

MYSTERY OF THE PIRATE'S CAVE

by

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MYSTERY OF THE PIRATE'S CAVE

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CAST:

MALE ROLES

JEDEDIAH YORK: Captain of The Merry Widow

DOMINGO SALDANA: First Mate

TREVOR HOWARD: Sneaky crewman

BLOODBRINE: Boatswain; leader among the crew

"PESO" PEREZ: paymaster

OLAF OLAFSON: Viking descendant

HARDTACK BROWN: cook

DIPLOMAT: Spanish noble, Bianca's uncle

SLATS: head bootlegger (can be doubled)

LUIGI: bootlegger (can be doubled)

ROCKY: bootlegger (can be doubled)

HORACE: rival bootlegger (can be doubled)

JACOB ASHTON: Actor portraying Bloodbrine in cheesy pirate movie

ETHAN MANNING: Actor playing York in cheesy pirate movie

FEMALE ROLES

MAD MARIEL MARGATE: Lady Pirate, friend of Captain York

ANEMONE: thoughtful inquiring, curious mermaid

PEARL: kind mermaid

KELP: self-centered mermaid

CORAL: practical mermaid

MANDY: whiny 20s school girl

GLORIA: most sophisticated school girl

URSULA: Gloria's sidekick

BONNIE: scaredy cat school girl

LILLIAN: head treasury agent

CLAIRE: mysterious treasury agent

BETTY: intelligent treasury agent

IVY: inquisitive treasury agent

ALICE PONDERSLY: leader of rival bootleggers

DORA: enforcer with rival bootleggers

LORA: sidekick to Dora

SALOME: Actress portraying Bianca (could be doubled)

STEFANIE: Actress portraying Senorita (could be doubled)

YVONNE: art historian (could be doubled)

HESTER MOONGLOW: psychic (could be doubled)

SHELL- 21ST CENTURY MERMAID (could be doubled)

GENDER NON-SPECIFIC ROLES

IVERSON: dictatorial director

GHOST BUSTER

CAMERA PERSON

CATERER

MAKEUP

BROWN: the gofer

SET: All action takes place within the pirate's cave with the mermaids sitting on rocks on the front of the stage. The ghosts of Bianca and York can be set off to the side in a separate niche covered with gauze and backlit to provide the ghostly effect.

COSTUMING:

Act I: 17th Century pirates and nobility

Act II: 1920s school girls, flappers, gangsters

Act III: Present day Hollywood with over-the-top pirate costumes for actors portraying original pirates

ACT I

Curtains open on pirate's cave. Fog machine, red lights come up slowly. Voice begins:

NARRATOR: The cave. A cavity inside the earth. Whether carved into existence by the slow, gradual action of water, or ripped open by the violent upheaval of tectonic displacement, caves have served humankind in various capacities since time immemorial. But caves are ambiguous spaces. A cave can offer protection and shelter, but it can just as easily trap and imprison.

At certain times great concentrations of energy, powerful enough to create illness and death or bestow healing and strength, have been known to coalesce in specific geographical locations. Such a place is called a vortex. Legends and folklore are full of the stories of the strange and miraculous things that happen when a cave is opened up at the location of a vortex.

This is one of those stories.

(Lights out)

(Rowdy pirates enter through audience singing, carrying huge treasure chest. Lights up as they go onstage. Try to open chest, dance around singing pirate songs and sea chanteys, First Mate enters.)

DOMINGO: Avast there, ye stumbling sons of a sea monkey! The Captain will be coming soon and he'd best not find you lolly-gagging about like a bunch of moonstruck landlubbers.

(All exit, muttering, except for Dom, Bloodbrine, Peso and Trevor)

BLOODBRINE: Avast yourself, Saldana! We're only celebrating our good fortune! There's not a man jack of us who ever laid eyes on so fine a treasure haul as this!

PESO: And without so much as a scratch to the crew! There'll be no need to deduct even a farthing for to pay off a wooden leg or a glass eyeball!

DOMINGO: Tis fortunate indeed that Captain Jed's name strikes such fear in the hearts of those cowardly Spaniards!

PESO: No such thing! I'll wager tis the sight of the Merry Widow's flag flying from the mizzen mast that got us such an easy prize.

DOMINGO: Or maybe just the sight of you, Peso, struck them numb with terror.

BLOODBRINE: Peso has the right of it! And that there chest must be full to the top with pieces of eight, so heavy she is! I'm off to the Dry Tortugas and The Painted Pony grog shop when I gets my share!

DOMINGO: Predictable.

TREVOR: Aye! The Painted Pony! A few of these doubloons will buy a fine present for that pretty little senorita who waits for me there.

PESO: That's the only reason any senorita would wait for you, Trevor. Pretty or otherwise. (All laugh)

TREVOR: Well, at least I'm worth more than a peso, Peso!

PESO: (pulling his knife) I'll wager my worth with a knife against your doubloons anytime.

TREVOR: Easy, bucko! I was just having a little fun!

PESO: No one has fun at the expense of Peso Perez. How I got my name is none of your affair. It had best not be referred to again or it'll be a short walk and a sudden stop for someone.

DOMINGO: Get the men to stow this treasure safe and sound or it will be the cat for you all. (Peso goes out and quickly returns with the crew bringing larger gold and silver articles). And as for what's inside that chest, the Captain will be the one to look into that mystery, not you.

TREVOR: Now hold fast just a minute, Domingo Saldana! This is a democracy this is!

BLOODBRINE: Seeing as how we've each of us signed the Articles of Piracy we've a right to know just what exactly is in this here chest! The Captain will grant us that.

TREVOR: Or we'll know the reason why!

(All mutter in agreement)

DOMINGO: Hold your tongues, ye scallywags! (draws his sword half out of the scabbard) Doubting the Captain's honor, are ye? Who'll be the first to taste my sword for that piece of insolence?

TREVOR: Oh, stow it, Dom! We all know the Captain is our duly elected leader-- laughs evilly --until someone better comes along! Right, maties? (Peso sees the Captain approaching and whispers in his ear so Trevor changes his tone) But for now, what say you all to a cheer for the bravest, fiercest pirate whoever sailed the seven seas! Huzzah for Captain Jedediah York!

ALL: Right ye are! Huzzah for the Captain! Aye! Huzzah for Captain York!

(Captain York enters.)

YORK: Did I hear my name, gentlemen?

(More cheers and shouting until the captain motions them to be quiet.)

YORK: Now what is all this shouting about? Not enough treasure?

BLOODBRINE: Can there ever be enough treasure, Cap'n?

