



# Yo-Ho-Ho and a Panto!

by Lisa Wakely

Panto Scripts Perusal

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## Cast

**Captain Jack Squirrel** - *The hero pirate. Brave, cheeky and good-hearted*

**Dame Squirrel** - *Jack's outrageous mother and owner of the cake parlour.*

**Elsa** - *A strong-willed young woman guarding a powerful jewel. A modern panto heroine who actively drives the action.*

**Captain Bogwash** - *The villain. A menacing pirate obsessed with eternal life and power.*

**Cornetto** - *A magical fairy who guides the story. Playful, eccentric and slightly unpredictable.*

**Dorian Turnip** - *Elsa's vain and ridiculous fiancé. A self-obsessed show-off with a fragile ego.*

**Chipolata** - *One of Captain Bogwash's comic henchmen.*

**False-Eye** - *Bogwash's other henchman. Forms a comic double-act with Chipolata.*

**Chantilly Lace** - *German visitor. Communicates using an English phrase book, leading to frequent misunderstandings.*

**Squire Nightingale** - *A stuffy and overly serious authority figure. Earnest, officious and ripe for comic ridicule.*

**ENSEMBLE ROLES** - *Citizens/Chorus, Good Crew, Evil Crew, Skeletons.*

## Scene List

### **ACT 1:**

- Prologue
- Scene 1: In the Town
- Scene 2: Dame Squirrel's Cake Parlour
- Scene 3: Funkytown
- Scene 4: Squire Nightingale's Kitchen
- Scene 5: Mutiny in Funkytown
- Scene 6: Squire Nightingale's Kitchen
- Scene 7: Not the Titanic (Squire's Ship)
- Scene 8: Aboard Shippy McShipface (Pirate Ship)

### **ACT 2:**

- Scene 1: Storm at Sea
- Scene 2: No Sharks Here, Just So-Called to Scare Ye
- Scene 3: Swordfight on the Island
- Scene 4: The Curse is Lifted
- Scene 5: Back in Pirate Town
- Scene 6: Jack and Elsa's Wedding/Walkdown

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## **Musical Numbers**

### **ACT 1:**

- Song 1 – Opening number (Citizens/chorus)
- Song 2 – Clubbing song/Comic number (Dame Squirrel, Jack and Citizens)
- Song 3 – Catchy Love song (Jack & Elsa)
- Song 4 – Slushy love song about the singer (Dorian)
- Song 5 – Hearty sea shanty (Jack, Dorian and crew)
- Song 6 – Spooky music (Skeletons)
- Song 7 – A combination of a romance song and a rock song (Dorian vs Jack)

### **ACT 2:**

- Song 8 – A jolly sea shanty and dance (All crew)
- Song 9 – Caribbean/Holiday song (Bogwash and crew)
- Song 10 – Popular party song with actions (All except Bogwash)
- Song 11 – Singalong (False-Eye & Chipolata)
- Song 12 – Happy celebration song (All cast)
- Song 13 – Walkdown music

**Chantilly Lace Theme** – A short recurring musical motif played on Chantilly Lace's entrances.

## ACT ONE

### PROLOGUE

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH** appears from stage LEFT before black cloth/tabs. Evil music and Thunder SFX.

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH:** Yarr! You scallywags. I be the wicked pirate, Captain Bogwash. Yarr! Enough with the yarring if ye know what's good for ye! Look at ye, a pack of filthy rats! What a disgrace to the pirate name! Ever since I nearly died after having me head trampled on at a Taylor Swift concert, I have been sailing the seven seas in search of a magic jewel – a magical jewel that will grant me eternal life. I have travelled on me stolen ship through stormy seas, smelly sewers, past she who sells seashells on the seashore and fought Peter pirate who pecked a pick of pickled pepper, but alas – no jewel. Until I saw a picture of a bonny lass who had a fine pair of large... shoes, with the said treasure hanging around her neck. Who this lass is, I do not know, but she smells very close. She doesn't smell very nice, mind you, but I shall follow the smell to my fortune. There, I will seize the jewel so that it will belong to me, and then I shall live forever! YARR! I'll be seeing ye soon, ye scurvy dogs! Hahaha! Oh, shut your cakeholes!

