



**Sample Pages from
The Dread Pirate Sadie**

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THE DREAD
~~PLAYWRIGHT~~ PIRATE
SADIE

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Steven Stack



~~The Dread Playwright~~ *Pirate Sadie*
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Cast of Characters

10W+1M+1 Either Gender

BLACK LEGS	Female. The second-most feared pirate in the land.
RED BEARD	Male or Female. A pirate with a fondness for theatre and long letters.
MONTY	Female. Part of Black Leg's crew; fancies herself more important than she is.
SADIE	Female. "The Dread Pirate Sadie," most feared pirate in the land, sister of Anne, living a life not her own.
MARCUS	Male. Artist, boyfriend of Sadie, brother of Black Legs, self-involved.
ANNE	Female. Sister of Sadie, second-in-command, should be captain, fearful of the spotlight.
FINNEGAN	Female. Part of Sadie's crew, ship handywoman, completely untrustworthy.
SAL	Female. Part of Sadie's crew, thinks on a life-affirming level.
DAGGER TOOTH	Female. Part of Sadie's crew, also thinks on a life-affirming level, possesses a disturbing smile.
STEED	Female. Second-in-command on Black Legs' crew, very loyal and logical, a fine chef.
WALLY	Female. Rather dim-witted member of Black Legs' crew; named after his mother, whose name was Peggy.
ONE-EYE	Female. Part of Black Legs' crew, has one eye, good with maps. Well, used to be.

The Dread Playwright Pirate Sadie was first produced by WCATY at the University of Wisconsin in July 2014.

Sadie:	Justine Mattson
Black Legs:	Sydney Walker
Anne:	Faith Douglas
Red Beard, One-Eye:	Zoe Salyapongse
Finnegan:	Victoria Oliver
Stead:	Rebecca Helmstetter
Marcus:	Jesus Vazquez
Dagger Tooth:	Brooks Kennedy
Sal:	Genevieve Annex
Monty:	Abbi Stitgen
Wally:	Veronica Lourich

Dedication

*To my Pop,
Claude Stack*

Scene I

Setting: *An open field near a high cliff overlooking Dead Man’s Bluff.*

At Rise: *BLACK LEGS is in an intense sword fight with RED BEARD. MONTY, one of BLACK LEGS’ crew, continues to try to “help” BLACK LEGS by throwing random things at RED BEARD (but hitting BLACK LEGS), grabbing RED BEARD (while actually grabbing BLACK LEGS), etc. BLACK LEGS shoves MONTY away and refocuses on RED BEARD, who begins to react fearfully. BLACK LEGS notices this.*

BLACK LEGS: Ye could save yerself a painful death by simply giving me yon treasure map!

RED BEARD: You’ll never get the map from me, ye lily-livered swine, because—

BLACK LEGS, growing angry, lashes out. RED BEARD, who is clearly overmatched, begins to cower.

BLACK LEGS: You’re a terrible swordsman! How have you not died?

RED BEARD: No idea. Expected to die many moons ago.

BLACK LEGS: Today ye will, and I’ll rip the map off yer dead body.

RED BEARD: *(makes a face)* Little intense, don’t you think?

BLACK LEGS laughs. They stop talking, and their sword fighting picks up. They are turning in circles when MONTY decides to help. Unfortunately, she gets dizzy and ends up kneeling behind BLACK LEGS. RED BEARD looks at this, shocked, and pushes BLACK LEGS, who falls over MONTY. BLACK LEGS, now on her back, looks up at MONTY angrily.

BLACK LEGS: What are ye doing, ye scurvy dog? Yer part of me crew!

MONTY: I know. I was helpin’ ya!

BLACK LEGS: Well, stop.

RED BEARD: There’ll be no help for ye after I do this.

RED BEARD lunges and BLACK LEGS, still lying down, knocks her sword from her hands. RED BEARD looks at her sword on the ground.

RED BEARD: Not what I intended.

MONTY charges RED BEARD but steps on BLACK LEGS' fingers, causing her to yell out in pain. BLACK LEGS jumps up and turns to RED BEARD.

BLACK LEGS: Can we pause for a moment?

RED BEARD: Have to use the loo, do ye?

BLACK LEGS: No, went before (*gestures to the swords*) this. Always do.

RED BEARD: I as well. Not this time though. Tried. Little backed up.

BLACK LEGS: (*stares at her, confused*) Sorry?

RED BEARD: It's all right. Why are ye pausin' anyway? Afraid?

BLACK LEGS: (*laughs*) I laugh at yer question because it's preposterous. No, I be pausin' to talk to... (*nods head towards MONTY*) her.

RED BEARD: About her—

BLACK LEGS: Yes.

RED BEARD: Be my guest then. I'll just pick up me sword and listen in.

BLACK LEGS: (*nods*) Monty! (*MONTY, who realizes she's in trouble, tries to pretend she doesn't hear BLACK LEGS.*) Monty! I know ye can hear me.

MONTY: (*turns to BLACK LEGS and looks confused*) Were ye calling me, Cap'n? The wind is so—

BLACK LEGS: There be no wind.

MONTY: No wind? (*Looks away and makes wind noises. She turns back.*) There it be.

BLACK LEGS stares at MONTY in a way that terrifies MONTY. MONTY rushes over, trips and falls, then struggles to get up. She looks at BLACK LEGS.

MONTY: What did ye need me for, cap'n?

BLACK LEGS: I demand ye stop helpin' me or you'll be walkin' the plank when we get back to the ship.

MONTY: (*hurt*) But thar be sea monsters in—

BLACK LEGS: I know. Now—

RED BEARD hears the word “now” and swats *BLACK LEGS* on the buttocks. *BLACK LEGS* turns to *RED BEARD* angrily.

BLACK LEGS: Did ye just swat me buttocks?

RED BEARD: Aye. It’s me patented move.

BLACK LEGS: Yer patented move is swatting someone’s buttocks?

RED BEARD: Aye.

MONTY: I wish that were *me* patented move.

BLACK LEGS: (*turns to MONTY*) It’s an appalling patented move.

RED BEARD: Don’t say that about me patented move. I learned it from me great, great grandma.

BLACK LEGS: I’ll say whatever I want about yer patented move or yer great great grandma. (*explaining*) We hadn’t started fighting again yet, okay? Yer “patented move” clearly violated pirate edict.

RED BEARD: But ye said “now.” I clearly heard “now.”

MONTY: I did too, cap’n.

BLACK LEGS: (*turns to her, yelling*) Maybe because it was the beginning of a sentence directed at... you. (*turns to RED BEARD*) That’s why me back was turned to you.

RED BEARD: I thought it was to set up me patented move.

BLACK LEGS: Why would I... ya know what, I’m just going to finish ya, feed ya to the sharks, take the map, and be done with this.

MONTY: Ye may want to write that down, cap’n. Seems a taxing list for yer kind of memory. (*thinks of something else*) And you might want to take the map before feedin’ her to the—

BLACK LEGS: Quiet!

RED BEARD: Ye can strike the map from yer list anyway. Ye won’t get it. As I’ve said earlier. I explained it in this here note. (*pulls out note, shows it to BLACK LEGS, then meticulously places it back in pocket*) Be sure to read it if ye... ye know. (*makes “throat cutting” gesture*)

MONTY: Captain’s not a fan of reading. Never has been, have ye?

BLACK LEGS: (*turns to MONTY*) I'll have you know that I've read some of the greatest... (*grows annoyed*) just go over there and stay out of this.

MONTY: Aye, cap'n. (*starts to walk away*) But what if I... (*BLACK LEGS gives her a look*) Aye.

MONTY crosses away and sits. RED BEARD swats BLACK LEGS on the buttocks. BLACK LEGS turns.

BLACK LEGS: Again with the buttocks?

RED BEARD: That's right. Now... I finish ye.

RED BEARD lunges but drops her sword. They both look at it.

BLACK LEGS: Is that how they finish someone where you're—

RED BEARD: Noooo! My hands are really sweaty. I usually wear gloves.

BLACK LEGS: (*nods*) So, should I kill a sword-less pirate?

RED BEARD: No, because I'm going to do this. (*reaches for her sword, but BLACK LEGS picks it up and throws it*) You threw that really far. (*we hear a splash*) And off the cliff. That was me only sword.

BLACK LEGS: Don't imagine yer going to have much use for it now. Give me the map, ye hammock-hogging harbor hog!

RED BEARD: I told ye... wait, I never shared a hammock with ye. (*looks off*) Or did I?

BLACK LEGS: I'll just take the map then!

RED BEARD: No, ye won't. Because I'm going to... run away! (*turns and runs offstage*)

BLACK LEGS: (*sighs*) Must they always do this? Monty, wait here.

BLACK LEGS exits after RED BEARD. We hear a skirmish offstage. MONTY, who hadn't been listening, looks around and notices that BLACK LEGS is gone. She stands up and crosses to where BLACK LEGS was.

MONTY: Cap'n? Cap'n? (*looks around*) Where did she go? (*her eyes grow wide*) Perhaps she'd died. God rest her soul. Suppose I'll have to be Captain and—(*She hears BLACK LEGS' voice offstage. She freezes, confused, then looks sad.*) Oh.

All of the following takes place offstage. MONTY listens in as she takes out a sandwich and begins eating it.

BLACK LEGS: Would ye stop running?

RED BEARD: I would if ye would stop chasing me. (pause) Oh, I'm at the edge of the cliff now. I suppose I should stop. Long way down. Can't back up though, 'cause you're running really fast at me. Too fast, actually. You'll need to slow down or you'll...

