

PIRATES, PAPERS, AND PLUNDER

By Josephine Czarnecki & Darwin Garrett

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PIRATES, PAPERS, AND PLUNDER

WHEREIN PAPER IS FOUND MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

By Josephine Czarnecki & Darwin Garrett

SYNOPSIS: The biggest pirate play of all time! Captain Arabella Flint and her daring crew of pirates have been waiting, along with every other pirate in Havana, for news of the arrival of the Spanish Treasure Fleet. However, it is an unlikely source that brings her the news when the lawyer, Tiberius Percival (Esquire), walks into the coffee tavern and into a den of despicable pirates. In exchange for information on the treasure galleon, Arabella promises to take Tiberius to the man who is responsible for his father's imprisonment in Cuba: Captain Charles Vein. The unlikely lawyer and crew of pirates reconcile their differences in order to catch up with the horrendous Captain Vein on the deck of the elusive Spanish treasure galleon. A dramatic tale of swashbuckling pirates, daring alliances and cannon fire. It is a story of quill versus sword, and moral versus freedom, and the ways in which our beliefs characterize our actions. This show takes pirates with an equal measure dash-and-bravado as well as sinister-and-dangerous.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(6-7 females, 3-5 males, 11-15 either, extras)

SILVER DART CAPTIAN & CREW:

CAPTAIN ARABELLA FLINT (f)..... A fearsome pirate captain well known across the seas. Quick, clever, and sails with a dedicated crew. The stories of her dangerous cruelty, however, are merely rumors spread by her crew. Never cruel, she prefers trickery over violence.
(122 lines)

MCTABARD (f) A fierce Scottish sailor, she is Captain Flint's first mate and Quartermaster. *(37 lines)*

LOCKE (m)..... A trustworthy sailor, Flint's second mate. *(29 lines)*

MR. KINGSLEY (f/m) A British Officer who was captured by Flint's crew, and has been on parole for two years. (25 lines)

CATRINA JARDINERE (f)..... Half French, half Spanish, and fluent in both languages, Catrina is a level-headed sailor. (19 lines)

WHISKERS (f/m) A French sailor and cook aboard the *Silver Dart*. (24 lines)

HANGMAN CAPTAIN & CREW:

CAPTAIN CHARLES VEIN (m) A ruthless pirate captain who delights in unusual cruelty and terrorizing all in his path. (51 lines)

VICTORIA (f)..... Equally violent as Vein, Victoria is his Quartermaster aboard the *Hangman*. (12 lines)

MORTIMER (f/m) A smart and somber crewmember serving under Captain Vein. (8 lines)

WHETSTONE (f/m) One who enjoys sharpening their knife collection in their spare time on the deck of the *Hangman*. (4 lines)

TWITCH (f/m) A devoted crewmember to Vein, Twitch's outbursts have been known to frighten even his fellow crewmates. (8 lines)

SPANISH GOVERNMENT:

GOVERNOR LIVIA NORIEGA (f) The Governor of Cuba, who follows the letter of the law piously. (43 lines)

EDUARDO NORIEGA (m)..... The Governor's husband, a buffoon with good intention. (18 lines)

MARCOS (f/m).....	Aide to the Governor, serving for God and Country. (23 lines)
JUDGE (f/m).....	Judge in the Cuban government. (1 line)

SANTA CRUZ CAPTAIN & CREW:

CAPITAN VALDEZ (f/m).....	Captain of the Spanish treasure galleon the <i>Santa Cruz</i> , a brave man. (8 lines)
FIRST LIEUTENANT JIMENEZ (f).....	First Lieutenant to Capitan Valdez, courageous in action. (5 lines)

SPANISH GUARDS [LA GUARDA]:

MILENARIO (f/m)	Guard. (7 lines)
ESTRELLA (f).....	Guard. (5 lines)
ENVASADO (f/m).....	Guard. (6 lines)
BLANCO (f/m)	Guard. (8 lines)
CURANDERO (f/m).....	Guard. (5 lines)

CAPTAIN PERCIVAL (m).....	Father of Tiberius Percival, Esq., and Captain of the <i>Endeavour</i> , a British privateering vessel. (16 lines)
TIBERIUS PERCIVAL, ESQ. (m).....	Lawyer son of Captain Percival. (117 lines)
BARKEEP (f/m).....	Bartender of <i>La Taberna de los Tres Cafeinas</i> . (10 lines)
MESSENGER (f/m).....	Messenger, who is unfortunately shot. (6 lines)
LOOKOUT (f/m)	Lookout. (5 lines)

EXTRAS:

ENSEMBLE (m/f).....	Pirates, Havana townspeople, Wall, Puddle, Gate, Sailors, 1-2 Noriega's personal guards, Street obstacles (Scene 3) (Non-Speaking)
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DURATION: 70 minutes

TIME: 1712.