### BLACKOUT

### SCENE ONE: IN THE TOWN

**MUSICAL NUMBER** – a lively routine involving the chorus as sailors and JACK.

**At the end of the number, the chorus continue about their daily business in the town.**

**JACK:** Ahoy me hearties! (Stands and salutes) Ah, we've not met before, have we? My name's Captain Jack Squirrel. What's your name? Interesting name, that – (Imitates sound of audience all shouting their names at once.) RAAAAA. Well, RAAAAA, to make it easier, whenever I walk on, I'll say to you, 'Ahoy me hearties!' and I'd like you to reply 'Ahoy matey!' whilst saluting like this. Shall we give it a go?

**Jack struts off stage, then struts back on and salutes.**

**JACK:** Ahoy me hearties! Blimey, my cat's louder than you lot and it's been dead five years. Ahoy me hearties! Aye, that'll do. Well, welcome to (local town). I live here with my mum, Dame Squirrel. She runs a cake parlour, but her business isn't doing too well at the moment, and I'm poor too. By the way, this is where you're supposed to say 'Aww.' Yes, I was the greatest pirate that sailed the seven seas, but my ship, 'Shippy McShipface', my crew and my booty were stolen from me. Who stole it? He Must Not Be Named. Who is he, says you?

**CORNETTO ENTERS RIGHT in a puff of smoke.**

**CORNETTO:** (Checks no one is listening) His name is \*cough\* Captain Bogwash \*cough\*.

**Sailors gasp in reaction to CAPTAIN BOGWASH's name.**

**JACK:** You just named He Must Not Be Named...

**CORNETTO:** Didn't.

**JACK:** Did.

**CORNETTO:** Didn't.

**JACK:** Didn't

**CORNETTO:** Did. Enough!

**JACK:** Actually, if my mum had called me Bogwash, I'd also prefer not to be named.

**CORNETTO:** Well, I'd better be off. Now, make sure you take care of that beautiful mother of yours.

**CORNETTO EXIT RIGHT.**

**JACK:** Beautiful? Has she seen my mother? Clearly, she never went to Specsavers. Well, it's been great talking to you, but I must go and see my mother. There's a job in the local newspaper she'd be interested in. Catch you later, lads and lassies!

**JACK and the sailors EXIT LEFT. CHIPOLATA and FALSE-EYE ENTER RIGHT, carrying a cuddly toy parrot.**

**CHIPOLATA:** Do you mind if we stop for a rest, False-Eye? I feel like we've been walking in circles for hours and hours. I'm sure we've passed this cake parlour seven times already.

**FALSE-EYE** We have. I've been trying to find the entrance.

**CHIPOLATA:** It's right in front of you, you idiot.

**FALSE-EYE:** But I thought that was the exit. I saw someone walking out.

**CHIPOLATA:** It's also the entrance, fool. (*Whacks False-Eye around the head.*) I give up sometimes. Anyway, we're supposed to be searching for this jewel. What would Captain Bogwash say if he knew we'd wasted all this time looking for the entrance to a cake shop?

**FALSE-EYE:** I was hungry. Plus, I wanted to make up for the birthday cake that you and Captain Bogwash forgot to give me. (*Starts crying uncontrollably.*)

**CHIPOLATA:** There, there. Of course we didn't forget. We made you a humongous birthday cake with lashings of cream and a cherry on top.

**FALSE-EYE stops crying.**

**CHIPOLATA:** But we were so hungry – so we ate it.

**FALSE-EYE bursts into tears again.**

**CHIPOLATA:** But fear not, I bought you another fresh cake with lashings of cream and a cherry on the top.

**FALSE-EYE:** (*Suddenly stops crying and perks up.*) When?

**CHIPOLATA:** Last night.

**FALSE-EYE:** Where is it?

**CHIPOLATA:** I ate it.

**FALSE-EYE:** WAHHH (*Eye pops out.*)

**CHIPOLATA** does not notice the eye on the floor. Strides back and forth in thought, unaware that he is kicking the eye like a football, which FALSE-EYE is struggling to catch.

**CHIPOLATA:** Now, Captain Bogwash believes that the jewel is in the possession of a bonny lass (dramatic pause. Looks out toward the audience.) A bonny lass who smells.

