

Pirate Island

By Martin Follse

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PIRATE ISLAND

PIRATE ISLAND **By Martin Follose**

CASTAWAYS

(Approximately eleven men, six women, extras; flexible)

BARBARA

Captain's rough and tough daughter. The leader of the castaways and former school teacher.

DOLLY

Barbara's friend.

BUFFY

Always worried about her looks, carries around a mirror.

MRS. HOUSTON

Explorer always taking pictures to "record" history.

PIERRE

Only man with the castaways. He was the ship's chef.

JANE

In love with Pierre.

ANGIE

A medical student.

CAPTAIN

Captain of the ship that wrecked; Barbara's father.

EXTRAS

Additional castaways.

PIRATES

CAPTAIN PEACH

Pirate of all pirates. He has ambitions to be the president of his own country. He is the smartest of all the pirates.

SANDY

Old shipmates with Captain Peach.

SHORTY

Not such a bright pirate.

MAC

None the wiser.

PETE

Always wanted to be a plumber.

LUIS

His father was a blacksmith.

WILLIAM

Well-fed pirate, always wanted to be a dancer.

EXTRAS

Additional pirates.

NATIVES

BIG NATIVE

Always the brunt of everyone's jokes. A buccaneer in his own right.

LITTLE NATIVE

Onerous, outmaneuvers Big Native over and over again.

Pirate Island is designed for a cast of seventeen, about eleven men and six women. However, adjust the cast to suit your production needs. The natives could easily be played by

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females and for a larger cast, add extra castaways, pirates, and/or natives. If you would like a smaller cast, you could combine SHORTY and MAC, etc.

SYNOPSIS

PLACE

The main action takes place on a deserted island.

TIME

The present.

ACT ONE: A remote area of the island.

ACT TWO: Pirate's camp.

ACT THREE: Native's village.

COSTUMES

Castaways

All castaways wear modern shorts, blouses, and tennis shoes with the exception of BUFFY, MRS.HOUSTON, PIERRE, ANGIE, and the CAPTAIN.

BUFFY wears a blouse that is tied in front, frayed jean shorts, and black dress shoes if they do not impede her from running. (She could go barefoot.) She carries a hand held mirror with a string so that it can be worn around her neck. **MRS. HOUSTON** wears a tan short coat, belted on the outside, tan shorts, black shoes, scarf, and a tropical helmet. **PIERRE** dresses as a chef: white pants, black shoes, white shirt with a dirty white apron. He also wears a chef's hat. **ANGIE** wears black pants, a white blouse, and a white "doctor's" coat with black or white shoes. She carries a stethoscope. **CAPTAIN** wears white pants, black shoes, white shirt with tie, and a dark blue military coat. He also wears a captain's hat and possibly medals on his coat.

Pirates

The pirates wear a variety of colors, different types of shirts and pants, and all go barefoot. Their clothes can be old, dirty, and

torn. They also wear sashes and bandannas on their heads with the exception of MAC who wears a pirate hat. They can strap belts over their shoulders, earrings, etc.

CAPTAIN PEACH dresses much more elaborately than any of the other pirates. He wears a white ruffled shirt, bright colored coat with large cuffs and gold and lace trim, black pants, black boots with spats, and a sash. He has a long, black wig, musketeer hat with feather, and eye patch. **SANDY** is dressed as a Captain's cabin boy with white shirt, black pants and no shoes.

Natives

Both of the natives wear grass skirts. They are shirtless and barefoot. Their faces and chests can be painted. They also have shell or bone necklaces and carry spears. Each time the natives steal something the **LITTLE NATIVE** wears it the next time he comes on stage. Then he puts these items in the chest as part of the treasure.

PROPERTIES

Act One

Large timeworn chest (large enough for **DOLLY** to fit into)

Small pad of paper and pencil

Hand mirror

Two cameras, film, camera bag

Stethoscope, two band-aids

Three sticks of gum

Flintlock pistol (cardboard or real)

Treasure chest map

Two spears

Hair tie

Act Two

Nets

Barrels

Cooking equipment

Crate

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Telescope
Pirate flag
Rope
Additional items for pirate camp

Act Three

Native hut
Clay pots
Skulls
Bones
Tahitian mask
Exotic headdresses
Additional items for native village

Items for treasure chest:

Gold vases
Crowns
Pearl and diamond necklaces, jewelry
Other trinkets

NATIVES

Remember, much of the fun will come from the slapstick comedy of the natives. The native's pranks will be a definite audience pleaser thus, their roles should be played very broadly.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

For a great effect, try printing an old treasure map on your programs and fold them in the form of maps. Perhaps ushers /usherettes could dress as pirates and carry telescopes to help locate seats for audience members.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

Setting:

The beach of a deserted island. There is a chest near center stage. There is a cutout of a sand hill left stage and palm trees, bushes, and tropical plants around. The walls of the set are painted or covered to resemble a tropical forest. There is a very large rock up center that hides an exit. The rock could be painted on a flat or cut from a flat piece of cardboard in the shape of a rock. The only requirement is that it covers the exit up stage. Palm trees cut from cardboard would also cover the opening. There are exits down right and down left. Additional "beach" items are scattered on stage: seaweed, shells, driftwood, etc.

