

# PIRATTITUDE

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By **Marek Muller**

Copyright © MMXII by Marek Muller

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

**The writing of plays is a means of livelihood. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income. The playwright is compensated on the full purchase price and the right of performance can only be secured through purchase of at least eleven (11) copies of this work. PERFORMANCES ARE LIMITED TO ONE VENUE FOR ONE YEAR FROM DATE OF PURCHASE.**

**The possession of this script without direct purchase from the publisher confers no right or license to produce this work publicly or in private, for gain or charity. On all programs and advertising this notice must appear: "Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa."**

This dramatic work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

**The right of performance is not transferable** and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second hand from a third party. All rights including, but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, broadcast, recitation, lecturing, tabloid, publication, and reading are reserved.

**COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.**

***PUBLISHED BY***

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC**

**P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406**

**TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

**PIRATTITUDE**  
**By Marek Muller**

**SYNOPSIS:** Captain Crunch isn't singing "A Pirate's Life for Me" these days. Ever since that no-good cereal mascot stole his name and pride, Crunch's reputation as a captain has gone down the tubes. So how will his second-rate crew of pirate rejects including a confused accountant, a limbless but enthusiastic buccaneer, and for some reason a Vampirate (not the same as a vampire, you know!) defend against the evil, overly-athletic crew of the Hail Mary?!

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
(1 MAN, 1 WOMAN, 8 EITHER)

- CAPTAIN CRUNCH (m/f).....A bitter pirate captain whose days of glory ended when the Capt. Crunch cereal brand stole his identity and pride.
- LIPOWITZ (m/f) .....A gung-ho accountant who thinks he's a rough-and-tumble pirate.
- PATCHES (m).....A legless, armless, eyeless buccaneer. He also cooks.
- POLLY (f).....A hungry, vegan pirate who likes crackers.
- BLACKBEARD (m/f) .....A sad pirate who wears black to match his dark soul.
- DRACULA (m/f).....A Zombirate—I mean, Vampirate. Because they're totally different things.
- PITTSBURGH STEALER (m/f) .....The dreaded captain of the Hail Mary.

TAMPA BAY BUCCANEER (m/f).....The dreaded admiral of the Hail Mary.

OAKLAND RAIDER (m/f).....The dreaded quartermaster of the Hail Mary.

NINJA (m/f).....A Ninja who wants very badly to join Crunch's crew. He knows lawyers.

### **SET REQUIREMENTS**

None. At most, a few barrels or pirate ship-y type set dressing.

### **COSTUMES**

Creativity is best. But obviously Blackbeard should be dressed in all black, and Dracula should look like Dracula. The crew of the Hail Mary could be dressed as pirates, but could just as well be football players. Up to you! Maybe Captain Crunch looks like his namesake, maybe not. Whatever works in the name of pure, unadulterated comedy! Emphasis on the un-adult.

### **PROPS**

- A mop for Lipowitz.
- Swords for the Hail Mary crew.
- A box of Captain Crunch for Captain Crunch.
- A scrap of paper for Ninja.

**AT RISE:**

*Lights up on LIPOWITZ mopping the deck of a pirate ship.*

**LIPOWITZ:** *(Singing.)* Yo-ho, yo-ho, a pirate's life for me! We pillage and plunder, we sail the seas! We revel in gold by the bales! We swab all the decks, but we live with ease, 'cause a sea dog never fails! Yo-ho, yo-ho, a pirate's life for me!

**CRUNCH:** Lipowitz, what are you doing?

**LIPOWITZ:** Arr! Cap'n, I be manning the mizzenmast, just like ye ordered!

**CRUNCH:** Yeah, okay, two things. One, no, you're not. And two, no, I didn't.

**LIPOWITZ:** I'm just very proactive!

**CRUNCH:** Do you even know what a mizzenmast is?

**LIPOWITZ:** But o' course, oh Cap'n, my Cap'n.

**CRUNCH:** Don't call me that.

**LIPOWITZ:** A mizzenmast be a type of sea turtle with a patch over its eye and a song in its heart! *(Pause.)*

**CRUNCH:** Please tell me you made that up off of the top of your head to impress me.

**LIPOWITZ:** Arrr...yes, Cap'n, I did. Did it work?

**CRUNCH:** Not even a little. Look, what have I told you about singing that dumb song?

**LIPOWITZ:** That it be a momentous marker of our lives of fortune and pirate-i-tude?

**CRUNCH:** No, that it's pretty much been copyrighted by Disney and therefore costs this ship money to sing it. So quit it.

