

SHORT PLAYS OF ADVENTURE AND MERIT

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DEDICATION

This Book is dedicated to Mr. Burt Reynolds
For his generous direction and inspiration
within Film and Theatre

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THE DRAGON'S BREATH

by Cynthia Morrison
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INSIDE - Castle Office

LIGHTS

*The year is 1430. The ruler of Moldavia, **ALEXANDER THE GOOD**,*

sits in his official quarters as he studies a map.

***OLEG** his servant brings him some official papers.*

OLEG – The documents as requested my leader.

ALEXANDER – Good Oleg. Did you see if the metal shop has finished the Axe heads?

OLEG – Not as yet. This will be next.

ALEXANDER – When you go to the shop then put in an order for 500 crossbow. Before that, go find my Daughter Vasilisa and tell her to come to me.

OLEG – At once my leader.

***OLEG** bows to Alexander and exits the Office.*

***ALEXANDER** continues to study the Documents.*

***VASILISA** enters the office and excitedly greets her father.*

VASILISA - Father, you have returned.

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

ALEXANDER THE GOOD smiles and extends his hand.

VASILISA kisses his hand in a respectful greeting to her Father.

ALEXANDER – Yes my Dear one. Of course I returned. Did you have such doubt?

VASILISA – No Father. You are the greatest in War. (beat) Did they hurt you?

ALEXANDER – (Laughs) How could they hurt Alexander if he is the greatest? Hmm?
You make me laugh.

VASILISA – We worry when you go. Because we love you Father.

ALEXANDER – That is why there are reduced numbers of the enemy as we speak.
Many heads have found their graves. Nothing will harm you my princess as long as I live.

VASILISA – Please do not give me the details. It is difficult to bare hearing them.

ALEXANDER – Fair enough my child. But one day you will be married to a leader such as I then you must find a strong stomach. Somehow, some way, you will have to face the darker side of ruling a kingdom. You must find strength. Promise me Vasilisa that you will try.

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

VASILISA – When the time presents itself, I promise you, I shall.

ALEXANDER – Good girl. That is all I can ask from you.

VASILISA - Forgive me Father. It looks as though you have your shirt on wrong.

ALEXANDER – You are right. It is for Good Luck.

VASILISA – of course. Forgive me again. I forgot. (beat) Do you bring any other news?
On a more pleasant front?

ALEXANDER – Yes Vasilisa. I have exciting news. You shall be married.

Sfx (Church Bells ringing)

VASILISA – (Excitedly) Oh father that is wonderful news. I can finally wear the Robe of my Mother. I have made sure it has been kept in good order. It fits perfectly. This shall be a happy day.

ALEXANDER – Yes my Princess, a happy day for many. You shall marry (beat) Vlad the dragon.

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

Sfx (*Wolf Howl*)

VASILISA – (with a terrified reaction) Oh No Father. Please. Not Him.

ALEXANDER – Why is that such a disappointment to you?

VASILISA – Have you not heard the horrid tales of him?

ALEXANDER – Now Vasilisa, one cannot rely on the tales of peasants or jealous foes.

VASILISA – Father, I have met those who have met him. They say he has a large strange looking mustache underneath his pointy nose. And his breath only compares to his given title (beat) “The Dragon”

ALEXANDER – (gives a hearty laugh) Is that all that concerns you? Then beg him to shave and turn your face away when he speaks. You see?

VASILISA – They tell that when Vlad partakes in his Borscht that he dips his bread first in a bowl of Blood from the Oxen. Oh Father, please do not make me marry this horrid excuse for a Prince. I beg thee.

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

ALEXANDER – Vasilisa , Vasilisa. Simply look the other way when you are dining with him. Arrange to eat at another period. All men have their faults. You will not find a perfect man I assure you. I should know. I have had a good number of them under my sword. Now, it is arranged that you will marry Vlad the Dragon. It is for the good of all people that you do. It is also your obligation as my daughter.

VASILISA – and do you not want happiness for your daughter? I must admit, I truly prefer Blondes Father. Vlad is of dark hair and smells of the Oxen that he consumes. Besides, “I” am from true Romanian Royalty.(Beat) (*Sfx Royal Trumpets*) “He” is from a lesser Wallachia. They only know how to conquer by unethical or murderous means.(*Sfx Tuba blast*)

ALEXANDER – My Daughter, you fret too much. Such as your Mother did. Being born to a leader you must accept that you will give away some privileges and marriage is one of them. You shall marry and live the life of a great leader’s wife. Bare his children to continue his kingdom.

VASILISA – and I suppose, that should I bare a child, that he will give him some creepy intolerable name such as Vlad the Impaler or something like that. In fact the child would be (beat) a “Dracula”, son of the dragon. Which makes me the Mother of a Dragon.

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

ALEXANDER – Stop with your ridiculous ideas. He shall be strong and handsome of course. He will be “My” Grandson (*Alexander gives a conceited smile*)

VASILISA – (*sarcastically*) I can just hear them now. When citizens celebrate his birth. “Hmmm shall we get him a rattle or a de scaler for his birthing present” (*desperately*) No I cannot bare the thought. Oh father you must hear my plea.

(VASLISA exits in tears of her fearful ideas)

ALEXANDER – (to himself) Where did I go wrong?

Sfx A knock from the entry

ALEXANDER – Have you come to your senses so quickly my Daughter?

Alexander's servant OLEG enters Alexander's quarters.

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

OLEG – It is Oleg with a message for my Prince.

ALEXANDER – What is it Oleg?

OLEG – I am sent to tell his excellency that the feast is prepared and awaits you.

ALEXANDER -And what is the food for this day?

OLEG- Borscht, my leader. (*makes a facial grimace*)

ALEXANDER is remembering details of Vlad's Borscht

ALEXANDER –No it must not. No Borscht.

OLEG - It has taken all day to prepare your excellency. It is of the most flavorful. As you know, I am also the taste test crash dummy.

ALEXANDER - I said no Borscht! What else awaits me?

OLEG - Soup of the Oxen and Bread. (*makes a facial Grimace*)

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

(Sfx cattle Mooooo)

ALEXANDER – Argh! No Oxen. I will have Lamb. You hear me. Lamb

OLEG- Your excellency. Lamb takes a very long time to cook and prepare.

ALEXANDER – I said Lamb. I don't care if you must pluck it from the table of a peasant. Just go find me some Lamb. Do you understand?

OLEG - I do. And when I bring the Lamb, will my leader allow me one favor?

ALEXANDER – Oleg, one should never confuse kindness for weakness. Now go find the Lamb and when you bring it to me I shall allow you to Live! How about that?

KNOCK ON DOOR

OLEG – *(nervously)* Uh, I'll see who that is first.

OLEG quickly exits.

ALEXANDER – *(speaks to himself)* and I conquer worlds for this?

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

OLEG returns to **ALEXANDER**

ALEXANDER – Well? Who was at the door?

OLEG – Speaking of Boris

BORIS enters the room

He is holding his severed head in one hand

(Done with Headless Man costume)

ALEXANDER – What's this?! I had your head buried between your knees so you couldn't find your head. How did you?...

BORIS – You forgot. I have lonnnnng arms *(evil laugh)*

(beat) I want some answers. Why did you do this to me?

ALEXANDER – Some of the staff came to me and told of how you went out at in the Night. We didn't want to take any chances that you may be a Vampire so I had your head removed.

BORIS – Just because I went out at night? How could you assume I was sucking Blood?

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

OLEG – Because assumptions are much easier than investigations. How is it that you are now risen if you are not a vampire?

BORIS – Very good point. (*addressing Alexander*) Well at least you replaced me with an intelligent mortal.

ALEXANDER – Oleg go find the incompetent poor soul that killed this horrid specimen!

OLEG exits quickly

ALEXANDER - (*addressing Boris*) and oh by the way, we forgot to impale you with a silver dagger!

ALEXANDER reaches out quickly with a Prop dagger

And impales BORIS. BORIS falls dead. (on a couch perhaps)

Sfx WOLF HOWL

ALEXANDER – All in a day's work of a Moldavian leader.

ALEXANDER wipes the dagger clean

VALKYRIE enters the room

ALEXANDER – and who might you be?

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

VALKYRIE – I am the Valkyrie that has come to collect Alexander the Good. I must take him to his resting place in Valhalla.

ALEXANDER – “I” am Alexander and I am not yet ready for my resting place.

VALKYRIE – Really. Hmmm we had you scheduled to die in the last battle.

ALEXANDER – My dear. That is why they call me Alexander “the GOOD”

VALKYRIE – I must speak to the list maker. This is the second time she’s put me at the wrong address!

ALEXANDER – (*pointing at BORIS*) Why don’t you take this one instead

VALKYRIE – He looks a bit of a mess. Don’t want to stain my new battle skirt. See you later. When you’re not so “Good” anymore. Taa for now.

VALKYRIE exits

ALEXANDER studies his Map

THE DRAGON'S BREATH

ALEXANDER – Perhaps a nice long Crusade to get me away from all of this. Yes that sounds like a brilliant idea. Guards! Prepare for Journey! To a far away land. And I mean FAR away land.

ALEXANDER exits

THE END

CURTAIN

Cast of Characters

3 Men, 2 women

(Boris may be substituted for Female if need be. Change Boris to “Natasha” or change Oleg to “Olga” as female)

ALEXANDER THE GOOD – Male - 15th century Ruler in Europe near Russia.

VASILISA – Female - His Princess Daughter

OLEG – Male - Personal assistant to ALEXANDER

BORIS – Male - Alexander’s former assistant that he had beheaded

VALKYRIE – Fem. Mythical woman that determined a soldiers death in battle. Then rode a winged Horse to collect him for burial in Valhalla. Wears a winged helmet usually.

SYNOPSIS

The daughter of a 15th century Romanian ruler is terrified when she is told that her arranged marriage is to the barbaric leader Vlad the Dragon. The ruler is also visited by his beheaded assistant as well as a mythical Valkyrie who mistakenly arrives to collect his dead body that is still very alive.

SET

Table, Chair and Faux Map.

NOTE: This play may be presented with or without sound effects.

THE MAD MATADOR

By Cynthia Morrison



THE MAD MATADOR

Written by Cynthia Morrison
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INSIDE - Office

*A Ruthless "Wild West Show" Boss, **SAL***

is sitting in his/her office counting the profits for the day's show.

The Mad Matador knocks and enters the office

SAL

Ah Matador. Did you hear that crowd today? They loved you.

MAD MATADOR – *(Conceded manner)* Thank You Sal. I know.

SAL

I'm curious. What in the world ever possessed you into wanting to become a Matador?

MAD MATADOR

When I was a child my Family had a small Farm with Chickens and Goats. My Father would tell stories about the great Matadors that would fight in the Plaza de Toro. Then he would show me how they use the Cape against the Bull. He would use the Goats for practicing this. My Mother would get upset because she thought that this teaches the Goats to charge at anyone. Goats charge anyway, you know. So, I started practicing what my Father showed me. When I was old enough I went to a Bullfight. When I watched the Bullfighters I became confident enough in my practices to try it. Now, here I am. The only problem is that I am an Animal lover and I will only practice the Portuguese style Bloodless Bullfighting as I do in your shows without swords. I'm also Vegetarian.

