**Arrgghh!**

A Piratey Play about Trust in God

By Lee Ann Hotovy

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Synopsis: Captain Crunchy and his crew sail upon stormy seas, unhappy and unfulfilled in their quest for buried treasure. They happen upon a bottle floating in the sea, which contains a treasure map of a deserted island, and thus a treasure. However, the treasure chest is carefully guarded by the Great Dragon, Trustmey. These pirates must overcome their fears, and learn to trust the dragon in order to win the treasure. Colorful sea creatures add to the plot that teaches the lesson of total confidence in God, and trusting in His mercy, which makes this children’s musical a delight for eye and ear.

*Cast:*

*Cap’n Crunchy*

# First Mate, Mr. Sneeze

*Pirates: Snort, Coff, Wheaz, Sniffel, Blast*

*Sea Creatures:*

*Sharks: Chomp and Bite*

*Fish: Zig, Zag, and Doddle*

*Lil’ Fish*

*Jellies: Raspberry and Jam*

*Swordfish: Enguarde*

*Child: Grace*

*Dragon: Trustmey*

***Scene 1, The Reef:*** *Underwater sea creatures swimming about. Scene created with black lighting, and wave materials, so creatures look like they are swimming around coral reef.*

*Three fish enter.*

Doddle: Quiet day, isn’t it?

Zag: Sure is. Can’t understand why…Tuesday is usually shark day.

Zig: Well don’t hold your breath, the day isn’t over yet.

Doddle: How can I hold my breath? I’m a fish…you know… gills!

Zig: Oh…you know what I mean…just don’t swim in one place for too long, or you might be somebody’s lunch!

Doddle: You say that every day…Man, you need to relax…soak in the reef for awhile!

Zag: Actually Doddle, we’ve been meaning to talk to you about that. You see, you are one of us…but uh…you kind of make us nervous with your doddling…you need to pay more attention and swim with the school…

Doddle: Doddling…I never doddle…I just like to enjoy the scenery.

Zig: Well the scenery you might be enjoying one of these days is the lovely lined-walls of a shark’s belly!

Doddle: What are you talking about? They’re just another fish like you or me.

Zag: Well maybe so, but you can never trust a shark!

Zig: Or an eel, or a squid, or even a sting ray for that matter!

*Littler fish enters and swims across stage*.

Lil’ Fish: Excuse me…are you going to eat that (fish points at Zig)?

Doddle: Nah, go ahead…he’s all yours.

Little fish tries to bite Zig.

Zig: Stop that…it tickles! You can’t eat me…I’m bigger than you!

Lil’ fish: My mother says we should always think big!

Zig: Well I’m not sure your mother was talking about food…hey! You nibbled my fin…

Zag: Listen little fish…you should probably go eat some algae or spiralina…it’s better for you anyway.

Little fish: Have you ever eaten it? It tastes just like it looks…yucky! I don’t trust it!

Doddle: Yeah, that’s the way the ocean works. Its hard to trust anything! Every species for itself…the only thing you can trust, is that some day, you’re going to be somebody’s lunch. That’s why the sharks, and this little fish, aren’t all that different than us. There’s always somethin’ bigger…

Little fish: Hey…was that a shrimp? Yummy!

(little fish swims away chasing shrimp)

Doddle:…out there!

Zag: Like what? A whale? Whales eat little plankton, smaller than us! That is such an irony don’t you think. The biggest sea creature eating the smallest thing on the menu…

Zig: Yeah…it is, and whales not eating shark, is another cruel irony for us. The only thing that can really terrify a shark is a man-boat!

Doddle: Exactly, and I know where a man-boat is…so if those two sharks show up again, I’m going to “lead” them to their own dinner…shark-steak, anyone! Ha, ha….

***SONG: It’s a Fishy World***

*Suddenly two sharks appear.*

Chomp: Bite, this new spot on the reef is very tasty-looking…nice atmosphere, and apparently it’s a buffet!

