



J. Patrick Moss

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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HUGHS CREWS

FARCE. Avast, ye matey! This seafaring farce is sure to whip up a storm of laughter! In a freak science accident, Amelia accidentally time-travels to the 1700s and finds herself aboard Cap'n Hugh Mann's pirate ship, "The Struggle." After Cap'n Mann and his crew realize Amelia isn't a mermaid or manatee, they quickly pitch her overboard and continue on their quest to find hidden treasure. Lost at sea, Amelia is spied in the water by the crew of another pirate ship skippered by Cap'n Hugh Moore, a cowardly pirate who yearns to amass "the biggest booty the world has ever seen." Unable to understand Amelia's "future speak" and realizing she isn't a mermaid or manatee, Cap'n Moore and his crew assume Amelia must be a sea witch. To keep from being thrown overboard yet again, Amelia comes up with a plan for Cap'n Moore and his crew to find the illusive Hidden Island and the lost treasure. But in the process, this time-traveling "sea witch" stirs up a tempestuous time storm and incites a battle of wits between the two cap'ns. Easy to stage with scene-stealers for everyone in the cast. Perfect for teen actors or community theatres.

Performance Time: Approximately 90 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(3 M, 5 F)

- AMELIA MEATY:** Nerdy grad student who is writing a research paper on the legendary pirate, Captain Hugh Moore, and time-travels to the 1700s to meet him; female.
- CAPTAIN HUGH MANN:** Salty, grizzled pirate captain of “The Struggle” who is on a quest to find Cap’n Jamie Rankin’s hidden pirate treasure on Hidden Isle; male.
- PIPTOO BISMOL:** Dimwitted crew member of “The Struggle” who is obsessed with mermaids; mirrors her sister, Pip Bismol, in behavior and bearing; female.
- ROGER ROGERS:** Quartermaster of “The Struggle”; the only word he says is “Arrrrh!” but all the other characters understand him as if he is speaking full sentences; falls in love with Simone Blanche; male. *[Note: The actor playing this character must be very expressive. The original actor who played this role won a best actor award.]*
- CAPTAIN HUGH MOORE:** Cowardly captain of “The Dauntless”; yearns to be the most-feared pirate king of the Atlantic and amass the biggest booty the world has ever seen; male.
- PIP BISMOL:** Dimwitted crew member of “The Dauntless” who is obsessed with mermaids; mirrors her sister, Piptoo Bismol, in behavior and bearing; female.
- SIMONE BLANCHE:** The salty, savvy quartermaster of “The Dauntless”; a pirate’s pirate; falls in love with Roger Rogers; female.
- ALOYSIUS “PROFESSOR” SMYTHE (aka CAP’N JAMIE RANKIN):** Deckhand on “The Dauntless”; intelligent and observant with a dry wit; as Jamie Rankin she is cunning and maniacal; female.

SETTING

At sea aboard the pirate ships, "The Dauntless" and "The Struggle."

SETS

NOTE: The sets may be as simple or elaborate as your budget allows.

Before the curtain. There are a few desks and an archway that looks high-tech. The archway has lights on it.

Pirate ships. Both ships have railings, a traditional pirate ship wheel, and a pirate flag.

Hidden Island. A backdrop of an island may be used.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1: Before the curtain.

Scene 2: Aboard Hugh Mann's ship, "The Struggle"

Scene 3: Aboard Hugh Moore's ship, "The 'Less"

Scene 4: Aboard Hugh Mann's ship, "The Struggle"

Intermission

ACT II: Aboard Hugh Moore's ship, "The 'Less"

ACT III

Scene 1: Hidden Island, after the storm.

Scene 2: Hidden Island, a short time later.

Scene 3: Hidden Island, a short time later.

PROPS

Cell phone, for Amelia	Flag with a large blood-soaked "L" emblazoned on it
Goggles, for Amelia	Black flag with an overly happy, grinning skull on it
Rolled treasure map that can be unfurled	Large pink flag (Pepto-Bismol pink)
Swords, for Pirates (plastic)	Treasure chest
Long pole	Outdated cell phone
Spyglass	CD
Tattered flag, for "The Struggle"	

SPECIAL EFFECTS

High-tech/sci-fi archway that lights up	Sci-fi special effects
Wonky technical sci-fi sound effects	Loud splash
Sci-fi sound effects to indicate archway is working properly	Splashing and gurgling sounds
Sound of a powerful machine powering up	Lightning
Flashing lights	Sounds of someone struggling in the water
Thunder	Storm special effects (wind, thunder, lightning)
Lights flashing erratically	Ropes to swing aboard ship
Sound of a raging storm	Massive clap of thunder
	Massive crashing noise
	Sound of wood splintering

**“DON’T NONE
OF YE
BE TOUCHIN’
ME BOOTY!”**

—CAP’N MOORE

ACT I
SCENE 1

(AT RISE: Before the curtain. There are a few desks and a high-tech/sci-fi archway that is lit up. Amelia is working on the archway while talking on the phone.)

AMELIA: *(Fidgeting with arch. Into phone.)* Of course, Dr. Stapleton isn't here. He's speaking at a symposium in Boston on Friday, so it's up to me to run his labs and make sure the equipment is performing top notch...Why? Because I'm the best assistant he's ever had. I mean, he's practically using my notes in Boston...Sure, I'm being named as a co-author. *(Makes face.)* No, I'm not serious. Stapleton doesn't give me any credit...Why? With a last name like Meaty, can you blame him? Well, actually, I do but, look, Brandy, I'm just not going to be able to make it tonight. I've got all the work to finish up here, and if I don't get that paper written for Dr. Cross's survey of 18th-century history, I'm gonna blow my average and lose my scholarship!...I don't know. I've got to do a research paper on some guy named Hugh Moore. He was a pirate in the 1700s, I think...I know, me either. That's the problem. Nobody has heard of this guy, other than a brief mention of him in our book. I can't find any information on him in the library or online, all links refer back to Cross's book...The only thing that's said is that in 1837 sailors came across a boat from the early 1700s named "The Struggle." It was adrift with nobody aboard. The only clue left was a carving in the mast that read, "Captain Hugh Moore is...pirate." Part of the mast was damaged, so they don't know what was between "is" and "pirate." The ship disappeared soon after and was never seen again. I'm not convinced it even existed...Right? That's all I have to go on. You'd think if I was doing research on a famous pirate, he'd be more

famous...No, I wasn't trying to make a pun. (*Wonky technical special effects.*) Look, Brandy, I've got to go. The accelerator is being needy again. I'll see you when I see you...You, too. Bye. (*Hangs up. Sighs, looks at the archway. To archway.*) You know you're the reason I don't have a social life, right? (*Makes adjustments to archway. Wonky technical SFX. Frustrated.*) Just work, already! I've made the calculations. I've made the adjustments. (*Makes more adjustments.*) Work! (*Wonky technical special effects. Super frustrated. More forceful with adjustments.*) Why...won't...you...work?! (*Wonky technical special effects. Thinks.*) What would Dad do in this situation? (*Starts smashing, kicking, and hitting the archway. Shouts.*) Aaaaggghhhh! Work! Work! Work! (*Archway shuts down.*) Ohhhhhh, crap! No, no, no, no, what did I just do? (*Sighs. Sarcastically.*) Thanks, Dad. Great example. (*Archway fires back up with sci-fi special effects indicating it is working properly.*) Wait, what did I just do?! (*Checks instrumentation.*) Okayyyy, I altered the polarity of the power source... (*Looks over the archway. With growing amazement.*) ...reversing the positron flow sans electrons. Wait a minute. Is the quantum field stabilized? It is! The quantum field is stabilized! Tachyons! They're real! I'm a genius! Time travel is possible! I don't care what Smolyaninov says! Thanks, Dad! You're a great example! When in doubt, percussive maintenance gets it out! I've got to call my professor. (*Starts to call and hangs up.*) No, I can't call Dr. Stapleton. He'll take all the credit. I can't tell the university, either. They'll give all the credit to Stapleton, too. (*Paces.*) So what do I do? I need to try this out myself. Okay, okay, okay...calm down. If I could go anywhere in time, where would I go? (*Thinks.*) I don't know. I hate history. (*Gets idea. Snaps fingers.*) That's it! I hate history. Perfect! Okay, Dr. Cross, you want a primary source, huh? How about Hugh Moore himself? (*Laughs manically. Makes adjustments. Sound of a powerful machine powering up. Lights flash, thunder.*) Hold on history,

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Amelia is coming for you! (*Snaps goggles down and steps through the arch. Blackout.*)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: Aboard Hugh Mann's ship, "The Struggle." Stage lights come up flashing erratically. Sound of a raging storm. Sci-fi special effects. Captain Hugh Mann, Piptoo Bismol, and Roger Rogers are onboard.)

MANN: (To Piptoo and Rogers, shouting into the wind.) Aye, this storm blew out of nowhere! Quick! We need to tack hard 'a port if we're going to stand a chance of getting clear of it. Pip! Secure the lines to the port sheets!

PIPTOO: Aye, aye, Cap'n! (Moves SR.)

MANN: (Annoyed.) Aye! Pip! Your *other* port! That there be starboard!

PIPTOO: Oh, right. Right!

MANN: Exactly! Now go left! Left!

PIPTOO: But, Cap'n, I thought you wanted me to secure the port lines!

MANN: (Face palms.) Port is left, ya goon! I swear, Pip, if you were any thicker, ye'd be a rock wall! (To SR.) What say you, Rogers?

ROGERS: (Agreeing.) ARRRRRrrrrhhh!

MANN: Good man! Now, go be helpin' Pip! We need to secure the boom before we get sucked into the heart of the maelstrom. (Suddenly, the storm ceases. Lights steady. Looking around, confused.) What the bloody — ?

ROGERS: (Confused.) ArrrrrH?

MANN: (Agreeing.) 'Tis true, and I've been sailing the vast blue for nary a year. I, too, have never seen the like.

ROGERS: (Wisely.) ArrrrRRRrHhhh! Arrrrrh.

MANN: Wiser words have never been spoken, Rogers. Truly, you're a prophet of the Seven Seas! (Unfurls map.) Now, the sooner we be finding that Hidden Isle, the sooner we be findin' —

ROGERS: (Questioning.) ArrRRHh?

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MANN: No, I still don't know where it be. Hence the name, "Hidden Isle." But... (*Motions for Rogers to come closer. From REO Speedwagon's song, "Take It on the Run."*) ...I "heard it from a friend who, heard it from a friend who, heard it from another" that had served upon "The Speedwagon," and they say that vessel used to raid the galleons laden with gold and silver fresh from the Spanish Main. They'd take it on the run and stash the loot on the Hidden Isle in these parts.

PIPTOO: (*Shouts, excitedly.*) Cap'n!

MANN: Not now, Pip.

ROGERS: (*Indicating map.*) Arrrrrh?

MANN: It may not look like much, Quartermaster, but once we reach the island, this here piece o' parchment will lead us straight to Cap'n Rankin's hidden hoard!

ROGERS: ARRRRRhhh?

MANN: Rich? (*Puts arm around Rogers.*) Rogers, me shiverin' mate, we'll all have king's ransoms! Our servant's servants will be havin' servants!

PIPTOO: (*Shouts, excitedly.*) Cap'n!

