



A Pirate's Life for She

Script by

Amie Root

Music and Lyrics by
Arne Parrott and Amie Root

Copyright 2020

root.amie@gmail.com

Playwright's Note:

My Great Aunt Kathy asked me once, "Why are you breaking the silence of the universe to tell this story?" This question is so poignant to me because that silence is a space in the universe where women's voices and LGBTQ voices are absent from the celebration, laughter, and joy of adventure tales. I am breaking the silence of the universe because I want to showcase a comical and piratical world in theater where gender and sexual orientation are not a limitation. Where audiences can enjoy a fantastical story about human's who live freely and support one another in the face of adversity, and occasionally break into song. I wrote this story for my younger self who wished to play the roles of a Pirate Queen and Peggy the Peg Leg, when there were only ever roles for Pirate Kings and Bootstrap Bills. This play is a place for inclusivity of all kinds. If you are not willing to break the silence with me to tell this gender inclusive tale of adventure, then there is a universe of other plays from which you can choose. Mine is not for you. I would encourage you, however, to try and say YAR to this advencharr!

CHARACTER LIST

ANNE BONNY: (*Female, Irish pirate accent*) The Pirate Queen and captain of the Crimson Banshee. Anne is a fiery and hot-tempered Irish woman. Extremely loyal to her friends and crew. Her dress embraces her womanhood and since Pierre designs her clothes, fighting practicality can still come first. She suffers from alcoholism and depression.

MARY READ: (*Female, British accent*) Fellow pirate, First Mate, and girlfriend to Anne. Mary is a warm-hearted and witty lesbian woman. She fights with grace and ferocity. Her Christianity is very important to her. Mary wears "mens" clothing, like she did growing up, which Pierre designs and tailors for her.

PIERRE: (*Male, French accent*) Best Friend to Anne and Mary. Pierre is a French gay man who lives openly and freely. He prides himself on his appearance and immaculately trimmed beard. He is the owner of "Mon Ingénue", the bar/bistro/dressmaker shop. He is an extremely passionate fashion designer. He fights with finesse and panache.

JACK "Jilly": (*Male, Boyish, British accent*) Dashing young English man with an innocent demeanor as if he is always a little in over his head. Kind spoken, but there is always something about him that seems curious or out of place.

PATCH: (*Old, "She" default pronoun*) Clairvoyant cook. Hard of hearing and does not speak. Moves at a deliberate old barkeeps pace regardless of circumstance. There is nothing Patch can't make right. Non-verbal, physical role.

SHANTY CREW: (*Intentionally written non-gender conforming. Open to any age, gender, or ethnicity. Please prioritize inclusive casting.*)

MAX: Boatswain; Conductor, storyteller, bit of a romantic, thick pirate accent.

SAM: Master Gunner; No subtlety, bull in a China shop, protector, Scout's other half, thick pirate accent.

ASH: Carpenter; Always has a snack, amorous, medium pirate accent.

SCOUT: Rigger/Lookout; gymnastic, kind, curious, Sam's other half, medium pirate accent.

FIN: Sailing Master; Philosopher, over-analyzes, brainy, minimal pirate accent.

BARNET: Villain. Bounty hunter.

B.FIRST MATE: Captain Barnet's First Mate.

PEGGI PEGLEG: A member of Barnet's Crew.

FRENCH MERCHANTS/BARNET'S CREW

If you are using a minimal cast, the SHANTY CREW and BARNET can also double as the FRENCH MERCHANTS in the beginning of the play. Some of the SHANTY CREW and PATCH can also double as BARNET & CREW.

About Producing the Play:

This play is full of movement sequences, props, puppets, a giant ship, a little boat, and a sail across the ocean. It is not my intention to make this work cost prohibitive. Please, if your theater or school has a small budget, feel free to create the world using cardboard boats, a folding table bar, paper puppets, sound effects and flashlights. I only ask that you be consistent throughout the world and use all the creativity you and your team can muster. (Additionally, in my mind Petunia is a puppet, but she may be something completely different in yours and that is great!)

When it comes to the music of this world, it is written A Cappella. However, if you wish to add instrumentation, please do so by incorporating it into the world. Feel free to have the actors in the scenes play instruments.

Additionally, much of the music was originally written for one bass voice, one tenor and three alto/sopranos. I encourage you to divorce from the conception that a vocal range equates a gender. Any gender can sing bass, tenor, alto, soprano. You may also wish to rearrange the music for all upper ranged voices, for example, which is completely acceptable.

Finally, while this play is inspired by people in history, and is sprinkled with moments of historical truths, it is in no way historically accurate.

Youtube link of demo music below:

<https://youtu.be/XKptb5k44wI>

SONG LIST:

Song 1: She Always Says YAR to AdvenCHARR!

Song 2: Make Way for the Shanty Crew

Song 3: Can You Handle the High Cs?

Song 4: We Draw!

Song 5: Row Row Yer Jolly Boat

Song 6: Let Me Rest

Song 7: Sneakin' Along

Song 8: She Always Says YAR to AdvenCHARR! Finale Reprise.

ACT IScene I

[MYSTICAL OPEN OCEAN]

A fire like light begins to glow on a shadowy pirate figure, a ship's wheel creaks in its hands. The sounds of a ship on a stormy ocean rises. A villainous laugh softly echoes.

