

Pirate Appreciation Day

a two-act comedy

by

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CHARACTERS

Principals (11):

B.J. THE D.J.: 20s-30s. Male. Cheesy and a great singer. Offstage dialogue only.

BRIDGET: 30s. Female. Attractive. Chief yeoman of the M.S. Stillwater. Speaks with a French accent, but reverts to an Italian accent when excited.

CAPTAIN: 40s. Male. Skipper of the M.S. Stillwater. Has an unbelievably hairy chest.

DORIS NETTLETON (DORIS): 50s-60s. Female. Paisley Nettleton's mother. Southern belle accent.

FREDERICK FILLINGSWORTH (FREDERICK): 40s-60s. Male. Fugitive museum curator.

GINA: Teens-20s. Female. Coed who looks great in a bathing suit.

HALITOSIS HALVARD (HALVARD): 20s-40s. Male. A dim-witted pirate sidekick who maybe isn't so dim-witted.

HUNKY GUY: Teens-20s. Male. Gina's boyfriend. No dialogue.

NED NETTLETON (NED): 50s-60s. Male. Paisley Nettleton's father. Texas accent.

PAISLEY NETTLETON (PAISLEY): 15. Male. A nerd and a good ballroom dancer.

WALKER D. PLANK (WALKER): 30s-40s. Male. The saltiest pirate captain of the seven seas.

Supporting (7+):

CREWMAN/BARTENDER/DEALER/PASSENGER: 20s+. Male or female crewman who doubles as the ship's bartender, ship's casino dealer, and a passenger.

CREWMAN/PURSER/PASSENGER: 20s+. Male or female crewman who doubles as the ship's purser and a passenger.

CREWMAN/PASSENGER/CONTESTANT: 20s+. Male passenger who competes in the Hairy Man contest. He doesn't have to be hairy. Doubles as a crewman.

PASSENGER/CONTESTANT: 20s+. Male passenger who competes in the Hairy Man contest. He doesn't have to be hairy.

PASSENGER/CONTESTANT/DRUNK MAN: 20s+. Male passenger who competes in the Hairy Man contest. He doesn't have to be hairy. Doubles as a sleepy, drunk slot machine player.

PASSENGER/EXPRESSIONLESS WOMAN/WOMAN PASSENGER: 20s+. An unblinking, blank-faced slot machine player. Doubles as a crazed woman passenger who enjoys a brawl.

PASSENGER/WAITRESS: 20s+. Female passenger who doubles as a ship's waitress.

PASSENGERS: Teens+. While not required, it would help to cast as many extras as possible to be passengers. Preferably, they would mostly be female passengers, who would fill out the cheering crowd in Act I, Scene 7.

SETTING

With the exception of Act I, Scene 1, which is at a bus stop, all scenes are aboard the M.S. Stillwater, a Caribbean cruise ship.

TIME

Summer. The present. The story transpires during a single day.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1.....Bus stop.....morning
Scene 2.....Deck (ship's)
Scene 3.....Hallway.....afternoon
Scene 4.....Deck
Scene 5.....Hallway
Scene 6.....Casino
Scene 7.....Deck

ACT II

Scene 1.....Deck.....night
Scene 2.....Deck near a railing
Scene 3.....Bridge
Scene 4.....Deck near a railing
Scene 5.....Deck

ACT I

SCENE 1

A park bench faces the audience. Beside it stands a sign reading, "Shuttle".

(PAISLEY NETTLETON, a 15-year-old nerd, and his parents DORIS NETTLETON and NED NETTLETON sit on the bench. They're dressed for tropical weather and carrying luggage.)

(NED reads a newspaper. PAISLEY tries to play a hand-held computer game while DORIS tries to slather sunblock onto his arms and neck.)

PAISLEY

Stop it, Mom!

DORIS

(Southern belle accent)

Oh, Paisley, you're going to burn if you don't wear sunblock. This is a Caribbean cruise we're going on, not a gaming convention.

PAISLEY

Come on, I'm not a child anymore.

DORIS

Getting your learner's permit does not give you permission not to be a child.

NED

(Texas accent)

Leave the boy alone. Like the preacher man says, if someone wants to burn, let him burn.

DORIS

Ned, you could burn for saying that!

NED

Oh, I see. I'll burn for making fun of the preacher man, but the slot machines on this-here cruise ship ain't even gonna leave a scorch mark on your own immortal soul. Is that it?

DORIS

I told you. I'm not going to spend more than a hundred dollars this week on slots.

NED

Right. Just keep talking, sugar.

DORIS

Oh, like you're so pure.

NED

I just know this is gonna be Vegas all over again. I'm sure glad we hit the jackpot at the last casino, tell you what.

DORIS

Paisley, dear, did I ever tell you what your father did on our honeymoon cruise almost every single night?

PAISLEY

Oh, please, please, Mom, don't put a picture like that into my head.

DORIS

No, I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about crap.

PAISLEY

I'm still not getting a good picture here.

NED

Your mama means *craps*, Paisley. Not crap.

DORIS

Exactly. And your father gambled like the devil himself.

NED

Oh, here we go again.

DORIS

He played every imaginable card game, like crap and that spinny wheel thing.

NED

Roulette.

DORIS

Yes, whatever it's called. I don't go to that side of the casino. It's sinful.

NED

I'm gonna get you a horse just like mine, Doris, and put her in the Kentucky Derby. We'll name it Bet On Me 'Cause Saint Peter Says Some Types Of Gambling Is Okay.

DORIS

Dear, I have told you and told you, your types of gambling are too much like casting lots. And the Bible says no good ever came from that.

NED

And slot machines ain't like casting lots?

DORIS

Of course not. The Bible was written before slots were invented.

PAISLEY

Actually, she's right about that, Dad. You see, according to the Definitive History of American --

NED

Aw, hush! I don't need no lecture from the family archeologist.

PAISLEY

Dad, I was just --

DORIS

Enough. We're on vacation. We're here to act like we're happily married and to act like we're a happy family. You all got that?

PAISLEY

(chastised)

Yes, ma'am.

(NED loudly clears his throat and shakes open the newspaper to read it.)

(FREDERICK FILLINGSWORTH, fugitive museum curator, enters and begins walking toward the bus stop. He's dressed for tropical weather and carrying a bulging suitcase. He wears a fake moustache in an obvious attempt at a disguise. He seems nervous.)

NED

To change the subject, there's an article in this-here newspaper you two will like. It's about a sinner and archeology.

DORIS

(perking up)

A sinner?

PAISLEY

(perking up)

Archeology? I'm already interested.

NED

Sure enough. Seems that a feller named Frederick Feedle Fillingsworth stole a right valuable artifact from his employer, the Miskatonic University Museum.

(FREDERICK hears his name and freezes. He stares at NED in terror.)

