

ONCE UPON A PIRATE

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Matthew Carlin

Copyright © MMIX by Matthew Carlin

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

ONCE UPON A PIRATE

By Matthew Carlin

SYNOPSIS: Hannaford Museum's new pirate exhibit is making waves. Until now, the legend of Captain Bartholomew Percy was thought by many to be only that, a legend. The legend states that Percy and the infamous pirate Blackbeard came to odds and Blackbeard, deathly afraid of Percy, had a sorcerer banish him into limbo. When Blackbeard's distant relative sends a couple of bumbling crooks to steal any proof of the legend, Captain Percy's soul is released and seeks out revenge with the help of two terrified and disbelieving night watchmen.

If you're on the lookout for adventure, then drop sail and prepare for this swashbuckling pirate comedy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(FIVE MEN, THREE WOMEN)

LOU LAWSON (m)..... A somewhat bumbling but lovable guy, probably in his thirties or early forties. *(112 lines)*

CASEY STIGLER (m) Lou's longtime friend who is about the same age as Lou. Casey thinks he is the brains of the pair. *(40 lines)*

CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW

PERCY (m)..... A pirate who comes back to life after two hundred years of exile in limbo. *(110 lines)*

LEON (m)..... A happy, not- -too- -bright crook who loves to eat. *(55 lines)*

MAXINE (f)..... Leon's wife, also a crook and definitely the boss in this organization. *(44 lines)*

MRS. HANNAFORD (f) The matronly owner of the Hannaford Museum. (17 lines)

KELLI (f) Mrs. Hannaford's teenage daughter. (5 lines)

PROFESSOR EDWARD

TEACH (m) A distant relative of the pirate Blackbeard. (16 lines)

PRODUCTION NOTES

The set can be as simple or elaborate as you desire by simply throwing some boxes and newspaper around on an empty stage or building an actual basement for the museum. The real fun is in the characters. Leon and Maxine should be played with a gangster or maybe Brooklyn- -type accent. Despite the fact they are "bad guys," we should really like both of them. Casey and Lou are definitely reminiscent of Abbott and Costello and if played that way, should be lots of fun. Percy the Pirate is bigger than life - - boisterous, commanding and even though he does his best to come off as mean and intimidating, we like him too. The real bad guy is Teach and he definitely should be played that way. The main thing with the show is to have fun, go as nuts with the costumes as you want.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE, SCENE 1	Hannaford Museum
ACT ONE, SCENE 2	Hannaford Museum
ACT ONE, SCENE 3	Hannaford Museum

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

The scene opens in the Hannaford Museum. Several boxes are stacked about the room and one crate has obviously been opened, and we see straw and newspaper spread around it. Center stage a large sheet covers something. We can see the bottom of a set of stairs leading off left. Next to that is a small desk and chair with assorted papers, pencils, paperweights, etc., on the desk. From off right, we hear a crash and then the voices of MAXINE and LEON as they try to enter the basement through the window they have broken. These two bumblerers are husband and wife, but it's obvious that MAXINE is the boss. They both speak with Jersey accents.

MAXINE: *(From offstage.)* Leon! Watch what you are doing, Leon! Do not push me! Wait a minute! My jacket is caught on something! Don't do that! Leon! I said don't do . . . *(We hear ripping, tearing sound.)* . . . that! *(Maxine comes tumbling into the room. She is dressed in slacks, blouse and a jacket that has been shredded on one side. She surveys the damage as LEON ambles in carrying a flashlight and eating a Twinkie. He wears slacks and coat with a button-down shirt that is open at the collar. He is the kind of fellow that no matter how hard he tries, he always looks disheveled.)*

LEON: Didja find anything, Maxine? Didja find anything?

MAXINE: *(Holding out the edge of the jacket for him to see.)* Three hundred bucks I spent for this. Three hundred bucks. I worn it once.

LEON: *(Obviously not listening to a word she said he now turns and sees the jacket.)* Geez, Maxine! Ya tore up your jacket. It was so beautiful! *(Touches the edge of the jacket.)* What happened?

MAXINE: *(Knocks his hand away and turns away.)* What happened, he says. What happened. *(Turns back to him.)* What happened? You happened, Leon. You pushed me! I told you not to push me! You . . . you . . . neanderthal!