THE MAD MATADOR

SAL

A Vegetarian Matador. And do the other Matadors back Home think any less of you for this?

MAD MATADOR

Not at all. They understand how the Bull stays strong for the entire show and makes my job more difficult. Which brings me to the point of why I came to see you.

SAL

Well please, speak your mind .

MAD MATADOR

No more dirty Bulls

SAL

I beg your pardon?

MAD MATADOR

You know what I mean. Toro, Toro, The Bull.

MAD MATADOR

SAL

Are you serious? You want me to get some kind of Cow wash or something?

MAD MATADOR

No. I mean that a Bull can only be fought once. Then, they are what is known as “Dirty”. They are no good for the fight. Bulls are intelligent animals and they find where the body is... and fast. El Toro is No Stupido.

SAL

Have you noticed the price of Bulls these days? The show is not making enough profits at this time to have new Bulls each time we set camp.

MAD MATADOR

Listen, It is my choice to dance with Danger. But not with ignorance.

SAL

(Beat) Alright, let me see what expenses can be cut in order to get some new Bull. As if we don't have enough of it around here already.

MAD MATADOR

Gracias. Asta Lavista.

THE MAD MATADOR

The Mad Matador exits

*Smil'in Sal makes his/her way to visit a local Stockyard
where "Red Rancher" is selling his Livestock.*

RED RANCHER

Howdy. I'm Red. You look'in fer someth'in special?

SAL

Well, really, just a Bull. They call me Smil'in Sal. I'm the owner of the Traveling Wild West Show here in Town and I'm in need of a Bull or Two for the Bullfighting demonstration in my production.

RED

Alrighty. Well, the Bull section is in these Pens on the West side. We put them on the west side 'cause they like the sunset.

SAL

Really?

THE MAD MATADOR

RED

Oh Yeh. When they see that Sun sett`in they start paw`in the ground and kickin up dust on their backs to keep the Mosquitoes off `em after dusk.

SAL

And I always thought that “Pawing the ground” was an indication that they wanted to charge something. Huh Learn something new every day.

RED

What most Folks don` t know is that Bovine are actually quite intelligent. Yep, El Toro is No Stupido

SAL

De ja Vu

RED

What? You speak French too?

SAL

No. Never mind. Ok how about that one over there. Is he a good Bull?

THE MAD MATADOR

RED

Oh I wouldn't recommend that one. He's a bit "different"

SAL

What do you mean "different"?

RED

You know. Different. He don't like Cows. He might be one of them there Misogynist. Or as we Rancher's say, a "Mooooosogynist"

(Red laughs) Get it? Mooooosogynist *(Laughs)*

SAL (Unimpressed)

Yes, what an interesting career you have. Ok then what about that one over there?

RED

Nah. You don't want that one either. He was born sterile.

SAL

Well, I'm not using him to re stock a herd so that's unimportant.

THE MAD MATADOR

RED

Yeeeh but he don't have enough Hormones to drive him. You'd be better off fight'in a Mouse.

SAL

For goodness sakes. Ok how about that Blonde colored Bull in the Pen next to him?

RED

Yeh He'd be a good one fer Ya.

SAL

Great! How much do you want for Him?

RED

He's kind'a scrawny. That one will run 'Ya 'bout Fifteen Hundred Buckaroos.

SAL

Holy Toledo. Ok, wait. I've got an idea. That Bull is Blonde so the Matador can use him once as a Blonde. Then I can dye him Black for the second show then paint white spots on him for the third show so he won't know it's the same Bull at each performance. This way I get at least Three performances out of him which brings that to. Now let me think. Ok That's Five Hundred Dollars a show. Man o' Man! I can feed an Army for that. Argh! This Matador is killing me.

THE MAD MATADOR

RED

That's usually what they do is'nt it?

SAL

No. Well not this one anyway. He's the Bloodless type. Oh never mind.

The costs of show Biz is just getting out of control. These Bulls are taking a chunk out of my profit. Say listen, You got any Goats for sale?

CURTAIN

THE MAD MATADOR

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MAD MATADOR – Male. A Matador who seems to always find a dark Cloud overhead.

SMIL'IN SAL – Unisex. Ruthless owner of a travelling Wild West Show.

RED RANCHER – Unisex. A Rancher with Cattle for Sale. Dry sense of humor.

Synopsis

The MAD MATADOR endures unfortunate adventures throughout his career. He is highly conceded and into himself and Bullfighting. He finally comes to the conclusion that in the end it is really the Bull who is his only Friend.



MUMMIES

THE SEVEN STEPS

By Cynthia Morrison

© 2013

INSIDE – FUNERAL HOME EMBALMING ROOM

***THOMAS**, a modern day Mortician, is dressed in the style of an ancient Egyptian.*

He is in process of performing the 7 Steps of Mummification upon a Female Cadaver that he has in his Funeral Home.

*The situation goes awry when his spouse **RONA** finds him "Mummifying" the cadaver while dressed as an Egyptian.*

***RONA** enters the Embalming room of the Funeral Home.*

***ALEX**, the Mortician assistant, enters the room also right behind her.*

***ALEX** is dressed as an Egyptian also and holds a Toy sword.*

ALEX - No. No. Stop! You can't go in there!

RONA – What's going on in here?

***RONA** forces her way to enter the embalming room*

RONA – (*fearfully surprised*) Thomas, what on Earth are you doing?!

ALEX – (*addresses Thomas*) I couldn't stop her

THOMAS – (*addresses Alex*) Some Egyptian Guard you are!

THOMAS – (*addressing RONA*) Rona, listen. I can explain

RONA – I really don't think there could be an explanation for THIS. My God!

THOMAS – Remember me telling you the story of when I was just a child and read about Egyptian History. It was so fascinating to me. And how it inspired me to follow a career as a Mortician and

RONA – Oh Yeh and last Month I found you dressed like Dracula during an Embalming!

THOMAS – Well, that was something else

RONA turns to look at ALEX

ALEX – Don't look at me, I only work here

THOMAS – This poor Soul was a Homeless street walker and No Family came to claim Her. She's being put into Cremation anyway. We're just doing it a piece at a time.

RONA – Oh how Wonderful Thomas.. and do you know that everything we've worked for will go up in smoke if a county official walks in here!

THOMAS – It's Sunday. County officials are out on the water enjoying their outboards

RONA – I cannot believe this is happening. Tell me it's all a dream. (Beat) I waited on tables and fought off fingernail fungus from washing dishes in order to send you to Mortician school and now you want to play the Egyptian God of the Afterlife. We're gonn'a lose everything. Have you lost your mind?!

ALEX – (*addressing Thomas*) I told you so

THOMAS – (*In regret*) I'm sorry Rona, you're right. I just thought that since it was Sunday and she had no Family that ...well, ok I won't do it again. I promise.

RONA – (*Sympathetic*) Thomas I want to believe you but... Ohhhh, ok, I believe you. Come here Honey Bun.

***RONA** opens her arms and **THOMAS** embraces her.*

***ALEX** joins in by hugging **THOMAS** from behind.*

He still has the Plastic sword in his hand and

*pokes **RONA** in the head with it by accident.*

***RONA** reacts and let's go from the embrace.*

RONA – Oww! You poked me with your ... (*disgusted*) I have to go now. A Day at the Spa sounds very good at this point.

***RONA** exits while holding her head*

where the sword poked it.

ALEX – and now what?!

THOMAS – (Sfx - *snaps his fingers*) Hey I know.

***THOMAS** gets a Kitchen hand mixer and points at it*

ALEX – (*disgusted*) No! That's it. I'm going too. I told you we shouldn't play around like this. You're crazy. Job or no Job, I want no part of it.

ALEX exits.

THOMAS holds the Mummy's hand

THOMAS – Well, I guess it's just you and me now.

THOMAS begins putting embalming tools away

*When suddenly he turns to find an
unfamiliar Woman watching him.*

THOMAS – *(startled)* Ah! Oh Hey. Sorry, I didn't know anyone was here. You're awfully quiet. If you're here to identify the Crash Victim I'll take you in to see her.

Angel – I'm here with a message. For a Bad Egg.

THOMAS – a Bad Egg? Who are you?

ANGEL – No need to be alarmed. I'm simply a divine messenger

THOMAS – Divine messenger? You're An Angel? Oh my God

ANGEL No. Not God. that's why "I'm" here. (Beat)

THOMAS – Ah sorry. Alright, what's the message. Go on, I'm ready

ANGEL – Stop altering the Bodies!

THOMAS – I was only trying to preserve them, not harm them. I mean that's the way ...

ANGEL – Stop altering the Bodies!

THOMAS – The World is not a perfect place you know. Ok. Ok. Got it. I promise. No more altering. No more.

ANGEL – Good. Now, one more thing. Do you remember your promise to your Uncle Jack?

THOMAS – Of course I do.

ANGEL – Then why did you not bury him with his Six Guns as he requested? You promised him that you would.

THOMAS – I got Spooked. I was suddenly scared of losing my License if I was caught putting the Guns in his Coffin.

ANGEL - You pull the guts out of the Dead while you are dressed as an Egyptian Icon but you were worried about keeping a promise to the Brother of the woman who bore you. He was a proud member of the Southern Gunslingers group. It's a Cowboy thing, you know. Being buried with your Six Guns. But "YOU" couldn't keep that simple promise.

THOMAS – (*looks upward*) Ohhh Uncle Jack. I'll have you exhumed and put your Guns in before we replace you. I Promise, I promise, I promise!

ANGEL – You're too late. Your Aunt Mary already sold them to another member of the Gunslinger group.

THOMAS - Well, I'll find out who it is and go buy them back. I'll pay twice what they are worth just to get them.

ANGEL - Too late again. That guy sold them to another sharp shooter he met from Kansas.

THOMAS – So I'll buy a pair of Six Guns just like Uncle Jack's. Aunt Mary will tell me what kind they were.

ANGEL – Not the same. He wants “His” Guns. Speaking of “Spooked”, do you ever notice things being misplaced around here or the embalming machine not pumping properly sometimes?

THOMAS – Yes. Oh No, Uncle Jack. He’s that angry huh? Ok,ok I’ll hunt down his Guns. If it’s the last thing I do, I’ll get them. I promise!

ANGEL – Yes , you are good with Promises.

THOMAS – No, I swear it this time. I will! And no more Mummifications. Please believe me.

ANGEL – I don’t need to believe you. I see you. Well, more messaging awaits me. I must be going.

ANGEL Exits

THOMAS – Wait, wait! I have a question. wait!

THOMAS – *(speaks to himself)* This is unbelievable. Why me?!

THOMAS finds his Cell phone.

THOMAS - Hello, Aunt Mary? Thomas here. How are you? (beat) Aunt Mary there's something I need to tell you. Uncle Jack asked me to bury his Six Guns with him and I got cold feet thinking I would lose my Mortician's license if I did. Well, now I feel bad about it and want to exhume Uncle Jack and put the Guns in the Coffin with him as promised. I hear you sold the Guns and they ended up in Kansas. Any way to find out that Gunslinger's name? (Beat) What?! You heard he died also and they buried the Guns with him?! Oh my God (*THOMAS raises his hands skyward*) No, I didn't mean that. Oh Geez what "do" I mean?. I Doomed!