**FALSE-EYE:** (Still trying to catch his eye) That's not much to go on.

**CHIPOLATA:** No, but perhaps the kind owner of this cake shop can help us. Then, once we get our hands on this jewel, we can jump back aboard Captain Bogwash's ship, which he stole from Jack Squirrel, then sail to the island to get our share of Jack's treasure for doing all this hard work. Captain Bogwash gets his jewel, lives forever, and rules the sea. Then we're all happy. (Stands on the eye without realising)

**FALSE-EYE:** I'm not happy.

**CHIPOLATA:** Why's that?

**FALSE-EYE:** Because you're standing on my eye.

**CHIPOLATA:** Sorry, I had no EYE-dea. (Laughs hysterically.)

**FALSE-EYE:** You're still standing on my eye.

**CHIPOLATA:** You must be getting a huge eyeful from down there.

**FALSE-EYE:** I wouldn't say huge. There's not much to see.

**CHIPOLATA:** Sight for sore eyes, am I?

**FALSE-EYE:** Blinding. (Picks up eye and squashes it back into its socket with a loud squeaking noise.) Now, if you're finished with the eye gags, then I think we should continue our search for this jewel.

**CHIPOLATA:** Aye. Sorry. I couldn't help myself. (The pair turn to walk off, when CHIPOLATA stops mid-stride.) But hang on, what about Squawker, our parrot? We can't take him with us.

**FALSE-EYE:** Good point. Well, what about all these young landlubbers? (*Looks out to the audience.*) I'm sure they wouldn't mind looking after Squawker for us. Let's ask them, shall we? Avast, ye landlubbers! Would you mind looking after Squawker, this here parrot, for a little while? He's very well behaved, but like all pets, he does have his moments. He's a special parrot, you see.

**CHIPOLATA:** Aye, he be a voodoo parrot.

**FALSE-EYE:** What's a voodoo parrot, we hear you ask!

**CHIPOLATA:** Well, a voodoo parrot has extraordinary powers. You see if I do this (*Flaps both parrots wings up and down. FALSE-EYE begins flapping his arms up and down.*) Then that happens.

**FALSE-EYE:** And if I do that (*Shakes parrot around and CHIPOLATA begins to shake too.*) Then this happens.

**CHIPOLATA:** Okay, enough! I think they get the idea. So, landlubbers, it's very A important that nobody touches Squawker, which is why we need you to keep an eye on him.

**FALSE-EYE walks to the RIGHT of the stage and places the parrot on the floor, by the wings. He takes his false eye out and rests it on top of the parrot.**

**CHIPOLATA:** What are you doing?

**FALSE-EYE:** Keeping an eye on the parrot.

**CHIPOLATA:** Idiot. Not you. Now, landlubbers, if anyone touches Squawker, will you shout and let us know? Will you? Great! Hmmm, what could they shout?

**FALSE-EYE:** How about, (*shouts in an angry American accent*) 'You can't handle the truth!'

**CHIPOLATA:** I worry about you sometimes. So where were we? Ah, yes. If anyone goes near Squawker, I'd like you all to shout False Chips as loud as you can. Do you think you can do that? Let's have a couple of practices. I'll pretend to be someone creeping up on Squawker and I want you to shout. Ready? Here goes.

**CHIPOLATA sneaks up on the parrot. FALSE-EYE encourages the audience reaction.**

**CHIPOLATA:** What do you think False-Eye?

**FALSE-EYE:** Not bad, but I think they could do better. If we're halfway across the ocean, we'll need to be able to hear you. Let's try again.

**CHIPOLATA sneaks up on the parrot again. FALSE-EYE encourages the reaction.**

**CHIPOLATA:** That was much better, wasn't it False-Eye? At least we know that Squawker will be safe here. RIGHT, we'd better get searching for this Jewel before Captain Bogwash catches us.

**EXIT in BLACKOUT.**

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## SCENE TWO: DAME SQUIRREL'S CAKE PARLOUR

**ENTER DAME, polishes the tables and sees the audience.**

**DAME:** Hello everyone! Lovely to see you. Welcome to my wonderful cake parlour, where, as you can see, I bake and sell a variety of cakes for all occasions including birthdays, funerals, and weddings. Are any of you married? My commiserations. To me, marriage is like a three-ring-circus - engagement ring, wedding ring and suffering. I divorced my husband after he asked me where I wanted to go for our first anniversary. I said, "somewhere I've never been before", and he replied, "how about the kitchen?" Well, I never. But look at me now, I practically live in the kitchen. Anyway, I haven't introduced myself yet, how rude of me. I'm Dame Squirrel and I've been in the cake baking business for several years now, but since the recession, work has been slack. And my son, Jack, is a pirate without a ship, crew, or treasure, which means we are very poor. (*Encourage reaction.*) We're poorer than that. (*Encourage reaction.*) We're so poor that when someone rings the doorbell, I lean out of the window and say, "ding dong!" I'm hoping to find a dishy young man who will sweep me off my feet, help me to clear my debts and cook for me every night. Maybe he's here tonight. Can we have the house lights up, please?