MANN: (*Annoyed.*) What?! What is it, Pip?

PIPTOO: (*Shouts, excitedly.*) Cap'n, ye better have a look at this!

MANN: Ye always say that, Pip, and it always turns out to be something extremely uninteresting. Remember that last time ye told me I needed to come take a look and it was just a school of fish ye thought was a pack of dolphins?

(*Groggy, Amelia sits up next to Piptoo.*)

PIPTOO: Ummm, Cap'n?

MANN: And there was that time you told me that I "really, really needed to come take a look," and it was just a pack of dolphins that you thought were a mermaids.

(*Amelia yawns, stretches, and rubs her temples.*)

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PIPTOO: *(Shouts, excitedly.)* Cap'n!

MANN: So it's probably just best if ye tell me what yer seein' instead of tryin' to get me to come look at it.

(Amelia stands. Rogers sees Amelia.)

ROGERS: *(Draws sword, threateningly.)* AARRRRH!

MANN: *(Sees Amelia.)* Sweet Neptune's gnarly kneecaps! We've been boarded! Pip, why didn't ya say so?

(Frustrated, Pip face-palms in frustration. Mann draws his sword and approaches Piptoo and Amelia. Piptoo draws her sword.)

AMELIA: *(Looks around, rubs her eyes. To herself.)* It worked? *(Excitedly.)* It worked! It worked! *(Shakes her fist at the sky.)* Take that, Smolyaninov! I defeated the entropy effect! A little reversal of the positron flow, a little quantum stabilization, and boom! Time travel! Move over, Einstein! *(Indicates self.)* Now there's something meatier.

MANN: *(Waving sword, threateningly.)* Avast, you! Or feel the taste of my steel in yer belly!

(Amelia raises her hands and surrenders.)

ROGERS: *(Waving sword, agreeing.)* ARRHH!

PIPTOO: *(To Amelia, waving sword.)* Yeah, avast, or the Cap'n will buckle your squash!

MANN: *(Sighs.)* For the last time, Pip, it's "swash"! "Swashbuckle," not "squash"! I swear—

PIPTOO: Sorry, Cap'n.

MANN: *(Grumbling.)* I'll buckle *your* squash, you half-witted—

AMELIA: *(To others.)* Please, please, don't hurt me! I mean no harm, I promise! Where am I? When am I?

PIPTOO: You're aboard Cap'n Mann's ship, "The Struggle."

AMELIA: (*In awe.*) "The Struggle"? I read about that ship. Everybody thought that ship was a myth. Most people don't think it actually existed.

MANN: I can be assurin' ye that... (*Looking at audience.*) ..."The Struggle" is real!

AMELIA: (*Enthusiastically.*) Fascinating. This trip is already paying off. (*Approaches Mann.*) Now, if you could just tell me—

ROGERS: (*Aggressively.*) ArrrrH! (*Points sword at Amelia.*)

MANN: (*Agreeing.*) That's right, Quartermaster! (*To Amelia.*) Yer the one who needs to be answer'n *our* questions.

(*They all stare at each other. Awkward pause.*)

AMELIA: And...what are your questions?

MANN: (*Aggressively waving sword.*) I said, *I'd* be the one asking the questions!

AMELIA: (*Defensively.*) But, but, you weren't asking any questions.

PIPTOO: She's right, Cap'n. You were just kinda lookin' at her like... (*Mimes staring off with wide eyes.*)

MANN: Shut it, Pip. Ye've a face like a hammerhead shark and brains to match! (*To Amelia.*) Now, you be tellin' me who yer cap'n be and how a pretty little lass such as yerself be boardin' my ship here in the middle of the sea during a storm.

AMELIA: Well, to be honest, Captain Mann, I was actually hoping to meet Captain Hugh Moore. Have you heard of him?

ROGERS: (*Angrily.*) ArrrrH! Arrrrhhhh! Arrrrrrhhhh!
ARRRRRrrrrHHHHh!

PIPTOO: (*Covers ears.*) Language! Language!

MANN: (*Nods. To Amelia.*) I'll be apologizin' for my Quartermaster. Rogers curses every other word. He curses so much that now when a man swears, people say he cusses

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like a sailor. Be watchin' yer tongue, Roger Rogers. I won't brook that kind of impropriety.

ROGERS: *(Apologetically.)* ArrrrrHHhhh! Arrrhhhh!

MANN: 'Tis all right, ya furry chupacabra. Yer still one of the best sailors this side of the Azores.

ROGERS: *(Points to Amelia.)* ArrrRRrhhhhhh!

MANN: Good point, Rogers. *(To Amelia.)* What business do you have with Moore, that oyster-faced, clam-nosed, haddock-breath'd sea snail?

AMELIA: *(Intimidated.)* I...well...I...just wanted to...meet him?

ROGERS: *(Questioning.)* ARRRRrh?!

AMELIA: *(Scared.)* Well...because...I thought this was his ship, and he's supposed to be this really famous pirate or something. But I can't find any –

(Mann, Rogers, and Piptoo all look at each other and burst into laughter.)

MANN: *(Incredulous.)* "The Struggle," Cap'n Moore's? *(Laughs.)*

PIPTOO: *(To Amelia.)* A famous pirate?! *(Laughs.)* Captain Moore... *(Air quotes.)* ..."couldn't sail his way around a mud puddle, and his crew are idiots!"

ROGERS: *(Laughs.)* ArrrrRRrrrrH!

MANN: *(Agreeing with Rogers.)* Cap'n Moore be as dense as a stone sandwich, 'tis true. *(To Amelia.)* But if'n ye be wantin' ta see 'im, I'll help.

AMELIA: *(Hopefully.)* You will?

PIPTOO: *(Confused.)* Cap'n?

ROGERS: *(Confused.)* Arrh?

MANN: Sure and true! *(To Piptoo and Rogers.)* Pitch her over the side!

(Piptoo and Rogers grab Amelia and drag her over to the railing.)

AMELIA: (*Shouts.*) Wait! No! Don't throw me over!

MANN: (*Annoyed.*) Yer but a delay in me retrievin' Rankin's lost loot and becoming the richest sea wolf of the New World. (*Indicates map.*) I've got to decipher the secrets of this map to get to the Hidden Isle, and I dinnae have time ta bandy about no more.

AMELIA: (*Panicking.*) But...but...I never told you how I got aboard!

MANN: Aye, and now you never will. (*To Piptoo and Rogers.*) Pitch her over the boards!

PIPTOO: But, Cap'n, I am sorta curious as to how she got here.

ROGERS: (*Agrees.*) Arrrh!

MANN: (*Dismissive.*) Don't care. Pitch her over!

PIPTOO: (*Pleading.*) Oh, please, please, Cap'n! She did mysteriously appear in the middle of the tempest. Maybe it was mermaids!

MANN: You and your mermaids, Pip. I keep tellin' ya, they're nothing but "my a'tees."

AMELIA: A'tees?

PIPTOO: Sea cows that swim in the waters of the Caribbean.

AMELIA: (*Realizes.*) Ohhh, "manatees." That's how they got that name. (*To Mann.*) They were named after you!

MANN: Nice try, but it will not save you. 'Tis not like a person will peer over the side of his vessel, see one swimming along, point and say, "Oh, the Hugh Mann 'atee"! Ye've delayed me long enough. I care not from whence you came! I dinnae want to hear the tale! (*Turns but Rogers has moved beside him.*)

ROGERS: (*Pleading.*) Arrrrrrhhhhhh.

MANN: Oh, not you, too! (*Rogers, Piptoo, and Amelia all plead. Frustrated.*) Poseidon's purple posies! (*Throws up his hands, exasperated.*) Fine, fine, fine! (*Rogers, Piptoo, and Amelia celebrate. To Amelia, with dramatic flair.*) Please, by all means regale us with yer fanciful tales of mermaids ridin' packs o' dolphins ta get you here. (*Looks at her suspiciously.*) Unless

you happened here by way of a hidden isle, then I'm all ears.

(Piptoo and Rogers celebrate.)

AMELIA: *(Relieved.)* Well, I don't know about mermaids, dolphins, or hidden islands, but this might sound just as far-fetched.

PIPTOO: *(Excitedly.)* We await with bated breath!

MANN: Yer breath smells like bait, Pip.

ROGERS: *(Waving away Piptoo's stench, agreeing.)* ArrrRRrH!

AMELIA: So my professor created an accelerated tachyon particle gate. Actually, he didn't create it. I created it...accidentally. *(Others look confused.)* Okay, you have no clue what I'm talking about. Let me start over. *(Thinks.)*

Well, it's like this...well, not like that but—

MANN: Quit yer blabberin' and out with it!

ROGERS: *(Agreeing, nods.)* ArrrrrH!

AMELIA: *(Deep breath.)* Okay, you might not believe this, but... *(Dramatically.)* ...I come from hundreds of years in the future. *(Others are silent. Pause. Hopefully, timidly.)* Well?

MANN: I believe you.

AMELIA: *(Surprised.)* You do?

MANN: Sure, it happens all the time.

AMELIA: *(Surprised.)* It does?! Really?!

MANN: *(Deadpan.)* No, not really. *(To Piptoo and Rogers.)* Pitch her over the side!

PIPTOO: Aye!

ROGERS: ArrrrrHHH!

AMELIA: *(Shouts.)* Wait! No! *(Piptoo and Rogers pitch her over the side of the ship. As she falls.)* AaaaHHHHHHhhhhHhh!

(A loud splash is heard.)

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PIPTOO: *(To Mann and Rogers, disappointed.)* So, no mermaids,
then? Awwwww...

(Blackout.)

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: Aboard Hugh Moore's ship "The 'Less." Pip, Simone, and Aloysius are busy on deck with tasks.)

PIP: (Looking over the railing, excited.) Aye, Simone, you might want to take a look at this!

SIMONE: (Exasperated.) I'm not coming to take a look at it, Pip. It's just another a'tee. It's not a mermaid. Get back to work.

PIP: It's not an a'tee. It's a person.

ALOYSIUS: Let me guess...a person with a scaly fish tail and scallop shells for a brassiere? We've heard it all before.

SIMONE: (Angrily.) Look here, Aloysius, only the Cap'n and I can be beratin' the crew. Ye might be educated, but ya don't have the rank! Keep yer head down, and do your work! (Aloysius grumbles and goes back to work.) We have heard it all before, Pip. Get back to work! Who knows how much time we lost due to that freak storm.

PIP: But, Quartermaster, there's a sick person in the sea below. She weren't a-floatin' there when we left starboard!

SIMONE: Left "starboard"? What?

PIP: "Starboard." Oh, right, right. I meant, when we left port. My sister and I always get those two confused.

(Aloysius approaches Simone.)

ALOYSIUS: (To Simone, indicating Pip.) I don't know why you even bother with that one.

SIMONE: You're not wrong. (Sternly.) I mean, swab the deck, you!

PIP: (Looking below.) I think she's sick.

SIMONE: Oh, for the love of—! (To Aloysius.) Go see what Pip's going on about.

ALOYSIUS: (Frustrated.) Am I swabbing, or am I seein'?

SIMONE: Go!

(Aloysius approaches Pip and looks over the railing.)

ALOYSIUS: *(Gasps.)* Great Triton's Titanic tutu! Quartermaster, Pip's not telling tales! There's a woman down there!