We hear a collision. RED BEARD screams.

BLACK LEGS: Bloody heck. Hold on, I'll pull ya back up.

RED BEARD: That's very kind of ya. But before ye do, let me give ya this.

BLACK LEGS: Not with that hand. (We hear RED BEARD's yell as she falls to her death.) Idiot.

BLACK LEGS reenters holding a note. She notices MONTY eating a sandwich.

BLACK LEGS: What're ye doin'?

MONTY: Eating meself a sandwich. Would ye like one?

BLACK LEGS: No.

MONTY: All right. If ye change yer mind, I got one premade in me pocket. Nice and warm because I be sweatin'.

BLACK LEGS: Disgusting.

MONTY: Did ye get the map?

BLACK LEGS: No.

MONTY: Did ye kill her?

BLACK LEGS: No. She's dead though.

MONTY: And sounded like ye did it. Sounded like ye bumped into her and then let her—

BLACK LEGS: She let go of me hand! (shows the note to MONTY) To hand me this note.

MONTY: She probably should've used the other—

BLACK LEGS: That's what I'm saying.

MONTY: Did you read the note yet?

BLACK LEGS: Nay.

MONTY: Ye should. Out loud. In yer story voice.

BLACK LEGS stares at her and then opens the note. Clears throat and begins reading.

BLACK LEGS: “Dearest Black Legs, if yer reading this it must mean that I gave it to ye and ye decided to read it. I recommend readin’ it aloud in yer story voice.

MONTY: Ya are readin’ it in yer story voice!

BLACK LEGS stares at MONTY. MONTY then does the “key locking the mouth” thing. BLACK LEGS continues reading.

BLACK LEGS: “But I be digressin’. Should now tell you the purpose of the letter. Wait. I’ve always wanted to ask ya a question. Why is yer name Black Legs? Ye don’t look much like a “Black Legs.” So for the life of me, I can’t imagine why you’re called Black Legs. A more fitting name would be “A Rather Scary and Masculine Female.” (*BLACK LEGS looks up at MONTY*) I don’t like it. It’s rather clunky. And very sexist. She should apologize. (*begins reading again*) “Ye know, after seeing it written out, I don’t like it. It’s rather clunky. And sexist. My apologies. (*BLACK LEGS turns to MONTY and nods. BLACK LEGS turns back to the letter.*) Oh, wait. Ya always wear black stockings. That’s why yer called Black Legs. How ridiculous of me. If you could see me now, you would see me laughing. Laughing at my silliness. Pondering names now, I must wonder why I’m called Red Beard. Don’t have a beard. Don’t even have red hair. Humph.” (*BLACK LEGS looks over to MONTY*) I’m thinking of just throwing this away without even finishing it. It seems a waste of time.

MONTY: No, Cap’n. Ye must finish. I want to find out what happens.

BLACK LEGS: Fine. (*begins reading again.*) “Yer probably thinking of just throwing this letter away without even finishing it because it seems a waste of time, but ye must not. Ye must finish it because I’m going to tell ya why I don’t have the map. Oh. I need to eat more roughage. Anyway, on me way to fight ya, I still had the map on me person. But, before I got to ya, I met a delightful lassie who was selling original theatrical performances. Well, as ye may or may not know, I be a big fan of the theatre, so I let her perform one for me. Turned out it was a piece about being trapped in a life not her own. Very sad, and a little melodramatic,

but it did tug at me heartstrings. After she had finished, I needed to pay her but had no coins. She said she had heard I had a map and she would take that as payment. I woulda said no, but I had no other way of paying her, and to me, her performance was more of a treasure than the actual treasure, so I made the deal. She left, and I sat down to write ye this note. So in conclusion, no map, but ye do have this letter. Yer friend, Red Beard.” (*crumples up the letter*) She traded the most valuable treasure map in the world... for a performance.

MONTY: (*correcting BLACK LEGS*) An original performance. (*BLACK LEGS throws down the letter. MONTY picks it up and looks at BLACK LEGS.*) Naughty, naughty. No littering.

BLACK LEGS: We don't have the map!

MONTY: That's not the planet's fault. (*Opens up the note and starts reading it. BLACK LEGS crosses away.*)

BLACK LEGS: At least The Dread Pirate Sadie is dead.

MONTY: Or not.

BLACK LEGS: What?

MONTY: There's a post script. (*reading*) “Post Script: Wanted to let ye know that The Dread Pirate Sadie isn't dead. I know ye thought her dead on account o' ya killed 'er, but she's not. Moments before I came to fight ye, I saw 'er. Oddly, she reminded me of that lassie who just performed that riveting scene for me. I wonder... arrr, I bet it was! And now The Dread Pirate Sadie has the map. Humph. This has been a truly bloody awful day for you. Well, at least ye killed me, and I promise to stay dead if ya did a good job.” (*stops reading and looks at BLACK LEGS*) Well, ain't this shocking, Cap'n?

BLACK LEGS: The Dread Pirate Sadie is alive and has the treasure map.

MONTY: And is an actor and writer of original—

BLACK LEGS: I don't care! This has been a truly bloody awful day. Let's go back to the ship, collect the crew, and go to the pub. I feel like drinking.

MONTY: And don't forget, Steed was makin' a quiche.

STEED: What kind?

MONTY: Black bean, turtle bone and salmon.

BLACK LEGS: Aargh, me favorite. So the day's not a total wash. Let's go get some quiche and then head to the bar.

MONTY: Aye aye, Cap'n!

They exit. Blackout.

Scene 2

Setting: *A city street in a seaside town.*

At Rise: *MARCUS, SADIE's boyfriend, is waiting impatiently for her. SADIE, who has a black eye, enters hurriedly and places her hands over his eyes.*

SADIE: Guess who?

MARCUS: Edwin.

SADIE: No.

MARCUS: Theodore.

SADIE: No, Sadie. (*MARCUS pulls away*) Why would—

MARCUS: Your hands are very rough. Like a man's.

SADIE: Can a woman not have rough hands?

MARCUS: Apparently they can. (*he turns to her and sees her eye*) What happened to your eye?

SADIE: I was hit... by a bird.

MARCUS: What type?

SADIE: I don't know. One that flies into eyes, perhaps?

MARCUS: So it would seem.

SADIE: You look very nice today. That blue—

MARCUS: I don't wish to talk about my attire, though I do look stunning. Do you have the gold for my studio yet?

SADIE: No. My last show was canceled due to... no attendance, but I did write this—(*begins to reach into her pocket*)

MARCUS: I don't want another monologue about your feelings for me, Sadie. You know how I feel about monologues. They're weird.

SADIE: This one, though, will change the way—

MARCUS: No, it won't. Because I don't want a monologue or a performance. I only want your gold. (*pause*) I did not mean it that way. I'm frustrated.

SADIE: About my last performance? I can explain. I rushed the writing and I never truly connected with the—

MARCUS: No, it's not about that, Sadie. Don't you understand? I can't go on like this. You were three hours late today, and now you're here, yet again, without the gold you promised.

SADIE: You know, the more you mention the gold, the more it makes me think that it's the gold you love, not me.

MARCUS: Of course I love you, but I really love the idea of having an art studio because art... is my only passion. (*SADIE stares at him*) Besides you. And you promised that I would have my art studio by now.

SADIE: I know, but making money in theatre takes time. And putting on a show, one that can make money, is quite expensive. And on top of that—

MARCUS: Why were you late today?

SADIE: Something came up.

MARCUS: And you're not going to tell me what?

SADIE: No. But know this, it was for us.

MARCUS: I don't believe you.

SADIE: But you must. Because what I did may give you that art studio.

MARCUS: When?

SADIE: It's complicated. There's someone else involved, family, and if I wrote her character bio, there would be a lot of father and guilt issues—

MARCUS: I don't care.

SADIE: You're very rude today.

MARCUS: I'm sorry. I just really want my art studio.

SADIE: And if everything goes as planned, soon you will.

MARCUS: And if not?

SADIE: I could eventually buy your art studio with the money I make with my shows.

MARCUS: You make nothing.

SADIE: One day I will.

MARCUS: One day is not soon enough.

SADIE: Listen, Marcus. Soon, you and I will begin our lives together. I'll be writing and performing on a little stage in the woods, and you'll be working in your art studio. It may take years, but when it does happen—

MARCUS: Stop. I will not wait years. As a matter of fact, I will wait no longer.

SADIE: Are you breaking up with me?

MARCUS: Clearly. It was a foolish dream.

SADIE: No, a foolish dream is something completely different. Like that short play I wrote about foolish dreams. It was rather delightful and explains what they are, in a metaphorical way of course. We, on the other hand—

MARCUS: Are over, Sadie.

SADIE: I was going to say, we are nothing like a foolish dream.

MARCUS: It doesn't matter. I'm going to tell my sister that I will join her.

SADIE: Joining her doing what?

MARCUS: It is of no matter. I might not find love, but I will find my art studio. Goodbye, Sadie. (*starts to exit*)

SADIE: Wait. Marcus. (*reaches into her pocket and pulls out a piece of paper*) Take this.

MARCUS: Is this a map?

SADIE: Yes.

MARCUS: What kind?

SADIE: A treasure. For Serranto's Treasure.

MARCUS: Why would you have it? You're not a pirate.

SADIE: It's research for a play.

MARCUS: Why give it to me then?

SADIE: It's not the original. I drew you your own. Notice the heart-shaped gold coins. In two days, probably, I will be there to find what is to be found. I'm hoping that one of the things I find will be you. *(silence)* Will I?