At Rise:

Just shipwrecked, DOLLY is sitting with her back against the front of the chest resting. PIERRE and JANE are sitting close to the sandhill, arm in arm. BUFFY is looking at herself in a hand mirror, trying to fix her hair. MRS. HOUSTON is wandering around taking pictures. She has several cameras around her neck and carries a camera bag. ANGIE is sitting with her back against the side of the chest. She is checking her heart beat with a stethoscope.

ANGIE: I think I'm still alive.

DOLLY: Of course you're still alive. We're all alive.

ANGIE: Oh, thank you. I always feel better after a second opinion.

BARBARA: *(Entering from LEFT.)* The raft is completely destroyed.

BUFFY: So's my hair.

BARBARA: There's no chance of repairing it.

BUFFY: *(Trying to fix her hair.)* Oh, I don't think it's that bad.

BARBARA: I'm talking about the raft.

BUFFY: Oh.

DOLLY: Barbara, what are we going to do? *(MRS. HOUSTON wanders around taking pictures of each castaway as they speak.)*

BARBARA: We're going to wait until help arrives, Dolly.

PIERRE: How long will that be?

BARBARA: There is no telling, it could be several days to several months.

BUFFY: Several MONTHS?! I can't wait several months to have my hair done. This is an emergency. I need to see a stylist right away.

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BARBARA: Buffy, your hair is not our major concern. (*MRS. HOUSTON is ready to take a picture of BUFFY.*)

BUFFY: Don't you dare take a picture of me in this condition.

BARBARA: Mrs. Houston. Could you please stop taking pictures. We are in the middle of a crisis.

MRS. HOUSTON: This could be a major event in history. I must document every detail. (*She continues taking pictures.*)

BARBARA: Well, could you at least do it from a distance.

MRS. HOUSTON: If I must.

ANGIE: I have to take my entrance exams for medical school next week. I have to get back.

BARBARA: Your exam is just going to have to wait. Until my father arrives to rescue us we are stranded on this island.

PIERRE: This is all your fault.

BARBARA: My fault?

PIERRE: If you didn't have to bring that thing along (*Indicates the chest.*) then maybe we would have stayed with the others and wouldn't have drifted so far.

BARBARA: That chest is my life. It was given to me by my mother which was given to her by her mother. It has been in the family for generations. I couldn't let it go down with the ship. The storm is the reason we're stranded, not my chest.

PIERRE: Yes, but didn't you forget the oars because of that chest?

BARBARA: Well, when they said women and children first, why were you in the front of the line?

PIERRE: I was only helping them into the rafts.

BARBARA: I see that you helped yourself in, too.

PIERRE: I never should have taken the job as cook on such a rust bucket ship.

BARBARA: (*Grabbing PIERRE.*) Don't you call my father's ship a rust bucket.

PIERRE: All right, all right. (*BARBARA releases him.*) I hate violent women.

DOLLY: Let's not fight guys.

BARBARA: Dolly is right. We need to work together if we are going to get through this.

DOLLY: I think the first thing we need to do is elect a leader. I vote for Barbara.

PIERRE: Don't you think that a man should be the leader? (*The OTHERS stare at PIERRE.*)

DOLLY: All those in favor of Barbara.

Everyone raises their hand, including JANE.

PIERRE: Jane! How could you. (*HE crosses over close to the sandhill.*)

BARBARA: Okay, the first thing we have to do is take inventory of everything we have, like matches, lighters, anything that will help us survive. I want each of you to tell me what you have.

As BARBARA is talking to each person, JANE crosses over to PIERRE who looks away as she comes near. After a moment, PIERRE crosses down center.

JANE: (*Crosses to PIERRE.*) Please don't be mad at me, Pierre. (*PIERRE looks away.*) I did it for us.

PIERRE: For us?

JANE: If you were leader you wouldn't have time to spend with me. Please forgive me Pierre.

PIERRE: Well . . .

JANE: Please?

PIERRE: I am so weak when it comes to women. (*Looks romantically at JANE.*) I forgive you.

JANE: (*She snuggles up to PIERRE.*) Oh, thank you. Isn't this romantic?

PIERRE: Romantic?

JANE: Yes. A deserted island, just you and me.

PIERRE: And them.

JANE: Forget about them. Let's just pretend that it's you and me and the ocean, the cool breeze, the soft crash of the waves.

PIERRE: (*Swats the air.*) And bugs.

