

Scourge of the Indigo Sapphire

A Pirate Farce

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A Play in Two Acts

By

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## Synopsis:

Loosely based on a movie with a similar name, Scourge is based on the Caribbean island of Port Boyle. The Governor and his daughter are headed to the promotion ceremony of the local naval officer. After the ceremony both the officer and the local trash collector, that is, “swordsmith”, ask the daughter for her hand in marriage. She sets a task before them and may the best man win. In an effort to find, commandeer and steal the treasure aboard the Indigo Sapphire, the daughter, the officer, the swordsmith and a dread pirate end up on a desert island as the Sapphire’s captain tries to lift a twenty year old curse, which will return the pirates to their former state.

## Cast of Characters

<u>Captain Jacques Swallow:</u>	A man of indeterminate age. Former captain of the Indigo Sapphire. Enjoys being a pirate, but deeply conflicted about the idea of being a pirate.
<u>Swill Tanner:</u>	A man in his mid-20’s to early 30’s. Trash collector by day, “Swordsmith” by night. In love with Estonia, but feels he’s beneath her station.
<u>Estonia Pelican:</u>	A woman in her early 20’s. Fair of face and foul of temper. Tends to overuse euphemisms and colorful metaphors.
<u>Governor Pelican:</u>	A man in his late 50’s. Self proclaimed, yet delusional Governor of the Entire Caribbean and all the Lands Contained Therein, as so ordered by Papal decree, said document having been purchased from the ‘Emperor of Atlantis’. He is Estonia’s father.
<u>Commodore (Harry) Herringbone:</u>	A man in his early 30’s. Naval Commander of Port Boyle, also in love with Estonia. Remarkably inept despite his lofty rank. Sent to Port Boyle to reduce his negative impact on the rest of the navy.
<u>Captain Babushka:</u>	A woman in her late 40’s or 50’s. Captain of the Indigo Sapphire after stealing the ship from Captain Jacques. Wears a scarf around her neck to hide scars from multiple attempts on her life.
<u>Mukluk Mel:</u>	Swill’s Mother. A voice heard from beyond the grave. (Can be played by any of the off-stage actors)
<u>Pelican’s Bride:</u>	(Optional cameo- no lines) Good looking woman in bikini or mermaid costume



**Setting:**

Various locations around the Caribbean including, Port Boyle, Isle of Mulch, and various ship decks.

**Time:**

The beginning of the end of the pirate's heyday, around 1750.

**Production Notes:**

The sets can range from simple suggestions of location, such as, a single palm tree, a ship's wheel, a doorway or window, etc. to full blown staging, including elaborate, fly-in backdrops with complete furnishings. To keep the pace up, smaller, partial stage, sets can be used to flit back and forth between scene segments, using lighting for emphasis. A single ship's bridge set can be used with two nameplates being exchanged to designate which is the current one. The post promotion ceremony buffet in Scene One is optional depending on how you wish to play the scene.

When Jacques speak of his life's goal, "to become the Mayor of Chicago", can be replaced with any political post in the current headlines being investigated for scandal.

Depending on how the scene is played, Governor Pelican's Papal decree can range from an ornate scroll with detailed manuscript to anachronistic paper with kindergarten crayon drawings.

Although a smaller role, Mukluk Mel can be played by a separate actor or by anyone off stage during his scenes. Mel can also be played for laughs, if different actors, including the males, alternate playing 'the voice'.

Costuming should be fairly elaborate with, at least a hint of, anachronism. For example, Swill's costume could be based on a highly stained set of trash collector's coveralls with appropriate 18<sup>th</sup> century adornment. Estonia's dress should be distinctive enough to be immediately recognized each time it appears.

**Original Production**

Act 1

Scene 1- Promotions and Proposals

SETTING: Governor's Mansion.

AT RISE: Estonia wearing discreet 18<sup>th</sup> century undergarments, including a tightly cinched corset, is looking for her clothes. Governor Pelican enters to make sure she's awake and give a 'new' dress.

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Estonia, are you awake yet, dear. You didn't forget that today is Commodore Herringbone's promotion ceremony, did you?... Just between you and me, I think he may have something else in mind for you today. And look, in light of this most joyous occasion, I brought you a beautiful new dress. Put it on, we must go soon—</p>	1A
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA (sarcastically)</p> <p>Surely, you don't mean he's going to propose, <u>again</u>? What a goob. And gee, Father, how thoughtful of you to present me with this new dress which is identical in every way to the old dress I was just looking for. The one I've worn every day for two and a half years because there's no decent shopping on this pig trough of an island.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">(shows burn hole. Getting more perturbed.)</p> <p>Look there's even an identical burn hole, just like the one in my 'old' dress, where that stupid servant girl dumped the ashes from my bed warmer.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>But of course, I knew you liked the old one so much, I had it duplicated...down to the smallest detail.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>Right—</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">(struggles into the dress. There's a knock at the door. She sniffs the air.)</p> <p>Yuck, what is that horrible smell?</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">(SWILL enters with commemorative 'sword' in a battered</p>	

	Notes
cardboard box. The sword is made from a broom handle and decorated to taste. The epitome of gaudy would be just about right.)	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Ah, Mr. Tanner, I see you've arrived and with the lovely little gift I commissioned for Commodore Herringbone's promotion ceremony.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL (bowing)</p> <p>Yes, as you requested, your highness.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Please, Swill, such lofty titles must be reserved only for members of the royal family. Whereas, I am simply the lowly 'Governor of the Entire Caribbean Sea and all the Lands Contained Therein'.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>(still bowing)</p> <p>Of course you are, your majesty,</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>That's much better. Now, show me what you've brought.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>(grandly pulls 'sword' from its 'scabbard'. Brandishes it with a complete lack of swordsmanship)</p> <p>Here she is. And if I may say so myself, the finest blade yet created in the province of Port Boyle.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>(under her breath)</p> <p>This island <u>so</u> needs to get a real blacksmith.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>(taking the sword from SWILL. Flails about with equal lack of skill)</p>	

	Notes
Such a fine piece of craftsmanship I have never held in my hand. Thank you for creating such a masterpiece. Thank you. I'm sure Commodore Herringbone will treasure it. For as the Zen Master says, "In the blade of a beautiful sword reflects the true nature of its creator." And now I must take my leave. I have important matters to address before the ceremony. (as exiting with sword) Like the annexation of Atlantis and the—	
SWILL (turning his attention to ESTONIA) And what did you think, m'lady?	
ESTONIA About what?	
SWILL Why, my new creation, of course.	
ESTONIA If you're fishing for compliments, Mr. Tanner, you'll find none here. Did you actually expect a makeshift cutlass formed from a common broomstick and tacky rhinestones to strike my fancy, to pique my curiosity, to 'jiggle my handle', if you know what I mean.	
SWILL I'm not sure that I do...Anyway, I just meant, did you like it? Every day I strive to accomplish that which would please you, Miss Pelican.	
ESTONIA Please, Mr. Tanner, call me Estonia, or better yet, you may call me by my official title, "The Most High Princess of the Entire Caribbean and Imperial Governess of all that Lies within Her Sovereign Bounds, Whose Beauty Exceeds All Measure and Whose Grace is Beyond Limit". How many times must I insist that you stop calling me, "Miss Pelican"?	
SWILL At least three more, "Most High Princess of the Entire... what ever you said".	