LEON: Geez, Maxine. I ain't no neanderthal. I am from Jersey. You know that. *(Comes up and puts his head on her shoulder.)* I was born right next to that little church where we first begun our marital bliss!

MAXINE: Don't remind me. *(Crossing away, she looks down to the jacket again.)* My beautiful jacket. *(She looks at LEON who is again attacking his Twinkie.)* Leon?

LEON: Yes, my sugar plum?

MAXINE: Why are you eating again?

LEON: It's my dessert, my pumpkin. I had a somewhat large dinner this evening and my mother, bless her, says I should always eat a balanced meal.

MAXINE: Your mother . . . *(Hers sounds quite sarcastic.)* . . . bless her, should have given you more brain food, for from this type of food you have obviously not partaken sufficient quantities.

LEON: *(Pause.)* Maxine?

MAXINE: What?

LEON: What's brain food?

MAXINE: Well, I am told that fish is a particularly good source of . . . *(Pause.)* Now you got me talkin' about food! Come on! We got work to do!

LEON: *(Follows her like a little puppy, rambling on.)* Fish? I eat fish, Maxine. Maybe I should eat more fish. I could do that. I mean, it ain't my favorite 'cause of all them little bones and sometimes they cook it with the head on. I hate that. If I'm gonna eat it I don't want it lookin' me in the eye. You know what I mean? I hate that! Do you hate that?

MAXINE: Leon, darling.

LEON: Yes, my snookums?

MAXINE: Shut up!

LEON: Yes, my sweetness, I am shutting up. *(Mimes zipping his mouth shut.)* Closed for business! Not a sound will you . . . *(She stares at him and this shuts him up, momentarily, but after a beat.)* Shut!

MAXINE: Get over here!

LEON: I am right there with you, my angel! *(Crosses to her.)*

MAXINE: Leon, I would be extremely gratified if you would assist me in the swift completion of our assigned task so's we may vacate these premises sometime before our next wedding anniversary!

LEON: You lead and I will follow. *(Pause.)* Beloved?

MAXINE: *(Who has begun looking around.)* What?

LEON: I will not forget it next time. *(She looks at him.)* Our anniversary. You have my solemn oath. *(Raises his left hand.)*

MAXINE: *(Looks heavenward.)* Sometimes, I think we took this partners in crime thing a little too far. *(Takes LEON by the arms and points down right.)* Leon, dear, you will reconnoiter over there, while I do likewise, over here. *(Points left.)*

LEON: Whatever you desire, my lamb- -chop. *(They head in their respective directions but then LEON stops scratching his head.)* Uh? Uh?

MAXINE: *(Exasperated.)* What is it now?

LEON: What is it we was lookin' for again?

MAXINE: How many times I gotta tell you? We are lookin' for a box or a crate or anything what's marked with the words, "Captain Percy Exhibit." Inside that box, I am told, we will find a smaller box, somewhat akin to a jewelry box. This is the object of our pursuit. Now will you please? We ain't got all night!

LEON: Anything for you, my cupcake. *(Hesitates.)* Uh? Maxine?

MAXINE: What?!!!

LEON: How do you spell, Percy? *(She gives him a hard look.)* So's I can find the box what's marked with it.

MAXINE: *(She has no idea.)* Why it's, P - - U - - R - - S - - E . . . of course. Yeah. Yeah. That's it. P - - U - - R - - S - - E! Got it?

LEON: Got it!

MAXINE: I am in raptures! Now, get to work! *(He starts right looking at several of the boxes as he goes. MAXINE does the same. After a moment he walks over to the crate that has been opened and sees written on the side of the box, "CAPTAIN PERCY EXHIBIT." He reads.)*

LEON: P - - E - - R - - C - - Y. Nope! *(He picks up a small box, similar to a jewelry box and begins to toss it up and down. He looks at a couple of other crates and then gives up. He sits on the box with "PERCY" clearly visible. He pulls out more food and begins to eat, fiddling with the box absentmindedly.)* It ain't over here! It is nowhere to be seen, Maxine. Hey. That rhymes! To be seen, Maxine! Have you seen, Maxine? I seen, Maxine. I am a poet. Maybe I will write a song for you, eh, Maxine? I could serenade you every night.