**LIPOWITZ:** Arrrr...

**CRUNCH:** Would you stop saying "Arrrr"? For the love of sea bass, you're not even a real pirate.

**LIPOWITZ:** That be a cruel jest, cap'n! O' course I'm a pirate! I'm a part o' yer rough 'n' tumble crew, ain't I?

**CRUNCH:** Yeah. As the ship's *accountant*. You're not exactly what the landlubbers call a blackhearted fiend. You kind of just sit around. At a desk. Doing taxes.

**LIPOWITZ:** But I'm a devil with me trusty sword!

**CRUNCH:** You use a calculator.

**LIPOWITZ:** Same general thing!

**CRUNCH:** And another thing, Lipowitz. Quit talking with that stupid accent. You know how to speak proper English. You went to Harvard, for Pete's sake.

**LIPOWITZ:** Ah, yes. Harrrrr-varrrrd.

**CRUNCH:** Just get out of here. (*LIPOWITZ exits.*) Ugh. This is absolutely ridiculous. What has happened to my life? I used to be the most fearsome pirate in all the seven seas. I had a sadistic crew, a massive ship, and enough gold pieces to fill an Olympic swimming pool. Those were the good old days. But then...then...that horrific day came, marking my fall from piratical glory. The day of the uprising of corporate-owned breakfasts. The day that son-of-a-cereal was born. The day where my name became the laughingstock of the world.

**PATCHES:** (*From offstage.*) Hey, Captain Crunch? Have you seen the Ritz crackers anywhere? Polly's on the fritz, again!

**CRUNCH:** (*Reveals a box of Capt. Crunch cereal and gives an anguished lament.*) CRUUUUUUUNCH!

*Enter PATCHES: wandering around blindly and stumbling on his peg legs.*

*POLLY enters behind him, irritably.*

**POLLY:** Well?! Where did they go?!

**PATCHES:** Polly, I'm trying, alright?! But it's not so easy to find a little box of crackers on a big ship like this!

**POLLY:** Just admit it, Patches! You don't have eyes!

**PATCHES:** That's out of order!

**POLLY:** Your face is out of order! God, you're lucky you're hot...

**CRUNCH:** Patches, would you please keep your wife under control?

**POLLY:** Excuse me?! You can't talk to me like that! Who died and made you captain of this ship?!

**CRUNCH:** It's kind of my ship.

**PATCHES:** Sorry, Captain. Polly's not usually this cranky, I promise.

It's just that she's a little on the hypoglycemic side and needs a snack every five minutes to keep, well...sane.

**POLLY:** RAAAAWR!

**CRUNCH:** So feed her, already! Polly want a sardine?

**POLLY:** Polly want to rip your face off and feed it to a shark, cereal boy!

**PATCHES:** She's also a very strict vegan. The only food we have on the ship that's not made from animals is the Ritz crackers, and they've gone mysteriously missing. So, yeah...

**CRUNCH:** Patches, you're the ship's cook. Why didn't you think of your wife's special diet when you went grocery shopping this morning?

**PATCHES:** Well, you see, what I thought was a Whole Foods turned out to be an Ace Hardware...and what I thought was a pound of bread turned out to be a sack of bricks...also, what I thought was my shopping list turned out to be a rabid cat with a penchant for biting. So basically, our two options for dinner tonight are Ritz crackers or a bricks-and-rabies casserole.

**POLLY:** All you had to do was hire him on as a general pirate, but no! Who makes a man with no arms, no legs, and no eyes a chef?

**CRUNCH:** It's called Equal Opportunity Employment, Polly. It was either bricks and rabies or a lawsuit.

**PATCHES:** What do you mean, "no legs"? I could have sworn I had one left this morning. Polly, what did that cat do to my foot?!

