at the counter.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Stop that! Dollars! Money, Mister Johnson, we need money.

FISHERMAN. Aye, tis money ye want? Why didn't thee say so? Let me just run to me... Um... Stagecoach and...

(The FISHERMAN runs offstage. Johann's MOTHER enters.)

MOTHER. He's gone Johann.

(JOHANN looks out the window offstage.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. No, no mother, I still see him. He's just looking for his stage coach. He's running towards the beach though,

no one in their right mind would park a stagecoach there. Oh, now he's on the dock, what is he doing? Now he jumped into the water. Now he's swimming towards the horizon. Hmm. He disappeared over the horizon. I'm sure if we just wait mother.

MOTHER. Tis no use Johann. That was a loss we couldn't afford. We'll have to close the Inn. I just don't understand why "Andreas Wasp Infested Inn" couldn't turn a profit.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Mother, just a thought but do you suppose if we changed the name, perhaps just removed the 'Wasp Infested' portion, we'd have more guests.

MOTHER. Ever the optimist Johann, but there is no way. Your grandfather named this inn. Granted, there are some who say his mind was greatly affected by malaria when he came up with it. Tis a shame too. This Inn has been in your family three generations. Founded in 1777 she was. Granted, that was five years ago, but still, three generations. Your grandfather thought he had built the first building along Lake Huron. If only he would have turned around he would have realized there was an entire town behind him.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I'm sorry to lose this piece of our legacy mother. If only there were some way to spare the...

(A SEAMAN #1 and SEAMAN #2 bust in.)

SEAMAN #1. Andreas family, ye be advised to head for higher shore. Not two dozen miles up lake a lighthouse keeper spotted a gang of pirates.

MOTHER. Great, I just baked about three dozen pies hoping to recoup some of our losses. Now there be rats, specifically targeting such desserts.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Not pie rats mother, I think he said pirates, but that doesn't make any sense. These are the Great Lakes. These waters have never been home to buccaneers.

SEAMAN #1. I just be telling thee what the lighthouse keeper saw, and the lighthouse keeper's eye has never bared false witness before. Well, except for that one time, when the lighthouse keeper

reported seeing a flock of wizards heading swiftly towards the mainland and it turned out to be geese.

MOTHER. This is indeed troubling. I've heard pirates can run at speeds exceeding that of the timber wolf.

SEAMAN #2. I heard they can breathe fire.

SEAMAN #1. Arr, there be a lot of misconceptions about pirates. That's why we be havin' a meeting at town square tonight to talk about how to deal with buccaneers and clear up any misunderstandings people may have about them.

MOTHER. I'll join you.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I'm sure it's a false sighting mother, really.

MOTHER. Johann, one time your father was standing along Richard's Cliff when he thought he spied a great blue whale in the waters of Lake Huron. Thinking it was just a false sighting he turned his attention away and do ye know what happened? A moose ran up behind him and bucked him into the water. It will be a cold day in heck before I allow a moose to buck me into the water. I'm going to that meeting. You stay here and watch over the Inn.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Yes mother.

(MOTHER, SEAMAN #1 and SEAMAN #2 exit. JOHANN begins to wipe of the counter. CAPTAIN COMPOSURE sneaks up behind JOHANN. He has an eye patch, a peg leg and is dressed in tattered pirate clothing. He pulls out a sword and holds it to the back of JOHANN's head.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, A swift move lad and I'll slice ye in two.

Scene 2

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE now has his sword pointed directly at JOHANN.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Who are you?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Seein' as how I've got the sword, I'll be askin' the questions matey.

JOHANN ANDREAS. What?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! I said I'll be askin' the questions! That be thy second offense!

JOHANN ANDREAS. What was my first offense?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! Stop asking questions! I shall ask them all! Understand?

(JOHANN *nods.*)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. What year is it?

JOHANN ANDREAS. 1782.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. 17... Where are we?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Andreas Wasp Infested Inn sir. Like most people, you're probably concerned there may be wasps here. I can assure you there are none.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Where on the map are we lad?

JOHANN ANDREAS. The Michigan territories.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, judging by the winter I would guess this be some sort of Island of the Arctic, but judging by the summer, I would believe it be some Isle in the Southern Atlantic. Based on those two assumptions, I can only conclude this be some sort of Island that moves super fast from the north end of the globe to the south.

JOHANN ANDREAS. This be no Island sir. It's a peninsula. Part of America.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. A peninsula?! Those stupid idiots!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Are you a pirate sir?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. A pirate?! Why? Just because I have a peg leg and an eye patch?

JOHANN ANDREAS. (*Embarrassed.*) A peg leg and a... No... I... You know... I didn't even notice you have a... Oh look, yes you do have a... Have a peg leg and an... Eye patch.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Ye shouldn't judge by appearances lad.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I'm sorry, it's just your disposition and your tattoo that says "pirate for life."

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Fine, I'm a pirate. The name be Jack, Captain Jack Short Fuse Composure.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Short Fuse Composure? Seems like an oxymoron.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! (*Angry:*) Ye better pray lad, that I don't look the word oxymoron up and find out it means some nasty!! (*Regains composure.*) Sorry lad, ye didn't deserve that. I lost me manners that's all.

JOHANN ANDREAS. The name's making more sense now. What are you doing on the Great Lakes?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Great Lakes?! No wonder I could drink the water without tastin' nor being affected by salt. I thought I had developed magical powers. Kind of disappointin' actually.

JOHANN ANDREAS. How did you get here?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Two years ago I was Cap'n of "The Sea Monkey." We was in search of Drake's famed treasure we was. On the horizon I saw a storm brewin' of unparalleled proportions. I instructed me crew to sail away from the storm. I went below deck to count me toes and what did me...

JOHANN ANDREAS. I'm sorry, did you say you went below deck to count your toes?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yes.

JOHANN ANDREAS. What does that mean?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. What do ye think it means? It means I double checked the number of toes me had! Anyway, what did me crew do but steered The Sea Monkey right into the eye of the storm!

I decided to cool down a bit before addressin' the scurvy scallywags.

(Lights up on the other side of the stage. It is the deck of a pirate ship. Sprawled out on deck are BURGUNDY BEARD, LUSCIOUS CHARLIE, LEGS, BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS and HAMMER HAND JOHN, who has a hammer for a hand. CAPTAIN COMPOSURE walks sternly on board.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. We appear to be a bit lost Cap'n.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, somebody tell me why the ship was steered right into that squall.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Ye told us to Cap'n. Ye said steer us all the way into the storm.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I said steer us away from the storm!

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. You were right Legs. I owe ye a brew.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Either way Captain, we be severely lost.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Aye, these don't appear like any waters I have ever seen before. Granted, I've only been a pirate a couple weeks now.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I sense rum be behind this!

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Rum? Ew no, Cap'n. Strawberry Daiquiris.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. *(Angry:)* Yarr, what kind of pirates drink strawberry daiquiris over rum? What kind of pirates drink anything but rum?!

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Well ye see Cap'n, while we was fightin' the storm, below deck me found some strawberries and some vodka and I thought, the crew sure deserves a break from all this hard work.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! Ye got drunk during a storm?! I have never sailed with such a crew of land lubbin' sea horses in all of me days!

BURGUNDY BEARD. I don't much like your attitude Captain.

(Lights fade down on the pirate ship. Lights up on CAPTAIN COMPOSURE and JOHANN.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. We sailed through parts never seen by any of us for weeks. Never was there a crew more lost than be us. Finally, the crew mutinied and named Burgundy Beard as Captain of the Sea Monkey. Thinkin' this was an island, they marooned me, dropped me off on land and handed me a pistol with a single bullet. I used that bullet to shoot one of them. Frustrated, they gave me a second bullet. I immediately shot another. Finally they learned to stop giving me bullets. For two years I've been stranded on this peninsula until I came across you...

JOHANN ANDREAS. Johann.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Johann sorry.

JOHANN ANDREAS. So your crew must be on board the pirate ship that was discovered up the lake.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Ye mean they still be stranded in these parts?! Shiver me timbers!

JOHANN ANDREAS. What does that mean? Shiver me timbers.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. It be an expression.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Why do you say it if you don't know what it means?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, never mind that. Johann, luck be smilin' upon both of us today. Drake's treasure is still out there. I know where she's buried. If ye can get us a ship and a crew to navigate us back to the ocean, ye shall be wealthy enough to construct your own inn, made entirely out of diamonds. However, I would not recommend ye do that. Me first mate Curley Pete tried that and it was a disaster. First of all, it wouldn't keep out the rain. Secondly, he made the mistake of paintin' over it...

JOHANN ANDREAS. A chance to save my family's inn.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Hey! I was in the middle of a story!

JOHANN ANDREAS. But piracy is against the law.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, tis only against the law in England. *(Pause.)* And Spain. Not to mention France. Italy too. China for sure. Indonesia, Ireland, Scotland. Um, most of the American Territories.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Even if I assemble a crew, if I introduce you, they might try to hang you.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! Let them try! Short Fuse will slice them in two! *(Regains composure.)* Yarr, I mean, I shall cut them in two with me kindness and charm.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Alright. How do I know you're not planning to double cross me.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, if I be plotting against thee, ye can replace me wooden leg with a super bouncy spring.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Hmm, that would be hilarious. Alright, I'll do it.

Scene 3

(Johann's MOTHER, CAPTAIN FISHBULB, DOCTOR ROSE, his daughter DELIA, FLAP JOHN JACK a cook and young CHARLIE are all sitting in the inn. In front of them is CAPTAIN COMPOSURE, covered in a sheet. JOHANN enters and stands in front of them.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. You're probably wondering why I've called all of you together.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. No we're not, you promised us free pie.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Yes, well first off, about the pie, there is none.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Damn it Johann! That's the third time you've lured me somewhere with an unfulfilled promise of pie!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Sorry Captain Fishbulb, but I had to be discreet. I assure you, when we're through, you'll be rich enough to

buy all of the pie in the world. *(Pause.)* Depending on how much pie there is in the world at the time.

DOCTOR ROSE. Johann, if you'd proceed please, we're all really busy. I left a patient in the middle of an amputation for this.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Doctor Rose...

FLAP JOHN JACK. That's right boy-o. I got jacks that need a flap-pin'!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Flap John Jack, Doctor Rose, Delia, Charlie, mother, Captain Fishbulb, I've recently made a discovery that will make us all rich. I'd like to present that discovery now.

(JOHANN is about to pull the sheet off.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. What be under there lad? Is it a miniature lighthouse made of solid gold?

DOCTOR ROSE. Is it some sort of new industry that will revolutionize society?

DELIA. Is it a pile of diamonds?

CHARLIE. Is it a juggling bear?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Look! It's obvious I'm about to pull the sheet off, okay? You don't have to guess. Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to meet, Jack Short Fuse Composure.

(JOHANN pulls off the sheet, unveiling CAPTAIN COMPOSURE.)

ALL. Ah!

DOCTOR ROSE. Hobo!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Pirate!

ALL. Ah!

DOCTOR ROSE. A hobo who thinks he's a pirate!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. *(Angry:)* Yarr! I am pirate! I've got more gold in me molar teeth than ye've got in thy... *(Regains composure.)* Sorry, I mean you will have to forgive me for me appearance. I've

spent two years in the wilderness, six months of which me was pursued by a beaver who made it his hobby to knaw on me shirt. *(Pause, temper starts to build.)* But I showed him...

MOTHER. Johann! What is the meaning of bringing a violent creature into our home?!

JOHANN ANDREAS. You didn't yell at Charlie when he brought that bear inside our house.

CHARLIE. That bear was a guest, a guest in this inn and you made him feel like an outsider!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. *(Annoyed:)* Yarr! Back to me! *(Regains composure.)* Allow me to introduce meself...

