

The Pirate Prince

Copyright © Judith Prior 2006

Directors Notes

Cast required:-

The cast is comprised of nine principals,

Five female, Four male.

Plus optional provision for a chorus if needed.

Hamish, the Scottish Pirate King, has returned to the Caribbean Island after twenty five years absence, to dig up his buried treasure and retire. Imagine his horror when he discovers a building has been erected on the exact spot where the treasure is buried. His plan is to either buy or swindle the owners out of the property, recover his treasure and retire in comfort.

Of course nothing goes as planned. The inhabitants are not pleased to see the return of the pirates. The pirates are not happy to see the captain retiring, and competition for the newly vacated captain's position is fierce... to say the least. Hilarious consequences develop when Hamish decides to open a night club on the Island, with the help of some "Volunteers" from the audience.

The play is set in two acts, on a beach on a small island somewhere in the Caribbean. The set remains the same for the entire production.

A very simple set will suffice, as the play is meant to be portable, extremely suitable for theatre restaurant or dinner theatre, and would tour well.

The Pirate Prince.

Copyright © Judith Prior 2006

CAST:- Roughly in order of appearance....

The Islanders

Caleb ... Son of Liza and Henry (early twenties)

Henry...Partner of Liza. (Middle aged)

Liza...Partner of Henry. (Middle aged)

Valief.... Voodoo Island Mystic (Female)

Matilda .. Daughter of Valief. (Twenties)



The choice of music is entirely up to the director, but I would suggest a Calypso theme will give best results.

Song titles suggested are only an indication of the type of music that would suit the scene. Some of the music may be omitted or you may put in extra musical numbers to suit your cast.

The Pirates

Hamish Scottish Pirate King.

Mick Pessimistic, mournful Pirate.

Ruthless Ruth..... Ruthless Pirate.

Busty Betty.....Blonde Pirate.

Optional.... Chorus of Pirates. Banana cutters, islanders., may be included.

SUGGESTED MUSIC

Most of the musical selections are either duets or chorus numbers.

Liza, Henry and Caleb are required to sing solo.

At the discretion of the director more or less music may be used, according to the availability of musicians, cast capability etc.

ACT ONE

1. Banana Boat Song. (Caleb and Henry)
2. There's a Hole in the Bucket, Dear Liza. (Liza and Henry)
3. Matilda (Caleb with audience .)
4. Rum and Coca Cola. (Matilda, Ruth, Betty, Caleb.)
5. Highland Fling (Music only, Audience participation.))
6. Island in the Sun. (Full Cast with natives.)

ACT TWO

7. With Cat Like Tread..... (Pirates)
8. Brown eyed Girl Caleb, Matilda and chorus.
9. Shame and Scandal in the Family (Liza solo)
10. The Pirate King (Full Cast with pirates.)
11. Jamaican Farewell (Encore or exit music, Full Cast.)

N.B. *This script is text only. Music is of your own choosing and copyright permission , if applicable, should be sought for any music used in your production. Titles listed here are suggestions only as to the type of music suitable.*

The Pirate Prince

Copyright © Judith Prior 2006

ACT ONE.

Setting. *An island somewhere in the Caribbean .*

The scene remains the same for the entire production.

The scene is set on a beach, a jungle backdrop upstage, perhaps a few large cut out rocks.(To hide behind) A part of the sea horizon (the other side of the island) can be seen in the distance upstage through a gap in the tropical vegetation, with the silhouette of a pirate ship at anchor)

A sandy path leads off towards the far beach, up stage left. The downstage area(footlights area) is the actual beach and waters edge.Down Stage right the facade of a rough shack with a faded sign, “Liza’s Place”. The shack has a closed door and a closed hatch. The door opens outwards, and the hatch can drop down (or upwards) as a servery, for a rough shop. (selling souvenirs, fishing tackle, driftwood bait etc) There is a bench or a few chairs, outside and a few fishing rods are propped against the shack.

Dawn is breaking, Caleb and Henry and the island people are returning from a nights work, they have been loading a ship.

Scene One.

MUSIC No. 1. *Banana Boat Song*.....

(At the end of the opening number, native people exit upstage.)

HENRY. So, Caleb our work is finished for the day. How about a spot of fishing with your old dad today?