JANE: We can take a walk on the beach at sunset, feel the

PIERRE: —bugs biting me!

JANE: —feel the sand between our toes. It's paradise.

PIERRE: You are paradise.

JANE: Oh, Pierre.

BARBARA: Okay, okay, okay, this is what we've got. We are marooned with two lovely cameras, 37 rolls of film, a hand mirror, and .30 cents in change.

DOLLY: And three sticks of gum.

PIERRE: What kind?

They ALL glare at PIERRE. PIERRE shrugs his shoulders.

BARBARA: Jane, what do you have?

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JANE: Not much. A hair tie and a few bobby pins. (*JANE hands the hair tie to BARBARA who places it on the chest.*)

BARBARA: Pierre, how about you?

PIERRE: I have my irresistible charm and good looks.

BARBARA: That's a matter of opinion. Anything else?

PIERRE: What else would I ever need?

They ALL glare at PIERRE. PIERRE shrugs his shoulders.

BARBARA: We don't have much that will help us.

JANE: Are we going to die?

BARBARA: Of course not. We're survivors, aren't we?! First, I think we should look for other passengers from the ship. They may have beached somewhere else. Let's stay together and search the beach. Everyone this way. (*SHE points left, everyone except PIERRE exits left. BARBARA returns.*) I said this way.

PIERRE: I don't recognize you as the leader.

BARBARA: (*Advances towards PIERRE, grabbing him.*) I said this way.

PIERRE: All right, all right. I hate violent women. (*THEY both exit left.*)

After everyone exits, the two NATIVES sneak on stage. The BIG NATIVE leads. When the BIG NATIVE is center stage he leans and looks cautiously to the left to make sure that everyone is gone. Then as the BIG NATIVE looks to the right, the LITTLE NATIVE rushes to the left of the BIG NATIVE and forms the same posture as the BIG NATIVE. The LITTLE NATIVE then notices that BIG NATIVE is looking right and he rushes behind the BIG NATIVE and forms the same posture as BIG NATIVE. As this happens, the BIG NATIVE looks to the left. After a few minutes looking back and forth, the LITTLE NATIVE stops and then taps the BIG NATIVE on the shoulder, he is frightened and jumps. The BIG NATIVE after composing himself, hits the LITTLE NATIVE on the head with his spear. They both tip-toe to the chest and examine it.

The LITTLE NATIVE is always getting in the way of the BIG NATIVE. The BIG NATIVE bends over to examine the chest and then the LITTLE NATIVE pokes the BIG NATIVE in the behind with his spear. The LITTLE NATIVE covers his mouth and chuckles silently. The BIG NATIVE, as usual, hits the LITTLE NATIVE on the head with his spear. The LITTLE NATIVE backs away as the BIG

NATIVE continues to examine the chest. The LITTLE NATIVE then finds the hair tie that JANE left behind. He plays with it, shoots it in the air and then puts it on his head and then around his neck. He starts to strangle himself and fights with it until the BIG NATIVE sees him and helps him remove the tie. As the LITTLE NATIVE is gasping for breath, the BIG NATIVE hits him on the head. Right then, heavy commotion and voices are heard offstage. The NATIVES scamper off left. The PIRATES enter from right. OPTIONAL: At the director's discretion, the pirates could enter to specific music, they're hunting for buried treasure and they have been for a very long time.

PEACH and SANDY cross down right. They are having a secret meeting. The other PIRATES group up left.

SANDY: 'Tis trouble in the ranks, Captain.

PEACH: *(Flips up his eye patch.)* Trouble?

SANDY: Aye, mutiny.

PEACH: Mutiny? Why those scoundrels. Don't they know that without me they would have died long ago, without my leadership they would be at each other's throats, for sure.

SANDY: 'Tis not each other's throats they want. 'Tis yers.

PEACH: Those fools. They will never find the treasure without me.

SANDY: But we have been looking for years and we have never found it!

PEACH: We can't stop looking just because of a few failures, Sandy. We have to keep them looking for the treasure, if we don't, they will mutiny and I won't be Captain of the Pirates anymore.

SANDY: But they **are** going to mutiny.

PEACH: We'll just see about that. *(Flips eye patch down. HE crosses to center right and the other PIRATES cross to center left.)*

LUIS: Peach, might we have a word with ye?

PEACH: Ye may speak.

LUIS: Some of the boys and I were thinking . . .

PEACH: Thinking? I gave no one permission to think. Did I Sandy?

SANDY: Nay, Captain

LUIS: But we think 'tis time to leave the island.

PEACH: Leave the island?

WILLIAM: Aye, Peach. We've been on this island for years and we haven't found anything. 'Tis time we give up and sail the seas again, pillaging and plundering the villages.

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The other PIRATES cheer.

PETE: 'Tis been a mite bit of time since I have seen a woman that I don't even remember what one looks like.