DORIS

Why, that's indeed sinful. What was it? Was it a fertility fetish, with those really sinful lines and curves that just sort of melt when they --

NED

No, no, ain't nothing like that. Don't be a pre-vert. Says here Frederick Fillingsworth stole a little figurine. It's supposedly the property of some kind of sea monster.

(At the mention of the artifact, FREDERICK shields his suitcase with his body.)

PAISLEY

A sea monster! That's so cool.

NED

Sure enough. And this old boy left a note saying he's gonna jump into the ocean with that figurine and return it to the sea monster.

(NED laughs.)

PAISLEY

That's the coolest thing I've ever heard.

NED

Yeah, well, wait till you hear this. Frederick Fillingsworth says the sea monster is his *grandfather*.

PAISLEY

No way!

(FREDERICK collects his wits and continues toward the bus stop.)

FREDERICK

(clears throat)

Excuse me. Is this the shuttle to the Caribbean cruise ship?

DORIS

Why, certainly, dear. Oh, you poor thing, you look tired. Why don't you have a seat?

(There's only room on the bench for the three Nettletons, so DORIS glares at PAISLEY.)

PAISLEY

What?

DORIS

Give him your seat.

PAISLEY

But . . .

(sighs and vacates his seat)

Again, treating me like a child.

FREDERICK

Oh, I beg your pardon. I'll stand.

DORIS

No, no. You need to rest.

NED

Better listen to her, mister. I've known plow horses less stubborn than my old gal.

(FREDERICK sits down.)

FREDERICK

Uh, thank you. Thank you. I've, uh, never been on a cruise ship before, and I'm looking forward to this.

NED

(shaking hands with FREDERICK)

By the way, my name is Ned Nathaniel Norman Nettleton. This here's my wife, Doris Marie O'Hara Nettleton, and our son, Paisley Jimmy John Nettleton.

FREDERICK

Pleased to meet you. I'm, uh, Frederick -- Filling Far -- I mean -- Ficklewink.

DORIS

What an interesting name.

PAISLEY

Frederick F. F. Ficklewink?

FREDERICK

Exactly.

NED

(laughing)

Frederick. That's the same name as the museum curator in this-here article. You ain't got no stolen artifact in that-there suitcase, do ya?

FREDERICK

(laughs too loudly)

No, no. Dear me, no. That would be ridiculous.

(FREDERICK, NED, and DORIS all have a good laugh, but PAISLEY rubs his chin and looks suspicious.)

(DORIS pats FREDERICK's knee.)

DORIS

Don't worry, dearie. We're just playing.

(Offstage, a BUS'S AIRBRAKES hiss.)

DORIS (CON'T)

Oh, look. The bus is here. Let's go, boys!

(DORIS, PAISLEY, and FREDERICK exit.)

(DORIS and PAISLEY forget their luggage, so
NED struggles to drag it all offstage.)

NED

(while exiting)

Finally. I wonder what time the ship's casino opens?

SCENE 2

The deck of the M.S. Stillwater. A life ring reading "M.S. Stillwater" hangs from a deck railing. In the middle of the railing is a small entry gate that goes out to a gangway. The gate is open.

On top of an open-air bar or near to it is an observation platform. Logos in various places advertise "Dreamline Cruises".

Two chaise lounges angle toward the audience.

(BRIDGET, an attractive yeoman in her 30s, stands near the entry gate. Beside her stands the PURSER, and they greet PASSENGERS as they arrive from the gangway. As the scene progresses, the PURSER asks PASSENGERS for their names and checks them off on a clipboard, while BRIDGET drapes Hawaiian leis around their necks.)

(After greeting the new PASSENGERS, BRIDGET directs them to the bar, where a BARTENDER gives them complimentary drinks with little umbrellas. The PASSENGERS, carrying their luggage, usually don't have any free hands for the drinks, so this results in lots of comical switching things from hand to hand or person to person, dropping drinks, etc. A CREWMAN stands nearby with a mop to clean up the occasional mess.)

(The general vibe is a lot of confusion, disorganization, and stressed-out PASSENGERS. Finally, the PASSENGERS in turn exit stage. Some PASSENGERS, however, are already onboard, and they stand around in bathing suits, talking and drinking in little groups.)

(Soft tropical MUSIC plays throughout the scene.)

(The CAPTAIN enters, nervously preening himself in preparation of seeing BRIDGET. He looks like a 19th-century British admiral in his uniform, with ridiculously large shoulder epaulets. Finally, he takes position next to BRIDGET and begins shaking PASSENGERS' hands.)

CAPTAIN

Hello, Bridget. As usual, you're looking magnificent.

(BRIDGET is distracted, so she doesn't hear him.)

BRIDGET

(French accent)

Oh, hello, mon Capitaine. Did you say something?

CAPTAIN

(terror)

Uh . . . I said I need some Polydent.

BRIDGET

Oh, I didn't know you wear dentures.

(withdraws a small tube from a pocket and hands it to him)

There you go, sir.

CAPTAIN

Thank you.

(to a PASSENGER)

Hello, welcome aboard.

(to BRIDGET)

So, you've only been here for just a few weeks, and it seems like you're settling in well. Is there anything you need? Anything I can do to you -- for you?

BRIDGET

No, sir. I am, as you Americans say, down with my homeys in my new pad. I don't know what a homey is, though. Regardless, I am settling into my "new digs" just fine. Oui?

CAPTAIN

I see. Well, let me know if I may help you dig in.

BRIDGET

Only if you have a high quality digging tool, monsieur.

CAPTAIN

Excuse me?

BRIDGET

(to PASSENGER)

Welcome aboard.

CAPTAIN

Um . . . moving along, did you see this morning's safety advisory?

(BRIDGET shows him a sheet of paper from her pocket.)

BRIDGET

You mean this one about the Pirate Appreciation Movement?

CAPTAIN

Yes, that's the one. I'm worried about it.

BRIDGET

Oh, I'm sure we're quite safe from them, monsieur. They're just a fringe group who thinks talking like 18th-century buccaneers is going to give high-seas piracy back its "good" name.

CAPTAIN

But still, isn't the Pirate Appreciation Movement dangerous? They're always threatening to hijack a cruise ship on Talk Like a Pirate Day, and that's today!

BRIDGET

Except they never do, sir. Trust me.

CAPTAIN

Still, this fringe group could always be on board our ship. You know, incognito. Perhaps we shouldn't do anything that might offend them in case they are.

BRIDGET

Quite sensible, monsieur.

CAPTAIN

So, how are preparations coming for tonight's Talk Like a Pirate Day dance?

BRIDGET

Oh, magnifique.

(A PASSENGER steps onboard, shakes the CAPTAIN's hand, and then sneezes directly onto his uniform.)

PASSENGER

Whoops. Sorry.

BRIDGET

Oh, dear me.

(pulls a handkerchief from her pocket and hands it to CAPTAIN)

Here you go, sir.

