

CHRISTMAS PIRATES OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE

By Burton Bumgarner

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CHARACTERS

NORTH POLE CHARACTERS

Elbert the Newscaster
Tracy the Trainer
Molly the Mechanic
Santa Claus

REINDEER

Dasher
Dancer
Prancer
Vixen
Comet
Cupid
Donder
Blitzen

REMOTE ISLAND CHARACTERS (PIRATES)

Polly the newscaster
Harold
Helen
Hubert
Bobby Buzzard
Jessica
Ralph
Angelina

CHILDREN

Buddy
Tiffany

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle is set at the North Pole, on a remote island east of the Bahamas, and an American home. Reindeer may be male or female. Their costumes could be t-shirts with printed names. They should wear simple antlers made with headbands. Elves should wear green costumes with elf hats. Pirates should dress as such.

SCENES

<u>SCENE 1</u>	The North Pole	Elbert, Tracy, Reindeer
<u>SCENE 2</u>	A Remote Island	Polly, Harold, Helen, Hubert, Bobby
<u>SCENE 3</u>	The North Pole	Tracy, Molly, Reindeer
<u>SCENE 4</u>	A Remote Island	Jessica, Ralph, Angelina
<u>SCENE 5</u>	The North Pole	Elbert, Santa, Tracy, Molly
<u>SCENE 6</u>	A Remote Island	Polly, Ralph, Bobby
<u>SCENE 7</u>	Somewhere in America	Buddy, Tiffany
<u>SCENE 8</u>	The North Pole	Tracy, Molly, Reindeer, Santa
<u>SCENE 9</u>	Somewhere in America	Buddy, Tiffany
<u>SCENE 10</u>	Above the Bermuda Triangle	Santa, Tracy, Molly
<u>SCENE 11</u>	A Remote Island	Harold, Angelica, Jessica, Hubert, Helen, Santa, Tracy, Molly, Ralph, Bobby, Reindeer
<u>SCENE 12</u>	The North Pole A Remote Island Somewhere in America	Entire Cast

CHRISTMAS PIRATES OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE

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SCENE 1: THE NORTH POLE

The setting is the North Pole, an island in the Bermuda triangle, and other locations. Downstage left is a desk, chair and mic. On the front of the desk is a sign: WILD, ELF TV, NORTH POLE AFFILIATE. Downstage right is a desk, chair and mic. On the front of this desk is a sign: WSEA, PIRATE TV, REMOTE ISLAND AFFILIATE. Upstage center is a Christmas tree with wrapped packages. Near the tree is an end table. The lights are turned on for scenes in America. Upstage left is a desk which is moved center for Santa. On the desk is a laptop computer. Palm trees and other symbols of the tropics may be upstage right. ELBERT the Elf enters and crosses to the left desk. HE sits and looks through a stack of papers, runs his fingers through his hair, primps, etc. Then HE looks at the audience.

ELBERT: Welcome to the North Pole Early Morning Show at WILD TV, I'm Elbert Elf. Outside our studio it's a rather chilly 100 degrees below zero, and we won't be seeing sunlight for at least three months. There's lots of snow, but then there's always lots of snow. In local news, a spokesperson from Santa's shop says everything should be ready to go on Christmas Eve. All of the elves have been working overtime, and the reindeer have been taking their aerobics classes under a new trainer. They should all be in great shape for the annual event. In other news, there is no other news. So, I guess we sign off. (Sighs.) This sure is a boring job.

(ELBERT exits. TRACY the Trainer enters wearing a green warm up suit. A sports whistle hangs around her neck. SHE is followed by the REINDEER: DASHER, DANCER, PRANCER, VIXEN, COMET, CUPID, DONDER and BLITZEN; also in warm up clothes, and wearing antlers. The REINDEER line up downstage and jog in place. THEY are exhausted.)

TRACY: Okay, you sorry reindeer! Stand up straight! Get those hooves off the ground! What are you? A bunch of lazy elk? Come on, you clowns! My grandmother could do better! *(SHE blows the whistle and THEY stop, exhausted.)* Okay. Take a break.

DASHER: What's the deal, Coach? You've never worked us this hard before.