YORK: A valid point, Bloodbrine. What shall we do then? Set sail for more?
(Mutters and growls from the men.)

TREVOR: I'm thinking the men might like a short bit of time to enjoy this booty first, Cap'n, seein as how we worked long and hard for it

DOMINGO: (Sarcastically) And here I was thinking it was like taking candy from a baby. A brief leave is an excellent idea, none the less, don't you agree, Captain?

YORK: A quick voyage to the Dry Tortugas for a dram of rum and a dance with a pretty girl or two? What say ye, men?

TREVOR: That's it, Captain! (all talking at the same time)

PESO: The very thing! Huzzah! (all talking at the same time)

BLOODBRINE: We're aff to the Dry Tortugas! (all talking at the same time)

YORK: But first, the pirate's oath! Draw your swords!

(All draw their swords noisily)

ALL: I swear on the beard of Sir Francis Drake that no man alive shall learn the place of this treasure from me or mine, or the Devil's curse take me!

YORK: And the steel of Captain Jedediah York will slit your scurvy gullet!

ALL: Aye! (each pirate cuts his hand with his sword and puts it back in its scabbard)

YORK: Off with you then! But be back aboard the Merry Widow in a fortnight! Leave no man behind, dead or alive, drunk or sober!

PESO: All ship's crew to Paymaster Peso here to receive yer fair share afore ye goes! Step lively gentlemen!

(Everyone exits except Dom and Captain York.)

DOM: They were in a right funny mood tonight, Captain.

YORK: There's something unsettling about this treasure. And the ease we had in obtaining it. Never have we gotten so much with so little a fight. Have you opened the main chest yet?

DOM: Not without you present. That scurvy lot has gold enough to be merry on. They're like children, Cap'n, you've got to portion their share out to them, bit by bit. If you let them have their gold all at once, why they'll drink away every penny they own and be worthless for a week, to boot. Besides, we need to save a bit for the retirement fund.

YORK: Retirement sounds like a fine thing today. We've caught every fleet of Spanish plate there is, every galleon cowers before our flag, and merchant captains give up without a fight.

DOM: Tis true, privateering is none so romantic or satisfying as I once thought .

YORK: I tire of the chase, Dom.

DOM: Never say that aloud, Captain!

YORK: It's just you and me, Domingo. You know I only got my letters of marque to revenge myself on those Spanish curs for burning my home in Jamaica. The thrill is gone.

DOM: For you, perchance, but I still revel in the discovery of riches. Like what's in this impressive looking chest, for instance.

YORK: If they left it locked, the men must be more in need of land leave than I thought. Go on, open it.

DOM: I was hoping you'd say that, Cap'n.

(They force open the lid and begin to go through the trays of coins, books and jewels)

DOM: Blow me down! I've never set eyes on such a haul as this, Captain York! Look at the gold! The emeralds!

YORK: Well, ponder this pretty pile of plunder. Interesting package, this. (He picks up a tube) Where shall I begin? (opens the package and unrolls a painting of a young lady)

DOM: (Running his hands through the gold.) This is a fine enough beginning for me.

YORK: Who have we here? (studying the painting) A bride to be, perhaps? Or a present for the King? Blazes! This is a masterpiece! The artist is a genius!

DOM: Now how would something like that come to be here with Montezuma's treasure, I wonder? The plate fleet sets sail every year like clock work. A whole armada of Spanish galleons leaves the New

World loaded with heathen silver and bullion bound for King Philip's treasury in Spain.

YORK: Exactly! And every year we capture Aztec gold statues, the usual emeralds, pieces of eight, some fine pearls- all native treasures. But this is different! No Aztec workmanship can hold a candle to this.

DOM: You're right, Cap'n. That picture there is something special. Tis not just a painting of a pretty girl. Tis almost as if the lady's soul itself was captured on the canvas. I'm not sure as how I like it, though. Tis, ...I don't know, ...haunting. Ye'd best stow her away and shut the lid, I think I hear Bloodbrine's big feet tramping this way.

(York hides the canvas and shuts the chest as Bloodbrine enters part way)

BLOODBRINE: Are ye comin' with us, Cap'n? Mr. Saldana?

YORK: You run along if you like, Dom. I believe I'll stay here and catch up on my reading.

BLOODBRINE: (enters the rest of the way and asks suspiciously) Reading is it? Or maybe it's counting? Tis a mort of gold to calculate in this latest haul. You wouldn't be thinkin' of double crossing your crew, would ye now, Captain Jed?

YORK: You see why I tell you the thrill is gone, Domingo Saldana? Bloodbrine here assumes I'm so enamored of this gold that I'd risk the Brotherhood to steal a few extra pieces. Where is your trust, man? Haven't I led you through thick and thin? Haven't I found you enough pieces of eight and doubloons to buy that poxy part of England where you were born thrice over? Next you'll be wanting to be captain. I tell you it breaks my heart, Dom. The ingratitude of it all.

DOM: Now, now, Captain Jed. Bloodbrine doesn't mean nothin' by it, do you now, Bloody boy? (he plays with a dagger)

BLOODBRINE: I reckon not, Cap'n. 'Twas just me greed runnin' away with me tongue. Come along with us to the Painted Pony and we'll drown our sorrows in rum.

YORK: But you are my sorrow, Bloodbrine. I don't wish to drown you - just yet.

(Bloodbrine laughs uneasily as Trevor sticks his head in)

TREVOR: Boat's are away! All aboard who are going aboard!

YORK: Run along, fellows.

BLOODBRINE: Right. We'll be off, then. I'll leave ye a little of this fine Spanish wine to keep you company, Cap'n. No hard feelings? (Tosses him a wine skin)

YORK: Decent of you, Bloodbrine. Never worry about my feelings, I hardly feel anything anymore. Pick me up here when you're done, Dom. And drink a toast to the Spanish king for me!

DOM: If you're sure, Captain?

YORK: Quite sure. This cave has a strange appeal for me, but someone needs to keep an eye on that lot. Shove off then!

BLOODBRINE: Aye, aye, Sir!

(They exit, leaving the Captain alone, looking at the heaps of gold and jewels.)

YORK: (Unrolling the painting again) Who could she be? Is there really any girl left on the face of the earth who is this sweet and innocent? Oh, well, (shrugs and hangs the picture up where he can study it) her type is not for the likes of me. I left such uncomplicated goodness behind long ago. Now where did I leave that Shakespeare fellow's scribbings? (picks up play and drinks some wine as he settles down to read. Falls asleep and music starts. Girl emerges from the painting as music begins and dances. She goes back into (or behind) the painting when the dance ends

ANEMONE: Who is she?

