

THE PIRATES OF PEN'S AUNTS

A SWASHBUCKLING STAGE ADVENTURE

by Nigel Holmes

Approx running time 2 hrs

(c) Copyright

All rights reserved

www.PantomimePantomime.co.uk

**You may NOT perform or rehearse this script
without a written license from the author, Nigel Holmes.**

A licence and current performance price are available via
www.PantomimePantomime.co.uk

Any production group or company found using the whole
or any part of this script without a licence
will be prosecuted for copyright infringement.

The rights of Nigel Holmes to be identified as the Author of this work has been
asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act.

PIRATES AHOY!

(The Pirate's of Pen's Aunts)

CAST LIST

PEN (Penelope): Daughter of Harriet, niece of the other Aunts. Strong minded. Wants to be famous, but do nothing to get there.

SAM: (Samuel or Samantha): Older sister or brother of Pen. Not so bold. Pretends not to like Pen much.

NOTE: Although the show is set mainly in a tavern and on board ship, the action sometimes pauses, to be taken over by seemingly unrelated DREAM or FANTASY sections. Pen or Sam's (or others) imagination.

HARRIET: Pen and Sam's mother. Has refused to join the pirate life and has decided to be 'normal' and run the local tavern.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Pen's Aunt 1. Bossy and forthright. Speaks in a 'pirate' voice when in pirate character and a normal voice for other times. (Red pirates.)

FLORA FIREPANTS: Pen's Aunt 2. The quieter sister. She follows Betty's line. She also has two styles of voice. A pirate and a Samal one. (Red pirates.)

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Bombastic villain. A typical "Theatrical" pirate with all the trimmings. He has a stuffed parrot on his shoulder that he also talks for. (Blue pirates.)

PARROT: Actually spoken by Captain Throttle. Rather like a ventriloquist. There is no need for Captain Throttle to hide his mouth movements, as this is part of the joke.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Male or Female. Comes from 'somewhere' in Europe. First language is not English. (Blue pirates.)

BLACKEN BLUE: A blue pirate.

NAVY BLUE: A blue pirate.

SKY BLUE: A blue pirate.

BLUE C: A blue pirate. (Singer.)

BLUE BAG: A blue pirate who can't speak. (Non speaking part.)

RED LESTER: A red pirate.

PINKY RED: A red pirate.

RED ROBIN: A red pirate.

RED HERRING: A red pirate.

RED RUM: A red pirate who is always drunk. (Non speaking part.)

CROWS-NEST VOICE: Voice off stage.

MERMAID: A sea siren. (Singer)

KING (QUEEN) NEPTUNE: Underwater sea God. (Opera singer?)

PIRATE CREWS: The RED and BLUE crews. Mixed sexes and ages. To distinguish both pirate groups there should be two different bandanna colours. Actors can change a bandanna colour to build a bigger crew when needed.

ACT I SCENE 1: 'THE SEAGULL'S POOP DECK' - A PIRATE TAVERN.

Overture: "Yo Ho, Yo Ho, A Pirates Life For Me." - From, Pirates Of The Caribbean. An edited section only.

THE SCENE IS A TYPICAL OLD WORLD TAVERN.

THE RED PIRATE CREW ARE ON STAGE. THEY HAVE DRINKING VESSELS, SWORDS, CUTLASSES AND PIRATE FLAGS ETC.

Musical Number By: The red pirate ensemble.

Song: "Yo Ho, Yo Ho, A Pirates Life For Me." - From, Pirates Of The Caribbean. An edited section only.

THE NEXT MUSICAL NUMBER FOLLOWS THE FIRST WITH NO BREAK.

Musical Number By: The red pirate ensemble.

Song: "Little Brown Jug" - (Attributed to) Septimus Winner

DURING THE SINGING BLOODBATH BETTY ENTERS AND MIXES IN WITH THE PIRATE CREW.

DURING THIS MUSICAL NUMBER THERE IS LOTS OF MOVEMENT, PIRATES DANCING AND SINGING. FLAGS WAVING. TANKARDS CLANKING, BEER GLASSES THRUST HIGH. SOME PIRATES ARE DANCING RAUCOUSLY ON THE BAR. A LARGE SPECTACLE FULL OF COLOUR AND MOVEMENT.

AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER BLOODBATH BETTY COMES DOWNSTAGE CENTRE OUT OF THE ENSEMBLE.

AT THE SAME TIME FLORA FIREPANTS ENTERS THE AUDITORIUM AMONG THE AUDIENCE.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Arrrrrgh!

FLORA FIREPANTS: Arrrrrgh!

BLOODBATH BETTY: Where the blithering barnacles are yer?

FLORA FIREPANTS: Down here among the dead dogs and perfumed old salts of (NAME OF TOWN.)

BLOODBATH BETTY: What the poop are yer doing down there?

FLORA FIREPANTS: Searching for some good looking sea dogs to press-gang onto our crew.

BLOODBATH BETTY: We's got enough crew as it is. (LOOKING ROUND TO CHORUS AND DANCERS.) Look at this hulking great lot. Get back to the ship you shirkers. You scallywags won't get yer rations if you be standing about gawking like mermaids in a chip shop.

THE ENSEMBLE EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

FLORA FIREPANTS: (PICKING SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE.) Look! I've found one.

BLOODBATH BETTY: One what?

FLORA FIREPANTS: I not be too sure.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Be it a son of a biscuit eater or the wife of a pasty lover?

FLORA FIREPANTS: I not be too sure.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Blisterng barnacles, you should know the difference at your age.

FLORA FIREPANTS: It be dark down here.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Best just 'ave a feel about.

FLORA FIREPANTS: What I be a-feeling for?