CALEB. *(Happily.)* Sorry dad, I’ll have to take a rain check on that. Maybe tomorrow?

HENRY. *(Suspiciously)* What you got planned today, that’s more important than goin’ fishing?

CALEB. *(Evasively)* Umm, I’m going over to the other side of the island for a while.

HENRY. Say what? What you gonna do over there?

CALEB. I’m going to .. er,... do some...er... bird watching.

HENRY. *(Incredulous.)* Bird watching? What you talkin’ about son? What sort of birds?

CALEB. *(Innocently.)* Um...um....humming birds, parrots, finches, pelicans,...you know.

HENRY. Pelicans! *(Knowingly.)* Yes, I know exactly the sort of birds you like to watch. And one saucy little bird in particular, named Matilda.

CALEB. *(Shrugs nonchalantly)* I might, or I might not see Matilda over there, it’s a very small island.

HENRY. *(Seriously.)* There’s lots of girls on the island Caleb. And that Matilda, is not the one for you.

CALEB. *(Reasoning.)* Look, papa, just because mamma doesn’t like Matilda’s mamma, that’s no reason why Matilda and me can’t be friends.

Caleb exits, into the shack through the shack doorway. Henry shakes his head, yawns and stretches , scratches his belly, looks around... then picks up a fishing rod, which falls apart.)

HENRY. *(Worried.)* Damn!

LIZA. *(Off Stage inside the shack)* Henry!

HENRY. *(Examining his fishing rod, ignoring Liza)* My best fishing rod! *(Places rod against the shack, starts to button his shirt... and a button falls off. Stoops to retrieve button from floor.)*

LIZA. *(Louder...Off Stage inside the shack)* Henry!

HENRY. *(To himself)* First my fishing rod, and now my shirt button.*(Ominously)* It’s a sign!

LIZA. *(Louder, off Stage inside the shack)* Henry!

HENRY. *(Rolls his eyes.)* It’s gonna be one of those days.... I can feel it in my bones.

(The flap on the shack, or the door, opens outwards suddenly, hitting Henry as he stoops, he sprawls forward on his knees.)

Yep! It’s gonna be one of those days alright!

LIZA. *(Leaning out of the opening)* Henry! Where are you? You fetched that water yet?

HENRY. (*Resignedly*) No, not yet, Liza.

LIZA. Then what you doin', layin' there on the beach like that, you lazy good for nothing?

HENRY. (*Defensively*) I just got home from work, and I was goin' to go fishin'.

LIZA. You can go fishing later. Right now I need some water, I'm almost out!

HENRY. (*Resignedly*) Water? Yes, dear.

(*Henry gets to his feet, places the fishing reel on the counter.*)

LIZA. Well, go on then, get a move on... the sun's already up.

HENRY. I know, Liza. I'm sorry. The day hasn't started out well.

LIZA. The day hasn't started out well? What you talkin' 'bout man? Your days all start out the same.

(*Liza closes the flap, moves from the opening and enters the stage through the open door.*)

HENRY. (*To the audience.*) One of these days.....I tell you, one of these days...

LIZA. (*Entering*) So, what's that you're mumbling about Henry?

HENRY. (*Guiltily*) Nothin'.

LIZA. Don't you go tellin' me nothin'! Somethin's buggin' you. Come on now, out with it! What is it?

HENRY. (*Uneasily*) I'm not sure. It's just a feelin' I have. Somethin's just not quite right.

LIZA. (*Laughing.*) Only thing around here's not quite right is you, Henry! Now just get that water will you, I got washing to do and cooking to do and(*Accusingly*) Henry, you been talking to that Voodoo Guru, Valief again?

HENRY. (*Hastily.*) No. I haven't been talking to Valief.

LIZA. Then what's got into you today?

HENRY. (*Mysteriously*) I done told you. Things just don't feel right.

LIZA. What you talkin' about old man? What things?

HENRY. (*Looking around furtively.*) I picked up my fishing rod, and the reel fell off. Just like that.

LIZA. (*Skeptically.*) It's a very old fishing rod, Henry.

HENRY. Then, I put on my shirt, and a button fell off.

LIZA. (*Derisively.*) A button fell off! Is that all? What's weird about that? That's no big deal. That's a very old shirt! I'll sew it back on for you....maybe tomorrow.

