

PIRATE ISLAND

A MUSICAL IN THREE ACTS

By Martin Follose

With Additional Music by Carol Hall

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ISBN: 978-1-61588-125-3

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PIRATE ISLAND: THE MUSICAL

By Martin Follse

With Additional Music by Carol Hall

SYNOPSIS: “We’re the Pirates,” Captain Peach and his not-so-merry band of pirates sing as they roam a deserted island in search of Bluebeard’s still-hidden treasure chest. Captain Peach swears that Bluebeard buried the treasure right over . . . Empty-handed, penniless pirates are not happy pirates. Mutiny is close at hand until Barbara and her not-so-eager castaways get stranded on the island with very little except for two lovely cameras, 37 rolls of film, a hand mirror, 30 cents in change, three sticks of gum, and Barbara’s old weather-beaten trunk. Aye! With treasure chests of jewels in their eyes, the clan of money-grubbin’ pirates thinks Barbara’s trunk is Bluebeard’s lost treasure. Before the pirates have a chance to steal the chest, however, two kleptomaniac natives dance off with Barbara’s trunk (and unknowingly, Barbara’s friend, Dolly, who is hiding inside). The chase is on. The pirates are after the natives, the natives are after the castaways, the castaways are after the natives, and this not-so-deserted island is a treasure trove of outlandish fun with a rousing music score that includes original hits like “Stranded,” “The Treasure Chest,” “‘Twas a Good Life,” “What We Need is Some Laughter,” “Build a Nation,” and several other sensational tunes. After Barbara is captured by Captain Peach and Captain Peach and Barbara are captured by the natives, it’s up to Peach’s shipmates and the other castaways to outwit the meddling natives and return the cherished treasure chest to its rightful owner.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 7 WOMEN)

CASTAWAYS:

BARBARA (f).....CAPTAIN’s daughter. Rough and tough, she becomes the leader of the CASTAWAYS. She is a schoolteacher. (130 lines)

DOLLY (f).....BARBARA’s friend. (45 lines)

BUFFY (f)Always worried about her looks, BUFFY carries around her mirror all the time. (11 lines)

MRS. HOUSTON (f).....A tourist, MRS. HOUSTON is an explorer who always takes pictures to “record” history. (31 lines)

PIERRE (m).....The only male CASTAWAY, PIERRE was the cook on the ship. (33 lines)

JANE (f)JANE is in love with PIERRE. (12 lines)

ANGIE (f).....A medical student. (13 lines)

PIRATES

CAPTAIN PEACH (m)Leader of the PIRATES, PEACH has ambitions to be the president of his own country. He is the smartest of all the PIRATES and controls them with his gun. (149 lines)

SANDY (m).....PEACH’s close friend. (80 lines)

SHORTY (m).....A small, dumb PIRATE. He is always in another world. (14 lines)

MAC (m)Another not-so-bright PIRATE. (16 lines)

PETE (m).....A PIRATE who has always wanted to be a plumber. (30 lines)

LUIS (m).....A PIRATE whose father was a blacksmith. (35 lines)

WILLIAM (m).....The largest of the PIRATES, WILLIAM has always wanted to be a dancer. (41 lines)

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NATIVES

BIG NATIVE (m).....He is always the brunt of the other's jokes.
The BIG NATIVE and the LITTLE NATIVE
steal everything that they can get their hands
on. (*Non-speaking*)

LITTLE NATIVE (m)A LITTLE NATIVE that is always playing
jokes on the BIG NATIVE. (*Non-speaking.*)

CAPTAIN (m)The CAPTAIN was the captain of the ship
that wrecked and is BARBARA's father. (*7
lines*)

EXTRAS

CASTAWAYS (f)Any number, some with speaking roles.

PIRATES (m)Any number, some with speaking roles.

DO NOT COPY

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

SONG #1 **PROLOGUE** Instrumental

SONG #2 **STRANDED** CASTAWAYS

SONG #2a **STRANDED (REPRISE)** Instrumental

SONG #3 **WE'RE THE PIRATES** PIRATES

SONG #4 **THE TREASURE CHEST** PEACH & PIRATES

SONG #4a **WE'RE THE PIRATES (REPRISE)** PIRATES

SONG #5 **KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK** DOLLY & NATIVES (Instrumental)

SONG #6 **TO THE RESCUE** CASTAWAYS

SONG #6a **ENTR'ACTE** Instrumental

ACT TWO

SONG #7 **'T WAS THE GOOD LIFE** PIRATES

SONG #8 **WHAT WE NEED IS SOME LAUGHTER** PIRATES

SONG #9 **WHEN DREAMS ARE OVER** BARBARA & PEACH

SONG #10 **CHASE MUSIC** Instrumental

ACT THREE

SONG #11 **IT'S UP TO US** BARBARA & PEACH

SONG #12 **WE CAN BUILD A NATION** ENTIRE CAST

SONG #13 **CHASE MUSIC (REPRISE)** Instrumental

SONG #13 **FINALE: WE CAN BUILD A NATION (REPRISE)** ...ENTIRE CAST

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

SETTING:

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

AT RISE:

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

ANGIE: I think I'm still alive.