SETTING: Havana, Cuba.

CAST DOUBLING OPTIONS

BARKEEP can double with LOOKOUT

CAPTAIN PERCIVAL can double with CHARLES VEIN

EDUARDO NORIEGA can double with LOCKE

MARCOS can double with WHISKERS

CAPITAN VALDEZ can double with CURANDERO

FIRST LIEUTENANT JIMENEZ can double with ESTRELLA

MORTIMER can double with JUDGE

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

PROLOGUE: La Taberna de las Tres Cafeínas

SCENE 1: Governor Noriega's office

SCENE 2: La Taberna de las Tres Cafeínas

SCENE 3: The streets of Havana, Cuba

SCENE 4: La Taberna de las Tres Cafeínas

SCENE 5: Governor Noriega's office

SCENE 6: La Taberna de las Tres Cafeínas

SCENE 7: La Castillo de los Tres Reyes del Morro, a heavily fortified fort guarding Havana Bay

SCENE 8: Dungeon of La Castillo

SCENE 9: The deck of the *Silver Dart*

SCENE 10: Governor Noriega's office

SCENE 11: The deck of the *Silver Dart*

SCENE 12: The deck of the *Santa Cruz*

EPILOGUE: La Taberna de las Tres Cafeínas

SET

This play may be produced elaborately if one can, or simply if need be. It is a story, yes, told in a dingy tavern in Havana, but it just might also be true. It is possible for La Taberna de las Tres Cafeínas to be a constant background for our changing scene locales. As with all good sea tales, one should not fear seeing a crate or chair move as we head to the next scene, and sailors, who are always working on board a ship, are excellent tools to move them.

COSTUMES

Costuming here, while there is room for elaboration, may settle essentially on the ratty and flamboyant style of life-long pirates. If your Spanish Guards and Pirate Extras interchange, one might consider military sashes over the typical piratical clothing to indicate the officious Guards. While Governor Noriega is a woman in 1712, she needn't be constrained (literally and physically) by the expensive fashion of the day, and may very well adorn in simple dress, or more male-typical clothes. Captain Percival, of course, is an upstanding citizen, and should be at least a mite cleaner, as is his son, but for both crews, an absurdity of color, sashes, feathers, bandanas, loose shirts, high boots, and the most *excessive* of hats should abound. This is also a useful and wonderful place to let actors have their character choices inform costume choices, as we all know that pirates show their hearts on their sleeves (and hats, and boots, and sashes... etc.).

SOUND EFFECTS

- Bell ringing
- Gunshot
- Cannons firing

PROPS

- Letter (MARCUS)
- Cutlass (VICTORIA)
- Gold coin (ARABELLA)
- Sheets (ARABELLA and TIBERIUS)
- Petticoats (ARABELLA and TIBERIUS)
- Three crates (ENSEMBLE)
- Pepper grinder (WHISKERS)
- Coconuts with bits of string in them for slow-match* (ARABELLA and LOCKE)
- A piratical hat (ARABELLA)
- Basket (LOCKE)
- Swords and pistols (VEIN and CREW)
- Lantern (ARABELLA)
- Spyglass (LOCKE)
- Sword (VALDEZ)
- Pardon papers (TIBERIUS)
- Leather case/cover (TIBERIUS)
- Spyglass (LOOKOUT)
- Manacles, wrist chains or shackles (GOVERNOR NORIEGA)
- Small box (ARABELLA)

**Slow-match is more like cotton string, used for firing cannons and looks more like the grenade fuses of the era.*

AUTHOR NOTES

This is a story told equally through action and exposition. Many times, the ensemble sets the stage for the audience as we go from taverns to forts to ships. This is in the hopes that the show will move as smoothly as possible from moment to moment, without fear of showing its underpinnings. The play is, by its nature, a story of adventure, and the production should match the pace of a fast-moving piratical adventure.

This is also a parallel history to our own. While Vein hates Arabella Flint with a violent passion, the thought has never crossed his mind that it's because she is a female pirate. First mates of both ships are pirates whose gender goes unquestioned, and it is important to know that in our story not a citizen of Havana bats an eye at a woman as governor.

But there is truth in this tall tale. Arabella and Tibs really *are* on the rooftops of Havana, the Spanish Guards really *can't* find the pirates even in plain sight, and that puddle really *is* icky. If the actors can convince the audience that they believe the truth of the world around them, the audience will be transported.

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

Pirates, Papers, and Plunder! had its world premiere at Randall Theatre in Medford, OR under the title *Marque and Reprisal: A Tale of Two Rival Pirates and a Lawyer who seek the Richest Treasure in the Spanish Main, wherein Paper is Found Mightier than the Sword*.