CORAL: What difference does it make? He's asleep. He won't be reading to us tonight.

KELP: Drat! I really wanted to hear what happens to that crazy old King Lear!

PEARL: He doesn't look well.

ANEMONE: If she's done anything to him I'll make her wish she hadn't!

KELP: How will you manage that? She's disappeared. I'm not even sure she was real.

PEARL: I think she vanished back into that picture.

CORAL: Which looks exactly like her!

ANEMONE: Maybe she was part of his dream.

CORAL: How could we see his dream? We're mermaids, not mindreaders.

KELP: OK, no story tonight. Let's go see if that Spanish galleon has any survivors still around. Maybe one of them will do something interesting.

PEARL: He really doesn't look well. Even for a human.

KELP: None of them do. But I see what you mean. He doesn't usually have that sickly green color around his gills unless he's losing his dinner over the side.

PEARL: Kelp!

KELP: Well, that's when I can look at him best. That's the only time I don't have to worry about him seeing me because he's too busy throwing up all over his shoes.

CORAL: EUWWW!

ANEMONE: Kelp, you know you're not supposed to talk about their lower extremities in polite Mer society.

KELP: Oh look who's all hoity-toity all of the sudden! I'm not the one who moons over that two-legged (other mermaids gasp) freak all day when she ought to be tending the sea urchins.

ANEMONE: I do not moon. I'm remembering the beautiful things he reads aloud. Why don't the Mer people have literature like that? Or any literature for that matter.

PEARL: He looks sick.

CORAL: Mer people can't write, sea water makes the ink run.

(York moans as if ill)

PEARL: That's it. I'm going up there.

ANEMONE: What? You can't do that! Another perk of being a mermaid.

PEARL: Sure I can. I wiggled almost halfway up the beach one day. It was sort of fun even though I had sand in my scales for a week.

KELP: I hate that!

ANEMONE: Maybe you can go, but you shouldn't. He'll see you.

CORAL: So what. He'll just think he drank too much of that red stuff in the bag. Hey, bring that back with you, Pearl. I always wanted to try some of that before the sea water got into it.

ANEMONE: (sighing) Wait a second. I'll go with you. I have some fish oil that will cure anything!

KELP: Be careful! Don't get stuck up there!

(The two mermaids wriggle over to York and pour some fish oil down his throat. He splutters and starts to come to, so they begin to wriggle away. Pearl goes back for the wine skin and tosses it to Coral.)

CORAL: (Drinks some wine). Oh! That is just nasty! Why in the world would those silly humans choose to drink that?

KELP: Especially when it makes them so sick. There he goes.

CORAL: Watch out, Pearl!

(York makes retching noises and sits up groggily.)

PEARL: He should be all right now, thanks to us.

YORK: Who's there? I could swear I heard voices. Or was it a dream?

ANEMONE: Sssh! Dive girls! They exit

YORK: Gad, I feel ghastly! (Looks at picture) Am I bewitched? (Sniffs his shirt) Fish oil is an odd potion to use for an enchantment. Bah! (spits) Where did I put that wine? A mouthful or two will wash away this taste. (Looks for wineskin, then pauses) Then again, perhaps bad wine caused this sickness. Hmmm. Yes. Wine Bloodbrine gave me. So that's his game, is it? You work, work, work to build up a first-rate pirate crew and this is the thanks you get! Someone trying to steal your captaincy with a skinful of poisoned wine! What did Shakespeare say, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful... something"? Ah well, I'd better prepare myself for a confrontation upon the crew's return. He exits.

(LIGHTS, CURTAIN)

(Lights Up on York sharpening his sword.)

(Rowdy pirates, Trevor, Bloodbrine, Olaf, Peso, return bringing bound prisoners.)

YORK: Hullo. You're back early. What? Have the Dry Tortugas truly run dry? No more rum?

TREVOR: We brought you some news, Cap'n.

BLOODBRINE: And prisoners.

TREVOR: With big mouths and flapping tongues.

BLOODBRINE: We caught 'em bragging all over the islands about being friends of yours.

YORK: Who is this long-winded lad, then?

(They push the blindfolded, gagged and bound prisoners forward and she stumbles into him.)

YORK: This is no way to treat a guest, gentlemen! Let me loosen these for you.

He unties her wrists and takes off the gag and blindfold. She grabs his sword, whirls around and pushes Bloodbrine against a rock with the sword point under his chin.

MARIEL: Never put your filthy hands on me again, you poxy son of a sea snake, or I'll lay you open from stem to stern.

BLOODBRINE: Ah, Captain? Some assistance here, please.

YORK: Mariel! Is that really you? You must be losing your touch to let this scurvy lot take you captive!

MARIEL: You know me better than that, Jedediah York! No man could have brought me here unbloodied if this were not where I wished to be. You must be losing your touch to let a supposed cabin boy take your sword away like that.

BLOODBRINE: Ah, Captain, sir? Could you ask your lady friend to remove the sword from my throat? Tis beginning to prickle.

YORK: You have a point, my lady. Perhaps you'd best remove it from Bloodbrine's throat before he lives up to his name. To what do we owe the honor of your presence then?
Dom rushes in with Hardtack

DOM: Captain! Don't let them hurt... Oh. I see you are all right. I should have known, Miss Mariel.

MARIEL: That's Captain Margate to you!

DOM: Of course. I'm just glad to see no one was harmed in all the confusion.

HARDTACK: You're Captain Margate of the Raven's Reprisal?

BLOODBRINE: So what if she is? She owes me a new neckerchief.

OLAF: Ooofda! Count yourself a lucky fella just to have a neck still to wrap it round! The last man who laid hands on Mad Mariel Margate lost his head! Ya, sure.

TREVOR: How was we to know who she was when she's all decked out like last year's cabin boy? If you ask me, Cap'n York has some odd friends.

DOM: But no one did ask you, did they, Trevor, my lad?

HARDTACK: The Magnificent Mariel Margate! I am a big fan of yours, Captain.

MARIEL: Who are you? The sea cook?

HARDTACK: Sea cook? Sea cook! How can I work like this?

DOM: It's all right, Tack. How is she to know?

OLAF: She bain't know what a wizard you be in the kitchen, Mr. Hardtack, Sir. Don't you be offended none. Talk nice to him, Miss Mariel, please! He promised to make Swedish meatballs tonight.

YORK: You have no idea what you're missing, Mariel. And never even consider stealing Hardtack away from us. He's the only cook I've ever had who could make seagull taste like roast pheasant.