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle – Page 5

TRACY: I'm just doing my job. You guys aren't getting any younger.

DANCER: We've been making the Christmas Eve run longer than you've been doing ... *(To PRANCER.)* what does she actually do?

PRANCER: She makes reindeer suffer.

TRACY: I am the official North Pole trainer! My job is to make sure everyone who works here watches their diets and stays in shape. Okay. I wanna see some jumping jacks. One, two, ready go!

(SHE stands in front and does jumping jacks. The REINDEER start, but gradually stop. SHE counts "One ... Two" ten times. SHE turns and faces the REINDEER.)

Everyone feeling the pain?

REINDEER: OH, YEAH!

TRACY: From now until Christmas morning you're all on a strict diet of reindeer chow and rosebushes. That means no more Little Debby's!

REINDEER: *(Disappointed.)* Oh no!

VIXEN: How can we celebrate Christmas if we can't eat cookies and candy ... and Little Debby's?

TRACY: You guys have a sleigh full of toys and a not-so-tiny man in a red suit to take on a very long trip. Last year you almost didn't make it.

COMET: That was Cupid's fault.

CUPID: Was not!

COMET: Was too! You were flirting with an elk in Canada!

CUPID: I wasn't flirting!

COMET: You gave him/her your phone number!

CUPID: That's ridiculous! I don't have a phone!

COMET: I know. I wondered about that.

CUPID: *(Coy.)* I gave him/her the number in the barn.

COMET: Did you ever get a phone call?

CUPID: I'll never tell.

TRACY: This year everyone pulls his own weight, and no one stops to look at elk!

REINDEER: *(Disappointed.)* Aw.

TRACY: *(To DONDER and BLITZEN.)* And you two guys at the end! No more horse play!

DONDER: Blitzen gave me a wedgie!

BLITZEN: That's impossible! You're a reindeer! You don't wear fruit-of-the-looms!

DONDER: Well ... you said you were going to give me a wedgie.

BLITZEN: You have no sense of humor.

TRACY: Okay. That's enough. Off to the barn. We'll do some stretches, a little time in the sauna, a nice whole grain snack, and then you'll hit the hay ... literally. Let's go! *(SHE jogs in place.)* Hup! Hup! Hup!

(The REINDEER jog. TRACY exits jogging. As soon as SHE's gone the REINDEER stop jogging. THEY slouch offstage.)

SCENE 2: REMOTE ISLAND

POLLY PIRATE enters and crosses to the right desk. SHE sits and looks through a stack of papers. SHE brushes her hair, checks her makeup with a compact, primps, etc. Then SHE looks at the audience.

POLLY: Welcome to the Early Afternoon Show at WSEA TV, I'm Polly Pirate. Outside our studio it's a rather balmy 90 degrees, just like every other day. Most people would say we have a perfect climate, but it gets kind of old. I mean, sun, sand, an occasional hurricane. But what do we know? We're just a bunch of pirates. Our head pirate, Mr. Bobby Buzzard, reports that his team has managed to lure several more ships and planes into the Bermuda triangle, and they plundered a couple tons of coffee headed for the United States. Even though we're on a tiny Atlantic island that doesn't appear on any map, we're going to have our own Starbucks. So, everyone head down to the beach and don't forget your coffee makers. In other news, there is no news. This can be a pretty boring place to live.

(SHE exits. HAROLD, HELEN and HUBERT enter and cross center. HAROLD and HELEN each carry large cardboard boxes. HUBERT carries a small box of tea. As THEY reach center stage HELEN drops her boxes.)

HAROLD: Hey! Watch it! That's Colombian Supremo!

HELEN: Well, sorry! Are you afraid I'll bruise the coffee beans or something?

HAROLD: Yeah. I really like Colombian Supremo.

HELEN: All it does is keep me awake.

HAROLD: You should drink decaf.

HELEN: I don't want to drink decaf. I want to get off this stupid island.

HAROLD: Hey, Helen! No escape talk!

HELEN: Sorry. *(To HUBERT.)* Why don't you help us?

HUBERT: I'm carrying this box of tea.