HENRY. (*Worried.*) It's an omen I tell you, Liza.

LIZA. An omen? (*Mockingly.*) Whoooo... Whoooo... Look out your head don't drop off, Henry.

HENRY. (*Ominously.*) Things don't just fall off by themselves.

LIZA. Well, to be on the safe side, you better be extra careful today, when you go for a pee.

(*Liza laughs at her own joke.*)

HENRY. It's not funny. Strange things are happening on this island.

LIZA. (*Scoffing.*) Don't be an old woman, Henry. Go fetch me some water from the lagoon.

CALEB. (*Entering from the shack, carrying a tee shirt*) Mamma, my best shirt is dirty. I wanted to wear this today.

LIZA. You got other shirts, Caleb. I'll wash it for you, tomorrow.

CALEB. (*Pleasantly*) Not to worry mama, it's not really that dirty, just needs a rinse. I'll just wash it out myself. (*Caleb exits.*)

LIZA. (*Amazed.*) Now there's a first. Sometimes I wonder about that boy!

HENRY. You're not the only one!

CALEB. (*Re-entering, still with the shirt.*) What setting do I put the washing machine on?

LIZA. What does it say on the tee shirt?

CALEB. (*Holding up tee shirt*) Save the Planet!

(*Or whatever is printed on the front of the tee shirt*)

LIZA. (*Exasperated.*) Give it here. I'll do it myself! As soon as Henry fetches the water. (*Snatching the shirt from him*) Some times I really do worry about you, boy!

(*Caleb shrugs and exits into the shack*)

HENRY. Don't say I didn't warn you. Strange things.I can feel it in my water.... Strange things. (*Exiting up stage mumbling*)

LIZA. (*To the audience.*) Poor old Henry, always did take too much notice of that hussy Valief. I'll have a few words to say to her when I see her... filling his head with all sorts of nonsense.

(Picks up a straw broom and begins to sweep the front step.)

HENRY. *(Re-enters with an old bucket.) (Ominously.)* You see! I told you so!

LIZA. What? What's the matter now?

HENRY. *(Dramatically.)* Look! *(Indicating the bucket.)*

LIZA. Look? Look at what? Don't tell me the handle's fell off the bucket.

HENRY. *(Holding up the bucket.)* No. The handle's fine.

LIZA. Then what are you standing there looking at it like that for?

MUSIC. 2*There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza.....*

(Enter Valief stage left, she carries a shoulder height carved stick, and is examining the flotsam along the waters edge(Downstage), as though looking for something. Liza sees Valief, picks up the broom again, and stops to listen)

VALIEF. *(Chanting mysteriously)* In come the tide, out go the tide, some things swim, some things hide. Secrets are waiting to be told.... Treasures waiting, made of gold. *(Tests the wind with a finger, sniff the air)* Strangers come, from far away. Strangers come... maybe today.

LIZA. *(Derisively.)* What a load of old rubbish! *(Grasping the broom and approaching Valief.)* I wish you'd stop putting silly ideas into peoples heads, Valief, you silly old woman.

HENRY. *(Afraid.)* Don't go winding her up Liza. You know what she's like!

LIZA. Yes, I know what she's like. And I'm not afraid of her.

HENRY. I'm outta here, I'm goin' fishing!

(Henry takes his fishing rod and exits hurriedly up stage.)

LIZA. Now look what you've done. You've properly spooked poor old Henry.

VALIEF. As well he should be. *(Sagely)* I have the power. I can sense trouble in the air.

LIZA. *(Firmly)* Yeah! You want trouble, well here it is. *(Advances menacingly with the broom)* You've been sprouting doom and gloom for as long as I can remember. Now clear off!

VALIEF. *(Raising an outstretched arm palm outwards.)* Touch me woman, if you dare. But beware, better beware.

LIZA. *(Unafraid.)* Beware of what?

VALIEF. If you lay one hand on me.... I'll, I'll... cast a spell on you, and put a curse on your family!

LIZA. *(Hesitating.)* Rubbish!

VALIEF. *(Reconsidering)* I'll tell all the natives not to shop in your store any more.

LIZA. *(Slightly annoyed.)* You wouldn't!