CAPTAIN

Thank you.

(as he cleans his uniform, he accidentally knocks off one his shoulder epaulets)

Drat. This thing's always falling off. If only I had some glue.

(BRIDGET withdraws a small tube from a pocket and hands it to him.)

BRIDGET

There you go, sir.

CAPTAIN

Thank you.

(CAPTAIN begins to glue the epaulet back onto his shoulder.)

(The Nettleton family steps onboard: NED, dragging everyone's luggage, followed by DORIS and PAISLEY. PAISLEY frowns at his hand-held computer game.)

NED

Ah, here at last. Gosh dang, smell that salt air!

DORIS

Oh, the sun's so bright. Paisley, did you put on enough sunblock?

PAISLEY

Yes, yes. Stop embarrassing me.

NED

(to BRIDGET)

Well, hey there, little darlin'. When's the casino open?

BRIDGET

Mon dieu, but you know what you want. It will open as soon as the ship is in international waters, sir.

DORIS

Oh, don't mind him, dearie. All he can think about is the casino rather than important things like, say, his marriage. Now tell me, when do the slot machines open?

BRIDGET

Uh, I just said --

NED

The slot machines are in the casino, Doris.

DORIS

Oh. I thought they separated them.

BRIDGET

(laughing)

Folie à deux!

(to PAISLEY, as she drapes a lei around his neck)

And how are you today, young man?

(PAISLEY is still frowning at his computer game.)

PAISLEY

Fine? Fine.

BRIDGET

Is there a problem?

PAISLEY

It's just that I forgot my battery charger for this thing.

DORIS

Oh, Paisley. You're so forgetful. I know I should have packed for you.

PAISLEY

(exasperated)

Mom.

(BRIDGET withdraws a battery charger from a pocket and hands it to PAISLEY.)

BRIDGET

Never fear. There you go, sir.

CAPTAIN

You always have what a man needs, don't you, Bridget?

(But BRIDGET is distracted putting leis around the Nettletons' necks. NED, DORIS, and PAISLEY move on to the bar.)

BRIDGET

I'm sorry?

CAPTAIN

(Terror. Feigns pain in his knee.)

I mean . . . my aching knees! I have to go sit down.

(BRIDGET withdraws a pill from a pocket and hands it to him.)

BRIDGET

Here, take an aspirin with you, sir.

(hands him an ice pack)

And an ice pack.

CAPTAIN

Uh, thank you.

(CAPTAIN exits.)

(At the bar, NED and DORIS are trying to figure out how to carry their drinks and luggage at the same time.)

DORIS

(to BARTENDER)

My son will have a Shirley Temple.

(GINA enters. She's a sexy coed. She carries a beach towel and a drink. She's wearing a bathing suit and floppy beach hat. PAISLEY stops in his tracks, smitten by the sight of her. GINA crosses to a chaise lounge and proceeds to sunbathe.)

(Seeing this, BRIDGET nods her head in understanding.)

BRIDGET

(to PAISLEY)

Oh, young man?

PAISLEY

Y-yes?

(BRIDGET withdraws a brochure from her pocket and hands it to him.)

BRIDGET

Perhaps you would like a brochure to our gym.

PAISLEY

Oh . . . um, thank you.

(FREDERICK enters from the gangway and is greeted by the PURSER.)

PURSER

Name?

FREDERICK

F-Frederick . . . Fickle -- Farthing, uh . . .

PURSER

What?

FREDERICK

Fingers.

PURSER

I'm sorry. Is that your first name or your last name?

FREDERICK

Yes.

(Uncomfortable pause as they regard each other.)

FREDERICK (CON'T)

I -- I apologize. Just dazed from my flight down. Altitude sickness, you know.

BRIDGET

Maybe some bottled water will help.

(withdraws a bottle from her pocket and hands it to FREDERICK)

Here you go, sir.

FREDERICK

Thank you.

(peers over PURSER's clipboard and points out a name at random)

That name, right there. That's me.

PURSER

You're Mrs. Furtherington?

FREDERICK

That's a typographical error. It's Ms. Furtherington.

PURSER

What?

FREDERICK

I mean -- I mean, *Mr.* Furtherington. Yes, that's it.

PURSER

I see. Very well, sir.

BRIDGET

(as drapes a lei around FREDERICK's neck)

And here is something to complete your disguise, mon ami.

FREDERICK

(alarmed)

What?

(But BRIDGET has already stepped away to speak to the BARTENDER.)

PURSER

Is there anything else, sir?

FREDERICK

No. Thank you. Yes! Do you have a safe for valuables and jewelry?

PURSER

Every cabin has its own safe, sir.

FREDERICK

Oh, lovely. Wonderful. Thank you.

(NED and DORIS are still at the bar, having trouble juggling their luggage and drinks.)

(FREDERICK crosses to the bar, and BARTENDER hands him a drink. He has problems handling his bottled water, luggage, and now his drink while he engages in polite conversation with the Nettletons.)

(WALKER D. PLANK and HALITOSIS HALVARD approach stage from theater aisle, carrying knapsacks. WALKER is the saltiest pirate captain of the seven seas. HALVARD is his dim-witted pirate sidekick who maybe isn't so dim-witted. They wear touches of pirate costume, such as blackened teeth, an eye patch, or do-rag, but it's not overdone.)

WALKER

Avast! The ship I see yonder, ye scoundrel.

HALVARD

Yeah -- I mean, "aye," I see it, boss! I see it!

WALKER

Arrgh, but these scurvy dogs will learn respect for true pirates by the time this voyage is through, or I'm a buttered parsnip.

HALVARD

Yeah, they'll stop making fun of us.

WALKER

Wonder how *they* would like having fast food restaurants and pajamas named after *them*. "Long Johns," indeed.

HALVARD

Yeah.

WALKER

Wonder how *they* would like having substandard Halloween costumes made of *them*.

HALVARD

Yeah.

WALKER

Wonder how *they* would like having some fishbait holiday named for *them* called Talk Like a Pirate Day. Me thinks we'd call it Talk Like a Landlubber Day.

HALVARD

Yeah. "Look at me, I'm a landlubber. Where's my *lawnmower*?"

WALKER

(laughing)

"Dear me, darling dearest. I need *swimming lessons*!"

(WALKER and HALVARD laugh.)

HALVARD

Or how about this one, boss --

WALKER

Enough! You're not as funny as me. Now, by the holy poker and the blood of Henry Morgan, I swears to you, Halvard, we'll make Talk Like a Pirate Day into *our* holiday -- Pirate Appreciation Day! So says I, or call me dogsbody.

HALVARD

Yeah. The Pirate Appreciation Movement is gonna give us medals for this.

WALKER

Aye, by the devil's teeth and twisted tail.

HALVARD

Are we gonna get our pictures in the paper, boss -- I mean, captain?