*Enter LIPOWITZ.*

**LIPOWITZ:** Arrrr! It be an emergency...Cap'n Crunch!

*Everyone but CRUNCH sniggers at his full name.*

**CRUNCH:** Shut up! Just shut up, all of you! What is it now, Lipowitz?

**LIPOWITZ:** The crew of the dreaded pirate vessel, the Hail Mary, has raised its flag against us! They mean t' board our ship and massacre us all!

**CRUNCH:** What? Why?!

**LIPOWITZ:** *(Can't keep a straight face.)* Apparently yer cereal cuts the roof of their mouths...

*Everyone but CRUNCH laughs.*

**CRUNCH:** I said, shut up!

**PATCHES:** Ha! Then let those scallywags come! I'll take them all out with my bare hands!

**POLLY:** Honey, you don't have hands.

**PATCHES:** What? Are you sure? ...Well, then, I'll bite those scurvy dogs into submission!

**CRUNCH:** Crap...oh, crap, crap, crap, crap, crap! The Hail Mary's here? Why did this have to happen NOW? I can't defend my ship against professional buccaneers, not now that that blasted cereal mascot's blown my credibility and I lost all of my real crew! What am I supposed to do with a bunch of second-rate amateurs like these guys?! They're the worst of the worst!

**POLLY:** We're right here, you know.

**CRUNCH:** Heck if I care, it's true! You guys are a bunch of stupid wannabes who nobody else wanted! I hired you all on because I was desperate. But now we're being attacked by the most ruthless crew on the seven seas, and who do I have to help me fight? An accountant? A vegan? A blind guy?!

**PATCHES:** Wait, I'm a what?!

**POLLY:** The rest of the crew is gathering up their weapons as we speak. I just know it.

**CRUNCH:** Oh, that's just fan-freakin'-tastic. Whatever would we do without Blackbeard, the world's most emo pirate?

*Enter BLACKBEARD, morosely.*

**BLACKBEARD:** My beard grows darker with the passing of the day, tormented by the demons of existence...

**CRUNCH:** Or Dracula, the undead ZOMBirate?

*Enter DRACULA, very vampirically.*

**DRACULA:** I want to suck your blood—wait, vat did you just call me? I told you, I'm not a zombie. I'm a 100%, bonified VAMPirate.

*Enter NINJA, very impressively.*

**NINJA:** *(Amidst doing some very impressive ninja stunts.)* And me,  
Ninja, the master of ninjitsu! Hiiiiiiya!

**CRUNCH:** Ninja, for the last time, you're not a part of the crew. Go  
home.

**NINJA:** Aw, man...

*Exit NINJA, impressively.*

**PATCHES:** I hate that cowboy.

**CRUNCH:** But back on topic, oh no! We've been boarded! What do  
we do now?

**STEALER:** *(From offstage.)* You'll die, screaming and begging for  
mercy!

*Enter the PITTSBURGH STEALER, the TAMPA BAY BUCCANEER,  
and the OAKLAND RAIDER, weapons drawn.*

**BLACKBEARD:** *(Monotonously.)* ...oh, no...it's the dreaded crew of  
the Hail Mary. We're doooooomed...

**STEALER:** That is correct, Blackbeard the Glum! Tis !! The  
Pittsburgh Stealer!

**BUCCANEER:** The Tampa Bay Buccaneer!

**RAIDER:** And the Oakland Raider! En garde, you barnacled  
buffoons!

**PATCHES:** Bring it on, sea dogs! RAAAAAAA!

*He rushes off in completely the wrong direction. Silence. He rushes  
back, still yelling. He runs into a wall head-on and collapses*

**RAIDER:** Well, who's next? How about you, Dawn of the Dead?

**DRACULA:** I'm a vampire! See?! Fangs!

**STEALER:** I don't see any sparkles on you, Edward.

**DRACULA:** Oh, that's it. You're going down.

*POLLY, BLACKBEARD, and DRACULA attack. They are promptly defeated.*

**BUCCANEER:** Stand down and surrender your ship to us, Crunch.  
Do it, or watch the ocean water be stained with the blood of your precious crew.