PEACH: I said that no one shall leave this island until we have found the treasure, and I meant it. Just remember 'tis me who is the leader of the pirates.

LUIS: Well maybe a new leader is what we need.

PEACH: *(Pulls out his gun and places it under LUIS's nose.)* And just who would ye nominate?

LUIS: *(Scared.)* Ah . . . I nominate . . . Peach.

PEACH: A healthy choice. *(HE points the gun at the other pirates.)* And the rest of ye? *(All of the PIRATES raise their hands in fear.)* Good, then it is settled. The leader of the pirates 'tis what I am and now that we have settled just who is the leader, we can get on with finding the treasure.

WILLIAM: Are you sure that there is a treasure?

PEACH: Of course I'm sure. I have the map right here. *(Pulls map out. SHORTY takes the map and begins studying it.)* I got this map from Blue Beard hisself. 'Twas a fierce fight but he knew that he was no match for me. *(The other PIRATES, who have obviously heard the story before start looking for a place to sit down around the stage. SHORTY starts to pace off steps, following the map's instructions, he makes several turns and then exits left.)* I used my rusty, I mean trusty, sword to force him to give me the map and then he fled back to his ship and sailed away, never to return to face me again. And now his treasure will be mine, I mean ours, when we find it. We can't give up looking for it. 'Tis here I tell you, 'tis here.

PETE: I should have listened to my mother and become a plumber. I thought being a pirate would be a great job. Sailing the seas, pillaging and plundering, but I was wrong. My mother was right.

SHORTY enters counting steps, pauses, turns and counts off steps in a new direction, exits.

WILLIAM: A dancer I was to be. *(All the other PIRATES break out in laughter. HE grabs MAC by the throat.)* Do ye have a problem with that?

MAC: Nay, nay, not at all.

WILLIAM: *(Lets the pirate go.)* But two left feet I have, so a pirate I be.

MAC: I wanted to be a pirate.

WILLIAM: Ye are a pirate, fool.

MAC: Oh, that's right. (*SHORTY wanders on-off, on-off, counting paces.*)

LUIS: It broke my father's heart when I told him that I didn't want to be a blacksmith. I should have followed in his footsteps, but a pirate's life I live.

PETE: And a boring life it is.

WILLIAM: Aye. What you say is true maties. Pirating ain't what it used to be.

PEACH: Keep your chin up mates. When we find the treasure 'twill be mine, I mean ours and then I, I mean we, can become anything we want.

WILLIAM: 'Tis been so long that I have seen a treasure I don't remember what one looks like. Why it could be right under me nose and I wouldn't even know it.

PEACH: It's a chest about this big and it's a chest about this wide filled with diamonds, rings, and golden things.

MAC: (*Leaning on the chest.*) I wonder where it could be.

SHORTY enters from right, pacing off steps towards the chest.

SHORTY: 15, 16, 17, and 18. (*HE runs into the chest.*) I found it! I found it! (*The other PIRATES come running.*)

WILLIAM: 'Tis the treasure. Just like Peach described. (*Others ad lib.*)

PETE: Let's open it!

PIRATES cheer.

PEACH: Wait! We can't open it.

LUIS: Why?

PEACH: Because . . . (*Searching for a reason. HE examines the chest and discovers that it is locked.*) 'Tis locked.

PETE: We'll break the lock, we will.

PIRATES cheer.

PEACH: Wait! We can't break the lock.

LUIS: Why?

PEACH: Because . . . (*Searching for a reason.*) it could be booby-trapped. It might explode. (*Everyone steps back. Talking in a whisper.*) We have to be very careful. We can't rush things like this.

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SANDY: *(In a whisper.)* What are we going to do?

PEACH: *(In a whisper.)* We're going to go back to camp and . . . and . . . think of what to do.

WILLIAM: *(In a loud voice.)* Ye mean we're going to leave the treasure where it be?

EVERYONE: Sssshhhhh!

WILLIAM: *(In a whisper.)* But we can't leave it here. Ye know how things seem to disappear around here. We have to at least hide it. *(Looking around.)* Let's hide it behind those rocks.

PEACH: Fine, but we have to move it very slowly.

The other PIRATES start to slowly push/pull/carry the chest off stage, up right. MAC sneezes and everyone hits the ground covering their heads with their hands. During the sneeze, MAC loses his hat and forgets to pick it up. They slowly continue to push the chest off stage. PEACH pulls SANDY down left. PEACH flips up his eye patch.

PEACH: We can't let them open the chest.

SANDY: Why?

PEACH: Because if we let them open it, then we will have to share it with them.

SANDY: But you've always said that it would be an even split.

PEACH: Of course I said that, but I didn't mean it. I've kept this group together, and I deserve the lions share. Once we're back at camp, you and I will slip away, come back here and take the chest. *(The other pirates return. PEACH flips his eye patch down.)* Okay men, let's go back to camp.