[THE BISTRO]

Lights up on PATCH inside of "Mon Ingenue", a French bistro, pub and dressmaker's shop all in one. The formidable wooden bar stretches the length of one wall. With the dim light, it appears Mon Ingenue is full of motionless patrons missing various limbs or heads due to a number of mannequins and dress-forms about the place displaying very fashion forward, and far from gender normative, outfits. Corset tops with pant bottoms, bodices for men, etc.

PATCH, humming to herself, is placing props about the bistro that will be exactly where they will be needed in the future fight. She stashes a gun in a bread basket. Outside the bistro rings a gunshot from afar. PATCH doesn't acknowledge it and continues placing props. Two more gunshots. PATCH continues unfazed. She reaches under the bar and places a fabric roll of surgical tools, a large shot glass, a beer mug, a wine glass and a pistol on the bar. Ruckus noise begins to be heard outside. She fills the glasses. The ruckus becomes a recognizable sword brawl just outside the door. PATCH pulls the bandana from her belt, still humming, and ties it onto her head then rolls up her sleeves. Then, PATCH picks up the pistol and just as she aims it at the door without looking:

BAM the door flies open and in falls ANNE BONNY, MARY READ, and PIERRE into a pile. Pierre drops a roll of light blue silk. They are followed by an armed French Merchant who is instantly shot by PATCH in the doorway and goes flying back out the door.

MARY:

Thanks Patch.

PIERRE:

Bon-Bon! Ze silk!

A gunshot from the French hits a mannequin on a pedestal that is obviously important.

PIERRE:

(Enraged) Osez-vous!! Mon ingenue! I will kill you!!

PIERRE runs out the door. ANNE grabs her wounded leg.

ANNE:

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, get off!

MARY:

Alright Captain, enough with the blaspheming.

MARY rolls off ANNE as PATCH shoots another Frenchman out the doorway.

ANNE:

Really Saint Mary.

MARY:

Tis but a scratch.

ANNE:

Ha! Right now I be holier than thou! Who be the mother o' this terrible plan anyways?

MARY:

Twas your birth, sweet Annie.

ANNE:

Then must'n be the plan, but the executioners!

MARY:

Woah there, friendly fire!

ANNE:

Oh, I'll never get me ship back at this knot. Where did you take her you Barnet bastard!?

MARY:

Captain! We are in the midst of the plan. Your favorite part I might add. Pillage, plunder, and pirate! And we will keep pillaging, plundering and pirating the seas until that bounty hunter Barnet sails your Crimson Banshee back to us. At which time we shall take it. It is a good plan. Now find your

ferocious footing and beat some of these Frenchmen instead of yourself. This despondency is a most unnatural look on you.

ANNE:

I do like takin' me ragin' out on others.

MARY:

That is the spirit!

PIERRE:

(Offstage) Ze utter effrontery! Mon ingenue!

ANNE:

Alright, alright. I be ferocious! Go help Pierre.

MARY:

O, a pox on his deplorable sail or perish devotion to these condemnable mannequins!

ANNE:

Good luck. You know that one be the ingenue of the collection. He'll be out there `til daybreak trackin' French merchants.

MARY:

Oh bother...

MARY Exits. ANNE sees she has bled on the silk.

ANNE:

Awe hell. *(Tries to fix it)* Oh for Davy's sake!

PATCH shakes her head at ANNE.

ANNE:

(Defensively) WHAT!? It was already smudgy-

PATCH sighs disapprovingly.

ANNE:

He be the one left his precious silk in MY hands! Why can't Pierre just be thievin' gold and jewels like a respectable pirate? Ya can bleed on gold! Ya can BLOODY a jewel!!

MARY Pops in the door still sword fighting.

MARY:

I heard that!

ANNE drops the fabric to hide it.

ANNE:
I didn't even curse that time!

MARY:
Oh, what are the odds of that?

ANNE:
Honestly? Very slim. (*Warning*) MARY!

MARY evades and stabs the Frenchman.

MARY:
Oh give it a rest Frenchy.

MARY attempts to pull her sword free, but it slips from her hand. The Frenchman stumbles out the door with MARY'S sword in gut.

MARY:
Oh, blast! Get back here with my sword!

The Frenchman reappears in the door.

MARY:
(*Surprised and Confused*) Oh! Thank you.

PIERRE, grinning, enters steering the skewered Frenchman with his one hand and continuing to sword fight through the door with his other.

PIERRE:
Lose something?

MARY/ANNE:
Pierre!

PIERRE:
I don't always sword fight, but when I do I prefer...

PIERRE:
DOS EPEES!

MARY/ANNE:
Stay thrusting my friends!!

MARY:
For the log books, my sword wasn't lost. I knew right where I left it.

More Frenchmen begin piling in the doorway.

PIERRE:

When you two are done syncing up, I could use a hand.

ANNE drinks a shot of whiskey. PATCH refills it.

ANNE:

Oh my little wee sea pansy, got a touch of the land-lubberlegs, be needin' our help?

PIERRE:

Mon Bon-Bon, you always are a little moody when you're hemorrhaging.

MARY:

Lord help us if you two sync up!

PIERRE:

Oh Mare, zer will be no blood from me tonight. Zis is Cashmere!

The battle errupts. JILLY enters wide-eyed, wandering through the battle. PATCH saves him...alot.

PIERRE:

Oh Patch! Could you pour...

PATCH gestures to the drinks already poured.

PIERRE:

What would we do without you?

MARY/ANNE/PIERRE:

Cheers!

PIERRE:

Mmm, Les Bordeaux!

ANNE:

PATCH! I'm bleeding out here!

