

The Pirates of Chesapeake Bay

*Book by Phil Nelson
Music by Wayne Simpson*

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THE PIRATES OF CHESAPEAKE BAY

Story by PHIL NELSON

Music by WAYNE SIMPSON

THE CAST

(in order of appearance)

TOWNSPEOPLE

MRS. SUTTON.....A widow
 ROGER.....Her son
 PATRICIAHer daughter

TOWN CITIZEN #1
 TOWN CITIZEN #2

SQUIRE TRUSDALE.....Head of the Town Council; Justice of the Peace
 MR. BAILEY.....A member of the Town Council
 MR. ROMAINE.....Another
 MR. CARLSON.....Another

JACK.....Boy who works at the Ram's Horn
 MR. SCRUGG.....Landlord of the Ram's Horn

SERVING MAIDS

PIRATES

SEAMAN

CAPT. DANIELSPirate Captain

MRS. TROY.....A woman of King's Harbor
 MRS. BANNER.....Another
 MRS. OGDEN.....Another

SAILORS.....Crew of the frigate "Unicorn"

SAILOR #1
 SAILOR #2

CAPT. HULL.....Captain of the "Unicorn"

MILITIAMEN.....Made up of townspeople

PIRATE #1.....Three of the pirates
 PIRATE #2
 PIRATE #3

MUSICAL NUMBERS

- NO. 1 ACTION! ACTION!...Townspeople
- No. 2 WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM!...Squire, Bailey, Carlson, Romaine
- NO. 3 WHAT WILL THIS EVENING BRING?...Roger, Patricia
- No. 4 DANCE OF THE SERVING MAIDS...Maids From Ram's Horn
- No. 5 THE LIFE OF A PIRATE...Capt.Daniels, All Pirates
- No. 6 WE'LL MAKE A MINT, MATE!...Capt. Daniels, Bailey
- No. 7 OUR LEADERS ARE GONE!...Troy, Banner, Ogden, Sutton, and Townspeople
- No. 8 WE'RE GOING TO GET THOSE PIRATES!...Troy, Banner, Ogden, and Sutton
- No. 9 I DON'T WANT TO BE A PIRATE ANY MORE!.... Pirates
- No. 10 CHESAPEAKE BAY!...Entire Cast

ACT I

- SCENE 1 - The Town Hall
SCENE 2 - The Ram's Horn

ACT II

- SCENE 1 - The Ram's Horn
SCENE 2 - In front of curtain

ACT III

- SCENE 1 - The Town Hall
SCENE 2 - In front of curtain
SCENE 3 - On the frigate "Unicorn"

ACT I - Scene 1

(AT RISE: It is evening. At the Town Hall the citizens, including MRS. SUTTON and her two CHILDREN, are in an informal group facing the council table, where sit the SQUIRE and the MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL. The CHILDREN are well behind MRS. SUTTON and she seems unaware of their presence. As the curtain opens, the TOWNSPEOPLE begin:)

MUSIC: SONG #1 - ACTION! ACTION!

(When the song ends, the TOWNSPEOPLE look at each other, nodding their heads as if to say "I guess we told them." MRS. SUTTON sees her CHILDREN and walks briskly to them.)

MRS. SUTTON: Roger! Patricia! What on earth are you doing here? I thought you were at home.

ROGER: Aw, gee, Ma. We thought maybe we could help catch the pirates.

MRS. SUTTON: This is grown-up business...no place for children! Now you two get right home.

(ROGER and PATRICIA shrug, start toward SR. ROGER is watching his MOTHER. As soon as her back is turned, HE pulls PATRICIA with him and THEY hide behind two chairs. The SQUIRE rises from his chair to face the angry CITIZENS.)

SQUIRE: Now, now good people! I know you're upset about the piracy that has been going on. But, I assure you...

CITIZEN #1: *(Stepping forward)* You've assured us before, Squire Trusdale, but what good does that do? The pirates just keep on stopping the ships and stealing our trade goods and money. Why, just last week they got a whole load of fine tobacco that I was expecting from the Carolinas. And I'd already paid out good money for it!

