

The Pinafore Pirates

Junior Script

by
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The seven & The Islanders
The Pirates
Daisy, Christopher & All
Policeman & All
The Company

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DAISY (Daughter of Buttercup)
THE PIRATE QUEEN
LOLANTHE, Queen of the Fairies
PRINCESS IDA
NANETTE, an uncoordinated Fairy

CHRISTOPHER, Daisy's beau
SAM O'NELLA, the pirates' cook
THE MIKADO
THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (from The Gondoliers)
THE SORCERER (John Wellington Wells)
ADMIRAL SIR JOSEPH PORTER (from HMS Pinafore)
MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY (from The Pirates Of Penzance)

CHORUS OF: -

ISLANDERS*
FEMALE PIRATES*
FAIRIES*
POLICEMAN

* = With speaking roles

NB In the List of Songs,

“The Seven” = Lolanthe, Princess Ida, The Mikado, The Duke of Plaza Toro, the Sorcerer, the Admiral and the Major - General.

ACT ONE SCENE ONE – THE QUAYSIDE OF PARAGONIA

(Ships' riggings seen in the background. The odd cask, barrel, bollard and fishing net.)

**SONG ONE – “PARAGONIA”
(Chorus Opening)**

(As the music starts – for the first sixteen bars – THE ISLANDERS are happily milling about.)

Islanders: This is our island, the island of Paragonia.
Each day on our island,
We sing this merry roundelay: -
“Tra, la, la, la, la.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.”
With song and dance, and many a romance –
Boys: The maidens frolic,
Girls: Their swains are bucolic
Boys: No melancholic notion ever crosses our brow.
Girls: What never?
Boys: No never!
Girls: What never?
Boys: Well hardly ever.
Girls: No, never?
Boys: Well, hardly ever....

All: Here on our island
The food grows in abundance
The soil is so fertile.
Mother Nature's uninhibited.
That's why we're singing
“Tra, la, la, la, la, la.”
The water's sweet, and the weather's a treat.
Paragonia's better than Utopia Limited!

**(Music) Paragonia! (Music) Paragonia!
(Music) Paragonia! (Music) Paragonia!**

Sing we then this roundelay,
Then shout Hip! Hooray!
Hip, hip, hip, hooray!
For Parago-ni-ay! **(End Of Song)**

(Enter DAISY)

Daisy: Shame on you! How can you be so content to idle and laze about,
when you should be fighting for your existence?
An Islander: You mean – the Pirates?

Islanders: **(Shout)** The Pirates!
Daisy: Of course I mean the Pirates
Islanders: **(Shout)** The Pirates!
Daisy: They invade Paragonia every three months, and all you can do is go on about how peaceful and happy we are.
A Woman: Regular little spitfire is Daisy.
Another: Just like her mother. **(All agree)**
Daisy: Yes, I *am* like my mother. And my father, too. I'm Corcoran, and proud of it...

SONG TWO – “DAUGHTER OF BUTTERCUP”

Daisy: My mother was Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup,
And she sold provisions to seamen.
Ale and tobacco to many a Jack – oh!
How she loved her able he-men!
Islanders: Oh! How she loved her able he-men!
Daisy: She married the Captain of a very fine ship.
A worthy fellow called Corcoran.
But an accident of birth caused the captain to slip.
And Corcoran became an also-ran!
Islanders: Yes, Corcoran became an also-ran!
Daisy: But fate's cruel uppercut didn't stop Buttercup,
For they were so happy together.
Went into partnership, but then their charter ship
Foundered and sank in foul weather.
Islanders: It foundered and sank in foul weather.

Now, Daisy's her mother's pup, daughter of Buttercup,
Is there a lovelier orphan?
A prettier maiden your eyes never laid on –
The daughter of Buttercup and Corc'ran
Daisy: True to her ways, she christened me Daisy,
The orphan of Buttercup and Corc'ran! **(End of Song)**
Daisy: Well, if you won't do something about it, I will.
A Man: Something about what?
A Woman: She must mean – the Pirates!
The Islanders: **(Shout)** The Pirates!
Daisy: Yes – The Pirates!
Islanders: **(Shout)** The Pirates!