**House lights up.**

**DAME:** Ohh, yes, what about you there, sir? Do you like large ladies with a fondness for chicken fillets? (*Hoists up bosoms.*) I thought so, you look the type. We'll chat later, handsome. Well, it's lovely to see you all. Now, I'd just like to say hello to a few special people in the audience.

**Ad-lib - greetings for groups, parties, birthdays, etc.**

**DAME:** As much as I'm enjoying chatting to you all, I must get on. I'm making sandwiches for lunch, and they'll be getting cold. (*Notices the parrot.*) Oh, what's that doing there? It certainly wasn't there earlier. Fancy leaving a parrot outside my shop. (*Heads toward the parrot.*)

**CHIPOLATA and FALSE-EYE ENTER stage LEFT.**

**DAME:** Cute little thing, isn't it? I wonder if it makes a noise when you shake it (*DAME shakes the parrot.*)

**CHIPOLATA and FALSE-EYE** jump up and down whilst making moaning noises until **DAME** stops.

**DAME:** That's a strange noise. Aw, what a soft, furry tummy he has.

**DAME** tickles the parrot's tummy. **CHIPOLATA and FALSE-EYE** burst into fits of crazy snorting giggles, falling on to the floor, and rolling around uncontrollably. **DAME** stops, looking around in confusion. **CHIPOLATA and FALSE-EYE** lay panting.

**JACK** ENTERS LEFT, carrying a newspaper. He walks over to **DAME**, casually stepping over the pair lying on the floor.

**JACK:** Ahoy me hearties! Hello mum. Aren't you a bit old to be playing with toys?

**DAME:** I'll give you too old, you cheek. (Hits Jack around the head.) I found this parrot over there. Poor thing.

**JACK:** Let's have a look, mum. By the way, there are a couple of strange men lying flat-out on your shop floor. (Takes parrot from **DAME**)

**DAME:** Ooh must be my lucky day!

**JACK** uses the parrot's wing to smack its own bottom. **DAME** begins smacking her own bottom, then chases a screaming **CHIPOLATA** to smack his bottom. **CHIPOLATA** smacks **FALSE-EYE**'s bottom and **FALSE-EYE** smacks the **DAME**'s bottom, who enjoys this. They run around in a circle. **JACK** is unaware of what's going on behind him. **CHIPOLATA** eventually grabs the parrot, kisses it and places it back by the wings.

**CHIPOLATA:** Leave my parrot alone. (Sees **DAME**'s face.) AHHH! Nobody told me it was Halloween!

**DAME:** Well, really.

**FALSE-EYE:** We're here because we need your help. We're on the lookout for a woman.

**DAME:** Oh, yes? Any woman in particular? (Ruffles hair and pouts.)

**FALSE-EYE:** Well, for starters, a woman who doesn't have a beard, hairy legs or look like a man.

**DAME:** Rude. I'll have you know I shaved this morning. Who are you both anyway?

**FALSE-EYE CHIPOLATA:** (together) Chipolata. False-Eye

**DAME:** I'm sorry?

**FALSE-EYE:** No need to apologise. It's not your fault you're ugly.

**DAME:** I've had enough of this, being insulted in my own shop.

**CHIPOLATA:** Would you like us to insult you in someone else's shop?

**DAME:** Get out, go on, get out!

**FALSE-EYE and CHIPOLATA run off stage RIGHT.**

**JACK:** Mum, I came to show you an advert I found in the [local town] Gazette. I think it could help us become rich again! Have a look.

**DAME:** (Takes the newspaper from JACK, opens it up and reads the contents.) Sleepwalking mum mistakes daughter's head for a roast chicken.