HELEN: I have forty pounds of coffee, you have an ounce and a half of tea. Hmm. Something doesn't seem fair here.

HUBERT: I've been sick!

HELEN: You're not sick, Hubert. You only think you're sick.

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle – Page 7

HUBERT: I have shortness of breath, and weakness of knees, and this morning my gums were bleeding.

HAROLD: Did you go to the doctor?

HUBERT: Of course I went to the doctor! I go to the doctor every day.

HAROLD: What did the doctor say?

HUBERT: He said to stop wasting his time. What kind of doctor says that to a person in my condition?

HAROLD: A doctor who's tired of people in your condition wasting his time.

HUBERT: What do you know about my condition?

HAROLD: I know it's called hypochondria.

HUBERT: (*Alarmed.*) Oh no! Is it serious?

HELEN: I don't know how serious it is, but it's really annoying. (*SHE makes him take one of the heavier boxes.*) Here. Take this.

HUBERT: (*Groans in pain.*) Oh! My back! (*Drops the box.*)

HAROLD: Hubert, I'm going to give you something to complain about if you don't pick up that coffee!

HELEN: It's all in your mind, Hubert. You're not really sick.

HUBERT: What about my gums? They were really bleeding this morning. Look!

(*HE opens his mouth and HAROLD and HELEN look inside.*)

HAROLD: Hmm. I can tell you why your gums were bleeding.

HUBERT: It's a fatal condition! I knew it! I'm going to die a horrible death from weak gums!

HELEN: You're brushing your teeth with a wire brush again, aren't you?

HUBERT: It's the only way my teeth feel clean.

HELEN: You're not going to have any teeth, or gums, if you don't stop doing that!

HUBERT: What am I supposed to do?

HAROLD: Use a toothbrush like everybody else.

HUBERT: Pirates don't practice proper dental hygiene!

HELEN: Actually, we do. We have a doctor, we have a dentist, we even have an orthodontist. (*Looks left.*) Uh oh. It's the boss.

(*BOBBY enters and crosses to the OTHERS.*)

BOBBY: (*Gruffly.*) Avast, ye slime! Move that plunder to the starboard side of the land and shake a leg! Arg! Aim the bow straight ahead, full sails, and keep the fires stoked and prepare the prisoners to be keel hauled!

HAROLD: Uh ... excuse me sir.

BOBBY: Argh! What dost thou interrupts me for?

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle – Page 8

HAROLD: I don't have my pirate speech dictionary with me. You'll have to speak in normal English ... if you don't mind.

BOBBY: Regular, aye! In my day we spoke the tongue of the sea!
Swab the deck! Walk the plank! Do ... uh ... other stuff!

HAROLD: Sir, we don't have a ship.

HELEN: We live on this boring island and everything we need keeps falling out of the sky. Food. Drink. Doctors. Lawyers. Librarians.

HUBERT: We could use some more doctors. You know ... specialists.

BOBBY: Aye, it's a strange fate that brought our ancestors to these shores ... and left us here. Still, we ARE pirates. We have our traditions. Our language. Our culture. Our cutthroat mentality that resides on the lower end of the evolutionary scale. It's a shame it's all going to waste. Oh, well. What do we have here?

HAROLD / HELEN / HUBERT: Coffee.

HUBERT: And tea. (*Showing BOBBY his box of tea.*)

BOBBY: Hmm. Passion flower. My favorite. Oh well. Let's see what else drops out of the sky today. And don't forget your pirate speech dictionaries!

(*THEY turn to exit.*)

HUBERT: (*To BOBBY.*) Excuse me, sir. Could you give me a hand with this box?

BOBBY: Hubert, I'm the Captain of a Pirate island. You're a lowly cabin boy. What makes you think I'd help you?

HUBERT: Uh ... good deed for the day?

(*THEY exit.*)

SCENE 3: NORTH POLE

Four chairs are brought on stage. They are placed in two rows of two, facing left. TRACY and MOLLY enter right and cross to the chairs. THEY carry riding helmets and sit in the first row of chairs.

TRACY: Are the reindeer ready?

MOLLY: All hitched up and ready for a test drive.

TRACY: I sure hope they're ready.