PIERRE:

Maybe if you did not fight like a heavy-handed barbarian and showed even a bit of class.

ANNE:

I got class! I'll show you class!

ANNE grabs a Frenchman and shanks him a ton.

During the fighting, PATCH, unnoticed, fetches a tablecloth, table setting, and a candle. She works her way through the brawl over to a table. PATCH, then meticulously sets the table. Precisely laying out each item. She then heads back to the kitchen.

PIERRE:

Certainly. And what class was zat?

ANNE:

(Grins) Pregnant in Prison.

PIERRE:

(Chuckling) Oh, is zat ze class you took with Mary?

ANNE:

(Proud) Sure was!

MARY:

(Mortified) Oh Lord.

PIERRE:

Such class.

ANNE:

Lucky fer us, the British Royal Navy didn't know they were in the presence of the Virgin Mary.

PIERRE:

(Pointing at ANNE) And her girlfriend.

MARY:

What can I say? I am a turn of the century lesbian.

ANNE:

With strong religious conflixtions.

MARY:

(Correcting) Convictions.

ANNE:

Right, contradictions.

A Frenchman chuckles.

MARY:

What are you laughing at Frenchy!?

PIERRE:

Blessed art thou among women, Saint Mary! *(Out of*

wine.) Patch, S'il vous plait! I shall soon be parched.

PATCH gestures to a glass of wine on a table.

PIERRE:

Oh mon ange. You are a god among--

ANNE:

Mangy MAGGOT!

MARY:

Desolate DASTARD!

The Frenchman ANNE shanked comes back and grabs ANNE.

ANNE:

Son of a- AH!

PIERRE:

Well...You pour a fine French wine mon amie.

A Frenchman hits another mannequin.

PIERRE:

DIE VILLAINOUS VANDAL!

ANNE:

Get off GOBSHITE!

JILLY is still dodging about and looking scared, but has found a pistol. ANNE grabs MARY by the belt.

MARY:

(Still fighting) Annie! What are you doing!?!?

ANNE rips MARY's belt free. The last Frenchman falls.

ANNE:

I just be needin' yer belt.

PIERRE is being held at gunpoint by a shaking, terrified, JILLY.

PIERRE:

Ladies...

MARY:

I be needin' my belt!

ANNE tightens the belt around her leg.

ANNE:

(Pain) Dear-lord-jesus-christ-on-a-crucifix-

MARY:

Annie!

PIERRE:

Ladies.

ANNE:

Mary!

PIERRE:

LADIES!!

ANNE/MARY:

WHAT!?! Oh.

JILLY holding PIERRE at gunpoint.

JILLY:

(Anxiously) Hello.

PIERRE:

Ahem *(Best/worst damsel in distress)* Sacre Bleu!
Ladies! I-- Excusez-moi mon amie. Could you grip it a
bit firmer. Oui! Zat is it. Some confidence! Now
where was I? Ah! *(Clears throat again)* Sacre Bleu!
Ladies! I am in great peril! Whatever do you want for
my life you...you handsome young man...so very
handsome, with beautiful eyes. Such beautiful eyes!
Now zat I am not trying to maim your body, I see it
is quite nice. You could do with a new look, which is
surprising since ze French usually have exquisite
fashion tast--

ANNE:

Pierre.

JILLY:

(Quietly) I'm not actually --

PIERRE:

What? He is handsome, no?

ANNE:

No. He be a shaking pile o' cowardice.

JILLY:

Hey, man with the gun--

PIERRE:

Oh come now mon Bon-Bon. Don't let your taste taint ze potential. No offense Mary.

MARY:

Oh no, I know you're not referring to me.

ANNE:

I not be likin' this conversational shift.

MARY:

Obviously you are referring to Jack.

PIERRE:

Merde.

ANNE:

HOW DARE YOU SAY HIS NAME!!!!? What the? Son of a-AH!

Suddenly, the Frenchman ANNE shanked/murdered twice pops up a third time and yanks ANNE down behind the bar. The sounds of glass breaking, them hitting things, occasionally a flurry of limbs pop up from behind the bar. Piratey supplies of all kinds come flying out. Telescope, compass, stuffed parrot, hooks, peg legs, skulls, maps, treasure chest, etc.

Unnoticed, PATCH reenters carrying a tray with a bowl of stew, a baguette, a mug and a water-pistol on it. She stops at the blue silk fabric and places the water-pistol on it. She continues on, dodging the occasional flying debris, and sets the food on the made up table.

MARY:

(Anxiously approaching the bar) You alright Annie?

ANNE:

FILTHY FROG LICKER!

PIERRE:

You might as well rest your arm Frenchman.

JILLY:
(Resigned) I'm not--

PIERRE:
Drink?

PIERRE hands JILLY the bottle of wine.

JILLY:
(English) Mercy.

MARY:
I see you are still working through some things.

ANNE:
MAKE--ME--SPILL--MY--WHISKEY!

MARY:
Look, I'm sorry I said Jack's-

ANNE:
(popping up) BASTARD!

JILLY:
Bloody Hell!

PIERRE:
You're not French!

JILLY:
No, I'm -

ANNE:
STAY THE HELL DOWN!

JILLY:
Gadzooks!

MARY:
I think you got him Cap'n!

ANNE:
YOU DAMN JACK!!

MARY:
He is DEAD!

ANNE:
(To MARY) I KNOW HE'S DEAD, I WATCHED 'IM HANG!