(Simone rushes over and looks over the railing.)

SIMONE: So there be! Ye gods and little fishes! *(Sadly.)* Poor soul, she belongs to Davy Jones now. Come on... *(Motions for them to leave.)* ...we dare not be a-lookin' when the ghost of Jonah comes to take her to the bottom.

PIP: *(Optimistically.)* But she's sick. We should save her!

SIMONE: Ummmmmmm, Pip, when a person floats facedown in the sea without breathing, what do we call that?

PIP: *(Confused.)* Sick?

SIMONE: *(Slowly.)* No, Pip. When a person floats facedown in the sea and ceases to breathe, we call that... *(Pip is silent. To Aloysius.)* Professor?

ALOYSIUS: Dead. When I was at Oxford, we called that "dead."

(Pip looks confused.)

SIMONE: *(To Pip, explaining.)* She has "ceased to be"! She was "formerly alive"! *(Pip looks confused.)* She "kicked the bucket," "moved on," "snuffed it"!

(Pip looks confused.)

ALOYSIUS: *(To Pip, explaining.)* She's "bought the farm," "bitten the dust." She's "living-impaired"!

SIMONE/ALOYSIUS: *(Shout.)* She's dead, Pip!

(Pip ponders this. Pause.)

PIP: (*As if working out a difficult concept.*) So, she's sick with the deadness?

ALOYSIUS: (*Throws up her hands. To Simone, indicating Pip.*) I can't...I just can't with this one.

SIMONE: (*To Pip.*) "Sick with the deadness"?! "Sick with the deadness"?! No, she's not sick with the deadness, ya foam-headed, barnacle scrape! Now, be getting back to work, or I'll be making *you* sick with the deadness!

PIP: (*Pleading.*) But, Quartermaster, she could be a mermaid, and we can save her!

SIMONE: Here we go with the mermaids again. Okay, Pip, how do you we propose we save this mermaid, then.

(*Pip thinks hard.*)

PIP: Poke her with a stick? (*Gets an idea. Snaps fingers.*) I know! Throw bottles o' rum at her!

SIMONE: (*To Aloysius.*) Move over, Professor, you're no longer the smartest person on "The 'Less." Pip's proven herself a genius.

PIP: (*Hopefully.*) Really?

SIMONE: (*Deadpan.*) No, not really.

PIP: You don't have to be so mean about it, Simone.

SIMONE: You're right, I don't have to, but it gives me a dark sort of joy when I am.

PIP: (*Whining.*) But wouldn't you want to be saved if you were sick with the deadness?

SIMONE: No, I'd expect to be left well enough alone whilst you got back to work.

PIP: (*Pleading.*) Please, Quartermaster? Please?

SIMONE: Fine! Fine! Poke her with a stick then, if'n ye'll quit with yer belly-achin' and get back to work. But ye best not be slackin' on your duties, or ye'll find yerself lashed to the mast, square and true.

(Pip grabs a long pole.)

PIP: If this works, can I keep her?

SIMONE: If poking her with a stick saves her, not only will I let you keep her, but I'll kiss all ten of your dainty fingertips dipped in bilge water.

ALOYSIUS: *(To Pip.)* And I'll do all of your tasks for a fortnight.

PIP: And if it doesn't work?

SIMONE: You'll have to do the same for us.

PIP: *(Hesitant.)* I don't know about that...

ALOYSIUS: Then drop the pole and get back to work with the rest of us.

SIMONE: Yeah, Pip, 't isn't your fault that you're not smart.

ALOYSIUS: *(To Pip.)* That fault was clearly that of your mother's.

SIMONE: *(Laughs. To Pip.)* Aye, or that of your father for casting your mother a second glance.

ALOYSIUS: *(Laughs.)* I would say the lad was blind as nobody would be, casting a second glance at Pip's mother. But even a blind man would be smarter than that.

SIMONE: *(Laughs.)* Either way, smart simply isn't in your bloodline, Pip.

(Simone and Aloysius double over with laughter.)

PIP: *(Angry.)* I'll show you how not smart I am! *(Takes the pole and violently pokes around over the side of the ship.)* I'll show you all!

SIMONE: Oh, give it a rest, Pip. You're daft as a ship rat! *(Looks at fingers.)* Great, now I have to dip my fingers in bilge water. *(Sighs.)*

ALOYSIUS: Speak for yourself, Quartermaster. I'm on easy street for a fortnight.

(Amelia's coughing and gasping can be heard from below.)

PIP: *(Manically laughing, pointing at herself.)* One person crazy... *(Points to Simone and Aloysius.)* ...two very sane spectators. *(Pokes with a pole again. More gasping and coughing below is heard as well as splashing and gurgling. Shouts.)* She's moving! She's alive! She's moving! She's alive! She's alive!

(Pip pokes around some more. Sounds of struggling in the water.)

AMELIA: *(Unseen from "below," shouts.)* Help me! Help!
SIMONE: *(Amazed.)* By Galatea's gargantuan glutes!

(Pip laughs manically and pokes around with the pole.)

AMELIA: *(Unseen from "below," frantically.)* Please! Stop it! Help me! I'm drowning!

(Aloysius rushes over and looks over the rail.)

ALOYSIUS: Borea's bush-beaten beard! Pip's done it!

SIMONE: Now quit doing it, Pip, before you kill her a second time! *(To Aloysius and Pip.)* Here, help me get her aboard. *(Simone, Aloysius, and Pip help Amelia climb aboard. Amelia lies on the deck, coughing and gasping. Amelia tries to stand. Drawing sword.)* Avast you!

AMELIA: *(Coughing.)* Why is it you people always say, "avast" every time you meet a stranger? Like, what does that even mean?

ALOYSIUS: It means, "Stop, or you'll get run through with my sword."

AMELIA: *(Looks at sword point, nods.)* Oh, okay, that makes sense. *(Holds up hands to surrender.)* Okay, look, you can rest easy. I come in peace.

SIMONE: *(Suspicious.)* Now, maybe you do, and maybe you don't. Be answerin' my questions, or ye'll be leaving in pieces. *(Aggressively waves sword.)*

AMELIA: Okay! Okay! *(Pause. No one asks a question.)* Why doesn't anybody ever ask me questions when they tell me to answer questions? I mean, I can't answer questions if nobody asks them!

SIMONE: *(Points her sword at Amelia.)* Aye, ye've got a smart mouth on you.

AMELIA: *(Fearfully.)* Look, I definitely can't answer questions if you go poking me with that thing.

ALOYSIUS: She's got a point, Quartermaster.

SIMONE: *(Holding up sword.)* No, I've got the point, and I'm about to run her through.

AMELIA: *(Trying to back away.)* Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Un-cool!

(Pip gets between Simone and Amelia.)

PIP: Now, wait just minute, Quartermaster. You said I could keep her.

SIMONE: *(Lowers sword, sighs.)* That I did, square and true.

PIP: *(Mischievously.)* You also said you'd kiss all ten of my dainty digits dipped in bilge water.

SIMONE: I was hopin' you'd forgotten about that.

ALOYSIUS: Aye.

PIP: Don't think I've forgotten about you either, Professor! *(Laughs. Gleefully.)* I'm getting a bilge bucket...and the Cap'n! He needs to see this! We've caught a mermaid! *(Exits offstage "below deck.")*

SIMONE: *(Calls.)* No, wait! Don't get... *(Sighs.)* ...the Cap'n. *(Throws up her hands.)* There goes the good day I was havin'!

ALOYSIUS: Your day was shot the instant that idiot saw this here mermaid floatin' broadsides.

SIMONE: *(Sighs.)* Aye.

AMELIA: Ummm, I'm not a mermaid.

SIMONE: Who be ye, then?

AMELIA: "Ye"? Well, he used to be known as "Kanye," but then he went off-the-rails crazy, and now everybody's saying he's—

SIMONE: Aye! Identify yerself!

AMELIA: (*Shrugs.*) Okay, I'm cis-gender, hetero, and female-presenting. My pronouns are "she," "her," "hers."

SIMONE: (*Confused, annoyed.*) I don't understand a word coming out of your mouth.

AMELIA: I don't know how I could have stated that any clearer.

ALOYSIUS: No, what is your *name*?

AMELIA: Ohhhhhh. I'm Amelia Meaty. Nice to meet you. (*Holds out her hand. Nobody shakes her hand, so she slowly pulls it back.*) Where am I?

SIMONE: Be holdin' your parlay for a moment. I'm askin' the questions here!

AMELIA: I swear, you people all sound the same. That's exactly what they said on "The Struggle."

(*Simone and Aloysius gasp.*)

ALOYSIUS: You faced "The Struggle" and lived to tell the tale?

AMELIA: Well, if you call being poked at with swords, thrown overboard, and nearly drowning, then, yes.

SIMONE: Now, how do we know that you're not one of Mann's men?

AMELIA: (*Blinking slowly, indicating clothing.*) Do I look like a Mann's man?

ALOYSIUS: Fair point.

SIMONE: Not so fair there, Professor. How do we know she's not here to be a-spyin' on us. (*Eyes Amelia suspiciously.*)

AMELIA: I'd think the fact you had to save my life should prove the point.

(*Hugh Moore and Pip enter from "below deck."*)

SIMONE: Aye, but that's just what Mann would want us to think. He's a crafty seadog, that one.

MOORE: *(Terrified.)* Ahhhh! Cap'n Mann?! *(Draws sword and begins to randomly hack at parts of the ship.)* Where? Where? Man the cannons! Tack hard a port! List to the starboard side!

SIMONE: Ummmmm, Cap'n?

MOORE: *(Terrified, barking orders.)* Lower the colors! Full sails! Retreat! Retreat!

SIMONE: *(Taps Moore on shoulder.)* Cap'n!

MOORE: *(Shrieks, jumps, and attempts to stab Simone.)* Avast, you! *(Simone easily parries. Realizes.)* Oh, it's you, Simone! Battle stations, Quartermaster! We face the most brutal pirate to darken the blue. *(Opens spyglass and sweeps gaze SL to SR.)* Where are you? I know you're out there, Mann. Watching me, taunting me, waiting...just waiting...waiting to—

SIMONE: *(Steps in front of spyglass, shouts.)* Cap'n!

MOORE: *(Screams.)* AAAaaahhhhhhhhh! Don't be doing that, Simone!

SIMONE: I was just telling you, sir, "The Struggle" isn't on the horizon.

MOORE: *(Looking around.)* It isn't?

ALOYSIUS: No, Cap'n.

MOORE: And Mann isn't trying to board?

SIMONE: No, Cap'n.

MOORE: *(Collapsing the spyglass.)* Right! *(Waves dismissively.)* As you were, then. That was just a...ummm...you know...oh, what's the word? *(To Aloysius.)* Professor? You know when... *(Makes a motion of drilling into his mid-section.)*

ALOYSIUS: A "naval drill," sir?

MOORE: Yes, that. That's the very thing. A naval drill, crew! I was testing you! All right, as you were. Very good, crew. Stellar reaction times! Commendations all around! Now, I'll just be— *(Begins to walk off but notices Amelia for the first time.)* Who the bloody—?!

AMELIA: I'm Amelia.

PIP: That's the mermaid I was telling you about, Cap'n.