Daisy: I wish you'd stop doing that. As you know, every time they raid our shores, they demand free provisions for their next voyage. And to make sure we obey, they take a hostage with them.

A Man: Aye, and we all know who the hostage was they sailed with this morning.

A Woman: Christopher.

Another: Daisy's young man.

Daisy: My poor Christopher is even now a prisoner of that cut-throat band of Pirates...

Islanders: **(Shout)** The Pirates!

Daisy: ... and to make matters worse, the Pirates are all – women!

Islanders: **(Shout)** Women Pirates!

Daisy: So, I repeat, what are you going to do about it?

A Woman: What can we do?

A Man: We're powerless.

Daisy: Then if you won't help yourselves, I will. I shall leave these shores to seek help from anyone, man or woman, who will be bold enough to face up to the pirates.

Islanders: **(Shout)** The Pirates!

Daisy: That's all you can do, shout about it. I intend to put an end to their rampaging ways, once and for all. Bid me farewell. When the Pi.. the ladies of the sea return in three months time, they will find a nasty shock awaiting them! **(She exits)**

A Man: She certainly is a spirited young woman!

SONG THREE – REPRISE “DAUGHTER OF BUTTERCUP”

All: Her thoughts she won't cover up,
Daughter of Buttercup,
And we wish her luck with her ventures.
If she's successful, we won't find it stressful-
When those Pirates are sick to their dentures! **(End of Song)**

END OF SCENE ONE

SCENE TWO – THE PIRATE SHIP

(The female Pirates enter, “Yo-ho-ho” –ing, and doing piratical things, during the musical introduction)

SONG FOUR – PINAFORE PIRATES”

Pirates & Pirate Queen: Ploughing through the foaming waters,
Sailing the deep blue sea
All of us are well-bred daughters,
Ready for larceny!
There’s many a ship we’ve plundered,
For thund’ring good are we!
We’re the pick of the bunch
And we pack a punch
With our pinafore piracy!

Why should pirates be male,
Having all the fun?
After all, a female’s
As good as anyone!
So hoist our pirate flag,
And splice the main brace after.
It’s not the skull and Crossbones.
It’s the Fishnet and Garter!

Ploughing through the foaming waters,
Sailing the deep blue sea
All of us are well-bred daughters,
Ready for larceny!
Then heave ho! me beauties,
For beauties all are we.
We’re the pick of the bunch
And we pack a punch
With our pinafore piracy! **(End of Song)**

Pirate Queen:

Ladies!

A pirate:

Pray silence for our Cap’n, the Pirate Queen!

Pirates:

The Pirate Queen

Queen:

I can see by your high spirits that you’ve enjoyed your trip ashore in Paragonia. I hope everyone returned safely.

A Pirate:

All present and correct, ma’am. Though Pirate Susan was rather reluctant to join us.

Queen:

Pirate Susan, what is the meaning of this?

Susan:

I met this handsome young man.

Queen: Must I remind you all of your solemn Pirate's Oath? For seven years, while we sail the seven seas, we renounce all amorous dalliance, and forswear the company of men, except for purely practical purposes.

A Pirate: But that Oath is so unfair.

Another: And so long!

Queen: Nevertheless, I bid you all swear it again!

All: For seven years, while we sail the seven seas, we renounce all amorous dalliance, and forswear the company of men, except for purely practical purposes.

Queen: Good.

Susan: Not so good. Another four years to go.

Queen: Silence when you speak to me! Am I not your Queen, who has lead you from success to success?

All: You are!

Queen: When the seas are smooth, have I not joined in your revels?

All: You have!

Queen: And when the seas are rough, have I not repaired your mascara?

All: You have!

Queen: Then let's have no more squabbling. It's are first morning at sea with a fair wind, and fine prospects. And talking of fine prospects, Pirate Cynthia, bring up our hostage!

Cynthia: With pleasure! **(She exits)**

A Pirate: What about the oath, Captain?

Queen: It doesn't say anything about looking on with approval. Ah, here comes the young man now. **(Cynthia brings on CHRISTOPHER, a handsome young beau. The Pirates communally sigh.)** Welcome to our ship. I trust you slept well.

