

Senior Chorus Pirates!

Stowaway: *(talking directly to the audience)* Pirates! Pirates are very bad people. Make no mistake. They rob innocent peasants. They ransack villages. They sing bawdy songs hardly ever in tune. Yes, indeed, pirates are very bad people *(pauses)* I really want to be one!

Stowaway: *(unaccompanied singing and dancing)* Pirates all are we! Pirates all are we!

Gregory: Avast!

Stowaway: Pirates all are we! Pirates all are we!

Gregory: *(getting more irritated)* Avast!

Stowaway: Pirates aaaaaalllll are

Gregory: *(with rage)* Avast! Avast! Avast! That means stop it!

(Stowaway looks around embarrassed and stops singing)

Gregory: When I say “Avast!”, you stop! Stop! Stop! Don’t you speak Pirate?

Stowaway: No, sir. Not yet. But I plan to, for I, too, want to be a pirate just like you!

Abby: You? A pirate? You can’t be a pirate! You’re too small!

McKenna: Arrr! You’re too young!

Abby: Arrr! You’re too clean!

Stowaway: But being a pirate is all I’ve ever wanted to be. It’s what I’ve dreamed about ever since I was a child. Watch, watch this. Avast! Avast! Avast I say!

McKenna: Have you ever robbed an honest man?

Stowaway: No

Abby: Have you ever ransacked a village?

Stowaway: No

McKenna: Have you ever been six months at sea without a bath or a shave or shower?

Stowaway: No. But once I went a week without brushing my teeth

All Pirates: Ewwww.

Gregory: Listen up, me bucko. We’re on our way to the big pirate gathering in the big pirate sea and you ain’t going with us and that’s me final word

Abby: Arr! Be off with you now before we season you up and feed ya to the fish!

All Pirates: Ooooooooooo!

McKenna: Belay that talk! It's time we sail. Throw her from the ship!

(Some of the pirates grab her and take her off stage as he pleads ...)

Gregory: Weigh anchor now and away we sail!

Abby: All hands on deck!

McKenna: Up, up and away!

Gregory: That's not pirate talk!

McKenna: Oh, you're right. So sorry. Aye, Aye and away!

Abby: That's better.

All Pirates: Aye, Aye and away!

SONG #10: HIDING MUSIC *(Stowaway sneaks back on stage and hides)*

Gregory: Fee! Fie! Foe! Fay! I smell the blood of a Stowaway!

(All Pirates start sniffing around)

Abby: I don't smell anything at all! Well, maybe some of you ... but I'm used to that.

All Pirates: *(menacing to Pirate 2)* Arrrr!!!

McKenna: Shiver me timbres! There's a Stowaway on board. Find her, ye sea dogs! Find her!

Landon: Arrr! We caught you now, ye scurvy dog! Now ye be shark bait for sure!

Grace C: Aye! Make 'er walk the plank!

Seoyeon: Toss 'er overboard!

Landon : Arrr! Feed 'er to the fish, the bubble-blowing blaggard!

All Pirates: Hey! Watch your language

Landon: Oh, sorry. Got carried away, I guess.

Grace C: Belay, me addled hearties! We can't be makin' this decision all by ourselves.

Seoyeon: Aye! You're right. This is a decision for you-know-who

All Pirates: Whom.

Seoyeon: You know who.

All Pirates: Whom.

Seoyeon: You know who!

All Pirates: What?

Grace C: Where?

Seoyeon: This is a decision for the King of the High "Cs," that's whom!

All Pirates: *(with understanding)* Ahhh!

Stowaway: The King of the High "Cs"? Who's that?

Grace C: What?! You don't know who the King of the High "Cs" is? The King of the High "Cs" is the craftiest crooner of the Caribbean Coast.

Landon : Aye! The swellest singer of the Swashbucklin' Sea!

Stowaway: The King of the High "Cs" is a singer?

All Pirates: Precisely!

Landon: Ye see, me squiffy, at the big pirate gathering in the big pirate sea, there is always a singing contest.

Stowaway: *(shocked)* A singing contest?

Grace C: Aye! A singing contest! You don't know anything about pirates, do you? All of the pirate ships put forward their best singers in hopes of winning the grand prize.

Stowaway: What's that?

Landon: Yo ho ho! It's a bottle of ...

Grace C: *(cutting him off)* Sarsaparilla!

Stowaway: Blimey! Can I meet him? Can I really meet the King of the High "Cs"?

Seoyeon: Meet him you will, ye scallywag! He'll be the one deciding your fate. And let me warn you, he doesn't take kindly to stowaways. Here he comes now. It's the King of the High "Cs"

(King of the High "Cs" enters)

King: Thank you! Thank you all, I am good, am I not?

All Pirates: Aye! Your majesty, the very best!

King: Of course, I am!

Landon: Aye, your majesty! But, we have a bit of a problem here. It seems we have a stowaway aboard.

