

THE 42ND ANNUAL PIE-RATING CONVENTION

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Noah S. Brown

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PUBLISHED BY

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

THE 42ND ANNUAL PIE-RATING CONVENTION

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SYNOPSIS: Due to an apparent breakdown in communication, a crew of pirates unwittingly crashes the 42nd Annual Canadian Pastry Judging Convention leaving the good-natured Canadian patriot Alan to handle the situation.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(THREE MEN, TWO WOMEN, FIVE EITHER)

SUSAN (f) Organizer of the Pie-Rating Conference,
she's a stick in the mud.

ALAN (m)..... Susan's assistant, always at her side.

MERINGUE BEARD (m) Captain of the pirates.

ONE EYE (m/f) Meringue's first mate.

TWO-LIP (f) Blonde pirate, kind of a ditz.

PEG-LEG (m/f)..... Tough pirate.

LEMM (m/f) Pie maker visiting the convention. Lime's
twin.

LIME (m/f)..... Pie maker visiting the convention. Lemm's
twin.

STEPHEN (m/f)..... The pirates' accountant.

MR. FRISBEE (m)..... Susan's boss. A large man with a larger
moustache.

SETTING

A bustling conference.

TIME

The present.

SETTING:

A bustling conference.

AT RISE:

There are several tables on the stage, each with a number of pies on them. There is a large banner across the top of the stage, covered with a cloth.

Susan enters from stage right. She is wearing a pantsuit, and her hair is in a tight bun, she wears glasses. When she speaks, it is quickly and with a Canadian accent. She crosses to down center stage and takes a moment to look around the convention, smiling. Suddenly and unexpectedly, she lets out a scream.

SUSAN: ALAN!!

Alan runs onto the stage left, in quick panicked steps. He is lanky and awkward and wears a pair of dress pants hiked up by a pair of suspenders that fit over his short-sleeved dress shirt, complete with pocket protector. He is clutching a notepad tightly to his chest; he should also speak in a Canadian accent. He runs directly past Susan, and flits about the stage, running in circles, looking into the audience, and at the convention goers, looking almost right through Susan.

ALAN: Susan, where are you?

SUSAN: I'm right here Alan!

ALAN: Oh, right. *(Alan runs over to Susan.)* What is it Susan?

SUSAN: *(Susan is looking out at the audience, she arcs one arm over the audience in one motion.)* Alan, what do you see in front of you?

ALAN: *(He takes one long look at the audience.)* Ummm...a bunch of people in seats looking at me...

Susan smacks Alan on the back of the head.

SUSAN: No, you dolt, that's the audience, we're not supposed to know about them.

ALAN: Ooooooh...sorry...then I see...what do I see, Susan?

SUSAN: You, young Alan, see the greatest country in the northern hemisphere, nay the world!

ALAN: America?

SUSAN: No, you dolt, what are you talkin' about. It's Canada!

A wide patriotic smile appears on her face.

ALAN: Oh, Canada!

The Canadian National Anthem begins to play in the background.

SUSAN: And here we are, standing in the greatest country in the world, hosting a convention dedicated to rating the greatness of the world's greatest country's greatest pastry.

ALAN: That sounds swell! *(The anthem stops and Susan smacks Alan again, and he tries again, with a smile.)* I mean, that sounds great!

SUSAN: It is great, great to be in charge of the 42nd Annual Canadian Pastry Judging Convention!

As Susan speaks, the sheet falls off the banner, revealing the words behind it. They read plain and clear: "42nd Annual Pie-Rating Convention."

ALAN: *(After a pause.)* ...oh.

SUSAN: Alan?

ALAN: Yes?

SUSAN: What do you mean, "Oh"?

ALAN: Well...to be entirely honest...I umm...wasn't aware that we had...changed the name.

Alan points timidly at the banner.

SUSAN: You mean...after last year...you forgot to change the name...the thing that caused so much havoc!!

ALAN: *(Alan opens his notepad and frantically flips through all the pages. After a second, he looks up at Susan with a very nervous smile. He starts to back away from Susan.)* I may have kind of forgotten to actually change it.

Susan closes in on Alan and wraps one arm around him, giving him a terrifying hug.

SUSAN: You are aware that that sign is going to attract seafaring brigands...swashbucklers, buccaneers, bandits of the sea, marauders, privateers, raiders...I'm talking about... *(Susan takes a moment and points at the corresponding words on the sign with the next two she speaks.)* PIE-RATES! Pirates Alan...you've attracted pirates!!!

ALAN: Oh...well...what are the chances that a pirate will come to the conference? *(There is a pause.)* I said 'Oh...well...what are the chances that a pirate will come to the conference?' *(There is another pause. Alan and Susan look nervously to stage right.)* I said "OH WELL, WHAT ARE THE CHANCES..."

Suddenly, in the middle of Alan's line, there is an explosion and a blast of smoke from stage right as pirates Meringue Beard, One Eye, Two-Lip, and Peg-Leg enter from stage right.