THEY exit left and the NATIVES return from right. The BIG NATIVE looks right and then left as he had done before. The LITTLE NATIVE follows suit, but then spots the hat and puts it on. The BIG NATIVE notices the hat and holds out his hand, asking for it. The LITTLE NATIVE is reluctant, but finally gives it to the BIG NATIVE, who puts it on. Then, the LITTLE NATIVE takes it and puts it on his head. The BIG NATIVE takes it back and places it on his own head, then the LITTLE NATIVE takes it, then the BIG NATIVE. This happens several times until the LITTLE NATIVE takes it from the BIG NATIVE's head and puts it back on BIG NATIVE's head, then the BIG NATIVE grabs it and places it on LITTLE NATIVE's head. They pause. They hear a voice from right.

MAC: I forgot my hat. I'll catch up. *(Both of the NATIVES run off left, with the hat, before MAC enters right. MAC looks around for his hat.)* It's gone. It's funny how everything seems to just disappear around here.

HE exits right. A few moments later the CASTAWAYS enter from left.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

PIERRE: What a waste of time. Not a sign of anybody. We are the only people on this island.

BARBARA: Looks like you're right for once. Hey, my chest, where's my chest?

DOLLY: It's gone!

PIERRE: Good riddance.

DOLLY: Are you sure this is where we left it?

BARBARA: Positive.

DOLLY: Who or what could have taken it?

BARBARA: We have to find it!

ANGIE: Maybe we aren't the only ones on this island after all.

MRS. HOUSTON: You may be right. I have explored many islands in this area. Many of the islands are still inhabited.

DOLLY: Inhabited by what?

MRS. HOUSTON: Not by what, my dear, but who?

DOLLY: Who?

MRS. HOUSTON: Head-hunters.

EVERYONE: HEAD-HUNTERS?

BARBARA: Surely you are mistaken, Mrs. Houston.

MRS. HOUSTON: I'm afraid not, my dear.

DOLLY: Are you sure, Mrs. Houston?

MRS. HOUSTON: How do you think I became a widow? There are many dangers on an island like this.

BARBARA: Mrs. Houston, I think that it is detrimental to our survival if you keep scaring everyone with your ridiculous notions of head-hunters and pirates. Snakes . . . I will give you snakes, but there hasn't been pirates in these waters for almost a hundred years. And head-hunters, they're only in Tarzan movies.

MRS. HOUSTON: I beg to differ with you Barbara, I have seen them with my own eyes.

BARBARA: Please Mrs. Houston.

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MRS. HOUSTON: Pirates have been reported in these waters only a few years ago and practicing head-hunters have been documented by -

BARBARA: (*Points up to a far tree.*) Look! I believe that is a rare bird!

MRS. HOUSTON: (*She rushes off left.*) I must photograph it! Please excuse me.

BARBARA: That'll keep her busy for awhile.

CASTAWAY 1: I found your chest Barbara.

BARBARA: You did? WHERE?

CASTAWAY 1: Just behind those rocks.

BARBARA: I wonder how it got back there.

BARBARA, DOLLY, and CASTAWAY 1 rush off and begin to drag the chest center stage.

ANGIE: (*Softly so that only BUFFY can hear.*) Do you think there are **real** pirates and head-hunters on this island?

BUFFY: I don't know but I couldn't allow a head-hunter to have my head with my hair like this. (*To BARBARA.*) Do you think that Mrs. Houston might be right? That there are pirates and head-hunters on this island? (*BUFFY leaves her hand mirror close to the chest.*)

BARBARA: Of course not.

BUFFY: Then how do you explain the location of your chest?

BARBARA: I'm sure that there is a perfectly logical explanation how my chest got behind those rocks.

ANGIE: Yeah, scurvy pirates!

BARBARA: There are no pirates on this island. (*To everyone.*) We can't let our imaginations run away with us. There are many other things to worry about.

ANGIE: Like what?

BARBARA: We must find water and food to last us until we are rescued. We need to build a signal fire to signal passing ships and planes and we need to build a shelter in case of bad weather. These are the things we need to worry about, not that other gibberish.

DOLLY: What do we do first?

MRS. HOUSTON enters.

BARBARA: Now that's the attitude that will help us make the best of this situation. First, we will break up and search inland a mile or so for food and water. We will be able to cover more ground if we split up. Dolly and I will go this way (*Pointing right.*) and the rest of you will go with Mrs. Houston that way. (*Pointing left.*) Keep track of where you are going so that you don't get lost. Report back here if you find anything.

MRS. HOUSTON: (*Sets camera down.*) Okay, let's head'em up and mov'em out. I heard that on Rawhide once.