DOCTOR ROSE. Being as how piracy is illegal Mister Composure and seeing as how you are a pirate, I believe we shall be asking the questions.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. As ye wish.

DOCTOR ROSE. Question one, were you on that pirate ship spotted up the lake?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yes and no.

DOCTOR ROSE. So... Wait a minute, you just answered in both the affirmative and the negative canceling your answer out!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. That is the oldest pirate trick in the book! Let's arrest him!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, the oldest pirate trick in the book be when ye place a banana peel on deck and just as someone's about to step on it, you sink their ship. I'll do the explainin' now if ye don't mind. I was marooned here by the pirates you spotted up the lake. Our ship got lost in these waters in a storm while we was huntin' for the vast hidden treasure of Drake. As I was telling our young friend JoAnn here...

JOHANN ANDREAS. Johann!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Johann sorry. In me possession is the map to the location of the treasure. If ye can get me a ship, assemble

a crew, navigate her out of these waters and allow me to sun bath clad scantily on deck then the treasure be yours.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. No dice pirate! I'll not steer a ship without fully clothed lads.

DOCTOR ROSE. Now hold on Captain. Did you say the treasure is ours?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yes. I just want to reach the treasure before me former ship mates and replace it with a panther. Then when they be a diggin, instead of a chest of gold, yarr! They face the swiipe of a panther! Course, we'd have to give the panther enough food to survive for...

FLAP JOHN JACK. Don't trust him lads. Ain't no pirate I know that didn't crave gold like oxygen. In me wild years I was a cook on a ship of privateers. Them pirates poured gold on me famous buck wheat flap jacks instead of maple syrup! Totally ruined the flavor.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, buck wheat flap jacks? Be ye Flap John Jack?

FLAP JOHN JACK. That I be.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, ye buck wheat pancakes be legendary.

FLAP JOHN JACK. (*Flattered.*) Arrr, yes, well, I... Thank you, I... I haven't really made them since the buck wheat famine in 80.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, with the gold we be seekin' lad, we'll import buck wheat from exotic lands around the world. India, China, Buckwheatsica.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Flap John be in!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Now hold on a minute, if I agree to this mission, who would be Captain.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Why ye would of course, Captain.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. And ye won't be bein' a back seat Captain on the trip? Because I hate that!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, ye have me word.

DOCTOR ROSE. Now hold on a minute Captain. Many of us still have questions.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Go ahead.

DOCTOR ROSE. Okay, question one, how did you lose your leg?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! Tis a story so horrific and terrible that it fills me belly with fire! Twas a sunny afternoon and I decided to jump in for a dip in the Atlantic. I was floatin on me back when I thought I felt somethin' on me leg. I looked up in time to see a giant North Atlantic Sea Tiger put his jaws right through me calf.

DOCTOR ROSE. You mean a tiger shark?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, twas no shark lad! I only wish it were a shark! It was a tiger of the sea. Orange and black stripes, fur, claws everything. It be one of the fiercest creatures of the deep blue, but one day lad I'll have me revenge.

DOCTOR ROSE. Well I happen to have a degree in species and I know for a fact that no species of tigers with the ability to swim exist.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. The hell do you know?!

CHARLIE. What happened to your eye?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, that be taken by the tentacle of the North American Field Octopus.

DOCTOR ROSE. Field octopus?!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, we was at port when me decided to take a stroll in the woods. Just as me was wanderin' down a trail, me felt a fierce pain down me back. I turned around to see the octopus comin' at me. It whipped its tentacles again, missin' me with one, but takin' me eye with the other. Let me assure thee lads, it be a seven tentacles octopus when me cutlass got through with him.

DOCTOR ROSE. Alright, now I know you're making this up. It's impossible for an octopus to survive outside of water.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. It be completely possible Doctor! I'll thank thee not to question me encounters! *(Regains composure.)*

Sorry about that. Perhaps on our trip doctor, I shall introduce thee to some species the likes of which thee have never seen before.

DOCTOR ROSE. This man is obviously a raving lunatic. Johann you can count me out. *(Gets up.)* Come on Delia.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, fine go! Doctors on board a ship be bad luck anyway! Wait, either bad luck or a prudent decision.

DOCTOR ROSE. Well, I'm happy to remove the curse. Come on Delia.

DELIA. I'm staying Daddy. I want to find the treasure so I can save up to go to that school for princesses you were telling me about.

DOCTOR ROSE. Delia, there is no school for princesses. I just made that story up so you'd save your money and not waste it.

DELIA. Well, now I'm going to go to rebel.

DOCTOR ROSE. Oh no you're not.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, no you're not! No women on board a ship! Tis' bad luck!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Tis true. In my young days as a ship hand on board "The Wooden Walrus" we had a woman on board. The captain was steering us through a patch of ice bergs when the woman insisted he come below deck and help her file her nails. The ship crashed right into an ice berg. All of us were killed. Wait, either killed, or survived with just bumps and bruises, I can't remember.

DELIA. Well I'm coming, like it or not.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I don't like it!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Short Fuse, that's um, Delia, the girl I was...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! This is Delia? The girl with the golden curls and sparkling eyes ye told me bout?

JOHANN ANDREAS. *(Embarrassed.)* Yes, I...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, the woman ye said ye would sail seven seas to get to, the woman ye said who's lips...

JOHANN ANDREAS. Captain!!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr harr harr, yes, yes ye can come lass. Yarr harr harr.

DOCTOR ROSE. Well, you're not going alone. I guess I'll have to go now to protect you. The Lord knows I can't count on Johann here. His arms are like noodles.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Now Doctor...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, don't question the strength of the lad! Sure, his arms are like noodles, and his legs like kite strings, and his chest be like the sunken ship of...

JOHANN ANDREAS. Composure!!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, what I be sayin' is that this lad be the only one with the guts to seek the treasure without reservation.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Mother, we'll be able to save the inn.

MOTHER. Johann, I don't like the idea of you running off to sea with a pirate. But you're a man now and I have to remind myself, both your father and your grandfather ran off to sea in hopes of saving this inn. Of course they were both killed...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, then that settles it. Who be in?

All (But MOTHER). I.

MOTHER. I'm staying home. Someone has to watch the inn, not to mention the whole women being bad luck thing.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Actually, women over 60 be good luck.

MOTHER. I'm 45!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr harr harr, yes, I um, know. That's what I was sayin' we couldn't possibly have ye come because, ye obviously be well under the age of 60 and... Yes, two women so far under the age of... Yes, well. Anyway, we have a crew. Do we have a ship?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. We'll take "The Superior." Legend has it she's unsinkable. The legend's only a couple of months old, but still.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Then ‘The Superior’ be our vessel Cap’n! Johann, crack open a bottle of rum! Let’s celebrate our little venture. To treasure!

MOTHER. That rum will cost you ten pieces.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, even for celebratory purposes?

MOTHER. Especially for celebratory purposes.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. I see. Not even for good luck?

MOTHER. Nope.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Could be the life or death of the crew.

MOTHER. I doubt that.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! Well then. There be other ways to celebrate besides rum, I just... Just be at a loss as to what that’s all.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, how bout an old fashioned sea jig! To Treasure!

All (But COMPOSURE). To treasure!

(They all start dancing except for COMPOSURE.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yeah, sure a jig whatever.

End of ACT I

ACT II

Scene 1

(On board "The Superior." JOHANN, CAPTAIN COMPOSURE, CAPTAIN FISHBULB and DOCTOR ROSE are all preparing the vessel.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, avast ye mateys. Tis a fine day, a fine first day at sea. Our course be a... *(Glances over board.)* Yarr! Sea Tiger!

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE jumps over board.)

DOCTOR ROSE. I'm beginning to have serious doubts about this pirate's mental stability Johann. That is the third time today that he's jumped overboard, claiming to see a Sea Tiger.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Doctor Rose, Composure may be a little on edge, but he's sailed every ocean on this planet. His geographic knowledge is unparalleled. Of course, he did argue with me fiercely over the existence of China.

DOCTOR ROSE. Fine. A word about my daughter then, young Andreas. She's too young for you.

JOHANN ANDREAS. We're the same age.

DOCTOR ROSE. She's two months younger than you. Knowing you, you'll probably try to trick her into marrying you...

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE walks back on the ship, sopping wet with TABLE TOP JOE by his side. TABLE TOP JOE wears a bandana, has a hook for a hand, and large hoop earrings.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, false alarm, false alarm. Gentlemen, there be someone I'd like ye to meet. This be Table Top Joe.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. How long has he been here?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. How long has he been here? Hmm, let me... How long would ye say ye been here Table Top?

TABLE TOP JOE. The entire time.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, the entire time.

DOCTOR ROSE. We've been at sea a day and you've hidden an extra ship mate.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Not just any ship mate, ship mate. This be Table Top Joe. He was on board the "Sea Monkey" with the crew, when he was tossed over board for his negativity.

DOCTOR ROSE. Great. So now we have two pirates on board.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. When I ran into Table Top I couldn't pass up the chance to have another man of sea farin' experience on board. Quite frankly doctor it will put me and the rest of the crew at ease. Quite a few of us have been questionin' the safety of having someone like yourself on board.

DOCTOR ROSE. Like who?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Me, Table Top Joe... Captain Fishbulb, ye was sayin' somethin' weren't ye.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. No!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Now Short Fuse, that's not fair to keep such a secret from the rest of the crew. You got mad at me when I brought those apples on board without telling you.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr lad, tis a blessin' tis no secret, tis...

(Enter CHARLIE.)

CHARLIE. Cap'n.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, tis the cabin boy. Ahoy cabin boy.

CHARLIE. *(Corrects.)* Charlie please. Captain, we seem to have sprung a leak.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. What?!

CHARLIE. Yes, I was throwing our gun powder overboard, when...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Why was ye throwin' the gun powder overboard!

CHARLIE. You said it was bad luck to have gun powder on board.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I said it's bad luck to have women on board!

CHARLIE. Are you... Oh yeah, you did say that, oops. Anyway, a bit of the gun powder hit the lantern flame and yeah, it blew a bit of a hole in the side of the cabin.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. All hands below deck! Johann, you stay up here and keep watch!

(All run below deck except JOHANN. Enter DELIA.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Delia.

DELIA. Johann. Where's everyone going?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Something about there being a hole in the ship or something. How are you?

DELIA. Johann, I hope you don't think I decided to go on this treasure hunt just to be around you. You courted me once and if it didn't work the first time...

JOHANN ANDREAS. It didn't work because your father chaperoned us on every outing! He always did things to sabotage us. Remember when we were walking in the park and that tree fell on me. He sawed it down. I didn't want to say anything but...

DELIA. Johann, you can't blame everything on my father. You have to accept some responsibility and accept the fact that you and I make as great of a couple as a bull and a red grizzly bear. Sure, we look impressive together, but one of us is bound to get hurt.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Then why have you come here?

DELIA. You know it's always been my dream to spend time at sea.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Your dream was to become a princess, and it failed when you asked the town's mayor to change the system of government to a monarchy.

DELIA. Forever living in the past Johann. Well you want to live in the past? How about Nelly?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Smelly Nelly?

DELIA. No! You know who I'm talking about! Nelly Johnson.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Nelly Johnson tricked me into kissing her. She said I had a bee on my lip and not to move. Then she kissed me. Man did that bee ever sting her.

DELIA. You are unbelievable Johann. I... Someone's coming. If it's my father and he sees us talking he'll throw you overboard.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Wouldn't you want that?

DELIA. Of course I want that. I just can't take that much joy right now that's all.