DEDICATION

Dedicated to all the students we've worked with on our theatrical adventures so far, who have taught us so much about story-telling, world-creating, fun-having, and fearlessness.

PROLOGUE

SETTING: *La Taberna de las Tres Cafeínas, 1712. Havana, Cuba.*

AT RISE: *A dark stage lights up. ENSEMBLE PIRATES are lolling about in their cups of coffee, or enjoying having survived what is oft known as “the short life.” On one side is ARABELLA FLINT and her CREW, on the other side of the tavern, very awkward and out of place, is TIBERIUS PERCIVAL, ESQUIRE.*

ARABELLA: *(Speaking grandly on a table or chair, surrounded by her CREW.)* Pirate: One who plunders all without care, with colors flying free, protected only by their daring courage!

ARABELLA’S CREW cheers mightily, as probably do most in the tavern.

TIBERIUS: Privateer: One who makes war on the enemies of Queen and Country under law (*At ARABELLA.*), holding a license to do so, known by all nations as Letters of Marque and Reprisal.

ARABELLA’S CREW boos fiercely. ARABELLA and TIBERIUS stare at each other with vehemence until the LOOKOUT enters and rings the ship’s bell eight times, and the tavern begins to change.

LOOKOUT: Eight bells in the First Watch! Watch change! (*Exits.*)

SCENE 1

SETTING: *GOVERNOR NORIEGA’S office inside the Governor’s Palace, Havana, Cuba.*

AT RISE: *GOVERNOR NORIEGA sits at an official desk flanked by EDUARDO, MARCUS and 1-2 PERSONAL GUARDS. TIBERIUS and PERCIVAL stand across from the desk.*

TIBERIUS: This is obscene! An outrage!

GOVERNOR: Sí, you said that already, Señor.

TIBERIUS: My father is a privateer! Not a pirate!

GOVERNOR: You do understand that merely saying one is a privateer is not the same as being one, yes? Surely your fancy law-studies would have taught you that.

EDUARDO: Oh that's good, my dear! Put him in his place!

GOVERNOR: Eduardo, please, we are talking.

TIBERIUS: (*Frustrated.*) But he had his letters of Marque granted by the Queen! He is a lawful privateer, even without the paperwork in hand to prove it!

GOVERNOR: The crews who have died by his hand were not cut by **paper**, Señor, they were cut by grapeshot and cutlass.

EDUARDO: Cut down by your pirata father!

PERCIVAL: Son, let it go! She is right. If I cannot show my privateering license, there is no reason to release me back to England.

MARCOS: Doña, news from the *Santa Cruz*.

EDUARDO: Please! They are talking!

GOVERNOR: (*More polite.*) Uno momento, por favor.

TIBERIUS: Father! They will hang you! They will hang you as a pirate.

GOVERNOR: You forget that most governments would hang all British privateers as pirates. I have heard out your arguments. But I am not persuaded.

TIBERIUS: You must listen to reason! He's only lost the Letter of Marque, we can find it again! Just wait, please—

GOVERNOR: No, you must listen. Your father is a pirate. He will hang like one. Guards! Take the prisoner back to his cell.

TIBERIUS: No! No, Father! Please! I can get them back, please. (*Stopping the GUARDS.*) I will not let you hang for piracy when you have been loyal to the Queen.

PERCIVAL: Then you will have to find Captain Vein. I have reason to believe he is cavorting here in Havana.

TIBERIUS: Vein?

PERCIVAL: He was the last ship we attacked. He managed to come to broadsides and sneak aboard. He took our maps—I had not realized he'd taken my privateering license as well.

TIBERIUS: I will find him and I will not return until I have gotten them back.

PERCIVAL: Be wary. Vein is not a man to be trifled with. He will not treat you kindly.

TIBERIUS: I'll find a way. I'll write to your friends at Whitehall for help, anything! Perhaps they can offer him a Queen's pardon in exchange.

PERCIVAL: That pirate doesn't deserve a pardon, Tiberius. Do not let him free for my sake.

GOVERNOR: He is right. Vein is a pestilence in the Spanish Main.

TIBERIUS: I will not watch you hang, Father.

PERCIVAL: You are a good son, and a good man. Remember that. Do not compromise yourself for anyone.

GOVERNOR nods to the GUARDS to take PERCIVAL away. They exit, with TIBERIUS giving a last desperate look towards his condemned father. MARCOS presents the GOVERNOR with a letter. As the GOVERNOR reads the letter, she shows slight distress.

MARCOS: Mi doña? [MY LADY?]

GOVERNOR takes the letter and reads it.

EDUARDO: ¿Que pasa, mi amor? [WHAT'S WRONG MY DEAR?]