HARDTACK: Stop, Captain! You'll make me blush.

MARIEL: OK. I take it you're more than just an ordinary cook.

HARDTACK: My Lady, I am a chef! An artiste! I ran the classiest restaurant in Port Royal before those Spanish curs burned me out and Captain York here offered me a berth! I would be honored if you would stay to dinner, Captain Margate

MARIEL: Maybe next time. If I ever need a new galley hand, I'll keep you in mind.

HARDTACK: Galley hand! I give up! (Exits in a huff)

OLAF: (Running after him) Wait! What about my meatballs?

DOM: Has Mariel -Captain Margate- told you the news yet, Captain?

TREVOR: She's been too busy poking holes in Bloodbrine to tell the Captain the curse he's brought on us all.

YORK: Curse? What nonsense is this, Dom?

DOM: This is serious, Captain.

MARIEL: That last galleon you scuttled was headed for the Spanish King with a precious cargo aboard. One he aims to get back, come wind, wave, or high water.

BLOODBRINE: That cargo is said to be more precious than gold or emeralds we hear. Just what is in that chest, Cap'n?

DOM: I'm sure I don't know.

(YORK Gentlemen, perhaps we should open the chest and find out what all this fuss is about.)

OLAF: (returning) Ya, sure, Cap'n! We need something to cheer Mr. Hardtack up. I tank it be time we took a look at this here treasure.

TREVOR: (muttering) If it's still there.

DOM: And where else would it be? Are you accusing the captain of thievery? (Dom, Mariel and York all put their hands on their swords, Hardtack brandishes his meat cleaver)

TREVOR: Oh, no! I only meant that there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip, as my old mammy used to say.

OLAF: Would ya like me ta open the chest for ya, Cap'n?

YORK: Yes, Olaf old man, I think the suspense is becoming too much for these gentlemen.

OLAF: Be there a key, Cap'n?

YORK: Dom, have you seen a key about?

DOM: I certainly don't have one. I think we'll have to do it the old-fashioned way. Use the axe, Olaf.

(He chops the lock off and opens the lid. Everyone gathers around.)

BLOODBRINE: Now that's a treasure fit for a royal ransom! No wonder King Philip wants it back so badly!

PESO: It's quite a haul all right. But we've taken more than this before without so much ado.

MARIEL: There must be something here more important than gold or jewels.

BLOODBRINE: What is more important than that?

MARIEL: Spoken like a true man.

BLOODBRINE: Why thank you (aside to Trevor) I think she likes the cut of my jib.

TREVOR: Maybe there's a false bottom. Perhaps the key to the riddle is there.

BLOODBRINE: Aye, search for it! And then I say we search the entire cave, just to be sure the Captain didn't misplace anything- not knowing what it was, of course.

YORK: Search to your hearts' content. I'll be over here.

(He picks a chair and sits back to watch. Dom and Mariel join him. The crew begins digging madly through the gold and Trevor tosses the tube in the air. It falls, rolls to the side of the cave and into the water where the mermaids catch it)

DOM: Do something, Captain, they're acting like lunatics.

YORK: Riches often have that effect on men.

MARIEL: And women. Why are you so disinterested, Jed? Do you already know what is in that chest? Or perhaps, what was in it.

YORK: I'm stunned that you would accuse me of pilfering from my own men, Mariel! Besides, you saw yourself that the chest was locked tight and Olaf had to cut off the padlock with the axe.

MARIEL: Yes, but locked by whom?

YORK: I swear to you, Lady Mariel, that I have not removed one sovereign from that chest. Every doubloon, every pearl and emerald and each heathen statue and silver ingot is right where the supercargo put it when it left port. Maybe King Philip simply needs money.

MARIEL: I think not, Captain Jed. I read the edict. The Spanish king made it quite clear that there was something beyond mere silver or gold at stake here. He is sending his armada to track you down and get it back. He means business this time.

DOM: Captain York and I can sink anything the Spanish King sails our way.

MARIEL: But this time he's playing dirty. This time he has offered an exorbitant reward and complete amnesty to any man who turns you in.

DOM: Now that's a horse of a different color, Jed! Bloodbrine would be happy to sell you out for a song and there are one or two others in the crew that I wouldn't turn my back on if I were you.

YORK: Sweet of you to worry, Mariel, and you as well, Dom. But I can take care of myself- with a little help from my friends.

MARIEL: My sword and my ship are always at your disposal. I can never repay what you did for me....

YORK: That was nothing, Mariel. No more than any friend would have done for you.

DOM: The offer of assistance goes for me as well, of course.

HARDTACK: (entering) And me! Not that you would need my help with this ham-fisted lot. If there ever were anything valuable in that chest, they've probably dismembered it by now. Perhaps King Philip is just using this as a pretext to make us fight amongst ourselves.

YORK: Hmmm, you may be right, Tack. This whole treasure has a suspicious air about it. I believe I'd better call a halt to this madness. (walking over to where Bloodbrine is still throwing things around) Gentlemen!

BLOODBRINE: What have you done with it, York?

TREVOR: We've a right to whatever it is, you know!

OLAF: I bain't find notting here, Cap'n, but gold and silver and jewels.

YORK: Gentlemen, gentlemen! Do we even know for what we search?

TREVOR: I heard it was a jewel of surpassing fineness and beauty.

OLAF: I heard it ban worth more to the Spanish King than a whole armada of ships!

BLOODBRINE: I was told it was a most precious image, fit to bewitch any man and sure to bring a kingdom to its knees.

YORK: Bewitch, eh? Hmmm.

DOM: What is it, Captain?

YORK: Just a passing thought. (to the rest of the crew) Have you satisfied yourselves it's not here?

TREVOR: There's nothing here at all except, gold, silver and jewels.

BLODBRINE: Nothing we can find at any rate.

DOM: Are you absolutely certain it was something that was in this chest?

YORK: Might it still have been aboard when you scuttled the ship, Bloody?

BLOODBRINE: Are you accusing me of not knowing my business? Of course there was nothing of value aboard when we sent that Spanish galleon to Davy Jones' locker.

DOM: But that was before you knew there was more to the treasure than the usual gold and jewels.

TREVOR: That's true, Bloodbrine.

YORK: We could sail back and scour the shores for what may have washed up, but you well know our chances of finding anything.

(Crew mutters angrily)

YORK: What'll it be, men? Do we accept our loss, be thankful for our good fortune and prepare to meet this supposed armada? Or do we act like spoilt children who lose their entire bag of candy looking for the one piece which rolled away?