BLOODBATH BETTY: Rowlocks.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Pardon!

BLOODBATH BETTY: You know you's got a seafarer if you be finding rowlocks

FLORA FIREPANTS: Best you throws me them surgical gloves then.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Blooming bilges. Just ask their name.

FLORA ASKS THE VICTIM THEIR NAME.

FLORA FIREPANTS: This be (NAME).

BLOODBATH BETTY: That's not a pirate name. Let's see! We'll call 'em Deckhand Fingers MacFishcake.

Do you think Fingers MacFishcake can talk like a pirate? Ask Fingers for an "arrrrrgh!"

FLORA FIREPANTS ASKS THE VICTIM TO SAY "ARRRRGH" LIKE A PIRATE.

BLOODBATH BETTY: That's never gonna be a frighten anyone. Louder! Like a scary pirate.

THEY GET THE VICTIM TO SAY IT LOUDER.

BLOODBATH BETTY: (TO ALL AUDIENCE.) Come on then the rest of yer landlubbers. Gives us yer best pirate "arrrrrgh". (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

No no no! Try to scare the person sitting next to you. (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

WHILE THE AUDIENCE REACTION IS GOING ON, FLORA FIREPANTS MAKES HER WAY TO THE STAGE.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Good job we don't need no more crew. This lot would 'ave us sunk before the first barnacle hits the mizzen.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Ahoy there me hearties. (ENCOURAGING REACTION.) I said Ahoy! (AUDIENCE REACTION.) We be Pirate Captains. Our ship be called (DRAMATICALLY) The Mermaid's Garter.

FLORA FIREPANTS: I always wondered. How can a mermaid wear a garter?

BLOODBATH BETTY: I don't know. The ship already had the name when Daddy 'liberated' it from it's owner.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Did he plunder, rob, and kill two hundred salty sea dogs to get it?

BLOODBATH BETTY: No... He found it on eBay.

FLORA FIREPANTS: (TO AUDIENCE.) Any of you'se lot want to be pirates?

BLOODBATH BETTY: When you becomes a pirate there be a lover in every port.

FLORA FIREPANTS: And many of them know all sorts of exotic ways to keep yer happy.

BLOODBATH BETTY: (POINTING INTO AUDIENCE.) See him in the third row? I could make him very happy.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Show him that thing you learnt from Buck-Tooth Pete on the island of Tunga-Linga?

BLOODBATH BETTY: He taught me how to Tunga-Linga-longer.

FLORA FIREPANTS: (TO AUDIENCE.) Anyway, pay attention you lilly livered lot.

BLOODBATH BETTY: My name be Auntie Betty. Or Bloodbath Betty to me friends. I got my name because when I go a pirating there always be a blood bath.

FLORA FIREPANTS: And I'm Auntie Flora. Or Flora Firepants. I got my name because when I go pirating I gets nervous and does a lot of... er... bottom burping.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Pwaaar! You don't want to be around missy firepants here after a night out on the grog an' cabbage stew.

FLORA FIREPANTS: We's are the joint captains of The Mermaid's Garter. Sort of bad cop, good cop. Or in this case bad pirate, good pirate. I be the nice one. She be the angry one.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Arrrrrgh! And she's the one who goes around putting neat little doilies under the cannonballs.

FLORA FIREPANTS: It makes 'em look pretty.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Cannonballs aren't supposed to look pretty. They're for blowing the heads off rival buccaneers and spilling their guts all over the deck.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Yes, and who has to clean *that* up?

BLOODBATH BETTY: Then there's her genteel version of the rum ration.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Rum. Uggggh! Personally I like a nice glass of sweet sherry.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Pirates don't drink sweet sherry.

FLORA FIREPANTS: The crew seem to like it.

BLOODBATH BETTY: I'm worried that they're starting to get slightly "refined". They'll all be sticking their little fingers out and having cucumber sandwiches with the crusts cut off.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Do they still do those at the (LOCAL HOTEL'S NAME.)

BLOODBATH BETTY: That's "afternoon tea". When we's out burning and pillaging we can't pull the ship over and ask for (QUAINT VOICE) a pot of tea for two and a sponge finger.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Fairy cakes?

BLOODBATH BETTY: Certainly not.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Custard creams?

BLOODBATH BETTY: Never.

FLORA FIREPANTS: What about those sweet little pink wafer biscuits that you only see in Christmas assortments?

BLOODBATH BETTY: (SHE LOOK ACCUSINGLY AT HER SISTER.) You sure you be a sister of mine?

Musical Number By: Bloodbath Betty and Flora Firepants.

Song suggestion: "Sisters are doing it for themselves" - Eurythmics.

A FEW OF THE RED PIRATE ENSEMBLE ENTER AND DO "OOO ARR'S" OR VOCAL BACKING.

AT THE END OF THE SONG HARRIET ENTERS FROM BEHIND THE BAR, RINGING THE BAR BELL AS SHE COMES.

HARRIET: Time Gentlemen please!

THE ENSEMBLE EXIT QUICKLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

HARRIET: Oi you two. Closing time.

BLOODBATH BETTY: (POINTING TO HARRIET.) That be our sister Harriet.

FLORA FIREPANTS: To us pirates she's Hardbones Harriet.

HARRIET: Oi! Just Harriet thank you. And not so much of the pirate talk. Drop these silly accents please. Penelope and Samantha/Samuel are about.

THE AUNTS SWITCH TO NORMAL 'NON PIRATE' ACCENTS.

FLORA FIREPANTS: (NORMAL VOICE.) How are they both?

HARRIET: Doing okay, no thanks to you two.