*Zig and Zag freeze, while Doddle swims around sharks.*

Doddle: Hey Pal, I wouldn’t park it here, unless you’re planning to pay the meter!

Bite: Chomp! Look what we have here…a talking buffet! That makes it all the more delectable!

Chomp: Right…screaming appetizers…nothing better!

*Sharks surround Doddle*.

Bite: Hello lunch…

Chomp: It’s Tuesday, “all you can eat!”

Doddle staring at sharks: I know your other snacks have probably been too afraid to say anything, but you could really use a tooth whitener…and your breath…well let’s just say you aren’t going to get any dates this way, Pal. Man! You could kill a Barracuda with that breath! Phew!

Bite’s lip quivers, and in a tearful voice says: What is this, Insulting Appetizer Day? What happened to the Cheesy Anemones?

Chomp: Oh dear…you’re not going to cry are you?

Bite: I can’t help it…I’m very sensitive. (waaah).

Chomp: I know, I know…

Doddle: Uh, you really don’t want to eat me…because if you think I’m nasty on the outside, I am really bitter in the belly…can you say indigestion!

Chomp: I am not paying for this…waiter!

*Zig moves in cautiously with towel over fin*: Yes sir, your highness, your Sharp- Teethness…

Chomp: Look, we came to this part of the reef for a quiet little bite, and your appetizer here starts insulting us…my friend is about to cry!

Zig: Would you like to eat… I mean, *see* the manager?

Chomp: Yes I would!

*Zig moves towards Zag and forces him to enter as manager.*

Zag: Uh hem…is there a problem?

Doddle: She’s fishtose intolerant (laughter)!!!

Bite: I am not…(starts crying)

Doddle: Are too!

Bite: Waahhh!

Chomp: That is the most disgusting appetizer we have ever encountered! I demand a refund!

Zag: Yes sir…I understand, and I would give you a refund if you had actually paid for anything today, or any day that you visit our reef…but…

Chomp: *You* can be my refund, and the waiter too! Put him in a box to go!!

Zag: Ummm…uhhh…

Doddle: Listen Pal…you don’t want any of these little *tunas*… come on, it’s like eating at the day-old bakery. Now look here, it just so happens, I know of a tasty little spot where the fish don’t talk…just swim…and pay very little attention to anything around them. Perfect spot to put your fins up and watch the play-offs while your chowing down on some sweet little mackerels.

Chomp: Why should I listen to you…you made my friend, Bite, cry?

Doddle: Yeah I know…and I feel terrible about that…I’m sure he’s almost too upset to eat now…but if you take him up to the surface for a snack, you won’t be sorry. They even have bottled shark juice!

Chomp: No?

Doddle: Straight from Miami… I’m not kiddin’ you…floating right on the surface.

Chomp: Bite, did you hear that? What are we waiting for…

Bite: A Kleenex and an apology…

Doddle: You got it pal…I’m sorry, and here’s a tissue.

Bite: Thanks…hey, now he’s an apologizing appetizer…I don’t know whether to eat or hug you?

Doddle: Neither…now head to the top before they close! Over there to the right…see it? Big brown thing floating on the water…fish all around!!

*Sharks exit.*

*Zig and Zag move in closer to Doddle*

Zag: How in the sea did you do that?

Doddle: Its’… a gift.

*Black out*

***Scene 2: The Ship/ Captain Crunchy and his crew stand aboard the ship, looking over edge at sea.*** *The captain and first mate stand on bridge of boat.*

Cap’n’ Crunchy: Well Mr. Sneeze, what do you make of it? There has been no land in sight for weeks.

Mr. Sneeze: Aye, Cap’n…unless we touch a shoreline soon, we may have monopoly on our hands.

Cap’n: You mean mutiny…

Mr. Sneeze: No, I mean monopoly. The crew will do nothing but play monopoly…and you know how that game can go on for days and days!

Cap’n: Aye…could make a man lose his mind!

Mr. Sneeze: Aye, lose his mind or Boardwalk! And then how would anyone walk the plank? Ha, ha!!