CITIZEN #2: How about me? I was expecting a load of cotton from the Georgia Colony, and they got every last bale. And how about Mrs. Sutton here?

MRS. SUTTON: Something has got to be done, Squire. I've worked very hard to try to keep our dry goods business going since my husband passed away, but those rascals have just about ruined me! And with two children to feed, too.

(There is a rumbling of angry murmuring from the TOWNSPEOPLE, and the SQUIRE holds up his hands for silence. The PEOPLE finally get quiet.)

SQUIRE: All right! You want action, and you're going to get it! *(HE 'harumphs' a time or two, and loudly clears his throat.)* Yes indeed! Good people, I ask you to leave us now and return to your homes. These gentlemen and I will come up with a plan that will rid us and Chesapeake Bay of these scoundrels

once and for all. In fact, we have already begun to plot our course of action. Now, I must bid you all a good night. We have work to do!

(The PEOPLE exit, SR. PATRICIA starts to get up from her hiding place, but ROGER pulls her down and motions for her to be quiet. As the last of the CITIZENS leave, the SQUIRE slumps back in his chair and sighs audibly.)

- MR. ROMAINE: I didn't know we had a course of action, Squire.
- SQUIRE: We don't, but I had to tell them something. We can't keep stalling them forever. We do know that the pirates are using one of the islands in the bay as a hideout, but what good is that? We haven't been able to find it. *(HE raises his hands in despair.)* What are we going to do? What more can we do?
- MR. BAILEY: Gentlemen, we have to be practical. We've had Capt. Hull and his good ship "Unicorn" search every inch of Chesapeake Bay time after time, and they haven't found a trace of the pirates. I'm afraid that we're just going to have to admit that...
- MR. CARLSON: *(Interrupting)* I just thought of something! Someone was telling me the other day that there's a mighty tough looking crowd in the Ram's Horn almost every night. Why, I'd bet that some of them are pirates!
- SQUIRE: Ram's Horn? What's the Ram's Horn?
- MR. BAILEY: It's an inn, Squire -- a tavern down by the waterfront. Terrible place!
- MR. ROMAINE: Just awful!
- MR. CARLSON: *(Getting excited)* See what I mean? It's just the sort of low place pirates would pick. Now, what we need to do is to get someone to go down there and check it out. We need to...
- MR. BAILEY: *(Interrupting)* That's a wonderful idea, Carlson. Why don't you dress up like a rough sea-faring man and go down there tomorrow night?
- MR. CARLSON: Me? Go to a place like that? *(HE shrinks back.)* Oh, no, I couldn't do that! I just couldn't! *(Then, defiantly)* Besides, my wife wouldn't let me.
- MR. BAILEY: How about you, Romaine?
- MR. ROMAINE: No! Well, I mean, maybe if I were a younger man...
- MR. BAILEY: Oh, come off it! You wouldn't go there, and Carlson wouldn't, the Squire wouldn't, and I most certainly wouldn't. Going into a place like that would be taking your life in your hands.
- SQUIRE: *(Sadly)* Gentlemen, I agree. But, on the other hand, we've got to come up with something. Those people are angry. We have to face it...we've got a problem to solve!

MUSIC: SONG #2 - WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM

(As the song ends, the SQUIRE and the COUNCIL MEMBERS shake hands sadly, and exit SL. Then ROGER and PATRICIA get up from their hiding place. THEY look disgusted.)