**JACK:** No, that's not it. Look further down.

**DAME:** Man discovers pet cat has been learning German on Friday nights.

**JACK:** Nope. Bottom left.

**Dame turns around and swings her bottom to the LEFT.**

**JACK:** Not you, the bottom left of the newspaper.

**DAME:** Oh, I see. (Read in an over-exaggerated posh voice) Ah, an esteemed confectioner is sought for the upcoming nuptials of Squire Nightingale's daughter. The ceremony shall take place on the morrow. Interested artisans are invited to present themselves at the Nightingale residence, located in the town of Funkytown. Funkytown? Where on earth is that?

**JACK:** I'm not sure, but we'll find it.

**DAME:** Oh Jack, five hundred pounds is enough money to clear our debts and help get us back into business again. I have a great feeling about this. Come on, son, we'd best go pack. Let's go and make some money!

**DAME and JACK EXIT RIGHT, waving to the audience.**

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### **SCENE THREE: FUNKYTOWN**

*Front of tabs. CAPTAIN BOGWASH ENTERS LEFT. Dark, intense music.*

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH:**

Yarr, you scallywags! It's Captain Bogwash ye fear!  
Go on, boo all ye like – I thrive on yer sneer.  
A young lass lives in Funkytown, so I see,  
She has something special that belongs to me.  
The Jewel I seek must be near,  
And soon its power will be mine, do ye hear?  
My mates, Chipolata and False-Eye, will do the job,  
They'll follow Dame Squirrel and Jack, the goods they will rob.  
All Jack's treasure and the Jewel divine,  
Will soon be mine – all mine, all mine!  
Ah, SHUT UP!

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH EXIT LEFT with a devilish laugh. CORNETTO ENTERS RIGHT.**  
**Sweet Caribbean music.**

**CORNETTO:**

Boys and girls, mums and dads, Granddads, Grandmas – single lads.  
Welcome to the Yo-Ho-Ho and a Panto show,  
I am your good fairy, Cornetto.  
Take no notice of that wicked Captain Bogwash,  
He thinks he's big and scary, when he really just talks tosh.  
Indeed, he is close to the Jewel, but he will not get it without a fight,  
For the young girl who is wearing it, can sword fight, kick and bite.  
It may not be an easy task as Captain Bogwash and his pals will learn,  
We must also try to stop them getting this treasure they so yearn.  
Can you boo, hiss and shout? I know you're very clever,  
Then we can stop Captain Bogwash living on forever!

**CORNETTO EXIT RIGHT.**

**Curtain opens to reveal the town of Funkytown.**

**MUSICAL NUMBER – A routine involving all the junior chorus dressed in bright clubbing gear, glowsticks and sunglasses. They encourage JACK and DAME to perform a rap.**

***At the end of the number, the junior chorus mingle in the background.***

**DAME:** Well, here we are, Jack; Funkytown. Where do you think the Squire lives?

**JACK:** In a house somewhere.

**DAME:** Yes, I know that, but where?

**JACK:** I couldn't tell you.

***Two citizens walk past, deep in conversation.***

**DAME:** Excuse me, do you know how to get to Squire Nightingale's residence?

**CITIZEN ONE:** Yes, thanks. Do you?

**DAME:** No, that's why I'm asking you.

**CITIZEN ONE:** Oh, I see. Well, now you know.

**DAME:** Know what?

**CITIZEN ONE:** You now know that I know.

**DAME:** Yes, I know that you know. But I need to know.

**CITIZEN ONE:** What – know that I know that you don't know what I know?

**DAME:** Look, all I want to know is where Squire Nightingale's residence is!

**CITIZEN ONE:** Sure. Why didn't you just say that in the first place? We'll show you. But before we do – you'll need to do a breakdance routine.

**CITIZEN TWO:** Yeah. Dem's da rules, innit.

**DAME:** And what if one can't breakdance – innit?

**CITIZEN TWO:** Then we shall lock you in the toilet of death.

**DAME:** Are there monsters in there?

**CITIZEN ONE:** Nah, it just smells of really bad eggs.

**DAME:** Go on then. Let's get this breakdance over and done with.

**CITIZENS ONE and TWO** perform a breakdance to a funky drumbeat, then encourage **JACK** to go first. **JUNIOR CHORUS** crowd around to watch and clap. **DAME** ends up doing her own moves and kicking off a shoe in the process. At the end of the dance, all chorus hold up numbered cards to vote.