Everyone except BARBARA, PIERRE, and DOLLY exit left. BARBARA notices PIERRE and advances towards him. HE sees her coming.

PIERRE: Okay, okay, I'm going. I hate violent women. (*HE exits left.*)

BARBARA: I'm really worried.

DOLLY: About what?

BARBARA: About how this chest was moved.

DOLLY: I thought you said . . .

BARBARA: I know what I said, but as leader I had to reassure the group that there wasn't any problems. It's my job to tell them what they need to know, when they need to know it.

DOLLY: You're keeping them in the dark?

BARBARA: Exactly. I'll even lie if I have to.

DOLLY: Lie?

BARBARA: It's what all good leaders do. Come on, let's go see what we can find. (*THEY both exit right.*)

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

The two NATIVES enter and try to steal the chest. As the BIG NATIVE is examining the chest, the LITTLE NATIVE finds MRS. HOUSTON's camera. He plays with it and then suddenly it flashes. The LITTLE NATIVE walks around like he is blind. The BIG NATIVE notices the flash, goes to him, lifts his hat and hits him on the head with his spear. The BIG NATIVE motions the LITTLE NATIVE to help him with the chest. They first both get on opposite ends and try to push, then when they notice that they are both pushing towards each other, they both pull. Nothing happens. The BIG NATIVE stops and indicates that they need to switch sides, they do. Then, they repeat the same actions, getting nowhere. THEY hear voices and run off left.

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SANDY: *(From off right.)* The place is right up ahead. *(SANDY and PEACH enter from right.)*

PEACH: *(Looks around.)* Aye, 'tis the place.

SANDY: Do ye think the others will know that we be gone.

PEACH: Nay, Sandy, I doubt it. They're too caught up in planning how they are going to spend their part of the loot to notice that we have left. *(Flips up his eye patch.)* Sandy, would ye be disappointed if there wasn't the treasure in the chest?

SANDY: *(Laughing.)* A pirates chest without treasure? Now that's funny.

PEACH: It might not be as funny as you think.

SANDY: What are ye trying to says, Captain?

PEACH: The map is fake.

SANDY: A fake?

PEACH: I made the map.

SANDY: Ye made the map.

PEACH: Aye. That old chest probably was dumped overboard off some ship out there and it washed up on shore. I don't think that there is a treasure.

SANDY: But didn't you battle with Blue Beard when he left his treasure behind?

PEACH: My brother once fought his sister's cousin, but that's as close as she gets.

SANDY: Maybe when he landed on this island he buried . . .
(PEACH shakes his head.)

PEACH: He never landed on this island. No one has landed on this island, 'cept us.

SANDY: Why did ye make up all yer stories?

PEACH: To keep us alive. We would have killed each other if we didn't have the treasure to search for. 'Tis what made us work together *(Waves his gun.)* and this. Don't ye see, I made up those stories so that we could live.

SANDY: Ye lied?

PEACH: Of course I lied, it's what all good leaders do. Now why don't ye go and get that chest while I think of a way to get rid of it, in case it doesn't have any treasure in it. *(SANDY runs off. PEACH leans on the chest and tries to think of a way to get rid of the chest.)*

SANDY: *(Running on stage.)* It's gone! The chest is gone!

PEACH: Gone! It can't be gone. Are ye sure?

SANDY: Come see for yerself. *(THEY both run off.)*

Moments later the two NATIVES enter. The LITTLE NATIVE gets on one end and starts to push. The BIG NATIVE shoves the LITTLE NATIVE out of the way and starts to push. Quickly, the LITTLE NATIVE hops on the other end and giggles hysterically at the BIG NATIVE who is trying to push it with him on top. Then, the LITTLE NATIVE notices the hand mirror that BUFFY left behind and jumps off. HE picks it up and suddenly sees himself in the mirror and gets scared. HE takes another look and starts admiring himself in the mirror. The BIG NATIVE notices that the LITTLE NATIVE is not helping and rushes over to him. When he gets close to the LITTLE NATIVE, the LITTLE NATIVE sticks the mirror in front of his face. The BIG NATIVE is scared and runs away. HE slowly returns to the LITTLE NATIVE and they both start to make faces in front of the mirror. THEY hear voices and rush off left.

DOLLY: Barbara, wait up! (*BARBARA enters from right followed by DOLLY.*) Why did we have to come back?

BARBARA: I just had to check on the chest again. I don't want it to disappear like before. This chest has been in my family for generations. It first belonged to my great, great grandmother who was the first woman magician in the Americas. Just before my mother died, she gave it to me. I would protect it with my life, if I had to. I just can't allow it to disappear again. I need to put it in a safe place. Let's go find a nice, safe place to hide it before we go look for water.

THEY exit right. PEACH and SANDY enter from up center.

PEACH: It's gone!

SANDY: Well, that takes care of that.

PEACH: (*Flips eye patch up.*) Nay, ye don't understand.