WALKER

Aye, that and more. In a fortnight, promise you, I do, they'll know our names: Captain Walker D. Plank, and Halitosis Halvard -- the Pink!

HALVARD

Criminal masterminds to be respected and feared!

WALKER

Aye! And that's not all, Halvard, me matey.

(takes a big sniff)

Smells riches and booty galore, so I do. Come next fortnight, we'll be gov'nors of the high seas, living high off the highest hog.

HALVARD

Getting high!

WALKER

No, I -- never mind. Come now to the gangway, and board this vessel. But hold your clack, mind ye. Be seen and not heard till I give the sign. Savvy?

HALVARD

Aye, captain. We'll be like secret agents.

WALKER

Pirate secret agents. Forget ye not!

(HALVARD and WALKER exit the aisle.)

(Meanwhile, PAISLEY is still staring, awe-struck, at the sunbathing GINA.)

(NED is still trying to juggle his drink and luggage.)

(DORIS finally downs her drink in one swallow. She slams it back onto the bar.)

DORIS

(to PAISLEY and NED)

Whew! Come on, you two, time to go. You're always getting distracted.

(A HUNKY GUY enters. He nods at DORIS as he passes.)

DORIS (CON'T)

(to HUNKY GUY)

Ooh. Hello there.

(slaps NED's shoulder)

Come on, I said!

NED

Dagnabbitt. Ain't got enough arms.

(NED puts his drink onto the bar so he can pick up his luggage.)

(HUNKY GUY approaches GINA and strikes up a conversation. When GINA responds favorably, he sits down on the chaise lounge beside her. Watching this, PAISLEY bites his fist in envy.)

DORIS

I said let's go. We got to get dressed for the slot machines -- I mean, for the day's activities.

(DORIS leads NED and PAISLEY offstage. PAISLEY casts one last, heartfelt look to GINA as he goes.)

SCENE 3

A ship's hallway on the passenger deck. FREDERICK'S cabin door is on one side of the hallway. Stage is dark. A SHIP'S HORN and BELL sound briefly.

B.J. THE D.J. (O/S, OVER P.A.)
Greetings, ladies and gents! B.J. the D.J., coming at ya. That horn signals that we are underway. The captain and crew of the M.S. Stillwater welcome you aboard for a week of fun, sun, and tanning your buns. You're now invited up to the Lido Deck to watch as we pull away from port. Please watch your step on the stairs, and keep your hands and other body parts inside the ship at all times. Woohoo! Now for some music.

(Tropical MUSIC plays.)

(Spotlight on BRIDGET as she enters, slowly pushing a maid's cart. She hums along with the music. When the MUSIC fades out, she somehow morphs it into another song entirely.)

BRIDGET
(singing badly)
WHEN THE MOON HITS YOUR EYE LIKE A BIG PIZZA PIE, THAT'S AMORE!

(FREDERICK enters the hallway from his cabin door. Cringing from BRIDGET's singing, he's holding both sides of his head. He's dressed in shorts, but he still looks strange with dark socks and dress shoes. He has forgotten his fake moustache.)

BRIDGET (CON'T)
(singing)
WHEN THE WORLD SEEMS TO SHINE LIKE YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH WINE, THAT'S AMORE!

(WALKER and HALVARD enter. They're now dressed to fit in, wearing swimming trunks and T-shirts, but they look absurd because they still bear telltale pirate touches, such as an eye patch or a do-rag. They're covering their ears from BRIDGET'S singing. They stagger after her.)

BRIDGET (CON'T)

(singing)

BELLS WILL RING TING-A-LING-A-LING, TING-A-LING-A-LING, AND YOU'LL SING "VITA BELLA".

FREDERICK

(to BRIDGET)

Stewardess? Steward? Whatever your name is?

BRIDGET

(singing)

HEARTS WILL PLAY TIPPY-TIPPY-TAY, TIPPY-TIPPY-TAY LIKE A GAY TARANTELLA.

(FRERDERICK momentarily seizes her arm.)

FREDERICK

I say!

BRIDGET

Oui, monsieur?

FREDERICK

My cabin safe isn't working.

(WALKER halts when he hears this. He grabs HALVARD to stop him from walking onward. They crane forward to eavesdrop.)

BRIDGET

You're saying your safe is unsafe?

(BRIDGET laughs.)

FREDERICK

Y-yes. Exactly. I need someplace to store my -- uh, jewelry. I treasure it highly, you see.

(WALKER and HALVARD exchange an excited look.
They've struck gold!)

BRIDGET

No worries, monsieur. I have just the thing.

(BRIDGET pulls a power drill out of the
maid's cart. She exits stage into
FREDERICK'S cabin.)

FREDERICK

You can fix it?

BRIDGET (OFFSTAGE)

Oui, monsieur. No problem.

FREDERICK

But I thought you were the . . . Just what are you, anyway?

(FREDERICK looks in confusion at the maid's
cart.)

(Loud DRILL SOUNDS come from offstage as
BRIDGET works.)

BRIDGET (OFFSTAGE)

I am a Jill of all trades, monseieur. Are you having a good
time?

FREDERICK

No. I mean, yes.

(BRIDGET enters stage to rummage through the
maid's cart.)

BRIDGET

No?

(BRIDGET pulls out a monkey wrench, then
returns to the cabin.)

FREDERICK

Yes.

BRIDGET (OFFSTAGE)

Monsieur . . . Furtherington, is it?

FREDERICK

No. Yes.

(WALKER rubs his chin, puzzled by this. He glances at HALVARD to see what he thinks, but HALVARD is too busy picking his nose.)

(BRIDGET must be hitting the safe with the monkey wrench, judging by the HAMMER SOUNDS. Her work noise becomes progressively more violent, interspersed with DRILL SOUNDS.)

(FREDERICK looks worried. He looks through the maid cart's in confusion.)

BRIDGET (OFFSTAGE)

Monsieur No Yes? You Americans have such strange names.

FREDERICK

Yes.

(BRIDGET enters stage to rummage through her maid's cart.)

BRIDGET

Ah, I see you shaved off your moustache.

(FREDERICK feels for his moustache in horror. Oh no, he's forgotten it.)

FREDERICK

No! I mean, yes.

(Laughing, BRIDGET pulls out a circular saw, then returns to the cabin. The CIRCULAR SAW WHINE joins the cacophony of simultaneous HAMMER AND DRILL SOUNDS. It's like an entire construction crew is in there.)

BRIDGET (OFFSTAGE)

(singing)

WHEN THE STARS MAKE YOU DROOL JUST LIKE A PASTA FAGIOLE,
THAT'S AMORE.

(WALKER is looking progressively more intrigued. HALVARD isn't paying attention but is still picking his nose, scratching his butt, and looking like the biggest moron ever.)

HALVARD

(to WALKER)

Isn't that an Italian song? I thought she was French.