MOLLY: They're professionals, ma'am. They always come through.

TRACY: Did you hear about Chicago last year? The Sears Tower?
They almost didn't make it to the top.

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle – Page 9

MOLLY: That's a pretty tall building. Maybe there should be an exception for really high buildings like that.

TRACY: (*Sarcastic.*) Oh, yeah. That would work. The next thing you know they'd want to stay on the ground and have the old man go in the front doors.

MOLLY: What's wrong with that?

TRACY: It would be kind of difficult for eight tiny reindeer to pull a sleigh through the snow ... in Florida! No! We stick to tradition. And our job is to get those lazy reindeer ready for the big event. (*Yells offstage left.*) Are you guys ready?

REINDEER: (*Offstage.*) READY!

(*TRACY and SALLY put on their helmets. TRACY picks up imaginary reigns.*)

TRACY: Okay! Let's go! Now, Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen! And ... uh ...

MOLLY: On Comet! On Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen!

TRACY: Right! You too! To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall! Dash away, dash away, dash away all! Come on, you lazy reindeer! Jolly old St. Nick is in the driver's seat! We have a sleigh full of toys and computers and blackberries and ... (*To MOLLY.*) what else do we have?

MOLLY: Uh ... Volvos.

TRACY: Volvos? No wonder it's so hard for them to pull. Come on, guys! Pull up! You're gonna hit that igloo!

MOLLY: Uh ... I don't think they're gonna make it!

TRACY: COME ON! PULL UP!

MOLLY / TRACY: OH NO!

(*MOLLY and TRACY fall to the floor from the chairs. THEY lay motionless for a moment, then slowly and painfully sit up.*)

TRACY: Well, that's not good.

MOLLY: I'm thinking seriously about installing air bags.

TRACY: They not only smashed up someone's igloo, they smashed up Santa's sleigh ... and two of Santa's elves ... and themselves.

(*The REINDEER enter. Some are on crutches, some limp, some have heads bandaged, some have arms in slings, crooked or broken antlers, etc. THEY line up as before.*)

DASHER: You're a terrible driver!

REINDEER: YEAH!

TRACY: Didn't you see that igloo?

DANCER: We couldn't see anything! It's foggy! Like that Christmas Eve when old what's-his-name, the guy with the light bulb for a nose, showed up

PRANCER: And that sleigh was definitely overloaded!

VIXEN: I'm really hurt. *(To Audience.)* Is there a reindeer doctor in the house?

MOLLY: I'm thinking an elf doctor might be a good idea.

(TRACY and MOLLY slowly stand.)

TRACY: You guys are wimps! You can't even pull the sleigh over a little igloo! Do you realize the earth has approximately eighty billion households? In one night, you have to travel at twice the speed of light and your delivery stops can be no more than one sixteenth of a second! How can you do that if you can't even pull a sleigh over an igloo?

COMET: It was a pretty tall igloo.

TRACY: It wasn't any taller than any other igloo!

CUPID: Ma'am, some of us are injured. Can't we call it a day and head back to the barn?

TRACY: I am truly disappointed.

DONDER: I'm truly hurt!

BLITZEN: Maybe the elves would like to pull the sleigh and let the reindeer take it easy on Christmas Eve!

TRACY: That does it! Back to the barn! Go! Shoo! Mush! *(SHE herds them offstage.)* Go on! Bunch of babies! You have all year to get in shape and what do you do? You eat Little Debby's and watch television! Well, now you see why I try and start the exercise regiment early! It's almost Christmas and you can't even get airborne!

MOLLY: Maybe you were a little rough on them, Tracy.

TRACY: *(SHE rubs her backside.)* I think I'm injured. Let's stop by the elf clinic. *(Limping, TRACY and MOLLY exit.)*

SCENE 4: REMOTE ISLAND

RALPH, ANGELINA and JESSICA enter and cross center.

JESSICA: It's almost Christmas. Have either of you made a wish list for Santa?

RALPH: What good is that? Santa's never found this island.

ANGELINA: It's just too remote.

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle – Page 11

JESSICA: If you knew Santa COULD find us this year, what would you want?