BLOODBATH BETTY: (NORMAL VOICE, TO AUDIENCE.) Us three sisters come from a long line of seafarers.

FLORA FIREPANTS: She means pirates.

BLOODBATH BETTY: We can trace our line right back to One-Finger Pickit Placket.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Captain of The Festering Scab.

HARRIET: (INSISTING.) I am NOT a pirate.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Father was a pirate.

FLORA FIREPANTS: So was his Father before him. Our Grandfather, Baron Mad-Eyes Ducklet of The Howling Trinity.

BLOODBATH BETTY: (TO AUDIENCE.) Be any of you lot from a pirate family?

FLORA FIREPANTS: By the look of them they're from (CLOSE RIVAL TOWN.) They certainly don't look like pirates.

BLOODBATH BETTY: They can't even get the Pirate "Arrrrrh" right. Listen. Come on everyone. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Try again. Ready? "Arrrrrh". (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

FLORA FIREPANTS: I see what you mean.

HARRIET: And anyway, just because our father was a pirate doesn't make me one too. And you're NOT to tell my kids about our family background.

BLOODBATH BETTY: It's their right.

FLORA FIREPANTS: It's their family.

HARRIET: It's your heads, and I'll knock them together if Penelope and Saman find out.

PEN: (ENTERING.) Find out what?

BLOODBATH BETTY: We'd better be off.

FLORA FIREPANTS: How are you Pen?

PEN: Hi Aunties.

HARRIET: Didn't you say you were going?

BLOODBATH BETTY: Yes. We'd better be off.

HARRIET: Bye bye.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Back to "The Mermaid's..."

HARRIET QUICKLY HUSTLES HER TWO SISTERS OFF STAGE (PIRATE SISTERS EXIT.)

PEN: I didn't know the tavern was having a fancy dress party?

HARRIET: We're not - Have you tidied your room?

PEN: But they were dressed as pirates?

HARRIET: Have you tidied your room?

PEN: Mum. Have you ever noticed that Aunt Betty and Auntie Flora seem to go away a lot? Like they've gone on a sea voyage or something?

HARRIET: Your room.

PEN: I think they might be...

HARRIET: If your room is not tidy when I come back then I am *not* going to be happy.

PEN: Mum! I'm old enough to know how I want my room.

HARRIET: (SCOLDING.) Penelope!

PEN: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh dear. You know your in trouble when the parent uses your full name.

HARRIET: Penelope is the name I and your father gave you - God rest his soul.

PEN: Yes but I want to be called Pen. All my friends call me Pen.

HARRIET: Okay, have it your own way. Pen... If your room is not tidy when I get back...

PEN: (SIGH.) Yes mother.

HARRIET EXITS AS SAM ENTERS.

SAM: Has my sister been upsetting the parent again?

PEN: When did you last use your full name. (EMPHASISING IT.) Sam-antha/Sam-uel.

SAM: I don't. Everyone knows I'm Sam. Good old Sam. Good looking Sam. Fantastic lovable Sam.

PEN: Well Sam-antha/Sam-uel...

SAM: Shut it!

PEN: Okay, look. You know Aunt Betty and Auntie Flora?

SAM: Mum's sisters.

PEN: Our Aunts.

SAM: What have they done now?

PEN: Nothing! Well, I just saw them dressed as pirates.

SAM: Yeah. I've seen that. Good fancy dress. Real looking stuff.

PEN: I guess that must be it. Fancy dress. But I can't help thinking...

SAM: What? Pirates are fun, but it's fairy tale stuff. You don't believe in pirates do you?

PEN: What do you think I am? Stupid or something? But I can't help thinking...

SAM: Thinking what? You think Aunt Betty and Auntie Flora sail the seven seas shouting "Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum"? I don't think so.

PEN: Yes, stupid isn't it? But it's like...

SAM: Look, I don't have time for this. Aunt Betty is as lovely as they come and Auntie Flora crochets woollen squares for the W.I.

PEN: But what if...

SAM: What if? Pen! Come on. You wanna be a pirate then?

PEN: No. I want to be famous.

SAM: Famous for doing what?

PEN: Oh... Just famous.

SAM: Yeah! I'm out'a here. (EXITS.)

>>> DREAM/FANTASY SECTION STARTS <<<

PEN IS JOINED ON STAGE BY A FEW OF THE ENSEMBLE WHO HELP HER PERFORM A SWAGGERING STYLE ROUTINE AS HER BACKING GROUP. (THEY DO NOT NEED TO BE DRESSED AS PIRATES OR THEY COULD BE VERY 'GLITZY' ONES.)

Musical Number By: Pen and a backing group from the ensemble

Song: "I wanna to be famous (When I grow up)." - Pussycat Dolls. The early verses are removed and go directly into the chorus.

EXIT PEN AND THE PIRATE ENSEMBLE.

>>> DREAM/FANTASY SECTION ENDS <<<

CAPTAIN THROTTLE ENTERS. HE HAS A STUFFED PARROT ON HIS SHOULDER AND HOLDING A SCROLLED UP LARGE POSTER. HE TALKS DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE.

Note: The parrot part is spoken by Captain Throttle as if a very bad ventriloquist. There is no worry about trying to hide any mouth movements.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Arrrrr! Heave ho, me hearties! Break out the crows nest and shiver the wooden pole thing.

I be Captain Throttle, the most feared pirate in these parts. Arrrrr! Come on, who booed me! You'll be first walking the plank.

They needs a bad guy around here, and I'm it. Feared by everyone. Don't mess with Captain Throttle or you'll all be in the brig before crow's bell sounds. Arrrrr!