MARY:

Oh Annie, Ja--

ANNE:

(Deadly serious) I will stop the air to your voice and drown you in yer own blood if you speak that coward's name again. Any of ya. I swear to your lord.

MARY:

Captain. We're sorry.

PIERRE:

We? I did not do zis.

MARY:

Pierre!

PIERRE:

Okay, alright, okay. Mon Bon Bon, how about we agree not to speak zat traitor's name for ze foreseeable future. Agreed? It is banned from ze bistro.

MARY:

Agreed.

ANNE:

Agreed.

JILLY:

Agreed.

ANNE:

Who the hell are you?

JILLY:

Uhhh

PIERRE:

Ahem.

PIERRE gestures JILLY back into position.

JILLY:

Oh!

JILLY points his pistol at PIERRE.

PIERRE:

Sacre Bleu! Ladies! I am in great--

ANNE:

Peril! Oh Pierre. My apologies. Me ragin' be disrespectin' yer peril! One moment. Hold fast Mare.

ANNE grabs her whiskey and MARY helps her over the bar.

ANNE:

Right! Continue with yer--

PIERRE:

Peril? Right! Now where were we handsome? Ahem, Sacre blu--No, ze moment has passed. How about a name precious?

JILLY:

(Skittishly) Uuuhhhh...

Groaning from the bodies escalates.

PIERRE:

(To JILLY) I'm sorry mon cherub. Un instant. Any Frenchman in zis room who is able will have a count of 20 to leave my shop without harm --

MARY:

Well...Further harm --

PIERRE:

Oui, further harm. However! Do not show your faces around here again Mon Ingenue killers! Now GO!

Frenchmen rise and drag themselves out. The Frenchman that ANNE murdered three times rises from behind the bar.

ANNE:

Oh by DAVIES! How are you not DEAD!?

PIERRE:

Mon Bon-Bon. I promised zem no harm.

MARY:

Further harm.

PIERRE:

YES YES, further harm!

ANNE:

I...fine. Wait, have you ever considered piracy!?

The Frenchman scrambles out. JILLY stays.

MARY:

(Surprised) You wish still to fight?

JILLY:

He said any Frenchman could leave without harm.

MARY:

Further ha --

PIERRE:

Sweet mercy Mary! On and on with ze further harm
further harm further harm! Zaaa! Ze point is...he is
not French!

MARY:

He is not French?

ANNE:

He is not French?

JILLY:

I am not French.

MARY:

You are not French!

PIERRE:

(Deadpan) He's not French.

JILLY:

(Relieved) Thank you!

MARY:

You're English!

JILLY:

Yes!! Now may this Englishman go?

PIERRE:

No.

JILLY:

Thank yo--What?

PIERRE:

(Simply) No you may not leave.

JILLY:

(Incredulously) But, I have a gun.

PIERRE:

Not as many as we do.

JILLY:

What? You don't have any--

PIERRE, ANNE and MARY pull guns from various stashes about the bistro. PATCH points her pistol at the back of JILLY's head.

JILLY:

Oh, I see...Well then I'll just... (turns around) AH!
Ah--alright then.

JILLY hands PATCH the gun.

PIERRE:

So Englishman, what brought you to the crew of a French merchant ship?

JILLY:

(Plainly) Nothing.

PIERRE:

Nothing?

JILLY:

I have never set foot on a French merchant ship.

ANNE:

(Drunkenly) Stab him in the leg a few times.

JILLY:

(Terrified) What!?

PIERRE:

Bon-bon, I don't zink zat is necessary...

ANNE:

Maybe not necessary, but I'm in the mood.

JILLY:

Woah! Now, hey! I, I am telling the truth! I only came here for the bouillabaisse and a fresh baguette!

ANNE:

The BooYaWha??

MARY:

A baguette?

PIERRE:

Wait...

PIERRE/MARY/ANNE:

You're a patron!?

PATCH lights the candle on the table.

MARY:

What!?

JILLY:

Oh sweet mercy, I am starving!

MARY:

Wait, we are to believe that you came here for a meal?

JILLY:

(Mouthful) Right.

MARY:

And upon arrival, despite a battle occurring out front, you came inside.

JILLY:

I thought it was, you know, advertising or something.

PIERRE:

(Appalled) What kind of place do you think this is!? Dinner Theater?

JILLY:

(Still eating) Well, someone said the owner of this place has, how did they put it, a flair for the dramatic-

PIERRE:

Flair for ze DRAMATIC!?

JILLY:

I, uh, oh, you are the owner--

PIERRE:

WHO SAID DRAMATIC!?

JILLY:

I, uh, I, It was just some random seaman at the harbor.

PIERRE:

(Incredulous) Random seamen!? Random seamen!? Always I am having trouble with my random seamen!

ANNE:

(Drunkenly) Said the Siren to the Sailor.

PATCH hands PIERRE a note.

PIERRE:

I will show zem seamen!

ANNE:

Said the Siren to the Sailor!

PIERRE:

What!? What is so funny? *(PIERRE reads the note.)* Oh my. Said ze siren to ze sailor. *(BEAT)* And you just carry zis information around in your pocket?? Patch? Patch!?

MARY:

Alright! Let's correct course shall we? What is your name young man?

JILLY stuffs his mouth with food.

MARY:

Wow, he eats like you Annie, shoveling into his gullet like a starved beast. Annie?

ANNE is indisposed.

MARY:

You going to make it Captain?

ANNE's hand pops up holding a whiskey bottle.