**BLACKBEARD:** ...Don't do it, Captain...my life isn't worth it...

**POLLY:** Don't listen to him! I'm completely worth it!

**DRACULA:** If a sword goes through my heart, does that count as a stake?

**CRUNCH:** Well, Lipowitz? It looks like it's just you and me. I guess it's time to show your stuff against these fiends...Lipowitz?

**LIPOWITZ:** *(Suddenly in a Yiddish, Southern or British accent.)* I don't know what you're talking about, my good fellow! I'm just a lowly ship's accountant! If you want some help balancing your checkbook, maybe, but fighting a gory battle? Maybe not so much.

**CRUNCH:** What?!

**STEALER:** RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWR!

*LIPOWITZ screams like a little girl and runs offstage.*

**BLACKBEARD:** ...we're dead.

**DRACULA:** Technically, I'm already dead.

**RAIDER:** Well, Crunch, what'll it be? Will you give up now, or do you want to join your crew at the bottom of Davy Jones' locker?

**CRUNCH:** Let them go, Raider. The ship is yours. You win.

**RAIDER:** Game. Set. Match.

**BUCCANEER:** You're an Oakland Raider.

**RAIDER:** Oh, right. Touchdown!

**STEALER:** And now for the extra point. Kill them anyway.

**POLLY:** What?! That's not fair, we already gave up!

**STEALER:** What can I say? The Pittsburgh Stealer is known far and wide for being a quarterback sneak.

**CRUNCH:** Let them go, Stealer! I'm the one you want!

**STEALER:** Very well, then. Boys, the Captain wants to go down with his ship. I say we let him.

*POLLY, DRACULA, and BLACKBEARD are freed.*

**POLLY:** You're the best, Captain! Your sacrifice won't be in vain, I promise!

**DRACULA:** Yes. Venever I crave breakfast made from 10% milk and 90% sugar, I will think of you. Ta-ta!

*All three book it offstage.*

**BUCCANEER:** That was very noble of you, Captain Crunch. But let's see just how brave you are when you're skewered on my blade.

**RAIDER:** Go on, Crunch. You've run out the clock. There's only thirty seconds left in this game, so take a knee.

*He coerces CRUNCH onto his knees.*

**STEALER:** Any last words? An audible, perhaps?

**CRUNCH:** I think I'll pass.

**RAIDER:** Then prepare to die.

*They all ready themselves to kill CRUNCH. A whistle is heard offstage. NINJA cartwheels onstage and knocks over the BUCCANEER and the RAIDER.*

**NINJA:** Illegal formation!

**STEALER:** What in the...?!

**CRUNCH:** Ninja?! What are you doing here?!

**NINJA:** I'm here to kick butt and eat sushi. And I'm all out of sushi. HIYA! (*He karates STEALER into submission.*)

**STEALER:** Ugh! You may have won this game, Crunch! But we'll be back next season with a new game plan, a new coach, and an even better ninja! From Stanford!

*The members of the Hail Mary flee in fear.*

**CRUNCH:** N-Ninja, I don't understand. Why did you come and rescue me?

**NINJA:** Because unbeknownst to you, my good friend, I was your most dedicated crewmember of them all.

**CRUNCH:** But you were never actually a part of my crew. In fact, I thought I made it perfectly clear that I was never going to hire you.

**NINJA:** A man's mind can change like the leaves of an autumn tree. So what do you say, Captain Crunch? Partners?

**CRUNCH:** Pirates and ninjas...I guess it's not that stupid when you really stop and think about it. You're on...friend.

**NINJA:** I'm so happy you finally said that, Captain. Because remember, friends come in all shapes, sizes, and ethnicities. Just because someone doesn't fit a typical pirate mold doesn't mean they can't be a friend. The same applies to a job. Refusing to hire people because they're different from you is wrong. Especially if the person you don't want to hire is a ninja. A ninja with a good lawyer. (*NINJA tosses a sheet of paper to CRUNCH.*)

**CRUNCH:** ...Equal Employment Opportunity?! You were going to sue me?!

**NINJA:** For everything you had and more. I love you, Captain Crunch!

*NINJA hugs CRUNCH, who is appalled.*

*Lights down.*

**THE END**