GOVERNOR: La Santa Cruz debe partir antes de la tormenta. [THE SANTA CRUZ MUST SAIL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, BEFORE THE STORM.]

EDUARDO: ¿Qué? ¡No! [WHAT, NO?!]

GOVERNOR: Es la voluntad de Dios. [THAT IS GOD'S WILL.]

EDUARDO: Pero mi amor— [BUT MY LOVE—]

GOVERNOR silences EDUARDO and addresses TIBERIUS, who approaches them.

GOVERNOR: Si, señor?

TIBERIUS: Please! Give me time. I will get the Letters, I will prove to you my father is a lawful privateer of Britain.

GOVERNOR: So you say. I have vowed to rid the seas of this plague of pirates... You have seven days to bring me your father's privateering license.

TIBERIUS: Thank you, madam.

GOVERNOR: On the eighth day, if you do not appear, he will hang as a pirate at the fortress of Havana as a warning to all.

TIBERIUS: I will be back, mark my words.

GOVERNOR: And beware of Vein—I do not believe he will accept an English Queen’s pardon as any kind of victory.

TIBERIUS: I have my way with words, madam. After all, I am a barrister.

GOVERNOR: The pirates of government.

TIBERIUS: Merely a philosopher of rights and justice, as yourself. Goodbye, madam.

LOOKOUT rings the ship’s bell once.

SCENE 2

SETTING: *The change from Governor Noriega’s office to La Taberna de las Tres Cafeinas [THE TAVERN OF THE THREE CAFFEINES] should look more like some wild party roaring through the Governor’s Palace than a set change. We’re now in the dingy haunt of all the Caribbean’s pirates, dirty, smelly, and full of the hopes of gold and treasure.*

AT RISE: *ARABELLA stands on a table and the SILVER DART CREW is in rapt attention. BARKEEP serves drinks or stands behind a table or bar. Extra TOWNSPEOPLE and SAILORS sit around the tavern.*

ARABELLA: But enough of that tomfoolery! Do you want to spend your evening learning about mind numbing legal jargon and sad familial drama?

ARABELLA’S CREW ad-libs “No!”

ARABELLA: Or... do you want to hear about the dashing, fantastic, swashbuckling PIRATES!

ARABELLA’S CREW ad-libs “Yes!”

ARABELLA: (*Sits jauntily at a table with her crew.*) The crew of the *Silver Dart*—the fastest sloop on the Spanish main—recline in a tavern of ill repute.

MCTABARD: Just the way we like it!

LOCKE: Planning our next move over a mug of coffee.

MR. KINGSLY: Lots of coffee.

CATRINA: More café, by the Queen's whiskers!

BARKEEP: Aye, calm down you brigands.

WHISKERS: And more of ze fried plantains!

MCTABARD: If only a sailor could find a decent haggis!

BARKEEP: Haggis! Uck! (*Disgusted with MCTABARD'S bad taste.*)

LOCKE: Ey you Scottish and yer witchy creations what ye call food...

ARABELLA: Pardon the interruption, Master Locke. I do not wish to spoil your good fun, lads and ladies, but we've yet to capture our prize. (*Calls a conspiratorial huddle.*) The Spanish treasure galleon could arrive any day now, at any hour. And I'll be darned if my crew is hyper as monkeys and useless when our hour of triumph is upon us!

Sheepish moment of silence.

WHISKERS: Sorry cap'n.

LOCKE: We only thought...

ARABELLA: (*Stops them with a finger. Then, forgiving.*) Ah, my bloodthirsty band of brigands. But imagine the riotous fun we'll have when we waltz into Nassau with two million pesos in Spanish silver and gold!

MCTABARD: A whole barrel o' haggis!!

CATRINA: Rich beyond our wildest dreams!

WHISKERS: Finally, French roast!

The tavern falls silent as the CREW OF THE HANGMAN enters.

VICTORIA: You'll waltz, Arabella Flint. Waltz right into Davy Jones Locker.

ARABELLA: (*To ALL in the tavern.*) If it isn't the crew of the Hangman. It seems the devil himself was too busy to come, so he sent his little imps to pester us.

MORTIMER: Watch your tongue. You may be captain, but you sure ain't ours.

ARABELLA: By Triton's eyes, you're right! When I was your captain, I left you fools behind me fantail, little more than specks on my horizon.

MCTABARD: Marooned 'em ya did, Cap.

CATRINA: They looked better from afar.

MORTIMER: We didn't suffer for too long.

WHETSTONE: Aye, we flagged down a fishing ship and when they let us aboard... We gutted the lot and fed them to the sharks; every mother's son.

VICTORIA: Oh, how they screamed! I can still remember...