(THOMAS faints across the midsection of the cadaver)

LIGHTS FADE

CURTAIN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THOMAS – (28 – 40's) A Mortician that enjoys his work. Owns his own Funeral Home. Likes to Role play as he embalms cadavers.

RONA – (28 – 40's) Thomas' Wife. Has worked hard to put Thomas through school and now keeps a close eye on He and the business.

ALEX - (30 – 50) A Mortician's assistant that plays along with Thomas in the role playing simply to collect his pay check.

ANGEL - (20 – 50) an Angel / messenger from God. Very decisive on delivering her message to Thomas.

SET

Year : Present

Scene 1: Takes place inside the embalming room of Thomas' Modern day Funeral Home.

SYNOPSIS

Thomas, a modern day Mortician has a life long fascination of Egyptian culture. Things go awry when his spouse Rona finds him "Mummifying" a cadaver while he is dressed as an Egyptian. He is then visited by an Angel who gives him a stern warning to knock it off!

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

By Cynthia Morrison

A theatrical adaptation of

Edgar Allan Poe's

Literary work

Some words with a Mummy

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

INSIDE / a living room / front parlor

***DR. PORTER** and his colleagues stand in the
front parlor of his house and stare
At the remains of an ancient mummified corpse*

MCMILLIN - That's just the job Dr. Porter. Finally gaining permission to open the shrouds of the Mummy. I've been waiting a lonnnng time for this opportunity.

PORTER - Not as long as I have Doctor McMillin. It took a bit of do'in. We should be thankful for the efforts of our friend Selim here. His political influence and Egyptian bloodline had a significant impact on the Museum directors approval I'm sure.

SELIM - Glad to have been of assistance Doctor. I too take a great interest in seeing any biological difference with regard to my ancestral heritage.

***SHANNON** enters the room*

PORTER - Ah Gentleman you all know my daughter Shannon. Have you delivered the message to Mr. Tully?

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

SHANNON - That I did Father. His wife said he'd be 'round real soon.

PORTER - 'at a girl. And did you remember to get us a sack for the mummy's wrappings?

SHANNON - Ah yes, I left it out in me bike basket. I'll go and fetch it.

***SHANNON** exits the room*

MCMILLIN - A fine young Lass ya got there Porter.

PORTER - Aye, I couldn't have been blessed with any better.

SELIM - Any sites on a husband for her yet?

PORTER - ha! No. She bears a great love for Horses. She's determined to doctor them someday and intends on studying Veterinary medicine. I told her it's dirty work for a lady but she has the strong will of her Mother. I'm afraid that's where her focus is at the moment.

SHANNON** returns. She presents a sack to **PORTER

SHANNON - Here you are Father. It's the best I could find. Hope it works for you.

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

MCMILLIN - Well it looks fine to me. Here, I'll take the sack and the task of collecting the bindings if that's alright with you Dr. Porter.

PORTER** hands the sack to **MCMILLIN

PORTER - Very well. Now we have one medically trained ancient binding collector.

MCMILLIN - Ancient referring to the bindings I hope and not reference to the collector

All are amused

***SELIM** checks his pocket watch*

SELIM - Excuse me Shannon. Did Mrs. Tully say about how long her husband would be? Perhaps they were having supper.

***TULLY** enters the room*

SHANNON - Well speaking of the Devil. 'tis himself.

TULLY - I've been called a few names in me time but "Devil" is not one of them. (amused) Good evening Gentleman, oh and Ladies.

PORTER - So glad you could make it Mr. Tully

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

TULLY - I wouldn't miss this for the World. No, not This. A chance of a lifetime. I couldn't get changed fast enough when I got your note.

SELIM - You're not thinking of staying on through this procedure, are you Shannon?

SHANNON - Actually Sir I was hoping that you and the others wouldn't mind if I observed. I promise not to interrupt.

*(addressing **PORTER**)* with your permission Father.

PORTER - Well seeing that you plan a career in medicine, even if it is with the animal kingdom. Well I don't see why not.

(addressing the other men present) Will that be fine with you gentlemen? (**ALL** men respond in agreement)

PORTER - Dr. McMillin would you wish first rights to uncover the face?

MCMILLIN - I should be honored Doctor. *(addressing **SELIM**)* Ambassador would you mind holding the sack open for the remnants please.

SELIM takes the sack from **MCMILLIN**

SELIM - But of course Doctor

MCMILLIN slowly begins to examine the

facial area of the Mummy

MCMILLIN - Forgive me but It appears that this mummy has no eyes.

SELIM - Of course not. The first step in producing a worthy mummy is to remove all traces of water. Water permits bacteria, which are responsible for the process of decay. The Eyeballs hold fluid so they are removed.

TULLY - This is so fascinating. (addressing Shannon) Are you alright Shannon?

SHANNON - Yes Mr. Tully. So far. Thanks for asking

PORTER - Dr. McMillin, before we get into exposing the horrid effects of ancient embalming methods I'd like to take another direction.

MCMILLIN - How so?

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

PORTER - I'd like to experiment with electrotherapy to see if any amount of reflex is present inside the preserved tissues of this corpse.

TULLY - Excuse me gentleman. Wouldn't that be crossing the line?

PORTER - In the general sense, most probably. But we are men of science. That's what we do. Experiment. Ambassador, have you any objection?

SELIM - As you say. Men of science. Feel free to continue.

TULLY - Wait! May I remind you all about the curses involved with regard to tampering in egyptian culture.

SELIM - To my knowledge this only applies to the one that originally trespasses against or profits from relics in the burial tombs.

SHANNON - Father shouldn't you research this before jumping into the fire?

PORTER - There is no time. (*addressing TULLY*) Mr. Tully will you bring me that device over there please.

TULLY** gets the device and hands to **PORTER

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

MCMILLIN - The electrotherapy device is limited to simple stimulating currents.

PORTER - Not this one. I added accumulators.

***PORTER** appears to place wires on*

the side of the mummy's thigh

***PORTER** flips a switch (or turns a knob) on the device*

***ALL** are fixed & waiting for a reaction. Nothing happens*

SELIM - Give it another try. We Egyptians are not easily awakened.

TULLY - Shall I get some smelling salts? Oh never mind. Bad joke.

***TULLY** is positioned at the mummy's feet*

***PORTER** gives the mummy another jolt.*

The mummy bends his knee keeping his leg up

and bent at the knee.

Everyone gasps in amazement!

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

MCMILLIN - You've done it man! A centuries old reaction.

SELIM - This is unbelievable!

SHANNON - Father I think that's far enough. Maybe we should just leave him be

PORTER - You must be teasing Shannon. A reaction comes about then stop?! Stand back, I'm increasing the power this time.

***PORTER** applies another jolt*

*This time the mummy kicks his bent leg into the extended position with great speed and kicks **TULLY** stumbling backwards.*

SELIM - I've never seen anything like it!

MCMILLIN - You've given a new meaning to waking the dead Doctor Porter! And now what?

The Mummy sneezes

TULLY - Did you hear that? He sneezed!

SHANNON - We heard it indeed Sir

The Mummy sits up

MUMMY - I must say gentlemen, that I am as much surprised as I am mortified at your behavior. Of Doctor Porter nothing better was to be expected. But you, Mr. Selim who have been born in Egypt. You, whom I have always been led to regard as the firm friend of the mummies -- I really did anticipate more gentlemanly conduct from you. What am I to think of your standing quietly by and seeing me thus unhandsomely used? What am I to suppose by your permitting Tom, Dick, and Harry to strip me of my coffins in this wretchedly cold climate.

SHANNON - I've seen enough for one night Father.

PORTER - Yes Shannon I think you should go.

***SHANNON** quickly exits the room*

The four men stand back in amazement and curiosity

mumbling to one another

MUMMY - Why don't you speak Mr. Selim Did you hear what I asked you or not?

***SELIM** stands too frightened to answer*

MUMMY - (now addressing MCMILLIN) Well? Has anyone an answer?

SELIM - Lah (*Egyptian / Arabic for NO*)

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

MUMMY - Mr. Selim you speak the language of the desert and all you can say is "No"?

SELIM - (*nodding head in the YES manner*) Malma (*Egyptian for YES*)

The MUMMY rises and moves to loosen his joints

He makes his way (in a blind fashion i.e. no eyeballs)

to a chair and he sits

Dr. PORTER places a blanket on the mummy

MUMMY - How kind of you Doctor

PORTER - This is a medical miracle

MUMMY - I beg to differ. To be brief, in whatever condition the individual is in at the period of embalming, in that condition he shall remain. I was embalmed alive as you see me at present.

MCMILLIN - (*addressing PORTER*) Let us remember who's idea this was.

TULLY - Wait! Let's not waste this opportunity. I have a question for the Mummy. Sir, what do you think of our civilization so far in your travel.

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

MUMMY - Your railways leave much to be desired. Clumsily constructed. They could not be compared with the vast, level iron grooved causeways upon which the egyptians conveyed temples of one hundred fifty feet in altitude.

PORTER - and what of our steam engines?

MUMMY - I wish to congratulate you Doctor Porter for showing yourself today for what you really are.

PORTER - Have you no opinion for us about the steam or you simply will not admit your lack of knowledge?

MUMMY - Are you such a fool to think that I would not know the steam-engine is derived from the invention of Hero, through Soloman de Caus.

The **MUMMY** begins to lose energy and he drops

his head as if in sleep

MCMILLIN - Ambassador Selim, have you any thoughts to address the Mummy with? Afterall he is of your nationality.

SELIM - My mind doesn't seem to escape the initial shock. I can find no words.

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

TULLY moves closer to the **MUMMY** and raises his voice

TULLY - and what would be your opinion of our clothing?

*The **MUMMY** continues in his
resting state and does not answer*

MCMILLIN - (addressing **PORTER**) I suppose you want to give him another jolt?

SELIM - Please. No.

PORTER - I agree with the Ambassador. Let sleeping Dogs lie.

MCMILLIN - or sleeping Mummies

PORTER - Well gentlemen. Shall we return our unfortunate patient back to his resting position?

***ALL** men converge on the **MUMMY** to move him*

LIGHTS FADE

WORDS WITH A MUMMY

SCENE II

LIGHTS

INSIDE - **TULLY'S** Home Office

***TULLY** is sitting at his desk writing a letter.*

He may scribble a bit then read the letter out loud or

As he writes an audio of the letter may be played.

TULLY or Audio - My wife is a shrew. I am heartily sick of this life and this century in general. I am convinced that everything is going wrong. Besides, I am anxious to know who will be President in 2045. Therefore, as soon as I shave and swallow a cup of coffee, I shall just step over to Doctor Porter's and get embalmed for a couple hundred years. Yours truly, Tully.

***TULLY** puts on his coat and exits*

LIGHTS

CURTAIN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dr. PORTER - An M.D. with a great interest for exploring ancient science.