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>That's better. Anyway, I have a question for you. Do you remember that putrid day of despair on which we met?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>Barely. I was mercifully unconscious throughout most of it.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>Well, I remember it like it was yesterday. Perhaps because right now you smell just like you did that foul morning when your tattered carcass washed up on the shore of this 'hellhole'; this worthless spew of turtle vomit that we like to call home. But that's beside the point. Do you remember...this?</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">(she holds up him a battered clam shell hanging from a cheap chain or dirty shoestring)</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">(takes it from her)</p> <p>I thought I lost this while floating on that makeshift raft I was able to fashion out of loose ship debris, after being blown out of the water by the nasty, dirty, stinky pirates aboard the Indigo Sapphire, before I passed out and spent nearly a month adrift on the ocean, eating nothing but kelp and drinking my own...never mind. Even though it's not true, according to family folklore, this magnificent clamshell necklace could be a pricey heirloom handed down from nearly one generation of my family. Where ever did you find it?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>I plucked from around your neck as you lay near death in the sand...thinking you would be dead soon...I mean... I thought I would keep it safe and then return it to you at the appropriate time... Yeah that's it. And today is that time. You see, it just doesn't go with my dress at all. Besides it's so last year. So, you keep it.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">(folds his hands around it for safe keeping. Eerie light or sound as he does so.)</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>Thanks. You have no idea how important this medallion is to me.</p>	

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>Medallion? It's a half a stupid clamshell for goodness sake.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>Ah...But, not just any stupid clamshell. This is the shell of the very rare and highly endangered Atlantian Scourgionous Clam. This <u>single</u> shell is so rare; it's now worth nearly an hour's pay.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA (unimpressed)</p> <p>Wow, who would have guessed? Perhaps you should pawn it and take me out for a fabulous lunch. Oh, sorry, not today. Today I have to go to that insipid ceremony for Commodore Herringbone. Talk about Dullsville to the extremis... You can invite me to a double fabulous lunch tomorrow.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>It would be my honor, Miss Pel—</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>Ahem.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>I mean, "Most High Princess of the Sea and Land and Whose Beauty is Something and Whose Grace is Something Else".</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>Close enough... for a peasant. Sorry you have to be leaving now. Ta-ta. (pushes him out of the scene) Now for the horrid ceremony.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>(enters with newly created 'sword in its cardboard scabbard. The following discourse occurs as they transition to the ceremony.) Estonia, dear, are you ready? If we go now, we'll just fashionably late enough to hold up the entire process. Oh, I do love putting the little people in their place. Don't you?</p>	

	Notes
ESTONIA Of course, Father, there's just nothing better... Out of curiosity, Father, to what rank is our appalling Commodore Herringbone being promoted?	
PELICAN Why, Commodore, of course.	
ESTONIA But, isn't he already a Commodore?	
PELICAN Yes, he is. That's the beauty of it.	
ESTONIA I don't think I quite understand.	
PELICAN It's one of the great mysteries of the Royal Navy. (he unsuccessfully tries to get HERRINGBONE's attention as he's chatting with SWILL, who has entered from the other side. Herringbone is nattily dressed, but has his shirttail half untucked.) Estonia, if you will.  (ESTONIA puts two fingers in her mouth and lets out a long, loud whistle. If unable to thus whistle, another suitably annoying attention getting device can be substituted. To ESTONIA)  Thank you. And thank you <u>all</u> for coming.  (OTHERS look about wondering who he's talking about)  This is indeed a joyous occasion, a day of gladness, a time of celebration, a monumental event for which the good people of Port Royal have incurred no expense. What could possibly be more momentous than the momentous annual promotion ceremony for our own	<b>1B</b>

	Notes
<p>Commodore Herringbone?</p> <p>(Light applause)</p> <p>Commodore if you will assume the position.</p> <p>(HERRINGBONE starts to spread eagle against the wall to be frisked. PELICAN whispers.)</p> <p>Not that position, the other one.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Sorry.</p> <p>(he kneels before PELICAN)</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>You know this reminds me of a day, not so very long ago, when I first gained my promotion to Governor of this paradise on earth. The day that infectious boob of a prince lost eighteen straight games of gin rummy to me and banished our good family to the ends of the earth. The stupid jerk opined for several minutes about how prestigious was my new position and how proud he was to bestow such a grand honor on such a great man, before pronouncing sentence. The creep still owes me the 360 pounds he lost. But as the Master says, "Contentment is as contentment does".</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE (interrupting)</p> <p>I hate to be a bother, but my thighs are beginning to cramp. Can we get on with this?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Oh, right. And so, without too much further ado, it is my great honor as Governor of the Entire Caribbean Sea and all the Lands Contained Therein', to bestow upon thee, Harry Herringbone, the increase in rank from Commodore of the Royal Navy, to Commodore of the Royal Navy, with the requisite, no increase in duties or pay accompanying the aforementioned ceremonial and completely superfluous rank and title.</p> <p>(takes new 'sword' from scabbard and taps HERRINGBONE on each shoulder and his head in a most undignified manner, then</p>	

	Notes
<p>bows)  So it is and so it shall be. Now get up.  (he does. PELICAN hands HERRINGBONE the sword)  And here is but the smallest token of the esteem of the entire province of Port Boyle.</p>	
<p>(HERRINGBONE stands ceremoniously and moves to address the 'crowd', who ignore him, perhaps in favor of the post ceremony buffet.)</p>	
<p>HERRINGBONE (pompously)  Governor, honored guests, friends, neighbors, countrymen, fellow officers, sailors, plebes, and all others, it is with humblest sincerity that I stand before you and accept this honorable...uh...honor. I do not take lightly the responsibilities of this or any other unmeritoriously earned rank. I count this promotion, as with my many previous, to be among the most shining achievements of my illustrious career. And it's with great—</p>	
<p>ESTONIA  Excuse me, Commodore.</p>	
<p>HERRINGBONE  Yes, Miss Pelican.</p>	
<p>ESTONIA  (immediately irritated)  How many times must I ask you to call me... Oh, never mind. Commodore, if you're already a Commodore in the Royal Navy, how can you be promoted to Commodore of the Royal Navy.</p>	
<p>HERRINGBONE  (fawning over her)  That is such an insightful question, Miss Pel...I mean, Most Gracious One. The Royal Navy, in its infinite wisdom, and in an effort to boost morale, has a promotion ceremony for each and every officer, each and every year, on the anniversary of his graduation from the Royal Naval academy.</p>	
<p>ESTONIA</p>	