MARIEL: This is more loot than most men see in a lifetime! No! Two lifetimes! What would you scurvy lot do with more? Buy more rum? More women? Forget this evanescent treasure and prepare for the fight of your life!

DOM: How many of you, like me, began fighting the Spanish king, not out of greed, but out of a desire for justice or revenge? Getting rich along the way has just made it all the sweeter.

HARDTACK: You've gotten soft! Time was when the battle itself was your feast and the spoils were a rich dessert. My sword thirsts for the blood of Spanish sailors who robbed me of my land and liberty. Gold and glory are just after-dinner mints.

OLAF: Ya sure! It baint hard to get more treasure with the likes of Captain Jed leading us. My axe and me knows where to find it, too. On that there Spanish Armada!

TREVOR: (Pulling Bloodbrine aside) We'd better go along with them, Bloody. We'll watch every move York makes until we find out what that treasure is and what he's done with it.

BLOODBRINE: (Nods to Trevor, and steps forward) Captain Margate is smart as she is beautiful! What more treasure can we spend than what Cap'n York leads us to? Let's scuttle that armada and make a profit besides! We'll teach King Philip to send his ships after the Merry Widow's crew!

MARIEL: Be careful, Jed. When that slithery snake Bloodbrine agrees with you there's foul weather blowing up soon.

OLAF: Ya, sure. I tank it blow purty hard purty soon.

YORK: Right you are, Mariel. When Bloody supports my ideas so enthusiastically, something's rotten in the state of Denmark - no offense Olaf.

OLAF: Ya, sure. Why should I take offense? I'm from Solvang.

DOM: What say ye, men? Do we follow the Captain and rid ourselves of this accursed armada once and for all?

CREW: Aye, aye First Mate Saldana! Follow the Captain and devil take the hindmost!

(They exit shouting and waving.)

KELP: Well, there goes our entertainment.

CORAL: We can follow them and help them win the battle.

PEARL: You know we're not supposed to take sides.

CORAL: I know but they're just so cute when they get all riled up like that. It makes me want to do something to help them along.

ANEMONE: I wonder what they were arguing about.

PEARL: It's that silly treasure chest. If all they want is more of that gold stuff, I have heaps of it back at the cavern.

KELP: Weren't you listening? They said it was something more important than the usual gold and jewels and such.

PEARL: Maybe it's more of those books.

CORAL: But the water will have ruined any of those that were on the last ship.

ANEMONE: Unless they were wrapped in something like this tube thing that keeps the water out. Look. This picture is still dry as a dead fish.

CORAL: Where did you get that?

ANEMONE: They tossed it out of the chest and it rolled over here while they were acting so crazy.

KELP: It's that girl, huh?

PEARL: Maybe this is what the big commotion is about.

KELP: But why? It's just another of those human likenesses.

ANEMONE: A very good one, though. She looks as if she could tell a few things if she could speak. Mer people can't paint either.

PEARL: It's the water thing again.

KELP: Oh, put that away where it won't distract York anymore and let's go watch the fight. They're so awkward and funny when they're waving their silly swords around.

PEARL: All right. But I'm sure Captain York will win, he always does.

ANEMONE: He ought to. He's the only one who fights fair.

CORAL: Let's see if there's some way we can get more of those books.

KELP: They're no good without somewhere dry to stow them...

CORAL: And someone to read them to us.

KELP: I can read, a little.

ANEMONE: Of course you can, Kelp, but you can't stay out of the water long enough to get through more than a page or two and you always end up dripping and messing up the ink.

KELP: I can't help it! It dries you out so fast up there!

ANEMONE: Besides, Captain York reads so beautifully. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could hear him read whenever we wanted to?

PEARL: I wonder why he reads out loud.

ANEMONE: Maybe he knows we're listening. He's kind enough to read to us. Remember the time he untangled Kelp's tail from that fishnet?

KELP: He thought I was a dolphin! I almost jumped out of the water to show him who he had saved, but I knew Mother would skin my scales if I did.

CORAL: That was funny. I heard him say once that Shakespeare's plays were meant to be spoken and they make more sense to him that way.

ANEMONE: (sighs) It was so nice while those others were gone and he read every night.

KELP: OOH! I just had the greatest idea!

OTHER MERMAIDS: Uh-oh!

KELP: What if we captured one of those men in the fight and we put them on that little island over by the reef and fed him every day and he could read to us at night? Wouldn't that be great?

CORAL: Is that allowed?

PEARL: We can have pets as long as we take care of them. Mother said.

ANEMONE: Hmmm. Somehow that doesn't seem quite right.

KELP: Why not? We'd make sure he got plenty of food and that icky water they like and even the red stuff when we get it from the ships.

CORAL: And you know how much they love that gold and those pretty pearls? I could give them some of mine to play with. I've got lots!

PEARL: We could bring the bits and pieces that fall off the ship and make a little shell for him. It would be fun.

ANEMONE: But won't he miss his friends?

KELP: Oh come on, Nemmy! It's not like they have feelings like we do! How could they?

CORAL: And we could teach him tricks!

PEARL: I don't think so. They don't learn very quickly. Remember that other one you tried to teach to breathe under water, Kelp?

KELP: He was hopeless. I had to let him go. That's why I thought of that little bitty rock island. He'd do better on land and that way the water wouldn't ruin the books.

ANEMONE: I'm not too sure about this.

CORAL: Well, I think for once Kelp has a good plan! I want to hear more stories!

PEARL: Think about it while we watch the battle, Anemone. That can't hurt anything, can it? Then we'll just wait and see what happens.

ANEMONE: Oh, all right. You go ahead, I'll be right with you. (She takes the painting and starts to hide it)

PEARL: Come on, Nemmy. We'll be late.

ANEMONE: You go on. It's so depressing watching them fight and bleed and drown over their little bits of treasure. Why don't they see what they have and appreciate it?

PEARL: The books?

ANEMONE: And their art and the warm sand they can walk on with the sun on their faces and those beautiful ships that glide over the water like dolphins....

PEARL: But we swim with the dolphins! We hear the whales sing! We glide through the water ourselves...

ANEMONE: Oh, it's not the same. Humans are so, so exotic! Maybe it's because they seem totally different, yet so much the same.

PEARL: Maybe it's just that they're off limits.

ANEMONE: Maybe. But they really are the most fascinating creatures! I want to know what they think, what they feel! What it's like to be them. Mermen never write about the things York reads about. Mermaids can't dance like that girl from the painting did.

PEARL: Mermaids don't need to dance on land when we can tango with sting rays. Mermen can't write because...