VALIEF. *(Smugly.)* I would too. I'll tell them that your goods are poisoned. I'll put you out of business.

LIZA. *(Recovering slightly)* You couldn't! This is the only store on the island. *(Confidently)* Besides I don't believe you!

VALIEF. *(Reconsidering.)* Would you believe.... I'll sell some of my land to..... *(Woolworths or Aldi Supermarket.)* ?

LIZA. *(Aghast.)* You would too... you old witch.

VALIEF. *(Shaking her stick at Liza.)* You bet I would! *(Shakes her stick threatening at Liza .)* And don't go calling me old... you'd better just leave me alone, watch your step, and mind your business.

(Liza backs off muttering, sweeping the floor ineffectually, she exits and closes the shop door.)

(Enter Matilda from upstage)

MATILDA. *(Urgently.)* Mother, I've been looking everywhere for you.

VALIEF. What is it, Matilda?

MATILDA. *(Excited.)* There's a strange ship just anchored on the other side of the island.

VALIEF. *(Suspiciously.)* What sort of ship?

MATILDA. *(Innocently.)* It's a sailing ship, it has three tall masts, and it's flying a strange black flag with a skull and crossbones. Look, you can see it from here, through the trees.

VALIEF. *(Turns to look, very excited.)* It's the pirates! They're back!

MATILDA. (*Blankly*) Pirates? There've never been any pirates on our island, mother.

VALIEF. (*Smugly*) Oh, yes there have.

MATILDA. When?

VALIEF. (*Vaguely*) About twenty years or so ago, several years before you were born, they came to our island and stayed here for a few months to repair their ship. The pirate King said that he would return someday.

MATILDA. (*Puzzled.*) Why?

VALIEF. (*Mysteriously*) He didn't say why... but I've always believed that while he was here, he buried his treasure somewhere on this island.

MATILDA. Buried treasure? How exciting!

VALIEF. Exactly! We must go and greet them. (*Coyly.*) Perhaps there will be a handsome young pirate looking for a pretty wife.

MATILDA. I don't want to marry a pirate. You know how long I've been waiting for Caleb to ask me to marry him.

VALIEF. (*Angry*) Caleb! That no good banana cutter? You can do a lot better than that, Matilda.

MATILDA. But mother...

VALIEF. Think girl.... You could be the wife of a Pirate Prince, or even a Pirate King!

MATILDA. (*Protesting.*) But I love Caleb.

VALIEF. Come, we must go and meet the pirates.

(Exit Valief upstage, Matilda follows reluctantly as Enter Caleb, from the shack.)

CALEB. Matilda. I thought I heard your voice. Wait up!

MATILDA. (*Turning to join him.*) Caleb.

CALEB. Stay a while? Come swimming with me in the lagoon?

MATILDA. (*Reluctantly.*) I can't. Mother wants me to..

CALEB. (*Taking her hand.*) What ever it is, you can stay for a little while, surely.

MATILDA. No, I really must go... (*Matilda breaks away and exits after Valief.*)

CALEB. (*Annoyed.*) Why is it that I can never put into words what I really want to say to her?

MUSIC No. 3..... Matilda

(Caleb sings encouraging the audience to join in. Perhaps the chorus may be included also. All exit at end of musical number.)

Black Out.

ACT ONE, Scene Two.

(Lights up, enter Hamish, followed by Mick, Ruth, Betty (and extra pirates, if available). Hamish is reading from a treasure map as he paces out the distance to his buried treasure. They may enter through the audience or from up stage opposite to where the others have left.)

HAMISH. (*Eyes down, counting his steps.*) Twenty three, twenty four, twenty five, twenty six. (*All pirates follow him, single file. Hamish refers to the map*) Three paces North. (*All follow. Hamish refers to the map again.*) East, seven paces... (*Turns towards the shack*) East one, two, three, four, five, six.... (*Hamish walks into the wall of the shop. All pirates walk into him and each other and collapse in a heap.*)

PIRATES. Ouch! Look out! Get off me!

HAMISH. What the...? (*Getting to his feet.*) Och! Who put that wee house there? It wasn't there last time I was here!

MICK. (*Standing.*) Well it's there now.

HAMISH. I can see that, stupid!