PARROT: (IN PARROT VOICE.) Pretty Polly. Pieces of eight.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Shut up you stupid bird. (HE SLAPS THE PARROT THAT'S ON HIS SHOULDER).

PARROT: Squawk! (AS IT GETS HIT.)

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: I be recruiting sea-men, or sea-persons if we's gonna be politically correct, for me ship (DRAMATICALLY) "The Devil's Pea".

I was gonna call it "The Devil's PEARL". But it 'ad to be shortened to "The Devil's Pea" as the sign-writer ran out of paint.

PARROT: Pretty Polly!

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Stupid bird.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: I done this 'ere poster (UNROLLS POSTER) so passing bilge brew buccaneers will sign up. Where can I nail it? (LOOKING AROUND.) I'll sticks it up here.

PARROT: Good idea.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Stupid bird.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE FIXES THE POSTER TO THE PROSCENIUM ARCH.

THE POSTER SAYS "ADVENTURE AWAITS. JOIN THE CREW OF THE DEVILS PEA." THERE IS SMALL TYPE BELOW GIVING DETAILS OF WHERE AND WHEN TO RECRUIT.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Any of yer's want to join me ship? I can promise you the life of a dangerous pirate. Arrrrr! There be plank walking, keel hauling, sword fights and long distance spitting competitions in the boys toilets.

There also be sunken treasure and them Spanish bloomers.

PARROT: Doubloons!

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: What?

PARROT: Spanish doubloons!

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: I know that. Stupid bird! (HE SLAPS PARROT.)

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Be there anyone out there (POINTING INTO AUDIENCE WITH A SWEEPING GESTURE) with avast behind?

What a scurvy lot yer arrrrr!

Soon me ruthless pirate band be off to find treasure that's sunk to the bottom of that there ocean.

I be told some slithery satin toe knows where a treasure map be. And I intend to find it before any of you soft skinned land-lubbers does, or me name 'aint Captain America.

PARROT: It 'aint.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: I was just testing 'em. 'Tis my quest to find those Spanish bloomers...

PARROT: Doubloons!

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: I know!

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: ...find these Spanish bloomers a'fore any of my sworn enemy's, including you lot of salty sea dogs.

I've got my eye on you lazy lot of land-lubbers. Take care or I'll chain yer up in the brig a'fore the sun goes over me scuppers. Arrrrr!

A PHONE RINGS. (SOUND EFFECT.)

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Who's left their blithering phone on? We told you skirvy lot to turn 'um off. Now you be spoiling all yer shipmates fun.

PHONE CONTINUES TO RING.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Blast me barnacles! It be mine.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE PULLS OUT A PHONE AND ANSWERS IT. PHONE SOUND EFFECT STOPS.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: (SPEAKING ON PHONE IN SWEET MANNER.) Hello Granny? No there's been no storm yet. The rheumatics is it? (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) Bless! Her rheumatism is forecasting a storm. (ON PHONE.) Yes Granny. Yes I'll watch out for it. What? Yes, I'm keeping warm. Yes I've got my Long Johns on.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE:

Yes, I know you call them my Long John Silvers.
Yes. No! I can't say that Granny. I have some
er... friends listening. No Granny, I really
can't. (TURNING AWAY AND WHISPERING.) Kissy
kissy. I love you. Yes, love you too Granny.
(PUTS PHONE AWAY.)

(TO AUDIENCE.) Aahhhh! Don't you'se lot go
thinking I be going soft. I runs me a tight ship.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE BECKONS INTO THE WINGS
AND THE BLUE PIRATE CREW RUN ON.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: This be me crew of barbarians. You can all-as tell
'em because we all wear the blue. (SHOWING HIS OWN
BANDANNA.) Death to any other colour.

BLUE PIRATE CREW: Arrrrrrrrrr!

Musical Number By: Blue Pirate crew and Captain Throttle.

Song: "Blow The Man Down." Traditional sea shanty.

AT THE END OF THE SONG, CAPTAIN
THROTTLE STOMPS OFF. (EXITS.)

FOUR PIRATES (NAVY BLUE, BLACKEN BLUE,
SKY BLUE AND BLUE BAG) REMAIN WHILE THE
OTHERS EXIT.

DURING THIS NEXT SEQUENCE, BLUE BAG
(WHO IS UNABLE TO SPEAK) CONSTANTLY
WALKS BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE STAGE,
OR SITS ON THE EDGE, LOOKING AT RANDOM
PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE, POINTING,
STARING, FLIRTING, MAKING DOE EYES OR
PULLING SILLY FACES AT THEM.

THE PIRATES ARE ALL SWAYING SLIGHTLY
(TOGETHER IN THE SAME DIRECTION).

NAVY BLUE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Ahoy there! (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

BLACKEN BLUE: (TO AUDIENCE.) No! Come on! More menacing than
that. Ahoy there! (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

SKY BLUE: Hold on! You can't just go ahoy'ing anywhere!

NAVY BLUE: Why not?

BLACKEN BLUE: It's a thing for on board ship.

SKY BLUE: Are we not on board ship then?

BLACKEN BLUE: You mean with all this swaying?

SKY BLUE: Yes.

BLACKEN BLUE: That's just the rum.

THEY STOP SWAYING.

SKY BLUE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Ahoy there! (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

NAVY BLUE: Isn't it annoying, when people starts ahoy'ing?

BLACKEN BLUE: That was like poetry.

SKY BLUE: No it wasn't. Poetry is like...

There was a young man who was humdrum.

SKY BLUE: On his birthday they gave a big drum.
He beat it so hard, he fell down in the yard.
Ending up with a bruise on his fat...

NAVY BLUE: Oi!

BLACKEN BLUE: Say that rude word and you'll have to walk Captain
Throttle's plank.