MAXINE: *(This last gets her attention.)* Shut up. It's gotta be here somewhere! *(She looks over at LEON who has stared humming grandly to himself and sees the writing on the box.)* Hey! Sinatra!

LEON: Yes, my turtle dove?

MAXINE: You're sitting on it!

LEON: Huh?

MAXINE: The box we been lookin' for!

LEON: Huh?

LEON looks down and as he does, he loses his grip on the box. He fumbles with it but loses his grip and it goes flying behind him and out of sight. As it lands there is a small explosion and smoke. The room lights up as if lightning is striking and a sound like crashing thunder is heard. Concurrent with all of this, a wave of motion begins under one of the sheets and we hear the booming voice of CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW PERCY.

PERCY: Aaaaaaahhh! Blimey! Where am I?!!! *(From offstage we hear CASEY STIGLER, one of the night watchmen for the museum calling.)*

CASEY: What's that noise down there? *(Pause.)* Lou?!! *(Also, from offstage, we hear LOU LAWSON, the other night watchman.)*

LOU: Yeah, Casey?

LEON: Did you hear that? *(They stare at each other.)*

MAXINE: Which part?

CASEY: Get down there and find out what that noise is!

LOU: Why do I gotta go? Why don't you go? You know I don't like being alone down there by myself.

CASEY: That's the same thing!

LOU: What?

CASEY: Alone and by myself!

LOU: I don't care. I don't like it.

CASEY: Ah! Don't be a baby! Now get down there!

LOU: I'm going! I'm going!

PERCY: Somebody get this sail offa me afore I start splitting me some gizzards!

MAXINE: That, I heard! Let us make haste and blow! *(She grabs LEON but he slips from her grasp and stands there breathing rapidly.)* You idiot! Let's get out of here. Now! *(She exits right and LEON starts to follow but stops short.)*

LEON: Please do not refer to me as an idiot, my honey bun. You know that I am somewhat sensitive to such derogatory remarks and also it's . . . *(Her hand reaches out and grabs him by the collar.)* Okay. I'm coming! *(She yanks him offstage.)* Whoa!

PERCY finally is able to remove the sheet, revealing himself in full pirate splendor, including sword and dagger at his side. He is awkwardly, comically stiff during the scene, continually flexing and stretching to rid himself of it. It ebbs a little as the scene progresses.

PERCY: *(Throwing the sheet off.)* At last! Ayeee! Me back! Aaahhh! I'm stiff as a halibut been hung out to dry! *(PERCY steps up right behind some of the boxes and tries to stretch. He is silent for a moment as we finally see CASEY enter down left on the steps. He is dressed in night watchman attire, jacket and tie with white shirt and slacks. He wears a cap and a name tag. He carries a flashlight which at the moment is off and shaking, almost violently in his hand.)*

LOU: *(Whispering, timidly.)* Hello? Hello? *(Looking around he does not see PERCY sneaking around behind the boxes toward him, probably because he can barely raise his eyes he is so afraid.)* Anybody there? *(Lets out a sigh of relief.)* Whew!

PERCY: *(Who has moved into position, now steps in behind him, sword brandished.)* Don't you move! Don't think I 'aven't seen ya, skulkin' around like a bilge rat lookin' to steal me last bread crumb. *(Straightens up as best he can and points the sword directly at LOU.)* Now, tell me who ye are, afore I forget me manners and run ya through! *(As LOU turns slowly his eyes focus on the sword pointed directly at his belly. He tries to call CASEY but can barely get any sound to come out.)*

LOU: *(Looking back and forth from over his shoulder to the sword.)*
C - - C - - Casey?

PERCY: What? Who?

LOU: Oh, C - - Casey?

PERCY: What? Who are ye!

LOU: I - - I - - I . . .

PERCY: (*Holding his hand to his ear.*) I - - I . . . ? Speak up boy!

LOU: I - - I . . .

PERCY: (*Gives him a little prod with the sword.*) I said speak up!
What's the matter with ye? Are ya deaf? Who are ye?

LOU: I . . .