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

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

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

BUFFY: So's my hair.

BARBARA: There's no chance of repairing it.

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

BARBARA: I'm talking about the raft.

BUFFY: Oh.

DOLLY: Barbara, what are we going to do?

MRS. HOUSTON wanders around taking pictures of each CASTAWAY as they speak.

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

PIERRE: How long will that be?

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

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

BARBARA: Buffy, your hair is not our major concern.

MRS. HOUSTON is getting ready to take a picture of BUFFY.

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

BARBARA: Mrs. Houston, could you please stop taking so many pictures? We are in the middle of a crisis.

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

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

MRS. HOUSTON: If I must.

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

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

SONG #2: STRANDED (CASTAWAYS)

CASTAWAYS:

LIKE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, GILLIGAN AND FRIENDS, ROBINSON CRUSOE AND NOW US. WE ARE STRANDED ON THIS TINY TROPICAL ISLAND, WITHOUT BOAT OR RAFT OR CANOE. LOOKS LIKE WE ARE HERE TO STAY TILL THAT SPECIAL DAY WHEN THERE IS A RESCUE. WE'RE STRANDED, WITH NO MORE THAN WHAT WE COULD CARRY, NOT A MATCH OR LIGHTER WITH US. LIKE THE CAVEMEN OF THE PAST LIFE WILL BE, ALAS, RIGOROUS.

WE'RE STRANDED LIKE THAT FAMILY WHO HAD BEEN SHIPWRECKED, ON AN ISLAND MUCH LIKE THIS ONE. WHAT A TREE HOUSE THEY HAD MADE 'BOVE A FOREST GLADE THEY ALL THOUGHT IT WAS FUN.

WE'RE STRANDED, GILLIGAN HAD HIS FRIEND THE SKIPPER, HELPING HIM TO CLEAN UP HIS MESS. THEY TRIED EVERY WAY TO SHOW LIKE THAT MAN CRUSOE S.O.S. WE ARE STRANDED.

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BUFFY:

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DO MY HAIR, ONLY WITH A MIRROR AND COMB? THIS IS SUCH A TRAGEDY, I WAS ONCE PRETTY, I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

CASTAWAYS:

WE'RE STRANDED.

PIERRE:

ON THE SHIP MY JOB WAS THE HEAD CHEF, MAKING MEALS SUITED FOR A QUEEN. HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO COOK ON THIS ISLAND NOOK GOOD CUISINE?

CASTAWAYS:

WE'RE STRANDED.

BARBARA:

YOU SHOULD LOOK AT THIS A BIT DIFFERENT, FOR WE MAY BE HERE FOR A WHILE. WE CAN MAKE THE BEST OF THIS, WE WILL HARDLY MISS WHAT IS NOT ON THIS ISLE.

CASTAWAYS:

WE'RE STRANDED.

BARBARA:

WE HAVE THINGS WE NEED FOR SURVIVAL, WE DID NOT COME EMPTY HANDED. TILL MY FATHER COMES FOR ME, AND HE WILL YOU'LL SEE, WE'RE STRANDED.

CASTAWAYS:

TILL HER FATHER COMES FOR HER, WE MUST THEN CONCUR, WE ARE STRANDED!

PIERRE: This is all your fault.

BARBARA: My fault?

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

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

PIERRE: (*Sarcastically.*) Yes, but didn't you forget the pars because of that lovely chest?

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

PIERRE: I was only helping the women and children into the rafts.

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

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

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

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

DOLLY: We can't fight among ourselves.

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

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

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

DOLLY: All those in favor of Barbara?

Everyone raises their hand, including JANE.

PIERRE: Jane! How could you? (*He crosses over close to the sand hill.*)

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

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

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JANE: (*Crosses to PIERRE.*) Please forgive me. (*PIERRE looks away.*) I did it for us.

PIERRE: For us?

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

PIERRE: Well . . .

JANE: Oh please, Pierre.

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

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

PIERRE: Romantic?

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

PIERRE: And them.

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

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

JANE: We can take a walk on the beach at sunset, feel the sand between our toes . . .

PIERRE: . . . bugs in our hair.

JANE: It's paradise.

PIERRE: It's always paradise when I'm with you.

JANE: Oh, Pierre.

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

DOLLY: And three sticks of gum.

PIERRE: What kind?

They all glare at PIERRE. PIERRE shrugs his shoulders.

BARBARA: Jane, what do you have?

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

BARBARA: Pierre, how about you?

PIERRE: I have my irresistible charm and good looks.