King: A stowaway? Shiver me timbers.

Grace C: Aye sire. She says she wants to be a pirate just like you!

King: Well, sink me! Who wouldn't?

Seoyeon: We tried to explain that she couldn't. We tried to tell her that the world could only stand one of you but

King: *(cutting him off)* Avast! Where is this so-called “Stowaway?”

(Pirates lead the Stowaway to the King) Here she is, sire.

King: *(incredulously)* This? This is the one who wants to be a pirate just like me?

Stowaway: But sir! I swear I could be a smashing pirate, if only you'd give me a chance!

King: Oh really? Let me hear you say “Aye!”

Stowaway: Aye, aye, Sir!

King: Let me hear you say “Blimey!”

Stowaway: Blimey! Blimey! Blimey, Sir!

King: Let me hear you say “Arrrr!”

Stowaway: Arrrr!

King: Not bad.

SONG #13: YOU WANNA BE A PIRATE

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Stowaway: *(trying to say Arrr!)* Arg! Arg!

King: No “G!” No “G”!

Stowaway: Arrrrrrrrrrrr! Arrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

King: More Ah! Less Rrrr!

Stowaway: Ahhhhr! *(rr dwindles away)*

King: Avast! I’ve heard enough! Throw her in the brig!

(two pirates take her away)

SONG #14: TO THE BRIG INSTRUMENTAL

Stowaway: How can this be? All I wanted was to be a pirate. Here I am at sea – where I always wanted to be. And yet, I’ve never felt so lost and alone.

SONG #15: LOST AT SEA

King: Now remember, mates! It’s all about breath support! Breathe from your scurvied diaphragms!

King: *(Singing an arpeggio)* Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah! *(Then singing a glissando from low to high C)* Ahh --- hh!

All: Beautiful

King: Thank you. Thank you very much. Hit it!

Lily: If ya don't mind me sayin' so, I think you were singin' a little flat!

Danial: Arrr! Who you callin' flat, ye good for nothing' scallywag!

(Pirates start arguing, telling each other they were out of tune, too loud ...)

King: *(As before, sings his arpeggio) Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah! (Then his glissando, but, when he get to high C makes a terrible sound) Ahh --- hh!*

Grace P: Blimey! What's the matter, King? Don't be messin' around with us!

Lily: Aye, King! Don't be jokin'. Tomorrow is the big day. You can't be losin' your voice now. You're our ticket to first prize.

King: *(holding his throat, barely able to croak out a sound) Laryngitis!*

Danial: What?

King: *(still in a hoarse voice) Laryngitis!*

Grace P: What?

King: *(in a loud clear voice) I've got laryngitis, ye blaggards! How many times do I have to (then hoarse again) ... tell you? Aye*

All: Laryngitis? Blimey!

Lily: What are we gonna do?

Danial: Arr! There goes first prize

Grace P: Yo ho ho, there goes our bottle of ...

All Pirates: Sarsaparilla!

(Then from the brig, they all hear a very sweet voice singing)

Stowaway: Lost at sea, lost at sea, tell me where I'm meant to be

Lily: What was that?

Stowaway: Hear my plea, set me free, 'cause I'm lost, I'm lost at sea

Danial: Why that's the most beautiful voice I've ever heard.

Grace P: Aye! And it's coming from the brig. Find out who it is! This might be the break we need.

(2 Pirates bring in the Stowaway)

Lily: Aha and Ahoy! It's the Stowaway! Tell me, Stowaway, was it you that we heard singing so melodiously? *(he sings)* Lost at sea! Lost at sea!

Stowaway: Aye, sir. It was I. I guess I wasn't very pirate – but I meant no disrespect.

Danial: Disrespect? That's the best singing we've ever heard on this ship!

(The King stomps his foot and clears his throat)

Grace P: Aye, mate! That's the best singing we've ever heard on this ship!

(The King crosses his arms and scowls)

Lily: Aye! Now you **must** go with us to the pirate singing contest. With your help, I know we can win.

Stowaway: Do you really think so? Do you really think I can help you win?

Danial: Well, there's one way to find out. Gentlemen ...

All: Perfect!

King: *(hoarsely)* Perfect

Stowaway: Wow! Does that mean I get to be a full blown pirate just like all of you?

Grace P: Well now I don't know about that. First we have a few questions.

Lily: Do ye promise to never be lily-livered or ever say "wow" again?

Stowaway: Wow! I mean, Aye! I sure do!

Danial: Do ye swear to be the heartiest, swashbuckling buccaneer ever to sail the sea?

Stowaway: Aye! Aye! Aye!

Grace P: Then by the powers vested in me, I proudly pronounce you a full on, blow me down, shiver me timbers pirate of the briny sea! Hip, hip

All: Hooray!

Grace P: Hip, hip

All: Hooray!

Grace P: Hip, hip

All: Hooray!

SKIP #17

SONG #18: REPRISE PIRATES ALL ARE WE