ANEMONE: I know, I know, it's the water thing again. We're imprisoned by it. Water limits our lives, our actions, even our thoughts!

PEARL: Is it the water that's bothering you? Or is it something else? Like maybe Captain York, perhaps?

ANEMONE: He is ...quite an admirable person. I think he deserves the very best, not the selfish little witch in that picture. If life were fair...

PEARL: But it's not. York does seem very different from the others, but he's still just a human. Wait! How do you know she's selfish?

ANEMONE: Oh, just look at her! (pulls out the painting) Look at that smirk. She's selfish, she's hiding something, and she doesn't care who she hurts. You can see it in her eyes.

PEARL: You see all that there? That's amazing!

ANEMONE: Whatever. She'd just better not hurt Captain York!

PEARL: There's nothing you can do, Anemone. She's probably not even real. This place has always had lot of very interesting vibrations and illusions. There's probably some logical, or at least mystical, explanation for that dance. Besides, humans have to work out their own problems. Let's go meet the others.

ANEMONE: All right, but I am keeping an eye out for that dancing girl.

(They exit)

(LIGHTS. CURTAIN)

(Lights up as Pirates enter bringing 3 prisoners at sword point, a girl in a hooded cape, a diplomat and a girl dressed like a princess.)

TREVOR: I knew we'd have no luck finding the mysterious treasure on that galleon.

PESO: But ransoming these three prisoners will bring us a pretty penny, I'll wager.

BLOODBRINE: If it's done right.

DIPLOMAT: I have explained how to arrange our ransom. You'll have no trouble at all if you only follow my instructions.

SENORITA: Why are you giving in to these barbarians? We should not cower before their threats like common curs! They are lowlife scum who feed off the fears of decent people.

PESO: I'll risk a hundred pesos that no one will want to ransom this nagging shrew.

TREVOR: You'd win and have to keep her to boot. (Senorita stomps on his foot) Ow!

DIPLOMAT: Just keep the ladies safe and you will receive a handsome reward.

DOM: (entering) We have ransomed a hostage or two in our time. There's no need to tell us our business! Where's the Captain?

PESO: Sailing their galleon through the channel. It's a bit long in the draft, but I recollect how he can get it through like he did the last one.

TREVOR: I should have been given command of that ship. I could have brought it here just as well as he did.

BLOODBRINE: Tis a tricky berth, Trevor, and takes a bit of skill. None can say that Jedediah York is not a good pilot, for all I despise about the man.

DOM: What was that?

PESO: He said the captain is one of the finest pilots who ever plied the seven seas. I'd not be sailing with him otherwise.

TREVOR: I think the Captain's gone a bit soft, letting those sailors go with a perfectly good ketch and supplies.

DOM: Marooning is a time honored Pirate ploy, Trevor. This way, if someone rescues the stranded crew they can swear to it that we have these three prisoners. And that we mean business.

YORK: (entering) Shall I and my dagger show you just how soft I've gotten, Trevor, my lad?

TREVOR: That'll not be necessary, Captain. I can see your point.

HARDTACK: (entering) Captain! Olaf is missing!

DOM: But I saw him cleaning his axe off after the fight. He was fine then. What happened?

TREVOR: Maybe he found the treasure and made off with it

DOM: No boats are missing. He would have had to swim away with it and Olaf swims like a rock.

TREVOR: But rocks can't swi.... Oh, I get it!

YORK: Bloodbrine?

BLOODBRINE: I haven't seen hide nor hair of him since he pushed off the ketch with those Spaniards aboard. He was whinging about his meatball dinner.

PESO: I'd lay odds he went overboard and the sharks ate him.

DOM: Tis possible I suppose.

MARIEL: Not Olaf! He'd not have gone quietly. We would have heard something.

HARDTACK: I would think even a shark would have better taste than to eat Olaf.

BLOODBRINE: A sad end for a brave sailor. (bows his head for a second) Now what do we do with these here prisoners?

YORK: (whispers something to Hardtack who salutes and exits with Mariel) Ransom them, of course. We'd best find out who will pay most handsomely to get them back.

DIPLOMAT: We will be most happy to bring your demands to the king, but we must be allowed to continue on our way. I am on an extremely sensitive diplomatic mission for his Majesty and he will provide you whatever you wish! Gold, jewels, letters of marque...

BLOODBRINE: What a cowardly windbag! Whatever we wish, eh? What if we wish these two little beauties, what then?

SENORITA: Don't touch me, you crusty corsair! Our king will not negotiate with the likes of you.

TREVOR: You're in no position to be calling names, little lady.

SENORITA: At least I'm not in your position, threatening unarmed women.

BLOODBRINE: The girl has spirit! She must be very sure of her worth!

YORK: As am I. See to it that no one damages it.

DOMINGO: Show some respect, Trevor. Your duty to women prisoners is spelled out in The Articles

TREVOR: This scrawny little piece can hardly be called a woman. (pulls back her hood)

YORK: You! It was you! How? Why?

SENORITA: Lay one finger on her and lose it, you cowardly cur.

YORK: Violence will not be required, M'lady. I assure you not one man here would dream of causing any harm to either of you.

DOM: (threateningly) Unless he wishes me to become his worst nightmare.

SENORITA: Don't talk to him, Bianca. He is not worthy of your regard.

YORK: You are so right, Senorita. I deserve nothing from you but fear and contempt. King Philip, however, is a different matter entirely. From him I deserve recompense for my home, my family and my fortune. And I assure you, I will receive it.

SENORITA: And just exactly who are you? Another plaguey, pernicious pirate?

YORK: (taking off his hat and bowing) Jedediah York at your service, ma'am. And as the captain of this fine crew, you will address your remarks to me and leave my men and their shortcomings out of them.

SENORITA: I'd love to leave you and your men! You chose this despicable life, you must accept the name that goes with it.

DOM: Chose? My home was burned, my livelihood was destroyed. I did not choose this life, it was thrust upon me.

YORK: I did not choose to become the "dreaded Captain Jedediah York."

DIPLOMAT: Oh dear! Not Captain Jed! Madre de Dios! Oh my! Where are my smelling salts?

BIANCA: Here, Uncle. (hands him a bottle) He looks like a gentleman. Fulfill his demands and we'll be set free, I'm sure of it.

YORK: I am touched, my Lady! It has been quite some time since anyone has deemed me a gentleman.

BIANCA: But it is quite obvious that is what you are. Why do you consort with this riffraff?

TREVOR: Riffraff is it? I'll show you riffraff, you little...

DOM: Avast, Trevor! Riffraff is a compliment to the likes of you!