MARCUS: I will hold on to the map, but there's a chance that I will be there for—

SADIE: Good. That's all I want. Hope.

MARCUS: Wait, I was going to say that it's unlikely that I will be there for you. The treasure, on the other hand... you know, let's go with what you thought I meant. But, as of right now, we're broken up.

SADIE watches MARCUS exit. ANNE, SADIE's sister, enters.

ANNE: The crew's waiting, Sadie.

SADIE: *(turns to her)* He broke up with me.

ANNE: Good.

SADIE: It's not good, Anne. I mean, for a dramatic twist, yes, but—

ANNE: He never loved you. You said yourself that all he ever talked about was his—

SADIE: That's how he expressed his love for me. By only talking about his art studio and how I had to... you know, I'm not going to finish that thought.

ANNE: It doesn't matter anyway. You're a pirate.

SADIE: Not offstage. Off... boat. *(silence)* My heart is broken. *(turns away dramatically)*

ANNE: Really? *(SADIE nods slowly. Silence.)* I feel like you want something from me.

SADIE: Yes. To be a caring sister.

ANNE: Perhaps to get all weepy so we can be weepy sisters together?

SADIE: (*turns back to her*) You're terrible at being a caring sister. Anne, I don't want to be The Dread Pirate Sadie anymore. I need to retire the character because I want my own life back. It is time for you to take the role that is rightfully yours.

ANNE: You know I can't do that yet. I'm not ready. The memories of the—

SADIE: The accident? It wasn't your fault. You were 9.

ANNE: But I was wearing the captain's hat. I should've never given the order.

SADIE: No, Flux shouldn't have listened to you. You were only a child who was wearing her father's hat.

ANNE: It doesn't matter. Because of me, he turned right into the storm. And all of them, our father included, perished. Because of me. I should have gone down with the ship too.

SADIE: No, we were meant to survive. That's why father put us in that barrel. For one of us to continue his legacy. You.

ANNE: I am continuing—

SADIE: Hiding in the shadow of a ship as a crewman is not following in his legacy. Being the captain is.

ANNE: And if I kill another crew?

SADIE: Killing this crew is much more likely with me in command. I've been horribly miscast. I'm not brave. I write plays, delightful plays, on the ship and make the crew perform, and have you seen me with a sword? It's surprising I haven't died yet. Besides, everyone already sees you as captain even though they won't say it. All that's left is for you to—

ANNE: What if they won't follow me?

SADIE: They follow me, which is something I wouldn't even do!

ANNE: But you're The Dread Pirate Sadie to them.

SADIE: That may be, and yes, I do play the more over-the-top moments of this pirate character quite well, but for the rest of it... I come off as someone who clearly should be playing a different role and should be nowhere near a ship. (*silence*) You must stop living in the past, Anne, and claim your rightful place.

ANNE: I can't right now, Sadie. Soon, though, I promise. Once I can let go of that night. Their screams, losing Father, and—

SADIE: Very well, Anne. I have faith that one day you will. (*ANNE turns away*) But until then, I will continue to play the role of captain, hoping that you'll replace me. Especially before I get killed in battle, which is highly, almost certainly likely when you consider that—

ANNE: (*takes her by the shoulders*) You are a good sister. A truly good sister.

SADIE: I know. (*SADIE smiles*) And I've got something. A little map. For some treasure.

ANNE: What treasure?

SADIE: Just the most priceless treasure in the world... "Serranto's Treasure." (*reaches into her pocket and pulls out a map, handing it to ANNE*)

ANNE: This is the most sought-after map... how did ye...

SADIE: Someone exchanged it for a performance of one of my shows. (*SADIE smiles at ANNE*) My acting and writing do come in handy sometimes.

ANNE: But why exchange the map for—

SADIE: She had a great love for the theatre, I suppose. Perhaps, once we find the treasure—

ANNE: Speak of it no more. We're running late. Here, I brought your stuff.

ANNE hands SADIE a bag. SADIE looks through the bag and pulls out a shirt.

SADIE: I don't like this shirt. It clashes with my—

ANNE: It's the only one that was clean.

SADIE: We live like pigs.

ANNE: We live like pirates. By the way, what happened to your face?

SADIE: Sword fight.

ANNE: With yourself again?

SADIE: Of course.

ANNE: Would you stop doing that?

SADIE: I could say yes, but it would be a lie. So—

ANNE: Stop talking. Let me put some dirt on your face. (*ANNE reaches down for “dirt”*)

SADIE: No! I don't want—

ANNE reaches to rub dirt on SADIE's face while DAGGER TOOTH, FINNEGAN, and PEG LEG SAL enter. They look on dumbly.

FINNEGAN: What's going on here?

ANNE and SADIE pull apart.

ANNE: Nothing.

SAL: It certainly didn't look like nothing. It looked like ya was kissin'.

ANNE: Why would I be kissin' me sister?

SAL: Because you're in touch with yer feelings?

DAGGER: And workin' on yer obviously strained relationship with each other?

ANNE: Shoulda never let ya read that psychology book. Or take those classes.

SADIE: Aargh, it were nothin' like that. Anne was pulling a blade from me face.

FINNEGAN: Why was there a blade—

ANNE: The Cap'n fought—

SADIE: Five deadly seals and one hit me with his fin... blade. But I continued fighting. Because The Dread Pirate Sadie isn't afraid of seals or... taking a fin... blade to the eye.

FINNEGAN looks like she's about to say something until ANNE cuts her off.

ANNE: Enough chatter. The captain is here with a surprise.

DAGGER: I love surprises. What be it?

SADIE: (*tosses a bag to them*) A brand new script with a part for all of us!

DAGGER TOOTH and SAL excitedly open the bag while FINNEGAN scowls at SADIE. ANNE starts to say something but get cut off by SAL.

SAL: Even me?

SADIE: Yes, even you Sal. (*turns to DAGGER*) And Dagger Tooth, your dream has come true.

DAGGER: Ya mean, I'm playing a beautiful butterfly in search of a mate? (*SADIE smiles and nods*) Why, this be the greatest day of me life! (*Smiles. The other PIRATES react in horror.*)

SADIE: Dagger Tooth, we told ya about your smiling. Limit it to... never. (*DAGGER TOOTH nods and starts to smile but stops herself*) How about a read-through? (*DAGGER TOOTH and SAL open their scripts excitedly as FINNEGAN drops hers to the ground. SADIE looks at the dropped script and then up at FINNEGAN.*) You'll need yer script this time, Finnegan. Ye have lines. Or a line.

ANNE: (*to SADIE*) Wasn't actually talkin' about the scripts, Captain.

SADIE: (*turns to ANNE and then gets it*) Oh, right. I have another surprise for ye.

DAGGER: Is it time to shiver some timbers?

SAL: Or make some scallywag walk the plank?

FINNEGAN: Or maybe to show up two hours late with no explanation and a mysterious cut on your face?

SADIE: (*looks at FINNEGAN but decides to ignore it*) Arrr, it's time to raise some ruckus and find "Serranto's Treasure."

FINNEGAN: We don't have the—

SADIE: We don't? These maps beg to differ. (*pulls out maps*) I drew you all your own copies. Even personalized each one. In case something happens to the original. (*starts to hand them out and then hesitates in front of FINNEGAN*)

FINNEGAN: What? Ye don't trust me?

SADIE: No. But I'll give ya one anyway. And pick up yer script! (*Hands FINNEGAN a map and then starts to pace. FINNEGAN picks up the script.*) Now, as we go after the treasure, we may run into other pirates. And if we do, the blue sea shall be turned red.

FINNEGAN: With yer blood, I have no doubt.

SADIE: (*Turns to FINNEGAN. Non-pirate speak.*) You know what, your attitude has become quite annoying in the last... months.

ANNE: What be yer problem, Finnegan?

FINNEGAN: Aye, I have a problem, but not with ye.

ANNE: (*crosses to FINNEGAN and places a hand on her sword*) Perhaps ye should.

FINNEGAN: Yer just a lowly crew member like me. So shut yer mouth.

ANNE starts to draw her sword but is stopped by SADIE.

SADIE: No, Anne. This be me problem. (*ANNE backs off as SADIE gets in FINNEGAN's face.*) What is it, Finnegan?

FINNEGAN: Me doubts about ye be growin' stronger every day. Not sure ye are who ye say ye are. Me don't believe ya a real pirate. More like one of those chair-acters in yer—

SADIE: They are called characters, not... whatever you said.

FINNEGAN: Either way, ye belong more in this (*holding up a script*) than on our ship.

ANNE: Watch yer mouth, Finnegan, if ye know what's good fer ya.

FINNEGAN: Ye don't scare me.

ANNE: I don't?

FINNEGAN: (*takes a moment, thinking of challenging her, but thinks better of it*) A little, but like I said earlier, me problem isn't with ye anyway, it be with her. (*to SADIE*) I don't think ye should be cap'n.

SADIE: Oh, really?

FINNEGAN: That's right.

SADIE: And I suppose you should be Cap'n?

FINNEGAN: That's right.

SADIE: Well... you can't. Because I'm captain. Which means you can't be captain. Because I am.

DAGGER: Yer also a delightful actor.

SAL: I've always enjoyed her writing more.

SADIE: (*turns to SAL and DAGGER*) Thank you both. It's so nice to be apprec—

FINNEGAN: I hate yer acting, yer writing, and the fact that yer me captain.

SADIE: (*turns back to FINNEGAN*) Hate is such a strong word. Perhaps “dislike strongly” would...