TWITCH: 'Help us! Help us! We were trying to save you! BLAAAAAAAAAGH!'

TWITCH delivers a bad actor's death, which the HANGMAN CREW finds hilarious. ARABELLA's CREW, less so.

LOCKE: A poor trick to play, even for your lot.

ARABELLA: Well Master Locke, I wouldn't put such a heartless murder past them. Not with a pathetic monster like Vein at the helm.

VICTORIA: You insult our captain, then you insult the crew of the Hangman!

ARABELLA: *(In VICTORIA'S face)* Good.

VICTORIA: Don't do something you'll regret. *(She puts her hand on her cutlass, both CREWS and tavern EXTRAS get ready for a fight. This is a tense moment.)*

BARKEEP: ¡Cielos! There will no fighting in here today! Alto! Bloody pirates...

ARABELLA: *(Pause, considering.)* I like this tavern too much to bloody its floorboards with your guts. I suggest you all leave. Now.

HANGMAN CREW considers the odds. VICTORIA stands down and the HANGMAN CREW follows suit.

VICTORIA: The Spanish Treasure Fleet belongs to Captain Vein, and he be willing to kill any and all who stand in his way. Mark me words, Arabella Flint.

ARABELLA: *(Dry.)* Consider them marked.

VICTORIA leads the HANGMAN CREW off.

BARKEEP: That was close, Flinty, ay?

ARABELLA: *(Tosses BARKEEP a gold coin.)* As always, amigo, for your good service.

BARKEEP: Gracias, Capitán.

TIBERIUS stumbles in, looking a little worse for wear.

TIBERIUS: In the midst of a desperate search for someone... anyone! Who will take me to Captain Vein; in walks: *(Tries to straighten himself up.)* Tiberius Percival, Esquire! An imposing name—

ARABELLA: For a rather unimposing individual. *(Her CREW snickers.)*

TIBERIUS looks indignantly at the pirates, then goes to the counter.

TIBERIUS: One cup of decaf, por favor. *(PIRATES snicker at his wimpy choice of beverage.)*

BARKEEP: Si señor.

TIBERIUS: Muchos thank-*os.* *(BARKEEP gives TIBERIUS a look for his horrible Spanish.)* ...Sorry...

TIBERIUS looks around for a free seat as MCTABARD goes to the bar to refill her coffee. He bumps into her and she spills what little she has left. MCTABARD balks at the wasted liquid on the floor.

TIBERIUS: Pardon me, madam.

MCTABARD: I'LL HAVE YOUR GUTS FOR GARTERS!

TIBERIUS: Pardon?

ARABELLA: Quartermaster McTabard! At ease. I'm sure this stranger did not mean any harm.

TIBERIUS: That I did not, Miss...? *(He awaits her name.)*

ARABELLA: Captain Flint. Captain Arabella Flint. And I'm sure that this stranger would not mind buying us all another round!

ARABELLA'S CREW *cheers!*

TIBERIUS: I apologize, but I hardly think—

CATRINA: Is he backing out?

MR. KINGSLY: The disrespect! Is this how royalty is to be treated?

ARABELLA: Mr. Kingsly! I didn't know you were a royal!

MR. KINGSLY: Few do! (*Invades TIBERIUS'S personal space.*) My story begins in the Norman conquest of William the Conqueror—

WHISKERS: You see? Mon Dieu! You disrespect royalty!

TIBERIUS: Now see here! I do believe this... childishness has gone far enough! I apologized for your spilled beverage, and I should **think** that is good enough payment!

ARABELLA'S CREW *slowly look at each other, then look at TIBERIUS.*

LOCKE: What is your name, lad?

TIBERIUS: I am Tiberius Percival Esquire, son of Captain Percival.

ARABELLA: Well then, Tibsy, (*TIBERIUS is not pleased with the nickname.*) let's say we have it out, if you are unwilling to buy my crew another round. (*She puts up her dukes.*) I'm sure you must have studied boxing in Oxford, aye?

TIBERIUS: No.

ARABELLA: Cambridge then? Come then, Marquess of Queensbury Rules.

TIBERIUS: No. I will not fight you.

MCTABARD: But... Why?

TIBERIUS: I am a pacifist. (*Grandiosely.*)

WHISKERS: Pah-sew-what?

TIBERIUS: A pacif— I do not fight or harm my fellow man. Under no circumstances. Whatsoever.

MCTABARD: But... WHY?!?

TIBERIUS: I'm quite sure the likes of you would never understand. What with you being no-good pirates, and all that.

WHISKERS: Capitaine! The Englishman, he calls us pirates!

ARABELLA: Alas. We are guilty. A pacifist you say? Must be difficult to get defend yourself, not moving a muscle to defend yourself.