PERCY: (*Moves face to face and stares him down.*) Boy. Me mother . . . (*Removes his hat and places it over his heart.*) . . . rest her soul . . . (*Replaces the hat.*) . . . always told me that me only fault were, I ain't had no patience. (*Moves closer.*) I never would make a liar of me sainted mother. Now give me yer name afore I filet ya like a codfish!

LOU: Lou! Lou's my name!

PERCY: Now, that weren't so difficult, were it, boy?

LOU: No. But . . .

PERCY: But what?

LOU: (*Stammering as it spills out.*) But who are you? Where did you come from? What are you doing here? It's night time! Nobody's supposed to be here at night time except me and Casey! Why are you dressed like that? No one is supposed to be down here and I wish you wouldn't point that thing at me like that! That's sharp! That could hurt somebody! Where did you get that? I don't think . . .

PERCY: (*Covers his ears.*) Aye! Stop! (*In his face again.*) I think I liked ye better afore ye opened the hatch!

LOU: (*Turning on the flashlight he points it first up the stairs and then back at PERCY.*) I wanna . . . I wanna know how you got in here, you! This place was locked up and I . . . (*The light hits PERCY and he reacts, violently.*)

PERCY: Aaahhh! I'm blinded! (*Staggers down right.*) Blinded by the devil!

LOU: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to . . . (*Points the flashlight at him again and PERCY runs, stiffly, to hide behind a box.*)

PERCY: Keep away from me, ya devil! Ya, witch!

LOU: (*Twirling the flashlight around.*) Hey! That's not a nice thing to say!

PERCY: Demon, then! Banshee! Sorcerer!

LOU: Stop calling me names! *(Pause.)* What's a banshee?

PERCY: I may ha' been locked away for a century or three but I still know sorcery when I sees it! Fire flies from your scepter there!

LOU: No. No. Look. *(Takes a step forward, turning off the flashlight as he does.)* It's not a scepter. It's just a flashlight.

PERCY: Ah! *(Cautiously stepping out.)* It's lost its magic.

LOU: I just turned it off.

PERCY: *(Shaking his head.)* Aye! With your magic!

LOU: *(Giggles.)* No. It's just a flashlight. Look. It won't hurt you. *(Holds it out to PERCY urging him to take it.)*

PERCY: It's no sorcery? *(LOU shakes his head no and PERCY finally, gingerly takes the flashlight. He looks it over closely, looking at it from every angle. Finally, he notices the switch and pushes it. The light comes on and PERCY screams and flings it back to LOU.)* Aaahhh! *(Draws his sword.)* I'll send it back to the devil!

LOU: Wait! Wait! It's not magic! It's just a light, so I can see in the dark! *(LOU demonstrates, showing PERCY how the switch turns the light on and off.)* See?

PERCY: A torch?

LOU: Yeah. Yeah. A kind of torch.

PERCY: Well, why didn't ya say so in the first place? *(Takes the flashlight again.)* Not that I be a- -feared of any sorcery, mind ya. Had a few unpleasantries now and then but no sorcerer ever got the best of Captain Barthlomew Percy! *(Looking in the lens of the flashlight.)* How do you strike fire in here?

LOU: *(Stares at PERCY for a moment and then a big smile comes across his face.)* Oh! I get it! This is a publicity stunt! Mrs. Hannaford is trying to trick me. Ah- -ha! I gotcha! Can't fool Lou Lawson! Where did you come from? How did she sneak you down here?

PERCY: So ye wanna know where I come from, do ye lad? *(Circles around him.)* Why, it's simple. I come from this here box! *(Removes coat from the same box Leon had found earlier.)* This cursed little box! *(Pauses.)* What be the year, lad?

LOU: *(Mumbles.)* What be the . . . okay. Okay. I'll go along. *(In his best pirate voice.)* The year be 2009! *(Directors: Feel free to update the year.)*

PERCY: (*Shocked.*) Two thousand and nine? Then I been locked in this here box for nearly two hunerd years! Two hunerd years in a box what ain't fit for a self- -respecting sardine!

LOU: How'd you get out?

PERCY: Somebody musta broke the lock. All's I know is I'm standin' here and I ain't scrunched up in here . . . (*Indicates the box.*) . . . no more! Nor will I ever be again!