(All pirates scramble to their feet, dust off sand etc...)

BETTY. (*Excited.*) The treasure must be buried under this shack!

HAMISH. (*Sarcastically*) And what makes you think that, Betty?

BETTY. (*Leaning over to see the map, grabbing his arm.*) See, it says right here seven steps....

HAMISH. (*Shaking her off*) Brilliant! I'm so glad you pointed that out to me.

MICK. So what are we going to do now?

HAMISH. I'll let you know, as soon as I figure it out.

RUTH. (*Excited.*) I have a plan!

BETTY. You always have a plan, Ruth. And mostly your plans just don't work.

RUTH. Shut up Betty! It'll work! Look, it's really simple.

BETTY. (*Annoyed.*) You mean you're really simple!

RUTH. At least I'm not blonde! (*Pushing Betty out of the way*) Here's the plan. Mick and me go around the back of the shack, and you and Betty can knock on the door.

HAMISH. That's your plan?

BETTY. Duh! Even I could think of something better than that.

RUTH. No. no... I was just getting to the good bit.

BETTY. Which is?

RUTH. Mick and me will hide one each side of the shack, and when the people come to answer the door, you and Hamish can lure them outside.

HAMISH. And?

RUTH. Me and Mick will shoot them in the back!!

MICK. (*Considering.*) Than might work.

HAMISH. There'll be no back shooting. That's the cowards way.

RUTH. That's okay. I'm no hero.

HAMISH. There'll definitely be no back shooting!

RUTH. (*Hopefully*) Well, can we shoot them in the side?

HAMISH. No you can't!

RUTH. (*Disappointed.*) Why not?

HAMISH. Haven't I told you all that I intend to settle down and retire here? I don't want to upset the inhabitants of the island.

RUTH. I have another plan. We could shoot them, bury them in the sand and then no-one would ever...

HAMISH. No! I said no shooting. Mick, I need you to go back to the ship and tell the rest of the crew that this is going to take a bit longer than we thought.

MICK. Aye, aye Captain. Do you want me to bring reinforcements?

HAMISH. No I don't. This situation has got to be worked out diplomatically. On your way!

MICK. If you say so captain.
(*Come on lads... (If there are extra pirates. Mick and any chorus pirates exit upstage.)*)

HAMISH. Now, you two, get over there and stand where I can see both of you. (*Ruth, and Betty move upstage reluctantly.*)

RUTH. (*Rebelliously.*) This pirate gang's no fun any more.
(*Hamish moves to the door and knocks loudly. Soon, Liza and Caleb appear from the shop.*)

LIZA. What's all the racket! Who's that pounding on my house?

CALEB. (*Astonished.*) Pirates!
(*Hamish hastily hides the treasure map inside his shirt, bows elaborately to Liza offers his hand to Caleb.*)

HAMISH. That's right me boy. Pirates. Arrr! (*Shaking Caleb's hand vigorously.*)

RUTH. Aye! Pirates we are, pirates we be... Shiver me timbers. Splice the main brace... Arr... Me Hearties !

BETTY. Yo, ho , ho and a bottle of diet coke!

HAMISH. That's enough!
(*Draws his cutlass and threatens his crew.*)

LIZA. (*Surprised.*) Hamish?

HAMISH. (*Affably.*) Hello Liza, long time no see.

CALEB. (*Amazed.*) You know this pirate, ma?

LIZA. (*Grudgingly.*) We've met.

HAMISH. That's right. (*Proudly.*) Hamish, the Scottish Pirate. You do remember me after all this time?

LIZA. (*Sarcastically.*) The cutlass and the kilt's a dead give away.

CALEB. Wow! Real pirates!! Cool! Do any of you know Johnny Depp?

HAMISH. (*Puzzled*) Johnny who?

BETTY. Johnny Depp, you know the real hot young pirate in Pirates of the...

HAMISH. Never heard of him!
(*Waves his cutlas at the crew again.*)

LIZA. So, what brings you to our Island this time, Hamish?

BETTY. (*Earnestly*) The pirate galleon, "Stealthily", brought us. She's anchored on the other side of....

RUTH. That's not what he meant, stupid! Not what brought us here. Why are we here?