**CITIZEN TWO:** (adopting the voice of Craig Revel Horwood) It was a dis-as-ter, darling.

**CITIZENS and CHORUS** EXIT LEFT to the Strictly Come Dancing theme. **JACK** and **DAME** are facing a large red door.

**DAME:** Phew, I'm glad that's over. I thought my chicken fillets were going to fall out.

**JACK:** Mum, please. Look, we're here. I'll try the doorbell.

**JACK** presses the doorbell. A long blast of clubbing music blares out. **SQUIRE NIGHTINGALE** opens the door.

**SQUIRE:** Nightingale residence. Can I help you? Ah, are you the man who's come to unblock my toilet?

**DAME:** Man indeed! I'll have you know that I am a young, beautiful woman.

**SQUIRE:** I see that you're a comedian too.

**DAME:** Why, thank you. (Looks flattered until she realises what Squire said.) Oh, you! Jack, don't just stand there, you should be defending me!

**JACK:** Sorry. My mum looks great, don't you think? Mum, I love what you've done with your hair today. How do you get it to come out of your nostrils like that?

**DAME:** Don't you start. Look, you know I've been trying to reinvent myself since the divorce. (Turns to look at the SQUIRE) I'm trying to lose weight, you see.

**SQUIRE:** Do you want to know how to lose ten pounds of ugly fat? Cut off your head!

**DAME:** I shouldn't have to put up with this. My mother, bless her soul, would never have tolerated this.

**JACK:** Sorry mum, but you'll never be the man your mother was.

**DAME whacks JACK around the head.**

**SQUIRE:** Look, was there something you wanted.

**DAME:** Yes, your head on a stick-

**JACK:** (Quickly interrupts) My mum is here about the job of cake maker for your daughter's wedding tomorrow.

**DAME:** Yes, I'm highly experienced and run my own cake parlour in (local town). I've also baked cakes for the likes of Brad Pitt, David Beckham, Taylor Swift and Ken Jones.

**JACK & SQUIRE:** Who's Ken Jones?

**DAME:** My dentist. (*Dreamily.*) I'd let him pull my teeth out any day.

**SQUIRE:** Right, the job is yours, but I'd suggest you start on the cake immediately as the wedding is tomorrow. I have laid out the ingredients on the kitchen table. (*Turns to audience.*) Cooking DOESN'T get tougher than this. Please follow me.

**SQUIRE EXIT RIGHT. DAME excitedly follows, reaching for his bottom.**

**JACK:** Good luck Mum, I'm going to have a look around the town. I'll come back later to see how you're getting on. I wonder if I could make my fortune here too. Perhaps I could commandeer a ship from the harbour and sail to the island to reclaim my stolen treasure that Captain Bogbrush took from me.

**JACK stops at the sound of a women crying hysterically. ELSA rushes on stage LEFT in floods of tears. JACK catches her by the arms.**

**JACK:** What's the matter, love?

**ELSA:** Everything! (*ELSA spits in JACK's face as she speaks.*) My corset is too tight, I don't love my fiancé anymore and I can't believe what happened on Eastenders last night!

**ELSA** collapses on to her back and faints. **JACK** freezes in a shocked pose.  
**Eastenders Drum beat SFX.**

**JACK:** Eastenders is enough to make anyone cry. Guess I'd better save her.

**JACK** performs first chest compression - **ELSA**'s RIGHT arm swings up to whack his head. Second chest compression - her LEFT arm whacks his head. Third compression - RIGHT leg lifts to whack head. Fourth compression - LEFT leg lifts to whack his head. Last compression - both legs fly into the air and out comes a huge, long fart. Smoke appears. **JACK** tumbles backwards into the wings at the smell.

**ELSA:** (sitting up) Thank you. You saved me.

**JACK:** You nearly killed me!

**ELSA:** By the way, my name is Elsa. Who might my fine young rescuer be?

**JACK:** I don't know. Shall I go and ask him?

**ELSA:** I mean you, silly.

**JACK:** Oh. Right. I'm Jack Squirrel. Or Captain Jack Squirrel as I used to be known. I'm a pirate, you see.

**ELSA:** A pirate indeed? I must say you are incredibly handsome. I always assumed pirates had long hair, wore funny boots and drank lots of milkshake.

**JACK:** Erm... (pulls a bottle of milkshake from his pocket)

**ELSA:** So, Jack Squirrel, what are you doing in Funkytown?

**JACK:** Certainly not the crime you just committed.

**ELSA:** (giggles) That would be the baked beans I ate for lunch. Alas, I will be moving to the village of (local district) very soon.