FINNEGAN: No. Hate is right.

SADIE: Well then, Finnegan, perhaps (*drawing sword out*) ye would care to settle this once and for all.

FINNEGAN: (*takes sword out*) Gladly.

DAGGER: Stand down, Finnegan. It’s hard to enjoy focusing on learning me character when ye be quarrellin’.

SAL: I disagree, in a positive life-affirming way, that is. Quarrellin’, or even a fight to the death, can greatly enhance our enjoyment and focus because it stands out in great contrast to the delightfully wonderful script that the captain created (*holds up script*) here.

DAGGER: I hadn’t thought of it that way. (*to SADIE and FINNEGAN*) Go ahead, you two. Fight to the death. Finnegan’s death. (*turns to SAL*) Was that rude?

SAL: More honest than rude.

FINNEGAN: (*crosses closer to SADIE*) I’m going to enjoy this.

SADIE: I find that highly doubtful, ye mutinous salty swab, since you’re about to die by my sword!

FINNEGAN: I’d sooner die by the hangman’s noose than by the sword of a fraud!

FINNEGAN lashes out. SADIE fights back weakly. FINNEGAN is clearly the superior fighter and is about to win until ANNE trips FINNEGAN up, causing her to fall. SADIE quickly takes advantage of this by applying her sword to FINNEGAN’s throat.

SADIE: Should I finish ye?

FINNEGAN: Go ahead (*begrudgingly*) Cap’n.

SADIE: (*considers, then pulls back her sword*) I would, but ever since Gum’s death, our crew has been a little sparse. Actually, a lot sparse. I mean look at us, what kind of crew is this? There are five of us. I mean... (*ANNE clears her throat. SADIE looks at ANNE and then back to FINNEGAN.*) Know this, Finnegan, if ye cross me path again, ye won’t be so lucky. Now, we need to get down to business. (*pulls out map*) The maps ye hold in your hands will lead us to the most priceless treasure that ever existed.

DAGGER: So shall we go to the boat, Cap'n?

SADIE: Not quite. No treasure hunt can ever begin without a mug of ale. Or several mugs. So to Pugsly's Pub. And if we see anyone who dares so much as look at us, we shall put them down. As I did Finnegan earlier.

Everyone laughs, except FINNEGAN. They exit.

Scene 3

Setting: *Outside of BLACK LEGS' ship.*

At Rise: *WALLY is throwing fish at ONE-EYE to see if she can dodge them. She cannot. We see STEED, sharpening her blade. She looks at WALLY and ONE-EYE with a look of disgust.*

STEED: If the Captain sees you two doing that—

WALLY: She'll know we be workin' hard.

STEED: Workin' hard at what?

WALLY: Tryin' to help One-Eye see with the eye she don't have.

ONE-EYE: That's right. When I start seeing with me missing eye, I'll no longer be called One Eye. Me name'll be...

WALLY/ONE-EYE: Todd!

STEED: *(stands up)* Why would ye be called Todd? *(ONE-EYE gets hit in the face)* Ye can't see with something that's not there! Wait, a minute. Are those salmon? Where did you get them?

ONE-EYE: From the kitchen.

STEED: Wondered where they went. Those are for tonight's supper. Making Captain's favorite meal, sea turtle bone and salmon quiche.

WALLY: So we shouldn't be throwin' the fish?

STEED: Gimme the fish!

WALLY and ONE-EYE look at each other and back at STEED.

WALLY/ONE-EYE: Okay.

WALLY and ONE-EYE throw the fish to STEED, hitting her. STEED looks at the fish, then at WALLY and ONE-EYE.

STEED: You know what, I'm just going to kill ya both.

STEED moves in on ONE-EYE and WALLY. BLACK LEGS and MONTY enter. BLACK LEGS clears her throat. STEED, WALLY, and ONE-EYE turn.

ONE-EYE, STEED, WALLY: Ahoy, Captain!

BLACK LEGS: (to STEED) What are ye doin', Steed?

STEED: (looks back at BLACK LEGS) Killin' 'em.

BLACK LEGS: Don't.

STEED: But they messed up the meal I was cookin' for tonight. Yer favorite. For ye gettin' the map.

BLACK LEGS: (seems to be considering letting STEED kill them but then reconsiders) Still don't.

STEED: Aye, Cap'n. (crosses over to BLACK LEGS)

BLACK LEGS: Ye really smell of fish now.

STEED: Aye. So, did ye get the map?

MONTY: No, but he did kill Red Beard by bum... (BLACK LEGS looks at her and MONTY corrects herself, rather loudly) bum sword!

ONE-EYE: (crosses to BLACK LEGS, MONTY, and STEED) What's a bum sword?

WALLY: (crosses over to the group) It's a sword for yer bum. Had one when I was a child. (looks at BLACK LEGS) Didn't know ye had a bum sword, Cap'n. Maybe I could get me bum sword and you and I could duel with our bums—

BLACK LEGS: Shut up, Wally. Wally. That's a bloody dreadful name.

WALLY: I was named after me mother.

BLACK LEGS: Your mother's was named Wally?

WALLY: No, Peggy.

BLACK LEGS: *(stares at WALLY for a moment)* Somehow my day has now gotten worse. *(sits on a box with her head in her hands)*

STEED: *(crossing to BLACK LEGS)* Why didn't ye get the map?

BLACK LEGS: *(looks up at STEED)* Because that swine Red Beard traded it away. For a show. Written and performed by... The Dread Pirate Sadie.

The PIRATES, besides MONTY, are shocked.

STEED: But I thought—

BLACK LEGS: She's not. Apparently she is alive and well.

MONTY: And an actor and a writer!

ONE-EYE: Wait. The Dread Pirate Sadie is an actor and a writer? I bet she writes her crew plays for them to perform. *(shakes her head)* Knew I should've joined her crew. *(they turned to her)* Was that out loud? *(They nod. ONE-EYE stares at them.)* That wasn't.

STEED: So what do we do? Go after her?

BLACK LEGS: I don't know. But I do know that we're going to the pub.

STEED: What about dinner? I could still whip something up.

BLACK LEGS: We'll just eat at the pub.

STEED: But pub food, Cap'n... it's just not healthy.

BLACK LEGS: Not in the mood.

STEED: Aye, Cap'n.

BLACK LEGS: Now all of you, go tidy yourself up a little. I need to be alone for a moment. *(WALLY, ONE-EYE, STEED exit. MONTY crosses to BLACK LEGS and stands beside her. BLACK LEGS turns to her.)* What are ye doing?

MONTY: Waiting with ya, Cap'n. Like ye wanted.

BLACK LEGS: I said I wanted to be alone.

MONTY: Right. We'll be alone together.

BLACK LEGS: I don't want to be alone together.

MONTY: Are ye sure?

BLACK LEGS: I am. Now go to the ship with the others and freshen up. I don't want to be seen in me favorite pub with you looking like that.

MONTY: Aye aye, Cap'n.

MONTY exits. BLACK LEGS watches her go and then looks out, troubled. MARCUS enters wearing a sign that says "I am so sullen and wish to be left alone." He sees BLACK LEGS.

MARCUS: Hello, sister.

BLACK LEGS: *(looks up at MARCUS and smiles)* Marcus? Didn't expect ya. *(casts an interested look at him)* Why are ye so sullen and wish to be left alone?

MARCUS: How did you know?

BLACK LEGS: Because yer me brother. And you're wearing a sign that says "I'm so sullen and wish to be left alone."

MARCUS: *(notices the sign)* Oh. I forgot I was still wearing it.

BLACK LEGS: It's a very nice sign. Strong penmanship. See why ye became an artist. *(MARCUS stares at the sign and then rips it up while screaming)* Not the response I was expectin'. *(MARCUS stares at her sadly)* What be wrong, Marcus?

MARCUS: *(turns away)* Sadie didn't have the gold for my art studio, so I broke up with her.

BLACK LEGS: Oh. That's it, is it?

MARCUS: She left me no choice. *(Silence. Then MARCUS looks up.)* I mean, I love her but—

BLACK LEGS: Do you?

MARCUS: A little. Well... not really but... *(crosses to BLACK LEGS)* Never mind that though, I'm ready to join your crew.

BLACK LEGS: As what? Not much calling for a crew artist. Though I have been wanting me mural of myself updated.

MARCUS: I'm not here to be an artist. I'm here to be a pirate.

BLACK LEGS: Really? I don't believe that at all.

MARCUS stares at her and then decides to go in a different direction. His eyes quickly begin to fill with tears and his voice quivers some.

MARCUS: No, but you're the only family I have. The only one I can trust. I mean, you are the one who took care of me after our parents died. The way you cuddled me when I was—

BLACK LEGS: Stop it. Why would you say that? That's a horrendous reason. If yer gonna be a pirate, for bloody's sake, have a reason that a pirate would have.

MARCUS: *(instantly stops crying)* I want to find or steal enough gold to open me own art studio.

BLACK LEGS: Would you steal it from me? Yer own sister?

MARCUS: Yes.

BLACK LEGS: Splendid. If yer gonna join the crew, though, ye gotta fight yer way in, you know that, right? I'm Cap'n, but I can't just—

MARCUS: I understand. I don't have a sword though.

BLACK LEGS: *(takes her sword out)* You can use mine. *(hands him the sword)* Remember how to?

MARCUS: It's a sword. You stab someone with it.

BLACK LEGS: Well, there's a bit more to it than that, but... well, actually, that's about it.

MARCUS: Who do I fight?

BLACK LEGS: Whoever steps up. *(yelling)* Crew! Come.