Cap’n: That was a terrible joke, Mr. Sneeze. Do not try to make me laugh at a time like this. (pause) Why does the crew not trust me?

Mr. Sneeze: Well, if you don’t mind me sayin’, Cap’n…it’s because you’ve promised them things…and then never followed through.

Cap’n’: For instance?

Mr. Sneeze: For instance…this cruise. When the men boarded the ship, you promised them starry nights, luxurius quarters, free time, barrels of rum, chests of treasure, and warm sunny beaches.

Cap’n’: Haven’t they had that, aside from the warm sunny beaches?

Mr. Sneeze: Well…they’ve had the starry nights alright because of the holes in yer ship; and plenty of free time because we haven’t seen land in weeks; the rum tasted like stale ginger ale; yer luxurius quarters are wet and full of spiders…and the only chest we can find is the Community Chest in our monopoly game!

Cap’n: Well I suppose I was a little untruthful when I asked them to join, but is that any reason for them to not trust me?

Mr. Sneeze: According to me pirate code…aye it is!

Cap’n’ : Ahhh…blast the code!

*Suddenly Pirate voice cries out.*

Snort: Ahoy! Cap’n! There seems to be something floating in the water…a bottle I think!

Cap’n: Bring it aboard, Man…bring it aboard!

Snort: Aye, aye, Cap’n’. Ye ‘eard him, Mates…bring the bottle aboard.

Coff: Not fer love, nor yer monopoly money…these be shark infested waters!

Snort: How do you know, Mate?

Coff: I got eyes…and me eyes spied two pointy dorsal fins swimming alongside the starboard.

Snort: Show me!

*Pirates move to front of ship to see two sharks swimming around boat.*

Snort: Aye…ye be right. Now what shall we do? Cap’n, sharks!

Cap’n: I see…well then, send Mr. Blast onto the plank to distract them.

Blast: Distract them? With what, might I ask?

Mr. Sneeze: With yer feet, of course. Just dangle them about to lure them away from the bottle.

Blast: Me feet! Oh but Cap’n’ me feet ain’t ad a bath in ages…they’ll repulse the sharks. Shouldn’t we pull out the cannon and BLAST the creatures out of the sea instead?

Wheaz: Them…and every other living thing this side of the Atlantic!

Cap’n: Not…to mention the bottle. No Mr. Blast, it is the feet we be wanting.

Blast: Might I suggest Mr. Snort’s feet over me own? He’s very fond of bathing!

Cap’n’: Very well. Mr. Snort…the plank.

Snort (snorts): I’ll get you for this Blast…just you wait and see!

*Snort relunctantly walks the plank with other crew members cheering him on*

Mr. Sneeze: Now once the sharks are distracted Mates, grab the bottle.

Pirates: Aye, aye…

Chomp: Well here’s the bottle the little fish spoke of…but I see no brew…just a piece of paper!

Bite: Maybe it’s like a fortune cookie? Let’s open it!

Chomp: Nah, waste of time…say look over there…ahhh, there’s the buffet we’ve been lookin’ for!

Bite: Feet on a plank! Me favorite…

*Shark move towards plank, pirates use oar to pull bottle in to ship (bottle is controlled by backstage person to move)*

*Fake waves bob up and down during scene, with fish seen partially in it.*

Snort: Shiver me toenails…two of em’…uh, Cap’n how long must I dangle me toes?

Cap’n: Until the bottle is well in hand, Mr. Snort. Dangle away…

Snort: Aye, ai ya ai ya…..nice shark, nice sharkie, shark…

***SONG: Let’s Have a Little Bite/Treasure Seekers***

*Sharks snap at his toes while Snort dangles and dances around on plank. Other pirates sing song about pulling bottle in…Sharks exit at end of song*

M.Sneeze: Captain…we have the message, and it be a map! A treasure map!

Coff: Let me see that!

Sniffel: That be mine, mate…or would you like to taste the cool end of me steel?