WALKER

(surprised at HALVARD's sudden intelligence)

How would you know if . . . oh, never mind. Now shut yer porthole so I can listen.

BRIDGET (OFFSTAGE)

(singing)

WHEN YOU DANCE DOWN THE STREET WITH A CLOUD AT YOUR FEET,
YOU'RE IN LOVE.

FREDERICK

Will this take much longer?

(WORK SOUNDS suddenly stop. There's the SOUND OF A DROPPING CAR HOOD, a pause, then the CUCKOO OF A CUCKOO CLOCK.)

(BRIDGET enters stage, carrying her tools. She begins to put them away.)

BRIDGET

Okay, monsieur, everything sounds good.

FREDERICK

So, can I lock up my valuables in the safe now?

BRIDGET

Oui. Just let me know if it ever gets out of tune again.

(FREDERICK gives her a confused look as he rushes offstage into his cabin.)

FREDERICK (OFFSTAGE)

Oh, drat. Do you know my combination?

BRIDGET

Here, use my superintendent key to reset your combo.

(BRIDGET pulls a key out of her bosom and tosses it through the open cabin door.)

(FREDERICK (O/S) SCREAMS in pain as the key hits his eye.)

(Watching this, WALKER's hands palsy as if to reach out and grab the key.)

(A moment passes. FREDERICK comes back onstage, holding his sore eye, to return the key. BRIDGET drops it back into her shirt.)

FREDERICK

Thanks.

(exits)

BRIDGET

My pleasure, monsieur.

(BRIDGET cheerfully slams the cabin door shut. She continues pushing the maid cart on her way.)

BRIDGET

(singing)

WHEN YOU WALK IN A DREAM, BUT YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT --

WALKER

(to BRIDGET)

Ahoy! Ahoy, there!

BRIDGET

Oui, signore?

HALVARD

"Signore"? But that's not French, that's --

(WALKER punches HALVARD's arm to make him shut up.)

WALKER

Wonderin', was I, if a . . . a fluttering dove as lovely as yourself might be interested in sharing a bowl of gruel with an old pirate -- I mean, an old dog such as me.

(CAPTAIN enters. He stops in surprise when he sees BRIDGET. Gathering his courage, he rips the faulty epaulet off of his shoulder, composes a wounded expression, and continues toward her.)

BRIDGET

Oh, mon dieu! What an enticing offer.

(Overhearing this, the CAPTAIN looks horrified and worried. Stopping, he cranes forward to eavesdrop.)

WALKER

(motioning toward BRIDGET's bosom and the key hidden therein)

Aye, and maybe afterward we might do a little treasure-huntin' in the décolletage, as you French are wont to say.

HALVARD

But boss, I don't think she's --

(WALKER punches HALVARD's arm to make him shut up.)

BRIDGET

Let's see. You're Monsieur Walker D. . . . uh . . .

WALKER

Two-by-Four, milady.

BRIDGET

Yes, Two-by-Four. I'm not supposed to accept such invitations, but how could I resist an offer like that?

CAPTAIN

(loudly clearing throat as he approaches)
Bridget, Bridget, excuse me.

BRIDGET

Oui, mon capitaine. How are you?

CAPTAIN

I need help with my uniform. This thing won't stay glued on.

BRIDGET

Oui, signore. I'd be glad to help.

(BRIDGET starts rummaging through maid's cart.)

CAPTAIN

We should go back to the crew decks. We're in the way of these two fine guests.

WALKER

Arrgh. Be you the master of this vessel, I take it.

CAPTAIN

Yes, sir. Enjoying your cruise so far?

WALKER

Aye, but I'm sure I'll be up to me neck in booty quite soon, so I do.

BRIDGET

Ooh!

WALKER

(to BRIDGET)

Till tonight, me pretty.

(WALKER and HALVARD exit.)

CAPTAIN

Well, then. Come with me, Bridget. Let's get it on.

(cringes)

I mean, let's get this thing back on my uniform.

(Smiling, BRIDGET pushes maid cart as she follows CAPTAIN offstage.)

SCENE 4

The deck of the M.S. Stillwater, complete with bar, chaise lounges, and deck railing. The gate to the gangway is now closed for the cruise.

(PAISLEY hangs over the deck, puking his guts out.)

(HUNKY GUY sunbathes on a chaise lounge.)

(GINA stands at the bar, sipping a piña colada and chatting with the BARTENDER. Eventually, she notices HUNKY GUY and starts to watch him.)

(Wiping his mouth, PAISLEY goes to the bar.)

PAISLEY

(hoarse, to BARTENDER)

Can I have some water? I'm a little sea-sick.

(BARTENDER hands him a glass of water. PAISLEY chugs it down. When he's done, he notices GINA. He musters his courage.)

PAISLEY (CON'T)

(to GINA)

So, I see you got the vodka shooter as well.

(BARTENDER gives him an incredulous stare.)

(GINA gives him a bored once-over, then looks at her drink, which is obviously a piña colada.)

GINA

Yeah. They make them look just like piña coladas here.

(BARTENDER covers his mouth to stifle laughter, then walks away. PAISLEY doesn't notice.)

GINA (CON'T)

Are you sure that's not a Bloody Mary you're drinking there, partner?

(PAISLEY is confused. He peers at his glass, which is obviously water.)

PAISLEY

Oh yeah. My mistake.

(GINA rolls her eyes and turns away from him.)

PAISLEY (CON'T)

So, I'm Paisley.

GINA

That's your name?

PAISLEY

Yes.

(PAISLEY extends his hand for a handshake. GINA sighs and reluctantly takes it.)

GINA

Hi.

PAISLEY

And you are?

GINA

Bored.

(PAISLEY downs the rest of his water in one swallow. He places his glass on the bar and motions to the BARTENDER.)

PAISLEY

(to BARTENDER)

Can I have a refill?

(BARTENDER refills the drink.)

PAISLEY (CON'T)

(to GINA)

So, you probably noticed the headline in today's paper.

(But GINA is staring at the HUNKY GUY.)

PAISLEY (CON'T)

Yeah, I was pretty speechless, too. To think that the man who stole that museum artifact could be on a cruise ship right now, seeking to throw it overboard to some sea monster. What if it were this ship? Wouldn't that be awesome?

(HUNKY GUY turns over in his chaise lounge to sunbathe his back, which excites GINA.)

GINA

Oh yeah, baby.

PAISLEY

Yeah, I thought so, too. I'm into archeology and archaic languages, by the way. I know all about artifacts and ancient civilizations. I got an A-plus on my final in world history. Do you like history?

(HUNKY GUY scratches his butt, which excites GINA.)

GINA

(appreciatively)

Uh huh!

PAISLEY

Cool.

(pauses to nervously slurp his water)

Yeah, I like archeology because it's permanent, you know? It's about legacies and being remembered for things. Some people's legacy is their kids, but I can't have kids if I stay a virgin!