(They hide behind a post. Enter CAPTAIN COMPOSURE and TABLE TOP JOE.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, that kid be the stupidest lad to cross Composure's path. I can't believe he patched that hole with gun powder then lit a cigar to celebrate.

TABLE TOP JOE. Aye Cap'n. Be ye sure about this crew? Earlier I asked the cook how many times he'd been at sea. He asked me what the sea was. Then when I pointed over board he asked, what the hell's that?!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, the cook me thinks has some problems as does the cabin boy, but twas the only crew me could assemble. Patience Table Top. We just be needin' them to navigate us out of these straights. I'll direct the Cap'n to buccaneer isle. We'll assemble a new crew and leave them behind. *(Laughs:)* Yarr, harr, harr, harr, harr, harr!

TABLE TOP JOE. *(Straight faced:)* What's so funny bout that?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Tis a diabolical plot.

TABLE TOP JOE. Yes, but it isn't funny Cap'n.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, laughter be an appropriate follow to a diabolical plot.

TABLE TOP JOE. Why?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Captain's orders, that's why! Now listen mate, this treasure be the most vast plunder ever assembled by man

or beast. Back below deck lad. The only suspicions we must drum up are suspicions that we be really good guys.

TABLE TOP JOE. Yo ho ho and a strawberry daiquiri Cap'n.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Bottle of rum!

TABLE TOP JOE. Yes, yes that's right, sorry.

(Exit CAPTAIN COMPOSURE and TABLE TOP JOE.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Did you hear that?

DELIA. Yeah, how could a beast assemble a vast plunder of treasure?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Not that. They plan to abandon us on an island of pirates! He's just using us to navigate him out of the Great Lakes! I just wanted to save the inn, now I've lead everyone to their deaths! *(Contemplates.)* Well, not everyone. I'm sure Composure and Table Top will survive.

DELIA. Johann, I should take this opportunity to blame you...

(She contemplates. JOHANN waits for the "but.")

DELIA. Yeah, yeah I should definitely take this opportunity to blame you. I can't believe you lead us all to our deaths.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Delia...

DELIA. No, no I don't mean that. Johann, I admire you for having the guts to take a risk. You learned of treasure and instead of not trusting someone you knew to be a criminal, you let him lead your friends to sea. *(Pause.)* Gosh, this really is your fault.

JOHANN ANDREAS. This isn't over Delia. We'll warn the others. Johann Andreas will not be made a fool of! *(He turns but crashes into some crates.)* Starting now. *(He walks forward but trips over the crates. He quickly gets up.)* I mean now. *(He gets tripped up in a net.)* I mean Johann Andreas will not be made a fool of in the near future!

Scene 2

(CAPTAIN FISHBULB, DOCTOR ROSE, JOHANN, DELIA, CHARLIE, FLAP JOHN JACK *and* TABLE TOP JOE *all sit around a dinner table. CAPTAIN COMPOSURE is on his feet telling wild stories.*)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, fifty men to his left, fifty men to his right and Captain Kuszynski single-handedly throws each man overboard. Yarr, never in me day have I seen anything to its like. Unfortunately for Cap'n Kuszynski, the men to his right were his own men. Yarr, so there be Kusynzski, on a ship by himself with the isle ahead and nothing in a thousand miles but he and the treasure. Unfortunately, what he failed to realize is that it was South Eastern Asian Flying Bear season.

DOCTOR ROSE. It was what?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, South Eastern Asian Flying Bear season. Yarr, one by one the bears dive-bombed Kuszynski. He hasn't been heard from to this day!

DOCTOR ROSE. I've had just about enough of this. There is no such thing as a sea tiger, there is no such thing as a field octopus and there sure as hell is no such thing as a flying bear!

TABLE TOP JOE. Yarr!!! Doubt ye the existence of the flying bear?! What do ye think took me hand?! There I was with the crew of the "Shark Bait" when the Cap'n asked who would like to be first mate. Naturally I raised me hand and just as I did a flying bear swooped down and bit it off!

DOCTOR ROSE. Ridiculous.

TABLE TOP JOE. I'll show thee ridiculous!

(He draws his cutlass.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Joe!

TABLE TOP JOE. Yarr, what? I was just going to um... Do a ridiculous dance.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, let's take a walk above deck Joe.

TABLE TOP JOE. Yarr, fine. The sea air will do me good. Well except for me allergies.

(Exit TABLE TOP JOE.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. *(To DOCTOR ROSE:)* I hope you're happy.

(Exit CAPTAIN COMPOSURE.)

DOCTOR ROSE. I'm perfectly happy.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Now doctor, I know these scallywags be exaggerative but there be creatures the likes of which men in our parts would never think existed.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Tis true. Twas several years ago I was on board a ship when we came upon a land filled with fairy women. They was much more different than the fairies of the stories. First, they were much taller, about our height. Second, they didn't have wings or magical powers. They tried to claim they was just regular women but we, we knew better.

DOCTOR ROSE. How did you know?

FLAP JOHN JACK. We knew.

DOCTOR ROSE. How?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Everyone, I have some rather disturbing and bone chilling news I need to pass along at once. Delia and I were on deck when...

DOCTOR ROSE. When you got married?! I knew it! Delia, I've warned you!

DELIA. We didn't get married!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Listen! We overheard Composure and Table Top talking. They plan to steer us into an isle inhabited by pirates, assemble a new crew and leave us behind for dead.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. I knew it. I knew it was a bad idea to get mixed up with pirates. They be like Panda Bears. Sure they're cute and cuddly, but feed them and they'll bite your bamboo hand off.

DOCTOR ROSE. Cute and cuddly?

JOHANN ANDREAS. I apologize everyone. This is my fault. I just wanted to save my family's inn and make us rich but instead, I've lead us into strange waters with men plotting our end.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. T'was an honest mistake Johann and ye did the right thing coming to us. Now we've got to confront these sea scurvey soaked scum.

CHARLIE. That's right! I say we trick them into coming in here. Then we lock the doors. Then we sit them down and give them a good talking to, maybe even yell at them, make them feel really, really guilty. Bring them to the point of tears for what they've done!!

(Everyone just stares at CHARLIE.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. We have two life boats on this vessel. Bein' merciful men, I say we give them one.

CHARLIE. Good thinking. And then as they're departing we yell at them, leaving them alone at sea with nothing but their guilt.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Shut up lad.

DOCTOR ROSE. So that's it? We go all the way to sea for nothing? I'm the town's only doctor and I left my lucrative medical practice to pursue my own private wealth and because a pirate wants to be selfish we give up?

FLAP JOHN JACK. Yarr, don't tell me I've wasted days at sea cookin' me raspberry broccoli flap jacks for nothing.

JOHANN ANDREAS. So that's why those were so gross.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Well, we could always steal Composure's treasure map before we abandon he and his mate at sea. But how?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Don't worry about that. I think I have a plan.

Scene 3

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE *and* TABLE TOP JOE *sit above deck.*)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. (*Singing:*) What do you do with a drunken sailor, what do you do with a drunken sailor, what do you do with a drunken sailor early in the morning.

TABLE TOP JOE. (*Singing:*) Tuck him in, pull up the covers, turn off the lights, kiss him on the forehead, sing gentle songs...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Joe! That is not what ye do with a drunken sailor!

TABLE TOP JOE. Well, that's how the song goes...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr! Tis not how the song goes!

TABLE TOP JOE. I'm pretty sure it tis Cap'n.

(*Enter* JOHANN ANDREAS, DELIA, CAPTAIN FISHBULB, DOCTOR ROSE, FLAP JOHN JACK *and* CHARLIE.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, the gang be all here, good. Table Top has somethin' he'd like to say to ye.

TABLE TOP JOE. I... Yarr... I be sorry I drew me cutlass at thee in a threatening manner.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, good Table Top.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I'm sure Doctor Rose took no offense. Cap'n Composure, could I take a look at that treasure map?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Certainly lad.

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE *hands* JOHANN *the map.*)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Yoink.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. The map be ours now Composure!

(CAPTAIN FISHBULB *draws a sword*, DOCTOR ROSE *draws a pistol.*)

TABLE TOP JOE. Apology retracted!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, gentlemen, what be this?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. We know of your plan to abandon us in the pirate's cove Composure!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, pirate's cove? Pirate's cove? I don't know of any pirate's cove do ye Table Top?

TABLE TOP JOE. Can't say I do Short Fuse. The only one I know of be the one we was talkin' about sailin' to earlier and abandonin' the crew at but other than... *(Realizes what he's said.)* Heh heh and of course by abandonin' the crew I mean not abandonin' the crew. Heh heh, yarr. Well um, better be hittin' the hay. It be awfully late.

(He turns to leave.)

DOCTOR ROSE. The only hay you'll be hitting will be the hay at the bottom of the ocean if you take one more step.

TABLE TOP JOE. Yarr! Sea hay only grows off the coast of South America!

DOCTOR ROSE. I ought to shoot both of you for your distortion of biology!

(TABLE TOP JOE draws his sword.)

TABLE TOP JOE. And I ought to slice ye for your unwillingness to open your mind to the possibility that things may exist outside of thy realm of understanding!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Table Top! Put away your cutlass! *(Regains composure.)* Now gentlemen, let's be reasonable. If there be a reasonable, trustworthy man among us it be Johann. Johann, lad, would ye believe that I'd abandon the lot of you to a certain death on a pirate's isle?

JOHANN ANDREAS. I was the one who overheard your plans Composure.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. *(Angry:)* So, ye be the treacherous scurvy... *(Regains composure.)* Yarr, so what? So we was plannin' on steerin ya into pirates cove and abandonin' ye there. It just be piracy talk. Doesn't mean nothin' does it Table Top?

TABLE TOP JOE. We did take a sacred pirate oath captain.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Table Top! You be provin' yourself to be more of a liability than a sea companion!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Gentlemen, there be two life boats on this vessel. Bein' men of virtue, we will give ye one of them. It be up to the waves and the Good Lord to guide ye.

TABLE TOP JOE. Great. The last time the Good Lord guided me boat He guided it right off a waterfall. Granted, it was my error to set me vessel in a river and lift anchor three yards away from a waterfall, but still...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Gentlemen, be reasonable. We'll be right at the water's level. That's right where the Sea Tiger likes to strike.

DOCTOR ROSE. It's either the life raft or a bullet Composure. Enjoy your voyage at sea.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. (*Angry:*) Yarr, do as ye please, but beware lads, ye face a certain doom. The treasure isle to which ye be headed holds many deep, dark and terrible secrets! The sand in some spots will swallow ye alive! The stones in other parts be sharp as razors! And the zebras on the isle are really just horses that we painted to look like zebras!

DOCTOR ROSE. I'm sure we'll be just fine and very rich when it's all through. Now if you'll excuse us, it's time for you to depart.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, fine then! Here's what I really think of ye. Doctor, ye be a land lubbin' lubber. Ye should be married to the land that's how much ye lub it. Thy daughter couldn't find a better lad than Johann yet ye stand in his way! I offered to slice ye in two for him but he refused. Most lads would have let me. Cap'n Fishbulb, ye be a below average Cap'n.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. How dare you!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Flap John Jack, your flap jacks should be call crap jacks.

FLAP JOHN JACK. You be mine Composure!

(FLAP JOHN JACK *charges at COMPOSURE but is held back by the other men.*)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Charlie, I suspect ye may be an idiot. The few words you have spoke have always signaled disaster. Johann, lad, we could have been great ship mates. But I leave ye gentlemen to thy own doom to which ye have sealed thyself. If you don't mind, I've got a life vessel that's calling my name.

TABLE TOP JOE. Before we go tell me one thing. (*To DELIA:*) Lass, ye have somethin' for me, I sensed it since we been on board. On a scale of one to ten how much do ye like me?