Dr. MCMILLAN - Friend and colleague to Dr. Porter. He assists in his experiments

SELIM (Sah - Leem)- Egyptian Ambassador that wishes to be present during the Mummy experiment.

SHANNON - Dr. Porter's daughter

TULLY - A friend to Dr.Porter. A bit eccentric and wishes to be present during the Mummy experiment as well.

THE MUMMY - a Mummy

SETTING

Boston Mass. Early 1900's. Inside Dr. Porter's front parlor / living room.

SYNOPSIS

Dr. Porter is a Medical professional that performs experiments along with the help of his sidekick Dr. McMillin. The two Doctors finally gain permission to examine the remains of an Egyptian Mummy on display at a Museum. Dr. Porter's friend Mr. Tully has begged permission to witness the occasion. A local Egyptian Ambassador is present to witness it as well. The situation goes awry when the Mummy is given Electroshock that stimulates his ancient existence back to life. After a few cynical verbal exchanges, the Mummy loses energy and returns to its deathly state.

Mr. Tully returns home to write a letter to his wife to inform her that he is going to be embalmed alive so he may know who will be President in the distant future.



PIRATES!

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

(a.k.a Autumn Wind Map)

by Cynthia Morrison

RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS makes his way into The Rusty Anchor Pub and approaches

EMERY

EMERY is holding onto a Pistol grip in his pant waistband.

BARBADOS wears an Eye Patch

BARBADOS - Oy, You can put away the Black Powder Matey. I'm here on Business. A reliable source directed me to Capt. Iridius at the Rusty Anchor. I do have the right Pub don't I?

EMERY - Aye, This is the Rusty Anchor. (beat) You look familiar. You a Scot?

BARBADOS - No, I only take their Ships. Barbados be the name. Here to see Capt. Iridius.

EMERY - The Captain's in the back room having his Braids re-worked. He has a silly fear that he'll get knots and have to shave so he's gonn'a be a while. I'm his first mate Emery. Have a sit down. All weapons on the table. You know the rules.

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS *lays a Dagger / Knife on the table*

EMERY - Barbados Who?

BARBADOS - Just Barbados.

EMERY - (*examines Barbados Dagger*) That's a right piece of cutlery ya got there Matey.

EMERY *picks up Barbados Knife on the table*

BARBADOS - Admiring me Dagger eh?. Aye, well, I had it forged on me last journey to the Homeland. A Bloke named Luther in the Village. Not just a Blacksmith as you can see. But an Artist with a forge. He comes from the European side. They say he designed weaponry for the Kingdom of Prussia. Before his escape that is.

EMERY - I can believe it. How much do you want for the Dagger?

BARBADOS - I'm not looking to part with it Sir.

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

EMERY - I'll give you double what you want.

BARBADOS - No Sir. Sorry but I've become rather attached to the piece.

EMERY - Alright. Fair enough. Then what are you here for?

BARBADOS - The bottom half of Sir Henry's Map that reveals the name of the Island.

EMERY - I'm afraid you've come to the wrong ship.

BARBADOS - Wait. I hear that your Captain is in need of it.
(beat) and I happen to have it in me pocket.

EMERY - How did you get ... ?

BARBADOS - that's me own.

EMERY - How did you get the piece?

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS - My method is of no importance

EMERY - Me final - How did you get the...?

BARBADOS - I'm a Pirate! How do you think I got it?

EMERY - "Pirate". Just think about that word. A "Pie" and "Rat".
A Pirate.

BARBADOS - Aye, I'll have some Rat with me Pie. Seafaring Vermin
are we? (*chuckle*)

EMERY - Seems the opinion of me last wench that does. In fact I
seem to remember her calling me that just before the bottle hit
me in the head on the way out the door.

BARBADOS - A Bottle to the head. Blimey, she was a fiesty one.

EMERY - Not really. But I seem to have a gift for bringing it
out of 'em.

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS - You never went back I hope.

EMERY - Only to see me Brother. (Beat) She's married to him.

BARBADOS - You Old Dog . well, Perhaps I'll just be makin' me way if the Captain's not here and come round later then.

***BARBADOS** begins to rise out of his seat*

EMERY - Wait! I'm his First mate.

***BARBADOS** sits back down*

BARBADOS - I can appreciate that but maybe I should wait for the Captain to...

EMERY - I'm the Captain now while he's detained. I'm left to command during his absence. My Coin is as good as his. Now, what's your price?!

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS - Hmmmmmm (debating)

EMERY - How 'bout this then.

***EMERY** tosses Coin on table*

BARBADOS - (laughs) Ha! You need to dig deeper than that Matey

***EMERY** tosses more Coin on table*

BARBADOS - You're getting much closer

EMERY - May I remind you that you are OUR territory now. And I am the representative of Captain Iridius of Muxloe, Grand Master to the Seven Seas and that I could so easily kill you right now and feed you to the hungry Sharks "IF" I wanted to. (Beat) But there's something I like about you. Very few I like. but you give me, Let's say, an odd but friendly feeling.

BARBADOS - Uh Yes, that's a fine price. I'll be liv'in high for a spell. Here you are. One half of Sir Henry's Map.

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS *Takes the Map out and sits it on table*

EMERY - Good. Now we understand each other. Tell me, you been around here long?

BARBADOS - A Good while. Yes. Why do you ask?

EMERY - Tell me. Have you any knowledge of the ship "Mourning Star" and her Captain, Anne Sedgwick? Iridius is looking for her.

BARBADOS - Your attempts shall be an adventure of the First Order Sir. On that you can depend. Capt. Anne Sedgwick has the stature of a seagull, a heart as big as the horizon and a will as hard as the gun barrel she be pointing at ya. Her sidekick Cinders Howard, from the Line of Lord Admiral Charles Howard who took Victory against the Spanish Armada.

EMERY - Aye, I know who he be. So, the Captain has quite the reputation does she.

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS - Right you are. The Hairy Highlander told a tale of Captain Anne once. He said that in passing her Ship one day he had a look through his Scope and there hung a body from her Yard Arm. It hung by a Whale Gaff. She does'nt take lightly to those plann'in the invade her, this much I know. I would'nt underestimate the fact that she's a woman.

EMERY - Woman? That's no woman. That's a scoundrel.

BARBADOS - I believe the Kill was performed in defense Sir. The Gaffed display was for fair warning. And it worked. For the hairy Highlander anyway.

EMERY - (chuckles) It takes more than a Man hanging on a Gaff to daunt Captain Iridius.

BARBADOS - May I suggest a time or two at the Salty Dog Slogg'in Academy. They specialize in arts of the eastern world, Sword and dagger as well as the Irish stick.

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

EMERY - Stick? (*EMERY picks up his Sword*) I've got something to stick her with and it ain't Irish!

BARBADOS - I see. That's some Cutlass you have there. I suddenly feel grateful that I be Barbados and not the Capt. Anne. Yes indeed. Well Sir, before I leave I'd like to know one thing. Would you be know'in the Pirate Alphabet?

EMERY - I ,Umm, Well, (Beat) Hmmm, and do you?

BARBADOS - There's an Aye (I), and a Rrrrrrr, and Seven Seas (C's)

(*Both are amused*)

EMERY - Say, If you don't mind me ask'in. How did you get that Eye patch?

BARBADOS - Well ya see I had me a Parrot but he didn't much like sitting on me shoulder. He preferred to perch on the sail masts above. One day right as I looked skyward he did his Business.

EMERY - Ye lost yer eye from Bird Business?!

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS - No, Me First Mate was standing next to me and reached in to help wipe it from me eye. It was the first day he had his Hook!

EMERY - Rrrrr sorry for that.. I had a Bird once. Yes. Well now hear this, If you ever come up against the Murderous Black Beard would you be know'in how to confuse him?

BARBADOS - Hmm now let me think. No, can't say that I do.

EMERY - Put 2 shovels against the wall and tell him to take his Pick!

(*Laughter*)

BARBADOS - Oooo Rrrrr. Good advice indeed. I'll pass the Cemetery on me way out and steal me two shovels Aye. Yes indeedy. (Beat) Being a seafaring man, I'm certain that you have plenty to do so I'll be making me way out.

EMERY - Wait! Leave your dagger on the table.

THE RUSTY ANCHOR

BARBADOS - But I don't want to part with...

EMERY - (*aggressively*) I said leave it on the table or I'll be rolling you off the Gang plank as I pull it out from ya.

BARBADOS - (*Beat, speaks unsteady*) Well uh. Alright uh. If I must part with it then I suppose this purpose is a worthy enough cause. Right you are. Uh, I'll just be makin' me way. Good Day to you Sir.

BARBADOS *exits*

EMERY - (*to himself*) A Good Day indeed, when we catch the likes of Capt. Anne Sedgwick. (*Evil laugh*)

THE END

SYNOPSIS

Barbados the Pirate sells one half of a Treasure Map to another Pirate named Emery. Pirate humor and aggressiveness fills the air during their transaction. Barbados loses his prized Dagger in the process.

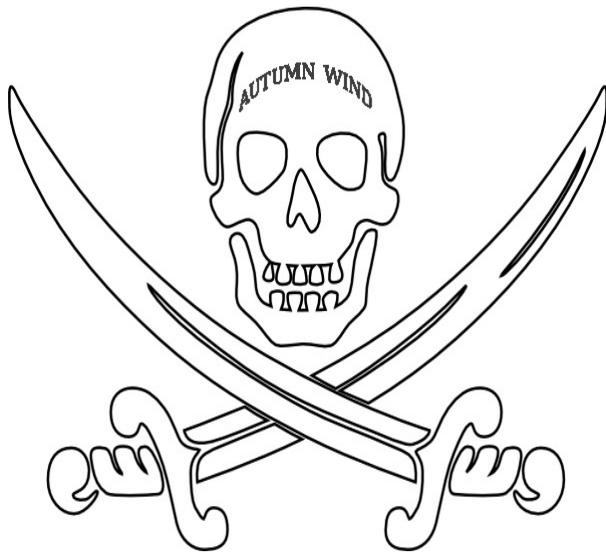
CHARACTERS

BARBADOS - A Pirate selling a Map

EMERY - First mate and Pirate. He buys the Map and steals Barbados Dagger by threat.

SETTING

Early 1900's. The Caribbean Islands



written by
Cynthia Morrison
© 2013

Featured Drama at the HEAR NOW National Audio Festival

an Audio Play easily adapted for stage

AUTUMN WIND

CAST OF CHARACTERS

3 Women, 5 Men (or 4 if Doubling)

CAPTAIN ANNE – an Edwardian era Captain of her own pirate sailing ship. She is on a Journey to find the other half of a map that will complete the whereabouts of a treasure.

CINDERS – Captain Anne’s female first mate and sidekick. She suffers seasickness on rough waters. She has an undying love to be a Sailor.

SLAPPY – Pub owner

MATHALDA – Female Pub keep and Slappy’s significant other.

CAPTAIN IRIDIUS – The evil Pirate. On a conquest to gain the same halves of Sir Henry’s map in order to claim the treasure as his own. He’s quite willing to kill for it.