**JACK:** Really? Why would you want to live there? That's miles away.

**ELSA:** My fiancé has chosen to move there so he can be near his mother. I don't want to go, Jack. I don't want to marry him.

**JACK:** If you don't love him, then don't marry him. There are plenty more pirates in the sea. (*JACK puffs up chest and flashes eyebrows with a smile.*)

**ELSA:** If only it were that easy. My father adores him.

**JACK:** Then why doesn't your father marry him?

**ELSA:** Oh, Jack. You are funny. (*ELSA gazes longingly into JACK's eyes for a few moments.*)

**JACK:** (*JACK notices the Jewel hanging from ELSA's neck and holds it up to the light.*) You have the Jewel. Where did you get this?

**ELSA:** Oh, this thing? It was a free giveaway in a crisp packet. But never mind about that. Oh, Jack. I've never met anyone like you before. What should I do?

**JACK:** Please don't sing.

**ELSA:** I'm sorry. It's in the script.

**MUSICAL NUMBER – a fun, catchy love-song between ELSA and JACK**

**JACK:** I'd better be off, but I'll see you soon. And don't worry, I'm sure everything will be okay.

**ELSA EXIT LEFT. JACK EXIT RIGHT.**

***Fade to black***

## SCENE FOUR – SQUIRE NIGHTINGALE'S KITCHEN

**Dame** is stirring a mixture in the bowl to background music, flour on face, wearing apron. **JACK** strolls in LEFT.

**JACK**: Alright, mum? How are you getting on? (JACK takes a glass of water from the table and starts drinking it.)

**DAME**: Wonderful, absolutely wonderful. Well, my false teeth fell in the mixture once, but it's all good. I rinsed them out in the water you're drinking and popped them back in. Good as new.

**JACK** spits out water.

**DAME**: Here, son, come and help your mother with this cake. Put on that apron and stir this mixture for me. There's a good lad. Now, where did I put the rolling pin? (DAME dithers about)

**JACK** bends down to smell the mixture in the bowl. **DAME** trips on rolling pin and accidentally pushes **JACK**'s face in the mixing bowl.

**DAME**: It's okay, I've found it. (Waves rolling pin in the air)

**JACK** stands up with an unimpressed, white, floury face. **DAME** screams and holds the rolling pin out as a weapon.

**DAME**: Hands up! What have you done with my son?

**JACK**: I am your son.

**DAME**: Prove it. (Still holding out the rolling pin.)

**JACK**: Okay. (Chucks half the bag of flour over **DAME**'s face so that it is also white.) Now we look the same. Do you believe me now?

**DAME**: One moment. (Dame scoops a dollop of mixture from the bowl and smears it over **JACK**'s face.) I believe you now.

**JACK**: Actually, Mum, this cake mixture has removed your makeup. I don't know where you bought your face from, but I hope you have the receipt.

**DAME:** RIGHT!

**Both JACK and DAME begin piling cream onto paper plates. At the same time, SQUIRE walks in and stands in between them, hands on hips. He opens his mouth to speak until JACK and DAME turn to splat their plates of cream into the SQUIRE's face and then stare in horror.**

**SQUIRE:** What on earth is going on in here? This is not a nursery; this is my kitchen and you are destroying my fine IKEA furniture.

**While SQUIRE is talking, JACK and DAME exchange looks and prepare another plate of cake, nodding at each other.**

**SQUIRE:** If this cake is not ready by tomorrow then I shall sling you out on to your bottoms!

**DAME:** Shall I? (DAME points to SQUIRE's trousers and addresses audience. Awaits reaction.) Shall I, boys and girls? (Reaction.) So, after three. Ready? (Encourage the audience to count) One, two, three!

**JACK pulls the elastic on SQUIRE's trousers and DAME shoves the cake down his pants, patting his bottom to mash it in. JACK and DAME encourage the audience to cheer.**

**Tabs close.**

**Front of tabs. ELSA is strolling back and forth. DORIAN rushes on LEFT.**

**DORIAN:** Elsa, my love, my darling. You are looking as beautiful as my eyes that sparkle like stars. As dainty as my locks in the golden sunlight and as fragrant as the hairs under my magnificently clammy armpits. Whatever's the matter? You look troubled. Can you see your saddened reflection in my fine white teeth? (Turns to flash a cheesy smile at the audience. SFX 'ting'.)