DELIA. Zero.

TABLE TOP JOE. Yarr, fantastic. Zero means ye really be into me.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Away with ye men before the doctor's pistol loses patience.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. It be a whole different world out there lads. It be nothin' you're prepared for. I hope ye find the treasure ye be lookin' for. Wait, not the treasure, Davey Jones locker!

(*CAPTAIN COMPOSURE and TABLE TOP JOE exit overboard.*)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Johann, ye be a hero. Your half-butt, yet incredibly effective plan to recover the treasure map has saved the mission. Tonight we dine in your honor.

DOCTOR ROSE. Let's not forget it was Johann who led us into this danger and it was my pistol that got us out of it. Tonight I say we dine in the honor of my pistol and me. Who knows if we would have survived had I not had the foresight to pack my pistol even though it meant I had no room to bring clean underwear. (*Everyone just stares at DOCTOR ROSE. He realizes what he just admitted.*) Of course I packed clean underwear. I've got tons of it. In fact later I might just throw some of it overboard I packed so much of it. (*Everyone just stares at him.*) Fine, we'll dine in Johann's honor.

Scene 4

(JOHANN *stares off into the sea*. DELIA *approaches*.)

DELIA. The stars are so beautiful tonight.

JOHANN ANDREAS. (*Looks up*.) Yeah, they're okay I guess, if you're in to that kind of thing.

DELIA. Johann, I just want to say I really admired they way you stood up to those pirates.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I didn't really stand up to the pirates. Everyone else did. I just took their map.

DELIA. Yeah, I guess you didn't. I should go. (*She turns to leave, but stops*.) Shouldn't you be heading to bed?

JOHANN ANDREAS. What's the point? Charlie is on watch duty tonight. Every five minutes he wakes me up saying he's seen something. An iceberg swimming after us, a killer whale with a sword in its mouth. The other night he woke me up to say we were under attack by the Spanish Armada. I came out here and it turned out it was just driftwood. Besides, I don't know if I feel right about us just abandoning Composure to the mercy of a rowboat.

DELIA. Johann, I didn't mean all that stuff I said earlier.

JOHANN ANDREAS. About the stars being beautiful?

DELIA. No, the stuff I said earlier than that.

JOHANN ANDREAS. About how you hope you get a new doll for your tenth birthday?

DELIA. No! That's too early! The stuff I said about us never being together. Look, my father has these ideas set in his head about me marrying a doctor myself. I try telling him there isn't another doctor within fifty miles. Except for that witch doctor. I tried dating him, it just didn't work out. He kept chanting during dinner and asking if he could have my chicken bones. Johann, I think there still may be a chance for us.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Why? Because once we have that treasure I'll have money too? Because you'll be able to say that you're

married to the man who owns the tallest log cabin in the Midwest and rides a solid gold horse?

DELIA. Johann, no. I don't care if we ever find that treasure. I'm on this voyage for you.

JOHANN ANDREAS. So you lied to me? How do I know you're not lying now?

DELIA. Johann, will you listen to what I'm telling you? I'm willing to give us another chance? *(She grabs JOHANN's arm.)*

JOHANN ANDREAS. Delia, I... I... *(DOCTOR ROSE storms in.)*
Doctor Rose?

DOCTOR ROSE. Charlie alerted me that he saw two people reconciling and falling back in love out here and Johann you better pray that it's Captain Fishbulb and Flap John Jack!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Doctor Rose, with all due respect, I would appreciate it if for once you would stay out of the affairs of...

(CHARLIE runs in.)

CHARLIE. Everyone, I have some alarming news to pass along!

DOCTOR ROSE. *(Annoyed:)* What now Charlie?! Witches in a canoe? Two hurricanes fighting to the death on the horizon again?

CHARLIE. Worse doctor. A poisonous ship.

JOHANN ANDREAS. A poisonous ship? How could a ship be poisonous Charlie? This crying wolf of yours is getting on everyone's nerves.

CHARLIE. How should I know how a ship can be poisonous. All I know is that it's flying a flag with the symbol for poison. Skull and crossbones right Doc?

DOCTOR ROSE. Don't call me Doc! Charlie I...

JOHANN ANDREAS. Skull and crossbones? Pirates!

DOCTOR ROSE. Now come on Johann. Charlie's been filing false reports all night long. I don't know why we even put him on watch anymore. If it were up to...

JOHANN ANDREAS. I see it too Doctor, off in the distance. (*Pulls out telescope and looks.*) That's the jolly roger all right.

DOCTOR ROSE. Give me that! (*Grabs the telescope and looks in the wrong direction.*) I don't see anything.

JOHANN ANDREAS. You have to extend the glass, (*Extends the glass.*) and be pointed in the right direction. (*Points the DOCTOR in the right direction.*) And you have to keep the eye you're looking through the telescope in open.

DOCTOR ROSE. Ah! Pirates!

(Enter CAPTAIN FISHBULB.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Did I hear someone say sky bats?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Pirates.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Oh that be much worse. (*Grabs telescope and looks.*) Yarr, they be movin' at an incredible rate of speed.

DOCTOR ROSE. What do we do?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Let's run through our list of options. First, we could ignore the problem and all go to bed. Or we could sail right towards them. We could also all jump overboard and pray they think it's a ghost ship and get scared off.

DOCTOR ROSE. How about we only run through the list of options that make sense.

CHARLIE. Do you suppose they're friendly pirates like Short Fuse Composure?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Short Fuse plotted to abandon us on a pirate island Charlie.

CHARLIE. Oh yeah. That was pretty rude.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, miles of sea surrounds us on all sides. There be just one option. We paint the ship black and fly the jolly roger. Make them think we're fellow pirates.

DOCTOR ROSE. That's a brilliant plan. Everyone grab some brushes and get painting.

(Everyone scatters about the boat.)

End of ACT II

ACT III

Scene 1

(The pirate ship is now uncomfortably close to The Superior. CAPTAIN FISHBULB, DOCTOR ROSE, DELIA, FLAP JOHN JACK and CHARLIE all stand on deck. Enter JOHANN ANDREAS.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Captain, about your plan to paint The Superior like a pirate ship, there seems to be a snag. We don't have any paint.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr! Blast!

FLAP JOHN JACK. Cap'n, the ship is right next to us. We be doomed.

DOCTOR ROSE. Maybe they just don't notice how close they are.

FLAP JOHN JACK. How could they not notice how close they are?! They be two feet away!

CHARLIE. Here comes someone!

(CHARLIE lifts his arm to wave.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Don't wave!

FLAP JOHN JACK. What do we do Captain?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. I don't know, I... Pretend like ye don't notice them.

ALL. All right.

(Everyone turns their backs towards the pirate ship acting like they don't notice it. BURGUNDY BEARD, LUSCIOUS CHARLIE, LEGS, BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS and HAMMMER HAND JOHN all approach.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. So anyways, I says to the first mate I says...

BURGUNDY BEARD. Avast ye mateys! Requestin' permission to board.

(Everyone on The Superior ignores BURGUNDY BEARD.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr! I said avast ye mateys! Requestin' permission to board!

(Everyone hesitantly turns towards the pirates.)

DOCTOR ROSE. Oh hey. Sorry, we didn't notice you there. How long have you been standing... Um there?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Enough of the talk, lower the planks, we be comin' aboard.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Sorry matey, we'd like to let ye board, but this ship already be above maximum occupancy.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, well then, let me just find me boardin' pass.

(He fumbles around in his pockets and pulls out a pistol. Everyone jumps back and puts their hands up. CAPTAIN FISHBULB lowers the plank. BURGUNDY BEARD looks down at his gun, startled.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Ah, that's not me boardin' pass. Oh well seemed to work anyway for some reason. Come on boys.

(The pirates all board The Superior.)

DOCTOR ROSE. What do you want with us?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Allow me to introduce myself. I be Burgundy Beard, the scourge of the sea. This be Hammer Hand John, the fury of his fists be uncontested, mainly because one of them is a hammer. Luscious Charlie, the most handsome man on the Atlantic. Brussel Sprout Roberts, who's unparalleled love of brussel sprouts has gotten us out of many a jam. And Legs, who everyone thinks is secretly a woman.

LEGS. Yarr, what?! Why do you say that?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Because we all be attracted to you.

LEGS. What?!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Are you the Burgundy Beard who sailed with Captain Jack Short Fuse Composure.

BURGUNDY BEARD. *(Alarmed:)* Yarr, how is it that ye know that name?

JOHANN ANDREAS. I saw him not too long ago.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Where? A graveyard? Yarr, harr, harr, harr, harr!

JOHANN ANDREAS. On this vessel.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Yarr, ye hear that Cap'n? This vessel be a graveyard! Let's get out of here!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Hammer Hand. What did I tell you about drawing conclusions immediately?

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Not to do it?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, that be right. Tell me, be Composure on this boat now?

DOCTOR ROSE. We sent him off on a raft days ago.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Yarr, well I'm sure he's a skeleton by now.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Hammer! Swift conclusions!

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Sorry Cap'n.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Do not, gentlemen, discount Short Fuse Composure. Years back he was a mate on the ship of Cap'n Kidd himself. During dinner one night, Kidd made a joke about Composure's name, and Short Fuse threw a potato at his head. Kidd forced him to walk the plank, only Composure managed to survive and when Kidd returned to his quarters, there was Composure, sitting in his favorite chair, naked. I want this ship scoured from top to bottom!

PIRATES. Aye Aye, Cap'n!

(The pirates, except for LUSCIOUS CHARLIE all depart to search the ship.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, there be fresh pie coolin' in the captain's quarters! Don't think about touchin' it!

DOCTOR ROSE. You made fresh pies?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yes.

DOCTOR ROSE. How?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. I have an oven in the captain's quarters. It's a little hobby.

DOCTOR ROSE. Why haven't you been sharing this pie with the rest of us?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, I have been. You just haven't noticed.

DOCTOR ROSE. That doesn't make any sense.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. So what, I'm selfish, is that what ye wanted to hear?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Gentlemen! Enough! Now I have some good news and I have some bad news. The bad news is our vessel has sprung a little leak. The good news is we be takin' over your ship until that leak is repaired.

DOCTOR ROSE. That's all bad news.

BURGUNDY BEARD. That depends on whether you're one of those people who see the glass as half empty or half full.

DOCTOR ROSE. No it doesn't, that makes no difference.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, the good news is if you manage to navigate us out of these strange waters, we'll let most of you survive. I... (*Notices DELIA.*) Yarr, shiver me timbers, who be this?

DELIA. (*Corrects:*) Shiver my timbers, who is this.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, a foreign language, how exotic. What be your name, lass?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Her name is no concern of yours pirate.

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Sure it is. What if we get lost in the fog and the Cap'n has to call role?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Leave her be Burgundy or I'll...

(*LUSCIOUS CHARLIE draws his sword.*)

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Or you'll what mate?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Or I'll drive my...

(*LUSCIOUS CHARLIE points his sword at JOHANN's throat.*)

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. You'll drive your what?

JOHANN ANDREAS. I can't finish my sentence if you keep interrupting me and thrusting your sword in my face!

(Enter other pirates.)

LEGS. We scoured the ship Cap'n. No sign of Composure.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. We did find 100 brussel sprouts on board sir. Would you like us to confiscate them?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Not necessary. Let me explain something to you lads about Burgundy Beard. I got a heart of stone, a beard you could tie a ship to and I always, always get what I want. *(As if about to start singing.)* Hit it boys!

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Hit what sir?

BURGUNDY BEARD. The song?

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Oh come on now, Cap'n. We don't have any instrument accompaniment. We been in the sun all day, our voices aren't warmed up. It will sound silly.