EMERY – First mate to Captain Iridius

BARBADOS – A Pirate seeking any underhanded type business to profit from. He obtains and sells one half of Sir Henry’s map. He also attempts to court Cinders.

DOUGLAS – Seaside market net maker

MR. KINNEY - *Actor may Double* on this one. He has *only One line* from a distance. Mr. Kinney is the Helmsman for Captain Anne.

SYNOPSIS

Captain Anne Sedgewick is on a conquest to find the other half of the Treasure Map that she has in her possession. She must fight to keep her Map as well as fight to gain the other part. She faces ruthless cutthroat pirates as well as hungry headhunters during her Journey. Luckily those close to her are more than willing to pitch in their efforts. Even the Sharks!

SETTING

The Caribbean Islands. Circa early 1900’S

AUTUMN WIND

by Cynthia Morrison

CAPTAIN ANNE SEDGEWICK and her Crew are sailing

the Caribbean Sea.

Sfx Water, Sailing ship.

Sfx CINDERS Heaving (Sea sickness)

ANNE – All this time and you still suffer Seasickness. What we gonn’a do with Ya’ Cinders.

CINDERS – Sorry Captain Anne. I know it’s one of me downfalls but I tolerate it because of me Love for the sea.

Sfx Heaving, Cough

ANNE – No worries. I’d rather Ya’ be barkin at the fish then to have a first mate who’s untrustworthy on me Ship. Hang in there my friend. We won’t have to do that much sailing when I get the other half of Sir Henry’s Map. I’m lucky enough to possess the half that actually shows the “X” on the Treasure. Now if I can just get a hold of the other piece that directs me to which of these Islands that it’s actually buried on.

CINDERS – You will Ma’am. We all know your determination and tenacity. We believe in you.

ANNE – Sometimes yer too kind Cinders.

AUTUMN WIND

CINDERS – Perhaps a small ship to navigate just the Islands?

ANNE – Ohhh That and more. You count on it!

CINDERS – Very well Captain. Now, would it be too much to ask if we could set in the nearest Cove just now for a bit of steady water until these winds blow over?

ANNE – Why of course. Sorry Cinders. Why did'nt I think of that? Probably because it's not my Sawney over the side of the Ship now is it. Alright then. Let's make a dash for the Isle of Burladero. I haven't stopped by to see Mathalda and Slappy for at least a fortnight.

CINDERS – If you don't mind Captain I would rather stay on ship and rest. I'll take on Master of Arms for the "Mourning Star" while everyone goes on leave.

ANNE – Alright Cinders. You want me to bring you anything when I come back to the Ship?

CINDERS – Oh. No Ma'am. I really couldn't eat or drink at the moment. It would only be a waste.

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – Not for the Fish mind you. Pardon me daft Humor. Alright then. We shant be away for too long. The Autumn wind is already starting to die down. Looks like it’s moving over us and heading west. (Shouting) Avast! Take her 25 degrees Aft Mr. Kinney if you will please.

MR. KINNEY - (Distant) Aye, Captain.

Sfx Sailing on Sea.

Sfx Seagulls

FADE

FADE IN.

Sfx Seaside market place.

Sfx footsteps enter a Net makers shop

DOUGLAS - Aye Sir. That’s some Galleon ya got there. What’s her name be?

IRIDIUS - She’s the Scarlet Dagger. I’m her Captain, Iridius of Muxloe.

DOUGLAS – Nice meet’in Ya Captain and I’m Douglas. Welcome to “Port Mesh and Mullet”

Would you be needin’ a fishnet mended then?

AUTUMN WIND

IRIDIUS – Actually I only need a bit of direction. I'm need'in to know if you're familiar with a Schooner by the name of the "Mourning Star"

DOUGLAS - Not too sure if I should be handing out that kind of information. Why you looking for her?

IRIDIUS – Right, let's take care of important matters first.

Sfx Coins tossed on a table

DOUGLAS - Well, since you put it that way. Aye, Coin always seems to find the best in me.

IRIDIUS – Ever heard of the term "Live by the Sword, Die by the Sword"

DOUGLAS - Well, Yes why?

IRIDIUS – Just thought I would mention it incase you think of misleading me. You see, The Bull Shark can rip through Fishing Net with ease. Did you know they have up to 15 rows of teeth as sharp as your cutting tool.

AUTUMN WIND

DOUGLAS - (a bit unsteady, nervous) Uh, no worries Captain. Yes of course I see that Mourning Star ship round here .. Ohhh 'bout every week or two at times. She docks here with her Lady Captain. Long enough for some grub and a rest. The Captain and her small crew make their way to Slappy's Public House. Just follow the posted trail through the jungle. Someone mentioned that the Captain's name was, if I remember correctly, Anne Sedgwick. Aye, that's right, Anne Sedgwick.

IRIDIUS – Very well then Douglas. I'm sure I'll be see'in her soon enough. Not a word about my enquiry, understood?

DOUGLAS - Aye Captain. Not a word. I much prefer being a landlubber. Oh Captain. Rumor has it that Captain Anne is also the Sister to Victor Sedgwick, Quartermaster to the Royal Navy.

IRIDIUS – (Laughs) Oh is she? What a contrast that Family portrait paints. A Pirate and a Royal Officer. Interesting. Well, Good Day Sir.

DOUGLAS - Aye, Good Day Captain

Sfx Footsteps leaving **DOUGLAS**' shop

AUTUMN WIND

FADE IN.

BARBADOS visits the Ship of **IRIDIUS**

Sfx Ship at Dock. Wood planks Squeeking.

Foot steps on wood flooring. Stops.

BARBADOS visits the Ship of IRIDIUS

BARBADOS wears an Eye Patch

BARBADOS – (off stage Shouts) Anyone on Board?!

EMERY is sitting in the Captain's Quarters reading.

EMERY - In here Man.

BARBADOS makes his way to EMERY

EMERY is pointing a Pistol or Derringer at BARBADOS

BARBADOS – Oy, You can put away the Black Powder Matey. I'm here on Business. A reliable source directed me to the Scarlet Dagger. I do have the right Ship don't I?

EMERY – Aye, This is the Scarlet Dagger. (beat) You look familiar. You a Scot?

AUTUMN WIND

BARBADOS – No, I only take their Ships. Barbados be the name. Here to see Capt. Iridius.

EMERY – The Captain is out for the moment. Have a sit down. All weapons on the table. You know the rules.

BARBADOS lays a Weapon laid on table

EMERY - Barbados Who?

BARBADOS - Just Barbados.

EMERY – (examines Barbados Dagger) That’s a right piece of cutlery ya got there Matey.

EMERY picks up Barbados Knife on the table

BARBADOS – Admiring me Dagger eh?. Aye, well, I had it forged on me last journey to the Homeland. A man named Luther in the Village. Not just a Blacksmith as you can see. But an Artist with a forge. He comes from the European side. They say he designed weaponry for the Kingdom of Prussia. Before his escape that is.

EMERY – I can believe it. How much do you want for the Dagger?

AUTUMN WIND

BARBADOS – I'm not looking to part with it Sir.

EMERY – I'll give you double what you want.

BARBADOS – No Sir. Only a Months Journey could replace it. Sorry but I've become rather attached to the piece.

EMERY – Alright. Fair enough. Then what are you here for?

BARBADOS - The bottom half of Sir Henry's Map that reveals the name of the Island.

EMERY – I'm afraid you've come to the wrong ship.

BARBADOS – Wait. I hear that your Captain is in need of it. (beat) and I happen to have it in me pocket.

EMERY - How did you get ... ?

BARBADOS - that's me own.

AUTUMN WIND

EMERY - How did you get the piece?

BARBADOS – My method is of no importance

EMERY – Me final - How did you get the...?

BARBADOS - I'm a Pirate! How do you think I got it?

EMERY – “Pirate”. Just think about that word. A “Pie” and “Rat”. A Pirate.

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AUTUMN WIND

EMERY – Only to see me Brother. (Beat) She's married to him.

BARBADOS – You Old Dog . Go on. (Chuckles) well, Perhaps I'll just be makin' me way if the Captain's not here and come round later then.

BARBADOS begins to rise out of his seat

EMERY – Wait! I'm his First mate.

BARBADOS sits back down

BARBADOS – I can appreciate that but maybe I should wait for the Captain to...

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BARBADOS – Hmmmmm (debating)

EMERY – How 'bout this then.

Sfx EMERY tosses Coin on table

AUTUMN WIND

BARBADOS – (laughs) Ha! You need to dig deeper than that Matey

Sfx EMERY tosses more Coin on table

BARBADOS – You’re getting much closer

EMERY – May I remind you that you are on the ‘Scarlet Dagger’. The Ship mastered by Captain Iridius of Muxloe, Grand Master to the Seven Seas and that I could so easily kill you right now and feed you to the Hungry Caribbean Sharks. “IF” I wanted to. (Beat) But there’s something I like about you. Very few I like. but you give me, Let’s say, an odd but friendly feeling.

BARBADOS – Uh Yes, that’s a fine price. I’ll be liv’in high for a spell (BARBADOS Takes the Map out and sits it on table) Here you are. One half of Sir Henry’s Map.

EMERY – Good. Now we understand each other. Tell me, you been around here long?

BARBADOS – A Good while. Yes. Why do you ask?

EMERY - Tell me. Have you any knowledge of the ship “Mourning Star” and her Captain, Anne Sedgwick? Iridius is looking for her.

AUTUMN WIND

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AUTUMN WIND

BARBADOS - May I suggest a time or two at the Salty Dog Slogg'in Academy. They specialize in arts of the eastern world, Sword and dagger as well as the Irish stick.

EMERY – Stick? (EMERY picks up his Sword) I've got something to stick her with and it ain't Irish!

BARBADOS – I see. That's some Cutlass you have there. I suddenly feel grateful that I be Barbados and not the Capt. Anne. Yes indeed. Well Sir, before I leave I'd like to know one thing. Would you be know'in the Pirate Alphabet?

EMERY – I ,Umm, Well, (Beat) Hmmm, and do you?

BARBADOS – There's an Aye (I), and a Rrrrrrr, and Seven Seas (C's)

(Both are amused)

BARBADOS – Ooooooo Rrrrrrr.

EMERY - Say, If you don't mind me ask'in. How did you get that Eye patch?

AUTUMN WIND

BARBADOS – Well ya see I had me a Parrot but he did'nt much like sitting on me shoulder. He preferred to perch on the sail masts above. One day right as I looked skyward he did his Business.

EMERY – Ye lost yer eye from Bird Business?

BARBADOS – No, Me First Mate was standing next to me and reached in to help wipe it from me eye. It was the first day he had his Hook!

EMERY – Rrrrr sorry for that.. I had a Bird once. Yes. Well now hear this, If you ever come up against the Murderous Black Beard would you be know'in how to confuse him?

BARBADOS – Hmm now let me think. No, can't say that I do.

EMERY – Put 2 shovels against the wall and tell him to take his Pick!