ALAN: Phew...finally!

PIRATES: YAAAARGH!!!

ALAN: ...there's a bunch of pirates behind me...aren't there?

SUSAN: Yes. *(There is a pause.)* Alan?

ALAN: Yes?

SUSAN: Fix this...or I'm bringing down Mr. Frisbee, and you do not want me to bring boss-man down here. Now, I have to go see about getting the wall fixed that they just crashed their pirate ship through.

ALAN: But how am I supposed to...?

SUSAN: I don't care, just make them leave...and remember, be polite, you're representing Canada here. Bye now.

Susan gives him a quick smile, then briskly exits stage left.

The pirates at this point begin to stroll around the stage, causing general disarray, looking at pies and bothering convention attendees. Alan takes a moment to ready himself to go talk to the pirates, who are spreading about the stage.

ALAN: Alright Alan, you can do this. Just go over there to the pirates, say...Hi, how's your day going, can you please leave...Mr...Pirate and not...loot our booty...oh that'll never work...I'm doomed right? NO...I can do this...I can totally do this...with the Canadian spirit inside of me!

Alan gains confidence, then looks to the audience.

I can do this, right?

His next response depends on the way the audience reacts. If they say yes, he says, "You guys are so nice." If they say no, then he says sarcastically, "Thanks for the vote of confidence." If they don't respond much at all, he says sarcastically, "Thanks for the help." Regardless, he turns away from the audience and starts to head towards the pirates. Lemm and Lime enter from the convention scene upstage, with pies in their hands, intercepting Alan on his way to the pirates.

Lemm is a man wearing a bright pink apron, he is dressed nicely underneath, with a yellow dress shirt, and black pants, nice shoes. Lime is a woman dressed similarly with the same color hair; she is wearing a nice green blouse and a black skirt under her pink apron. They are both wearing pairs of brightly colored oven mitts and carry pies in their hands. They talk quickly and excitedly in, of course, Canadian accents.

LEMM: Hey Alan, I'm not really sure if you noticed, but I think that the convention center might have been boarded by a crew of pirate, eh?

LIME: I mean, I know it happened last year and everything so I'm wondering if maybe it's kind of a yearly thing?

LEMM: I kind of hope it's not, because last year they claimed all my pies. They said the calories would really contribute to their booty.

When Lemm says the word "booty," all the pirates laugh and say the word "booty" in unison.

LIME: Yeah, it was kinda like that there yell, except last year they had swords...and a plank.

ALAN: Alright, Lemm, Lime, calm down for a minute. Yeah, I know there are pirates, and I'm trying to take care of it...do they really not have swords?

LEMM: Oh no, of course they don't. I heard them talking about it a minute ago, can't afford them on account of the economy.

When Lemm mentions the economy the pirates all put down their heads.

PIRATES: AYE....TIMES IS HAAAAAAAAAAAAAARD!

The pirates then resume their pillaging.

LIME: Any who, we gotta get these here pies back in the oven, have fun dealing with the pirates then, give 'em our best.

Lemm and Lime exit once more back stage, practically skipping to their oven.

ALAN: Hey, Lemm! Lime! Wait a sec...ah...never mind...I'll do it myself. *(To the audience.)* Alright, no weapons, that's not so bad. *(Alan finally makes his way to stage right, where the pirates have all gathered behind Meringue Beard. They are all laughing when he approaches.)* Umm...excuse me...Mr....Pirate? *(They keep laughing, not acknowledging Alan. He leans in and taps Meringue Beard on the shoulder. Meringue Beard turns sharply and stares*

at Alan. The laughter stops and the pirates all stare at Alan. Alan nervously speaks.) Umm...hello there and welcome...

MERINGUE: (*Meringue Beard is the captain of the ship and dresses as such. Big hat, bigger feather, even bigger beard.*) Who arrrr you?

ALAN: Oh, uh, well, my name is Alan, and I work here at the...

MERINGUE: Aye, a solid name! Me mum's name was Alan. How do you do Alan, I'm Captain Henry Tigginsbotham. But me crew calls me Meringue Beard! This here's me crew. Peg-Leg...

Peg-Leg has a peg leg, and scars all over her face and arms. She is the toughest looking pirate of the bunch and hardly speaks. Instead of saying hello to Alan, she stomps her peg leg on the ground and gives him a terrifying look.

MERINGUE: Ha, she's the toughest one on the crew. Next, we have me daughter, Two-Lip.

TWO-LIP: (*Two-Lip shakes her hips at Alan, she is chewing gum and twirling a finger through her hair. She's fiddling on a cell phone.*) Yeah, hi Adam.

ALAN: It's Alan.

TWO-LIP: Yeah, whatever.

ALAN: That's a nice name, being named after a flower.

MERINGUE: No, she's actually named after the fact she has two lips. It runs in the family that we're only born with a bottom lip. Otherwise, I wouldn't have to grow this ridiculous beard! (*Two-Lip blows Alan a kiss then goes back to her cell phone.*) And last but not least, this here is my first mate, goes by the name of One Eye!