AMELIA: For the last time, I'm *not* a mermaid!

MOORE: *(To Pip.)* Or if she is, she's out of uniform. I thought they wore the, you know... *(Makes gesture upward.)* ...shells.

AMELIA: *(Sarcastically.)* Wow, thanks for noticing that I'm not wearing a seafood bikini.

SIMONE: *(To Moore.)* She was tossed off the "The Struggle," Cap'n.

MOORE: *(Alarmed.)* Mann is trying to board! *(Waves sword at Amelia.)* Avast, you!

AMELIA: Whoa! How about you a'slow down there. I'm *not* part of Mann's crew.

MOORE: *(Panicked.)* How do we know that?

ALOYSIUS: Cap'n Mann did try to murder her, sir.

MOORE: Likely story. *(Sheathes sword.)* But it does fit Mann's behavior. Murderous seadog, that one. *(To Amelia.)* So, why were you aboard Mann's ship?

AMELIA: Promise you won't toss me over the side when I tell you?

SIMONE: The Cap'n will make no such promises.

MOORE: I'm the Cap'n, Simone, and I decide what I will and will not be a-doin'. *(To Amelia.)* Tell me what you're going to tell me, and I promise I won't throw you over the side.

PIP: Cap'n?

MOORE: It's all right, Pip. I want to hear what she's got to say. *(To Amelia.)* Go on, tell me how you came to be aboard "The Struggle."

AMELIA: All right, well, here goes. I'll try to make it simple for you. *(Takes a deep breath. Rapidly.)* I landed on "The Struggle" because I accidentally stabilized a rift in the time-space continuum. Now, here's where you're going to be, like, ummm, "Amelia, time travel isn't possible because of the entropy effect." But unlike Smolyaninov, I still subscribe to Einstein's relativity and understanding that neither mass nor energy can be destroyed and understanding that time is

merely a concept, a perception, if you will, of entropy in action. And since entropy *is* a perception, and mass and energy either both exist or do not exist relative to the location of said shared perception, one has to take into account Schrödinger's famous experiment highlighting the paradox of quantum superposition. That in mind, I accidentally altered the polarity of the power source, reversing the positron flow and stabilizing the quantum field, creating an accelerated tachyon particle gate, if you will, and...voilà! I overcame the entropy effect! In short, I...am...a genius! *(Takes a bow.)*

(Others stare at Amelia. Pause.)

MOORE: Nope, didn't get any of that. Professor, you're the learned one.

ALOYSIUS: Not a word of it. To be fair, I'm not as up on my Latin as I should be.

AMELIA: I wasn't speaking Latin.

ALOYSIUS: Greek, then?

PIP: It's all Greek to me.

SIMONE: Gibberish is what she was speakin'. I understood nary a word, Cap'n.

MOORE: *(To Amelia.)* Once more, as if you were explainin' it ta Pip.

PIP: *(Proudly.)* Yeah, and I'm the not-smartest person on the ship!

AMELIA: Ohhhh-kay, let me try this again. *(Clears throat, gestures dramatically.)* I am...from the future!

SIMONE: *(Rubbing chin.)* "The Future"? Hmmmmm. Hey, Pip, "The Future"...isn't that the vessel in dry dock at Port-au-Prince?

PIP: *(Nods.)* Aye, either that or Starboard-au-Prince, I can never remember.

SIMONE: For the last time, Pip... *(Makes big gestures indicating.)* ...left...port!

PIP: *(Dismissively.)* Aye, Simone, we've left port. Even I know that!

SIMONE: *(Face-palms.)* Honestly, Pip, sometimes... *(To Amelia.)* So how is it you got here from Port-au-Prince? *(Looks around.)* I don't see "The Future" on the horizon.

AMELIA: Not from the ship "The Future," but from the future...like further ahead in time!

MOORE: That's impossible!

AMELIA: I know! That's exactly what Smolyaninov posited but—

MOORE: The "Further Ahead In Time" was sunk ten years ago just off the coast of Tortuga! I saw it with me own eyes. I was serving on the HMS "Not Too Distant Past," but that was before I told His Majesty that he could—

AMELIA: No, no, I didn't come from any ship, any sailing vessel.

PIP: See, Cap'n, I told you she's a mermaid!

(Frustrated, Amelia sighs and cradles her face.)

MOORE: She's no mermaid, Pip.

PIP: *(Disappointed.)* She's not?

AMELIA: I'm glad somebody finally sees reason here.

MOORE: *(To Pip, Simone, Aloysius.)* I'll tell you what she is... *(Points to Amelia.)* ...that there's a sea witch! Pitch her over the side!

SIMONE/ALOYSIUS: Aye, aye, Cap'n!!

(Simone and Aloysius grab Amelia.)

PIP: *(Disappointed.)* Awwwww...

AMELIA: *(To Moore, struggling to release herself from Simone and Aloysius's grip.)* Wait, wait! You gave me your word! You lied!

(Moore holds up his hand and the struggle stops.)

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MOORE: How ye be figurin' that I lied to ye?
AMELIA: You said if I told you how I got on "The Struggle"
that you wouldn't throw me over the side.
MOORE: *(Nods.)* Aye.
AMELIA: *(Incredulous.)* What do you call this?!
MOORE: I call it, "pitching you over the side!"
SIMONE: *(Enthusiastically.)* Ayeeee!
ALOYSIUS: *(Enthusiastically.)* ARrrrhhhh!
AMELIA: *(To Moore.)* But you promised you *wouldn't* do that.
MOORE: Indeed. I promised that I wouldn't throw you over
the boards, but I said nary a word about me crew doing the
same.
SIMONE: *(Enthusiastically.)* Ayeeee!
ALOYSIUS: *(Enthusiastically.)* ARrrrhhhh!
PIP: But, Cap'n, Simone promised I could keep her.
MOORE: Did you be promisin' that, Quartermaster?
SIMONE: Aye, I did, Cap'n Moore.
MOORE: Well, I'm the cap'n, and I says she goes!
SIMONE: *(Enthusiastically.)* Ayeeee!
ALOYSIUS: *(Enthusiastically.)* ARrrrhhhh!
AMELIA: *(Realizes.)* Wait, wait, wait! Captain Moore?
Captain Hugh Moore? *The* Captain Hugh Moore?!
ALOYSIUS: I don't know if I'd say *the* Hugh Moore, but
Cap'n is definitely a Hugh Moore.
MOORE: Stow it, Aloysius. *(To Amelia.)* Aye, what of it?
What do you know of me?
AMELIA: Very little, actually. Which is why –
MOORE: We're throwing you over the side!
SIMONE: *(Enthusiastically.)* Ayeeee!
ALOYSIUS: *(Enthusiastically.)* ARrrrhhhh!
AMELIA: *(To Moore, thinking quickly.)* I meant to say, there's
very little I *don't* know about you, which is why I came back.
MOORE: Is that so?

(Crew crowds around Amelia.)

AMELIA: (*Timidly.*) Yes... (*More confidently as if getting an idea.*) ...yes, it is...er...so.

MOORE: What do you know about me?

AMELIA: (*Making it up as she goes.*) Hugh Moore, Captain of "The Naemos," Terror of the Caribbean, Pirate Lord of the Atlantic?

PIP: Cap'n's captain of "The Dauntless," the paint just rubbed off of "Daunt" so we just call her "The 'Less."

AMELIA: (*As if making a mental note.*) So not "The Naemos," then?

ALOYSIUS: No, "'Less" is Moore's.

SIMONE: See, Cap'n, she knows nothin'! (*To Amelia.*) Over the side with ye, ye squawkin' mad hag.

MOORE: Belay that last a comment, Quartermaster.

SIMONE: But, Cap'n, she's utterly bonkers...completely mad.

MOORE: She called me, "Terror of the Caribbean, Pirate Lord of the Atlantic."

SIMONE: As I said, utterly bonkers! Completely mad! It's total rubbish, Cap'n!

MOORE: (*Insulted.*) And just why is that total rubbish, Quartermaster? (*Folds arms.*)

SIMONE: Because she'll say anything to keep from being tossed over the boards. She's mad! Totally daft!

PIP: Witches be crazy!

SIMONE: (*Scoffs.*) Traveling from the future? It can't be done.

AMELIA: Well, not with *that* attitude.

ALOYSIUS: (*Laughs.*) Honestly, how do you expect us to swallow these lies? (*Sarcastically.*) You're from a distant time to come? The Cap'n is a great pirate? (*Dismissive.*) Such flights of fancy! (*Laughs.*)

MOORE: (*Insulted.*) Hey!

ALOYSIUS: No disrespect meant, Cap'n.

MOORE: (*"Kicks" Aloysius.*) None taken, Aloysius.

ALOYSIUS: (*Grimacing in pain.*) Aye, aye.

SIMONE: *(To Moore.)* So we continue with the plan to give this witch back to the sea from whence she came. *(Grabs Amelia.)*

MOORE: For the last time, hold, Simone!

(Pip fiercely grabs Simone.)

SIMONE: *(To Pip.)* Get off me, ya wet noodle!

(Simone pushes Pip off.)

MOORE: I didn't mean "hold" like that, Pip!

(Pip shrugs and then gently hugs Simone. Simone violently pushes Pip away.)

SIMONE: *(To Pip.)* Nor like that, either! Gaaaahhhhh! Thick as a whale omelet, you are! Cap'n, the crew is b'spelled. *(Indicating Amelia.)* It's best if she goes back to the blue.

MOORE: Not so fast, Quartermaster. I'm intrigued.

SIMONE: Of course, you are. *(Moore glares.)* I mean, aye, aye!

MOORE: Listen to her strange speech, the odd manner in which she is dressed... *(Grabs at Amelia's clothes roughly.)* I ne'er seen the like. Mayhaps, she speaks truth.

SIMONE: Cap'n, don't be bewitched by her honey'd tongue. These be but sorcerer's robes!

(Simone grabs at Amelia's clothes, causing Amelia to fall over.)

PIP: Witches be trippin'!

MOORE: *(Helping Amelia up.)* So, Lydia –

AMELIA: *(Correcting.)* Amelia.

MOORE: *(Without missing a beat.)* Amelia. Tell me some of my achievements.

AMELIA: I can't.

ALOYSIUS: See, Cap'n. She's a liar.

AMELIA: *(Thinking on her feet.)* I can't...because that would...uh...it would interfere with the event actually coming to pass.

MOORE: Would it now? I guess I like surprises, after all. Simone? *(Motions to railing.)*

SIMONE: With pleasure, Cap'n!

(Simone advances toward Amelia. Amelia backs away.)

AMELIA: *(To Moore.)* Okay, okay, you, uh, you sack... *(Struggling to come up with name while trying to avoid Simone and Aloysius.)* ...part, uh...por...port!

MOORE: I sack a port, do I? Which one?

PIP: Port-au-Starboard?

AMELIA: *(Remembers.)* Port-au-Prince! *(To Moore, confidently.)* You sack Port-au-Prince! Yep! That's the one!

SIMONE: *(In disbelief.)* Our cap'n?

ALOYSIUS: *(Laughs.)* Sacks Port-au-Prince? Port-au-Prince?!

MOORE: *(To Amelia.)* I do? I mean, of course, I do! I always meant to. *(To Aloysius.)* Why is that so hard to believe?