(Laughter)

AUTUMN WIND

BARBADOS – Oooo Rrrrr. Good advice indeed. I'll pass the Cemetery on me way out and steal me two shovels Aye. Yes indeedy. (Beat) Being a seafaring man, I'm certain that you have plenty to do so I'll be making me way out.

EMERY – Wait! Leave your dagger on the table.

BARBADOS – But I don't want to part with....

EMERY – I said leave it on the table or I'll be rolling you off the Gang plank as I pull it out from ya.

BARBADOS – (Beat, speaks unsteady) Well uh. Alright uh. If I must part with it then I suppose this purpose is a worthy enough cause. Right you are. Uh, I'll just be makin' me way. Good Day to you Sir.

Sfx Foot steps

BARBADOS exits

EMERY – (to himself, as he examines the Dagger) A Good Day indeed, when we catch the likes of Capt. Anne Sedgwick.

FADE OUT

AUTUMN WIND

*CAPT. ANNE just arrived to Port
and makes her way to Slappy's Public House
on the Caribbean Isle of Burladero. C. 1890
Sfx Pub atmosphere*

MATHALDA – Here then, look Who it is, Captain Anne. What a nice surprise. Take a seat deary. Been about a fortnight yeh? Got any new adventures to share with us and Where's that handsome Beau of yers?

ANNE – Gone.

MATHALDA – Gone? What do you mean gone? Where did he go?

ANNE - I found him with the Chambermaid. I did nothing at the time. I'm smarter than that. Retaliation would have made me a Prisoner of that wretched community. Soon after though, we was sailing back. At twilight we were finishing the day on the deck when he asked me to light his Pipe. I went to him holding a small torch. When he came near reaching for the fire I shoved it right into his beautiful sea of hairy masculinity all over his chest. The north winds then spread it like a wildfire. He jumped overboard for the rescue of the water. Never to be seen again. What a beautiful site it was.

AUTUMN WIND

MATHALDA – Serves ‘em right .

ANNE – For what? Play’in Yoyo with the Maid?

MATHALDA – No. For getting back on a ship with you after he got caught.

ANNE – Right you are. Ooo Arrrrr. (Beat) Cinders stomach is fighting with the rough waters again so she stayed aboard to try to steady it. Mr. Kinney went on to see his mates at the Blue Anchor. How’s a dolly Pirate get a Pint round here then?

MATHALDA – (Calling out) Slappy, Slappy. Look who’s here. It’s Anne.

SLAPPY – Ahoy Captain. a Pint it is.

MATHALDA – On it’s way Captain. The waves kick’in up then from these winds. Poor Cinders. She won’t give it up will she. Strong willed to be her own woman and sail. Ahh Here he is. Here’s your Pint then.

MATHALDA – (Whispers to Slappy) Slappy, don’t be asking where her Beau is eh.

AUTUMN WIND

SLAPPY – Here ya go, Captain. A nice dark one for ya’ after the long journey to help you get your Sea Legs. On land that is.

(LAUGHTER)

SLAPPY - Oy, before I forget. There was a Tall handsome Gent here look’in fer Ya 2 days ago.

ANNE – Oh really? What’s his name?

SLAPPY - He did’nt stay round long enough for anyone to find out. I did’nt give him any information. Only mentioned that I had’nt seen you in about a Months time. Alright I stretched the truth. I was’nt that impressed with his manners. He had those dark mysterious look’in eyes.

MATHALDA – Ohhh he sounds exciting. Did you ask if he was married?

SLAPPY – Don’t be daft. Of course I did’nt ask if he was married. What would he think then.

MATHALDA – Well you could have come to the Kitchen and got me. I would have asked him.

AUTUMN WIND

SLAPPY – Like I said. He was Tall, Handsome and fairly well dressed.

MATHALDA – What’s that got to do with me asking him?

SLAPPY – Captain, can you use another swab on your Ship? This one’s gonn’a put me in the Looney bin!

ANNE – Sure, anytime Slappy. My ship is your Ship.

SLAPPY – Did you hear that Mathalda. Her Ship is my Ship.

MATHALDA – She was speaking to me Deary.

ANNE - Well, at least I have something to look forward to if he was handsome.

ANNE and MATHALDA Chuckle.

ANNE – What I need is to get this Pistol out from me side and me belt for a while. I’ll put it right here in front of me for now. Ah that’s better.

Sfx Pistol being slammed down on Table

AUTUMN WIND

SLAPPY – Oy, Mind what yer do’in. Don’t sit it down so hard. That can go off ya know!”

ANNE & MATHALDA – (In Unison) “ Arrrrr We know”

ANNE and MATHALDA give a hearty laugh.

*Corsair **IRIDIUS OF MUXLOE** and his sidekick **EMERY***

Enter the Pub

Sfx Footsteps, sudden stop.

The Lady Pirates cackling stops. There is SILENCE.

SLAPPY – Well look at that, Speak’in of the Devil Himself. Here he is. The Gent I told you ‘bout.

EMERY - May I introduce you to the Grand Master of the open waters. Iridius of Muxloe

ANNE – Grand Master huh? What do you seek Ya Scurvy Swab?

IRIDIUS - The Treasures that you shall miss Woman

ANNE - (Fx ANNE Pounds fist on table. Angry) I am a Captain and you shall address me as such!

Sfx Sword being drawn. Metallic

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – Slappy. Put that Cutlass away. I'll see to me own affairs. You and Mathalda can clean the remains of this scallywag from the boards when I'm finished.

EMERY - Uh, You may want to re consider your intentions Captain Iridius. Or at least think of a Plan "B"

IRIDIUS – Don't pay her no mind Emery. She's full of Hot Air. They say that's how she sailed here. On her own wind.

Iridius takes out half a Map and unfolds it

Sfx Paper rustling

IRIDIUS - I now possess one half of Sir Henry's Map. It leads me here. To the Isle of Burladero. I was wondering if you'd prefer sailing out peacefully or shall I hang your Bloomers from me sails, Lady Captain?

ANNE - Oxen shall bare Sparrow before you'll see that day! Why don't I just come over there and kill you right now!

ANNE draws her Sword

Sfx Stomps

Sfx Sword drawn

AUTUMN WIND

IRIDIUS takes his Whip & is hitting ***ANNE***

Sfx Whip Lashes /Cracks

Sfx ANNE's Sword falls to floor

IRIDIUS – Have'nt you heard you silly wench. Never take a Sword to a Whip Fight.

ANNE – and have'nt you heard to throw away a severed Whip and run when a Lady Pirate has her Flintlock lying on her table?!

Sfx One shot from a Flintlock

IRIDIUS – Retreat!

IRIDIUS & EMERY Run

Sfx Running footsteps

SLAPPY – Anne, Anne, you alright?!

ANNE – Yeh, I'm ok. A few welts that sting but they'll soon pass. What a bunch of pathetic Rapscallions that lot.

AUTUMN WIND

SLAPPY – Don't you fret. The Headhunters owe me a favor and I'll be going to see them about getting rid of those two!

ANNE – No worries Slap Happy. I've put worse then that in Davey Jones Locker.

MATHALDA – Let me get you some Nosh, Love. You must be starved after that Journey.

ANNE – I was Mathalda. But I've lost me appetite after those two slithered in here.

MATHALDA – Let me get somethin' for you to take to Cinders then. She's probably got nothin' left in her belly.

ANNE – Something tells me I need to make my way back to the Ship now. If that handsome Rogue is any kind of Sailor then he'll figure out that the Mourning Star is probably anchored in the Cove since she's not at the Port docks. Thank you for your offer all the same Mathalda. Cinders and I will be back later or we'll send Mr. Kinney over for some nosh. I have to go.

Sfx foot steps leaving in a hurry

AUTUMN WIND

BACKGROUND Sfx Tribal Headhunter Drums and chanting

through entire jungle walk.

Sfx ANNE walking through Jungle

ANNE – I'm just glad that the Headhunters are having their ceremony right now and not out and about in the Jungle.

Sfx More Tribal Drums

ANNE – Well I guess if they did capture me I could drop Slappy's name. He did say they owed him a favor. (Beat) That's if he was'nt telling some tall tale. Oh Nooo, Slappy woudn't do that now would he.

Sfx ANNE walking through Jungle.

Tribal Headhunter Drums and chanting

FADE OUT

AUTUMN WIND

FADE IN

ANNE has made her way to her Ship

Sfx Foot steps on the wood plank floor of Ship

ANNE – (calling out) Cinders? Cinders, where are you?

CINDERS – I'm down in the Brig Captain

ANNE – The Brig?

Sfx foot steps making way down wood steps quickly

ANNE – What the blazes you doing in there?

CINDERS – I didn't want to spill on the chamber floor so I was having a lie down in here when suddenly the door was slammed and locked by two rogue looking... Captain! Behind you!

ANNE – So. You are as smart as you are good looking. Although, not for long our dear Master of the Seven Seas.

AUTUMN WIND

Sfx Sword fighting, clanging.

Sfx feet scuffling. Footsteps making way up stairs

EMERY – Let me take her Captain.

Sfx Sword whoosh

ANNE – That’s what you can take you Bilge Rat!

***EMERY** is stabbed and falls into Water.*

Sfx SPLASH

ANNE – and now back to you loving Master. We know what “you” Master, don’t we? And its not my Bloomers on yer Mast Matey.

Sfx Sword fighting , slashing

IRIDIUS – Give it up wench. It’s only a piece of Paper. Not worth dying for.

ANNE – Oh really? Then why do you have a Sword in your hand? Back it up Captain Iridius. Back it up to the end of the Plank. Feel like getting those lilly white buttocks of yours a bit soaked.

AUTUMN WIND

IRIDIUS – Do you expect me to Jump?

ANNE – Too easy. I need to send a message to any and all rogue invaders. With the point of my Cutlass. It goes something like this.

Sfx Sword whoosh.

IRIDIUS *Cries out in pain from being slashed.*

Sfx SPLASH

IRIDIUS *falls sliced open into the Ocean*

Sfx footsteps running towards ANNE

It's **CINDERS** approaching

CINDERS – I managed to reach the spare key. Captain Anne! The other half of the Map. It's floating near his bleeding body.

ANNE – I'll get it

Sfx SPLASH

ANNE has jumped into the water to save the Map

Sfx ANNE swimming in water

CINDERS – Captain. Oh cricky! Sharks. The Blood is bringing them in. Hurry! get back here. I'll drop the ladder.

Sfx ANNE swimming back

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – (catching her breath on deck) Got it. It's still readable. (catching her breath) Look! It is the Isle of Burladero on the Map. Next to my piece of the Map it leads to (Beat) Oh Mother of God. It leads to the Headhunter Village.

CINDERS – What?! Are you certain?

ANNE – Aye. Sir Henry must have made a pact with them and buried his Fortune there since it is of no interest to them as Natives. He could rest assured it had Secure grounds. Now that was a clever soul.

CINDERS - Captain, How will we ever get to it when it's buried in the middle of a

SLAPPY – (Slappy approaching) You two alright?

ANNE – We are Man

SLAPPY – What's all the frenzy in the water? Oh God! Sorry I asked. Is it them? The two Rogues that came lookin' for ya?