SANDY: What is it that I don't understand?

PEACH: The chest is gone.

SANDY: I understand that.

PEACH: But ye don't understand.

SANDY: I don't? I thought I did.

PEACH: Ye do.

SANDY: I do?

PEACH: Aye, but what ye don't understand 'tis the chest is gone.

SANDY: Boy, this conversation is making me dizzy. I thought ye wanted the chest to be gone.

PEACH: I did.

PIRATE ISLAND

SANDY: But 'tis gone.

PEACH: But we don't know where it has gone to.

SANDY: Do we care?

PEACH: Aye we do.

SANDY: We do? Why do we care?

PEACH: Because if it is gone, that means we don't have it and if we don't have it, that means someone else does. And if someone else has it, that means that it could be those scurvy pirates who have it, and if they have it, it could mean our necks if they open it and find out that 'tis no treasure. Do ye understand?

SANDY: Understand.

PEACH: Wait a minute. What is that, that ye are leaning on?

SANDY: Oh, it's just an old chest. (*Realizing it is the chest.*)

SANDY/PEACH: The chest!

PEACH: I can't believe that ye didn't see it, you darn fool.

SANDY: Me?

PEACH: Well, it's a good thing one sharp eye I have. Now, we have to hide this chest. But where?

SANDY: We could cover the chest with leaves?

PEACH: Nay, the wind would blow the leaves off.

SANDY: We would paint it to look like a rock.

PEACH: Do ye have paint?

SANDY: Nay. How about we bury it?

PEACH: Great idea. (*Flips eye patch down.*) Let's go dig a hole deep in the jungle. Then we will come back and get the chest. (*THEY exit up center. BARBARA and DOLLY enter from right.*)

BARBARA: Well, that was easy. When the others get back we'll have them help us put the chest in those bushes just over that hill. It should be safe there.

DOLLY: Barbara, what do you have in this chest that is so important?

BARBARA: Everything that gives my life meaning. Here, I'll show you. (*SHE unlocks the chest and opens it. DOLLY looks inside.*)

DOLLY: THAT'S what's so important?

BARBARA: They are important to me.

PEACH: (*From off stage.*) Hurry up, Sandy.

SANDY: I'm going as fast as I can.

BARBARA: Did you hear that?

DOLLY: Yeah, it sounds like mens' voices.

BARBARA: And we only have women in our group.

DOLLY: What about Pierre?

BARBARA: Like I said we only have women in our group.

PEACH: (*Louder.*) Come on, we're almost there.

DOLLY: They're getting closer.

BARBARA: I think that you are right. Quick, hide.

DOLLY jumps in the chest and closes it. BARBARA locks it as PEACH enters and sees her.

PEACH: What 'tis this? A WOMAN?!

BARBARA: You stay away from me. *(THEY chase each other around the chest, ad libbing, until SANDY enters and grabs BARBARA from behind.)* Let me go, let me go.

SANDY: What it be Captain?

PEACH: 'Tis a woman.

SANDY: A woman?

BARBARA gets away and begins to run only to meet up with PEACH and his gun drawn.

PEACH: Now my dainty lass, why don't ye just sit right down over here. *(Indicates in front of the chest. BARBARA slowly sits in front of the chest.)*

SANDY: 'Tis really a woman, Captain?

PEACH: Looks like one to me . . . smells like one to me.

SANDY: Wow, a woman. What are we going to do with it?

PEACH: First, we are going to find out who she be and what she be doing here. *(To BARBARA.)* Who ye be?

BARBARA: Who's asking?

SANDY: Why, 'tis Captain Peach Fuzz, leader of the pirates.

PEACH: I told you never to call me that.

HE crosses right and pouts.

BARBARA: *(To SANDY.)* Captain Peach Fuzz?

SANDY: Because he can't grow a beard.

PEACH: I told you never to tell anyone that.

BARBARA: Captain Peach Fuzz leader of the pirates. Leader of what pirates?

SANDY: The pirates of this tiny island.

BARBARA: You mean there are other pirates than just you two?

SANDY: Sure. There's Luis, his father is a blacksmith, and there is William who really wanted to be a dancer, and then . . .

PEACH: Enough. Now ye had better start talking or 'till be ye last breath ye breathe. *(Puts gun in her face.)*

PIRATE ISLAND

BARBARA: Okay, okay. Didn't your mother ever tell you not to point things at people? (*Pushes gun away.*)

PEACH: Who ye be?

BARBARA: I'm Barbara.

SANDY: What a nice name. I once had an aunt who's name -

PEACH: Sandy!

SANDY: Sorry.

DOLLY knocks from inside the chest.

PEACH: What is that noise?

BARBARA: Noise? (*Stomps her feet, trying to confuse PEACH..*)

What noise?

PEACH: That knock, knock.