	Notes
That doesn't really answer my question, you innocuous dolt.	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Ah, yes, I see. It's like this. Even if an officer hasn't <u>earned</u> an increase in rank, he gets promoted anyway. This way no one feels left out while everyone else is advancing. You see, the Royal Navy is quite concerned with the self esteem of every officer. The rank and file sailors are essentially chopped liver, but the officers are quite well treated. Now, sometimes circumstances are such that an officer doesn't really have the opportunity to prove he is ready for advancement and would suffer significant embarrassment and loss of esteem without this mandatory endorsement. Take me, for example. Since I have been in charge of Port Boyle, we haven't had a single serious incident in nearly four years, <u>not one</u> breach of security.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(under her breath)</p> <p>What fool would want to attack this scum bucket of a cesspool?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>To my credit nothing has happened here, which speaks volume about my military leadership and personal prowess. However, to my commanders, this looks like I am doing nothing at all. And as a result, my service record, unblemished as it may be, doesn't show any great moments of leadership, or heroism, or even anything significant. Without the required increase in rank,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(through gritted teeth as he starts seething)</p> <p>I might lose my composure and succumb to the basest of human instincts and become jealous and resentful of my peers and start scheming to take matters into my own...</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(returns to normal)</p> <p>Anyway, in my case, I've been promoted to Commodore Four from Commodore Three and all that potential nastiness is avoided.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>So you've been a Commodore for four years?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(chuckles)</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE (embarrassed)</p> <p>This will be five actually. Year one is just Commodore or Commodore Zero, if you will, and the</p>	

	Notes
<p>first promotion is to Commodore One...</p> <p>(trying to change subjects. During this exchange an unsavory looking CAPTAIN JACQUES SWALLOW enters and tries to mingle with the nonexistent crowd and perhaps takes advantage of the buffet.)</p> <p>Anyway... funny story. It seems there's this goofus from my academy class who is so inept, that his last promotion was to Ensign Sixteen. Now, that has to be a record... uh...Hey, how 'bout those Florida Marlins.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>What marlins? Why are you babbling about fish?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Ok, then... A man walks into a bar with a beautiful arm on his girl...</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN (interrupting)</p> <p>Excuse me Commodore... but there seems to be a stranger in our midst.</p> <p>(HERRINGBONE does nothing, seemingly unable to determine that something should be done.)</p> <p>Perhaps you should ascertain his intentions.</p>	1C
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Of course, it would be my pleasure, Governor. (to JACQUES)</p> <p>Excuse me, sir, might I enquire of you to ascertain the nature of your intentions here in Port Boyle.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES (surprised)</p> <p>What?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p>	

	Notes
(slowly as if JACQUES is stupid) What are you doing here?	
JACQUES There's no need to be condescending, I just didn't hear you clearly. To answer your question, I am but a poor, vagabond sailor looking to find a suitable change of career.	
PELICAN Isn't that nice? Another unemployed bumpkin come looking for a hand out. What is your name and just what is your chosen profession, sir?	
JACQUES I am Cap... I mean, my name is Jacques Swallow...man...Swallowman and I am the world's most notorious pir... I mean, the world's best known pie maker.	
SWILL (atwitter) Ooooo, goody, another baker. Can you make raspberry tarts? I love tarts. What about scones? I love scones even more, especially the lemony lemon ones.	
HERRINGBONE (ignoring SWILL) Excuse me again. But I can't help but notice that your name is remarkably similar to that of a rather second rate <u>pirate</u> , whose reputation for commandeering naval vessels is somewhat well known to me.	
JACQUES (overly incredulous at the implied accusation) You don't think...You couldn't possibly...I'm certainly not...	
HERRINGBONE (apologetically) Oh...So sorry. No one is saying that you are. I just happened to notice that your name is quite similar to that of the pirate Captain Jacques Swallow, that's all. No offense intended.	
JACQUES Oh.	

	Notes
<p>(as OTHERS freeze, melodramatic aside to audience)</p> <p>As if you haven't already guessed, it just so happens that I am this same Captain Jacques Swallow, the rather <u>first rate</u> pirate, Cow Manure Herringbone just mentioned. Don't get me wrong, pirating is certainly a way to make a pretty fair living, but I never intended to make it my primary vocation. I just sort of fell into it. It's not even my fault actually. You see, one day I was minding my own business, sittin' on the beach, studying for the LSAT, when I captured by the Dread Pirate Roberts... No, wait, that's a different story... It seems I was Shang Hai'd by Blackbeard himself. He must have seen my potential, for very soon I was apprenticing under the master himself. After a couple of years, Captain Blackbeard seemed to think I was ready to move out on my own. So it was decide the next ship we captured would become mine. Within days I was captain of my own ship, the Indigo Sapphire. What a proud ship she was...How I lost her is another story, one that won't be fully explained in scene five. Anyway, I never really wanted to be a pirate. I actually feel kinda bad about it. Don't get me wrong, the stealing, the pillaging, et cetera is all kinda fun... frolicking about, confiscating treasure, torturing hapless passengers... but this assuredly creates a moral conundrum. That's why I'm here; here in Port Boyle that is. I need to make a clean break from this soon-to-be former life. So, as soon as I can wrangle it, I'm stealin' a ship and headin' to America to pursue my true life's goal... becoming the respectable Mayor of Chicago.</p> <p>(back in scene)</p> <p>Yes, quite coincidental that. And since I've already seen that you have a baker in town—</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>Three actually. But, a fourth wouldn't hurt any. What about strudel? Can you do a nice apple strudel? I just love the icing swirls, there so perky.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES (perturbed)</p> <p>Since there are already <u>three</u> bakers in town, I'll just be on my way to find suitable employment in a less bakered locale.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>If you must go, so be it. But if you stick around, I'm sure you'll be able to find other suitable employment, from the bilge smell surrounding you, perhaps a scullery maid in the brig of my ship might be appropriate.</p> <p>(laughs)</p>	

	Notes
<b>ESTONIA</b>	
Be nice, Commodore, after all Mr. Swallowman is our guest here in Port Boyle, even if it is a festering pus bucket on the a...I mean, the bottom of the world.	
<b>HERRINGBONE</b>	
Very well. Mr. Swallowman, enjoy your stay here in Port Boyle. But remember, I've got my eye on you.... (guides ESTONIA away for others) Estonia, might I have a word with you...in private. I have something very important to ask you.	
<b>SWILL</b>	
(butting in) Wait, Most Gracious Beautiful Sea Whatever, I, too, have something very important to ask you... <u>in private</u> .	
<b>ESTONIA</b>	
Well, I don't really feel like making time for either of you imbecilic laggards. (starting to enjoy the possibilities) So, you'll just have to ask me <u>together</u> .	
(SWILL and HERRINGBONE say the following lines together, identically or in a bout of one-ups-manship. Even though she's not interested in either of them, ESTONIA enjoys pitting them against each other.)	
<b>SWILL and HERRINGBONE</b>	
Estonia, we've know each other for quite awhile now.	
<b>ESTONIA</b>	
Yes, we have.	
<b>SWILL and HERRINGBONE</b>	
And we've shared many fascinating experiences. I'm sure you remember the lovely moonlight strolls on the beach.	