BETTY. Oh! Right! We came her to look for

HAMISH. (*Quickly.*) Investment property!
(*Slapping Betty with the side of the cutlass.*)

LIZA. (*Amazed.*) You mean you're lookin' to buy some property on the island?

HAMISH. Exactly.

CALEB. Cool!

LIZA. (*Suspiciously*) Why?

HAMISH. (*Glibly*) I've decided that I wish to leave the sea. That is, I mean to retire from the seafaring life, settle down and ..er..start a business.

CALEB. What kind of business?

HAMISH. I might Er... Grow a few bananas!

LIZA. (*Skeptical*) Grow bananas? You?

HAMISH. Yes. That's right. Isn't crew?
(*Threatens the crew with the cutlass*)

BETTY AND RUTH. Oh yes! That's it! Settle down! Retire. Arr me hearties! Grow bananas!!

BETTY. Arrr, yo, ho, ho, and a banana smoothie!
(*Hamish Slaps Betty again, with the side of the cutlass.*)

LIZA. (*Suspicious*) But, why here?

HAMISH. (*Warming to his theme.*) I've always had such fond memories of this place, great climate, great surfing, beautiful scenery, wonderful fishing.

CALEB. (*Disappointed.*) What will you do with your ship?

HAMISH.(*Thinking quickly*) Why, I'll.... Sell it! (*Betty and Ruth gasp!*) Do you happen to know anyone who wants to buy a slightly used Pirate Galleon?

CALEB. (*Earnestly.*) Not really. But I'll ask around.

HAMISH. Good! In the mean time, my crew and I are going to become landlubbers for a while. Get some rest and recreation.

LIZA. (*Uninvitingly.*) And just where do you intend to stay while you're on the island?

HAMISH. We'll make a camp over there on the beach. (*Waves vaguely off stage left.*) The crew can get in some shore leave.

RUTH. (*Incredulously.*) Some what?

BETTY. (*Brightly*) Some shore leave, silly. You know. We'll get to go to the movies, go night clubbing, go shopping.

CALEB. On this island? You've got to be joking!

BETTY. (*Puzzled.*) What do you mean?

CALEB. It's a lovely island, but the night life really sucks!

BETTY. What do you mean?

CALEB. There isn't any.

HAMISH. No night life? Really? What a pity. Hmm... That's just given me an idea.

LIZA. (*Suspiciously.*) What sort of idea? What you scheming now. Hamish?

HAMISH. (*With a flourish.*) I'll open a night club.

BETTY AND CALEB. Kewell!
(*Ruth and Liza look shocked*)

LIZA. And just where do you think you're gonna build this night club?

HAMISH. I'll build it here. Right here on the beach. I can't think of a better place.

LIZA. Right here? (*Annoyed.*) Oh, no you don't. I don't want no noisy night club here on the beach, next to my store.

HAMISH. (*Glibly*) Then perhaps you'd like to sell me the store?

LIZA. (*Shocked.*) Sell the store?

HAMISH. It doesn't look like much of a place. Perhaps we could use it for a store room or something?

LIZA. (*Highly outraged.*) A store room! Over my dead body!

HAMISH. Now let's not be hasty, Liza. Why don't you invite me inside and we can talk about it.

LIZA. Because, I don't want you in my house. There's nothing to talk about. This is my home. And it's not for sale!

(*Liza exits inside the shack, closes the hatch and the door*)

BETTY. (*Dryly.*) That went well.

RUTH. I told you. We should have used my plan.

CALEB. What plan?

BETTY. Ruth's plan was to knock on the door, then....

(*Ruth grabs Betty, puts a hand over her mouth and threatens her with a dagger*)

HAMISH. And then.... I was going to ask Liza if she knew of anyone on the island that might sell me some land to build a night club. Isn't that right Betty?

BETTY. Yes, that's right captain. (*Ruth releases her.*) That's exactly what I was going to say.

HAMISH. I don't suppose you know of any land for sale?

CALEB. (*Earnestly.*) No, I don't. But I'll ask around.

(*Enter Valief and Matilda, hurriedly from upstage.*)

VALIEF. So there you are Captain Hamish. (*Almost grovelling.*) Welcome back to our humble island.

HAMISH. (*Bowing and kissing Valief's hand*) Well, if it isn't the beautiful and ever mysterious, Valief. You haven't changed a bit.