SANDY: Who's there? (*PEACH gives him a dirty look.*) A joke I thought it was ye were telling. (*Knocking is heard again.*)

PEACH: There it is again.

BARBARA: (*Knocking on the chest.*) Oh, that. It's just me. It's a nervous habit I have.

PEACH: Well knock it off. What are ye doing on this island?

BARBARA: I'm stranded.

PEACH: Where be the others?

BARBARA: Others? What others?

PEACH: Ye mean ye are alone?

BARBARA: Just me and my chest.

PEACH: This YER chest?

BARBARA: 'Tis. I mean yes, it is.

SANDY: 'Tis filled with treasure?

BARBARA: Treasure? I should say not. It's just filled with ... ah... dresses, that's it dresses. I don't think any of them will fit you gentlemen.

PEACH: What? Nay treasure?

BARBARA: No, **no** treasure.

PEACH: What do you mean, nay treasure?

BARBARA: I mean **no** treasure.

SANDY: I think she means *no* treasure.

PEACH: Nay treasure?

BARBARA: **No** treasure!

PEACH: No treasure!

BARBARA: I think you got it right this time.

SANDY: (*To PEACH.*) I thought ye knew that there be no treasure in the chest.

PEACH: (*Flips eye patch up.*) I did. I was just making conversation.

SANDY: Captain, what do we do now?

PEACH: We can't let the other pirates know that there 'tis no treasure. They will mutiny and then 'twill be my neck. But maybe if we show them the woman it will take their minds off the treasure long enough for us to get rid of it. (*Flips eye patch down. Loud, to BARBARA.*) Let's take her back to camp and then we will find a way to get rid of this chest once and for all.

BARBARA: I'm not going anywhere with you.

PEACH: Ye'll do as we say. (*Holds up gun.*) Now up with ye. (*BARBARA gets up and leads PEACH and SANDY out left.*)

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

The NATIVES enter from up center and again try to steal the chest, however, this time DOLLY knocks from inside. The NATIVES are startled and look for who is making the sound, soon they are knocking and clicking their spears (to music if possible). NOTE: The Knock, Knock, Click, Click Dance consists of three moves followed by a pause. The moves should be repeated several times until the final move. The steps include: three foot stomps (right-left-right); three hip swings (again right-left-right); twirl around for three counts, stop, then twirl around in opposite direction for three counts, stop; three hits of the spears on the floor; twirl spears right-left-right. The final move consists of clicking their spears three times and then sitting on the chest.

PIERRE: I don't care what Barbara thinks, we went far enough. (*NATIVES run off up center.*) If I was leader, I wouldn't send my followers out on a wild goose chase. (*The other CASTAWAYS enter from left.*)

JANE: Is Barbara here?

PIERRE: Lucky for us she's not here. She would probably send us out again. (*Knocking from the chest is heard.*)

BUFFY: What is that noise?

MRS. HOUSTON: I think it's coming from the chest. (*More knocking.*) It is coming from the chest. Someone is in there. (*BUFFY puts her ear to the chest.*)

BUFFY: I can't make out what they're saying.

PIRATE ISLAND

ANGIE: Here let me listen. (*ANGIE takes her stethoscope and listens on the trunk.*) I think it's Dolly. She says . . . Barbara . . . pirates . . . captured . . .

MRS. HOUSTON: Oh, dear, syntax is so important. Did Barbara capture the pirates or did the pirates capture Barbara? (*Yelling at the chest.*) Who captured who?

ANGIE: (*Listening again.*) Barbara . . . captured . . . by . . . p-i-r-a-t-e-s.

MRS. HOUSTON: We must rescue her. (*Yelling at the chest.*) Which way did they go?

No answer.

ANGIE: (*Listening to the chest.*) Dolly? (*Pause.*) Not . . . really . . . in . . . a . . . position . . . to say.

MRS. HOUSTON: Oh, dear. This could make a search plan rather difficult. Come on everybody, we have to find Barbara. (*Flounces off stage, nobody follows.*)

ANGIE: (*Calling.*) Mrs. Houston? (*MRS. HOUSTON strolls back on stage.*) Don't you think that we should get Dolly out of the chest first?

MRS. HOUSTON: Why, of course. (*Examines chest.*) I'm afraid that it is locked and Barbara is the only one with a key. (*Yelling at the chest.*) We will rescue Barbara and bring her back with the key and then we can get you out of the chest. (*ANGIE listens to the chest.*) What is she saying?

ANGIE: I'm afraid I can't repeat it.

MRS. HOUSTON: No time to waste, we must rescue Barbara. Line up, girls, we have a friend in need. Right, left, right, left . . . (*As they march off left, PIERRE is knocked down. HE gets up and brushes himself off.*)

PIERRE: I hate violent women. (*HE exits left. BLACKOUT.*)

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