BURGUNDY BEARD. I said hit it!

PIRATES. *(Singing:)* Who is feared from coast to coast? Would invade your port just for pot roast, Burgundy! Burgundy! Who is feared on seven seas? Fears no one except for bees! Burgundy! Burgundy! Who is abusive towards his crew? Can't tell purple, from blue? Burgundy! Burgundy!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Whoa, whoa, whoa. That's not how the song goes!

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Yes it is Cap'n. We was sauced up when we wrote and performed it the first time. See that's why we needed more time to...

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, by this purple sea I ought to toss the lot of ya overboard!

LEGS. Cap'n, I came across somethin' in the Cap'n's quarters I thought ye'd be interested in.

(LEGS *hands* BURGUNDY BEARD *the treasure map.*)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Great Caesar's ghost! (*Looks closer.*) Oh, that be a treasure map. Sorry, I thought it was Caesar's ghost. (*Opens the map up.*) Great Caesar's ghost, it's Drake's map! So Composure was lying, he really didn't accidentally eat it for breakfast.

DOCTOR ROSE. Treasure map, haha. No that's just something my son drew at school. I carry it around for good luck. (*He tries to grab the map but pulls his hand back in pain.*) Ah! Paper cut.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, this be changin' the lot of things. Gentlemen, the mission is back on. Congratulations you all be prisoners of Burgundy Beard. As me prisoners, you all be required to grow beards of burgundy. Those who can't will be sent to Davey Jones locker to think about it.

DELIA. How am I supposed to grow a beard?

LEGS. It's really not that hard, all you... (*Pause.*) I mean, you'll do as the Cap'n says!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, missy, ye won't have to worry bout nothin'. Quite as simple as ye say yes when I ask will you marry me.

LEGS. (*Excited.*) Oh! How cute!

DELIA. Ew, no.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, now ye've got tons to worry about! Yarr, all hands below deck, get this vessel sailin' towards Drake's Island!

Scene 2

(BURGUNDY BEARD *stands behind* CAPTAIN FISHBULB, *who is navigating the ship.* JOHANN, DOCTOR ROSE *and* FLAP JOHN JACK *are all working.* CHARLIE *approaches* BURGUNDY BEARD.)

CHARLIE. Are we at Drake's Island yet Cap'n?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, will ye stop askin' me that? Do ye see an island?

CHARLIE. Sorry Cap'n. Are we there now?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr! Ye just asked me that a half second ago!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Charlie, we've barely entered the Atlantic Ocean.

CHARLIE. Ah, I see Cap'n. So does that mean we're there?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Luscious Charlie! *(Enter LUSCIOUS CHARLIE.)*

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Aye Cap'n.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Take standard Charlie here out of my sight!

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Aye, Aye Cap'n. Come lad.

CHARLIE. Will you teach me how to be luscious?

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Yarr, not sure if there's the time lad. We might have to wait until we're at Drake's Island. *(To BURGUNDY:)* Are we there yet Cap'n?

BURGUNDY BEARD. No!

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. How about now?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, both of ye, out of my sight! *(To CAPTAIN FISHBULB:)* So you be sure we're in the Atlantic then Cap'n? You sure ye didn't steer us back into those mysterious lakes? Yarr, watch those rocks!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr! Will ye stop lookin' over me shoulder? Of course I'm sure this is the Atlantic!

(Enter BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS.)

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. He's right Cap'n. I tasted the waters as you requested. It's comprised of salt.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Go drink some more of it, just to be sure.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. But Cap'n, I've already drank quite a bit of it. Any more and I'll be dehydrated.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, do as I say!

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Aye Cap'n.

(Exit BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, I be headed below deck. Don't crash the ship into anything while I'm gone. Keep thy eyes on the sea!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. For the last time I'm not going to crash the ship!

BURGUNDY BEARD. I'll be down below deck if ye need an emergency steering.

(Exit BURGUNDY BEARD.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, that is the first time since these pirates boarded that Burgundy Beard has taken his eye off of me! Everywhere I be, there he be. When I wake up in the morning, there he is, starin' at me. Tis' creepy!

DOCTOR ROSE. Any sign of Delia?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. He's got her in the galley, peelin' potatoes.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Yarr! My potato collection! They best be havin' her reattach them peels!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Listen, mates, now that we be in the Atlantic, it won't be long now until Burgundy does away with us. He'll either toss us overboard, or make us help him on the island, then abandon us there, or force us to do dangerous circus tricks for the entertainment of his crew. We have to think up a plan to rid this ship of these pirates!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Pirates are obviously afraid of fictional creatures, such as Sea Tigers and Flying Bears. What if we tear one of the sails and create a diversion, saying a flying bear swooped down on us. Then when everyone's attention is drawn, we grab Burgundy Beard and hold him at knife point demanding the men leave our ship.

DOCTOR ROSE. A childish plan. Leave the scheming to men son. Here's what we do. We blast a small hole in the side of the ship, similar to what Charlie did by accident early in the voyage. Then when the men are all tending to it, we grab Burgundy Beard and hold him at knife point, demanding his men leave our ship.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Good thinking!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Tis' a fine plan.

JOHANN ANDREAS. It's the same exact plan, only mine doesn't risk sinking the ship!

DOCTOR ROSE. (*Scoffs:*) Kids.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. We strike tonight.

Scene 3

(FLAP JOHN JACK and DOCTOR ROSE are knelt down at the side of the ship, working on setting up the explosives. FLAP JOHN JACK has a measuring cup full of a powdery substance. JOHANN keeps watch, while CAPTAIN FISHBULB steers the ship.)

DOCTOR ROSE. Are you sure that's not too much gun powder Flap John?

FLAP JOHN JACK. I know what I'm doin'!

(FLAP JOHN JACK pours the powder on the side of the ship.)

Stand back!

(He lights the powder, nothing happens.)

What the... *(He tastes the substance.)* Oops, that's flour. We're back to square one.

DOCTOR ROSE. I told you that substance was too delicious to be gun powder!

FLAP JOHN JACK. And I told you to stop eating it or we wouldn't have enough to make flap jacks in the morning!

(The two just stare at each other.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, gentlemen, stop fighting, we need a new plan now. We're running out of time. We haven't seen the pirates in hours. They're probably plotting our end. *(Pause.)* Or are asleep. *(Pause.)* Cuddling probably.

JOHANN ANDREAS. What about my plan?

DOCTOR ROSE. You couldn't plan your outfit for the next day, let alone come up with a plan to foil pirates.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I've successfully planned my outfits for the next day for the past three months Doctor and quite frankly, I am sick of your unfounded lack of faith in me. *(He knocks over some crates; yells.)* Flying bears! Flying bears!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, what are ye doin'?

JOHANN ANDREAS. *(Yells.)* We're being attacked by flying bears up here! It's horrible! *(To CREW:)* Get in position!

(The crew gets in position.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, now ye've done it Johann. You've scared them. They won't be comin' up and we've got to explain how we survived a flying bear attack without a scrape.

JOHANN ANDREAS. *(Yells.)* Flying Bears! I think they're after the treasure map!

(CHARLIE enters from below deck.)

CHARLIE. What's all this yelling about? You woke me up.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. See, sleeping. Probably cuddling.

CHARLIE. What?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Charlie! We're trying to lure Burgundy and the pirates up on deck.

CHARLIE. What? Geez. Burgundy and the pirates left hours ago. I'm going back to sleep. *(Turns to leave.)*

DOCTOR ROSE. What?! That doesn't make any sense.

CHARLIE. *(Yawns.)* I'll explain it to you in the morning.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. You'll explain it to us now lad! How did they escape?

CHARLIE. They took something they said would help them get back to the Sea Monkey. It was either a life boat or a life guard. I can't remember. Did we have a life guard on board?

FLAP JOHN JACK. Our final life boat! I can't be on a ship without a life boat. I gets the panics.

(FLAP JOHN JACK starts running back and forth.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Flap John! There still be a raft starboard.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Yarr, I have a phobia of rafts. A raft killed me father. Granted, there are some who say he shouldn't have jumped on it from that cliff at that height.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Delia!

(JOHANN runs below deck, in search of Delia.)

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. I don't get it. Why would Burgundy Beard let us live knowin' we may remember the location of the treasure.

CHARLIE. I don't know. He said something about our ship being doomed because you were bound to crash it into something.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, blast that sea suckin' scallywag! I know how to Cap'n a ship! I'd like to pluck every last...

(JOHANN returns, in a panic.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Delia's gone!

DOCTOR ROSE. One more time?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Delia's gone!

CHARLIE. Oh yeah, Burgundy also took Delia back to the Sea Monkey with him as his captive. Something about being determined to make her his pirate bride. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to catch some Z's.

DOCTOR ROSE. My daughter, kidnapped by pirates! My grandchildren will all be born with hooks and wooden legs!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Actually, doctor, I think they add those on later in life.

DOCTOR ROSE. I'm the doctor here! This is all your fault Johann! First you put us on a ship with a scheming pirate! Then the ship is taken over by worse pirates. Then you cook us horrible pancakes day in and day out!

FLAP JOHN JACK. Hey! That's me! *(Pause.)* Hey! They're not horrible, they're delicious!

DOCTOR ROSE. The point is, my daughter's gone forever, all because Johann wanted to have more time to make clumsy passes at her!

JOHANN ANDREAS. I'm here to save my family's inn and my passes weren't clumsy they were well coordinated!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Lads, lads, let's not turn on one another. Nothing sinks a ship faster than a divided crew. Well, except for ice bergs. *(Pause.)* And cannon fire. *(Pause.)* Hurricanes do a pretty good job of it. Actually, most things sink a ship faster than a divided crew. Come on doctor, let's go below deck. I've got some wine that will help you forget your woes.

DOCTOR ROSE. Good, I could use a sip.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. I'm not suggestin' we drink it. I'm sayin' we read the labels. Some of them are interesting and down right witty.

(DOCTOR ROSE, CAPTAIN FISHBULB, FLAP JOHN JACK and CHARLIE all head below deck.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. The doctor is right, it is my fault Delia's gone. Well sitting around feeling bad won't bring her back. Well, I guess I don't know that for sure, I haven't tried that route. It's worth a shot. *(JOHANN sits down, depressed.)* Nope, doesn't work. I'll take the raft, some food rations, head out to sea, in hopes the wind will lead me in Delia's direction.

End of ACT III

ACT IV

Scene 1

(JOHANN ANDREAS sits on a raft, in the middle of the ocean. He looks around through a telescope, then puts it away.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Three days on board this raft and nothing but open sea. Well, it might actually be two days. That middle day might have been a solar eclipse. Still, no sign of any ship. Wait, is that a... *(He extends his telescope and looks.)* Yes that's a ship that's a... Wait. Just more open water. *(He sits down.)* I've signed my own death warrant. T'was a stupid trip in the first place.

(Spotlight reveals CAPTAIN SHORT FUSE COMPOSURE standing behind JOHANN.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, any trip of Short Fuse Composure is no trip of stupidity lad.

JOHANN ANDREAS. *(Startled:)* Ah! Composure! Where did you come from?!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I been on here for a half hour, waitin' for you to say somethin' clever enough for me to make my presence known. That was the first time ye spoke in 30 minutes. Me knees was gettin' numb.

JOHANN ANDREAS. How did you... Where's your boat?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I got rid of that days ago.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Your completely dry. How did you find me?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, tis an old pirate trick lad. Wait, what's this?

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE pulls a coin from behind JOHANN's ear.)

Yarr, ta da!

JOHANN ANDREAS. That's less impressive. I'm seeing things. This isn't real.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Nope, tis a coin lad, touch it. I'm keepin' it though, I found it.