TIBERIUS: I do not need strength when I have my intellect, and the law.

LOCKE: Would the law stop a fist?

MCTABARD: Or a cutlass?

CATRINA: Or a 12-pound cannonball?

MCTABARD: (*Getting ready to fist-fight.*) Ay wuld like to see meself what this law kin really do, Tibsy!

TIBERIUS: I am not afraid of you.

ARABELLA: (*From behind.*) BOO!

TIBERIUS: AH! Really now, was that necessary!?

SILVER DART CREW laughs uproariously. Suddenly, a commotion outside. Spanish guards MILENARIO, ESTRELLA, BLANCO and CURANDERO enter.

BARKEEP: Arabella! La guarda!

ARABELLA: Vein... (*Suspects VICTORIA hailed the SPANISH GUARDS in the interim.*)

ALL SPANISH GUARDS: (*Entering.*) ¡Párate, piratas!

MILENARIO: Where are the pirates? (*To BARKEEP.*)

BARKEEP: Right there.

ARABELLA: Jules! How could you?

BARKEEP: Qué?! I run an honest establishment here!

ESTRELLA: Aye! Whenever it's most convenient!

BARKEEP: You guards haven't paid your tabs in months!

ALL SPANISH GUARDS ad-lib, "Uhhh," "Well, you see..." and "Look, pirates!" ARABELLA'S CREW is surrounded by the SPANISH GUARDS.

TIBERIUS: That's right! Run and hide, criminals!

ESTRELLA: (*Grabbing at TIBERIUS and ARABELLA.*) You are under arrest!

TIBERIUS: Who? Me?!? But I'm—

ARABELLA: He's not with us, I mean look at him!

MILENARIO: I don't care if he looks like a donkey, Governor Noriega does not take to pirates in her port! You will all be taken to the fort!

A cry from MCTABARD starts the pirates overtaking the SPANISH GUARDS.

MCTABARD: Run, captain! Git out quick while we tan their hides!

ARABELLA: Come on!

TIBERIUS: I'm not a pirate, I'm not one of your crew.

ARABELLA: You're either with me or you're dead, Tibs.

TIBERIUS: It's Tiberius!

ARABELLA: Good luck, Tibs!

ENVASADO: Catch that pirate!

TIBERIUS: Ms. Flint!

TIBERIUS runs after ARABELLA. BLANCO and CURANDERO follow behind. LOOKOUT rings the ship's bell twice. ENSEMBLE freezes mid-fight.

SCENE 3

SETTING: *The streets of Havana, Cuba.*

AT RISE: *The following chase sequence should involve ENSEMBLE members who play each obstacle, whether it's a WALL, GATE, FENCE or other inventions for your space. ARABELLA, TIBERIUS, and the pursuing SPANISH GUARDS should all take these obstacles seriously, as if they are real.*

LOOKOUT rings the bell once, and ENSEMBLE members and pirates EXTRAS turn to the audience for the following line, before getting into position for the chase.

ENSEMBLE: The streets of Havana.

ARABELLA and TIBERIUS run down from the aisle. They jump over a WALL to upstage, they pause. ARABELLA looks both ways.

ARABELLA: This way!

BLANCO and CURANDERO jump the wall. ARABELLA and TIBERIUS sneak around, and are confronted by a PUDDLE. ARABELLA runs through, TIBERIUS pauses.

ARABELLA: Oh by Neptune's beard, 'tis only a puddle!

TIBERIUS sighs, jumps it.

PUDDLE: Sssqqquishhhhhhh!

TIBERIUS: Ugghh!

ARABELLA runs into the aisle, and TIBERIUS follows. They crouch, hiding. The GUARDS pass by, unawares.

ARABELLA: Through here!

A GATE is center. ARABELLA opens it, GATE squeaks and shuts. TIBERIUS tries to open it. Tugs. Fails.

TIBERIUS: Arabella! I can't get it open!

ARABELLA: Come on, just blooming open it... *(Struggles.)*

GUARDS reenter in pursuit.

BLANCO: Vamos, tonto! Aquí!

CURANDERO: OK, OK....

ARABELLA: *(Urgently.)* Jump!!

TIBERIUS starts to try to climb over GATE. GATE ad-libs "Owww!" They all stop. GATE opens.

TIBERIUS: *(To GATE.)* Thanks.

ARABELLA: Quick! *(Grabs two sheets, or perhaps frilly petticoats hanging on a nearby clothesline or set piece.)*

ARABELLA and TIBERIUS: *(To the audience, shaking hands and nodding congenially.)* Ah, bless you child, good day señor, alms for the poor, etc.

BLANCO and CURANDERO are onstage, searching high and low ad-libbing, "Where did those blasted pirates go?"

BLANCO: Donde esta las piratas?