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

PIERRE: What else would I ever need?

They all glare at PIERRE. PIERRE shrugs his shoulders.

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

JANE: Are we going to die?

BARBARA: Of course not. We'll be fine. The first thing we should do is look for other passengers from the ship. Perhaps they've beached on another part of the island. Let's stay together and search the beach. Everyone this way. *(She points left, and everyone except PIERRE exits left. BARBARA returns.)* I said this way.

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

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

PIERRE: All right, all right. I hate violent women.

They both exit left.

**SONG #2a: STRANDED (REPRISE)
(INSTRUMENTAL)**

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

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

The LITTLE NATIVE is always getting in the way of the BIG NATIVE. The BIG NATIVE bends over to examine the chest and then the LITTLE NATIVE pokes the BIG NATIVE in the behind with his spear. The LITTLE NATIVE covers his mouth and chuckles silently. The BIG NATIVE, as usual, hits the LITTLE NATIVE on the head with his spear. The LITTLE NATIVE backs away as the BIG NATIVE continues to examine the chest. The LITTLE NATIVE then finds the hair tie that JANE left behind. He plays with it, shoots it in the air, puts it on his head, then around his neck. He starts to strangle himself and fights with the tie until the BIG NATIVE sees him and helps him remove it. As the LITTLE NATIVE is gasping for breath, the BIG NATIVE hits him on the head. Right then, heavy commotion and voices are heard off stage. The NATIVES scamper off left. The PIRATES enter from right.

**SONG #3: WE'RE THE PIRATES
(PIRATES)**

ALL:

WE'RE THE PIRATES OF THIS TINY ISLAND. LOOKING FOR A TREASURE OF GOLD. FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS, WE'VE BEEN SHEDDING SWEAT AND TEARS. LOOKING FOR THE TREASURES, GIVING UP LIFE'S PLEASURES, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, AND STILL WE HAVE NOTHING TO BEHOLD.

One PIRATE finds something in the sand and all of the other PIRATES rush over to see. SPOKEN: "Nothing."

PEACH:

I'M CAPTAIN PEACH, LEADER OF THE PIRATES. THESE MEN ARE FORCED TO FOLLOW ME. THIS ISLAND I COMMAND, WITH SANDY CLOSE AT HAND, AND TO KEEP THEM FROM REVOLT (*Waves his gun.*) THIS IS THE KEY.

ALL:

WE'RE THE PIRATES OF THIS TINY ISLAND. LOOKING FOR A TREASURE OF GOLD. FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS, WE'VE BEEN SHEDDING SWEAT AND TEARS. LOOKING FOR THE TREASURES, GIVING UP LIFE'S PLEASURES, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, AND STILL WE HAVE NOTHING TO BEHOLD.

PETE:

MY MOTHER SAID I SHOULD BE A PLUMBER. BUT I DID NOT TAKE HER ADVICE. THE ODOR I CAN'T STAND, THE PLUNGING WAS BY HAND, SO I JOINED THE PIRATE CLUB AT HALF THE PRICE.

ALL:

WE'RE THE PIRATES OF THIS TINY ISLAND. LOOKING FOR A TREASURE OF GOLD. FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS, WE'VE BEEN SHEDDING SWEAT AND TEARS. LOOKING FOR THE TREASURES, GIVING UP LIFE'S PLEASURES, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, AND STILL WE HAVE NOTHING TO BEHOLD.

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PEACH:

THIS IS LUIS, HIS FATHER WAS A BLACKSMITH. HIS APPRENTICE, HE WAS GOING TO BE. BUT HORSES HE DID FEAR, SO HE CHOSE A NEW CAREER, NOW HE LIVES A PIRATE LIFE THAT IS TAX FREE.

ALL:

WE'RE THE PIRATES OF THIS TINY ISLAND. LOOKING FOR A TREASURE OF GOLD. FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS, WE'VE BEEN SHEDDING SWEAT AND TEARS. LOOKING FOR THE TREASURES, GIVING UP LIFE'S PLEASURES, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, AND STILL WE HAVE NOTHING TO BEHOLD.

WE'RE THE PIRATES OF THIS TINY ISLAND. LOOKING FOR A TREASURE OF GOLD. FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS, WE'VE BEEN SHEDDING SWEAT AND TEARS. LOOKING FOR THE TREASURES, GIVING UP LIFE'S PLEASURES, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING, AND

WE HAVE NOTHING
WE HAVE NOTHING
WE HAVE NOTHING
WE HAVE NOTHING TO BEHOLD.

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

SANDY: 'Tis trouble in the ranks, Captain.

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

SANDY: Aye, mutiny.

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

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

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

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

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

SANDY: But they *are* going to mutiny.

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

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

PEACH: Ye may speak.

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

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

SANDY: Nay, Captain

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

PEACH: Leave the island?