ANNE:

(singing) She always says yar to advencharr!

MARY:

She's fine.

ANNE sits up, grinning, and starts over.

ANNE:

She always says yar to advencharr!

MARY:

(Smiling) Oh lord.

ANNE:
(Holding the note forever) OHHHHHH...

MARY:
 Are we really doing this right now?

ANNE:
 ...OHHHHH

PIERRE:
 OHHHH...

During the singing, PATCH makes a bed for JILLY.

[TRACK 1: "SHE ALWAYS SAYS YAR TO ADVENCHARR!"]

PIERRE/ANNE:
 SHE ALWAYS SAYS YAR TO ADVENCHARR!! SHE'LL NEVER LET
 CIVIL ENTRENCH HAR--*(Encouraging MARY)* AND SHE'S SURE
 TO BRING WHISKEY, FOR THE SEAS THEY GET RISKY, THOUGH
 NOTHING BUT GREATNESS CAN QUENCH HAR.

ANNE/MARY/PIERRE:
 THAT'S WHY SHE ALWAYS SAYS YARR TO ADVENCHARR!!

EVERYONE:
 YO HO YO HO A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR SHE! YO HO YO HO A
 PIRATE'S LIFE FOR SHE!

ANNE/MARY/PIERRE:
 SHE ALWAYS SAY YAR TO ADVENCHARR! THOUGH THE SEA MAY
 SWELL UP TO CLENCH HAR-- FOR DAVEY'S JONES LOCKER IS
 SURE TO SWEET TALK HER--INTO A LIFE OF DEEP SEA
 INDENT--CHARR, BUT BY GROG IT WAS WORTH THE
 ADVENCHARR!

EVERYONE:
 YO HO YO HO A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR SHE! YO HO YO HO A
 PIRATE'S LIFE FOR SHE!

ANNE/MARY/PIERRE:
 SHE ALWAYS SAYS YAR TO ADVENCHARR!

PIERRE:
 THOUGH MANY A PLANK WALK WILL DRENCH HAR!

ANNE:
 WITH A CREW SHE CAN TRUST--

MARY:
 AND NOT TOO MUCH LUST--

ANNE/MARY/PIERRE:

THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO WRENCH HAR, FROM A WORLD
THAT'S FULL OF ADVENCHARR!

EVERYONE:

YO HO YO HO A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR SHE! YO HO YO HO A
PIRATE'S LIFE FOR SHE!

ANNE/MARY/PIERRE:

NO, THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO WRENCH HAR FROM A WORLD
THAT'S FULL OF ADVENCHARR! CAUSE SHE ALWAYS SAYS
YARRRR TO ADVENCHARR!!

ANNE:

(Delayed) For She!!

MARY:

Ahh, to Adventures!

PIERRE/JILLY:

Adventure!

ANNE:

(Late, drunkenly) TO ADVENCHARRRS!

*ANNE tips her head back to drink, falls flat and
immediately begins snoring.*

MARY:

Looks like Patch has made up a place for you.

JILLY:

Looks like--

MARY:

But. Unlike some French friend of mine, I do not make
it a habit of sleeping with those whose name I do not
know.

JILLY:

(Looking at ANNE) Uhhh...

PIERRE:

What is your name cherub?

JILLY:

Errrrrrr

PIERRE:

(Playfully) You have nothing to fear, we mean you no
harm.

JILLY:
(Painfully) Uhhhhhh

MARY:
 I grow suspicious of Errrs and Uhhhs. Perhaps you do have something to hide?

PIERRE:
 Is it you zat means us harm mon petit chou?

JILLY:
(Loudly) No!

ANNE stirs.

JILLY:
(Whispers) I mean, No.

MARY:
 Then speak and let us to bed!

JILLY:
(Pained) I...I can't...I can't speak it.

MARY:
 Oh enough of this foolishness. Out with it or I will beat it out of you "no harm" be damned.

PIERRE:
(Mocking) "Further Harm"

MARY:
 Yes, yes! Further Haa -- Ah, I see, that is annoying.

JILLY:
 But...But..."It is banned in this Bistro" for the foreseeable future.

PIERRE:
 Banned in zis Bistro!? Says who --

JILLY points at PIERRE.
(Simultaneously)

MARY
 Oh my gosh! JACK!

PIERRE
 Oh la vache! JACK!

ANNE:
(Sleep yelling) COWARD!

PIERRE:

Well...you can't very well go by zat name and live.

MARY:

True. Not so silent, but still quite deadly that one...Ah well, I took you more for a Jill than a Jack anyway, as the rhyme goes.

JILLY:

What do you mean by that?

MARY:

Well, you seem very averse to having your crown broken, but hell bent on tumbling after.

PIERRE:

Ooo, Jilly, I like it.

JILLY:

(Considering) Wait, Jilly?

MARY:

Jilly it is.

JILLY:

(Growing on him) Jilly. Hmm.

MARY:

And this is Pierre.

PIERRE:

Bonjour.

MARY:

Fashion designer, restaurateur, hooligan harbourer and of course...

PIERRE:

Pirate.

JILLY:

Hello.

MARY:

And I'm Mary. Quartermaster, First Mate to that fine heap of a captain over there,

PIERRE:

And of course...

MARY:

(*With pride*) Of course, Pirate.

JILLY:

Wait...Mary as in Mary Reed!?

MARY:

The very same.

JILLY:

Wow! (*Realization*) And Pierre the Pansy!

PIERRE:

(*Disgust*) Ze very same.