JOHANN ANDREAS. No, you. You're just an illusion. I'm going crazy from all of this time in the sun.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, perhaps this will convince ye otherwise.

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE smacks JOHANN across the face.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Ah! If you...

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE smacks JOHANN again.)

Stop that!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Sorry lad. I needed another.

JOHANN ANDREAS. If you're here, where's Table Top Joe.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, he drown. But I don't want to bore ye with the details. The crew send ye to sea on your own too lad?

JOHANN ANDREAS. No, pirates kidnapped Delia.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, Burgundy beard. I spotted the Sea Monkey a day ago. Ye have no time to spare lad. Burgundy Beard may have a rough and tough disposition, but ladies love that beard.

JOHANN ANDREAS. How can I save her? I don't even know where the ship is.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, are ye going to let something as simple as not knowing where something is stop ye from findin' it? Where do you think the ship is lad? Follow your intuition. Close your eyes. Where is the sea tellin' ye your woman is?

(JOHANN closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. South west.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. North east. Shiver me timbers, the sea be lyin' to people again.

JOHANN ANDREAS. How do I get to her?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. I can help ye lad, but first thing's first.

JOHANN ANDREAS. What?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. I'm sorry Captain Composure for abandonin' you to the mercy of the sea in a life raft with a man who would not stop singing the same sea song with the wrong lyrics over and over.

JOHANN ANDREAS. You want me to apologize? Apologize first for planning to abandon me and my friends on a pirate infested island!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, never!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Then I'm not apologizing either.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, then ye can leave.

JOHANN ANDREAS. It's my raft! You can leave.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. I can't. *(Pause.)* Look, Johann, plannin' acts of treachery is in me nature. Tis nothin' personal. I just can't help it that's all. It's like tryin' to domesticate a horse. Sure, it will play fetch with ye, but eventually it's going to eat you alive.

JOHANN ANDREAS. First of all, people domesticate horses all the time. Secondly, horses don't eat people.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Oh really? A horse ate me best friend, Table Top Joe.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I thought you said he drown.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, lad, lyin's in me blood. Tis nothin' personal. It's like tryin' to domesticate the dog...

JOHANN ANDREAS. You can make it up to me by helping me rescue Delia.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, here's what we do. Tomorrow at dusk we scale the side of the Sea Monkey. We head to the dinin' cabin. When the crew comes in for breakfast, there we be sittin on the table, naked.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Why do we have to be naked?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Shock value.

JOHANN ANDREAS. How about we just find Delia and the treasure map and get out.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, they have the map too? You careless sons of... Tis' no matter. I have it tattoo'd on me ankle, I... *(Pulls up pant leg and looks at his ankle.)* Yarr, tis all smudged! That stupid tattoo artist used regular ink!

JOHANN ANDREAS. We'll find Delia, find the map and be gone.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, tis no good lad. We'd be like sitting ducks tryin' to get away in that raft lad. Except for the following differences. We don't have bills, we don't have as many feathers...

JOHANN ANDREAS. Then what do we do?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. We have to sink the Sea Monkey. While they be tryin' to keep the vessel afloat, we make our escape in a life raft.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Our timing will have to be precise.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, Short Fuse Composure's timing is always precise. *(Slaps JOHANN's shoulder.)* Yarr, ye had a mosquito.

JOHANN ANDREAS. That mosquito was there five minutes ago.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. *(Embarrassed:)* Yarr, ye know. Ha, ha... Me timin'. *(Angry:)* Yarr, start paddlin'!

Scene 2

(JOHANN ANDREAS and CAPTAIN COMPOSURE creep on the deck of the Sea Monkey.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr lad, that was a long and painstaking task scaling the side of the Sea Monkey, but I be proud to say we're on deck.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I kept telling you, there was a ladder right next to that rope we were pulling ourselves up on.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. And I kept tellin' you not to bother Composure while he's climbin'!

JOHANN ANDREAS. *(Pause, confused.)* I know!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Shh, you hear that?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Hear what?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Shh!!!

JOHANN ANDREAS. You asked me a question! You can't ask me a question and then get mad when I respond!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, shut up lad! I'm tryin' to hear what that is. *(Pause.)* That, do you hear that?

JOHANN ANDREAS. No.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Shh!!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Composure! Wait, I do hear something. What is that?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. It sounds like people getting ready for a wedding.

JOHANN ANDREAS. What do you mean it sounds like people getting ready for a wedding? How can you possibly pick out what people sound like when they're getting ready for a wedding?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I've been to a wedding before lad. They have a very distinct sound.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I've been to several weddings and they don't sound like anything in particular.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Come on.

(They sneak forward. Lights up to reveal BURGUNDY BEARD, DELIA, LUSCIOUS CHARLIE, LEGS, BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS and HAMMER HAND JOHN.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Hammer Hand, worry not, ye'll make a fine minister.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Yarr, Cap'n, I just be a bit nervous that's all. It be your wedding and I just don't want to screw things up.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. *(To JOHANN:)* See?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Fine, it's a wedding. It didn't sound like one.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Ye can plainly see it is.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Yes, but there's no way you could have distinguished that from any thing else. It was a lucky guess.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Lad, luck had nothing to do with it. This be a skill of...

JOHANN ANDREAS. Quiet! They'll hear us.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. *(To BURGUNDY:)* Look Cap'n it's just that with me hammer hand I can't hold a bible well and I never been too good at memorizing stuff.

DELIA. It doesn't matter. You can force me to marry you against your will if you want. It's not going to count.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, by Poseidon's beard it won't count! Tis no union more sacred than a pirate marriage. Well, except for a regular marriage. *(Pause.)* And most plutonic relationships. Yarr, that neither be here nor there.

JOHANN ANDREAS. He's going to marry Delia! I've got to stop him.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Back lad! We have to make our move patiently. Don't worry. 70 percent of pirate marriages end in divorce.

JOHANN ANDREAS. That doesn't make me feel better.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, on with the ceremony. I'm sure ye will be just fine Hammer Hand.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. *(Nervous:)* Thank you Cap'n. Yearly, beloved.

BURGUNDY BEARD. *(Corrects.)* Dearly beloved...

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Sorry, dearly beloved. We be smashed together to celebrate...

BURGUNDY BEARD. Gathered together.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Gathered together sorry. Ash to ash, dust to dust...

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, that be for a funeral John!

HAMMER HAND JOHN. I'm sorry, I'm sorry I just...

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, pull it together lad!

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Sorry, sorry Cap'n. Okay. If there be anyone among you who object to this union, let them speak now or...

JOHANN ANDREAS. (*Yells:*) I object!

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Yarr, let me finish my sentence!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Who said that?! Who among you dares object? Is it you Legs? Yarr, I knew you were secretly attracted to me, but ye had an opportunity and blew it!

LEGS. It wasn't me and for the last time I'm not a woman!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. (*To JOHANN:*) Stay down!

(*JOHANN stands.*)

JOHANN ANDREAS. It was I who objected Burgundy! Now hand over my woman!

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Ah! Ghost!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Hammer Hand! I be tired of you assumin' that everyone ye see for the first time is a ghost! Who dare interrupt the wedding of the most feared pirate on the seventy seas.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Seven seas, Captain.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Seven seas.

JOHANN ANDREAS. It's I, Johann Andreas and this wedding is going to end faster than the career of a chef who likes to pre-season his food with gunpowder.

DELIA. Johann!

JOHANN ANDREAS. Hey Delia.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, so I steal your woman and ye feel it necessary to ruin me wedding. Real mature, lad. Now you'll pay. On him you scallywags.

(**CAPTAIN COMPOSURE** *emerges.*)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, two steps closer and the only thing that will be on this lad is you scallywags!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, that be what I said!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, wait. I mean, pieces of ye scallywags after I get done, slicin' and... Dang. No way to recover from that and make it sound great.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Composure? Be that you?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, of course it be I. Yarr, you monsters abandoned me on that horrific isle, leavin' me with just myself, cattle and grapes. I had nothin' to live off of but steak and wine for months. Well now ye'll pay!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, back Composure, or I'll be sending this woman to the bottom of the ocean.

JOHANN ANDREAS. You monster, she'll drown!!!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yes, lad that's the idea.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, we'll all be at the bottom of the ocean soon. For ye see lads, in my journeys marooned in North America, I came across an animal known as the beaver. Tis' a creature with huge razor sharp teeth and an appetite for wood. I brought one to sea with me and currently it be below deck, knawin' a hole in the side of your ship. The beaver listens only to me commands. Release the girl without incident and I shall ask the beaver to retreat. However, I must warn ye, the beaver listens to no one's commands.

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. You just said the beaver listens only to you.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, what are ye takin' transcripts of what I be sayin' Luscious? Give us what we want, or everyone sinks.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Brussel Sprout, Luscious Charlie, go below deck and see if Short Fuse be tellin' tall tales.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Burgundy, I have to caution ye on this one. Remember that time we raided Cap'n Henry Morgan's ship and Composure told him we had set loose a Spanish Steel Billed Woodpecker below deck then after Morgan sent his men to hunt after the creature Composure attacked the remainin' crew?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, what about it lad?

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Doesn't this feel like the exact same trap?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, that was a Spanish Steel Billed Woodpecker lad, this is a beaver. Completely different.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. But Cap'n, I must...

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, I've thought this through completely and there's no way this could possibly be a trap. No go!

(Exit LUSCIOUS CHARLIE and BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Now lad!

JOHANN ANDREAS. What?

(COMPOSURE pulls out his sword.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. What do ye mean what? We get em.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Okay, well you never said that's what we were going to do before. I mean I can't just be expected to know.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, shut up and attack!

(JOHANN pulls out a sword.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Composure! Ye scurvy laden, sea horse swappin', clam skippin' son of a cabin boy's slop bucket!

How dare ye wait until you no longer be out numbered to attack me!

(BURGUNDY BEARD draws his sword. COMPOSURE attacks him. JOHANN rushes to DELIA but is confronted by HAMMER HAND JOHN. LEGS just stands there.)

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Back lad! The only thing that will take the Bride from the Cap'n is scurvy. Or a well thought out escape plan. Or her getting too possessive when the Cap'n just wants to talk to other women who he considers only to be his friend but...

(JOHANN hits HAMMER HAND JOHN over the head with the end of his sword, knocking him unconscious.)

DELIA. Johann, you came to rescue me. *(Pause.)* And without getting killed.

JOHANN ANDREAS. You seem surprised.

DELIA. No, no of course not. I knew you were perfectly capable of rescuing me. Well, I mean when the pirates first boarded our ship I thought, Johann's a goner. The other men can fend for themselves, but I'm going to miss Johann. Then when you boarded the ship I thought, oh thank goodness Johann is still alive but this time for sure the pirates will kill him, or he'll trip on something on the ship and get killed, or...

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, Johann, get to the life boat now. I'll be there shortly.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, no he won't because he's about to get killed! *(To LEGS:)* Legs! Why are you just standing there?! Get them!

LEGS. *(Sarcastic:)* Oh, I'm sorry Cap'n. I didn't realize you were under attack and your little hussy was being stolen away.

(JOHANN runs off stage. COMPOSURE punches BURGUNDY, knocking him over. COMPOSURE runs off, following JOHANN and DELIA.)

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Ah, see I knew that was going to happen.

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Captain!

(LUSCIOUS CHARLIE and BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS rush over to him.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, get away from me! After them you idiots!

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. No, captain you need medical care. Brussel Sprout, put on a pot of your famous Brussel Sprout soup, only this time hold the brussel sprouts!

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. The hell you mean “hold the brussel sprouts?!”