(PAISLEY snort-laughs. He uses his thumb and forefinger to make an "L" on his forehead, except he uses his left hand instead of his right, which makes the "L" backward.)

PAISLEY (CON'T)

Lo - ser!

(He snort-laughs.)

B.J. THE D.J. (O/S, OVER P.A.)

Greetings, ladies and gents! B.J. the D.J. here. In just one short hour, we're going to start our infamous Hairy Man competition on the Lido Deck. Yes sir and ma'am, the winner of this beauty contest will be crowned the hairiest son of a caveman aboard ship. So don't miss it! Find out who's the machoist macho man on this tin can.

(laughs at his own joke)

Hot damn, I'm funny. Then, after that, it's time to get dressed for our Talk Like a Pirate Day dance. Woohoo! Now for some music.

(MUSIC plays.)

PAISLEY

Hairy men?

GINA

(dreamily, staring at HUNKY GUY)

Yeah. Men.

PAISLEY

That's masculine?

GINA

Uh huh!

PAISLEY

Really? Hmm.

(PAISLEY peers down his shirt at his own chest, then back to GINA. Arriving at a decision, he walks purposefully toward the stage exit.)

(But PAISLEY only goes a few steps before meeting DORIS and NED coming the other way. They're dressed for the sun.)

DORIS

Paisley, there you are.

PAISLEY

Oh, hi, Mom.

DORIS

You're good with numbers. I want you tell your father here that it's impossible to count cards in order to win at those silly games like roulettes.

PAISLEY

Huh? Look, I need to go back to our --

NED

Roulette ain't no card game.

DORIS

Well, it's not a good game like slots, that's for sure. And besides that, there's just something about it that bothers me. It's . . . it's . . .

PAISLEY

Sinful?

DORIS

Exactly.

NED

(loudly clearing throat)

So, how you doing, boy? You found any *sins* to keep yourself busy on this boat yet?

(NED laughs.)

DORIS

Ned!

(NED suddenly notices GINA, who's still looking at HUNKY GUY.)

NED

Woah!

PAISLEY

Dad!

DORIS

Ned!

NED

What?

PAISLEY
 (shaking his head)
 Mom, Dad . . .

DORIS
 What?
 (sees NED still checking out GINA)
 Ned!

NED
 What?

DORIS
 Paisley --

PAISLEY
 What?
 (sees NED still checking out GINA)
 Dad!

DORIS
 Ned!

NED
 What?

(HUNKY GUY rises from the chaise lounge and slowly crosses. GINA's attention follows him as he nears PAISLEY, NED, and DORIS, so she finally starts listening to their conversation.)

PAISLEY
 Look, I gotta go.

NED
 I'm just saying, boy. You ain't never had a date before --

(GINA laughs.)

PAISLEY
 Dad!

DORIS
 Ned!

What? NED

Ooh! DORIS
(noticing HUNKY GUY as he passes them)

Doris! NED

Mom! PAISLEY

What? Oh, Ned, don't mention that out loud. You never know if a girl might be listening. DORIS

(GINA laughs.)

Mom! PAISLEY

Doris -- NED

What? DORIS

Now I really gotta go. PAISLEY

(PAISLEY exits.)

Paisley . . . DORIS
(calling after him)
(frustrated)

Oh!
(sees NED again checking out GINA)

Ned!

What? NED

Let's take a walk around the deck, shall we? It'll rest our eyes. DORIS

NED

Oh, all right.

(DORIS and NED cross toward the stage exit. Halfway there, DORIS stops to glare at NED's arm. Getting the message, NED creates a hook out of his elbow so she can grab it and he can escort her like a gentleman. DORIS seems happy as they exit.)

SCENE 5

A ship's hallway.

(FREDERICK enters. He's looking at his wristwatch. Suddenly he halts, struck by something he sees hanging on the "wall" between him and the audience. Intrigued, he traces his finger along it at eye level.)

(WALKER and HALVARD enter. WALKER halts when he sees FREDERICK. HALVARD sees FREDERICK and starts to cackle, but WALKER motions for him to be quiet. Then WALKER has an idea: he raises his chin, straightens his back, and approaches FREDERICK. HALVARD copies him.)

(FREDERICK steps back from whatever he's examining on the wall and strokes his chin. He consults his wristwatch.)

WALKER

Ahoy -- I mean, hello. Assist you with something, sir?

FREDERICK

Oh, do you work here?

WALKER

Aye.

FREDERICK

This map and timetable on the wall. Are they accurate?

WALKER

Uh, aye, sir. Believe they are indeed, so I do.

FREDERICK

(motioning)

And this line here, it shows our route across the Caribbean?

WALKER

Aye. Be that the sixth of the seven seas, sir.

FREDERICK

At what point -- at what point exactly -- will we cross this spot right here?

(points)

The deepest part of the Cayman Trench. The timetable doesn't say.

WALKER

Ask the skipper, I could, and get back to you.

FREDERICK

That would be wonderful. You see, this is why I boarded this vessel. I knew we would cross that exact spot. The trouble is I'm not sure when that will be, precisely.

WALKER

Arrgh. Be you a photographer, your lordship?

FREDERICK

No. Yes.

WALKER

No yes?

FREDERICK

Oh, I just have something to take overboard with me there -- I mean, uh, to throw overboard. Yes, that's it. It's a small token of appreciation for my grandfather.

WALKER

Aye.

HALVARD

Yeah, appreciation is really important. You know, that's why we're here, too.

FREDERICK

Hmm.

(WALKER casually slaps the back of HALVARD's head without taking his eyes off FREDERICK.)

WALKER

Pay him not your mind, sir. His is all junktified.

FREDERICK

Oh dear.

WALKER

Now, be asking the skipper your question, so I will. Then deliver his message directly to your cabin, I could. When might you *not* be there?

FREDERICK

Excuse me?

WALKER

I mean, when all come you into your cabin, sir?

FREDERICK

Oh, tonight after supper, I suppose.

(FREDERICK starts examining wall map again.)

HALVARD

(to WALKER, whispering)

Hey, boss. If you get the safe key while he's at dinner, you could --

(WALKER hits HALVARD's arm to make him shut up.)

FREDERICK

Did you say something? I was distracted.

(FREDERICK starts examining wall map again.)

WALKER

Nay, sir. Me assistant was just saying he's due to swab the poop deck.

(tweaks HALVARD's nose)

Aren't ya, laddie?

HALVARD

Oh. I am? But I don't even work here --

(WALKER boxes HALVARD's ears.)

WALKER

(to FREDERICK)

Hard of hearing, he be. Plague and perish him. Sometimes you have to tap him like an old sea compass.

(But FREDERICK is too busy reading his watch and the map.)

FREDERICK

Yes. That's very interesting.

(WALKER flutters his hand back and forth in front of HALVARD's face. HALVARD follows it, hypnotized.)