SKY BLUE: Us pirates are not allowed plank walking any more.

NAVY BLUE: Why not?

BLACKEN BLUE: Health and safety. It's far too dangerous. You
wouldn't want anyone injuring themselves as they
walked the plank.

NAVY BLUE: Isn't that the whole point of walking the plank?
They fall off the end, make a huge splash and a
shark comes along and gobbles them up.

SKY BLUE: Ah! That may be the final result, but as your
union representative I wouldn't want my members to
get hurt... Before they get... hurt.

BLACKEN BLUE: Where were we? Oh yes. This morning I was messing
about in the bowels...

NAVY BLUE: You can't say bowels.

BLACKEN BLUE: I just did.

SKY BLUE: The ship's bowels. Below deck. The bowels of The
Devil's Pea.

NAVY BLUE: Oh I see.

BLACKEN BLUE: I was poking about in the bowels...

SKY BLUE: As you would.

BLACKEN BLUE: ...yes. When I found this. (PULLING SMALL SCROLL
FROM POCKET.)

NAVY BLUE: What is it?

BLACKEN BLUE: I think it's an old treasure map.

SKY BLUE: A what?

BLACKEN BLUE: A treasure map.

NAVY BLUE: What? You found a treasure map, made of 100 year
old parchment from the Spanish Main, covered in
measurements with longitude and latitude markings,
including little pictures of palm trees and forests
with painted skulls, saying "keep out" and little
arrows that point to a place where a big "X" marks
the spot.

SKY BLUE: Will this map send us on a long sea journey?

BLACKEN BLUE: Like a holiday?

SKY BLUE: I know a song about a Pirate going on holiday.

NAVY BLUE: I think I know the one you mean.

BLACKEN BLUE: That makes five of us.

SKY BLUE: There's only four of us.

BLACKEN BLUE: I told my hairdresser.

>>> DREAM/FANTASY SECTION STARTS <<<

Musical Number By: Navy Blue, Blacken Blue, Sky Blue.

Song: Hooray! Hooray! It's a holi- holiday! - Boney M. (Change lyrics to "Hooray! Hooray! It's a PIRATE holiday!.)

THE STAGE FILLS WITH MORE BLUE PIRATES WHO JOIN IN. THEY COULD BE WEARING SUNGLASSES OR CARRYING HOLIDAY SUITCASES THAT THEY USE TO POSE OR SIT ON. EVEN BUCKETS AND SPADES. CREATING A BRIGHT HOLIDAY FEEL.

THE EXTRA ENSEMBLE EXIT AT THE END OF THE SONG.

>>> DREAM/FANTASY SECTION ENDS <<<

BLACKEN BLUE: Don't show that map around too much or someone will want it. Probably First Mate "Snake Face" Ziget.

NAVY BLUE: (TO AUDIENCE.) The name "Snake Face" fits the First Mate so well. It's a face like this. (PULLS SILLY FACE.)

BLACKEN BLUE: It's more like... (PULLS SILLY FACE.)

SKY BLUE: No, Snake Face has uneven ears. Like this... (PULLS SILLY FACE PLUS TUGS OWN EARS.)

BLUE BAG ALSO JOINS IN WITH THE FACE PULLING.

NAVY BLUE: With a nose like... (PULLS SILLY FACE AND PINCHES NOSE.)

THEY ALL MAKE FACES AT THE AUDIENCE AND PINCH THEIR NOSES.

FIRST MATE "SNAKE FACE" ZIGET ENTERS BEHIND THEM, AS THE FACES ARE BEING PULLED, AND TAPS THEM ON THEIR SHOULDERS. THEY TURN ROUND STILL PULLING THE FACES.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Vot is ziss game?

NAVY BLUE: Game?

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Ziss game you are playing wiv zee noses.

NAVY BLUE: It's... er...

BLACKEN BLUE: It's the game of... er...

SKY BLUE: It's the game of... er... "Look like a parrot."

BLACKEN BLUE: That's it. "Look like a parrot."

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Why you want to do dat?

NAVY BLUE: It's funny.

SKY BLUE: Yes, funny.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Okay, vee do parrot now and make me jiggle.

NAVY BLUE: Jiggle? Oh giggle?

BLACKEN BLUE: I don't know if we can do that.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: But you say him was funny, zen you will 'ave to try.

THEY ALL PULL FACES. FIRST MATE ZIGET
INSPECTS THEM BUT KEEPS A STRAIGHT
FACE.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Ziss game of "Look like a pallet", she is not funny.

BLACKEN BLUE: Oh well!

SKY BLUE: You can't please everyone.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: (POINTING AT MAP HELD BY BLACKEN BLUE.) Vot is diss?

BLACKEN BLUE: (MAKING AN EXCUSE.) Er... Ah! It's... A menu from the Chinese take-away.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: I like zee Chinese viv zee pork balls?

SKY BLUE: (TO AUDIENCE) Make up your own joke there.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Diss menu? Him look like a map to me.

BLACKEN BLUE: Their take-away menu can be a bit of a journey sometimes.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: (LAUGHING RAUCOUSLY.) Pork balls! I see now. A dirt joke yes?

NAVY BLUE: Yes.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: I don't get it.

NAVY BLUE: With a face like that I'm not surprised.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Diss menu. Can I look him?

BLACKEN BLUE: Ah!... Er... Just tell us what you want and we'll order for you.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Poppycockeral.

SKY BLUE: Pardon?

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Poppycockeral. Give me map.

BLACKEN BLUE: It's a menu.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: It's a map.

BLACKEN BLUE: A menu.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: A map.