The crew quickly comes out. ONE-EYE comes out in a new fashionable patch.

ONE-EYE: Do ye like me patch, Cap'n?

BLACK LEGS: Is that an eye? On an eye patch?

ONE-EYE: It is. So it's an "eye eye" patch. *(DAGGER TOOTH, WALLY, and MONTY laugh. BLACK LEGS and STEED do not. To BLACK LEGS.)* Get it?

BLACK LEGS: *(rolling her eyes)* Well, crew, we have someone wanting to join us.

The crew looks at MARCUS.

MONTY: That be yer brother?

BLACK LEGS: Yes, and he wants to join our crew. But per pirate regulation 65 B, one must fight his way in. So... who wants to fight him?

STEED: Well, that depends. You want a challenge, or you want him to fight One-Eye?

ONE-EYE: Oh, I can't fight right now. Me new patch still be dryin'.

BLACK LEGS: Doesn't matter, I don't want to see you fight anyway. Ever. I want a challenge, but—

MARCUS: I'll take on anyone. Including you. (*points at BLACK LEGS, who smiles*)

BLACK LEGS: I like your confidence, but I would kill you in a moment without hesitation.

MARCUS: (*eyes grow wide*) Oh. Someone else then?

STEED: (*steps up*) I'll fight ye, ye barnacle-bottomed freebooter. (*Takes sword out. BLACK LEGS starts to say no.*) But I must warn ye, I won't take it easy on ya. All adding another crew member means to me is less gold. And less gold means fewer kitchen supplies, so— (*MARCUS lashes out at STEED, who deflects it but seems impressed*) Perhaps the tiny puppy has some bite.

MARCUS: I do. The question is, are you more than a bark?

STEED laughs and they fight. It's a fairly even fight until STEED gets cocky. She opens her arms wide.

STEED: Give me yer best shot. (*MARCUS smiles and then lunges. STEED tries to block it, but MARCUS knocks her sword away and before STEED can do anything, MARCUS has his sword across STEED's neck. STEED laughs.*) You win. (*MARCUS relaxes and STEED turns and knees him in the gut. MARCUS collapses. STEED kneels down and takes MARCUS's chin in her hand.*) First rule of bein' a pirate is: Never a trust a pirate or ye'll have yer gizzard skewered. (*The PIRATES laugh and STEED offers him her hand. MARCUS reluctantly takes it.*) Welcome to the crew.

The other PIRATES come up and welcome him. They clear the way for BLACK LEGS, who looks at MARCUS.

BLACK LEGS: Welcome, brother.

MARCUS: Thank you.

MONTY: It's thank ye, not thank you. Yer a pirate now, for bloody's sake.

MARCUS: Must a pirate speak incorrectly?

STEED: It is the expectation, yes.

MARCUS: Very well. Thank ye, sister.

BLACK LEGS: Don't call me that. Call me Cap'n.

MARCUS: Thank ye, Cap'n.

BLACK LEGS: Yer welcome.

WALLY: You've come at a good time. We be after The Dread Pirate Sadie and a treasure map.

MARCUS: I thought The Dread Pirate Sadie was—

STEED: She's not. Apparently.

MARCUS: So where do we start? On the ship? Another fight?

BLACK LEGS: Ye start by going to yer house and getting that sword I gave ya and more appropriate clothing. Ye look like a penniless artist.

MARCUS: I am a penniless... where should I meet you... ye when I'm done?

BLACK LEGS: Why, Pugsly's Pub, of course. No good adventure can be had without some drink. Meet us there.

MARCUS: Okay. *(starts to exit)*

BLACK LEGS: Wait. One more thing. *(MARCUS turns)* Yer name is no longer Marcus. I already have one pirate with a ridiculous name. Yer new name, yer pirate name, shall be... Kidd Clegg. Because you be me kid brother and I've always wanted a crew member named Clegg. So what do you think, Kidd Clegg?

MARCUS: It... works. Better than being a pirate named Marcus, I suppose.

BLACK LEGS: Or one named Wally. *(WALLY starts to protest)* Yes, I know ye be named after yer mother... Peggy. *(MARCUS looks confused)* I'm glad yer part of me crew. I really am. *(MARCUS smiles and exits)* Now, to the bar for ale!

MONTY: Captain, what if she's there? Will her crew and our crew—

BLACK LEGS: No, it wouldn't be proper to fight at me favorite pub. Well, not all of us.

They cheer and exit.

Scene 4

Setting: Pugsly's Pub

At Rise: ANNE, DAGGER TOOTH, SAL, and FINNEGAN have scripts in their hands and are acting out a scene while SADIE mouths all of the lines.

DAGGER: *(as a beautiful butterfly in search of a mate)* Oh, if only I could find another butterfly! One to face this dark and cold world with. *(ANNE enters uncomfortably as a fairy. DAGGER sees her and flies over to her.)* Dear little fairy, do you know where I might find what I'm looking for?

ANNE: *(rather angrily and with a scowl)* To find what you're looking for—

SADIE: Stop! You're helping her, Anne. Not threatening her death. Now, again, but this time less... you.

ANNE: *(smiles awkwardly and delivers her line again, this time less threateningly)* You must find a tree-like shrubbery that is neither a tree nor a shrubbery, for there you will find what you are looking for.

ANNE begins to leave. SADIE mouths "Float away." ANNE floats away. SAL enters as a tree. SADIE points FINNEGAN to one of SAL's "branches." FINNEGAN does so but begrudgingly. DAGGER notices the tree.

DAGGER: There it is! A tree-like shrubbery that is neither a tree nor a shrubbery. Are you the one that has what I desire?

SAL enters the "play space" and stands like a tree-like shrubbery that is neither a tree nor a shrubbery.

SAL: *(in a tree-like voice)* I am. Look to my branch. *(DAGGER looks to a branch)* Not that one. *(DAGGER looks at the other "branch")* See it. It is a cocoon. A place of rebirth. Soon something of beauty will emerge.

DAGGER: From a simple cocoon?

SAL: Yes, yes, indeed. As you emerged from one, so will it. Watch and bear witness.

DAGGER watches in anticipation as FINNEGAN stands there.

SADIE: It's your turn, Finnegan. Begin emerging.

FINNEGAN: This is bloody stupid! I don't know how to emerge!

SADIE: Just do something. And don't insult my work! (*FINNEGAN does something that is ridiculous and nothing like emerging*) That was the worst emerging I've ever seen. We'll have to work on that. Go, Dagger.

DAGGER: It's like looking in a mirror. A mirror that doesn't show the same image, yet something similar. Speak to me, oh new found eternal friend.

FINNEGAN: (*delivered poorly*) I've waited so long inside this...

SADIE: Again! This time with feeling.

FINNEGAN: (*Shakes head but does it again. This time it's even worse.*) I've waited so long inside this—

SADIE: Blast it! Do it again like you're not dead inside!

FINNEGAN: Don't want to! Why can't we just drink?

SADIE: You will get a drink when you get this line right. Now, again.

FINNEGAN looks at SADIE angrily. ANNE touches her sword to threaten her. FINNEGAN looks back at her script.

FINNEGAN: I've waited... so... long...

SADIE: Stop! You're terrible. And sound nothing like a butterfly who's just emerged from a cocoon!

FINNEGAN: Butterflies emerging from a cocoon don't sound like nothin'.

SAL: I disagree. I've witnessed many caterpillars beginning their second life and they do make a sound. It's a rustling sound. Very relaxing.

DAGGER: (*turns to SAL*) I agree. That sounds always put me to sleep as a baby. That's why me mother made me sleep in cocoons.

FINNEGAN: Well, butterflies don't talk!

SADIE: It's called theatre, Finnegan. Where anything happens. So this butterfly, you, speaks. You must find, Finnegan, your motivation for speaking. What do you want most of all?

FINNEGAN: I want a blasted drink.

SADIE: Not you as you. But you as the butterfly.

FINNEGAN: I don't know.

SADIE: Give me something!

There is silence and then, finally, FINNEGAN speaks.

FINNEGAN: A shot at a new beginning. Where I am free to spread me wings and experience something me have never known.

SADIE: (*stares at FINNEGAN, as if thinking deeply, and then a big smile crosses her face*) My god. That's brilliant! A true breakthrough, Finnegan. I think—

ANNE: Cap'n, now that Finnegan's had a... breakthrough, don't you think it's about time we have a drink and be on our way?

SADIE: Avast ye, matey!!! It is. We shall rehearse again on the ship. This time in costume. (*DAGGER TOOTH and SAL celebrate*) I know, Dagger Tooth and Sal, it is quite exciting. But now it be... time to find Serranto's Treasure!

The other PIRATES cheer.

SAL: I just thought of something, Cap'n. What if Black Legs is looking for you and happens upon—

SADIE: Why would she be looking for me? She thinks I be dead.

DAGGER: Maybe she hasn't accepted that yer dead. Still in the denial stage.

SADIE: She's the one who killed me. Besides, she wouldn't be able to find us. She doesn't have the map.

FINNEGAN: What if she gets one?

ANNE: There is no other map. Besides the ones that the Cap'n drew for us all. Right, Cap'n?

SADIE: (*awkward*) Right. (*ANNE looks confused*) And even if she did get one, it wouldn't matter. Or if she showed up here right now. Because I would handle it.

DAGGER: By running away and faking your death again?

SADIE: No. Don't think it would work twice. (*considers*) Or would it?

ANNE: Doesn't matter because we didn't run away, Dagger Tooth. Faking the Cap'n's death, well, that just made everything a lot easier.