ALOYSIUS: *(In awe.)* Because nobody's sacked Port-au-Prince since Mad Cap'n John Brown took "The Recluse" into her harbor in '64.

SIMONE: Right, heard tales o' that.

AMELIA: *(To Aloysius.)* What happened?

ALOYSIUS: Brown completely ravaged the town and even renamed it for a time.

AMELIA: To what?

SIMONE: Port-au-John.

ALOYSIUS: *(To Amelia.)* We all hated the name, so we just referred to it as "The Port Formerly Known As Prince." But as terrible as Mad Cap'n John Brown was, he wasn't as bad as that brother of his who he installed as governor.

SIMONE: *(To Amelia.)* He was bad.

PIP: *(To Amelia.)* Bad.

MOORE: *(From Jim Croce's song, solemnly.)* "Leroy Brown, the baddest man in the whole dang town." *(To Amelia.)* So, Ophelia—

AMELIA: *(Correcting.)* Amelia.

MOORE: *(Without missing a beat.)* Amelia. You're saying that I become as fierce as he?

AMELIA: *(Broadly gesturing.)* Fiercer!

ALOYSIUS/SIMONE: *(Shout.)* Ha!

(Moore glares at Aloysius and Simone, and they quickly look away.)

PIP: *(To Amelia.)* What about Cap'n Mann?

MOORE: *(Terrified, jumps.)* Ahhhh! Where?

(Amelia approaches Moore.)

AMELIA: *(Encouraging.)* Captain who? Mann?

ALOYSIUS: *(Correcting.)* Hugh Mann.

AMELIA: *(Dismissive.)* Pssshhhh! A nobody! Captain Moore is the one history shall remember! *(Under her breath.)* At least I hope this time.

SIMONE: What was that?

AMELIA: *(Quickly.)* Scope of time. I said, "in the scope of time." In the scope of time, Moore is the more memorable.

MOORE: And my ship?

AMELIA: *(Shrugs.)* More or less.

SIMONE: Well, which is more memorable...Moore or "The 'Less."

AMELIA: *(Confused.)* Both?

MOORE: *(Hopeful.)* Am I rich?

AMELIA: *(Assuring.)* The richest.

PIP: Treasure?

AMELIA: *(Nods.)* So...much...treasure!

MOORE: Really?!

AMELIA: Really, really.

(Moore approaches the railing.)

MOORE: *(Raising his fist to the sky, shouts.)* Did you hear that, ya big gull's dropping?! You said I'd never amount to anything. But history remembers me! Me! Not you, me! *(Amelia coughs and looks to the side.)* I'm the Terror of the Caribbean! I'm the Pirate King of the Atlantic! I'm going to amass the biggest booty the world has ever seen!

(Amelia bursts out laughing.)

SIMONE: *(To Amelia.)* Aye! You think the Cap'n having a big booty is funny, do you?

AMELIA: *(Laughing.)* Don't you?

ALOYSIUS: I don't see the humor in it.

AMELIA: *(Laughing.)* But he said...you know...

MOORE: What, "booty"?

(Amelia doubles over laughing.)

PIP: *(Confused.)* I don't get it.

SIMONE: *(Confused.)* Nor do I, Pip.

AMELIA: *(Laughing, wiping away a tear.)* Oh, come on, guys!

ALOYSIUS: No, please explain to us with your "future speak" why Moore gathering much treasure is a subject for that kind of laughter.

AMELIA: Because he said... *(Gestures.)* ...you know... *(Snickers.)*

MOORE: *(Confused.)* "Booty"?

AMELIA: *(Laughs.)* Yes!

ALOYSIUS: *(Confused.)* I don't understand. "Booty" is wealth.

AMELIA: Oh, come on! No, it's not!

SIMONE: It is! Everyone knows that. Even Pip knows that!

PIP: Yeah! Oh! Oh! Does this mean I'm not smarter than she is?!

AMELIA: You're kidding me, right?

MOORE: Hey, Professor, what's another word for "pirate treasure"?

ALOYSIUS: Why, I think it's "booty."

AMELIA: *(Unconvinced, flatly.)* "Booty."

SIMONE/PIP: *(Agreeing, nod.)* "Booty."

ALOYSIUS: *(To Amelia.)* That's what it is!

MOORE: Tell me, Cecilia—

AMELIA: *(Correcting.)* Amelia.

MOORE: *(Without missing a beat.)* Amelia. What could "booty" possibly mean in your strange future tongue that would cause all of this mirth? *(Amelia approaches each Crew Member and whispers in their ear. Crew Members are shocked when they hear.)* How did it go from treasure to that?!

(Amelia shrugs.)

ALOYSIUS: *(To Amelia.)* So, other than you, you're telling me people in the future would laugh at that?

AMELIA: Sure.

MOORE: Like who?

(Cast stares at audience. Pause.)

PIP: *(Laughs.)* "Booty" ...it is kinda funny-soundin' when you think about it, innit? *(Laughs.)*

SIMONE: *(To Aloysius, indicating Pip.)* Like that one.

ALOYSIUS: I weep for the future.

MOORE: So do I, Professor, so do I.

PIP: "Booty." *(Laughs)*

SIMONE: I weep for the now. *(“Slaps” Pip on the back of the head.)* That's enough, Pip.

AMELIA: There was a Pip on "The Struggle" as well.

PIP: That's my sister, Piptoo.

AMELIA: *(Holding up two fingers.)* "Pip Two"?

PIP: No, "Piptoo." (*Spells.*) T-O-O. As in, "Pip, as well."
(*Shaking head.*) Mother Bismol was never creative with names.

SIMONE: Ye never told me ye had a sister serving on "The Struggle."

MOORE: Pip never told me she had a sister.

AMELIA: (*To Pip.*) Did you just say your mother's name is Bismol?

PIP: Our last name. We're Prussian, related to the Bismarks.

AMELIA: (*Disbelieving.*) Bismol?

PIP: (*Nodding.*) Yup.

AMELIA: Wait, wait, wait. Your sister's name is Piptoo Bismol?! (*Laughs.*)

ALOYSIUS: (*To Moore.*) The sea witch laughs a lot.

MOORE: I don't understand.

AMELIA: Oh, come on, guys!

PIP: (*Insulted.*) We might be poor, but I've always tried to work hard so that people could see what I've done and say, "That was a Bismol performance"!

MOORE: (*To Amelia.*) So, Derridia —

AMELIA: (*Correcting.*) Amelia.

MOORE: (*Without missing a beat.*) Amelia. How do I become the richest, most-dreaded pirate of the Atlantic? Sacking one port would not achieve such a feat even if it is Port-au-Prince.

AMELIA: (*Thinking.*) No, you actually...you um...

SIMONE: Yes?

AMELIA: You beat Captain Mann to the treasure he was looking for on some hidden island.

ALOYSIUS: (*Perks up.*) Hidden Isle?

MOORE: (*To Amelia.*) I discover a hoard?

AMELIA: Yes, I think. Or a lute...or maybe a mandolin. I don't know which. I'm not up on my instruments. Does the name Rankin mean anything to you?

MOORE: Pouncing Ponce de Leon! Captain Jamie Rankin's treasure?!

AMELIA: (*Shrugs.*) Sounds about right.

SIMONE: Cap'n! If'n you can be securing that bounty, our children's children's children's children would be rich!

PIP: (*To Moore.*) I could open a school for those people who are not smart to make them not smarter!

MOORE: (*To Amelia.*) So how do you know that Mann is searching for Rankin's treasure?

AMELIA: Because he wouldn't shut up about it. Kept waving this map around and saying that I was delaying him.

ALOYSIUS: Mann has the map?

MOORE/PIP/SIMONE: What map?

ALOYSIUS: (*Nervously.*) Rankin supposedly made a map to the exact location of his buried plunder, but one would have to find the location of Hidden Isle first, which is next to impossible.

AMELIA: Why is it so hard to find this island?

ALOYSIUS: Because compasses cannot be trusted. The needles swing and point hither, thither, and yon. Storms arise from clear skies and turn to dark tempests only to grow calm again. It's impossible to chart. You have to have been there in order to return.

AMELIA: Well, how do you get there in order to get back if you can't find it to begin with?

ALOYSIUS: It is rather tricky.

SIMONE: And just how do you know all of this, Professor?

ALOYSIUS: (*Nervously.*) I may or may not have served on "The Speedwagon" in my time.

MOORE: You served on "The Speedwagon"?! You told me that you served formerly under Captain Edwards on "The Gauntlet."

ALOYSIUS: Aye, and I did not lie. Prior to that, he and I were aboard "The Speedwagon." There were three captains to have helmed "The Speedwagon": Rankin, Edwards, and Osterman.

SIMONE: So it wasn't an HMS, but an REO Speedwagon.

MOORE: I can't fight this feelin' that you're not quite tellin' me everything you know, Professor.

ALOYSIUS: Just before Edwards passed command to Osterman, he took us to the Hidden Isle, but he was lacking Rankin's map, so our search was fruitless. Edwards saw the folly in it and passed command to Osterman. I followed Edwards to "The Gauntlet."

MOORE: What happened to Osterman?

ALOYSIUS: He never gave up the search. He was mad with treasure lust. The approach to Hidden Isle is treacherous. Last I heard, he and "The Speedwagon" were lost with all hands aboard.

PIP: Are you saying that you know the way to the isle, Professor?

ALOYSIUS: Aye!

MOORE: How come ye never told me any of this?

ALOYSIUS: Because ye never asked, Cap'n.

MOORE: Aye, fair point. Devious, but fair.

ALOYSIUS: *(Reminding, thumps chest.)* Pirate.

SIMONE: Aye, Cap'n, you understand what this means...

(Moore thinks.)

MOORE: No, not really.

SIMONE: *(Points to Aloysius.)* We can find this lost—

ALOYSIUS: *(Correcting.)* Hidden.

SIMONE: *(Without missing a beat.)* Hidden Island.

MOORE: But did you not hear what the Professor was saying? We have to have a map.

PIP: Are we sure the map is real?

AMELIA: I saw it myself. It was as real as "The Struggle."

SIMONE: No, I understand what the squeak is saying. Could it be counterfeit?

ALOYSIUS: *(To Amelia.)* Can you describe this map to me? What did it look like?

AMELIA: I don't know. It was brown and kind of square. It had markings on it. It looked map-ish.

ALOYSIUS: Scylla's snarkin' sea scales! That's it! 'Tis the very one!

SIMONE: Are you sure, Professor?

ALOYSIUS: As sure as I stand before you.

PIP: So if we get the map and we have the Professor, we can recover all of Rankin's plunder?

SIMONE: That would be the logic that I'm following.

MOORE: Except you're forgetting one small detail.

SIMONE: What's that, Cap'n?

MOORE: Mann has the map! Mann! How are we supposed to take it from him?

SIMONE: He is a crafty one, that Mann.

AMELIA: You keep saying that. How crafty is Hugh Mann?

MOORE: While quarter-mastering on the vessel, "The Serpent and the Rainbow," Mann was to be hanged for piracy in Haiti. He contacted a local witch doctor and raised a number of zombies that he dressed to look like himself in hopes that they would be hanged for his crimes instead of he.

AMELIA: Did it work?

ALOYSIUS: Most of his zombies had been dead for some time, so, no. But there was that zombie that bore an uncanny resemblance...it even robbed people.

