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An Interview with a Pirate

CHARACTERS

ALFONS DEMEERLEER, A total dork. Wants more than anything to be a pirate though has little of the typical pirate personality traits. Really a pretty nice guy.

BLACK ANNIS the PIRATE QUEEN, Scourge of the seven seas. Cruel and ruthless. She's a sea-hardened crusty old pirate who's looking for a new crew member.

(The scene opens with the Pirate Queen sitting at a large, oak desk in the cabin of her ship, the Sea Shark. The desk is covered in bits of paper and compasses and maybe a knife. A globe or map sits obviously on the desk as well. She wears the garb of a pirate captain: ruffled blouse under a heavy captain's coat with lots of shiny, gold buttons. She has a large hat with an equally large feather in it. The P.Q. is looking over her papers when Alfons DeMeerleer walks in. He is wearing knickerbockers and a ruffled blouse, slightly open at the collar showing his bare, masculine chest. He wears his hair pulled back into a goofy ponytail. He enters the cabin looking a bit lost and confused. A.D. sees the P.Q. before she sees him and he speaks sheepishly.)

Excuse me? A.D.

Yar! What do ye want? P.Q.

Um, is this the, uh A.D.
(pulls out paper)
the Sea Shark?

And what if it is? P.Q.

A.D.

And does that mean that you're, uh, B-black Annis the P-pirate Queen?

P.Q.

Who told ye me name and of me ship? And why do ye approach me like this? Most landlubbers quiver in fear at the mere mention of me name!

(Draws sword and aims it threateningly at A.D.)

A.D.

AAHH! Don't kill me! I . . .I found this "help wanted" ad.

(Pulls out bottle, uncorks it and takes out a yellowed, burnt edged paper.)

It says,

(Reads from paper)

Tired of the same old drudgery and boredom of land life? Ready to set a course for new and exciting horizons? Do you have an affinity for brightly colored talking birds? Then seek no more! Adventure out on open waters will give your life that spark that you so desperately crave. This is an opportunity to join the fearsome crew of the fabled Black Annis the Pirate Queen. Apply at the Sea Shark for details. Don't delay. Your dream career is just a cutlass away.

(pause)

So after reading this, I thought that maybe I needed a career change into something more exciting and-

P.Q.

And ye thought that adventure out on the open water would give yer life that spark ye desperately crave?

A.D.

Yeah, something like that.

P.Q.

Sorry, but the sea is not place for a bored son of a cobbler.

A.D.

My dad was not a dessert!

P.Q.

No, no I meant the profession ye thick skulled sod-sniffer.

A.D.

I'll have you know that my father didn't make shoes.

P.Q.

Aye? And what, pray tell, did he do?

A.D.

He was an interior decorator.

P.Q.

Ye think yer sheltered, wallpaper hanging upbringing has prepared ye for the harsh life on the open seas? I've scraped more sea worthy things off the bottom of me shoe than the likes of ye.

A.D.

Look, are you going to insult me all day or are you going to interview me?

P.Q.

What makes ye think that yer more qualified than the other candidates?

A.D.

I possess unique skills and abilities.

P.Q.

Like what?

A.D.

I have a 50 mph badminton serve.

P.Q.

Impressive. But I'm afraid the badminton net wouldn't stay up very well on the deck. What else ye got?

A.D.

I was first chair oboe at my school.

P.Q.

I can tell ye right where that oboe would be headed if ye brought it aboard *my* ship. Anything else?

A.D.

(pause)

I can hold twelve gold doubloons in my mouth at the same time.

P.Q.

(pause)

Well, it's a start. Have a seat.

(A.D. sits on a barrel of Dr. Grog's Carbonated Rum-Like Beverage)

P.Q.

(Pulls out quill and yellowed scroll of parchment from desk and begins to write.)

Alright, what be yer name.

A.D.

Alfons DeMeerleer.

P.Q.

Oookaay...How about yer pirate name.

A.D.

My pirate name?

P.Q.

Ye know a fearsome title that frightens yer enemies. A successful pirate needs a moniker that expresses his true ruthless, black heart. Like Long John Silver, or Blackbeard the Terrible, or Captain Torturé the Deranged.

A.D.

I see.

(Thinks for a moment)

how about, Privateer DeMeerleer the Feared Buccaneer!

P.Q.

(Huge pause: maybe place hand over eyes in frustration)

Let's move on from the name. Do ye have any large tattoos or body piercing?

A.D.

No ma'am. I respect my body too much to deface it with something so vulgar and putrescent.

P.Q.

Started crying the minute ye saw the needle didn't ye?

A.D.

Yeah.

P.Q.

Alright, maybe something a little easier. Do ye have any references?

A.D.

Right here ma'am.

(Hands over the front of a Captain Crunch cereal box. P.Q. takes the box and hits A.D. over the head with it.)

A.D.

(whines)

Ow. . .

P.Q.

Now then, are ye good with people?

A.D.

Oh, yeah! I volunteer every third Monday at the senior center,

P.Q.

Not “people” ye pony tailed wearer. Peep-hole. If I have ye running cannons ye’ll have to look through a little peep-hole from below deck.

A.D.

But what if something gets in my eye?

P.Q.

Oh, we have a great ophthalmology insurance plan with “Patch Masters of the Caribbean.”

A.D.

What other coverage do you have?

P.Q.

We provide full dental and prosthetic limb coverage. Plus, we have a health plan in case ye catch any or all of the following: Scurvy, rickets, cabin fever, Black Death, monkey fever, jungle death, Bluebeard’s Revenge, monkey delirium, wicked gomboo, monkey laryngitis, or parrot bumps.

A.D.

Any other benefits?

P.Q.

We provide on-the-job training for sail-hoisting, deck swabbing, keel-hauling, insulting, and general swashbucklery.

A.D.

Anything else?

P.Q.

As a bonus, every Christmas we raid one charity.

A.D.

Anything else?

P.Q.

If ye keep yer mouth shut I might not pound ye into bait ye ungrateful little urchin.

A.D.
Sounds reasonable.

P.Q.
What experience do ye have with a blade?

A.D.
I got my whittling merit badge.

P.Q.
I was referring more to swordsmanship.

A.D.
I beat Ganondorf and got the fully charged master sword.

P.Q.
Any not-pretend swordsmanship?

A.D.
No...

P.Q.
Well, I'm not sure yer really pirate material. In fact, yer the most miserable excuse for a wannabe sailor I've ever seen.

A.D.
Oh, please let me be a pirate! Please, please, please, please, please, please, please, pleheecheease!

P.Q.
No and quit groveling.

A.D.
Grrr! This makes me so mad! I feel like invading a port, pillaging it of all its gold and rum, setting fire to several of its fine establishments, and sailing away laughing at the chaos I've left behind in a blazing inferno! HA ha ha ha ha!

P.Q.
Now that's what I'm looking for! Maybe I judged ye too quickly. I'll give ye a shot.

A.D.
You...you mean it? I can be a pirate on your crew?

P.Q.
Yar. I'll start ye at trainee.

(Gives A.D. vest with "Trainee" on it)

It pays two piece o' eight a day. Now take this. . .
(Hands A.D. a mop)
get up on deck, and start swabbin'.

Yes ma'am!
A.D.
(Runs eagerly out of room)

I give him a week tops.
P.Q.
(Goes back to desk and starts writing.)