BLACKEN BLUE: Menu.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Menu.

BLACKEN BLUE: Map.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: So it do be a map.

SKY BLUE: What just happened there?

BLACKEN BLUE PASSES OVER THE MAP.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Vait! No don't vait. Go back to de ship, all of you. I need to look here at diss quietly.

EVERYONE BUT FIRST MATE ZIGET EXIT.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: (STUDYING MAP.) Dis could be it. Zee lost mappings of Silver Beard Liverson. Ruthless Pirate of zee Spanish Main.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE ENTERS.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Arrrrr! First Mate Ziget. What has you got in your grubby little didgets

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Cap'n. Vot I have in my pinkies is zee map to der treasure of Silver Beard Liverson.

THEY LOOK AT THE MAP BETWEEN THEM.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Well yer salty poop. This just could be ye lost treasure map of old Silver Beard.

Made of 100 year old parchment from the Spanish Main, covered in measurements with longitude and latitude markings, including little pictures of palm trees and forests with painted skulls, saying "keep out" and little arrows that point to a place where a big "X" marks the spot.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Now vee, de Devil's Pea, has got de map. Vee is goin to be rich.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: (TAKING MAP AND WAVING IT.) This map means... MONEY.

Musical Number By: Captain Throttle and Mate ziget.

Song: "Money (Makes the World go Around.)" - From the musical Cabaret

A BLACKOUT AT THE END OF SONG.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: THE TAVERN AT MIDNIGHT.

IN THE BLACKOUT, PEN AND SAM ENTER.
THEY ARE BOTH DRESSED IN PYJAMAS AND
CARRYING BRIGHT/STRONG HAND TORCHES.

THEY SWING THE BEAMS OF LIGHT AROUND
THE ROOM AND ON EACH OTHER.

PEN: Shooooooooosh!

SAM: Shooooooooosh yourself.

PEN: Like, shooooooooosh you idiot.

SAM: It's you who's the idiot. Coming down here after dark snooping for some stupid pirate clues.

PEN: It's not stupid.

SAM: Is.

PEN: Isn't

SAM: Sure is.

PEN: Sure isn't.

SAM: Anyway, why are we doing this in the dark?

PEN: So Mum doesn't see us.

SAM: I can't even see myself. We'll never get away with this. Mum will know we've been here.

PEN: I stuffed some pillows into our beds to make it look as if we're still asleep. She'll never know.

SAM: You're forgetting, Mum's... know... everything!

PEN: Don't be such a baby. Shine your torch over here.

SAM: What are we looking for.

PEN: Signs.

SAM: Signs of what?

PEN: Der!!! Like, signs of pirates, idiot brain.

SAM: Stop calling me... I didn't have to do this you know?

PEN: Yes you did. I wasn't going to leave my stupid brother/sister out of all this.

SAM: This what?

PEN: This fun.

SAM: How is this "fun"?

SAM PLACES THE TORCH UNDER THE CHIN AND
LIGHTS FACE FROM BELOW (HORROR STYLE.)
PEN TURNS, LOOKS AND JUMPS.

PEN: Idiot!

SAM: Scaredy cat!

PEN: Plonker!

SAM: Looser!

PEN'S TORCH BEAM FINDS THE RECRUITMENT
POSTER ON THE PROSCENIUM.

PEN: Look!

SAM: What?

PEN: A poster.

SAM: Hang on!

PEN: Sam, it's an actual pirate poster.

SAM: Just a minute.

SAM WANDERS OFF STAGE.

PEN: Sam! Come here. It's a pirate poster. (PAUSE.)
Sam? Sam? Where are you. Don't leave me on my...

SOME OF THE LIGHTS OF THE TAVERN COME
HALF ON AS A GLOW. (AS IF AT NIGHT.)

PEN: Sam? Where are you Sam...?

SAM: (RE-ENTERING.) The light switch. It's over there.

PEN: Dingbat! Now everyone knows we're here.

SAM: You were frightened, weren't you.

PEN: Of what?

SAM: Oh I get it now. That's why you brought me. Take
someone older to look after you and keep you safe.

PEN: Look! It's a poster. A recruitment poster for
pirates.

SAM: (TAUNTING.) My brave little thing. Frightened of
the dark?

PEN: Shut it idiot! Look, this poster. Adventure
Awaits. Adventure! That's what we want. It says
that someone called Captain Throttle is looking for
crew. For a voyage on The Devil's Pea. That must
be the boat.

SAM: Boat?

PEN: Alright, ship! We could sign up. Prove they're
pirates. Then hand them in to the authorities. It
would make me famous.

SAM: Can I go back to bed?

PEN: Weakling!

SAM: Toad!

PEN: Mummy's darling.

PEN: Slimy snake.

SAM: Snakes are not slimy.

PEN: Are!
SAM: Arn't.
PEN: Are!
SAM: Arn't.
PEN: Warthog!
SAM: Wilder-beast!
PEN: Bodger?
SAM: What's a Bodger?
PEN: I have no idea.

EXITING WHILE ARGUING.

END SCENE.

SCENE 3: 'THE SEAGULL'S POOP DECK' - A PIRATE TAVERN.

THE FULLY LIT TAVERN. THE RED PIRATE ENSEMBLE ENTER FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

Musical Number By: Pirate ensemble.

Song: "A Life on the Ocean Waves." - Traditional.

RED LESTER, PINKY RED, RED ROBIN, RED HERRING AND RED RUM REMAIN ON STAGE. THE REST OF THE PIRATE ENSEMBLE EXIT.

RED RUM: (DRINK IN HAND AND STAGGERING SLIGHTLY.) Hic!
(HICCUP NOISE.)