**ELSA:** I'm fine, Dorian. I suppose I'm worrying about our wedding day tomorrow. I just want everything to run perfectly.

**DORIAN:** And it will, sweetheart. Mummy has arranged for the photographer to arrive at my house first so that he can take photos of me eating breakfast and powdering my nose. You do still want to marry me, don't you? I mean, who wouldn't?

**ELSA:** (bites lip nervously) My father is delighted that I am marrying you. He said you are the hardest-working blacksmith he has ever met.

**DORIAN:** Indeed, you are a very lucky lady. (He takes out a mirror from his pocket and checks his face, winking at himself.) Well, hello gorgeous. Listen, men like me are very hard to find. Shall we sing a love song, darling?

**ELSA:** I've just done one.

**DORIAN:** (looks taken aback) Ew, darling. I wondered what that smell was. I will ask mummy to bring some Wind-Eze tablets for you tomorrow. We want the guests to be blown away by our extravagant wedding, but not by your bottom. Oh well, I guess I'll sing the love song on my own.

**MUSICAL NUMBER – Dorian sings a slushy love song alone, mostly about himself.**

**At the end of the song, Dorian remains preening himself in the background.**

**ELSA:** I wonder why Jack looked so concerned by my necklace. Perhaps it's a little dusty. I've had it for a couple of months now. I'll give it a clean. (ELSA uses her hand to clean the Jewel.)

**Behind her, CHIPOLATA and FALSE-EYE creep on LEFT. DORIAN starts screaming until the pair hushes him. He nods and covers his mouth.**

**ELSA:** What's the matter, boys and girls? What are you saying? Behind me? Is Dorian pulling faces?

**CHIPOLATA and FALSE-EYE creep up whilst ELSA is speaking to the audience. They grab her by the arms. Thunder SFX and Lightening. CAPTAIN BOGWASH and his crew ENTER LEFT, cackling evilly. Dorian screams and rushes off RIGHT.**

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH:** Ha ha ha! Well, ahoy wee lass. Captain Bogwash and his crew have returned, and ye have exactly what we need. Ha ha ha! Oh, be quiet, you pathetic bunch of bilge rats. I'm here to claim what's mine!

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH and CREW EXIT stage LEFT in BLACKOUT.**

**SCENE FIVE – MUTINY IN FUNKYTOWN.**

**GOOD PIRATE CREW** of FUNKYTOWN ENTER **RIGHT** armed with swords. **CAPTAIN BOGWASH**'s CREW ENTER **LEFT**, also armed with swords. Both parties stand facing each other and draw swords.

**ELSA:** Stop this! I'm getting married tomorrow.

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH:** Congratulations. I'm happy for ye. Right, you may fight, my crew. There be no better pirates than you.

**Good and bad pirates begin sword fighting. Swords clashing SFX. CHIPOLATA and FALSE-EYE drag ELSA to stage RIGHT to watch the spectacle. One crew member slices the elastic on opponent's trousers, causing them to drop.**

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH:** (sees the parrot) What be this? (CAPTAIN BOGWASH picks up the parrot. Ignores audience reaction. CHIPOLATA hurries towards him, but CAPTAIN BOGWASH holds out his arm and CHIPOLATA runs into it, falling to the ground.) What are ye saying? Oh, be quiet, you horrible smelly toads.

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH begins to lift the parrot's right leg, then left leg. The swordfighters throw their arms around each other to form a long row and perform the Can-Can to music. CAPTAIN BOGWASH turns around and the swordfighters re-commence fighting. CAPTAIN BOGWASH turns back to the audience and carries on lifting the parrot's legs. The swordfighters resume the Can-Can. CAPTAIN BOGWASH spins around. Sword fighting continues. This carries on a couple more times with CAPTAIN BOGWASH trying to catch them out until he turns around whilst lifting the parrot's legs and sees his crew dancing.**

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH:** What are ye doing? (He drops the parrot onto the floor.)

**The swordfighters drop to the floor, then leap up again in confusion. CHIPOLATA quickly consoles his parrot and returns it to its position.**

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH:** Ye have something that belongs to me, ye little worm.

**ELSA:** Do I? I don't think this dress will fit you.

**CAPTAIN BOGWASH:** Not the dress, ye fool. The Jewel you have hanging around your bony little neck.