VALIEF. (*Obviously flattered.*) You remembered my name, after all these years?

HAMISH. How could I ever forget such a beauty? And who is this other beautiful lady with you, may I ask?
(*Bows low to Matilda*)

VALIEF. (*Proudly.*) This is my daughter, Matilda.

HAMISH. Your daughter? Impossible, you're far too young to be the mother of this exquisite young lady.

CALEB. (*Jealously*) Well, she is! Matilda's mother, that is!

VALIEF. (*Derisively.*) Who asked you? Peasant!

MATILDA. (*Quickly.*) Very pleased to meet you, Mr Hamish.

HAMISH. (*Laughing*) Enough with the Mister, Matilda my dear. All Pirates have no last names... it's written in the pirate code. Isn't that right me hearties?

BETTY AND RUTH. Arrr... no last name. That's right!

CALEB. Talking about names. What are you going to call your night club?

Something like "The Pirates Cave" ?

VALIEF. (*Interested.*) What nightclub?

HAMISH. The night club I'm going to build here on the island.

CALEB. Yes, that's right.. What's it going to be called?

HAMISH. I'm not sure yet. I thought perhaps, "The Jolly Roger" or maybe something Scottish, like "The Tartan Tavern". Yes, I like the sound of that; after all I am retiring from piracy.

VALIEF. (*Incredulous.*) Retiring from piracy?

HAMISH. Yes. And I'm looking to buy me some land. Around about here. I don't suppose you know who owns this piece of beach front, do you?

VALIEF. (*Proudly.*) As a matter of fact, I do. I own all the land from here, (*Draws an imaginary line in the imaginary sand*) to the end of this cove.

HAMISH. Then beautiful lady, you're just the person I need to discuss business with.

VALIEF. (*Simpering.*) So what did you have in mind?
HAMISH. (*Glancing around.*) Let's go somewhere that we can talk in private.
(*Hamish and Valief move towards the exit stage left, discussing land sales etc.*)

CALEB. (*Jealously, To Matilda*) What are you looking at him like that for, Matilda?
MATILDA. (*Watching Hamish exit*) It's just that I've never seen a man wearing a skirt like that before.
HAMISH. (*Pauses upstage, turns to Matilda.*) This is not a skirt lassie. It's called a kilt.
MATILDA. (*Obviously embarrassed.*) Sorry. But I just have to ask. what's worn under your kilt ?
HAMISH. Not a thing lassie. It's all in fine working order.
(*Exit Hamish and Valief.*)

CALEB. Well. I think any man who flounces around in a skirt should be bloody well hung.
BETTY. I have it on good authority that he is!
RUTH. So, you were saying that there's no night life on the island?
MATILDA AND CALEB. No.
BETTY. Do you have a picture theatre?
MATILDA AND CALEB. No.
RUTH. What on earth do you island people do for entertainment?
CALEB. We entertain ourselves. We have our fishing, surfing, swimming, shell collecting and bird watching.
MATILDA. Sometimes we sing and dance.
RUTH. Whoopee.. Sounds like a real fun place. Not much happening, is there?
CALEB. (*Defensively.*) That's how we like it here, nice and quiet.
BETTY. But there must be some night life at least?
MATILDA. What do you mean?
RUTH. Bars? Strip joints? Something!
CALEB. (*Innocently.*) What's a strip joint?
BETTY. (*Surprised.*) You've never been to a strip joint?
CALEB AND MATILDA. (*Shocked.*) Never!
RUTH. (*Exasperated.*) I don't believe this place!
MATILDA. What exactly is a strip joint?
BETTY. It's a night club where the girls dance and take of their clothes to music.
CALEB. (*Astonished.*) I don't believe it!
BETTY. (*Laughing.*) There's a lot of beaut strip clubs in Trinidad.
RUTH. Some great bars too.
BETTY. Have you ever been to Trinidad?
CALEB AND MATILDA. No. Never.
RUTH. Then you haven't lived.

MUSIC No. 4.*Rum and Coca Cola.*

*During the musical number, Betty and Ruth flirt with Caleb, and include Matilda and Caleb in the dance, showing them the moves.
Betty does a mock strip tease.*