RED HERRING: (TUTTING.) You don't expect this, do you?

RED LESTER: Drunk again.

RED RUM: Hic!

PINKY RED: Too much sinking of the rum ration.

RED RUM: Hic!

RED ROBIN: And the spinnaker's not even over the capstan-wangler yet.

RED HERRING: (TUTTING.) This really can't go on.

RED RUM: Hic!

RED HERRING: I know we're slovenly pirates but... (TUTTING.)

RED LESTER: How do you cure hiccups?

RED ROBIN: A shock.

PINKY RED: Like a taser?

RED LESTER: Or a quick bang.

PINKY RED: Well I'm not volunteering for that.

RED RUM: Hic!

RED ROBIN: What about a cutlass up the starboard bilge-bracket?

RED LESTER: Don't be dirty.

RED HERRING: (TUTTING.) When I signed on...

PINKY RED: What are we gonna do then?

Musical Number By: Red Lester, Pinky Red, Red Robin, Red Herring.

Song: "What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor?"

DURING THE MUSICAL NUMBER THERE IS LOTS OF ACTION FROM THE FOUR SINGERS. THEY PUSH AND PULL RED RUM (THE DRUNKARD) ALL OVER THE STAGE. ON THE FINAL NOTE THEY SMASH A BOTTLE OVER RED RUM'S HEAD, WHO FALLS TO THE FLOOR. THEY ALL EXIT, DRAGGING RED RUM OFF WITH THEM (BY THE FEET.)

END SCENE.

SCENE 4: THE RECRUITING DESK. (PART OF THE TAVERN.)

THERE IS A SMALL TABLE AND A CHAIR
BELOW THE RECRUITING POSTER. PLUS A
CANNON BESIDE THE TABLE.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE AND FIRST MATE ZIGET
ENTER ALONG WITH SOME BLUE PIRATES

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Arrrr. Heave ho, me hearties! Gets it all over
there before I puts a black spot on yers.

PARROT: (IN PARROT VOICE.) Black spot. Black spot.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Shut up you stupid bird.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: (TO AUDIENCE.) An' that goes for all you'se people
out there. A black spot on yer all. Arrrr!

PARROT: Black spot. Black spot.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Stupid bird.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Right! Me recruiting drive. I need a few souls
who 'aint afraid of no sea monsters or if we
encounter those singing mermaids.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Zinging mermaids? Is we lookin'k for zee zinging
mermaids?

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: No, we is not looking for blasted singing mermaids.
I don't want me buccaneers getting all magically
enchanted.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Is diss ze new cannon for The Devil's Pea?

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Arrrr. Tiss new and fully loaded with a ball up
the spout. So keep yer mutton hands off.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: (SHOWING FIRING CORD.) Is diss string used to bang
it?

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: (ANNOYED.) Don't touch it. We don't want to put a
hole through any new recruits.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Vot makes you fink any-von will join us?

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Treasure. That's what. We's got the lost map of
Silver Beard Liverson 'aint we.

Plus, I be's the most fearsome pirate that ever
sailed the seven seas. Arrrr! I'm really nasty.
Arrrr!

A PHONE RINGS

CAPTAIN THROTTLE PULLS OUT A PHONE AND
ANSWERS IT. PHONE EFFECT STOPS.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: (SPEAKING ON PHONE IN SWEET MANNER.) Hello Granny.
Yes, we found the map. (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) How
does she know that. (ON PHONE.) Yes Granny, I
have my life jacket and sou'wester if it rains.
No, I'll keep dry. Yes. You know I do Granny.
No! I can't say that Granny. There are people
here. No Granny, I really can't. (TURNING AWAY
AND WHISPERING.) Kissy kissy. I love you. Yes,
love you too. (PUTS PHONE AWAY.)

(TO AUDIENCE.) Arrrr! Don't think I'm turning
soft. I'm watching you lot. Arrrr!

THREE OR FOUR PIRATES ENTER AND FORM A QUEUE AT THE TABLE.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Arrrrr! Welcome me beauties. Put yer mark here.

EACH PIRATE PUTS A MARK ON THE PAPER AND EXITS. WHILE THIS IS GOING ON, PEN AND SAM ENTER.

PEN: This is it Sam. Ready?

SAM: I'm not sure I want to do it.

PEN: You're scared?

SAM: 'Course not.

PEN: Chicken!

SAM: Pig!

PEN: Toad!

SAM: What will Mum say?

PEN: She won't care. As long as we keep our rooms tidy and don't make a noise, she's happy. This way means she can have both.

THE LAST PIRATE HAS SIGNED AND EXITED. PEN AND SAM APPROACH THE TABLE.

SAM: I'm not sure it's a good...

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Sign here.

PEN: My big brother's/sister's scared. (SIGNING.)

SAM: I'm not.

PEN: You are too. My big grown up brother's/sister's worried about what Mummy will say

FIRST MATE ZIGET: If you is scared, bring viv you your teddy.

SAM: (INDIGNANT.) I don't have a teddy. (SIGNING.)

PEN: He/she still does. I've seen it.

SAM: Shut it!

PEN: How much are the wages?

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Wages! Pirates don't get wages. We splits any bounty equally.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: An zee Captain, he take double.

MATE ZIGET GETS SILENCED WITH A POKE FROM CAPTAIN THROTTLE.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: If you be good pirates and we gets a lot of treasure, you be rich by the end of the voyage.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: (BOASTING.) Ve has a treasure map.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: That be it. We have the map that will lead us to the lost treasure of Silver Beard Liverson.

PEN: A treasure map? A real one?

SAM: I don't believe you.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE GETS OUT THE MAP AND SHOWS IT TO PEN AND SAM. PEN TAKES IT AND STUDIES IT.