JILLY:

(*Panicking*) Oh my God. I'm sorry, I didn't mean...What I meant was Paa... Paa... Paaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-

PIERRE:

It is alright Jilly. Pansy is a flower. It was named from ze French word for thought. It is a figure of remembrance for a lover. If you would like for me to be your pansy...So be it.

JILLY:

(*Intrigued and a little excited*) My pansy...

PIERRE:

Course, you are lucky you are cute. I usually kill zose who call me Pansy, in remembrance of love lost.

JILLY:

(*Awkward chuckle*) Heh Heh. (BEAT) Wait. Is he serious?

MARY:

Well, best to bed Jilly.

JILLY:

Wait wait wait.

MARY:

(*Sleepy*) With all of this waiting you are sure to be left behind.

JILLY:

(*Staring at ANNE*) But. But. If you are Mary Reed and you are Pierre the paa-irate...Then that's...

MARY:
(Yawning) Yes?

JILLY:
Then that's...

PIERRE:
(Yawning) Yes...

JILLY:
Then that's --

MARY/PIERRE:
The Pirate Queen.

JILLY:
(Freak out whisper) --THE PIRATE QUEEN!

MARY/PIERRE:
Goodnight Jilly.

JILLY:
(Intense whisper) Goodnight Jilly? Goodnight Jilly!?
That is the malkin-loving PIRATE QUEEN sleeping not a
jaunt away from me! I'll bet "Goodnight".

PIERRE:
Best try and sleep mon Jilly, ze rest of the crew are
due back in ze morning. Zat is if zey haven't been
snatched for bounty.

MARY:
Snatched? Doubtful. It appears we did not get
Barnet's attention, yet.

JILLY:
(to self) Barnet!

MARY:
I wouldn't fear sweet Pierre, I'm certain the crew is
fine.

PIERRE:
(to self) Zat was not fear. Zat was hope.

JILLY:
Wait, the crew!? MORE pirates??

MARY:
Did you think we sailed entirely on our own?

PIERRE:

Oh silly Jilly, rest your simple head. Sail to sweet sleep, for tomorrow (*Yawning*) adventure!

PIERRE exits.

MARY:

(*Yawning back*) Adventure...!

MARY exits.

JILLY:

(*to self*) Anne slit-your-throat Bonny. Queen of the god-forsaken Pirates. Great idea idiot. Always following your stomach straight into trouble. The Pirate Queen's pirate den! Oh what am I still doing here Petunia? I'm supposed to be rescuing you! I, I just don't know how...or where. You were always the smart one. I can't do this on my own. (Beat) Unless...No, dumb idea...Though, she did mention Barnet...No. Stupid. Stupid. (BEAT) Then again...maybe, if Barnet is after them and Barnet has you...Maybe they can help us!

ANNE makes a sound in her sleep. JILLY yelps.

JILLY:

(*Losing confidence*) Oh, help? From the Pirate Queen?
(*Anxiety ridden*) Yar...Adventure...

PATCH hums a lullaby and lays JILLY down to sleep. PATCH puts out the last candle and exits.

Mirroring the beginning of the play, a fire like light begins to glow on a shadowy pirate figure, a ships wheel creaks in its hands. The sounds of a ship on the ocean rises. A villainous laugh softly builds. ANNE wakes. The figure vanishes like a bad dream. Drunkenly and a bit ill she gets herself to her feet. She begins humming "Let Me Rest" as she makes the climb up the stairs and exits. As the lights fade the sounds of a ship and an ocean rise and the villainous laugh softly echoes.

LIGHTS OUT

YOUR SAIL MAY SWAY, MAKE GAY FOR THE SHANTY, GAY FOR
THE SHANTY, GAY FOR THE SHANTY CREW! HUH!

SAM:
Patch!

CREW:
PATCH!

SAM:
We be starvin' ta death PATCH! Stay'n out all nigh'
on that boat with not but fabric to chew.

SAM pulls endless fabric from their clothing.

SCOUT:
Yar Patch, Ash can't cook fer sh --

ASH:
(Food in mouth) OY! But seriously, I can't believe I
didn't kill anyone.

MAX:
Not that you didn't make a fine effort!

FIN:
Actually! Ash is probably the only one would have
survived, seeing as your two greatest qualities are
fixing anything and eating anything!

ASH:
(Mouthful) Well thank you Fin. Yar too kind. Besides,
All Sam be good for is booming declarations `n
carryin' stuff.

SAM:
Arrr, I take offense to tha. I be excellent at
blowin' things sky high too!

SCOUT:
(Endearing) Aye! And the delicate art of smashing
things...

SAM:
AYE! And SMASHING THINGS!

*SAM pulls an over-sized hammer out of nowhere
and smashes it down on the table. Everyone is
standing and yelling. SCOUT gymnastically
catches an item out of the air.*

MAX:

Alright, alright you raggabrash, sit down! (BEAT) Eat yer breakfast, don' smash it. And fer the log books, we'll ne'er leave port w'out Patch again. Cause ain't none yas got the stomach fer hunger nor the taste for cooking.

SCOUT gymnastics onto the table looking around suspiciously.

MAX:

(Exasperated) Scout. I knows yous gots the spirit o' a spider monkey but--

FIN:

What is it Scout?

SCOUT:

Some'n don't smell right...

SCOUT pulls out a ridiculously long telescope.

ASH:

(Mouth packed) Well it can not be this stew. It is lovely.