RALPH: I'd want to live somewhere else.

ANGELINA: Someplace where it snows!

RALPH: Someplace where we can get ice cream!

ANGELINA: And go shopping in malls!

RALPH: And get stuck in traffic jams!

ANGELINA: And where we can watch TV shows that aren't produced by other pirates! Pirate TV stinks!

RALPH: Especially the reality shows!

ANGELINA: Don't forget the newscasts! There is no news. But does that stop the newscasts?

RALPH: And the nature shows! We see every inch of this island every day. Why do we have to watch it on TV?

JESSICA: I guess they want to make sure you know about it.

ANGELINA: Man, living in the Bermuda triangle stinks!

RALPH: If it wasn't for those Hollywood DVDs that fall out of the sky, we wouldn't know about anything!

JESSICA: I'm not sure those DVDs give an accurate picture of the rest of the world.

RALPH: I want to live in a REAL place ... like New York City!

ANGELINA: Or Las Vegas!

RALPH: Or Disneyland!

ANGELINA: Or Fargo, North Dakota. (*Location where play is performed should be used.*)

JESSICA: Well, we can't do anything about that, can we?

RALPH / ANGELINA: I guess not.

JESSICA: Our ancestors landed here over two hundred years ago.

RALPH: And no one's figured out how to get away from here in all that time.

ANGELINA: We build boats, and we end up back here.

RALPH: We steal other people's boats, and we end up back here.

JESSICA: But think of the convenience. Instead of the pirates having to go out and pillage the ships, the ships end up here, we can pillage the ships that wash up here, and then play tennis. Most pirates would consider this to be paradise.

RALPH: I don't want to be a pirate.

ANGELINA: Me, either.

JESSICA: What would you rather be?

RALPH: An astronaut!

ANGELINA: A fashion model!

RALPH: A governor of a Midwestern state!

ANGELINA: A marketing representative for a large manufacturing conglomerate!

JESSICA: Where did you learn about those kind of professions?

RALPH / ANGELINA: MOVIES!

JESSICA: You can always make up a wish list for Santa.

RALPH: And then what? Mail it?

ANGELINA: We don't have a very advanced postal service.

JESSICA: You can always put it in a bottle and toss it in the ocean.

RALPH: (*Sarcastic.*) Oh, yeah. That'll work.

ANGELINA: How do you know it won't work?

RALPH: I tried it last Christmas. It floated to the other side of the island.

Eddie Teach found it, and he told everybody I was a wimp for writing letters to Santa.

ANGELINA: The island bully? Geez, Ralph. He's kind of scary. What'd you do?

RALPH: I kicked sand in his face.

ANGELINA: And that did it?

RALPH: Yeah. He chased me up a palm tree and threw coconuts at me until his arm got sore. Man, I'm tired of living here.

JESSICA: Let's write to Santa anyway. Maybe this will be our lucky year.

(*THEY exit.*)

SCENE 5: NORTH POLE

ELBERT enters and crosses to the downstage left desk.

ELBERT: Welcome to the North Pole Mid-Morning Show at WILD TV, I'm Elbert Elf. Outside our studio it's still 100 degrees below zero. The winds are blowing really hard, and we all wish Santa had decided to live on a tropical island instead of here. In local news, an Eskimo family barely escaped injury earlier today when a miniature sleigh pulled by eight tiny reindeer crashed through one of the exterior walls. No word yet on who was driving the sleigh, but we understand that apologies and reparations have been made to the family, and they should be in a new igloo soon. Several of the reindeer were treated for minor injuries, as were two unidentified elves. Witnesses identified the elves as part of Santa's team, but no charges have been filed. In other news, there is no other news. Maybe we'll get lucky and the elves will crash into a polar bear. Now THAT would be news! Anyway, I guess we sign off.

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle – Page 13

(ELBERT exits. The upstage desk is moved center. SANTA enters with a filing folder and a pen. HE sits at the desk and makes checks in the folder.)

SANTA: Nice ... nice ... nice ... hmm ... not so nice but not bad enough to be naughty ... nice ... nice ... very nice ... Ooo! Naughty! ... nice ... nice ...