Christopher: Not a wink. The bunk was most uncomfortable, the ship was heaving, and so was I.

Queen: I apologise for the sea discommoding you. As for your bunk, we are a pirate ship, and do not indulge in luxuries. Besides which, you are our hostage, and if I chose, I could make life much more uncomfortable for you.

A Pirate: Best keep in the Cap'n's good books.

Another: Aye! You'll be put to work soon enough, cleaning...

Another: Polishing...

Another: Swilling out...

Another: So best take it in good heart.

Christopher: How can I be good of heart, when my heart is broken?

Queen: Broken?

Pirates Broken? Ah... **(A sigh)**

Queen: Are we to take it that you have been crossed in love?

Christopher: No. Quite the reverse. There is no finer girl on the world than my Daisy.

Queen: Then what seems to be your problem?

Christopher: The problem is I'm here, and she's there. That rather spoils out togetherness.

Queen: Young man I don't believe I know your name?

Christopher: Christopher.

Queen: Well then Christopher, I admit that being parted from your lover is a temporary inconvenience, but stress the word temporary. In three months you will see her again.

Christopher: Three agonisingly long months.

(A dinner gong sounds)

Queen: Ah, the dinner gong. Let's see what Sam is serving up for us.

(Enter SAM O'NELLA, an ancient Irish cook)

Sam: Top o' the mornin', your Honour. What can old Sam O'Nella be doin' fer yiz?

Queen: Another three months at sea lies ahead, Sam. The larder's well stocked, so we expect a wide variety of succulent menus.

Sam: Succulent, is it? Well, let's see, there's Oirish stew with rabbit, Oirish stew with mutton, Oirish stew with Dublin prawns – or just plain Oirish stew. **(The Pirates groan)** Ah –fooled yiz all! Just an Oirish joke.

Queen: We are not amused.

Sam: Ah, to be sure, 'tis the trouble with women – no sense of humour! Very well, your honour, let me regale yiz all with some of the delights I have in mind for yiz...

SONG FIVE – “SAM O’NELLA AND HIS IRISH STEW”

Sam: I can serve plum pudding with caviar,
Spotted Dick, with a sauce tartare.
Yoghurt omelette with fish paste
Will not be forgotten once you’ve had a taste!

Pirates: It will not be forgotten once you’ve had a taste!

Sam: Vindaloo with jam and cheese,
Blueberry pie with mushy peas –
You can be sure that it’s Cordon Blue,
With Sam O’Nella and his Irish stew!

Pirates: You can be sure that it’s Cordon Blue,
With Sam O’Nella and his Irish stew!

Sam: I chop on my chopping-board, chop! chop! chop!
I chop all day without a stop, stop, stop.
Fruit and veg, and a juicy steak,
But woe betide me if a slip I make!

Pirates: Oh, woe betide him if a slip he makes

Sam: For then I’d have a finger in every pie –
You wouldn’t notice the difference and neither would I!

Sam: I can serve spaghetti in chocolate ice,
Fish with jelly is rather nice.
Figs and prunes on sticky buns
Can be guaranteed to give you all the runs!

Pirates: They can be guaranteed to give us all the runs!

Sam: Pizzas, served with marmalade,
Kippers and custard, freshly made!

Pirates: You can be sure that it’s Cordon Bleu,
With Sam O’Nella and his Irish stew!
We can be sure that it’s Cordon Blue,
With Sam O’Nella and his Irish stew! **(End of Song)**

Queen: Come, ladies. Let us retire below.

(The Pirates exit. Sam goes over to Christopher)

Sam: Good evenin’, yer Honour. You must be our new lodger.

Christopher: Lodger? You mean hostage.

Sam: Think of yerself as a lodger, yer Honour, and the toim will pass more
quickly. I’m the cook to this outfit, name of Sam O’Nella.

Christopher: Pleased to meet you, Sam. I’m Christopher. But if you’re the cook,
what are you doing up here? The ladies have gone below.

Sam: Ah, you know how long it takes women to get changed for dinner.

Christopher: True. Why do you stay with them, Sam?