WALKER

Aye. But a half-masted swabbie he be, smacked in the gale by an errant boom of the mainsail.

(WALKER jabs two forked fingers toward HALVARD'S eyes. HALVARD blocks it with a hand raised vertically. The two pirates place their hands on hips and growl at each other.)

FREDERICK

Yes, fascinating.

(starts to walk off)

Well, I really should be getting back to my --

(WALKER is preparing to strangle HALVARD, but he breaks off to follow FREDERICK.)

(As the following dialogue ensues between WALKER and FREDERICK, HALVARD stays where he is. He's obviously replaying the fight in his head; he practices martial arts moves.)

WALKER

So, sir.

(FREDERICK faces him.)

WALKER (CON'T)

Be getting that information from the skipper for ya directly, I will. Then I'll be tacking by your cabin at some point when you're not there -- I mean, when you're there.

FREDERICK

Oh, thank you very much. By the way, would you mind bringing me some fresh bedsheets?

WALKER

Arrgh, that I will, sir, with joy.

FREDERICK

Yes, I tend to perspire quite a bit due to my . . .

(looks at audience, and his face morphs into
a brief, demonic expression)

. . . unique heritage. So, whenever you could drop by, that
would be fine.

WALKER

Aye aye, sir. And would that safe in your cabin be quite
ship-shape for you now?

FREDERICK

The safe? Oh, yes. My grandfather's possession should be
reasonably secure.

WALKER

Aye, so you might say it's a *valuable* valuable, would ya?

FREDERICK

Oh, of course. Well, I better be off. Toodleloo.

(FREDERICK exits.)

WALKER

Aye, sir. Bid you a splendid day.

(to HALVARD)

Halvard, did you hear that?

(But HALVARD is still practicing his fighting
moves.)

WALKER (CON'T)

Halvard, you mangy mongrel!

HALVARD

What? I'm sorry, sir. My ears were ringing.

WALKER

Hear you what the guv'nor said to me? His booty be quite
valuable. Me thinks it be a family heirloom of some sort.
Precious gems, maybe.

HALVARD

Family jewels.

WALKER

Aye. That cabin safe holds his family jewels. Reckon it's now up to me to find a treasure map, so's to speak, and break in there.

HALVARD

Hey boss, how about my idea? Get the safe key from that woman while you're at dinner with her. You could get her drunk until she passes out, and then you could steal it. Then you come back here while that man's at dinner, and use the key to rob his safe!

(WALKER boxes HALVARD's ears.)

WALKER

Hell and furies! Be that the most mutton-headed plan ever graced me ears! No, have a better idea, so I do. Savvy this. Tonight, I be slacking thirst with that pigeon what be hiding the skeleton key in her bosom. Drink her under the table, so I will. Then, while she be . . .

(counts to three on his fingers)

. . . three sheets to the wind, I'll rob the key from her. We'll then unlock yonder guv'nor's safe while he be chowing gruel and take his family jewels.

(WALKER laughs evilly.)

(HALVARD looks at audience for a moment, confused.)

HALVARD

That's a brilliant plan, boss!

WALKER

Aye!

HALVARD

But, boss, what about the Pirate Appreciation Movement?

WALKER

What about it?

HALVARD

We're supposed to take over the ship to get more respect for pirates. We're going to make them turn Talk Like a Pirate Day into Pirate Appreciation Day. That's why we're here.

WALKER

Arrgh.

HALVARD

I wanna be in the paper.

WALKER

Maybe next year, matey.

(HALVARD is shocked and disappointed.)

WALKER (CON'T)

See you here. The gov'nor's family jewels be fetching a high price on the black market. We'll get plenty of gold coin to fund the Pirate Appreciation Movement in the future. Then, by odds bobs, hammer, and tongs, so I swears to you, Halvard, the next time we board this vessel, she'll be ours!

HALVARD

Oh, gosh, gee whillikers, boss.

WALKER

What? What kind of language be that?

HALVARD

Italian.

WALKER

Aye. Seems you to know too much about these foreign tongues. Mind you hold yer own till I bid it wag.

HALVARD

(sarcastic)

Arrgh.

WALKER

That's better. Now, go me back to our cabin to ready for tonight. Be you at liberty till then to reconnoiter this vessel. Aye?

HALVARD

Aye, aye. Whatever.

WALKER

(as he exits)

Scabrous clam brain.

(WALKER exits. HALVARD's expression turns grim as he watches him go.)

HALVARD

So, you're going to chicken out of earning respect and appreciation for pirates, are you? You just want to get rich, but I'm here for a higher purpose. Well, I'll show you how it's done. I'll show everybody.

SCENE 6

The ship's casino. A blackjack table and chair are to one side. Constant slot machine sounds beep and buzz and whirl in the background. Three bar stools face the audience.

(A DEALER stands at the blackjack table, dealing to NED, who faces him from a chair on the other side. NED has a large stack of chips that are rapidly being transferred to the DEALER after every hand. A cup of some kind of iced drink sits on the table.)

(DORIS sits on a bar stool, facing the audience. She holds a paper bucket full of coins and feeds them one at a time into a slot machine and pulls the machine's handle (mimed). Her reactions range from maniacally happy after a pull to despondent the next time.)

(A DRUNK MAN with a bucket full of coins sits on a second stool, also facing the audience. He alternately plays on his slot machine (mimed) and passes out.)

(A slackjawed, EXPRESSIONLESS WOMAN sits on a third stool, also with a bucket of coins and playing a slot machine (mimed). Her movements are slow and catatonic: she plays a coin and then watches the machine for a very long time, unblinkingly, before playing again. She perhaps plays one or two coins during this entire scene and instead stares hypnotized at the slot machine. Her lips move occasionally, as if she's having a conversation with the machine.)

(PAISLEY enters. He scratches uncomfortably at fake chest hair, which pokes out from the neck of his shirt. He looks between his parents and eventually crosses to DORIS.)

PAISLEY

Hi, Mom. How's it going?

DORIS

(watching the result of her latest gamble)
Suffering snickerty pops!

(turns to PAISLEY, abruptly happy)
Oh, hello, son. Just fine.

(DORIS plays another coin.)

PAISLEY

Are you sure?

DORIS

Flaming hellion heads!
(turns to PAISLEY, abruptly happy again)
Of course! We're having a great time. Just look at your
father over there.

(NED throws his cards down on the table and
buries his face in his hands.)

DORIS (CON'T)

I've never seen him so happy. Oh, and look at you. You're
turning into a fine young man.

(DORIS reaches for the fake chest hair poking
from PAISLEY's shirt. PAISLEY dances out of
her reach.)

PAISLEY

Uh, whoops! Just lost my balance.

DORIS

You're so clumsy, son. You should be more coordinated, like
your father.

(NED spills his drink on the floor. DEALER
exits stage in search of a towel.)