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

The other PIRATES cheer.

PETE: It has been such a mighty bit of time since I have seen a woman that I don't even remember what one looks like.

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM: Are you sure that there is a treasure?

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

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

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

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

MAC: Nay, nay, not at all.

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

MAC: I wanted to be a pirate.

WILLIAM: Ye are a pirate, fool.

MAC: Oh, that's right.

SHORTY wanders on and off, on and off, counting paces.

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

PETE: And a boring life it is.

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

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

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

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

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

In the middle of this song, SHORTY enters from left and paces off more steps and then exits right. At the end of the song, SHORTY enters from right, pacing off steps towards the chest.

SONG #4: THE TREASURE CHEST (PIRATES)

PEACH:

IT'S A CHEST ABOUT THIS BIG, FILLED WITH DIAMOND RINGS AND GOLDEN THINGS THAT'LL MAKE YOU DO THE JIG. IT'S A CHEST ABOUT THIS WIDE, FILLED WITH SILVER COINS TO LINE YOUR POCKETS TILL YOU'RE SATISFIED.

PIRATES:

WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH.
WHEN WE FIND THE CHEST OF TREASURE,
WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH.
THEN OUR LIFE WILL BE ALL LEISURE.

LUIS (SPOKEN): Tell us more, Peach. We need to know what we are looking for.

PEACH:

IT'S A CHEST ABOUT THIS LONG, FILLED WITH SO MUCH WEALTH A MAN WILL WANT TO BREAK OUT INTO SONG. IT'S A CHEST WITH ROUNDED TOP, WHEN WE FIND IT WE WILL DANCE AND DANCE AND NEVER WANT TO STOP.

PIRATES:

WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH.
WHEN WE FIND THE CHEST OF TREASURE,
WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH.
THEN OUR LIFE WILL BE ALL LEISURE.

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WE'LL BE WALKING DOWN THE STREET WITH OUR NOSE HIGH LIKE ELITE, IGNORING ALL THE COMMON PEOPLE. WE'LL HAVE LADIES ON OUR ARMS, FANCIED BY OUR ENDLESS CHARM, HEADING FOR THE CHURCH AND STEEPLE.

WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH.
WHEN WE FIND THE CHEST OF TREASURE,
WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH.
THEN OUR LIFE WILL BE ALL LEISURE.

PEACH:

I'LL BE RICH ENOUGH TO BE A KING OF A TINY NATION.
EVERY YEAR THEY'LL HONOR ME WITH A CELEBRATION.

PEACH (AT SAME TIME AS PIRATES BELOW):

IT'S A CHEST ABOUT THIS BIG, FILLED WITH DIAMOND RINGS AND GOLDEN THINGS THAT'LL MAKE YOU DO THE JIG. IT'S A CHEST ABOUT THIS WIDE, FILLED WITH SILVER COINS TO LINE YOUR POCKETS TILL YOU'RE SATISFIED. I'LL BE RICH ENOUGH TO BE A KING OF A TINY NATION. EVERY YEAR THEY'LL HONOR ME WITH A CELEBRATION.

WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH. WHEN WE FIND THE CHEST OF TREASURE, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH. WHEN WE FIND THE CHEST (*Pause.*) OF TREASURE.

PIRATES (AT SAME TIME AS PEACH ABOVE):

WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH. WHEN WE FIND THE CHEST OF TREASURE, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH. THEN OUR LIFE WILL BE ALL LEISURE.

WE'LL BE WALKING DOWN THE STREET WITH OUR NOSE HIGH LIKE ELITE, IGNORING ALL THE COMMON PEOPLE.

WE'LL HAVE LADIES ON OUR ARMS, FANCIED BY OUR ENDLESS CHARM, HEADING FOR THE CHURCH AND STEEPLE.

WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH. WHEN WE FIND THE CHEST OF TREASURE, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE RICH, WE'LL BE FILTHY DIRTY RICH. WHEN WE FIND THE CHEST (*Pause.*) OF TREASURE.

During the pause, one PIRATE says, as he is leaning on the chest, "I wonder where it could be."

SHORTY: Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen. *(He runs into the chest.)* I found it! I found it!

The other PIRATES come running.

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

PETE: Let's open it!

PIRATES cheer.

PEACH: Wait! We can't open it.

LUIS: Why?

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

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

PIRATES cheer.

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

LUIS: Why?

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

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

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

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

PIRATES: Sssshhhhhh!

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

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

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

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

SANDY: Why?

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

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

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

**SONG #4a: WE'RE THE PIRATES (REPRISE)
(PIRATES)**

PIRATES:

WE'RE THE PIRATES OF THIS TINY ISLAND. LOOKING FOR A TREASURE OF GOLD, FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS, WE'VE BEEN SHEDDING SWEAT AND TEARS.

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

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

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

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