CURANDERO: I don't know!!

BLANCO: This way!

CURANDERO and BLANCO exit as TIBERIUS and ARABELLA wait for the coast to be clear. They tear the sheets off and fling them into the audience.

TIBERIUS: Good riddance!

ARABELLA: *(Looking after the GUARDS.)* They'll be back. Come on, we've got to get to my ship. *(Looks up.)* On the roof!

The ENSEMBLE sets up three crates in a row. ARABELLA goes to the first one, and an ENSEMBLE member makes a hand-step so that she may jump onto the "roof." She jumps to the next crate, and TIBERIUS gets on the first, balking. As they jump to each subsequent crate, an ENSEMBLE member moves the last crate to be in front of ARABELLA, thus moving them slowly across the stage.

TIBERIUS: This is madness!

ARABELLA: No, Tibs, this is brilliance. I hope you've no fear of heights?

TIBERIUS: Not until now...

ARABELLA: Shh! Hear that?

TIBERIUS: No.

ARABELLA: Exactly. We've outrun them. Again. *(An exaggerated jump off the crate. She helps TIBERIUS down.)* Quick, to the ship, before we're found.

TIBERIUS: No. I am going to turn myself into the governor. I'll explain that this is all a mistake. She doesn't take kindly to pirates in her port.

ARABELLA: Do not confuse me and my crew with the likes of evil men like Vein.

TIBERIUS: Vein? Charles Vein? Pirate?

ARABELLA: The stories you hear about us are rumors. The tales of Vein pale in comparison to the truth. And I had to sail with him.

TIBERIUS: You sailed with Vein?

ARABELLA: Aye. 'Twas a long time ago, and I curse him forever since. I marooned him and his mutinous friends.

TIBERIUS: Take me to him.

ARABELLA: What? Never!

TIBERIUS: I will pay you, I'll give you whatever you want, please. Vein has stolen something of my father's. I need it, at any cost.

ARABELLA: That cost very well might be your life, sir, were I to deliver you to him.

TIBERIUS: I don't care! I have to save my father from the gallows. Name your price and I will pay it.

ARABELLA: You cannot provide what I seek most to willingly seek out that cursed man. No price but the bursting holds of the *Santa Cruz*, which I doubt you—

TIBERIUS: *Santa Cruz*?

ARABELLA: Yes? She sails from Portobelo, the other question is when.

TIBERIUS: You are waiting in Havana for news of her sailing?

ARABELLA: Aye, along with most of the pirates of the Spanish Main. And, of course, that filthy dog Vein.

TIBERIUS: I just heard the governor receive an urgent message about something by that name. I don't speak Spanish, but—

ARABELLA: What?? Did you hear the message?

TIBERIUS: Something about the *Santa Cruz*... *partir antes la tormenta*.

ARABELLA: "Must leave before the storm!"

TIBERIUS: I've been wandering Havana since I left her palace, trying to find a way to get to Vein.

ARABELLA: You want to find Vein?

TIBERIUS: I must.

ARABELLA: I know how to get to him. And two million pesos in Spanish silver and gold!

TIBERIUS: How?

ARABELLA: We'll lure him to the galleon, let his superior ship the Hangman do all the fighting while we nick the treasure from under his nose!

TIBERIUS: But this is secret information, no one else knows.

ARABELLA: We'll tell him! (*TIBERIUS is confused.*) Vamos! There's no time to lose my dear Tiberius! We have traps and sails to set!

ARABELLA runs offstage, TIBERIUS follows. LOOKOUT enters and rings bell thrice. The tavern reassembles.

SCENE 4

SETTING: *La Taberna de las Tres Cafeínas in Havana, Cuba.*

AT RISE: *CAPTAIN VEIN at a table in the tavern, surrounded by HANGMAN CREW.*

VICTORIA: Cap'n. A messenger to see you.

VEIN: Don't be rude, Master Victoria, bring 'em to me.

MESSENGER: (*Terrified of the man and his reputation.*) Hullo, Cap'n Vein. Sir.

VEIN: The message...?

MESSENGER: It has to do with the *Santa Cruz*.

VEIN: Ah. Does it now?

MESSENGER: Well... um... so I've heard...

VEIN: So ye have ears too? I find meself enraptured, proceed.

MESSENGER: Well—

VEIN: (*Viciously impatient.*) I hope to hear this news before I DIE.

MESSENGER: I have it on good authority the Gov'nor herself sent word to the *Santa Cruz* to continue her voyage to Havana!

HANGMAN CREW reacts to the news of the fated treasure galleon.

VEIN: Settle down lads! Settle down! I hear there be some divisiveness in my ranks. As any good, democratically-elected captain would do, I say we put it to a vote.