ONE EYE: (*One Eye is dressed like a pirate. Tall boots, billowing white shirt and black pants. He is wearing a bandana and a tri-cornered hat.*) Aye Captain!

ALAN: Excuse me, if you don't mind my asking, you have two eyes, why do they call you One Eye?

ONE EYE: Aye, that's true, kind of a funny story really. (*There is a long pause as Alan waits for the story.*)

ALAN: ...so...what's the story?

ONE EYE: Haha, ah, it's because I actually have two eyes.

ALAN: I don't get it...

ONE EYE: It's EYE-ronic!

The whole crew bursts into laughter. Alan nervously laughs along with the pirates.

ALAN: Haha...um...so, I think there's been some kind of misunderstanding.

MERINGUE: (*Meringue hushes the pirates by putting a hand into the hair, they all stop laughing and pay attention.*) What kind of misunderstanding is that, Mr. Alan?

ALAN: Well, I hate to break it to you and everything...but...I think...maybe you're at the wrong convention.

MERINGUE: What do you mean, Mr. Alan? It says "42nd Annual Pirating Convention" right on that there banner, hanging in the wall.

ONE EYE: Arr, I see it with me own two eyes.

PEG-LEG: (*Peg-Leg stamps her peg leg and gives Alan a nasty look.*) Arrr!!

TWO-LIP: Yeah, like totally whatever or whatever.

ALAN: Well...you see, it actually says pie-rating.

MERINGUE: Aye, pirating!

ALAN: NO, you don't understand, it's two words, it's not pirating, it's pie rating...we rate pies.

MERINGUE: Arrr you calling us stupid Mr. Alan? Because I assure you, we're not stupid people, Mr. Alan.

Peg-Leg takes a threatening step towards Alan and grinds her fists at him.

ALAN: Nonononononono...no, I'm not saying you're stupid, I'm just sayin you don't understand...what's happening. It might just be...an oversight.

ONE EYE: Arrr, he's making fun 'o my name!

The pirates surround Alan in a complete circle and Alan starts to scream, when suddenly Stephen appears from stage right. Stephen is

wearing a very fine suit, pinstriped, and a briefcase. He speaks calmly to the whole group but loudly.

STEPHEN: STOP IT, all of you. There is an anti-violence policy in your contract.

The pirates back away from Alan who is now cowering on the ground. Alan is slightly disheveled and missing one of his shirt sleeves, as Stephen enters.

MERINGUE: Arr...okay.

STEPHEN: Okay, now tell the gentleman that you're sorry.

PIRATES: *(All at once.)* We're s-arrrrrrr-y.

ALAN: Who are you?

Stephen walks over to Alan and helps him to his feet.

STEPHEN: Sorry about my clients here, they are a bit...hot-headed. My name is Stephen, and I'm their accountant.

ALAN: What does a pirate's accountant have to do with anything?

MR. FRISBEE: *(There is a booming voice heard over the stage.)* I think I can explain!

Mr. Frisbee enters from stage left, followed by Susan, he is a large man with a larger moustache, he wears a suit with a red maple leaf pinned to the lapel.

ALAN: Mr. Frisbee?

Everyone on stage except Mr. Frisbee repeats Alan, saying "Mr. Frisbee."

MR. FRISBEE: Yes, it's me, Mr. Frisbee, and I can explain! *(Mr. Frisbee crosses to center stage to address everyone.)* It was a year ago today, during the 41st Annual Pie-Rating Convention, when the convention was crashed by a troubled group of pirates who learned to read phonetically, and of course, became confused

by the terms pie-rating, and their own career of pirating. They came to our convention, and angered by the lack of booty, looted the hole place, taking all the pies. It was at this time, the darkest of hours in the history of Canadian pies, that an idea came to me. I would combine pie-rating, and pirating. Shortly afterwards, I came into contact with a man who claimed to be a pirate accountant, and together, my dream became a reality. We could hire a crew of pirates, who have fallen on hard times. Times hard enough that they had to sell all their weapons, and their plank, to pay for young Two-lip's cell phone plan! We'd hire them on as mascots, to come once again to the pie-rating convention. They wouldn't have to worry about booty anymore, except the booty they would have from eating too much pie! And this time, they would be welcomed with open Canadian arms, eh?

ALAN: So...wait, you're saying that the pirates were supposed to be here, all along?

MR. FRISBEE: Why, of course, m' boy. The trouble was that Susan here lost the memo I gave her, and as soon as I realized that, I came down here to clear it up with everyone.

Susan laughs nervously and Alan gives her a dirty look.

MERINGUE: Now that that's all cleared up, what say you we all have a paaaaarty!

Everyone on stage cheers. Lemm and Lime run onto center stage, with fresh pies in their hands.

LEMM AND LIME: The pies are done! Who's ready for some pie-rating?

Lights out.

THE END