PIP: Oh, yeah, the robbing zombie.

SIMONE: Yes, the Rob Zombie was more Hugh Mann than Hugh Mann.

MOORE: (*Hopelessly.*) The map might as well be 50,000 leagues away for all the good that does us. I'm not half as crafty as Cap'n Mann.

SIMONE: Aye!

ALOYSIUS: 'Tis true!

PIP: But, Cap'n, the sea witch—

AMELIA: (*Correcting.*) I'm not a sea witch!

PIP: *(To Moore, continuing.)* ...says you're the bestest of *all* time. Better than Rankin, better than Morgan, better than Mann, even. According to her, you've already done this!

MOORE: *(To Amelia, brightening.)* Doth that be so?

AMELIA: *(Unsure.)* Um...yeah...sure?

ALOYSIUS: You don't sound so sure.

SIMONE: The only thing the Cap'n truly be good at is runnin' away.

MOORE: *(Defensive.)* Now, that's not exactly true.

SIMONE: What about all the times you turned mast windward when you were about to be engaged?

MOORE: There was just the *one* time.

SIMONE: *(Reminding him.)* Tortuga?

MOORE: So two times.

ALOYSIUS: *(Reminding him.)* Port Royal?

MOORE: Okay, so maybe three times.

PIP: *(Reminding him.)* And that time we were near Nevis and Saint Kitts.

SIMONE: *(Reminding him.)* And off the coast of Saint Augustine in '13.

PIP: *(Reminding him.)* Don't forget '15.

ALOYSIUS: *(Reminding him.)* And '16. Oh, and once more in '17.

MOORE: *(Shouts.)* Okay!

SIMONE: Come to think of it, I can't recall a single time the Cap'n's been challenged and actually stood his ground and fought.

MOORE: Okay! Okay! Okay! I'm a runner, not a fighter!

AMELIA: *(Gets an idea.)* So that's what we do.

MOORE: I'm not following you.

AMELIA: We sneak aboard Mann's ship, steal the map, and then you sail to the Secret—

ALOYSIUS: *(Correcting.)* Hidden.

AMELIA: *(Without missing a beat.)* Hidden Island. If Mann's never been there, he'll never be able to find you.

ALOYSIUS: That does follow a certain logic, Cap'n.

MOORE: So it does. (*Brightening. Indicating Amelia.*) This one's a genius, she is.

AMELIA: That's what I've been trying to tell people for years. Glad somebody's finally noticed.

PIP: Well, except for one thing. Actually, several "one things."

ALOYSIUS: Really, Pip, and what would those be?

PIP: Wouldn't we have to... (*Begins ticking off, counting on fingers.*) ...find Mann's ship, sneak aboard in the middle of the open sea, locate the map, steal it, and escape back to the ship all without a single person aboard "The Struggle" becoming any the wiser?

(*Others look perplexed. Pause.*)

MOORE: Pip raises a fine point.

ALOYSIUS: (*Correcting.*) Points.

PIP: (*Excitedly.*) That might be the not-smartest thought I've ever had!

MOORE: Mayhaps, Pip. I guess it's all a moot point since we don't know where Mann be.

SIMONE: (*Looking through a spyglass.*) Ship on the horizon, Cap'n! (*Peers further.*) It's "The Struggle," sir! It's Cap'n Mann!

AMELIA: Looks like we know where Mann is.

MOORE: (*Panicked.*) Cap'n Mann?! Lower the colors! Full sails! Find the wind, Quartermaster! Retreat, retreat!

SIMONE: But, Cap'n, this is our chance! If we can board "The Struggle," we can snatch the map and Rankin's treasure will be ours!

MOORE: But we can't take them in a fight or sneak aboard in broad daylight.

AMELIA: So act like you're running away, wait until nightfall, then under the cover of darkness, sail back, and sneak aboard.

ALOYSIUS: That's about as cunning a plan as I've ever heard, Cap'n!

SIMONE: So it be! (*Looks through spyglass.*) Aye, Cap'n! The winds and the weather be favorin' us! There be a squall a-forming to the south! I can see the clouds billowing even now.

MOORE: And "The Struggle"? Have they spotted us yet?

SIMONE: (*Looks back the other way.*) I can't tell.

MOORE: You can tell me. I'm the Cap'n.

SIMONE: No, I mean it's difficult to say for sure.

PIP: "For sure." (*Shrugs.*) I didn't think it was that hard to say.

ALOYSIUS: Hush, Pip!

SIMONE: (*Looks in spyglass.*) Wait, Cap'n! "The Struggle"!

MOORE: (*Worried.*) "The Struggle." What is it?

SIMONE: It's that large ship off our starboard bow that's currently helmed by Captain Hugh Mann who—

MOORE: No, Quartermaster. What *about* "The Struggle"?

SIMONE: She's hoisted more sheets to her fore and mizzen masts!

AMELIA: What does that mean?

ALOYSIUS: It means she aims to pursue us!

AMELIA: So it's safe to assume they see us, then.

SIMONE: Orders, Cap'n?

MOORE: Well, crew, I say we run. What say you?

ALOYSIUS/AMELIA/PIP/SIMONE: Run!

MOORE: So moved! (*Grabs the pilot wheel and begins barking orders.*) Full sails, Quartermaster!

SIMONE: Full sails, Cap'n?

MOORE: All of them! The Top Sails, Top Gallants, Royals, Sky's, Moonrakers, Jibs, and Crossjacks! Raise the Yard Sail, the Close-Out and Back-to-School Sails! I want every square inch of canvas we have attached to a mast, yesterday! I don't care if Pip has to stand next to it and blow into it! If it's a piece of wood, put a sheet to it! Aye, aye?

ALOYSIUS/PIP/SIMONE: Aye, aye, Cap'n!

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(Crew disperses to carry out orders.)

MOORE: *(To Amelia.)* Cornelia—

AMELIA: *(Correcting.)* Amelia.

MOORE: *(Without missing a beat.)* Amelia. Are you a sailor in your future?

AMELIA: No, I pretty much stick to lab work and time travel.

MOORE: Doesn't matter. I need you to help with the sails on the mizzen.

AMELIA: But I've never—

MOORE: Until today! Today's the day you become a sailor under my command! Are you ready to be a pirate?

AMELIA: You cappin'?

MOORE: Of course, I'm captain!

AMELIA: No I meant...never mind. *(Brightening.)* Really, I get to be a pirate? For real?

MOORE: Aye! Now, go help Pip raise the sheets on the mizzen mast!

AMELIA: *(Saluting.)* Aye, aye, Cap'n. *(Goes off to help Pip.)*

MOORE: *(Looking through spyglass.)* Okay, Mann, you may have more guns, but I've got more runs. Catch me if you can, shark face!

(Moore closes spyglass. Blackout.)

SCENE 4

(AT RISE: Aboard "The Struggle." Captain Hugh Mann, Roger Rogers, and Piptoo are on deck.)

PIPTOO: (To Rogers.) Have they seen us?

ROGERS: (Looking through spyglass.) ARrrHH ArrrrrrrrH
ARRRrrrRRHH!

MANN: They've hoisted all the sails?

ROGERS: ArrrHHH ArrrH ArrrrrrrrrH!

MANN: The Close-Out and Back-To-School sails as well?

ROGERS: (Nods.) ArrrH!!

PIPTOO: Yep, they've seen us.

(Mann grabs the spyglass from Rogers.)

MANN: There be but one ship that has that much cloth and
one man who has the cowardice to use all of it.

ROGERS: Arrrh?

MANN: Captain Hugh Moore and... (Air quotes.) "The
Dauntless." Do you know what irony is, Quartermaster?

ROGERS: ArrrrHHh Arrrhhhh arrrrHHHhhh!!

MANN: No, it's not like goldy and steely, ya crab-faced, rum-
goon! Irony is having a ship named for bravery and
fearlessness, captained by the biggest coward to ever sail the
ocean blue!

ROGERS: ArrrrHhhh?

MANN: I know this because we served together on "The
Starkissed." That's when I first noticed he was the chicken
of the sea. (Looks through spyglass.) Oceanus's orange
oddities! The time-travelin' mermaid be aboard as well!

PIPTOO: Yayyyy! (Mann glares at her.) I mean, boooo!

ROGERS: ArrrrrH?

MANN: My orders be the same, Quartermaster. Close the
distance, plunder the cargo, put the crew to the sword, and
send the ship to the bottom of the sea! (To Piptoo.) Hoist the

colors, Pip! Add to the foremast and... (*Sees Piptoo still standing there.*) What is it, Pip?

PIPTOO: There might be a slight problem with hoisting the colors, Cap'n.

MANN: And what would that be, Pip?

(*Piptoo holds up a tattered flag.*)

ROGERS: ARrrrrRHHh!

MANN: Ye gods and little fishes! Pip, what happened to me colors?

PIPTOO: Well, the flag had gotten a bit soiled after our last raid, so I thought it could use a bit of washin'.

ROGERS: (*Angrily.*) ARrrrrRRHHHHHHh! ArrrrrrH!
Arrrrhhhhh!

PIPTOO: Yes, I know to not wash it in that now! I'm sorry, Cap'n.

MANN: There's no time for apologizin', Pip. Do we have any colors to hoist? (*Piptoo grabs another flag. It has a large blood-soaked letter "L" emblazoned on it.*) What the bloody "L" is that?!

PIPTOO: It was taken when we captured that French sloop, "Le Louche"!

ROGERS: (*Dismissively.*) Arrrrrh!

MANN: It is shady, Quartermaster. Does "The Struggle" look like a Louche Canoe to you, Pip?

PIPTOO: Ummm, no, Cap'n?

MANN: (*Indicating flag.*) Put that away. I'm not hoisting another ship's flag.

(*Rogers pulls out a black flag with an overly happy, grinning skull on it.*)

ROGERS: (*Proudly, indicating flag.*) Arrrrhhhhh!

PIPTOO: Ohhhh, I like that!

MANN: (*To Rogers.*) What is this?

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ROGERS: Arrrh!

MANN: I can see it's a skull, ya hulking wooly mammoth.

Why is it smiling like that?

ROGERS: ArrrrrrH!

MANN: Because it's happy it's plunderin'? What? Put that away. Pirates are supposed to inspire fear, Rogers, not be of good cheer.

ROGERS: *(Disappointed.)* Arrrrhhhh.

PIPTOO: We could use my family's flag, Cap'n.

MANN: Dare I ask, Pip?

(Piptoo unfurls a large pink flag.)

PIPTOO: It's the Bismol coat of arms, sir.

MANN: It's pink, Pip.

PIPTOO: It's not pink. It's lightish red.

ROGERS: Arrrrrrhhh!

MANN: *(Agreeing.)* Aye, "lightish red" is called "pink," Pip.

PIPTOO: Oh.

MANN: Our colors should instill terror and panic. This Piptoo Bismol coat soothes...and relieves!

PIPTOO: I'd like to think so, sir!

MANN: It won't do. Away with it!

PIPTOO: Awwww.

ROGERS: *(Hopefully.)* ARrrrrHHh?

MANN: *(To Rogers.)* Oh, okay, just this once. Grab your colors. I'll hoist that Jolly Roger and hope that nobody will ever remember that as a pirate flag.