MESSENGER: Er... May I go, Captain Vein, sir?

VEIN: Avast for a time, my good man. All in favor, say aye?

VICTORIA, MORTIMER and TWITCH: Aye!

VEIN: And now, before we see who among ye say nay, allow your captain this compelling argument.

VEIN shoots the MESSENGER.

TWITCH: 'E shot the messenger!

VEIN: Now, all who oppose, say nay.

No one moves a muscle.

VEIN: Not a one? How harmonious of ye. All in favor? (*Silence. Terror.*) ALL IN FAVOR?

ALL HANGMAN CREW: AYE!

VEIN: We sail with the tide!

LOOKOUT rings the ship's bell four times.

SCENE 5

SETTING: Governor Noriega's office inside the Governor's Palace, Havana, Cuba.

AT RISE: GOVERNOR, EDUARDO, and perhaps 1-2 of the GOVERNOR'S personal GUARDS are discussing important government work. MARCOS enters in a hurry.

MARCOS: Doña Noriega! (*Bows.*)

GOVERNOR: Yes, what is it?

MARCOS: A letter, a message for you.

GOVERNOR: Read it.

MARCOS: "Word of the Portobelo Galleon's sail schedule is out. Pirates are planning to attack just outside Havana Harbor."

GOVERNOR: Dios mio...

EDUARDO: Well, this isn't good!

GOVERNOR: You think? (*To MARCOS.*) Who sent this?

MARCOS: I do not know. Except it is in English, so we suspect... not a Spaniard.

GOVERNOR: Not all pirates are English, but all English are dogs.

EDUARDO: Perhaps there is an honest pirate among them?

GOVERNOR: There is no such thing.

MARCOS: But we must heed the warning, sí??

EDUARDO: We must warn the *Santa Cruz!*

GOVERNOR: She will have already sailed, it is too late.

EDUARDO: So we do nothing, and hope for the best?

GOVERNOR: Of course not! (*To MARCOS.*) Your guards, they have discovered no information? No hint of pirates cavorting in Havana?

MARCOS: Mm, yes, cavorting. Ah, well—

GOVERNOR: Sí? (*Sternly.*)

MARCOS: It's complicated...

GOVERNOR looks upon MARCOS harshly with her wrath.

MARCOS: Ah, well, it seems there was a small scuffle in a taberna a few days ago, involving... perhaps... some pirates.

GOVERNOR: (*With hate.*) Piratas

EDUARDO: (*Repetitiously.*) Piratas!

GOVERNOR: (*To EDUARDO.*) Hush. (*To MARCOS.*) And you brought them to justice, of course?

MARCOS: The guards, they chased them, and had them in hand! For a moment... but the two troublemakers, they... you know

EDUARDO: Are in prison as we speak?

MARCOS: They escaped.

GOVERNOR: SEÑOR MARCOS.

MARCOS: (*Weakly.*) Sí?

GOVERNOR: You mean to tell me that there are pirate filth walking the streets of Havana, causing trouble, that your men caught—

MARCOS: Sí!

GOVERNOR: And then lost again?

MARCOS: Ah, well, it's complicated. The woman captain, Flint, you know she is very slippery. And her accomplice, Percival's son, he is quick with a fist himself!

GOVERNOR: Qué? The boy Tiberius?

MARCOS: Yes, the one here just the other day

GOVERNOR: How quickly he turns to his father's ways, by Heaven. Captain Percival is no privateer, and he will hang by next week.

EDUARDO: But the *Santa Cruz*, mi amor?

GOVERNOR: We will keep her from these conniving pirates. Let no ship leave the port of Havana for a week! Until the *Santa Cruz* has joined the rest of the treasure fleet under the safety of our fortresses' guns!

MARCOS: No ship? But, señora, there are traders, and merchants, they must leave before the hurricane season begins!

GOVERNOR: No ship will leave Havana.

MARCOS: Perhaps they will try to leave under the cover of nightfall—

GOVERNOR: On pain of death.

EDUARDO: Mi amor!

GOVERNOR: *(To MARCOS.)* Let the forts fire on any ship that attempts to leave. Give no quarter. *(Pause.)* Now go! Tell your men! We'll see how these dirty pirates like that.

The NORIEGAS turn and exit abruptly, their office is swiftly removed from the stage. MARCOS heads to center stage to address the crowd. SPANISH GUARDS, SILVER DART CREW, HANGMAN CREW, VEIN and ENSEMBLE PIRATES enter their respective sides of the tavern, enjoying coffee.

MARCOS: *(To GUARDS.)* Let no ship leave Havana! On pain of death!

SPANISH GUARDS disperse and each GUARD informs one PIRATE, who in turn informs another. Word spreads, and VEIN is furious.

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