YORK: Sticks and stones, Trevor. Lady Bianca, these men are much more than they seem.

SENORITA: They seem like common thieves.

BLOODBRINE: But to know us is to love us.

YORK: Quite. My only regret is that the time it will take to get to know us may inconvenience you somewhat.

SENORITA: My only regret is that these scurvy, slimy, seadogs have ever shared the same air with my lady Bianca!

BIANCA: While I? I regret that this incident may be the death of you, Captain York

DOM: No one threatens the captain in my presence, Lady Bianca!

SENORITA: And no one threatens Lady Bianca in mine.

DIPLOMAT: Bianca is only a girl, gentlemen. Pay no attention to her little outburst.

BIANCA: Of course, don't listen to me. Do exactly as he says. Uncle, I can see that Captain York is not only a man of his word but a man who gets what he wants as well.

BLOODBRINE: Yes, "Uncle!" Captain, let me give this overdressed popinjay a little taste of the steel just to convince him we mean business.

DIPLOMAT: I assure you that will not be necessary. Captain Jedediah York's reputation precedes him. I am quite convinced he means business, and if I am so convinced, his Majesty will be also. But this must be done swiftly or all is lost! If you will only allow me to contact my man of business in Panama City, he will arrange any ransom you wish, within reason of course.

YORK: Of course. We are reasonable men, after all.

TREVOR: Oh, yes. Extremely reasonable when it comes to ransom. (turning away and muttering) But you and I have a little score to settle, Senorita.

YORK: Take the Senor to pen and parchment, Bloodbrine. He has a note to write. Peso, you read Spanish, do you not? Please accompany them and check the gentlemen's letter for grammar and such. We would hate the king's man of business to get the wrong idea.
(Bloodbrine, Peso, and the diplomat exit)

BIANCA: I doubt that King Philip will let me languish here when he has pressing business for me elsewhere.

TREVOR: What I'd like to know is what business does the King of Spain have that concerns a little scrap of a thing like you?

SENORITA: No business that involves such an ill-mannered poltroon as yourself.

TREVOR: I've had just about enough from you...

YORK: ... so like a gentleman, you will now take your leave of these lovely ladies and help Domingo investigate what happened to Olaf.

TREVOR: Olaf! What have I got to do with Olaf?

YORK: What indeed? That is exactly what I would like to find out. Now off with you, Mr. Howard.

SENORITA: Yes, out of our sight!

YORK: On second thought, why don't you take the Senorita with you?

TREVOR: My pleasure. (Trevor begins to exit, pulling the Senorita)

SENORITA: And leave my Lady Bianca alone with a brigand as bold and vile as you? I think not! (She pulls away)

TREVOR: You are the most sharp tongued, ill-natured, nagging woman I ever had the misfortune to meet! Have you always been so difficult?

SENORITA: Before I lost my brother to buccaneers here in these same waters, I was known as a sweet, docile girl who never had a bad word to say about anyone. His disappearance taught me never to trust a pirate with anyone for whom I cared!

TREVOR: And apparently never to cease your chatter as well!

DOM: I'll be here to chaperone, you have my word.

SENORITA: Hah! A pirate's word is worth nothing! I learned that, too!

BIANCA: Go ahead, chiquita, I have things to do here. I sense that this pirate is different. I'll be safe with him. (Trevor and Senorita leave) I find your concern for your men very commendable, Captain York. Puzzling, but commendable. I had no idea pirates could be so honorable.

YORK: Privateers, my lady, privateers.

DOMINGO: We fight only against the enemies of our country.

BIANCA: But what of this fabulous treasure?

DOM: Indeed. What of it? It is ours to keep as payment for clearing the sea lanes for King Charles' navy.

YORK: So, just what is this business King Philip has for you, Lady Bianca?

BIANCA: Oh marriage, of course. Cementing an alliance. I am merely a pawn in a political chess game.

YORK: We all feel that way at times, but we all have choices to make.

BIANCA: No really, I am a pawn. Fostered out to an English family at age five, betrothed to a minor noble at age seven, un-betrothed at age nine. And so on and so on. Now, my dear uncle there has a commission to complete for King Philip that will make me the bride of a very powerful ruler. Whether I wish it or not.

YORK: Well, that hardly seems fair. But then life very seldom is, don't you know?

BIANCA: Exactly. A lesson I have learned to my sorrow. You know, my uncle may sound like a cowardly windbag, but he is really a very shrewd diplomat. I would watch him carefully, if I were you.

DOM: Perhaps I had better oversee this letter "Uncle" is to write

BIANCA: Only if you wish to be sure that it is a ransom you receive and not a hanging.

DOM: Captain?

YORK: Perhaps you had better. Trevor isn't very good at subtleties. (Domingo exits) I would help you if I could, Lady Bianca, but after you are ransomed, I'm afraid your future will no longer be in my hands.

BIANCA: How sad. Then I must take my destiny in my own.

YORK: Do you have the character to make that destiny?

BIANCA: What does a pirate know of character?

YORK: Privateer, M'Lady. And this privateer knows that character, together with the choices you make, create your destiny.

BIANCA: There are no real choices for me, but there is one way I can escape my fate.

YORK: And that is?

BIANCA: Like this... (she pulls a knife and puts it to Jed's throat)

YORK: I see. But how will you get away once you have slit my throat, Lady Bianca?

BIANCA: I have made a small alliance with one of your less loyal crewmen.

YORK: Ah yes, Bloodbrine of course. What does he get from this?

BIANCA: Amnesty, as promised by King Philip, and the treasure we used as bait to capture you.

YORK: Brilliant! You don't really believe Bloodbrine will retire from piracy, do you?

BIANCA: That is none of your concern.

YORK: Or that you will be allowed to retire from King Philip's service?

BIANCA: He will honor his agreement.

YORK: I am quite sure he will, until the next time he needs you.

BIANCA: You should refrain from speaking now.

YORK: Why? Do my words unsettle you, Lady Bianca?

BIANCA: No, but if you wish to live a while longer, you will not distract me just now.

YORK: And what if I do not care about a long life, but only an eventful one? I was just telling Domingo that I tire of this life. There seems no honorable way to leave it. Perhaps I will allow you to end it for me.

BIANCA: And I would gladly do that for you. Or at least I would have, before I witnessed your concern for your men. I truly do not fully understand that.

YORK: Ah, there is a bond forged of blood, sweat, and cold steel that I fear you never will be able to understand. You who would betray a man with a dance.

BIANCA: What are you talking about?

YORK: I saw you before. Dancing in this very cave.