LOU: So you just sort of . . . grew . . . when the box opened?

PERCY: Are you sure you got all your oars in the water, boy?

LOU: What?

PERCY: It weren't me body in the box. It were me soul! Me ever lovin' soul!

LOU: So your body just appeared out of nowhere when your soul was set free.

PERCY: I reckon it did. The world is full of great mysteries.

LOU: Poof! There you are!

PERCY: I'm standin' here, ain't I? (*LOU has gotten a little cocky in his assurance that this is all a joke. He begins to search around the room, looking behind boxes, under the desk, etc.*)

LOU: Okay, Mrs. Hannaford. You can come out now. (*Looking around.*) You picked a doozie! This guy is something else. Great costume too. He looks just like a crusty old pirate.

PERCY: Crusty and old is it?

LOU: Great idea. Dressing this guy up for the exhibit. (*Still looking.*)

PERCY: Eggs- -hibit? I ain't no eggs- -hibit!

LOU: No. Captain Percy is the exhibit.

PERCY: No! I be Captain Percy! The one and only!

LOU: (*Stares for a moment and then bursts out laughing.*) Am I on Candid Camera?

PERCY: Methinks, I don't appreciate your demeanor, boy!

LOU: (*Mocking.*) Methinks, I don't appreciate your demeanor, boy! That's great! You could milk a wooden cow!

PERCY: In all me years, I ain't never struck a man that was clearly lackin' in here . . . (*Points to his forehead.*) . . . but necessity is necessity! (*He brandishes the sword at LOU, narrowly missing.*)

LOU: Hey, be careful! You coulda hurt me with that thing!

PERCY: Them's the first intelligent syllables I heard you utter!
(*Swings the sword again and LOU ducks.*) Come here, ya mullet!
Hold still so's I can teach ya a lesson! (*Swings once more and LOU dodges but he smashes one of the boxes.*)

LOU: Cut it out!

PERCY: I'm tryin' if you'd just hold still! (*Swings and misses and LOU runs behind some of the boxes.*) Ya've gone and ruined a beautiful friendship, you have! Doubtin' me word like that! (*Pursues LOU around the room as he speaks.*) I may be a low down dirty scoundrell! I may be the most bloodthirsty pirate ever to hoist a gib! I may be the scourge of the seven seas, the most afear'd man ever to don a captain's hat but . . . (*Smiles.*) . . . I come by it honestly! Ha- -ha! (*Backs LOU into a corner.*) Now. I'll tell ye one last time . . . and I ain't braggin' and I ain't mincin' no words! I be Captain Barthlomew Percy, Esquire and if anyone says I ain't, he be a bald- -faced liar!

LOU: (*Now a little frightened again.*) B . . . b . . . but . . .

PERCY: (*Menacing with the sword.*) But what?

LOU: Captain P . . . P . . . Percy is d . . . d . . . dead!

PERCY: Rumors! Lies! Gross misrepresentations of the facts!

LOU: B . . . b . . . but . . . !

PERCY: But what!

LOU: But you look good for two hundred and fifty!

PERCY: Ain't nobody lives for two hundred and fifty years!

LOU: But you just said . . .

PERCY: (*Back at LOU.*) I said I weren't dead! Ain't ya heard a word, boy? I said it was me soul. Don't you read the history books? Limbo! I been trapped in limbo for all them years! Trapped in that there accursed box! Put there by that slitherin' coward, that bottom feedin' bucket of barnacles, that misbegotten excuse for a member of this here human race! Blackbeard!

LOU: Blackbeard?

PERCY: Aye! A fungus is bloomin' in me ears just having that name pass through 'em! (*LOU squirms a little at that and puts his finger in his ears to check.*) So, you've 'eard of him 'ave ya?

LOU: Sure! Everybody's 'eard . . . uh . . . heard of Blackbeard.

PERCY: Then you know what kind of cowardly vermin he were!
(*Crosses away.*) He were a- -feared to meet me face to face, he were, so's he had me bewitched. Bewitched and placed in everlastin' limbo! Me only comfort for all these years was knowin' the world would remember me glorious past and curse Blackbeard for the pond scum that he were!

LOU: (*Looking like he has bad news to deliver.*) Oh.