BURGUNDY BEARD. No! No soup! After them! After them!

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Ah, you be delirious Cap’n. Some rest will do ye good.

BURGUNDY BEARD. No! After them! After them!

Scene 3

(CAPTAIN FISHBULB, DOCTOR ROSE, FLAP JOHN JACK stand solemnly on deck. Enter CHARLIE, carrying a jar.)

CHARLIE. I found Johann’s ashes Captain. We can throw them over the side of the ship.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. You found Johann’s ashes?

DOCTOR ROSE. Are you suggesting Johann cremated himself?

CHARLIE. Well I don’t know what else could possibly be in this jar. *(Looks inside.)* Oh, orange juice. *(He takes a drink, then coughs.)* Ah! It is Johann’s ashes.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. *(Takes the jar from CHARLIE.)* That’s my pipe ashes you idiot!

CHARLIE. You’ve been smoking Johann? You sick, son of a...

DOCTOR ROSE. It’s painfully clear what happened to Johann. Something was obviously eating him up, something totally unrelated to anything that has ever transpired on this ship and he

thought taking a swim would make him feel better so he jumped in and landed between an octopus and her children and feeling threatened she understandably attacked him, snapping him like a twig and fed him to sharks who have been bothering her for quite some time.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Yarr, the only thing that be painfully clear is that the doctor made him feel guilty for his daughter's kidnappin' and he forced himself to walk the plank. He tried to start a new life under the sea, but died because of a lack of some element of some sort. An element that will likely remain a mystery to science for years to come.

DOCTOR ROSE. How dare you blame me for that young man's death. If I'm guilty of anything, it's of being too polite to him. In fact, perhaps I was so polite to him that it drove him out of his mind and he decided rather than try to understand it, he should just end it all.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Yarr, doctor, you can fool all of yourself some of the time, you can fool some of yourself all the time, but you can't fool some of your self some of the time.

DOCTOR ROSE. What does that mean?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, gentlemen, this is no time for the blame game. We owe young Johann a proper funeral. Doctor Rose, you be the minister. Charlie, you be Johann. Flap John Jack, you be the cook who makes us dinner right after the funeral.

DOCTOR ROSE. Usually it's the captain who presides over such occasions Fishbulb.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, look, I haven't presided over many a funeral. I don't know really what I'm doing, I...

DOCTOR ROSE. Well you have more experience than anyone else on the ship.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. It's just that I get nervous, public speaking and all.

DOCTOR ROSE. You're talking in front of the same group of people you've been talking to for the past few weeks.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Fine. Here we go. Dearly beloved...

DOCTOR ROSE. That's a wedding Captain.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Sorry, sorry. We gather together, with blessed oil and ask for the healing power of...

DOCTOR ROSE. That's the healing of the sick!

(Enter JOHANN, DELIA and CAPTAIN COMPOSURE.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, it was a long and painstaking task scaling the side of "The Superior" but I'm proud to say we're finally here.

DELIA. Johann kept telling you, there was a ladder right on the side of the ship. Why did you insist we climb that rope.

JOHANN ANDREAS. You know, next time, I'm not even going to listen to you when we scale a ship.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Yarr, your healing worked Captain! Ye've brought Johann back to life! And ye've also unkidnapped Delia somehow and unstranded that pirate who plotted our end!

DOCTOR ROSE. Delia? Johann? How did you...

DELIA. You should have seen it daddy, Johann rescued me!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Ahem!

DELIA. Oh, sorry Composure, I nearly forgot. Captain Composure caught a cold on the way back to the ship.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I aided in the rescue process!

DOCTOR ROSE. Are you sure Johann rescued you? Are you sure the pirates didn't let you go and then you rescued Johann from drowning?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. What's this treacherous buccaneer doin' back on board The Superior?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Captain, I'll not have you talk about my Delia in such terms!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Not Delia, Composure!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Hey! I may be a buccaneer and I may be treacherous, but I... Wait.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Captain, were it not for Composure, I might never have found The Sea Monkey, nor Delia. I'm sure Composure is a reformed pirate.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. And I aided in the rescue process!

DOCTOR ROSE. Well, I certainly appreciate you bringing my daughter back to me alive. Johann is a bonus as well. When we get back to Michigan, I'll see to it that if you hang you don't get a rope that's all picky.

JOHANN ANDREAS. As a gesture of good will, I say we drop Composure off on the pirate's isle on our way back home.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Pirate's Isle? Yarr, no way. That place has been taken over by apes.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Then why did you want to take us there?

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I don't know, sounded like a good idea at the time. Ye know, apes.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Well now that the crew be all here, I best be steerin' this ship back east.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, are ye kiddin' me? Ye came all this way just to turn around?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. We don't have a map, pirate.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, a map? What be a map good for? Sure, they tell ye how to get to places and keep ye from gettin's lost, and give ye a good sense of how long it will take to get from point a to point b, but other than that, what good is a map?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Well... Yarr, ye do have a point.

CHARLIE. Land ho!

DOCTOR ROSE. Charlie! You've been shouting that every ten minutes for the last three days.

CHARLIE. This time I mean it doctor!

DOCTOR ROSE. Yes, well you've been saying you mean it this time every time after for the past two days.

(COMPOSURE pulls out his telescope and looks.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, the lad be right! We been headed in the direction of the isle of Drake's treasure for weeks, chances are that be it. I say we go investigate. Worst comes to worse it just be full of food for the journey home. Word is isles in these parts are full of delicious fruits known as lemons and grapefruit. They be the sweetest substance Composure's lips have ever touched.

JOHANN ANDREAS. We have come this far.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, fine. May be a good place to stretch me legs. But a warnin' to ye. I get land sick easily, so not too much time there.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Agreed.

JOHANN ANDREAS. One more thing. Delia, it's great to have you back on this ship. You and I have spent a lot of time together and I think we both know we're right for one another. So I want to ask you, will you marry me.

DELIA. Johann, I don't know if I'm ready for marriage yet.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Well, this is embarrassing.

DELIA. You shouldn't have asked me in front of everyone.

DOCTOR ROSE. Well this calls for a celebration. Everyone below deck. I'll open my finest bottle of brandy.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. How many bottles of brandy did you bring?

DOCTOR ROSE. Just one.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, good enough.

(Everyone heads below deck except for JOHANN and CAPTAIN COMPOSURE.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, well ye learned a valuable lesson lad. Never ask a girl to marry you in front of people. They could say

no. Or worse, they could say yes. Then what would ye have done lad? We'd have to send ye back out into that life boat and head for higher seas.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Composure, I really do love Delia. I wouldn't have run.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Hmm, makes no sense to me. Fear not lad, soon your pockets will be filled to the brim with treasure. Women seem to like that quality in men. Ye can have the pick of who ye want.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I only want Delia.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Hmm. Well lad, let's go have a sip. Brandy will take your mind off of it. Of course Delia will be there so it will probably do more harm than good. Hmm, I shouldn't analyze out loud. Come on lad.

(Exit.)

End of ACT IV

ACT V

Scene 1

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE, JOHANN ANDREAS, DELIA, DOCTOR ROSE, CAPTAIN FISHBULB, FLAP JOHN JACK and CHARLIE take their first steps on the island.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, by Saint Christopher's knee bone this be Drake's island. It's just as his journal described. Sand, trees and (*Looks around.*) yip, completely surrounded by water.

DOCTOR ROSE. That would describe any island.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, unfortunately the map be not in our custody. Lucky for you Composure's got a photographic memory. Let's see, (*Recites:*) if it be the treasure ye seek, ye must take sixteen paces east.

JOHANN ANDREAS. That couldn't be it. There's a giant tree five paces east.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, Drake was quite the tricky one. Somethin' tells me that tree isn't what it seems. Onward lads.

(CHARLIE begins taking steps east.)

CHARLIE. One, two, three, four, five...

(CHARLIE crashes into a tree, falling flat on his back.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, maybe it be 16 paces west.

DOCTOR ROSE. Really, what are we going to do? Dig up this entire island until we find the treasure? We don't even know if this is the island!

(Enter LUSCIOUS CHARLIE, taking deliberate paces and counting.)

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen...

(LUSCIOUS CHARLIE crashes into a tree, falling flat on his back. Enter BURGUNDY BEARD, LEGS, HAMMER HAND JOHN and BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Samuel J. Sea Urchin Luscious Charlie! Ye said ye could read.

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. I can Cap'n, but I told you, I read at the same level as an infant.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, Burgundy Beard!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Composure! What are ye doin' here? I thought we killed you!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. What? Why would ye think that? Ye saw me escape a couple days ago.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, so ye have to point out me poor memory problems in front of everyone? By Cap'n Cutlass beard I'll slice ye in two. *(Draws his sword.)*

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Cap'n Cutlass never had a beard. *(Draws sword.)* It's time to send ye back where ye came from. Thy mother's womb.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Now hold on. Wait. Gentlemen. We all made it to Drake's island. We should all feel good about that. Call a truce and hear me out.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, fine truce.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Truce.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Good. Now listen. We each have...

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE pokes BURGUNDY BEARD with his sword.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Ouch! Composure poked me with sword! That breaks the truce!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I did not!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Ye most certainly did!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. It was an accident.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Ah ha! So ye admit ye did it! I just caught ye in a lie.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Gentlemen! Knock it off. Put down your weapons and hear me. *(They put down their weapons.)* Now listen. Here we are, on this island and somewhere is the treasure that will

make all of us wealthy. Now we each possess something that can help the other. Burgundy, you and your crew have the map and me and my crew possess the ability to read the map. Now from what I've heard...

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr! Composure poked me again!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. I did not!

JOHANN ANDREAS. How could he have poked you? He doesn't even have a weapon any more.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, sorry, I thought I felt something.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Listen, from what I hear, this Drake fellow buried enough treasure, that if split among us would make each and every one of us extremely wealthy. I say we team up and find the treasure together. Look, I know we have a rough past, but we've got a bright future. Together.

BURGUNDY BEARD. *(Pause.)* Let me talk it over with the lads. Excuse me one moment.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Fair enough.

(BURGUNDY BEARD and his crew gather in a circle and begin murmuring. JOHANN and his crew wait patiently for an answer. The murmuring grows more and more argumentative. Finally the circle breaks and BURGUNDY approaches JOHANN.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, after much discussion with the crew, we forgot what ye were talking about. Please repeat it.

JOHANN ANDREAS. *(Impatiently:)* I proposed we work together to find the treasure and then divide it equally.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Oh. Oh yeah. That would be fine.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, before we go along together, we make a pact. We leave all weapons here. By honor from this point out we promise not to attack anyone among us. Any questions.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Can we attack someone among us, if it be for their own good.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. How could attacking someone be for their own good.

HAMMER HAND JOHN. I don't know, I just be sayin' that's all, should the occasion arise.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. The occasion won't arise.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Also, no one steals any one here's girlfriend.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, aww man.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Swear it.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr fine.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Let's all swear.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Yarr, don't mind if I do. Crap, dang, darn...

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. I mean swear as in take an oath. And those are certainly weak curse words.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Ye mean there be stronger ones?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, I didn't bring me men on this island for them to learn foul language Cap'n Fishbulb. Let's take this pact and get going.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Fine, everyone swear to a pact of peace.

ALL. We swear.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Crap, darn...

BURGUNDY BEARD. Brussel Sprout!

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Sorry.

Scene 2

(JOHANN ANDREAS, DELIA, CAPTAIN COMPOSURE, DOCTOR ROSE, CAPTAIN FISHBULB, FLAP JOHN JACK, CHARLIE, BURGUNDY BEARD, LUSCIOUS CHARLIE,

HAMMER HAND JOHN, BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS *and* LEGS *enter*. DOCTOR ROSE *leads the way, reading the map.*)

DOCTOR ROSE. (*Reads.*) Five paces north.