SADIE: And provided a wonderful plot twist.

FINNEGAN: Only cowards run away.

SAL: That's not actually true. Back in ancient Egyptian times—

SADIE: Let me tell you something (*pointing to FINNEGAN*), and everyone else, I'd be glad to fight Black Legs anywhere, anytime. Even right now. Why, if she walked in this pub, I'd fight her. To the death. Probably hers.

BLACK LEGS and her crew enter. The other PIRATES stand up and put their hands on their swords. SADIE grows confused until she understands.

SADIE: She's standing right behind me, isn't she? (*the others nod*)

BLACK LEGS: Hello, The Dread Pirate Sadie. Wasn't expecting to see you again. Alive, that is.

SADIE: (*turns and smiles*) That's because you thought me dead.

BLACK LEGS: Yes, that would be why. But I did hear rumors of your... non-demise.

SADIE: Apparently they weren't exaggerated. Nice stockings.

BLACK LEGS: Thank ya. They were me mother's. God rest her soul.

SADIE: She's dead? (*BLACK LEGS nods*) Really? Didn't know. Would have sent a card.

BLACK LEGS: She died when I was a wee child.

SADIE: I didn't know you then.

BLACK LEGS: No.

SADIE: And I probably wouldn't have sent ya a card anyway. Wasn't that kind of kid.

BLACK LEGS: Nor I. By the way, I like your stockings as well. Might get me a pair. Where did you get them?

SADIE: Picked them up in the Davey Jones Boutique just last week.

BLACK LEGS and SADIE start to talk about stockings as the other PIRATES watch in confusion. Finally STEED speaks.

STEED: Cap'n, are we going to stand around here like a bunch of girls talking about stockings or are we gonna fight?

BLACK LEGS: (*turns to STEED*) I already told you, Steed, we're not all gonna fight. This be a classy joint and must be treated as such. (*turns to SADIE*) But perhaps the Cap'n here, being newly alive, would care to dance a little.

SADIE: I would rather not. Always had two left feet.

BLACK LEGS: I didn't mean dancing, per se. I meant—

FINNEGAN: She knows what ye meant. She just be a coward.

SADIE: (*turns to FINNEGAN*) Ya know, ye don't have to always share yer thoughts. Especially in front of...

The other PIRATES besides ANNE and start chanting, 'Fight. Fight. Fight.' SADIE, seeking a way out, looks to ANNE, who nods that she'll have to fight. As the chanting grows louder, SADIE makes a decision.

SADIE: Oh, fine. (*draws sword*)

ANNE: (*reconsidering*) No, wait. Let me.

WALLY: The cap'n has no interest in fighting a peasant pirate.

ANNE: Perhaps ye then would care to die by one.

WALLY: (*scared*) Why would I want to die by one? Or die at all. Ye made a very silly statement there.

SADIE: Doesn't matter, for I suppose this be me fight.

SADIE and BLACK LEGS begin to fight and it is quickly over. BLACK LEGS knocks SADIE's sword away and points her sword at SADIE's chest. SADIE begins whimpering softly.

BLACK LEGS: Are ye whimpering like a little child?

SADIE: Yes. I tend to do that when a sword is at my chest.

BLACK LEGS: Perhaps then I should put ye out of yer misery.

ANNE: *(steps up and puts a sword to BLACK LEGS' back)* Kill someone without a sword? That doesn't seem to be a true pirate's way, now does it?

MONTY: Oh, that's certainly the cap'n's way. Why just today, she killed Red Beard by—

BLACK LEGS: Shut your mouth, Monty! *(turns to ANNE)* I like your style. But, as it were, *(turns to SADIE)* pick up yer sword and let's finish this the right way.

SADIE: Can we just consider it a draw? Each go our own way?

BLACK LEGS: No.

SADIE: Fine.

SADIE gets up and grabs her sword. BLACK LEGS and SADIE turn to each other. MARCUS enters.

MARCUS: Ahoy, Cap'n, ready fer—

MARCUS sees SADIE and BLACK LEGS about to fight. SADIE and BLACK LEGS turn to him.

SADIE/BLACK LEGS: Marcus? *(BLACK LEGS turns to SADIE)*

SADIE: How did ye know his name?

BLACK LEGS: He be part of me crew. How did ye know his name?

SADIE: I didn't.

BLACK LEGS: I heard ye call him Marcus.

SADIE: Well, I heard ye clearly call him Marcus as well.

MARCUS: *(shocked)* Sadie?

SADIE: Me name's not Sadie. Me name's The Dread Pirate Sadie.

MARCUS looks confused.

BLACK LEGS: Wait. So you're Sadie? His girlfriend?

SADIE's CREW: His girlfriend?

MARCUS/SADIE: Ex-girlfriend.

MONTY: This has gotten a lot more awkward.

SADIE: Why are ye part of her crew, Marcus?

BLACK LEGS: Call him Kidd Clegg. And he's part of me crew because he's me brother.

SADIE's CREW: Yer brother?

SADIE: That's what you meant when you...

MARCUS: And you're really The Dread Pirate Sadie?

SADIE: Yes.

MARCUS: But I thought—

SADIE: It's a very long story.

ANNE: (*stepping up to them*) And very long stories are not shared with our enemies, which he now is. Whatever was in the past is in the past, Cap'n. Now we need to be on our way. Got something more important to deal with.

SADIE: Right. C'mon, crew. To the ship.

They start to exit, but STEED, WALLY, ONE-EYE, and MONTY stand in their way.

STEED: Not so fast. We didn't say ye could leave.

ANNE: And ye really think yer gonna stop us?

There's a moment where it seems that a fight is about to break out.

BLACK LEGS: Let them go, Steed. We will no doubt see them shortly. Very shortly. And Sadie the Dread Pirate (*SADIE turns back*), when we do meet again, we will fight, and this time... I will skewer yer gizzard. And yer Marcus will be—

MARCUS: I'm not her Marcus!

BLACK LEGS: (*turns to him*) Don't interrupt me. Was in the middle of a threatening sentence.

MARCUS: Sorry. Go ahead then. Finish.

BLACK LEGS: I can't just start from the middle.

WALLY: Ye should start from the beginning.

ONE-EYE: (*turns to WALLY*) Of time?

WALLY: I don't know. Maybe.

STEED: No, just the beginning of the sentence.

BLACK LEGS: That's a good idea. (to SADIE) Do you mind if I start me threatening sentence over again?

SADIE: Of course not. But be warned, you've given me time to come up with a very threatening response.

BLACK LEGS smiles, clears throat, and points her sword at SADIE.

BLACK LEGS: And Sadie (SADIE turns back), when we do meet again, we will fight and... I will leave you breathing yer last breaths. (laughs)

SADIE: Well... fine! To the ship!

They exit, leaving BLACK LEGS' crew in the bar on one side of the stage and SADIE's crew outside of the bar, on the other side of the stage.

Scene 5

Setting: *Inside the bar, after SADIE and her crew have departed.*

At Rise: *MARCUS watches SADIE exit, and when he turns, BLACK LEGS' sword is at his throat.*

MARCUS: Do you realize your sword's at my throat?

BLACK LEGS: I do. Are ye betraying me, brother?

MARCUS: What?

BLACK LEGS: Comingling with The Dread Pirate Sadie, my immortal enemy. When ye told me ye wanted to join me crew, I questioned it because you've never wanted to be a pirate before. All ye ever wanted to do was throw colors on a canvas.

MARCUS: It's called painting, and I don't just throw the paint on the canvas anymore. That was just my "Just Throw Paint on the Canvas" period. And I made it clear, I want gold so I can open my art studio. Sorry, me art studio.

MONTY: I wouldn't disagree with the one who has a sword to yer neck. Well, there was this one time I did disagree when someone—

STEED: Quiet!

MONTY: Don't tell me to be quiet. You're not the boss of me.

STEED and MONTY begin arguing, joined by ONE-EYE and WALLY.

BLACK LEGS: Enough! I'm right in the middle of an accusing monologue!

STEED: Sorry, Cap'n. Go ahead.

BLACK LEGS: Now I've lost my place. Again.

MARCUS: Maybe you were going to say how I said I would steal from you and perhaps it was me and Sadie's plan all along to get your gold.

BLACK LEGS: (*stares at MARCUS*) That sounds about right.

MARCUS: Here's the thing... I never knew she was Sadie. Well, I knew she was Sadie. Just not The Dread Pirate Sadie.

STEED: How could ye not know? It's not like she wears a mask.

WALLY: And ye clearly recognized her when ye saw her.

ONE-EYE: And her name is Sadie. Don't imagine there's many pirates named Sadie.

MARCUS: I never considered it. Plus, she lied to me all this time and I never really asked any questions. Even when I saw her on The Dread Pirate Sadie's ship and everyone called her Cap'n. Or the way she always responded when people yelled out "Hey, it's The Dread Pirate Sadie," or that time we went out and she was wearing a shirt that said "I'm The Dread Pirate Sadie." (*finally understands*) My god. I'm clueless.

WALLY: Don't be so hard on yerself. Ye was blinded by love.

MARCUS: That's right. The love of an art studio.

WALLY: I meant—

MARCUS: (*turns to BLACK LEGS*) And if you don't believe me, sister, why don't ya go ahead and kill me?

BLACK LEGS: (*looks at him, considering*) Very well.

BLACK LEGS moves forward and MARCUS collapses into a fetal position.

MARCUS: Wait, no! Don't!

BLACK LEGS: Ye told me to.