	Notes
ESTONIA (sweetly) Yes, we have and yes I do. (puts finger in mouth and mimics vomiting)	
SWILL and HERRINGBONE It's no secret that I am quite taken with you.	
ESTONIA It's no secret at all. You're both continuously following me around like lost puppies.	
SWILL and HERRINGBONE I'm not getting any younger.	
ESTONIA Or any smarter.	
SWILL and HERRINGBONE Now this setting, here on the rocky cliff overlooking the majestic sea is sooooo romantic.	
ESTONIA Uh-uhm...	
SWILL and HERRINGBONE I've been thinking about my future a lot lately...and with whom I'd like to share it.	
ESTONIA Uh-uhm...	
SWILL and HERRINGBONE (both turning to her and dropping to one knee, each takes one of her hands) Estonia Pelican...will you marry me?	
(ESTONIA stifles a laugh, for a moment and then can't contain it.)	

	Notes
PELICAN	
This is wonderful.	
SWILL and HERRINGBONE	
What's so funny?	
ESTONIA	
You two have to be the most moronic simpletons to ever walk on two feet. Why in the name of great feathered wildebeests would I ever consider marrying either of you dunderheads?	
SWILL and HERRINGBONE	
Because we're available...and we love you.	
ESTONIA	
Right. Even if I wanted either of you, which I don't. Legally, I could only have one of you. (pondering) Although two husbands might have its advantages, assuming there was anything resembling decent shopping on this rathole of an atoll. (amused with herself) Oh, I made a rhyme. Father, can I have two husbands.	
PELICAN	
Sorry, dear, only one to a customer.	
ESTONIA	
That's probably for the best. The thought of even one husband is really quite bad enough...Anyway, <u>if</u> I was to consider either of you, you would have to win my affection in a battle of strength and wits. And since you're each only half qualified... the winner of said battle would earn the right to ask for my hand in Holy Sanctimony, again. (to audience) Not that my answer will change.	
SWILL	
Just name the task, m'lady. I'll climb the highest mountain, swim the deepest ocean, cross the widest desert, eat the lousiest crumb cake, to prove my love and win your hand.	

	Notes
ESTONIA	
Isn't that nice? What about you?	
HERRINGBONE	
Phf...Climbing, swimming, crossing...kid's stuff. To win your <u>heart</u> , Most Gracious One, I would face the fiercest pirate ever to disgrace the seven seas and bring to you chests of ill-gotten treasure.	
ESTONIA	
Now you're talking my language... (more excited) Ok, ok, ok. Who's the fiercest pirate with the largest booty alive today?	
JACQUES	
Captain Jacques Swallow.	
SWILL, HERRINGBONE and PELICAN (enthusiastically)	
Captain Babushka of the Indigo Sapphire.	
JACQUES	
(under his breath) That's <u>my</u> ship.	
(SWILL looks at him, wondering.)	
ESTONIA	
Very well, the challenge is now set. You must vanquish Captain Babushka of the Indigo Sapphire and bring back the booty to moi. The limp-wristed buffoon with the largest pile wins the chance to ask again for the ever more beautiful...me. The loser will henceforth bear the title, 'Dumbest Scum Sucking Pig in the Universe' and will be required to wear a propeller beanie proclaiming such... Are we agreed?  (SWILL and HERRINGBONE nod in agreement)	

	Notes
What are you waiting for? Get cracking!	
(As SWILL and HERRINGBONE stumble about trying to get going, a booming voice from beyond the grave stops them in their tracks.)	
MUKLUK That's enough flailing about. The challenge has been made.	
SWILL Is that you, m'lady?	
HERRINGBONE Am I on Candid Camera?	
MUKLUK I am, Mukluk Mel, mother of the Rightful, Chosen One. Only the Rightful, Chosen One has the power to bring me back from the great beyond. Only my son can undo the deed which condemns my soul to this aqueous Purgatory... And, by the way, release the secret of Davy Jones locker.	
SWILL (cautiously) And what might that be?	
MUKLUK (confused) The task or the secret?	
SWILL Both.	
MUKLUK Ah... As for the task, you must take back the Indigo Sapphire, the once proud ship now sailing with cobalt colored sails, and return her to her rightful captain. You see, the Sapphire was <u>my</u> ship before being expropriated by dirty, nasty, stinky pirates.	
JACQUES	

	Notes
I knew that voice sounded familiar.	
MUKLUK	
As for the secret, well... you wouldn't believe me if I told you... Sorry, other line's ringing... Gotta go.	
SWILL and HERRINGBONE	
(look at each other, puzzled for a moment)	
Very well then, we're off to face our quest. But before we go... a kiss for luck.	
(They back the repulsed ESTONIA onto the wall and she falls into the sea.)	
PELICAN	
Oh my, she's fallen into the sea. Someone save her.	
SWILL	
Sorry, can't swim.	
(PELICAN looks at HERRINGBONE)	
HERRINGBONE	
No can do. Just had my hair done.	
PELICAN	
As the Zen Master says, "adversity faced is its own reward". Someone's got to go in after her.	
JACQUES	
Why is it always me?	
(makes a big production of taking off hat, coat, sword etc. and finally goes over the wall.)	
(Lengthy uncomfortable pause as the three men look over the edge. Finally—)	
SWILL	

	Notes
How long do you think he can hold his breath?	
(another moderate pause)	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> Look! They've broken the surface...and they're climbing back up.	
(Now wet or covered in kelp, ESTONIA and JACQUES climb back over the wall with the help of the OTHERS. ESTONIA is again dressed in her undergarments.)	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> Estonia, are you alright? What happened to your beautiful new dress?	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> Yes, Father, I'm fine, no thanks to you three. Oh, I didn't even notice my dress was missing. (glares at them)	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> I'm afraid I am responsible for that. You see, with the heavy dress entangling the two of us at the bottom of the bay, we were but mere moments away from an untimely watery grave. But, I was finally able to cut the dress free, we were able make our way to the surface—	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> (grabbing JACQUES) You foul villain. Better you should have drowned than besmirch the virtue of my betrothed.	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> (irked and getting between them. To HERRINGBONE) First of all, Bub, I am <u>not</u> your betrothed and second, had <u>he</u> not come to my rescue; I'd be headed to that great coral reef in the sky. I'd have bought the oyster bed. I'd be pushin' up kelp. So get off his case.	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> Yeah, get off my case.	

	Notes
(HERRINGBONE comes at him threateningly) Well, I can certainly tell when I'm not wanted. So I'll just be on my way. (exits quickly. ESTONIA prohibits HERRINGBONE from following.)	
ESTONIA Where do you think you're going? You have a quest to attend ...to...Get to it!	
SWILL Please Miss Pel... Estonia, keep this token until I can return with treasures far greater. (places clamshell necklace around her neck)	
ESTONIA (to audience) I thought I just got rid of this.	
SWILL And now, to the quest.	
HERRINGBONE Yes, to the quest...But first, to get the scoundrel.	
(BLACKOUT)	
(END OF SCENE)	

**Scene 2- Kidnapped Parleyers and Plans Afoot**

SETTING: Port Boyle.