ROGERS: *(Saluting.)* Arrrh Arrh!

MANN: Hoist the colors, more sheets to the main and mizzen.

(Looks through spyglass.) Heading into a storm be ye? Run, run, little bird. It'll not save ye. Cap'n Mann be coming for ye!

(Blackout. Curtain. Intermission, opt.)

ACT II

(AT RISE: Aboard "The 'Less." Sound of a raging storm. Lightning effects. Aloysius, Amelia, Pip, Simone, and Moore are on deck.)

SIMONE: Cap'n, this storm is threatening to swamp us!

MOORE: (*Motioning straight ahead.*) Steady as she goes!

SIMONE: It's going to tear us apart, Cap'n!

MOORE: Keep the wheel, Simone! "The 'Less" is as sturdy a vessel as I've ever served upon. She'll hold!

(*Amelia stumbles.*)

PIP: Aye! Amelia, are you okay?

AMELIA: I'll be fine. (*Falls over.*)

PIP: (*Shouts.*) Cap'n! Help!

MOORE: (*Gesturing.*) Professor! Come quick! Help her!

(*Aloysius rushes over to Amelia.*)

ALOYSIUS: (*To Pip.*) What's wrong with her?

PIP: What? I can't hear you over the storm! (*Instantly, the sound of the raging storm and lighting effects stop.*) Oh, good. That's better. Thank you.

ALOYSIUS: (*Confused.*) You're...um...welcome?

PIP: (*Nervously.*) Is she going to be okay?

ALOYSIUS: (*Checking Amelia.*) Hard to say. (*Amelia coughs and comes to. Confidently.*) She'll be okay.

AMELIA: (*Weakly.*) I'm fine. I'll be all right... (*Gets up. Shoos away Aloysius and Pip, who are trying to help her.*) ...really.

SIMONE: (*Amazed.*) The skies and seas are clear as glass! In a mere moment! Cap'n, have you ever seen the like?

MOORE: Nay, I haven't, Quartermaster. Not in all of my years at sea. I have no reckoning of it. Professor?

ALOYSIUS: (*Shrugs.*) Nor do I.

AMELIA: I think I know.

ALOYSIUS: Oh? Edify us, then.

AMELIA: So I believe that my being here, out of my own time, has caused unforeseen repercussions due to the quantum entanglement of my physical being here in this time with that of my existence in the future.

ALOYSIUS: (*Scoffs.*) Again, I can follow nary a word, and I am a person of science!

AMELIA: A person of hundreds of years of outdated science maybe. Look, this phenomena can't be explained by classical physics. Just know that the energy expelled by the collision of subatomic particles and their subsequent decay both now and in my time has shed certain energies that I'm sure are wrecking localized havoc on the electro-magnetic field of this time, and if we triangulate the— (*Realizes, stops.*) Ohhhhh, no.

PIP: What's wrong?

AMELIA: Is our bearing within 25 degrees north by 71 degrees west?

MOORE: By last reckoning, we fell within that, aye.

AMELIA: (*Slaps forehead.*) Great, I think I just created the Bermuda Triangle.

PIP: The what?

SIMONE: (*Looking through spyglass, anxiously.*) Cap'n! "The Struggle" just appeared off our starboard bow!

MOORE: What? How?

SIMONE: I don't know, Cap'n. One moment, clear skies and seas...the next, Mann's crew be less than a league and closing!

AMELIA: (*Realizes, snaps fingers.*) Time slip! I'm affecting every ship I'm on and entangling them!

SIMONE: What do we do, Cap'n?

MOORE: Vadalía—

AMELIA: (*Correcting.*) Amelia.

MOORE: (*Without missing a beat.*) Amelia. What do we do?

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AMELIA: Get closer.

ALOYSIUS/PIP/SIMONE/MOORE: Closer?

AMELIA: That was the original plan, and it's still a good one. We get beside it and board! If they just came out of the storm, chances are they're still disoriented. Let's capitalize on the element of surprise.

MOORE: (*Dejected.*) But I have no idea how to lead this raid. I don't know how to be this famous captain. I can't be this Hugh Moore you've been describing.

AMELIA: Of course, you can.

MOORE: Tell me! Please, Hugh Moore me!

AMELIA: Just believe in yourself. I mean, look at the way you took charge and ran into the storm. Look how the crew followed your orders. That was leadership.

MOORE: (*Hopefully.*) It was?

ALOYSIUS: It was the most decisive I've seen you be, Cap'n.

MOORE: Really?

PIP: Aye, Cap'n.

AMELIA: (*To Moore.*) See? Now, go and make your mark on history!

MOORE: You've inspired me, traveler! (*Boldly.*) I shall make my mark on history this day. The world shall know of Captain Hugh Moore!

AMELIA: (*Deviously.*) Excellent.

SIMONE: Orders, Cap'n?

MOORE: We'll go with the plan! Hard-a-starboard, Quartermaster! Run us up next to "The Struggle"!

SIMONE: Aye, aye! (*Spins the pilot wheel.*)

MOORE: Okay, crew, prepare to board!

PIP: Swords, Cap'n?

MOORE: Keep 'em by your side until the very last! We go as quiet as we can for as long as we can!

SIMONE: We're running along "The Struggle," Cap'n!

ALOYSIUS: Cap'n?

MOORE: (*Holds up hand.*) Hold!

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(Crew waits.)

PIP: Cap'n?

MOORE: *(Extends finger.)* Hold!

(Crew waits.)

SIMONE: *(Fearfully.)* Captain!

MOORE: *(Shouts.)* Now! Over the boards! Quickly! Take
"The Struggle"!

(Aloysius, Pip, and Simone clamber over the boards and exit SR.)

AMELIA: What about me, Cap'n?

MOORE: Are ye part of me crew?

AMELIA: Aye!

MOORE: Then be movin' yer—how you future people say
"booty"—over the boards and aboard "The Struggle"!

AMELIA: *(Saluting.)* Aye, aye, Cap'n!

MOORE: That-a-girl! *(Fiercely.)* ArrrrrrrrhhhhHhhhh!

(Amelia and Moore clamber over the boards and exit SR. Captain Mann, Piptoo, and Roger Rogers swing via rope aboard from USR.)

MANN: *(Hacking at the ship with his sword.)* Avast! Avast!
Avast!

ROGERS: *(Thrusting his sword in the air, fiercely.)*
ArrrRRrhhhhh!!! ARrrrHHhhhh!!!! AAArrrrrrrrrHhhhh!

PIPTOO: *(Hacking at the set.)* Take that! Ha! And that! *(Stabs the mast.)* I'll crush ye barnacles! Ha!

ROGERS: *(Looking around, sees that there's nobody aboard.)*
ARRrrrrrH?!

MANN: *(Stops hacking the ship.)* What do you mean there's
nobody aboard?

ROGERS: *(Points around.)* ArrrrrHHhhhhHhhhhhh!!!

MANN: Oh.

ROGERS: Arrrrrh?

MANN: Yes, I am feelin' a wee bit sheepish.

PIPTOO: *(Continues hacking at the ship with her sword.)* Avast ye, ye skullduggered ally shanks! *(Stabs the set.)*

MANN: Pip.

PIPTOO: *(Continues hacking at the ship.)* Ye talkin' to me? Ye be talkin' to me?! *(Stabs the ship.)* Ha-haaaaaaa!

MANN: Pip!

PIPTOO: *(Continues hacking at the ship.)* I said, avast! Prepare to be smash-buckled by one Piptoo Bismol! *(Stabs ship.)* HA-haaaaaaa!

MANN: Pip! *(Simultaneously with Rogers.)*

ROGERS: Arh! *(Simultaneously with Mann.)*

PIPTOO: *(Continues hacking the ship.)* Be taking that! And that! And tha—! *(Sees Mann and Rogers and stops hacking the ship.)* Oh, sorry, Cap'n. Guess I got carried away.

MANN: Ye think?

PIPTOO: You just never let me have a sword so... *(Trails off.)*

MANN: "Smash-buckle," Pip? Really? I can't even begin to tell you just how much is wrong with that.

ROGERS: *(Agreeing.)* ArrrrHHhhh!

PIPTOO: Sorry, Cap'n.

MANN: Now, just where be the... *(Air quotes.)* ..."fearless Cap'n Moore and his very motley crew"?

PIPTOO: I think they ran away, Cap'n.

MANN: *(Incredulous.)* Ran away?

PIPTOO: Aye, Cap'n. They saw "The Struggle" alongside, knew of our fierce reputation, turned tail, and ran away. *(Scoffs.)* The cowards!

MANN: Ran...away?

PIPTOO: Aye, Cap'n.

(Mann stands beside Piptoo.)

MANN: *(Gesturing outward.)* Pip, we're on the open ocean. Just where do you think they be runnin' to exactly?

PIPTOO: (*Realizes.*) Ohhhhhhhh. Oh.
MANN: Pip, you have the brains of a school of five scupper fish if all five in the school decided to go their own separate fishy ways.
PIPTOO: (*Taking it as a compliment.*) Oh, thank you, Cap'n!
MANN: I wasn't praisin' ya, ya dense-skulled buffoon. Now... (*Pulls out spyglass.*) ...where could they be? (*Looks through spyglass.*)
ROGERS: (*Suggesting.*) AAAAArrrrrRRRrHHhh? (*Points below.*)
MANN: Their whole crew secreted in compartments below deck? Ye be givin' credit where credit isn't due, Rogers. Moore isn't that clever.
ROGERS: ArrrrrrHhhh!
MANN: His quartermaster? (*Nods.*) You could be right. She's craftier than he, by far and away.
ROGERS: (*Emphatically agreeing.*) ArrrrrHhhh!
MANN: Wait a minute. (*Regards Rogers suspiciously.*) Yer not gettin' sweet on her, are ye?
ROGERS: (*Embarrassed denial.*) ArrrrRRrrrHhhh. (*Grins.*)
PIPTOO: (*Teasing, sing-song.*) Rogers has a girlfriend, Rogers has a girlfriend!
ROGERS: (*Angrily.*) ARrrrrRRrhhhh!
MANN: (*To Piptoo.*) Leave the Quartermaster be! (*To Rogers.*) And you—
ROGERS: ArrrH?
MANN: Be keepin' yer head out of your heart clouds and on the task at hand.
ROGERS: (*Admonished.*) Arrrh Arrrrh!
MANN: (*Bellowing.*) Okay, crew. Be gettin' below deck! Tear this ship apart and dinnae stop until you've found the scalawags.