PEN: It looks real.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: 'Course it be real.

PARROT: Real. Real.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Stupid bird.

PEN: Look Sam! It must be real. It's made of 100 year old parchment from the Spanish Main, covered in measurements with longitude and latitude markings, including little pictures of palm trees and forests with painted skulls, saying "keep out" and little arrows that point to a place where a big "X" marks the spot.

BLOODBATH BETTY AND FLORA FIREPANTS ENTER AT SPEED. PEN AND SAM LOOK ON AMAZED AND OPEN MOUTHED.

FLORA FIREPANTS: Wait!

BLOODBATH BETTY: Yer scurvy scum.

FLORA FIREPANTS: (TO PEN AND SAM.) Close yer mouths. You'll be catching flaming hornswaggle.

BLOODBATH BETTY: I can see two hornswagglers just there. (POINTING TO CAPTAIN THROTTLE AND FIRST MATE ZIGET.)

FLORA FIREPANTS: What be a'going on?

BLOODBATH BETTY: It's Captain Throttle and his ugly Mate.

FIRST MATE ZIGET: Ugly! I will have you know diz. I come third runner upper for two years running in "Pirate Parade".

FLORA FIREPANTS: I say again. What be a'going on?

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Mind your own dungbie.

PARROT: Dungbie.

BLOODBATH BETTY: Tell yer stupid parrot to shut it. (SHE HITS PARROT.)

FLORA FIREPANTS: It's not real Betty.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Blithering barnicles, of course Polly Poligimus-Prisram be real. Well he was. There be a nasty flying accident. His parachute refused to open as he plummeted towards the block paving.

So's I did 'im a bit of the Madam Tussauds.

PEN: Aunt Betty?

BLOODBATH BETTY: What be it child?

PEN: The pirate get-up? I mean... Are you real pirates?

BLOODBATH BETTY: Don't be silly girl. There be no such thing as pirates.

PEN: But you're talking funny and you've got a sword.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE JUMPS UP AND PUSHING THE TABLE AWAY VIOLENTLY, DRAWS HIS SWORD.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Arrrrr! Well now, if you not be real pirates, I certainly be. (HE DRAWS HIS SWORD.)

BLOODBATH BETTY: You'd not be standing a chance against our shipmates.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: That's as may be, but I has a secret weapon. These two just joined my crew. (POINTING TO PEN AND SAM.) Lock 'em in the brig.

SOME OF THE BLUE PIRATE CREW ENTER AND GRAB PEN AND SAM. OTHERS FORM A BARRIER AROUND THEM.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Arrrrr! You's freebooters can't do anything now. The treasure be mine. Try to stop me an' these two monkey's flibusters walk the plank to feed the fishes.

BLOODBATH BETTY: We'll be a'finding you whatever sea you sail.

THE AUNTS AND FIRST MATE ZIGET ALSO DRAW THEIR SWORDS AND START A CHOREOGRAPHED FIGHT/DANCE SEQUENCE.

Musical Number By: Instrumental.

Song: Pirates of the Caribbean theme music.

THE RED AND BLUE PIRATE ENSEMBLE ALL ENTER AND JOIN THE BATTLE. A LARGE SPECTACLE WITH LOTS OF MOVEMENT. BIG PIRATE FLAGS WAVED.

PEN AND SAM ARE DRAGGED AWAY BY SOME PIRATES DURING THE FIGHT. (EXIT.)

HALF WAY THROUGH THE FIGHT HARRIOT SUDDENLY STORMS IN AND GOES TO CANNON.

HARRIET: (SHOUTING.) Out! All of you! This is my tavern and you're all barred.

FLORA FIREPANTS: (NON PIRATE VOICE.) Harriet. They've got Pen and Sam.

HARRIET: They're upstairs in bed.

BLOODBATH BETTY: (NON PIRATE VOICE.) I don't think so Harriet.

HARRIET: You're just as bad as the rest of them. I told you not to come in here dressed like that. Look what havoc you've caused.

FLORA FIREPANTS: But Pen and Sam.

HARRIET: Upstairs. In bed. I left them sleeping. And who brought this dirty old cannon into my tavern. (GOING TO CANNON.)

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Don't be touching that. It be loaded.

HARRIET: Get out all of you. You're barred.

CAPTAIN THROTTLE: Don't pull that cord.

HARRIET FIRES THE CANNON. THERE IS A
LARGE PYROTECHNIC BANG.

ALL THE PIRATES (EVERYONE EXCEPT
HARRIOT) CLEAR THE STAGE AND EXIT IN
ALL DIRECTIONS.

HARRIOT COMES DOWNSTAGE CENTRE FRONT.

HARRIET: (TO AUDIENCE STERNLY.) And that goes for the lot
of you. If I have any fighting during the interval
you'll all be barred.

(PUTTING ON SWEET VOICE.) Now enjoy your
refreshments and come back in twenty minutes.
(EXITS.)

END SCENE.

END ACT I.

INTERVAL.

TO REVIEW THE FULL SCRIPT (FREE)
Email - nigel@PantomimePantomime.co.uk

**PLEASE - Include the name of the THEATRE COMPANY or ORGANISATION
who might perform this script.
PLUS a reference to a Web or Facebook page.**

<><><><><-0-><><><><>

**You may NOT perform or rehearse this script
without a written license from the author, Nigel Holmes.**

A licence and current performance price are available via
www.PantomimePantomime.co.uk

Any production group or company found using the whole
or any part of this script without a license
will be prosecuted for copyright infringement.

The rights of Nigel Holmes to be identified as the Author of this work has been
asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.