MARCUS: I was saying that for dramatic effect. I thought that was obvious.

MONTY: It was to me. But I've always been a fan of saying things for dramatic effects. This one... (*pointing at BLACK LEGS*) not so much.

STEED: Cap'n, we don't have time fer this. Sadie and her crew are heading for the treasure. So kill him or—

BLACK LEGS: Fine. (*to MARCUS*) If you wish to live, dear brother, you must prove your loyalty.

Lights fade on this scene and up on the outside of the bar. We see DAGGER TOOTH, SAL, and FINNEGAN.

DAGGER: That was a rather shocking turn of events.

FINNEGAN: (*turns*) And I can't believe it's taken so long fer me to be proved right.

SAL: About what, Finnegan?

FINNEGAN: Remember when I said that I thought the captain couldn't be trusted and it wouldn't be a surprise if she were dating the brother of Black Legs?

SAL: No.

DAGGER: Nor I. Perhaps it was a waking dream.

FINNEGAN: I don't know what that means.

SAL: Probably that's what it was, then.

FINNEGAN: Sure I said something like that.

DAGGER: No, think we woulda remembered if ye had.

SAL: That's right. All ye ever said was that ye didn't trust the captain. Ye never really elaborated on the why.

FINNEGAN: Well—

ANNE and SADIE enter in an argument.

ANNE: I can't believe ya did this.

SADIE: I didn't know who he was!

ANNE: Well, you shouldn't have been dating him in the first place.
You're The Dread Pirate Sadie, fer bloody's sake.

SADIE: And cannot The Dread Pirate Sadie have a relationship with—
(ANNE, who notices the crew, punches SADIE in the arm) Ow, that really hurt. Why did you... oh.

ANNE nods. SADIE turns and sees them.

FINNEGAN: Having a little... spat?

ANNE: No.

SAL and DAGGER cross to them.

SAL: Clearly ye are. I think ye two should sit down and talk it out.

DAGGER: Fabulous idea. (*sits down, legs crossed*) Come, let's make a
"Truth and Harmony Circle."

SAL sits down besides DAGGER, but no one joins them.

ANNE: There's nothin' to talk about.

SAL: That's when ye have the most to talk about. When there's nothin'
to talk about.

SADIE: Didn't I tell ye to get the ship and ready her? (*SAL, FINNEGAN,
DAGGER all shake their heads no.*) Really? I thought I did. Well,
never mind that. Get to the ship and ready her.

SAL: But what about—

SADIE: That be an order!

DAGGER/SAL: Aye aye, Cap'n.

They exit, talking amongst themselves. FINNEGAN stays back.

SADIE: That includes you, Finnegan. (*FINNEGAN smiles and slowly walks
back to the ship. ANNE starts to follow them, but SADIE stops her.*)
I'm sorry, Anne. I should've known.

ANNE: No, it's my fault. I should've never asked you to do this in the
first place. (*pause*) And once we find the treasure... (*a worried
expression comes over her face*) The map.

SADIE: What about it?

ANNE: You didn't give Marcus a copy, did you? (*SADIE doesn't answer*)
Did you?

SADIE: Would it benefit me to lie? (*ANNE shakes her head no*) Then yes,
I did.

ANNE: He's going to give it to Black Legs, you know?

SADIE: No, he would never do that.

ANNE: Black Legs is his sister.

SADIE: And I'm his girlfriend. Was. Either way, he would never give her
the map. Not even to prove his loyalty.

*Lights down on ANNE and SADIE and up on BLACK
LEGS' crew.*

MARCUS: Prove me loyalty? All right. Here you go. (*MARCUS reaches
into his pocket and pulls out the map*) Sadie gave it to me before we
broke up.

BLACK LEGS: What is it?

MARCUS: This. It's a map... Serranto's Treasure. Take it.

BLACK LEGS: (*takes it*) She gave it to you?

MARCUS: She did. In hopes that I would follow her there so we could
be together.

WALLY: That's very sweet of her.

MARCUS: I wasn't going to go. My feelings for her are done.

MONTY: Just like that?

MARCUS: Yes.

BLACK LEGS: And now you'd betray her?

MARCUS: I'd do whatever it takes to get what I want.

BLACK LEGS: Your lack of feelings impresses me. Thank you. Now, we
will take the map and find the treasure.

STEED: But what about The Dread Pirate Sadie and her crew?

BLACK LEGS: I suppose we'll see who gets there first. And if we meet
on the island, we will settle it once and for all. And she will know
that I am the true most feared pirate of the sea.

FINNEGAN: (*enters*) And I have something that might help ye prove that. A map. That I'll give ye.

BLACK LEGS' crew turns to FINNEGAN. Lights down on the bar. Up on ANNE and SADIE.

ANNE: Listen, whatever happens, you deserve to be free after this.

SADIE: What?

ANNE: Yer loyalty to me is... well, you know. But I won't ask ya to do it anymore. You must be able to live yer own life.

SADIE: And you'll be captain?

ANNE: I'm saying that after this hunt... (*SAL and DAGGER reenter*) Why are you two not on the ship?

DAGGER: Because there is no ship.

ANNE/SADIE: What?

SAL: There is no ship.

SADIE: Where is it?

DAGGER: Well, that's the thing. Remember, when I told ye that we could anchor the ship where we anchored the ship?

SADIE: Yes, it was close to the bar and you said your friend would be fine with us anchoring it there.

SAL: We did say that.

ANNE: What happened to the ship?

SAL: You two are going to laugh. (*ANNE and SADIE stare at them*) Or not. See, it turns out that Bertha actually doesn't consider us friends anymore.

DAGGER: There be some that would say she hates us.

SAL: Some like Bertha.

DAGGER: Right.

ANNE: What happened?

SAL: Turns out that she wasn't fond of our psychologically breaking her down and pointing out her character flaws.

DAGGER: Not flaws. They're called "Aspects Where You Can Improve Your Person."

SADIE: Just tell us where the ship is so we can go get it.

SAL: Gonna be quite difficult, it is.

ANNE: Why?

DAGGER: It be at the bottom of the ocean.

SADIE: Come again?

SAL: When Bertha found out that it was ours, she took a dinghy out and sunk yon ship.

ANNE: I can't believe it.

DAGGER: We couldn't either, until she showed us this drawing of her doing it. (*hands drawing to SADIE and ANNE, who look at it*)

SADIE: Did she draw this? (*SAL and DAGGER nod*) She's very talented. Reminds me of... (*looks off*)

ANNE: Focus, Cap'n. We have no ship. And the treasure is on an island.

SADIE: We have to buy another ship then.

ANNE: With what? All our gold was on the ship.

SADIE: Blast it. You're right. (*to SAL and DAGGER*) Since you two caused this, you two will fix it. Or we will borrow a ship and then make ye walk the plank from that borrowed ship. Understand?

SAL: No.

DAGGER: I do. We have to find a boat or we'll be fed to the fishes.

SAL: To complete the circle of life. Beautiful.

DAGGER: It is, but I would rather delay it for a while. Let's go get a boat.

ANNE: Wait, where's Finnegan?

DAGGER: She said she had something to take care of in the bar with Black Legs.

SADIE: What?

SAL: Don't know. All she said was that she was going to talk to Black Legs about a map. We figured she was talking about a metaphysical representation of the map of her life. Come on Dagger Tooth, let's get that ship. (*exits with DAGGER TOOTH*)

SADIE: I don't think it's a metaphysical representation of the map of her life.

ANNE: It's not. Let's go. We have to stop her from giving Black Legs the map.

SADIE: Surely she's given it to her by now.

ANNE: No, she'll make her agree to her terms first. Come on. Time to rid ourselves of this pain.

Lights down and up on the bar where we see BLACK LEGS' crew staring at FINNEGAN.

FINNEGAN: Once you agree to my terms, that is.

BLACK LEGS: Aren't ye supposed to be finding a treasure?

FINNEGAN: I am, but not with them.

STEED: Ye wish to be part of our crew?

FINNEGAN: Aye.

BLACK LEGS: And why would we want someone who leaves a crew as they're about to find the richest treasure in the world?

FINNEGAN: Because they won't find it first. Ye will. Well, once ye have this, that is. (*pulls out map*) The map to Serranto's treasure. And once you agree to—

STEED: Ye can stop. The answer is no.

FINNEGAN: You're not the captain.

BLACK LEGS: Then I'll say it. The answer is... no.

The PIRATES laugh at FINNEGAN.

FINNEGAN: Then you'll never find the treasure.

MARCUS: Or we could just use our own map?

BLACK LEGS holds up the map.

FINNEGAN: How did ye... she gave her boyfriend a copy of the map. Idiot!

SADIE and ANNE enter and see FINNEGAN with the map.

SADIE: That's Captain Idiot to ye. Now stop what you're doing, Finnegan!

FINNEGAN: (*turns around*) Stop what?

ANNE: Betraying us.

FINNEGAN: I'm not.

SADIE: Were you handing her the map?

FINNEGAN: Well, I was trying but—

BLACK LEGS: We turned her down.

FINNEGAN: See? I didn't betray ye.

SADIE: Just because yer act of betrayal was rejected doesn't mean ye didn't betray us.

MONTY: That's true. It was clearly a betrayal.

An argument breaks out amongst the PIRATES about what constitutes a betrayal. Finally BLACK LEGS has had enough.

BLACK LEGS: Enough.

Everyone is silent, even SADIE, until she realizes that BLACK LEGS quieted her.

SADIE: And it's most certainly a betrayal! (*to BLACK LEGS*) No one quiets me before I'm done.