AT RISE: JACQUES and SWILL are at either side on the stage watching where they've been, not where they're going. JACQUES has a nice sword. SWILL has a plain broomstick model. Eventually they back into each other and the scene begins.

	Notes
BOTH Yeaahhhhhh (jump apart and face each other)	2A
SWILL Avast ye scurvy dog.	
JACQUES What?	
SWILL I said, "Avast ye scurvy dog."	
JACQUES I heard that. What the devil does it <u>mean</u> ?	
SWILL I'm not sure. I heard it once on PTV.	
JACQUES What's P-T-V?	
SWILL Duh, Pirate Television. And I just liked the sound of it, so, Avast ye scurvy dog. Have at you. (begins clanking away at JACQUES's sword)	

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>(barely noticing the fray, perhaps having a snack)</p> <p>So Swill, how are you planning to track down, approach, board, commandeer and return with the treasure of the Indigo Sapphire? And are you really serious about handing over all the loot to win the hand of a <u>lady</u> whose abject avarice is borderline obsessive and whose detesting of you is downright palpable?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>Mind your tongue, you dog. Miss Pelican is no lady... She is the woman I love. I would gladly climb the highest mountain, swim the deepest—</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>Yeah, yeah, I heard you before. I was there, remember? No one doubts your sincerity. It's your lack of methodology that makes me skeptical.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>It's simple really. I simply get hold of a ship. Then I simply discover the whereabouts of the Indigo Sapphire. Then I simply make my way aboard and address the captain. Then I simply demand the cargo and I simply return to Port Boyle. It's as simple as that.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>Miss Pelican was right. You simply are a simpleton. You have no idea what you're doing do you?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>No, I don't. But it won't stop me from doing it. Now stand down, lest I thrash you mercilessly.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>Thrash me mercilessly?</p> <p>(he starts to laugh. SWILL knocks his sword out of his hand and is about to subdue him when HERRINGBONE enters.)</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Avast ye scurvy dog.</p>	

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>(still laughing) Oh no, not you, too.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>I have you now, you pathetic cur. And I will not rest until I have satisfaction for your impertinent behavior concerning Miss Pelican. (JACQUES can be taken to jail or simply be placed in manacle and leg irons) Had I not arrived and subdued you as I did, you, Jacques Swallow, would still be free to ravage the fair city of Port Boyle, as free as a bird. Now you'll be a bird... in a cage.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>(under his breath) <u>Captain Jacques Swallow.</u></p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>You subdued Captain Jock? I think not. I'm the one who captured him.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>You say captured him? I think not. For the real story, you may read about the whole daring escapade in my official report. Autographed copies will be available soon. (HERRINGBONE gets pelted in the head with a fish from above) What in the name of Pompous Poseidon was that?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">MUKLUK</p> <p>It's a fish you idiot.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>And apparently, the fish doesn't like you very much.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>You be quiet. I can see it's a fish. But what's it doing here? (more fish rain down)</p>	

	Notes
MUKLUK	
There are pirates in the lagoon lobbing fish across the island. Perhaps you should do something about it.	
HERRINGBONE	
Me! Why is it always up to me to take care of the pirates?	
MUKLUK	
It's your job. You are in charge of security, aren't you? (conspiratorially) Besides, if you handle this well, there may be another promotion in it for you.	
HERRINGBONE	
I see your point. Alrighty then, I'm off to trounce the pirates. (he exits dragging JACQUES with him. More fish fall, hitting SWILL.)	
SWILL	
And I'm off to defeat the Indigo Sapphire. (he exits)	
(BABUSHKA enters the Governor's Mansion and accosts ESTONIA. ESTONIA, still in undergarments, has clamshell necklace tucked inside.)	
BABUSHKA	2B
You there, I am in great need of something, (sniffs about) and my nose tells me you have it.	
ESTONIA	
(sniffs the air) Are you sure? <u>My</u> nose tells me you haven't seen a shower in a <u>very</u> long time. I don't mean to be rude, but you smell of rotting fish, Madame.	

	Notes
BABUSHKA	
That's not me. The crew is pelting your fair city with bushels of bonefish to distract the naval forces while I seek the final remnant of that which will lift the scourge that befell us all, lo, these nearly twenty years ago.	
ESTONIA	
Wouldn't cannon fire be more effective?	
BABUSHKA (sheepishly)	
It is kind of embarrassing, isn't it?... Funny story... you see, after pillaging the area for these many months now, we seem to have run completely out of cannon balls. (embarrassed chuckle)	
ESTONIA	
Then, why don't you just go get some more?	
BABUSHKA	
What, you think it's just that easy. You think we can just pop over to 'Cannonballs-R-Us' any time we please? If you hadn't noticed, your forsaken little berg here doesn't even have a decent blacksmith.	
ESTONIA	
Don't I know it?	
BABUSHKA	
Now, where is it?	
ESTONIA (confused)	
Where is what? You haven't told me what you're looking for... exactly.	
BABUSHKA	
Oh, sorry. For over nineteen long years we have scoured the seas trying to appease the powers that be. We have searched long and hard, hither and yon, high and dry, to reassemble the vast treasure needed to lift the scourge. There's only one missing piece left. And rumor	

	Notes
has it, the Governor or his henchmen have hidden it, here in Port Boyle. Where is that slimy, Governor anyway?	
ESTONIA	
How would I know? Do I look like a Governor's nursemaid to you?	
BABUSHKA	
(assessing her appearance) I'm not sure you'd fully appreciate my assessment of exactly what you look like, deary. Anyway, it's got to be here in Port Boyle somewhere. (sniffs about and eventually gets nose into ESTONIA's chest) And something tells me it's right here.	
ESTONIA	
(steps back) Excuse me... I don't have a clue what you're talking about. What could I possibly have that would lift the scourge from your pathetic bunch of rickety stooges disguised as pirates?	
BABUSHKA	
What I'm looking for, Miss Sweet Patootie, is a very special and rare... clamshell. One prized beyond measure, but more so now, since it's the key to our freedom... I need one final Atlantian Scourgionous shell. And it appears that you have it within your undergarments. Right there. (pokes ESTONIA in the chest) Give it to me.	
ESTONIA	
(as pulling necklace from around her neck) You mean this pitiful piece of worthless junk?	
BABUSHKA (aghast)	
That's it. (threatening) Hand it over.	