BIANCA: Oh! My portrait. It is very lifelike.

YORK: No portrait is that lifelike!

BIANCA: Flickering light on the water, shadows create an illusion. Or a dream perhaps. You're just like every man I have ever known. You see my face and you imagine what you will. But you can never imagine what it's like to be me.

ANEMONE: Oh, right! Here she goes! Poor me!

PEARL: Quiet!

YORK: I could swear, you danced...

BIANCA: What an imagination! The man of action, the daring pirate, who holds not only his fate, but the fate of dozens of men in his own hands, cannot tell the difference between dream and reality.

YORK: That knife is very real.

BIANCA: And a source of power. You could never begin to comprehend the humiliation of being a woman who has no power in this world, Captain York. A woman used as a bargaining chip, without pride or personality or value apart from a pretty smile and a proven pedigree.

ANEMONE: She's right about that at least.

OLAF: (running in) Captain York! Don't you be falling for anything this here Spanish lady has to say! It be a trap, ya sure!

YORK: Oh really, Olaf? I'd say you have an excellent grasp of the obvious! Good to see you, though.

OLAF: Ya, it be good to be back, Cap'n. What you be doing there, Cap'n if you don't mind my asking?

BIANCA: I mind your asking! And why do you not address your questions to me, the person with the knife?

OLAF: Begging your ladyship's pardon, but that ain't hardly what I call a knife. Now this here be a knife!
(pulls out a huge knife)

YORK: Put that away, Olaf! You'll frighten the lady.

OLAF: If you say so, Cap'n. (puts the knife away) What can I be doing for you now, Cap'n?

YORK: Not much to be done, I'm afraid. This young lady would rather end my life than marry the man King Philip has picked out for her. And she's made a bargain with Bloodbrine, to boot.

OLAF: That's just not right, Cap'n! That Bloodbrine be a scurvy knave! He knocked me over the head and I fell into the drink.

BIANCA: Well, obviously you swam safely ashore! So unless you'd like to hasten your captain's death you need to go away. Now!

OLAF: But that's just it, I didn't swim to shore. Cap'n knows I can't swim to save my life.

YORK: Now I am intrigued. I must hear your story, Olaf.

BIANCA: We've no time for that. It's time to call Mr. Bloodbrine in to finish the task.

YORK: Can't do your own dirty work, eh? Well, I'm afraid I can't stand idly by and let that turncoat ruin all I've worked for, especially after he coldcocked poor Olaf.

BIANCA: But you said you tired of this life....

YORK: I do. And I considered letting you end it. You, not Bloody boy. So, I regret that I must ask for that knife now, Lady Bianca.

BIANCA: When you pry it from my cold dead fingers.

(Olaf sneaks up behind her; struggle ensues as Jed wrests the knife away from her)

YORK: Don't tempt me. Thank you, Olaf, she would never have used it. Now continue your story.

OLAF: (Still holding the struggling Bianca) It ban the oddest thing, Cap'n! I hit the water and the next thing I knows is that these here mermaids was towing me along, ya sure.

BIANCA: (She gets away and straightens her clothing and hair) Mermaids!

OLAF: Ya, sure, I ban thinkin it be pretty darn strange, myself, but there they be and here I be.

BIANCA: Where are they?

OLAF: In the water just there.

(There's a splash, but no other sign of the mermaids)

BIANCA: You're either drunk or crazy.

OLAF: They ban there just a moment ago, Cap'n.

YORK: I'm sure they were, Olaf. In fact I believe I saw a tail fin. Why did they rescue you?

OLAF: I baint too sure, Cap'n. They towed me to a little rock with a pile of books on it.

YORK: Books?

OLAF: Ya sure. Seems they been listenin' to ya read that Shakespeare fellow and wanted to hear some more.

YORK: I didn't know you could read. English, that is.

OLAF: Well, that ban the problem, Cap'n. Those there books were all just scribbles to me. Then the one called Anemone told me how she heard tell Bloodbrine was fixin to turn you in for the reward. Those little fish ladies be purty darn partial to you, Cap'n. Leastways to your reading voice

YORK: I'm flattered.

BIANCA: It certainly doesn't take much to gratify a man's vanity.

OLAF: So, what we be doin now, Cap'n?

YORK: Tiresome as it may be, I suppose we had better confront Bloodbrine and arrange for this young "lady's" ransom.

BIANCA: I will not return to Spain empty handed, Captain York ! I will kill myself before I marry that pig of a German King Phillip has picked out for me.

YORK: My, my, my. Aren't we being a trifle melodramatic?

BIANCA: Do you dare to mock me, Captain York? You have no idea of what you speak!

OLAF: I ban thinking I hear Bloodbrine, coming.

YORK: Olaf, I sent Captain Margate, First Mate Saldana and Hardtack to find out what happened to you. Perhaps you would care to go and fetch them back.

OLAF: Awww, Cap'n. You shouldn't have! You went to so much trouble all for me?

YORK: You'd do the same for me, I'm sure. Nip along quickly now, won't you? (Olaf exits. York turns to Bianca) It seems you may still have a choice as yet, Lady Bianca. Bloodbrine or me?

BIANCA: Obviously I have failed to make myself clear to you, Captain York. I have no choices. Everything is decided for me.

YORK: Then this will be a new experience for you. Who will you trust? A king who uses you and a pirate who betrays his Captain? Or your humble servant, Jedediah York?
Sounds of a scuffle, then a thud. Bloodbrine enters wiping his sword.

BLOODBRINE: This time I'll be the one doing the deciding, Missy. Just after I takes care of Captain High and Mighty York here.

YORK: Take care of me, eh, Bloodbrine? I think your whole scheme hinges on that. What say we settle this once and for all? On guard, Bloody, boy.

(Sword fight ensues. Bloodbrine is about to skewer York when Anemone reaches out and grabs his foot. Bloodbrine ends up on the ground with York's sword at his throat.)

BLOODBRINE: A little help, Missy, and you and I can split this treasure. If he wins, it's marriage to that German fellow for you. My men will be here any second.

YORK: So it seems it really is up to you. What do you choose?

(LIGHTS. CURTAIN. INTERMISSION)

ACT II

(Lights up on Pirate's Cave in 1920s with school girls huddled around a lantern telling stories.)

BONNIE: Well, what happened? Did she save him?

MANDY: Some say she did. They say she chose to help Captain York and even defended him.... to the death. The legend says that here in this very place she and Captain York fought off Bloodbrine and his men and the two of them escaped with the treasure - only to be drowned in a terrible storm. Their ghosts came back here to the place where they met and fell in love.

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