ANNE – It saves having to dig two graves.

AUTUMN WIND

CINDERS – You see Slappy. The Captain always finds the Pot of Gold in most situations.

ANNE – Speaking of the Pot of Gold. Slappy, you, me and Cinders need to be taking a hike over to the Headhunter’s village with a couple of shovels.

SLAPPY – Why? Are you trying to confuse them?

ANNE – What? Now you’ve confused me.

SLAPPY – Oh Nothin’ Just a bit of humor goin’ round.

ANNE – We need to visit them and collect that favor that they be owing you.

SLAPPY - Wait! Shovels. Is that where the Treasure lay?

ANNE – Aye. It is.

SLAPPY - Well I’ll be! Sir Henry, how Brilliant.

ANNE – You were tell’ in the Truth about them owing you, right Slappy? Not another one of yer tall tales again is it?

AUTUMN WIND

SLAPPY – Of course not...I mean Yes they owe me alright. (Beat) I just hope the 93 year old Chief is still alive to remember it.

CINDERS – You better get more hands Ma'am

ANNE - Don't fret Cinders. There's always that Pot o' Gold at the end of the Rainbow. This time it just happens to be buried under primitive circumstance. Well It's mine now.

MATHALDA – We heard you on the way in. So what you all wait'in fer? I brought the Pub Gang with me. (Sfx gang of Pub dwellers mumbling) Load your Pistols and let's go!

ANNE – (laughing) Oh Mathalda. You are too much

SLAPPY – You don't know the half of it. But what will we do?

MATHALDA – What will we do? Well, you know what they say...(Begins to sing 'Way Hay and Up she rises') what will we do with a drunken Sailor ,What will we do with a Drunken Sailor....

ANNE – Grab the Shovels!

AUTUMN WIND

SLAPPY – Oh not again

FADE OUT

AUTUMN WIND

FADE IN
OUTSIDE - CAPT. ANNE'S ship

ANNE – Alright. The Party's over. Let's get go'in. We'll be losing daylight soon. How many of you Men carry Arms? Let's see a raise of hands.

CINDERS – Captain, may I make a suggestion?

ANNE – make it quick.

CINDERS – When I sailed with me last Captain, he would use small cannon balls of sort against his enemy. They're actually hollowed out and contain a special mixture of Smoke.

ANNE – What kind of smoke?

CINDERS – I thought that since some of us want to continue living on this Island that we would wish continued Peace with the Headhunters. After all the efforts of Sir Henry aiding in that situation we at least owe him a gesture of good respect. I think it may perhaps be a better idea to approach this situation with Bloodless intention.

ANNE - Go on Girl. Get on with it. Tell me.

AUTUMN WIND

CINDERS – The smoke within these metal Balls I mention brings no harm. The content only makes the Eyes, Nose and Throat burn. Enough so that the afflicted run to find Water for relief of the extreme effect. I kept 2 of these Smoke Balls when I left that Ship. If we approach the Village downwind then we can set one off on each side and drive the Natives out to the waterfall where we will have at least 20 minutes to get the Treasure and go.

ANNE – That’s some fast digging. But we now have a enough Men for the task. And are you certain they will be detained for at least 20 minutes?

CINDERS – Oh Yes Ma’am. I’ve witnessed it meself. It works alright. The Captain said the smoke, or gas as he called it, is made from the likes of Brown and Red Seaweed along with fruit of a vine that’s imported from a land in the Southeast.

ANNE – and you’re sure this mixture is not fatal?

CINDERS – Aye Ma’am. It’s fine. I’ve seen the results with me own eyes I have.

ANNE – Alright. Go back on the Ship and get the blasted Balls. And hurry!

CINDERS – Aye Captain.

Sfx CINDERS running away

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – This had better work or I'll be offering her as bait.

MATHALDA – (sympathetic) Oh now Anne.

ANNE – go on. Don't get yer' Bloomies in a twist...I'm only Jokin'

SLAPPY – What Cinders says is true. I've heard tales of these alternate style weapons before.

ANNE – Why did she not mention them before now?

MATHALDA – She was probably waiting for the right time Love. You can't expect her to remember everything when she's hanging over the side of the ship half the time now can ya?

Sfx Footsteps approaching fast.

CINDERS – (gasping for air from running) Here they are Captain.

ANNE – Alright give one to Slappy and show him how you open the wretched Ball. Let's head out! And don't drop them!

FADE OUT

AUTUMN WIND

FADE IN

The Gang approaches the Headhunter Village.

Sfx Foliage rustling.

ANNE – (speaking quietly to the gang) Let me wet me finger. Ah yes We're definitely downwind. Slappy you go to the North corner. Cinders you go to the South Corner. When I drop me Hanky Open the Balls and throw them into the village about 10 feet in front of you, got that?

SLAPPY – Aye

CINDERS – Aye Captain.

ANNE – Go now. Go.

Sfx walking in Jungle Brush

ANNE – (Speaking Quietly) On the count of Three I'm dropp'in the Hanky. One, Two, Three.

Sfx Thump / Hissing (Smoke leaving Ball)

Sfx Villagers in panic. Running away.

AUTUMN WIND

CINDERS – See Captain. Just as I said! They’d make their way for Water.

ANNE – Alright alright. Let’s get busy. Men with shovels come with me. Men with guns cover us.

CINDERS – But Captain you said.....

ANNE – I know what I said. But I don’t feel like ending up with me Head as one of these ornaments hanging around here. Just a precaution Cinders. No one shoot unless I command you to do so, got it?! Slappy, help me figure out this Map.

SLAPPY – It says to find the Tree that becomes 2 parts at the middle. It was struck by lightning and is now split. That must be the one just in front of us.

ANNE – We’re here. What next?

SLAPPY – Facing the Ocean, take 20 paces. Stop. Then 20 more paces to the right.

ANNE – (Sarcastically) Oh how wonderful. I’m standing right in the middle of the Chief’s Hut. I’m sure he won’t appreciate a huge animal trap dug out in his front Parlor. Well, I reckon that’s his problem. Men, come on, get digging. Hurry!

AUTUMN WIND

Sfx Digging dirt with Shovels

CINDERS – I'm keeping watch Captain. Don't shoot anyone please. Tell the men to Hurry!

MATHALDA – Don't worry Cinders. Anne is a fair woman.

CINDERS – Wait. One of them is coming back!

SLAPPY – Here. Let me have a Go. Cinders, hand me that Coconut by your feet.

Sfx Thump (Coconut hits Human Head)

MATHALDA – (Big Hearty Laugh) You got him dead center! Right on the Nogg'in. Where did you get the arm for that one Slappy?

SLAPPY – I never told you of me Cricket days back Home in Bristol!? Oooo rrrrrr.

MATHALDA – He;s gonn'a have a right sized Bump on his Head for a few days I'll bet. Well done Lad. Quiet Impressive. Ooo I think I'm in Love.

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – You found it! Hurry now get the rest of the dirt from around it and Pull it out of the floor.

CINDERS – They’ve got it!... Thank Heaven above

ANNE – Let’s all Head out. No time to lose. I know it must be heavy. Go as far as you can, then let those two carry it. Go!

Sfx Jungle foliage rustling

FADE OUT

FADE IN

Sfx Pub atmosphere

INSIDE – Back at Slappy’s Pub.

MATHALDA – I’m so glad you thought of using the Smoke Balls for the Treasure hunt. I’m sure Sir Henry is looking down upon us and Thank’in us he is.

SLAPPY – Oy! What about me Coconut throw? I’m the Hero round here.

AUTUMN WIND

MATHALDA – Ner mind him Cinders. You know how Men get when a Lady gets a better idea then them.

SLAPPY – Oh Yeh that’s why I had to send ya a Hundred messages to coax you to move over to this Island. Because “you” had the better Idea to stay with them mangy Mutts over there. Ha.

MATHALDA – See what I mean Cinders? Just ignore him.

CINDERS – I don’t get in the middle of discussions like this so don’t mind me either.

MATHALDA – That’s right Cinders. You use that head on your shoulders and you’ll be steering your own Ship one day. (Beat) when you’re not toss’in your Bacon overboard.

CINDERS and MATHALDA Laugh at Her comment

MATHALDA – Slappy look. What’s Rose been do’in since we was out? The place is a mess. She’s probably been letting everyone help themselves.

SLAPPY – Aye. I hear she’s good at that.

AUTUMN WIND

MATHALDA – Hey! We’ll have none of that talk in here.

SLAPPY – Carry on. I’ll clean it up. I always do anyway don’t I?

ANNE – Alright Cinders. What you gonn’a do with your portion of the find?

CINDERS – I’m not really sure just yet. Perhaps I’ll send some of it back to me Mum by way of your Brother Victor next time he comes round.

ANNE – Yeh I’m sure he’ll do that for ya.

CINDERS – Not that she deserves any of it. But at least I’ll sleep at night when she’s gone. Doing my part and all.

MATHALDA – You’ve got to spend some of it on yourself now Cinders. Don’t be that way. Next time you’re in another Port get yourself some nice flowing Cloth that comes out of the Mediterranean. We had visitors stop by that got some of it. Oh it’s ever so nice and comfortable. You must hate wearing that heavy garment all the time. And what you gonn’a do with yours Captain?

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – First. The next round is on me! Then of course I'll Hide it. And maybe I'll get me a couple of the latest in Blunderbuss. This ol' Flintlock I have is becoming Antiquated. Then I'm gonn'a search for some of those Smoke Balls that Cinders had. They were highly efficient and no one had to be killed. I agree with her on that. I know at times it does'nt seem that way. But certain Rogues know nothing else and one must speak their language in order to survive. Sometimes that means walking the Plank.

Sfx Cup banging the table

MATHALDA – Slappy, go give McHenry his share of the Captains round she's offered. So he'll stop that bang'in. The ruddy old Salt.

CINDERS – Does anyone know the Day?

MATHALDA – Back Home it's All Hollows Eve. Me favorite Holiday.

CINDERS – More than Christmas?

MATHALDA – Oh yeh. Christmas was usually a disappointment for us Poor kind. But Halloween. Ooo Aye, A Night of Mischief. I'd go round with me friends pulling pranks on the old Spinster 3 houses over. Then we'd run down to the Farmers and nick some Turnips to carve faces on. A grand ol' time it was. Ahhhh them days are long past I suppose.

AUTUMN WIND

CINDERS – Aye. You won't be nick'in any Turnips on this Island

(*Amused*)

MATHALDA – No, but a Banana or two does the job.

ANNE – We best be gett'in back to the Ship Cinders. (Beat) Mathalda, you think the Gent that delivered the goods to ya would give us a lift in his carriage? That Chest is just too much for Cinders and meself to be moving that far.

MATHALDA – Aye, I'm sure he would. That's Douglas from the Port mesh and mullet shop. A fine Gent he is. Hold on, I'll introduce you. Then we'll ask him.

Sfx: Footsteps making way to DOUGLAS

MATHALDA – How ya' getting on then Douglas?

DOUGLAS – Not bad there Lady

MATHALDA – Douglas this is Captain Anne of the Mourning Star. Maybe you know the Ship.