(TRACY and MOLLY enters and cross to SANTA.)

naughty ... naughty ... very naughty ...

TRACY: Excuse me, sir.

SANTA: Yes? Ah, Tracy the Trainer and Molly the Mechanic.

MOLLY: I hope I'm not bothering you, sir.

SANTA: I'm just making a list and checking it twice. Gotta find out who's naughty and nice you know.

MOLLY: I know, sir.

SANTA: I see them when they're sleeping, and I know when they're awake. But I can't always tell who's been good for goodness sake. It's a tricky business.

MOLLY: I'm sure it is, sir.

SANTA: For instance, here's a kid in Fargo, North Dakota (*Location where play is performed should be used.*) He was nice for two hundred and seventy-four days, and naughty for ninety-one days. That's a four to one nice to naughty ratio. Is that good enough for nice, or is it just too naughty? Most of the boys and girls have much greater nice to naughty numbers.

MOLLY: I wish I could help you, sir.

SANTA: I supposed I could review the exact nature of his naughtiness and weigh that against the niceness. (*Keys on the computer.*) Hmm. He wants a new bicycle.

TRACY: Maybe you could leave him a bicycle but remove the seat.

SANTA: That would be satisfying, but a very un-Santa Claus thing to do. I'll have to think about it. What brings you indoors?

TRACY: It's the reindeer.

SANTA: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer Vixen, Comet, Cupid ... uh ... so forth and so on. What about them?

TRACY: They had a collision with an igloo.

SANTA: Aren't igloos kind of low to the ground?

MOLLY: Tracy took the sleigh for a test drive ... the reindeer weren't ready.

SANTA: Well, that's not good.

MOLLY: No, sir. It isn't. Some of the reindeer sustained injuries.

TRACY: I don't think they'll be ready by Christmas Eve. We were wondering if there's a backup plan.

SANTA: Well, if we have too much fog I can call the reindeer with the shiny nose. Even though all of the other reindeer laugh and call him names, and never let him join in any reindeer games, he did guide my sleigh one foggy Christmas Eve. And after that, I think all of the other reindeer loved him.

MOLLY: Yes, sir. They shouted out with glee that he'd go down in history.

SANTA: And that's the problem. It all went to his head. He bought a house in Beverly Hills, signed some movie contracts, married a beautiful reindeer actress. I'm not so sure all of the other reindeer would like poor Rudolph if he came back.

TRACY: Fog isn't the only issue, sir. It's horse power ... well, reindeer power. The old crew just can't get the sleigh going like they used too.

SANTA: Could you use elves?

TRACY: Elves, sir?

SANTA: Sure. You can harness up some elves along with the reindeer.

TRACY: But elves can't fly.

SANTA: Neither can reindeer. But that doesn't stop us, does it?

TRACY: I guess you're right. You know, they're not going to like it.

SANTA: Everyone has to pull their weight around here.

MOLLY: Actually, they have to pull YOUR weight.

(SANTA glares at MOLLY.)

A little joke, sir. Sorry. It won't happen again.

SANTA: Look, ladies. The reindeer have never failed us. I'm sure by Christmas Eve they're be ready to go. We all have our jobs around here. The elves make toys, Mrs. Santa makes hot chocolate, and the reindeer pull my sleigh. It's been this way ever since that guy wrote the poem.

TRACY: Poem? What poem?

SANTA: The Night Before Christmas. Remember?

What to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be ... *(Excited.)* ME!

MOLLY / TRACY: Yes, sir.

SANTA: Merry Christmas, ladies.

MOLLY / TRACY: Merry Christmas, sir.

(MOLLY and TRACY exit. SANTA continues checking his list.)

SANTA: I'd better check this thing twice. Let's see. Nice ... nice ... nice ... hmm ... not so nice but not bad enough to be naughty ... nice ... nice ... very nice ... Ooo! Naughty! ... nice ... nice ... naughty ... naughty ... very naughty ... Maybe I could leave a new bike but remove the seat. (*SANTA exits.*)

SCENE 6: REMOTE ISLAND

POLLY enters and crosses to the stage right desk.