PERCY: Oh?

LOU: Well.

PERCY: Well?

LOU: (*Cowering.*) That's not exactly the way the history books remember it.

PERCY: No?

LOU: No. (*Moving away, speaking softly.*) Until now, the history books said Captain Percy was more of a legend. The legend says Blackbeard wiped out your entire crew and forced you to walk the plank. It says he made you beg for your life.

PERCY: It's a blasted lie!

LOU: Sorry! At least all of this stuff they found will show everyone there was a Captain Percy.

PERCY: Blackbeard! (*Stalks downstage.*) That lyin', schemin' worm! A bloke works all his life to establish a certain . . . reputation, somethin' to be remembered by, then has it ruined when he cain't even be there to defend himself! It ain't proper!

LOU: (*Getting into the spirit.*) It ain't proper!

PERCY: It's Blackbeard, lad. He's ruined me! It be fortuitous for him he's a dead man, 'cause if he weren't, I'd lower his sails for him! I'd take this here sword and split him from end to end. I'd dissect him! I'd turn him into shark bait quicker than a lightning strike could singe me backside! I'd take him in me bare hands, like this here parchment . . . (*Picks up a newspaper that has been used for some of the packing.*) . . . and I'd rip him from stem to stern! (*As he is about to rip the paper he notices a photograph of EDWARD TEACH.*) I'd . . . I'd . . . (*With a look of pure vengeance in his eyes.*) Lou, me boy? What is this here?

LOU: Are you kidding? (*PERCY makes a threatening move toward him and LOU dodges behind the desk.*) It's a newspaper!

PERCY: What's it do?

LOU: It reports the news and stuff. You know, stuff that's happening.

PERCY: (*Looking at the photo again.*) Happening now?

LOU: Mostly.

PERCY: (*Shows him the picture.*) And who be this, in this here picture?

LOU: (*Looks at the photo.*) Oh, that's Professor Edward Teach.

PERCY: (*Turns away and speaks the name through his teeth.*) Teach!??

LOU: Yep. Mrs. Hannaford says he's a collector. He's been trying to get her to sell the museum to him but he doesn't really want it. He just wants to take all the good stuff and close it down! He's not a very nice man.

PERCY: Is that so? I'd like to meet this Professor Teach, I would.

LOU: He's supposed to be here tonight for some kind of party. Me and Casey have to be here, too, but I don't know how you could . . .

PERCY: You can tell 'em I'm a . . . (*Shivers in disgust.*) . . . actor, like you said before!

LOU: I don't know . . . it's . . .

PERCY: (*Buddying up.*) Now you can do this one little favor for your old buddy, Percy. Can't ya?

LOU: Old buddy? I just . . . (*Points over to the boxes.*) I didn't even . . .

PERCY: (*With an arm around him, pulls him close.*) Now, Lou, me boy! You don't wanna make the old cap'n unhappy? (*Holds the sword up.*) Do ye?

LOU: (*Gulps.*) No. No. No. (*Moves away.*) I'll have to tell Casey, that's my best friend and Mrs. Hannaford, the owner of the museum.

PERCY: About the brilliant idear you had to have me impersonatin' the one and only Cap'n Bartholomew Percy!

LOU: Right. (*Starts backing to the stairs.*) Mrs. Hannaford was going to come down and check on the exhibit first thing this morning. I'll bring Casey down first and then you can meet Mrs. Hannaford. It'll be a few hours. Are you going to be okay down here by yourself?

PERCY: I been by meself for two hunerd years. I reckon I can stand a few more hours.

LOU: You won't be afraid?

PERCY: I ain't afraid of nothin', nor nobody!

LOU: *(Moving toward the light switch.)* At least I don't have to leave you in the dark. I don't like it in the dark.

PERCY: Dark? The dark don't scare the most fearless man ever to sail the seven seas! I got more backbone than a humpback whale! I . . . *(LOU flips the light switch and the stage comes to full brightness. PERCY looks up with eyes as wide as saucers and gives out a long screech at the top of his lungs.)*
Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh! *(Blackout.)*

END OF ACT ONE, SCENE 1.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from ONCE UPON A PIRATE by Matthew Carlin. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HITPLAYS.COM