DOUGLAS – I do indeed Ma'am

AUTUMN WIND

MATHALDA – She’s just acquired a large heavy Trunk and she’s in need of a lift to her Ship in the Cove. Do you think you and your Cart could do us a favor?

ANNE – Oh no it does’nt have to be a favor. I’ll be glad to pay you Douglas.

DOUGLAS – Keep your Coin. It will be my pleasure Captain. Good to finally meet you. I’ve seen you in and out of the Port. Are you ready to go now then?

ANNE – Sure. Hope there’s a bit of room for me firstmate Cinders.

DOUGLAS – Plenty of room. I just made Slappy’s delivery.

ANNE – Much appreciated Sir and a pleasure meeting you as well. (Calling out) Cinders were goin’. Come on.

FADE OUT

AUTUMN WIND

FADE IN

Sfx Horse and Cart walking

ANNE – Nice old Steed you got there. What’s his name?

DOUGLAS – He’s old alright. I call him Hercules. He used to work pulling Trees from the Forest. Was strong as an Ox. When they retired him I took him on to pull me deliver cart. He’s a good ol Boy he is. Mind yourselves. We’re coming up on some Low hanging limbs.

CINDERS - (Screams) Argh! A Snake fell on me from one of the Trees!

ANNE – Where is it?

DOUGLAS – Hold on, let me get the Lantern goin’

Sfx – Match strike

Sfx Snakes Hissing, Rattlers.

CINDERS – (Screams)

DOUGLAS – Good God , I’ve never seen so many Snakes crawl’ in round. What ya reckon of that?

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – Of course! The Smoke Balls is driving them out. Oh for Heavens sakes. I never thought of that.

Sfx Snakes Hissing.

Sfx Horse naying in Fear

DOUGLAS – Whoa Boy! Drats! I forgot to put on his blinkers. Hang on, I'll get us out of this mess fast. HA!

Sfx Horse cart running

CINDERS – Finally. Back to the Mourning Star. I'm not sure if I can sleep tonight after that incident. I'll be look'in for Snakes crawling on the Ship.

ANNE – Oh now. We're out and away of those. They'll be finding their way back home soon enough when they recover. Besides we're gonn'a pull out in a bit and set Anchor away off land. Don't need any of those men feeling brave and coming on board.

DOUGLAS – May I ask what Smoke Balls are?

CINDERS – Aye we were....

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – Uh What Cinders is trying to say is that we was try'in out a new weapon. Metal Balls , like Cannon Balls, that have Smoke in them to blind an opponent. Only temporarily of ocourse. They work rather well actually. Well Douglas, We'll be on our way.

DOUGLAS – you need help carrying that Trunk up there.

ANNE – No thank you we'll manage alright. Again, much obliged for the ride back. You too Hercules.

DOUGLAS – Until next time. Taa.

Sfx Horse and carriage leaving (fades out)

ANNE – Get up there Cinders and pass me the strong arm so we can lift the chest on to the deck.

CINDERS – Aye ma'am

ANNE – (Speaking to herself) Here's to you Captain Iridius of Muxloe, Master of the Seven Seas. You soon forgot Sir. Without the Sun upon you, that you're only a Man without a shadow. Nothing more. But now, you're not even that. Your simply nothing! (Anne gives a laugh of relief)

AUTUMN WIND

CINDERS – You saying something to me ma’am ? I can’t hear ya

ANNE – No. Just talking to meself. Is Mr. Kinney on Ship?

CINDERS – Aye, he’s sleep’in

ANNE – Don’t bother him. I’ll take her out to Sea. (Beat) Alright, Ready. Take it up.

Sfx Squeaky cargo arm / winch

Sfx Heavy Thump (chest sits down on deck)

ANNE - There we are. Cover it with that old Sail Cinders. Then you can turn in. I’ll sleep on deck tonight when we anchor. Underneath the Stars. With Sir Henry’s fortune.

CINDERS – It’s yours now Captain and you earned it. Every piece. Thanks for not killing anyone for it. Except that Evil Rat Iridius of “Puxloe”

ANNE – Alright young Lady we’ve heard enough of his name for one day. And it’s Muxloe, not Puxloe. Besides, The Sharks finished him off. Let it be on their shoulders.

AUTUMN WIND

CINDERS – Um, Belly.

ANNE – Spare us the graphics will ya. Time to catch some shut eye there matey.

CINDERS – Good Night Captain

ANNE – Good Night. Rest well.

Sfx Ocean waves

ANNE – Ah there we have it. Anchored. The crew asleep and a beautifully clear night sky. Now let's see, where did I put that Book, well and Quill? Yes, here it is. Finally a sit down and personal time for me Captain's Log.

AUTUMN WIND

(*ANNE quotes as she writes*)

October 31st, 1890. An exhausting ordeal today. More detail shall be written another time soon.

For now I only wish to express my passionate outburst being that the Pen be mightier than the
Sword.

Dancing Seas the Autumn winds did fold,
Waters rise to meet young sailing Lips
Helmsman amused as she shakes and rolls
The Star now blamed for bending hips

His handsome presence did find a place
Davey Jones locker that awaiting fate
Seeking fortune of other and that he tried
Behind you Captain! I heard my Friend cry.

The endless Journey has now unfold
Bluest eyes, ever so handsome but cold,
For we are mere women and that of the sea
How dare that Pirate even think it should be "He"!

ANNE falls fast asleep

Sfx yawning

Ocean waves

AUTUMN WIND

FADE OUT

FADE IN

Sfx Snoring

CINDERS – Captain. Captain. Show a Leg. Wake up.

ANNE – What, what!

CINDERS – It's Morning Ma'am.

ANNE – Oh my head. I slept like a Beached Whale last night. Did'nt move an inch if I be right.
Where's Mr. Kinney?

CINDERS – Still sleeping I suppose

ANNE – Well, go wake him up. We'll be making our way after some Breakfast.

CINDERS – Aye Ma'am

Sfx Footsteps of Cinders leaving

AUTUMN WIND

ANNE – Umph. I knew I should have left that dark Rum be right where it was. Yuk. I need to swill me mouth.

CINDERS – Captain! Mr. Kinney. Well, He’s dead ma’am.

ANNE – What? How can that be.

CINDERS – I don’t know. There’s no marks about him. No Blood. I think he’s just, well I hate to say it but, I think he’s just had it. He’s no spring Chicken you know.

ANNE – Poor old Mr. Kinney. Alright. Get the other old Sail and some Rope. We’ve got to give him a Sailor’s burial.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

Sfx Ocean waves

ANNE – Did you find the Bosun?

AUTUMN WIND

CINDERS – No. Mr. Kinney keeps it in his own little place. And I don't know where that is right now. I can whistle meself fairly good. Is that alright?

ANNE – Very well. Let us begin.

We, the crew and Captain of the Mourning Star do recognize Mr. Ian Kinney as a fine Sailor. That he should rest forever in the Body of Water that he loved so dearly. He shall be remembered as the fine gentleman that he was. A concerned seaman and loyal servant. We pray the Seas open their arms and welcome him into the depths where he shall rest for ever more. Farewell Mr. Kinney. (to Cinders) You may whistle now.

(CINDERS Whistles like a Bosun Pipe)

CINDERS – Umph, he's not a "light" Chicken either is he.

ANNE – That's the Bricks we put in with him. Push!

Sfx SPLASH!

(Mr. Kinney's Body drops into the Sea)

ANNE – Let's take the Star in. I have one last task I need to attend to.

AUTUMN WIND

FADE OUT

FADE IN

Sfx Seagulls

ANNE – Be sure that Treasure is secure, so the cover doesn't blow off. I must go on shore to take care of some Business. I remember what happened the last time I left you on Ship alone.

CINDERS – I'll be fine this time Ma'am I promise. I'm not sick and I'm wide awake. Honest.

ANNE – Then promise me this. The first sign of trouble you blow off a shot from your Pistol.
Got it?!

CINDERS – Aye. I will. I promise.

ANNE – I won't be long and I won't be far away.

Sfx Footsteps leaving Ship

ANNE enters **DOUGLAS'** Shop

AUTUMN WIND

DOUGLAS – Captain Anne. Good to see the likes of ya once again.

ANNE – You really know how get a lady to Blush. Top o’ the morning to ya Douglas.

DOUGLAS – You need’ in some Net?

ANNE – I guess I could use another one as a spare on board. Sure give me that one there. A couple of large gaffs too please. Say listen, would you happen to know the whereabouts of a Ship named the Scarlet Dagger?

DOUGLAS – Sure do. She sits right over there.

ANNE – That’s what I thought. Anyone on board that you know of?

DOUGLAS – As a matter of fact I haven’t seen any movement on her since yesterday.

ANNE – Will this cover the cost of the Net? (Sfx Coin on table)

AUTUMN WIND

DOUGLAS – Well sure. And then some.

ANNE – Keep the rest. Many Thanks again for the lift last night. Be seeing you next time. Ta for now.

DOUGLAS – Uh Wait! Fair warning. I would'nt be nosing around that Scarlet Dagger if I were you ma'am. There's some dodgy characters that run that Ship.

ANNE – Not anymore there's not. Don't worry I'm just going to get their Flag.

DOUGLAS – Whatever for?

ANNE – I'm needing material for a new Camisole. That's me away (ANNE exits)

DOUGLAS – (to himself) a new Camisole? Well, I hope she washes it first. I mean the Seagulls and all. It's gott'a be rough... Yik!

FADE OUT

AUTUMN WIND

FADE IN

BARBADOS – Pardon me. Have you taken ownership of the Scarlet Dagger?

ANNE – No. Only the Flag. What's it to you?

BARBADOS – Barbados be me name. I lost my Ship. I'm seeking a crew position. Would you be need'in anyone?

ANNE – Well, Yes I just lost my Helmsman. What reference have you?

BARBADOS – I've been me own man for a number of years. Only references I have are Miles away on other lands. Or Dead.

ANNE – You don't think I can hire a man without references do you. Sorry, can't help you out. If you know sailing so well why don't you take the Scarlet Dagger as your own.

BARBADOS – But it's taken Ma'am.

ANNE – Not anymore.

AUTUMN WIND

BARBADOS – So it’s true what they say ... I mean. Hmm let me think on that. Good journey to you Captain.

ANNE – Aye. That’s us away.

Sfx ANNE’s footsteps on board

ANNE – I’ve got it! ha ha haaaaaa

CINDERS – You’ve got what Ma’am?

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ANNE – Here look. The Flag of Capt. Iridius. It needs some cleaning. Swab the deck with it. Then we’ll fly it underneath the Banner of the Mourning Star. And fly it upside down! Tell all the world now that Iridius scallywag is no longer the Master. There’s a new Master now...she happens to wear Bloomers. Weigh Anchor Cinders! We’re sett’in Sail!

Sfx Pirate style Music

FADE OUT

THE END

ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT

Cynthia Morrison is an award winning Playwright and author living in South Florida. Although gothic fiction is her first love, she also writes creative non-fiction. She has numerous magazine articles published mostly with regard to historical fact.

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