POLLY: Welcome to the Mid-Afternoon News at WSEA TV, I'm Polly Pirate. Outside our studio it's still a balmy 90 degrees. As we all know, Christmas is just around the corner. And, as we all know, Santa has never managed to find our tiny, insignificant, unimportant, noncrucial, boring little corner of the world; even though we're the answer to what happens to all of those ships and planes that disappear into the Bermuda triangle. Our children have never experienced the joys of Santa's annual visit. One bit of good news. Our new Starbucks is now opened. I enjoyed ten shots of espresso yesterday, and I haven't been to sleep yet. I'd wish you all a Merry Christmas, but since Santa can't find us, I'll just wish you all a good night's sleep ... which I don't think I'll have. Anyway, that's the news. Stay tuned for a special nature program: Your Friend the Palm Tree.

(SHE exits. RALPH enters and sits at the desk. HE picks up a pen and writes.)

RALPH: Dear Santa: We are the descendants of a band of cutthroat pirates. Two hundred years ago our ancestors had just pillaged a British ship, sank it in the middle of the ocean, and left the crew for shark food. Suddenly a terrible storm came up, and the pirate ship was blown off course. Our ancestors found themselves stranded on a tiny island somewhere east of the Bahamas. The ship wasn't salvageable, and the crew thought they were doomed. But ships started washing ashore, and our ancestors took the provisions they found, and the crews joined our community. It was either that or walk the plank. After a century or so, planes started falling from the sky. We got a lot of neat stuff like an entire television station, coffee makers and computers. Of course, we're so far out in the ocean that we can't get wireless service, and our television station isn't very interesting. But we do have good coffee. I'm not complaining. But I'm

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle – Page 16

writing to ask a tremendous favor. For Christmas this year, would you please get us off this stupid island? Your friend, Ralph the Pirate.

(BOBBY enters and crosses to RALPH.)

BOBBY: Argh! There ya be! Ya needs to be a-swabbing the decks and piling the pillage below! What be ya doing rather than following orders, ya land-lubbin' matie?

RALPH: You know, Dad. You're the only person on the island who talks that way.

BOBBY: I'm sorry. I think tradition is important. What are you doing?

RALPH: I'm writing a letter to Santa Claus.

BOBBY: Santa hasn't found us in two hundred years. Besides, everything we need washes up on the beach, or falls out the sky.

RALPH: I want to live somewhere else.

BOBBY: Look, Ralphie. Most of the world would give anything to live here.

RALPH: How do you know?

BOBBY: I read about it. A lot of books and magazines that wash up. According to the travel magazines, this is a tropical paradise.

RALPH: According to the magazines I read, this is a dinky little island in a really weird part of the ocean.

BOBBY: Not that Bermuda triangle thing again.

RALPH: What else could explain it? Our ancestors were blown off course and two hundred years later no one has found us. What about all the weird stuff that happens?

BOBBY: What weird stuff?

RALPH: Ships washing up on shore. Planes falling from the sky. Weird clouds that shroud us in mysterious mist?

BOBBY: That's not weird. It's been happening for two hundred years.

RALPH: Things like that don't happen in other parts of the world.

BOBBY: You know, Ralphie. This is our home. We're not going to get to any other part of the world. Now, you can read your books and magazines, and dream all you like. But you're a pirate. We're all pirates. True, we're not very good pirates. None of us have ever been out on a ship, or fought a battle against the British navy, or any of that other cool pirate stuff. But we're still pirates! And we live and die by the pirate code!

RALPH: What is the pirate code?

BOBBY: Well ... uh ... it has to do with pillaging and plundering and things like that. Nothing you need to worry about.

RALPH: I want to see a traffic jam! A subway! A really tall building! I want a pizza made with something besides mangos! I want to see snow and ice and sports cars and elephants! I'm tired of using words like "avast" and "argh"!

BOBBY: I know, son. But there's not a whole lot we can do about it. What ya say we run down to the One Eyed Parrot Café and grab a fish burger?

RALPH: Okay. I'm just going to stick this letter in a bottle and toss it out in the ocean.

BOBBY: Just hope it doesn't wash up on the other side of the island again.

(THEY exit.)