Sam: Ah. 'tis not a bad life, yer Honour. I've known worse bosses. Besides, I'm on a small cut of the loot, which will give me a comfortable retirement.

Christopher: I can't wait to get off this ship.

Sam: Well, don't do anything stupid. Don't want to spoil it now and get punished, do we?

Christopher: No punishment could be worse than that I'm suffering without my Daisy.

Sam: Got it bad, haven't you? Never mind, I'll go below and cook you one of my specials. That'll take your mind off it. **(Exits)**

Christopher: I doubt it. My plight reminds me of a song I learnt at my mother's knee, and other low joints...

SONG SIX – 'RIBBIC!'

Christopher: On a leaf in a lily-pond sat a bull-frog
Going 'Ribbic! Ribbic! Ribbic!'
And all day he just sat there, as still as a log,
Going 'Ribbic! Ribbic! Ribbic!'
Though he paused now and then,
For to slake of his thirst,
He inflated his throat
Till it seemed fit to burst,
Then he started again on his wretched, accursed
'Ribbic! Ribbic! Ribbic!'

Would a lady frog answer his desperate call
Of 'Ribbic! Ribbic! Ribbic!'
But for ages response came there nothing at all
To his 'Ribbic! Ribbic! Ribbic!'
Then at last a fair maiden frog sat by his side.
But a happy ending was to be denied,
For a hungry pike seized him, and sadly he died,
Crying 'Ribbic! Ribbic! Ribbic!'

Now, like that poor froggie, I have a sweet heart,
She is magic! Magic! Magic!
But Fate in her fickleness drove us apart,
It was tragic! tragic! tragic!

And this caution'ry tale is supposed to inspire
That love is state to which all can aspire.
Shall I see her again? Or shall I just expire,
With a 'Ribbic! Ribbic! Ribbic!'? **(End of song)**

(Enter Sam carrying a covered dish)

Sam: Here you are, yer Honour. A special treat.

Christopher: What is it?
Sam: ***(Taking the cover off)*** Frog's Legs.
Christopher: I think I'm going to be sick! ***(He runs off)***
Sam: ***(Calling after him)***Be sure to throw up to leeward! Ah, well... ***(Sings)***

SONG SIX A – “SAM’S RIBBIC!”

(Looking in the dish)

It jumped out the frying pan into the fire,
Going 'Ribbic! Ribbic! Ribbic!'

(He closes the cover with a bang of the last beat of music)

END OF SCENE TWO

SCENE THREE – A WOODLAND GLADE

(To either side are cut-out tress. THE FAIRIES trip on. One of them, NANETTE, is uncoordinated, and tends to dance a beat behind the rest.

**SONG 7: (CONTINUATION OF SCENE CHANGE MUSIC)
“FAIRY FEET”**

Fairies: Frolicking in Fairy fashion,
Round our magic Fairy ring,
Our appearances we ration,
Still a lot of joy we bring.
When you see the bluebells twinkle in the spring,
Then out fairy bells we tinkle.
Ding-aling-a-ling!
Tripping hither, skipping thither,
We’re delightful, we’re so sweet.
We’re so very dainty, and light upon our feet!

(Nanette falls over)

Fairies: We’re so very dainty.
And light upon our Fairy Feet.

(Nanette crashes into the rest of them. End of song)

Fairy 1: Fairy Nanette, you’re hopeless.
Nanette: Well, dancing isn’t my strongest point.
Fairy 2: She’s no good at flitting or frolicking either.
Fairy 3: Or at lying in cowslips’ bells.
Fairy 4: I don’t think there’s much she doesn’t make a mess of.
Nanette: There is, too!
Fairy 1: Oh, yes? And what’s that?
Nanette: Bookkeeping. Say what you like, none of you can fault my accounts.
Fairy 1: I knew I shouldn’t have taken you on this field trip...but listen!
Fairy 2: What is it?
Fairy 1: A mortal approaches. We must hide. ***(They hide behind the trees, except Nanette who stands in front of one)*** Nanette, the general rule is, one hides behinds tress, not in front of them. ***(She grabs Nanette & hauls her behind the tree)***

(Enter Daisy)