	Notes
ESTONIA (starts to, but than pulls it back) Wait just a minute. What's in it for me?	
BABUSHKA (draws knife) For one thing, you get to stay alive for another day. (tries to take it, recoils in pain) Yeow! Nuts. In my irrational exuberance, I forgot. For the scourge to be broken, that bloody shell must be willingly given by the rightful owner.	
ESTONIA Aha. Perhaps I should discuss this with your captain. I, Estonia Pel...uh...Tanner, do hereby invoke the Ordinance of Parchment.	
BABUSHKA (chuckling) The what?	
ESTONIA Uh...The Inculcation of Parasite.	
BABUSHKA I don't think so.	
ESTONIA The Inoculation of Paradiddle?	
BABUSHKA Do you mean, the Order of Parley?	
ESTONIA (excited) Yes, yes, yes. That's it, the Order of Parley.	
BABUSHKA	

	Notes
(pondering for a moment) Sorry, but at the moment, I feel overtly reluctant to accommodate such a supplication...That means... I absolutely deny, completely refuse, and utterly reject your aforementioned request.	
ESTONIA Take me to your ship now. I will only parley with your captain. He and I alone will discuss my terms.	
BABUSHKA (pondering some more) Very well, I suppose I can do that. But I think you might be a bit surprised by the captain.	
ESTONIA Really? Why?	
BABUSHKA You'll see. Lets' go.	
(BABUSHKA and ESTONIA make way to the Sapphire.)	
ESTONIA That's better. Now go and fetch your captain...Go on...go now.	
BABUSHKA As you wish. (she turns, takes a couple of steps, then returns)	
ESTONIA What are you waiting for? I told you to go and get your moth-eaten, road-kill resembling, sorry excuse for a captain.	
BABUSHKA Surprise!... That would be me.	
ESTONIA	

	Notes
Oops.	
BABUSHKA Now, as I was saying before you so brazenly invoked the Order of Parley...Hand it over.	
ESTONIA Not so fast. You said the rightful owner had to give the shell up willingly. What are you willing to offer me in exchange for my cooperation?	
BABUSHKA Whatever your little heart desires. Just name it.	
ESTONIA Really!?!... Ok, first I want a medium sized, no, no, a large chest filled with gold coins. Real ones, mind you, not those goofy chocolate filled things you sometimes get at Christmas. I hate those. Second, I want a closetful of dresses. Pretty dresses, with lace and frills and shiny sequins. And C: I want to be free of you dirty, nasty, stinky pirates.	
BABUSHKA Done.	
ESTONIA Just like that?	
BABUSHKA Yep. Just like that. Now give me the shell. (ESTONIA hands over the necklace) Now wasn't that easy?... All hands, prepare to cast off.	
ESTONIA Wait, you fish-witted barnacle. You promised me my freedom. You can't cast off while I'm still aboard.	
BABUSHKA Yes, I did and yes, I can. If you remember, the time and place for the fulfillment of said	

	Notes
promise were never part of the Parley, so, they will be at the time and place of my choosing. Sorry, Shortcake, but you're just not very good at negotiating.	
ESTONIA	
But...but you promised	
BABUSHKA	
And according to the Order of Parley, I <u>will</u> fulfill my promise. I know a quaint little place where sits a rather large chest filled with real gold coins. Guaranteed, no chocolate. And a closetful of very fine, frilly, lacy dresses... All <u>you</u> have to do is dig down eight feet into the sand, and there you'll find the chest, assuming you're in the right spot. And you may feel free to remove the dresses from the corpses on which they lay and they'll be all yours. And as for your freedom, you will be totally free to wander that cozy little island to your heart's content, without any pirates, forever. (she laughs)	
(Scene shifts to JACQUES still in chains or a cell. SWILL enters.)	
JACQUES	
What do you want?	2C
SWILL	
I came to see you.	
JACQUES	
Why?	
SWILL	
I am fairly certain that you <u>are not</u> who you said you were. Jacques Swallowman is but a clever ruse. You're really Captain Jacques Swallow, trying to pass yourself off as a baker. Why, you wouldn't know a pastry crumpet from a pasty strumpet.	
JACQUES	
I'm pretty sure I'd know a pasty strumpet if I saw one. I am a pirate after all. Again I say, what	

	Notes
do you want from me?	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>I was hoping to come to an agreement. You know how to sail a ship and I need to get to the Indigo Sapphire. I heard how you called her “my ship”. I think you may have your own reasons for wanting to get her back. You get me to that ship and back here with the loot, and the Indigo Sapphire is yours.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>It seems you have finally come up with something resembling a plan. But you still don’t have a ship for me to sail.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>But Commodore Herringbone does, the HMS Insipid.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>So, let me get this straight, <u>you</u> want <u>me</u> to steal Herringbone’s precious Insipid, avoid the pursuing Royal Navy, take you to the Indigo Sapphire, subdue the entire pirate crew, commandeer the ship, and sail her back here. All so you can remove the plunder and bestow it upon your fair...ish maiden, who, by the way, has nasty streak about a mile wide.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>Why, that sums it up rather nicely. Are you ready?... Let’s go.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p> <p>Hold on a sec there, Sport. So, what’s to stop me from stealing Herringbone’s insipid ship, taking you to the Sapphire, subduing the crew, commandeering the ship, dumping your sorry butt over the side and keeping the loot for myself? I would much rather keep it all than give any of it to Miss Full of Herself.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">SWILL</p> <p>Oh. I hadn’t thought of it that way. Wait a minute... Were you sincere when you said you were looking to change career paths?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">JACQUES</p>	

	Notes
Now, why would you think that?	
SWILL Well, sir, it appears you have flour underneath your fingernails.	
JACQUES (hides hands from sight) No, no, no...I just saw this fabulous recipe for flounder quiche in "Pirate Cuisine", you know, the magazine for the domestic-minded scalawag. It just looked so tasty. I just had to try it.	
SWILL Oooo...Do you have any leftovers?...Quiche is so good...  (JACQUES looks at him in disbelief)  Sorry...Ok, how about this? We steal the ship, commandeer the Sapphire, return here, I take <u>half</u> the loot, to placate my little dewberry, and you sail away, free to begin your new career and you <u>never have to set eyes on Miss Pelican again</u> .	
JACQUES This is sounding better all the time. I believe we have an accord. But wait...	
SWILL What? What's wrong?	
JACQUES Hello...Still in this cell... (or irons)	
SWILL Oh yeah. Maybe these will help. (pulls out a massive key ring and starts trying them in lock) You'd be amazed at how many of these things people just toss in the trash. I knew they'd come in handy one day. (finds right key and frees JACQUES) Let's go steal a ship.	

	Notes
Yes, let's. (they exit)	JACQUES
	(BLACKOUT)
	(END OF SCENE)

### Scene 3- Financial Freedom and Scourges Announced

SETTING: Governor's Mansion.

AT RISE: Pelican and Herringbone are enjoying a libation over a game of Parcheesi, a game which neither of them understands.