(The men follow him as he counts.)

One, two, three, four, five.

(They stop.)

Now three paces south.

(They all step backwards.)

One, two, three. Four paces west.

(The men follow him as he counts.)

One, two, three, four.

(They stop.)

Now, three paces east.

(They step backwards.)

One, two, three. You know, why not just say one pace west, instead of making us take four steps forward and three steps backwards.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Yeah, and why did we have to hop for that last mile and a half.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, leave it to Drake. He was always doin' things and givin' commands that required great energy and yielded little results.

DELIA. Pirates are idiots.

BURGUNDY BEARD. What?!

DOCTOR ROSE. It says to start digging here. (*The men grab their shovels.*) Wait. Later on in the directions it says to fill the hole back in. Well I for one am getting sick of this.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, if Drake was alive today I'd slice him three times across the throat and give him two bandages!

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. How bout ye just read ahead in the map.

DOCTOR ROSE. Good thinking. Sweet Hippocratic oath of office, he has us circling around the island for three days. According to the map, the treasure should be *(Looks closer:)* right where Johann is standing?

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, cut him open boys!

(The pirates advance on JOHANN.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Oh come on. How could the treasure be inside of me.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, who knows. Maybe ye swallowed it. Maybe the doctor put it in your tummy and stitched ye up.

JOHANN ANDREAS. And Drake came back from the dead and put it on the treasure map?

HAMMER HAND JOHN. Ahhhh! Drake's a ghost!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, put a rest to your assumptions, Beard. It be preposterous that treasure could be inside the lad. Still, just to be safe, we'll shake him a bit. If it sounds like there be change inside of him, then we slice him open!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Fair enough!

(JOHANN backs up.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Look here, no one's going to shake...

(JOHANN trips over something covered in brush. He gets up and pulls the brush off of it revealing a chest.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Look!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr don't try to distract us with randomly found furniture lad, you be in for a shakin'.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, by the purse strings of Polaris, Drake's treasure!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Open it lads!

(The pirates rush to break open the chest with no success.)

LEGS. It won't open by hand.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, your stupid plan to leave our weapons on shore has foiled us.

(CAPTAIN FISHBULB simply undoes the latch to the chest opening it.)

DELIA. Pirates are idiots.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, just because I broke up with you doesn't mean ye have to speak disparagin' words about me kind.

DELIA. Broke up with me?! I'm the one who escaped from you!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, whatever. I said I'm breaking up with you right before ye left the ship. Ye might not have heard.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, this be no time for a lovers quarrel.

JOHANN ANDREAS. They were never lovers!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, Composure be right. Recover the loot lads.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. It be empty Cap'n.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Empty?

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Meaning holding or containing nothing.

BURGUNDY BEARD. I know what it means!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, there be a piece of paper inside. *(Picks it up.)* We'll divide it equally among us.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Wait. Perhaps it be further instruction as to the whereabouts of the treasure.

(CAPTAIN COMPOSURE hands the paper to JOHANN.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Good thinkin'. Read lad.

JOHANN ANDREAS. *(Reads.)* If it be treasure ye seek, look not inside of chests in the ocean deep, look inside thy hearts, pure and true, the treasure be the knowledge inside of you.

(Everyone pauses, stunned.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, read the part where it says the treasure really is lad.

JOHANN ANDREAS. That's what it says. In the hearts of us.

(There is a confused pause.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, the treasure is inside the lads heart! Cut him open!

(The pirates all rush and grab JOHANN.)

DELIA. Let him go! His heart's mine!

JOHANN ANDREAS. You too Delia?!

DELIA. I meant that metaphorically Johann.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Let the lad go, Burgundy, for thy face isn't a pretty canvas, and Composure's fists ain't precise artists.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, now ye listen to me, Composure. For years I been searchin' for Drake's treasure and dreamin' of the luxury I could afford with it. A solid gold ship. Commissioning a scientist to develop technology that would allow a solid gold ship to float. Bein' able to bath twelve times a month with real soap. I didn't come all this way for a message of hope. So say goodbye to your precious Johann.

(BURGUNDY BEARD pulls out a knife. JOHANN, glances up and notices something offstage.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. Look!

(Everyone but BURGUNDY BEARD turns and looks.)

DOCTOR ROSE. *(Astonished:)* It's magnificent!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, ye don't really expect me to fall for the old "there's something magnificent off in the distance" trick do ye?

(All of the sudden, the FIELD OCTOPUS charges on stage.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Field octopus!

(The FIELD OCTOPUS runs to BURGUNDY and whips his arm with a tentacle. JOHANN escapes. The FIELD OCTOPUS whips

BURGUNDY BEARD *again knocking the sword out of his hand.*
BURGUNDY BEARD *tries to hit the creature, but it whips him in the face.)*

BURGUNDY BEARD. Arrrrr! Me eye!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Aye!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, I'll need two patches for that. Don't just stand there lads, after the creature.

BRUSSEL SPROUT ROBERTS. Umm, we are Cap'n.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, I can still hear idiot. After him.

(Burgundy's crew all converge upon the FIELD OCTOPUS, but it successfully defends itself.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, flee lads! From the island! Arr, Composure. Ye won this round, thanks to interference by the Field Octopus. Ye won the last round too. But remember, I won the round before that marooning ye on that peninsula. You'll never escape! Har, har, har, har! Wait a minute. *(Quickly thinks about what he's said.)* Blast! It ain't over Composure!

(BURGUNDY and his crew run offstage.)

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. *(To FIELD OCTOPUS:)* Yarr, good work field octopus. Ye be a good sport and now we be even for takin' me eye.

(The FIELD OCTOPUS whips his arm.)

Yarr, fine, okay now we be even.

(The FIELD OCTOPUS whips him again.)

Yarr, now ye be one up on me.

(COMPOSURE bops the FIELD OCTOPUS on the top of the head, causing it to fall to the ground.)

DOCTOR ROSE. Composure, I owe you an apology for doubting the existence of such a creature. It is amazing. The trip was worth it just to see such an exotic specimen.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, relax Doctor. I'm sure the Field Octopus is married. I just wanted to say despite not findin' the treasure, ye be a fine crew. Johann, there's somethin' I wanted to give ye, somethin' passed along to me by me own mom. (*Pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to JOHANN.*) I want you to have it.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Composure, you didn't have to... (*JOHANN unfolds the paper and looks.*) The black spot!

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, been in me possession for ages.

DELIA. What's the black spot.

FLAP JOHN JACK. Yarr, the black spot be a death sentence from one pirate to another.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, it is? No wonder me mum kept tryin' to kill me.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Well crew, might as well pack up and head back to sea.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Without digging up the treasure first?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, lad, ye've got the worst memory ever. The chest was empty spare the paper. You read what it said.

JOHANN ANDREAS. I didn't read all of the paper. It says (*Reads.*) if it be treasure ye seek, look not inside of chests in the ocean deep, look inside thy hearts, pure and true, the treasure be the knowledge inside of you. But then it goes on to say, Yarr, harr, harr, just kidding, the treasure is fifteen paces southeast from this spot.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. So ye lied to Burgundy and his crew?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Yes.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, I don't know if I can condone that.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Yarr, Johann, ye be a genius! Grab your shovels! We be just feet from wealth.

(They grab their shovels excitedly and run offstage.)

Scene 3

(On The Superior. JOHANN and DELIA stand on deck.)

JOHANN ANDREAS. I can't believe we were able to fit all of that treasure on this ship. With my share I'll be able to save my family's inn. Then, with the money left over, I'll be able to tear it down and build one ten times as big. Then, when it gets into financial trouble, I'll be able to save it with my left over money.

DELIA. I'm just happy we're nearly docked in Port Huron. Safe again. Although part of me will miss the sea. Although, that part of me does lie a lot. Listen, Johann, I was thinking, if it's not too late, I'd like to withdraw my denial of your proposal. I do want to marry you.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Oh sure, you want to marry me now that I have money.

DELIA. Johann, I have the same amount of money as you now. I want to marry you because I'm in love with you.

JOHANN ANDREAS. You're sure this time?

DOCTOR ROSE. Johann, I am ninety-five percent sure. You can't be more sure than that.

JOHANN ANDREAS. That's wonderful.

(Enter Johann's MOTHER, soaking wet.)

MOTHER. You should really ask the permission of a boy's mother before asking him to marry you young lady.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Mom? Our ship is in the docking process how could you have... Did you swim here and scale up the ship?

MOTHER. Can't a mother be happy to see her baby boy?

JOHANN ANDREAS. Mother, great news. We found the treasure. The inn is saved.

MOTHER. Yeah, well, about the inn, I sold it.

JOHANN ANDREAS. You sold it? How could you sell it? I told you I'd save it!

MOTHER. Relax, I didn't really sell it so much as gamble it away.

JOHANN ANDREAS. How could you gamble something away you said was family tradition.

MOTHER. Don't worry, I didn't really gamble it away, so much as traded it for some new clothes.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Mother! What has gotten into you. How could you make such a move without consulting me.

MOTHER. Hey, I didn't ask Delia to consult me before asking you to marry her.

JOHANN ANDREAS. You just did!

(Enter CAPTAIN COMPOSURE, CAPTAIN FISHBULB, DOCTOR ROSE, FLAP JOHN JACK and CHARLIE.)

DOCTOR ROSE. Mrs. Andreas. So good to see you. You haven't changed a bit since we've been gone. Except for being sopping wet. That's different.

CAPTAIN COMPOSURE. Yarr, lads, before I depart back to sea, can I not convince ye to come with me and be me crew.

MOTHER. Sorry, but no pirate. The town needs these people. We have no doctor. The neighbors have been resorting to sorcery to try and heal each other. Why just the other day, Old Man Witherbee broke his leg and Phillip Bartslaw cast a spell to bind the leg up, but ended up vanishing into thin air.

(Lights up on the other half of the stage. BURGUNDY BEARD and his crew stand on shore, dressed up.)

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, well, well, well so the rumors are true. Captain Composure and crew are comin' back to the great state of Michigan and they're all wearing dresses. *(Pause.)* Well, I guess only some of the rumors be true.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Burgundy Beard! What is your scurvy laden hide doing here.

MOTHER. Johann, you watch how you talk to the governor of this providence.

JOHANN ANDREAS. What?

MOTHER. You watch how you talk to the governor of this province.

JOHANN ANDREAS. Governor? That doesn't make any sense.

MOTHER. These territories need some sort of law Johann. It makes all the sense in the world that we should have a governor.

JOHANN ANDREAS. No! I'm saying how is a pirate governor.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, me and the crew came back to these parts depressed at not findin' the treasure. While here I decided to run for office on the promise of free beards for every man. So far, I be proud to say I'm fillin' promise. I finally found a profession I like better than piracy. Now lads, I hate to tell ye this, but ye all be under arrest and are to be hanged for the crime of piracy of the Great Lakes.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. What? That is preposterous!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Preposterous or sweeter than a starfish's belly?

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Preposterous! Hypocritical!

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, well it be too bad for ye. Now, if ye'll kindly continue glidin' your ship into dock, me men will arrest ye.

CAPTAIN FISHBULB. Reverse course! We're headed back out to sea.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Yarr, it be illegal to defy the governor. You'll be hung extra hard for that. After them men!

LUSCIOUS CHARLIE. Cap'n, we need to come to a two-thirds majority agreement before we can pursue them.

BURGUNDY BEARD. Blast Democracy!

DOCTOR ROSE. Where are Earth will we go? What will I do?

(Lights fade on BURGUNDY and crew.)

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com