SCOUT stops with the telescope pointed right at *JILLY*. *SCOUT* then points at *JILLY*.

["A STOW-AWAY" PITCH FOR EACH CREWMEMBER STANDING AND BUILDING A CHORD ENDING WITH SAM.]

CREW:

A STOW-AWAY!? A STOW-AWAY!? A STOW-AWAY!? A STOW-AWAY!?

SAM:

A STOW-AWAY!!!?

SAM pulls out a massive cannon gun from nowhere.

SAM:

Come out or I'll blow you out!

MAX:

Woah, woah, woah, Sam. Easy. Mighten be no stowaway at all. Be a new recruit might be.

The crew, except ASH, investigate JILLY hiding. SCOUT does so gymnastically.

MAX:
C'mon out now

SAM:
Me very own Powder Monkey! Look 'ow he fit'n small places.

MAX:
New swabbys what I was referrin. C'mon out now I says.

SCOUT:
Nah, that be a climbers build. My rigger's assistant must be!?

FIN:
Actually, he seems smart enough to hide from this lot. Perchance a scholar for--

CREW:
(*Except FIN*) LAWRRD NO!

PIERRE casually enters. No one notices. ASH, still eating, yells from the table.

ASH:
No way that new recruit be for us. More 'n likely Capn's new Cabin Boy.

MAX/FIN/SAM/SCOUT:
(*Turning to look at JILLY*) Hhhhhmmmm...

MAX:
The Cap'n!? No way. Look at the lad. He be quiverin in `is boots.

SAM:
Cap would carve `im up for first meal.

ASH:
Alright, a cabin boy for the Quartermaster then.

CREW:
(*Turning to look at JILLY*) Ahhhhhh...

MAX:
The Quartermaster you say? First mate Mary be lookin' for hands and not be tellin' us nothin'? Seems `bout as likely as calm seas in the devil's triangle.

SCOUT:

Or me eating Ash's cookin'--

SAM:

Or me calling it cookin'!

FIN:

Actually!! For all our knowing Pierre met a nice young seaman by the docks last night. A seaman who is right now regretting not sneaking out long before dawn.

CREW:

(Turning to look at JILLY) Oohhhh...

PIERRE:

Why don't you ask him?

CREW:

AH! Pierre!

PIERRE:

How about it Jilly? Hmm? How about you come out of hiding and tell them about our night?

JILLY:

(Nervous Chuckle) Heh, Hello...everyone...Our night?

PIERRE:

Yes, do tell everyone how you put your weapon in my face last night, cocked and loaded, but you could not manage to fire it...twice...

CREW hushed snickers growing louder.

JILLY:

Twice! Well that's debatable.

PIERRE:

True, I am sorry, is possible was thrice.

JILLY:

Thrice!

PIERRE:

I lost count since you kept...softening.

JILLY:

(Getting it) Oh alright. I see what you are doing.

PIERRE:

What? I do not know what you mean...Besides, I am sure next time you will fire admirably and with great skill.

JILLY:

Yes Yes, chortle away. Alright. Yes. I see. This isn't embarrassing at all.

PIERRE:

Come, come, now mon silly Jilly, I tease. Let me introduce you to the rest of the crew. This is Max, Boatswain and wrangler of zese malcontents.

MAX:

Pleasarr

PIERRE:

And this is Scout, rigger and lookout who you may not always see, but who will always see you.

SCOUT:

(Gymnastically) Hi!

PIERRE:

This here is Ash, our ships carpenter and competitive eater.

ASH:

(Mouthful) Hello.

PIERRE:

And zis is Fin, our expert sailing master and resident philosopher. Hence we shall never be truly lost nor truly where we believe we're meant to be.

FIN:

As the great philosopher Socrates once said--

CREW:

(Groaning) Let her that would move the world, first move herself.

ASH:

(Mouth full) Preferably in the right direction.

CREW laughs.

FIN:

I object to that sentiment, it was one time--

CREW:

(Laughing) One time!

SAM:

Yar Fin, Know Thyself!

Uproarious laughter.

PIERRE:

And last, but surely not least, Sam, our Master Gunner. Apparently, whose wit matches zeir strength zis morning.

SAM:

Sorry I be goin' to blow you sky high. Didn' mean nothin' by it.

PIERRE:

Right. Everyone, zis is Jilly.

CREW gives various piratey greeting sounds.

PIERRE:

Jilly, meet ze best singing shanty crew in all of Tortuga.

JILLY:

Pardon? Really?

Crew building a chord.

CREW:

(Singing) NICE TO MEET YOU--JILLY!

JILLY:

Wow. Um, nice to meet you too.

PIERRE:

(Aside to JILLY) Don't get too excited, it can actually be quite annoying.

JILLY:

Oh.

MAX:

What did he say?

JILLY:

Oh, he said--

PIERRE:

Zat Jilly has a decision to make if he would like to join ze crew.

JILLY:

Join the crew! Of the Pirate Queen!? Zooterkins... This is unexpected. Yes! Well. No. Yes! No. No. Yes? No. Yes. Yes. No! Well. Yes! No.

SAM:

I saw this with me cuz once, called it a stroke they did.

JILLY:

No! Sweet Petunia. (*Inhales*) She always says Yar to adventure!

MAX:

So that be a YAR then?

JILLY:

YAR!

CREW:

YAR!

PIERRE:

Fantasteek! Zen all zat is left to ask is, will ze crew 'ave you?

MAX:

Actually Pierre, not meanin' to be contradictory, but that be the wrong question. Arrr question beeee...