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Ha, ha! Five. I hit my point.</p>	3A
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Craps.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>What are you so upset about?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>I'm not upset. You hit your point in Craps, not Parcheesi. Look, when you roll a five, you can either come out of your home space or move your queen to king's bishop four. I thought you said you knew how to play.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Are you sure that's right? I thought when I rolled a five; you had to king me or something. Anyway, as I was saying, we have got to find a way to get off this stupid island. It smells of rotten fish. And governing just isn't very exciting any more. Ever since my wife was swallowed by that great big whale, I just can't seem to get motivated to rule with the same iron fist. Oh how I miss the good old days.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>I know exactly what you mean. In my case, the new regulations concerning discipline for the men take all the joy out of command. No more withholding rations, no more daily floggings, no more walking the plank. Where's the fun in that?</p>	

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>And I'm sure you've noticed the severe lack of decent female companionship available around here.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Definitively. With the exception of your daughter, all the women of Port Boyle are either nags, hags, or sc...ruffy looking.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>So what are we going to do?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Funny you should ask. Just the other day, as I was reading this month's issue of Royal Navy Quarterly, I came across an ad for a particularly intriguing restaurant franchise opportunity.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>An intriguing franchise, there's an oxymoron. Just for the sake of discussion, I'll humor you. What's it called?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>"William Kidd's Biscuits and Gravy, and Okra/Chum Cobbler Emporium."</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>You mean that feisty, western outlaw has started franchising restaurants.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Not "Billy the Kid", he won't be around for another 200 years. William Kidd, the famous Scottish pirate. It appears the old boy has gone soft. It seems, he's become a rather domestic-minded scalawag. In fact, his flounder quiche recipe even appeared in "Pirate Cuisine" magazine. Can you believe it?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>So far, this is <u>a most</u> intriguing idea. What do we need to do?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p>	

	Notes
Apparently, all we need to do is take 50,000 clams to Jamestown, Virginia determine where we'd like to build our restaurant, and they take care of the rest.	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> With 50,000 clams we could start our own restaurant, right here. With clam chowder, clam fritters, clam and pomegranate pie—	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> No, Governor...I was using the word “clams” as slang for moola, dinero, simolians, cash, money.	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> Oh...You said they take care of the rest. What's the rest?	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> It seems this franchising idea is becoming all the rage. There's even another Scottish company called McDougal's. They're franchising hamburger stands. Any idea what a hamburger is?... Anyway, to protect our investment and theirs, the William Kidd pirates...I mean, associates take care of all the preliminary work, finding the right location, securing the contractors, forcibly eliminating the competition. We just show up and start selling Okra/Chum Cobbler. What could be easier?	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> Alright. As long as it's not like that Amway deal, I'm in.	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> Ok, <u>you</u> get the money and <u>I'll</u> go to America and set up the franchise agreement.	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <u>I</u> have to get the money? You mean, all of it? Where am I going to get 50,000 <u>clams</u> ?	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> And you call yourself a Governor. Just do what any self-respecting politician would do... Raise taxes.	

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>I can certainly do...  (distractedly looks past HERRINGBONE into the harbor)  Are you running an exercise today?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>(missing the point)  Are you kidding? I rarely exercise much at all.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Not you personally. Are there <u>naval</u> exercises today?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Of course not. Royal Naval exercises are only run once a year, on the 8<sup>th</sup> of August to commemorate the defeat of that foul, despicable, <b>tapas</b>-eating, Spanish Armada. Why do you ask?</p>	Script change
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>What's the name of your ship again?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>HMS Insipid, why?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Apparently, it's leaving port without you.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>That can't be.  (leaps up to see what's happening)  Nuts. This is terrible. If I lose that ship, they'll take it out of my pay.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Really?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p>	

	Notes
Yes, really. Why do you think the captain always goes down with the ship?... But it's worse than that. Without my ship, how am I going to get to Virginia to secure our franchise?	
PELICAN Why don't you use my ship?	
HERRINGBONE You have a ship? I didn't know you had a ship.	
PELICAN As the Master says, "Preparedness is and preparedness does". But, I wouldn't exactly call her a ship, per se.	
HERRINGBONE So what would you call her? A caravel.	
PELICAN No, no. She's not exactly a caravel.	
HERRINGBONE A catamaran, a cruiser.	
PELICAN No, not either of those.	
HERRINGBONE A cutter, a frigate, a galley, a ketch, a scooter, a schooner, a scull, a scow, a skiff, a sloop, a trawler, a tug.	
PELICAN No, I wouldn't classify her as precisely any of those.	
HERRINGBONE (impressed) A yacht. You have a luxury yacht.	

	Notes
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Yes, yes, sort of a yacht. Although others might describe her as more of a luxury...manually propelled pram.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>Manually propelled pram?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Alright, it's a rowboat.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">HERRINGBONE</p> <p>A rowboat! You expect me to <u>row</u> all the way to America.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">PELICAN</p> <p>Don't' think of it as rowing to America. Think of it as "the adventure of a lifetime". The Master says, "The adventure of a lifetime begins with a single oar stroke."            (as they leave)            You'll see, she has the cutest little umbrella to keep the sun off your nose. I know how easily you burn. And we'll stock her with ale and kelp sandwiches and ...</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">(Scene shifts to ship's bridge)</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">BABUSHKA</p> <p>Miss Tanner, I'd like to invite you to join me on the bridge for a delightful repast this evening.</p>	<b>3B</b>
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA (skeptical)</p> <p>Uh uhm. And what's in it for me?</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">BABUSHKA</p> <p>Oh, a nice meal, entertaining company, and this...            (she holds up ESTONIA's dress from scene one)            I had it made especially for you.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">ESTONIA</p> <p>Sure you did...I'm sorry, but at this time, I feel overtly reluctant to accommodate such a</p>	

	Notes
supplication.	
BABUSHKA I thought you might say that, so, in anticipation, I had an extra place set at the crew's table. Feel free to join them below, deck three, port side lounge. Oh, by the way, as you're dining...you'll be naked.	
ESTONIA (completely changing her demeanor) Why, Captain Babushka, who could anyone refuse such a generous offer?	
BABUSHKA I thought you might change your tune.	
ESTONIA Captain, I couldn't help but notice that your entire crew is made up of all women. Isn't that a bit unusual? I thought women onboard ship was bad luck.	
BABUSHKA Most unusual. But you don't know the half of it. You see, it wasn't always this way. Only since the scourge has my crew been all women. Or so it would appear.	
ESTONIA I'm not sure I follow.	
BABUSHKA Let me explain "The Scourge of the Indigo Sapphire". T'was nearly twenty years ago, the crew and me—	
ESTONIA That's, the crew and I.	
BABUSHKA Do you want to hear this story or not?	