SCENE 7: SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA

The Christmas tree lights are turned on. BUDDY and TIFFANY enter, and cross to the upstage Christmas tree, kneeling and examining the packages. One package is particularly large.

BUDDY: It's almost Christmas, Tiffany.

TIFFANY: I can't wait! *(Holding up a package.)* What do you think this is?

(BUDDY takes the package and shakes it.)

BUDDY: It's a cookbook.

(TIFFANY returns the package and takes another one.)

TIFFANY: What about this one?

(BUDDY takes the package and shakes it.)

BUDDY: Socks and underwear.

TIFFANY: *(Disappointed.)* Oh.

(BUDDY takes a package and hands it to TIFFANY.)

BUDDY: What do you think this is?

(TIFFANY examines the large package.)

Christmas Pirates of the Bermuda Triangle – Page 18

TIFFANY: Either a George Foreman grill, or a box of cantaloupes.

Who's it from?

BUDDY: (*Reading the tag.*) It's from Grandma.

TIFFANY: Then it's cantaloupes.

BUDDY: Cantaloupes? No one in this family likes cantaloupes.

TIFFANY: Grandma always gives things we don't like. Remember the year she gave us all a stomach virus?

(*THEY hold their stomachs and moan.*)

She really should have finished cooking that turkey. So, what do you want this year? And don't say you want to be a pirate.

BUDDY: But I do! I love the pirate movies! And pirate clothes! And pirate ships! And talking like a pirate! Swab the deck! Argh! Avast! Hang 'em from the yard arm!

TIFFANY: But pirates were dangerous criminals. They pillaged villages and kidnaped people, and made them walk the plank.

BUDDY: If I was a pirate I'd make my teacher walk the plank.

TIFFANY: That's a terrible thing to say! You'd make your poor teacher walk out a narrow board high above the ocean, contemplating drowning in the icy waters, or being ripped apart by sharks! Wondering what she did to deserve such a horrible end! You'd actually do that to your teacher?

BUDDY: Yep.

TIFFANY: You wouldn't consider her education, her dedication to the community, her love of teaching, her years of experience, and her love of molding young minds?

BUDDY: Nope.

TIFFANY: If I was a pirate I'd make cousin Walter walk the plank. He's such a bully. I'd toss him a life preserver, but not until he'd been in the ocean for a while.

BUDDY: Being a pirate would be cool.

TIFFANY: Until they made YOU walk the plank. Anyway, there aren't any pirates anymore, so you might as well think about something else.

BUDDY: That's all I want to think about. That, and a really nice dirt bike.

(*THEY exit. Christmas trees lights are turned off.*)

SCENE 8: THE NORTH POLE

TRACY and MOLLY enter and cross center.

TRACY: All right, you sorry reindeer! Fall in!

(The REINDEER enter and stand at attention in a straight line.)

Listen up! It's Christmas Eve. The old man will be out here in a minute and I want you to give him everything you've got. When you think you can't do it, do it anyway! When you think you can't land on one more roof, do it anyway! When you think you can't pull a sleigh full of toys and a driver who's a little too fond of egg nog, do it anyway! When you think you're too tired to fly one more second, do it anyway! When you think you're going to drop dead in your tracks, do it anyway!

(DASHER raises his hand.)

DASHER: You want us to drop dead?

TRACY: Don't interrupt! Now, we've got a couple hundred tons of toys, a miniature sleigh and a somewhat overweight jolly old man to keep airborne for the next twelve hours. You have to keep your focus! You have to concentrate! You can't let your guard down for a second! If you do, you'll end up in a pasture with a bunch of cows wondering if you're one of their relatives!

(Bored, the REINDEER yawn, look at their watches, etc.)

Oh! So you think this is some kind of joke! When you're out in the field you've got to keep on your toes.

DANCER: We're reindeer. We don't have toes. We have hooves.

TRACY: You've got to watch each other's backsides.

PRANCER: We've been looking at each other's backsides for a couple of centuries.

BLITZEN: And I can tell you, Donder's backside isn't getting any smaller.

DONDER: *(Offended.)* What is wrong with my backside?

BLITZEN: Well, it ain't no size six!

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