(*Mann, Rogers, and Piptoo go "below deck." Moore, Aloysius, Pip, Simone, and Amelia swing back over from "The Struggle." Amelia stumbles when she lands.*)

SIMONE: *(To Amelia.)* Careful there. That landing be tricky.
AMELIA: I noticed.
PIP: How is it that nobody was aboard “The Struggle”?
MOORE: I haven’t the faintest idea. Professor?
ALOYSIUS: Nor I, Cap’n. A ghost ship bereft of all hands?
Truly, ‘tis a mystery of the ages.
SIMONE: *(To Moore.)* Well, what do we do now?
MOORE: Take the wheel, Quartermaster!
SIMONE: *(Doubtfully.)* Ohhhhkay. *(Grabs the pilot’s wheel.)*
MOORE: Aloysius?
ALOYSIUS: Aye, Cap’n?
MOORE: Set the course for the Unseen—
ALOYSIUS: *(Correcting.)* Hidden.
MOORE: *(Without missing a beat.)* Hidden Island.
ALOYSIUS: But, Cap’n, without the map—
MOORE: *(Sternly.)* Just do it, Professor!
ALOYSIUS: *(Begrudgingly.)* Aye, aye, Cap’n! *(To Simone.)*
Make our course bearing 86 degrees by 75, 30 by 9 minutes
north by northwest!
SIMONE: Aye, aye! *(Spins the wheel.)*
PIP: Cap’n?
MOORE: What is it, Pip?
PIP: If the treasure can only be found with the map, and we
don’t have the map, what good is going to the island? How
are we supposed to find the treasure?
SIMONE: Aye, Cap’n, how are you supposed to make your
mark on history?
MOORE: I already have.
AMELIA: *(Taking interest.)* Oh? How’s that, Captain?
MOORE: *(Conspiratorially.)* When we were on “The Struggle,”
I carved “Captain Hugh Moore is the bestest, richest, and
most bloodthirsty pirate.”
AMELIA: *(Realizes.)* That’s what the missing words were!
ALOYSIUS: *(To Moore.)* You carved all that in the short time
we were aboard?
MOORE: *(Proudly.)* Yup.

SIMONE: (*Irritated.*) You carved all that in the short time we were aboard while the rest of us were looking for the very important map?

MOORE: Made my mark on history, I did. Or at the very least, my mark upon Mann! Ha!

AMELIA: Ooooooh, you just made your mark on history, all right.

SIMONE: (*Flustered.*) But, Cap'n, the map! The treasure!

MOORE: Don't need the map.

ALOYSIUS: Oh? And how you be figuring that? Cap'n Edwards and I searched and searched and came up empty-handed.

MOORE: When we snuck aboard "The Struggle," something occurred to me.

SIMONE: What?

MOORE: According to our companion here... (*Points to Amelia.*) ...I already be discoverin' Rankin's wealth. So if it's already happened, that means it's going to happen no matter what. So who cares about some dusty map. I don't need it because the deed is already done. (*To Amelia.*) Do my thinkin' be right on it?

AMELIA: (*Hesitantly.*) Ummmmm, yeah, about that—

MOORE: (*Ignoring her.*) My one regret is that I didn't get to see the look on that walrus tusks' face when he saw what I carved on his main mast. (*Mann, Piptoo, and Rogers enter from "below deck."*) Now that I've got the Professor's bearing to Rankin's island and can be finding the treasure, if Mann were here I'd tell him—

MANN: (*Sneaking up next to Moore with sword drawn.*) Ye'd be tellin' me what, exactly?

PIP: (*To Moore.*) Cap'n! Captain Mann has boarded us!

MOORE: (*Terrified.*) Yes, Pip, I see that. That'll be all.

MANN: (*Menacingly.*) You were sayin', Cap'n?

ROGERS: ARRrrhhhhhHHh!

PIPTOO: (*To Simone.*) Tell 'im, Quartermaster.

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SIMONE: *(To Rogers.)* Yeah? Well, our cap'n is better than your cap'n.

MANN: *(In Moore's face.)* That be so?

AMELIA: *(Shakily.)* Bet! No cap!

ALOYSIUS: Now is not the time for doubt!

AMELIA: I just said yes! We weren't lying.

ALOYSIUS: You and your future doublespeak!

MANN: *(To Moore.)* Say it for yerself if'n ye be not afeard.

MOORE: *(Timidly.)* Avast?

MANN: *(Loudly.)* Avast!

PIP: *(To Moore.)* Come on, Cap'n. Tell 'im!

AMELIA: *(To Moore.)* You can do this!

MOORE: *(Gaining confidence.)* Avast!

MANN: *(Loudly.)* Avast!

MOORE: No, you avast!

MANN: Be avastin' yerself!

(Both Crews begin to cheer on their respective captains.)

MOORE: Avast!

MANN: Avast! *(Mann and Moore go back and forth trying to out do each other with "Avasts!" Pointing sword toward Moore's thigh.)* Avast! Submit, Moore, ya cod-livered sod-face, lest me cutlass open ye from belt buckle ta neck bones! *(Raises sword to strike.)*

MOORE: *(Cowering.)* I yield, I yield. *(Throws up hands.)*

ROGERS: *(Triumphantly.)* ArrrRRrrrrh!!!

ALOYSIUS: *(To Moore, disappointed.)* Cap'n!

PIP: *(To Moore, disappointed.)* Really?

SIMONE: *(To Moore, disappointed.)* Come on!

MOORE: *(To Aloysius, Pip, and Simone.)* I'm sorry, I'm just so scared right now. Look at him!

MANN: I knew it, ye spineless goob-fish! Now, be surrendering the coordinates to the shrouded—

ALOYSIUS: *(Correcting.)* Hidden.

MANN: *(Without missing a beat.)* Hidden Island. I know you know them.

SIMONE: *(To Moore, stepping forward with sword drawn.)* Cap'n, no!

MANN: *(To Rogers, motioning to Simone.)* Quartermaster, see to that!

(Rogers steps forward and clashes swords with Simone.)

SIMONE: Avast!

ROGERS: ArrrrH! *(After a brief exchange, Rogers disarms Simone.)* Arrrr, Arrr arh arrrhhh! [*"Hey, how you doin'!*"]

(Simone tries not to look at Rogers like she's interested in him romantically, but she obviously is.)

MOORE: Enough! *(Defeated.)* Professor, tell him!

ALOYSIUS: Never! *(Mann stalks over to Aloysius, waving his sword threateningly. To Mann.)* You can threaten me all you want, but if you kill me, you'll never find the island.

PIPTOO: *(To Mann, indicating Aloysius.)* That one's got a point, Cap'n.

MANN: Now maybe she do, and maybe she don't. We'll see when we take her back to "The Struggle" and haul her over the keel all barnacle bled-like. We'll take our sweet time with it. *(To Aloysius.)* Maybe ye'll survive and maybe ye won't, but I promise ye, ye'll be rethinkin' about giving me them coordinates, and if'n ye don't, at least I get ta make it worth me while. *(Evil laugh. Grabs Aloysius.)* Okay, crew, back to "The Struggle."

PIPTOO: *(Triumphantly.)* Aye!

ROGERS: *(Triumphantly.)* ArrrrrrHHHHh!

AMELIA: *(Stumbling to the side.)* Oh, no, it's happening again.

(Looking faint, Amelia grabs the ship's railing. Massive clap of thunder, lightning, lights flash off and then back on.)

ROGERS: *(Fearfully.)* ArrrrrHhhhh! ARrrrrrrrr!

MANN: *(Dismissively.)* 'Tis but the remnants of a squall. A thunderclap, nothing more. Pull it together! *(Massive clap of thunder, lightning, stage lights flash off and on. Fearfully waving his sword with his free hand.)* Avast!

ALOYSIUS: You were saying?

MANN: Hush yer mouth, captive! *(To Rogers and Piptoo.)*
Back to the ship!

ROGERS: *(Waves goodbye to Simone.)* Arrrrh!

(Simone starts to wave back but then catches herself.)

PIPTOO: *(Looks SR, shocked.)* Cap'n! You need to come take a look at this!

MANN: Pip, haven't we gone over this? Just tell me. What?

PIPTOO: "The Struggle," sir. She's disappeared!

MANN: What?

ALOYSIUS: That can't be!

AMELIA: What in the—?

ROGERS: Arrrrh?!

(All rush SR and look offstage.)

MANN: *(Roars.)* Tethys' thundering tidewaters! Moore, ya sack-eye'd shark-snout, what did you do to me ship?!

MOORE: *(Confused.)* I didn't do anything.

MANN: *(Roars.)* Then where's me vessel? Where's "The Struggle"?!

MOORE: How would I know?

MANN: Ye best be tellin' me, and tellin' me sure and true, lest I drag the whole lot of you from here to Ol' Blighty's white cliffs and back!

AMELIA: I don't feel so good...

(Thunderclap, lightning.)

ALOYSIUS: *(Pointing at Amelia.)* It was her!
PIP: The sea witch!

(Thunderclap, lightning.)

PIPTOO: Sea witch? *(Simultaneously with Rogers.)*
ROGERS: ArrrrrH? *(Simultaneously with Piptoo.)*

(Thunderclap, lightning.)

MANN: *(Fearfully.)* What?! The mermaid's a sea witch?!

(Thunderclap, lightning.)

AMELIA: I'm not a— *(Reconsiders.)* Yes, yes, I am. *(Boldly.)* I am a sea witch! *(Thunderclap, lightning. Terrified, Mann and crew tremble. To Moore, melodramatically.)* Release the Professor and surrender your weapons, or I'll send this ship and all aboard to a watery grave!

MOORE: *(Protesting.)* Now, wait just a minute. You told me that—

SIMONE: *(Making "cut it" gesture.)* Cap'n!

MOORE: *(Realizes.)* Ohhhhhh! *(To Amelia, melodramatic.)* Oh, please spare us, oh foul watery sorceress!

(Mann releases Aloysius.)

MANN: There! I've unhanded the goon! Now be givin' me back me ship!

AMELIA: Not so fast, Mann! Give Cap'n Moore your map!

MANN: I know not where it be!

ALOYSIUS: *(Disbelieving.)* Ha!

MANN: And even if I did, there's nary a thing you could—
(Thunderclap, lightning. Reaches into his tunic.) Oh, look, it's right here, just under me tunic!

(Mann begrudgingly hands the map to Aloysius.)

ALOYSIUS: *(Indicating map.)* Here it is, after all these years!
The key to all the loot that was lost!

MANN: *(Defeated.)* Well played, Moore. Now, call off your
siren and be giving me my ship back. *(Massive clap of
thunder, lightning, stage lights flash off and back on. To Amelia,
fearfully.)* I said, you win, now avast!

*(Massive clap of thunder, lightning, stage lights flash off and back
on.)*

MOORE: Amelia!

AMELIA: You said my name right!

MOORE: Enough!

*(Massive clap of thunder, lightning, stage lights flash off and back
on.)*

AMELIA: I can't control it, Captain! It's the quantum
entanglement. The ionization is unstable.

SIMONE: What's going on?

AMELIA: A time storm! Near as I can figure, we're skipping
through time as my entanglements sort themselves out. We
lost "The Struggle" to 1837. My guess is that "The 'Less" is
being propelled forward in time.

MOORE: Where are we?

AMELIA: I think a better question, Captain, is, "When are
we?" Or, "When are we going to be?"

*(Massive clap of thunder, lightning, stage lights flash off and then
back on.)*

PIP: It's getting worse!

PIPTOO: *(To Mann.)* Cap'n?

MANN: Grab what ye can!

(Piptoo grabs Rogers. Pip grabs Simone.)

ROGERS: *(Angrily.)* AAAarrrrrhhh!!! *(Pushes Piptoo off.)*

SIMONE: Pip! Dang it! Get off! *(Brushes Pip off.)*

(Simone and Rogers exchange looks. Fearful, Pip and Piptoo hug each other.)

MOORE: *(Commanding.)* Everyone, brace yourselves!

[END OF FREEVIEW]