	Notes
ESTONIA Sorry.	
BABUSHKA As I was saying, t'was nearly twenty years ago, the crew and me were caught in the mother of all storms. We tossed about the ocean for two solid weeks. With clouds so thick, we couldn't tell if it was night or day. At one point, I was so convinced we were lost; I had the crew toss all the unnecessary gear over the side. Some fool even tossed the rum barrels overboard. Guess he didn't know the necessary from the not. When the storm broke, we discovered that we had run aground on this tiny little island, barely a speck on the ocean, she was. An island so obscure, none of us had ever even seen it before. An island so small—	
ESTONIA I get the picture. Sounds like the Isle of Mulch.	
BABUSHKA How did you know? Anyway, there we were on the Isle of Mulch, with no food, no drink, and no convenience store to steal 'em from.	
ESTONIA What did you do?	
BABUSHKA What any scurvy-laden pirate band would do; we drew straws to see who would get eaten first. And thus it was decided, One-eyed Jack would be the first to go. And do you have any idea what One-eyed Jack's last name was?	
ESTONIA Not as clue.	
BABUSHKA Well, by the strangest of coincidences, Miss Tanner...neither do I. And this has hampered our search to find the missing link, the final shell that will lift the scourge.	
ESTONIA	

	Notes
Keep going. You haven't finished the exposition concerning the scourge and subsequent tribulations yet. We (indicating herself and the audience) don't really know what you're talking about.	
<b>BABUSHKA</b> Yeah, right. So, there we were on the island. Jack was gone, but Mukluk Mel, the only woman aboard, was still hungry, being Jack's best friend she wouldn't eat any of him. So, Mel jumps up and says, "You're such idiots"... After we smudged her makeup, she says, "There's a great big food supply right under our feet". ..Then, after she spit out the sand we tried to feed her, she says, "No, under the sand there are clams, hundreds and hundreds of clams".	
<b>ESTONIA</b> Wait a sec. I'm confused. You said you ate "Jack". "Jack" sounds like a man's name. But your whole crew is women.	
<b>BABUSHKA</b> I'm getting to that. So, we dug up hundreds of clams and had the biggest clambake that island had ever seen. And as we're sitting around wishing we hadn't thrown the rum overboard, Mel comes back and says, "I think you may have made a terrible mistake". So we smudged her makeup again. Then she shows us a big, wooden sign, which didn't mean nothing to us.	
<b>ESTONIA</b> Didn't mean <u>anything</u> to us.	
<b>BABUSHKA</b> It seems you don't really want to hear the rest of this.	
<b>ESTONIA</b> Sorry, again.	
<b>BABUSHKA</b> It don't mean nothing to us since Mel was the only one who could read. So she reads it out loud, "By order of the Caribbean Environmental Protection Agency, all natural creatures within this habitat are hereby protected and heretofore off limits for human consumption, particularly	

	Notes
the Atlantian Scourgionous Clams. Anyone foolish enough to eat said Atlantian Scourgionous Clams is bound by the natural scourge produced therefrom, a gender transformation of limited proportions.”	
ESTONIA And thus you were cursed with the scourge.	
BABUSHKA And thus, the scourge befell us. And that’s why the crew is all women, or so it would appear.	
ESTONIA Or so what would appear?	
BABUSHKA The real scourge is; we look, feel, smell, and sound like women, but we are still men at heart. Limited proportions.	
ESTONIA And that’s really so bad.	
BABUSHKA As an experiment in gender identity, one might think such a predicament might provide interesting insights into the nature of the disparate gender. But for pirates, it really puts a cramp in our style.	
ESTONIA I see.	
BABUSHKA But that’s not the worst of it.	
ESTONIA No?	
BABUSHKA	

	Notes
No. If we don't recover all of the clam shells and return them to the island, we will never be men again. Since you, Miss Tanner, were gracious enough to provide the final missing shell, the one Mukluk Mel took out of revenge for us smudging her makeup...twice...and hidden for nearly twenty years, we can return to the island and lift the scourge. And bring back Mel from Davy Jones locker. I mean, we <u>had</u> to throw her overboard when we discovered she was hiding the shell that led to our predicament and being a woman, or course. Women on board ship is bad luck you know. Otherwise, what kind of pirates would we be?...Look, here we are, at the Isle of Mulch. And, just in time, too.	
ESTONIA	
Just in time for what?	
BABUSHKA	
If the scourge is not lifted within a twenty year time limit, the changes become permanent and we will remain pseudo-women forever. The twenty years ends in very soon. So it's a good thing we are approaching that wretched island right now. We'll lift the curse and be on our way. And you will be free of we pirates forever, able to enjoy your new island paradise for days without end.	
ESTONIA	
It's "us pirates", not "we pirates", and perhaps you should add "dirty, nasty, stinky" to "us pirates" while you're at it, you baboon-faced warthog.	
BABUSHKA	
You know, I'm really going to miss you... No, I'm not. Ok. Now that we're here, let's get on with the ceremony.	
MUKLUK	
Yes, get on with it. It's very cramped in this locker, you know.	
BABUSHKA	
Shut up, Mel. You're the one who got us into this mess in the first place. (takes shell medallion and holds it over the side. Incants.) See, oh deity of the great clam scourge, we have returned to assuage your vengeance and appease your loss. Here is the final shell, the one missing these nineteen plus years. Take it	

	Notes
and be satisfied with our atonement. Amen. (waits a moment) Did anything happen?	
ESTONIA (holds up her hands as if she's going to squeeze BABUSHKA's breasts) Uh... nope, still look real to me.	
BABUSHKA How can this be? We're within the time limit. This is the final missing shell. And it was willingly given by the Rightful, Chosen One.	
MUKLUK She's not the Rightful, Chosen One. I could have told you that.	
BABUSHKA And I told you to shut up.	
MUKLUK Alright, but your time is almost up.	
ESTONIA About that, I think I see your problem. You see... I mean...It's like...It's possible...I'm pretty sure I'm not the Rightful, Chosen one. My real name is Estonia Pelican, not Estonia Tanner. It seems I'm not related to Mukluk Mel at all.	
BABUSHKA Not related to Mukluk? Then where did you get the shell?	
ESTONIA I took it from around the neck of a waterlogged boy, many years ago. I thought it was pretty. I thought he was dead. How was I to know it would become so important to a horde of flea-bitten, bilge rat molesting, peg-leggers like you?	

	Notes
BABUSHKA Well, it's immaterial now. We must find this boy. Tell me who he is and where I can find him.	
ESTONIA Sorry, I don't think so. I feel overtly reluctant to accommodate such a supplication.	
BABUSHKA Steal my line once more and I'll leave you on this rathole of an atoll right now.	
ESTONIA Now who's stealing lines? Alright, since I have no desire to spend my days on this isle of perpetual misery, I'll tell you. His name is Swill Tanner and you'll find him collecting trash in Port Boyle.	
BABUSHKA Was that so hard? Alrighty then, over the side you go.	
ESTONIA What? You said...	
BABUSHKA No, I didn't. I am simply now living up to the terms of our Parley. The gold is here, somewhere. The dresses are here, securely tended by their former owners, and in a few moments us dirty, nasty, stinky pirates will not be here.	
ESTONIA This time it's "we dirty, nasty, stinky pirates".	
BABUSHKA Whatever. You will be free of we dirty, nasty, stinky pirates. Ta-ta, Miss Pelican. Enjoy your stay. (BABUSHKA pushes her over the side) Now to find this Swill Tanner and be rid of this scourge, once and for all.	
(BLACKOUT)	

	Notes
(END OF SCENE)	