DORIS (CON'T)

He's what you call ambi-sextrous.

(DORIS resumes playing on her machine.)

(NED stands up too quickly and racks himself
on the corner of the card table. Groaning,
he doubles over in agony.)

PAISLEY

Wh-what? Look, I was just wondering if you guys were going to be down here for a while.

DORIS

Oh, sure, son, unless there's something interesting happening up on deck.

(loses again on the slot machine)

Jilly jelly! I was doing so well.

(to PAISLEY)

You know, like one of those silly competitions where people compare how big their biceps are or something? Or maybe some ice-carving.

(NED scoops up some of his spilled ice (can be mimed) and dumps it down his pants to ease the pain.)

PAISLEY

No, no. There's nothing like that today. Oh, you'd be so bored if you went up on deck. Nothing but a bunch of wrinkly, sunburnt people lying on their towels.

(DEALER enters with a towel and starts to clean up the mess.)

DORIS

Really? I thought these cruises had a lot more eye candy than that.

PAISLEY

Eye candy?

(DORIS stares wistfully into space.)

DORIS

Yeah, you know. Sexy people grabbing each other in inappropriate places.

(DEALER slips on the mess. He accidentally grabs the front of NED's pants as he falls.)

PAISLEY

(shocked)

Mom!

DORIS

I mean, not that I'd want to see anything like that. You're right. Your father and I will stay down here.

(DEALER and NED finally clean up the mess, and everything returns to normal as they stand near the blackjack table.)

PAISLEY

Okay. Whew.

DORIS

You sound relieved.

PAISLEY

Oh, I do? I mean, whew, is it hot down here. I better go find something to drink.

DORIS

Maybe your father will give you a sip of his -- provided it's non-alcoholic, of course.

(NED hands some money to DEALER.)

NED

Gin and tonic.

(NED sits down as DEALER exits.)

PAISLEY

Nah, I better get going.

DORIS

Ooh, don't tell me you have a date.

PAISLEY

Well, what if I do? I'm almost an adult, you know.

DORIS

If you say so, dearie.

(PAISLEY shakes his head and starts to exit.)

DORIS (CON'T)

Oh, son? Remember to use your protection.

PAISLEY

What?

DORIS

You know, your sunblock? Don't tell me you're forgetting to put on sunblock.

PAISLEY

Oh. No, I'm not forgetting.

DORIS

Okay, then. Bye.

(PAISLEY exits.)

(DORIS loses another game of slots.)

DORIS (CON'T)

Oh, titty tattles!

(pause)

Oh, Ned? Dear, why don't you come over here and play with my slot?

NED

Say what?

DORIS

Although I'm having such a wonderful time playing with myself -- I mean, by myself.

NED

Sure enough, that's what it sounds like.

(DEALER enters and hands NED his drink.
Begins to deal a game of blackjack.)

(As the dialogue continues, DORIS and NED
remain absorbed in their respective games and
never look at each other.)

DORIS

It's just that I haven't seen you all day.

NED

I know. Isn't vacation wonderful?

DORIS

We're supposed to be here working on our marriage. That's what this trip is for.

NED

Yeah, yeah, I know.

DORIS

There's just no romance between us anymore. Say something romantic.

NED

Come play a hand of blackjack.

DORIS

Not quite what I had in mind. Besides, I couldn't. That's sinful.

NED

No, it ain't. Just requires you to count up to twenty-one.

(DEALER finishes dealing a hand.)

NED (CON'T)

Ha! Blackjack!

DORIS

You're not supposed to count cards and things when you play those games. That's just not right.

(loses her slot game)

Oh, suffering sourmash! That's five in a row! Five!

(to NED)

You know, it makes you say bad words.

NED

Uh huh.

DORIS

The cleanliness of my immortal soul is just too important.

NED

Well, I tried.

DORIS

Try again. Please?

NED

How about we cut a rug at that-there pirate dance tonight?

DORIS

Ooh. I declare, but I think my husband just asked me out on a date.

NED

Sure. Dancing ain't sinful at all.

DORIS

Well, not unless you do it right.

NED

Say what again?

DORIS

I said that would be just all right. Good idea, Ned.

NED

Good. So are we getting along now? The evening's all planned out?

DORIS

Yes, that'll do for starters.

NED

Starters? What could we possibly do with each other after that?

DORIS

(disappointed he didn't get the hint)

With you?

(pause)

Oh, that just depends on how well we play our cards, doesn't it?

NED

Huh. I hope we start winning soon, then.

DORIS

Me too, sweetheart. Me too.

SCENE 7

Ship's deck, complete with railing, bar, and chaise lounges.

(As tropical MUSIC plays, PASSENGERS drink and socialize. One of them is the HUNKY GUY, who's in high spirits like everyone else. The BARTENDER serves drinks.)

(HALVARD leans against the deck railing and watches the crowd with a dour expression. He crosses his arms.)

(Oblivious to the commotion, GINA sunbathes on a chaise lounge.)

(The CAPTAIN appears on the observation platform, looking regal in his uniform with the droopy shoulder epaulet. He focuses on BRIDGET when she enters. BRIDGET carries a clipboard.)

B.J. THE D.J. (O/S, OVER P.A.)

Hiya, folks! B.J. the D.J. here. In just a few minutes, we'll be starting our infamous Hairy Man competition up by the pool. So, if you're a man or even a manly woman who has some moss on the bulkhead, you're welcome to compete for this high honor. All right! Now for some music.

(MUSIC plays.)

(CONTESTANTS, who do not necessarily have to be hairy, approach BRIDGET to give their names. BRIDGET writes them onto her clipboard.)

(PAISLEY enters. He's still wearing his shirt with the fake chest hair poking from the top, and he looks nervous. Seeing GINA, he braces himself and crosses to her.)

PAISLEY

(to GINA)

Uh, hi there, again.

(GINA sees him and obviously wishes she hadn't.)

PAISLEY (CON'T)

I didn't get your name before.

GINA

You're right. You didn't.

(sighs, relenting)

Okay. It's Gina.

PAISLEY

Gina. So, what are you up to?

(GINA stares at him.)

PAISLEY (CON'T)

Oh. You're sunbathing. And I'm going to compete in the Hairy Man competition.

GINA

You are?

PAISLEY

(nervous)

Oh, yeah. You know, people always say to me: P-Paisley, you're so manly. You're like an undiscovered G.Q. model. And, and, and maybe if you did something b-b-bold, someone would notice you.

GINA

Someone like a talent scout?

PAISLEY

Sure. I have many talents.

GINA

Hmm.

(The CONTESTANTS line up and peel off their shirts.)

(On the observation platform, the CAPTAIN steels his courage and begins to make his way down to the deck.)

BRIDGET

(shouting)

Are there any more entrants?

PAISLEY

(to GINA)

Whoops. Gotta go!