[TRACK 3: "CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH CS?"]

MAX:

IF ALL YOU'VE EVER WANTED IS TO SAIL FROM LAND TO LAND, AND JOIN FORCES WITH A CRIMINALLY HANDSOME PIRATE BAND. THEN STRAIGHTEN UP, AND TAKE A BREATH, AND LISTEN WELL TO ME!

CREW:

ALL WE WANT TO KNOW IS CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH Cs? THE HIGH Cs! CAN YOU HANDLE THE HI Cs!? WON'T YOU TELL US JILLY PLEASE CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH Cs?

MAX:

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TOURJETTE NOR FIND THE PLEIADES, ALL WE WANT TO KNOW IS CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH--

JILLY:
(Off Key) CEEEE??

CREW:
(Yikes) Eeee...

PIERRE:
 No no no he is terrified. You are being too noisy!
 Sush hush.

(Singing Quieter)

SCOUT:
 JILLY YOU DID GREAT! THIS WAS PROBABLY JUST A LOT.

SAM:
 WE CAN'T BLAST YOU WITH THIS CANON THEN ACT SHOCKED
 WHEN YOU GET SHOT!

ASH:
 SO MAYBE IF WE'RE GENTLER YOU CAN SLIDE IT IN WITH
 EASE.

FIN:
 SO KINDLY TELL US JILLY CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH Cs?

CREW:
 THE HIGH Cs! CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH Cs? WE GOT
 LOUDER WE'RE SORRY. CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH Cs?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOULINET OR SPEAK IN CANTONESE. ALL
 WE WANT TO KNOW IS CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH--

JILLY:
(Off Key) Ceeees??

CREW:
 Ehhh

Crew huddles

MAX:
 I'M NOT SURE THAT HE'S GOT IT-

PIERRE:
 What!?

ASH:
 WE'LL DROWN BENEATH THAT C--

PIERRE:

I zink zat he sounds great!

SAM:

THERE CAN BE NO TREASURE CAN BE FOUND TO MATCH THAT KEY.

MAX:

SO IF WE BE PUTTIN' IT TO A VOTE, THEN I WOULD HONESTLY SAY THAT--

PIERRE:

I see you do not understand. I should like 'im to succeed.

CREW:

Ohhh...

PIERRE:

So try plan b.

CREW:

THERE'S NO PLAN B...

Pierre threatens them.

CREW:

LET'S TRY PLAN B-b

PIERRE:

See oui! I thought so.

FIN:

Actually! WE KNOW THAT THE HIGH Cs CAN SOMETIMES BE A B, SO TO KEEP YOU FROM PITCHING UNDER WE'VE WEIGHED ANCHOR TO THE KEY.

CREW:

THE HIGH Bs! CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH Bs? YES THAT'S RIGHT WE DROPPED THE KEY. CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH Bs?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO A JIG! JUST NAIL THIS JILLY PLEASE!

ALL WE NEED TO KNOW IS CAN YOU HANDLE THE HIGH--

JILLY:

(Barely on key, but enough.) Beeee??

CREW:

Bs! HE CAN HANDLE THE HIGH Bs! BUT THIS PUNS NOT AS

FUNNY SO LETS CHANGE IT BACK TO C. WELCOME TO THE SHANTY CREW--

PIERRE:

This makes me so happy!!

CREW:

NOW THAT WE ALL KNOW THAT HE CAN HANDLE THE HIGH Cs!
HE CAN HANDLE THE HIGH Cs! HE CAN HANDLE THE HIGH Cs!

PIERRE:

It's still winning if you cheated!

CREW:

HIGH Cs!

PIERRE:

Now let's get you out of zose rags!

JILLY:

I'm sorry?

PIERRE:

Are you more pant, skirt or somewhere in between?

JILLY:

(Verge of hurt) Are, are you teasing me again?

PIERRE:

(Genuine) What? No. Oh mon Jilly. I would never tease about fashion.

JILLY:

So you are really saying I, I can choose anything?

CREW:

Yar!

JILLY:

Anything?

CREW:

YAR!

JILLY:

Like this thing and this thing?

PIERRE:

Well maybe not --

CREW:

YAR!

SCOUT:

Pierre you can make anything look incredible. Can't you?

PIERRE:

Why of course I can! Oh. Very sneaky Scout.

The crew laugh and show off their clothes, and that of the mannequins, as JILLY makes choices and changes clothes.

SCENE III

[UPSTAIRS ON OUTER BALCONY OF THE BISTRO]

ANNE is clearly hungover, holding her hat in her hands, and is humming Let Me Rest. The crew's laughter below begins to fade as a villainous laugh joins tainting it.

ANNE:

(To her hat) You know, if I didn't have better sense I would turn you into a bucket for me troubles.

Crew's laughter.

ANNE:

Ugh, how can I be so happy that they're happy and it make me so miserable? Is this life now? By Davies I felt the spirit of adventure yesterday! Doin' what I love, piratin', bein' at sea. I spied her for a moment, the Pirate Queen. And now...Now it's like me heart pumps half-oxygenated blood, suffocating under the weight of perpetual sadness and broken trust...

Crew's laughter.

ANNE:

JESUS CHRIST SHUT THE HELL UP!

ANNE slams the balcony door shut.

ANNE:

Shite. (BEAT) It's just the bottle ache makin' your rib cage the framework to a butcher shop. I miss my ship.

MARY gently enters holding a bag.