BLACK LEGS: As it should be. Now, would ye like to know why I turned down a chance at the map?

SADIE: Because Finnegan's a completely unlikable and untrustworthy pirate?

FINNEGAN: I'm right here.

BLACK LEGS: No. We turned her down because we already have our own map. Right, Kid Clegg?

MARCUS: That's right.

SADIE: (*to MARCUS*) You gave her the map?

MARCUS: Yes.

SADIE: But I drew that for you.

MARCUS: No. Sadie drew that, and she is now dead. Well, just to me. Not really dead. Clearly. I mean, you're standing right there.

(*notices that the others are looking confused*) And just so you know, I never liked your plays.

The PIRATES respond by laughing and talking about how harsh it was.

SADIE: Ye can say a lot of things about me and me crew, but ye do not speak negatively about my writing. (*pause*) Ye know what, I'm glad ye gave her the map because I don't want ye to have it anymore. (*turns to BLACK LEGS*) I don't want ye to have it either, but there we are. At least it means we can settle this once and for all. None of your crew, including ye (*pointing at MARCUS*) will leave that island.

BLACK LEGS: (*applauds*) Very spirited. So I suppose we should both go to our ships. See which one's the fastest.

SADIE: Of course, we'll give ye a head start.

BLACK LEGS: Very well. Come, crew. To the ship.

BLACK LEGS' crew exits.

ANNE: (*crosses to her and places her hand on her shoulder*) I'm sorry.

SADIE: Don't be. We have a treasure to find.

FINNEGAN: That's right we do! (*ANNE and SADIE turn to her*) Right?

ANNE: No.

SADIE: Wait, Anne. We need the bodies. (*crosses to FINNEGAN*) Let's be clear. We detest you, ye stinking rose-smelling rascal. But we will let ye come with us on one condition.

FINNEGAN: What?

SADIE: If you do anything or say anything that annoys me or Anne in any way... you'll be shark bait.

ANNE laughs.

FINNEGAN: Understood.

SADIE: Excellent. Now, once Dagger and Sal find a ship—

FINNEGAN: Wait, we... what happened our ship?

ANNE: Don't worry about it because Sal and Dagger—

SAL and DAGGER enter.

DAGGER: (*proudly*) Have found a vessel.

SADIE: Excellent. What's her name, yon ship?

SAL: She's more of a boat, and she doesn't really have a name.

SADIE: Then I shall christen her. Quickly, show us to the vessel. We have to catch up with Black Legs and her crew.

DAGGER: I'm not sure that will be possible.

SAL: It could be. Like the little boat that could.

ANNE and SADIE look at each other and mouth "Little Boat." They exit.

Scene 6

Setting: *An ocean (empty stage).*

At Rise: *We hear birds and various other ocean sounds. Perhaps a narwhal. BLACK LEGS and her crew come out in a "ship." MONTY and STEED are in the front of the ship with MONTY at the wheel. ONE-EYE is standing beside WALLY looking around as if she forgot something. BLACK LEGS is drinking near the rear of the ship standing beside MARCUS, who doesn't look well. STEED is looking out with her periscope.*

STEED: No sign of 'em anywhere, Cap'n.

BLACK LEGS: Excellent. How much further, Monty?

MONTY: (*turns to BLACK LEGS*) To what, Cap'n?

BLACK LEGS: The island.

MONTY: I feel like I should know why yer asking me that.

WALLY: Ye should, the cap'n told ya to take us to the island. By followin' the map.

MONTY: Oh, I suppose I should be doing that then. One-Eye, come and help.

ONE-EYE: Can I steer?

EVERYONE: No.

ONE-EYE: Very well.

ONE-EYE crosses to MONTY and whispers in her ear about the fact that she's missing her sword. BLACK LEGS turns to MARCUS.

BLACK LEGS: So whadda ya think o' being out on the open sea?

MARCUS: When ye look past the seasickness and the horridness of the ocean, it's quite beautiful. Like it better in my paintings though. Do you think that Sadie... The Dread Pirate Sadie will catch up to us?

BLACK LEGS: Highly doubtful.

They laugh. STEED notices the bar coming up.

STEED: Why are we heading back to the bar?

WALLY: For more ale?

BLACK LEGS: Bloody h... Monty, why are ye taking us back to the bar?

MONTY: Because One-Eye left somethin' behind.

BLACK LEGS: What?

ONE-EYE: Somethin' important.

BLACK LEGS: Well, we're not going back. Ye can pick it up later.

ONE-EYE: But...

BLACK LEGS: No! You know, I knew this would happen. My counselor said "You must give your crew more responsibility." I do, and look what happens? (*crosses to the front of the ship*) Give me the map. I'll get us there. Keep a watch out for The Dread Pirate Sadie, all of ya!

THE OTHER PIRATES: Aye aye, Cap'n.

They exit. SADIE and her crew enter in a really tiny boat.

SADIE: I can't believe this is the best you could do!

DAGGER: Didn't have much to offer.

ANNE: What did ya offer?

DAGGER: Sal.

ANNE: Ya tried to exchange Sal for this dinghy?

DAGGER: No, for an actual ship.

SADIE: Take it that didn't work.

SAL: Aye. Once I started discussing the emotional issues that keep the ship of our lives from reaching the ultimate treasures that life has to offer, they demanded that we leave.

DAGGER: Even gave us a boat to help with our leaving.

FINNEGAN: Or drowning.

SADIE: Being in this boat, that outcome would appear very likely. But if we're gonna get to the island, we must row faster. *(they look at her)* So row faster. *(sees that they are still going slower)* This is embarrassing.

ANNE: We'll get there, Cap'n. At some point.

They slowly make it offstage. Coming from another direction, we see BLACK LEGS and her crew.

STEED: Look, Cap'n. What's that?

BLACK LEGS: Why I'll be a barnacle's baby. *(starts laughing)*

MONTY: *(terrified)* It's not a sea monster, is it, Cap'n?

BLACK LEGS: No, it's not. It appears to be the The Dread Pirate Sadie and her crew in a most pathetic vessel. I think it's a dinghy. Everyone get yer scopes so we can all look together and laugh.

They do and laugh. After a moment, BLACK LEGS sighs.

MARCUS: What is it, sister?

BLACK LEGS: I told ya—

MARCUS: Right, Cap'n. What is it? Why are ye sad?

BLACK LEGS: The laughing. It's jovial but lacking in something. *(considers)* I know, let's go to them and laugh so they can hear us.

MARCUS: But shouldn't we be focusing on the treasure?

STEED: The captain has spoken. Reverse course and let's go mock them.

MONTY: Will do.

MARCUS: I don't think this is a good idea.

BLACK LEGS: Of course is it. We'll go and mock 'em and then head to the island. They still won't be able to catch up with us. To their tiny dinghy!

They exit offstage. We see SADIE and her crew again.

SAL: Captain, there seems to be a ship coming our way.

SADIE: Stop your rowing. (*looks out her telescope*) What are they doing?

ANNE: Who?

SADIE: It's Black Legs.

DAGGER: Comin' back to sink us?

SADIE: No, that's not her way. I believe she's coming back to... laugh at us.

ANNE: Then it's only gonna slow them down.

SADIE: Don't care. Been laughed at enough for today. Everyone hide. Pretend this is an empty vessel.

ANNE: But—

SADIE: Quickly!

They hide. BLACK LEGS' ship comes upon the dinghy.

WALLY: Where they be? This looks like an empty vessel.

BLACK LEGS: (*looking in the ship*) I don't know. I swear I saw her looking with that awkward expression she has. Ya know what I mean, Marcus?

SADIE: (*stands up*) I don't have a—(*ANNE yanks her down*)

WALLY: Cap'n! They be hidin' out in the bottom of the boat.

BLACK LEGS: Are they now? Ye can stand up. We know yer there.

SADIE and the rest of the crew stand up.

SADIE: Ye came back to laugh at us, didn't you? About the boat.

BLACK LEGS: That's right. Commence laughing, crew.

They begin laughing and insulting.

ANNE: So instead of getting the treasure, you came back to laugh?

BLACK LEGS: That's right.

SADIE: That's fine. But I doubt you'll be laughin' when we make it to the island first.

BLACK LEGS: (*laughing*) No. We could sink our ship, drown, come back from the dead, then swim to the island and we would still make there before ye and yer ridiculous dinghy.

SADIE: I find that highly doubtful, but I'd like ya to test that theory anyway.

BLACK LEGS: Pass. Crew, our time for laughing is done. To the island. (*looks back at SADIE*) Better hope for a storm on this perfectly clear day because that's the only way—(*Lightning strikes. Everyone looks around.*) Are ye kidding me?

MONTY: Don't worry. There's not a cloud in the sky. (*looks up*) Except for that massive one there that appeared out of nowhere. But look at the waves. They couldn't be more calm. (*suddenly, the boats begin rocking violently back and forth due to the sea becoming rough*) Oh. I think a storm be a-brewin'.

BLACK LEGS: Ya think? Quickly, to the island.

SADIE: Yes, to the island. This storm has given us our chance.

ANNE: We should go back!

SADIE: No, Anne. It is not your decision to make. We shall go into the storm. The time to face the past is now!

ANNE: (*stares at her a moment*) Very well.

FINNEGAN: This doesn't appear to be a wise decision.

SADIE: Most likely, but this is the only chance we have.

The storm picks up. We see both ships sailing across the ocean. The adventure continues until both ships yell "Land Ho!"

SADIE/BLACK LEGS: To the treasure!



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