Blast: If anyone be getting’ a treasure around here, it be me…you scurvy dogs…I’ll blast you all to kingdom come!

Snort: And I be throwin’ you to the sharks…you yellow-bellied bumble bee!

All pirates stop for a moment and stare at Snort:…Bumble bee?

Snort: It’sa a kids show…remember!

Pirates: ahhhhh….

Wheaz: There may be a map, but how do any of us know if it leads to gold? There are plenty of maps in the world but only a few ever lead to anything worthwhile! Mark me words!

Sniffel: He has a point mates…it could be a waste of time.

Coff: Waste of time? This cruise is a waste of time! We set sail three months ago, and where has it taken us? Nowhere!

Snort: Aye…the Cap’n’ made some promises he tain’t kept neither…arrrggghhh….

*Mr. Sneeze moving cautiously towards captain.*

Mr. Sneeze: Cap’n’ I smell monopoly …

Cap’n’: And I see mutiny…(pause) Gentlemen! Enough…bring the map to me.

*Pirate takes bottle to captain, who opens it and studies map*.

Cap’n’: Strange…I have never heard of this place though I have traveled these seas for years, and know every island in the Carribean. Hmmm…has anyone here ever heard tell of the Isle of Trustmey?

Pirates mumble: Nah…never heard of it…tomfoolery…probably full of seaweed and the like…fairy tale…

Mr. Sneeze: Cap’n’ , this be an opportune moment if you asks me…they’ve stopped arguing…

Cap’n’: Aye…I shall seize it! (pause) Gentlemen…let us think of ourselves not as pirates this day, but as great explorers! You’ve heard of Magellan, Columbus, Vasca de Gama, Marco Polo, and Amerigo Vespucci…

Coff: We have?

Blast: Quiet man…this be good!

Cap’n: These men are great explorers of the world! They have changed man’s perception of the universe. We too, can be like them by embarking on a journey into the unknown, if we but trust!

Sniffel: Trust what…the map?

Cap’n: Aye…the map, and what it potentially contains. This map could lead to adventure, new discoveries in nature, fountains of youth, and best of all…it can lead to wealth…treasure, buried deep and safe…with more worth than any of us could spend in a lifetime!

Snort: Or it could lead to disaster!

Cap’n’: It could…Mr. Snort…it could, if we travel with doubt; it could if we allow our hearts to be darkened by grim thoughts…but it could also lead to glory and hope…it could lead to a better life for you and your mates! But the only way to know, is for us to try…and it takes a brave and courageous man to do that very thing…TRUST!

Wheaz: That was beautiful Cap’n’…I want to be courageous!

Sniffel: Me too!

Coff: Me mother always said I was a brave lad!

Blast: Aye, aye! What have we to lose? Boredom! Bring it on Cap’n…we be with ye!

***Song: Trust the Map***

Cap’n : Mr. Sneeze, according to the map, we must go due North…forty leagues…and a half!

Mr. Sneeze: Aye Cap’n! Gentlemen…the sails!

Lights go dim/pirates exit/two sharks emerge from water

Chomp: Did’ja hear that, Bite? A treasure map!

Bite: Sure enough…if there is a treasure, then there be lots of pirates…anxious to reach the shoreline…

Chomp: Right…and if we disguise ourselves as a couple of dead fish…they’ll run right past us and then…

Bite and Chomp together: We’ll feast on whole-grain feet!!! Let’s go!

*Sharks exit as Zig, Zag, Doddle, and Lil Fish pop up*

Lil’ Fish: I’m hungry! I say we beat the sharks to the island, and eat the pirates ourselves!!!

Doddle: Go for it you little Pihranna!

Lil Fish: Arrrrghhhh ye matey!!! (fish exits)

Zig: Are we gonna follow too?

Zag: What for?

Doddle: It could be interesting…treasure maps, pirates, man-eating sharks, and pihrahnnas…all we’re missing is the popcorn!

*Black Out*