- ROGER: How do you like that! While they stand around and wring their hands, those pirates are putting Ma and all the other folks out of business! Well, if they won't do something, I will, by golly!
- PATRICIA: What do you mean...you will? Roger, Ma was right. This is grown-up business!
- ROGER: But the grown-ups aren't doing anything -- as usual! The people are depending on the council, and you just heard what a bunch of nincompoops they are! Patricia, I've got an idea. Will you help me?
- PATRICIA: I don't know...Ma would be awful mad. *(Looks at ROGER, and we can see that SHE is interested.)* What kind of idea?
- ROGER: Well, I was thinking...you heard them talking about the Ram's Horn. Now, if we could find a way to...*(His voice fades away, and...)*

CURTAIN

ACT I - Scene 2

(AT RISE: It is the following afternoon at the Ram's Head. The inn is deserted except for young JACK busily sweeping the floor. ROGER and PATRICIA enter quietly. JACK, intent on his sweeping, does not notice them. ROGER glances at PATRICIA, does a double-take, and whispers something to her. PATRICIA looks startled, and hastily pushes her hair up under her hat. JACK looks around seeing them for the first time.)

- ROGER: Hello. You work here?
- JACK: Now what would give you that idea? I'm really the King of England. I just do this for exercise. *(Shakes his head in disgust)* Of course, I work here! What do you want?
- ROGER: Is the pay pretty good?
- JACK: No. And it's hard work, too. But I'll be leaving in about a week. I'm going to be an apprentice to Mr. Howe, the master carpenter. Going to learn me a trade.
- PATRICIA: A week! Roger, that's too long to wait!
- JACK: Too long? Too long for what? Say, who are you, anyhow?
- ROGER: My name's Roger, and this is my sis...I mean my brother, er, ah, my brother, Patrick. What's your name?
- JACK: My name's Jack. What's this all about, Roger?

ROGER: That's kind of a long story, Jack. I'm not sure I could make you understand. Listen...if you were to leave here right now, instead of next week, how much money would you lose?

JACK: Oh, I guess about three shillings. Why?

(ROGER fishes in his pocket and comes up with three coins. HE hands them to JACK.)

ROGER: There's three shillings. I really can't explain, but Pat...Patrick and I need this job.

JACK: *(Takes the money; counts it)* Three shillings, all right. Roger, you got yourself a deal. Mr. Scrugg...he's the landlord...he's upstairs taking a nap. He always does that in the afternoon, because things get pretty busy here in the evening. *(Hands ROGER the broom)* Here you get busy with this. And you, Patrick, you can start stacking those glasses over there. When Mr. Scrugg comes down, you just tell him that Mr. Howe sent for me to start right away, and that I got you to take over for me. He's not a bad sort if you get your work done. I'm sure he won't mind.

ROGER: Thanks, Jack. We'll do a good job.

(JACK gives them a jaunty wave and goes out, whistling. ROGER begins to sweep the floor, and PATRICIA goes behind the bar and begins to stack the glasses. MR. SCRUGG enters, yawning, and stops in amazement when HE sees ROGER and PATRICIA.)

MR. SCRUGG: Here now, what's this? Where's Jack?

ROGER: He had to leave. The carpenter wanted him to start now instead of next week. But he got us to replace him. I'm Roger, and this is my er...brother, Patrick.

MR. SCRUGG: Hold on here! I can't afford to pay two of you.

PATRICIA: Oh, please, Mr. Scrugg! We really need this job. We're good workers, and you can pay the two of us just what you paid Jack!

ROGER: That's right, sir. You'll be getting the two of us for the price of one.

MR. SCRUGG: Well, I don't know...you look like you might be a bit too well-mannered and refined for a place like this. We get a pretty tough crowd in here, you know. You might not be able to stand the...

ROGER: Don't worry about that, sir. We're tougher than we look. We'll get along just fine.

MR. SCRUGG: *(Rubs his chin, thinking)* Well, all right...we'll try you out, but if...anyhow, you keep working for now. We've got to get this place all shipshape for this evening. I've got to go out for a while. The grub and drink I ordered for tonight hasn't gotten here yet, and I have to light a fire under some of our high-class local merchants. I'll be back soon.

ROGER: Don't you worry about a thing, Mr. Scrugg. We'll have this place so clean you won't recognize it!

(MR. SCRUGG leaves, and PATRICIA turns to ROGER. SHE is visibly upset.)

PATRICIA: Roger, did you hear that? He's going to set people on fire! I don't think this is any place for us, pirates or no pirates!

ROGER: *(Laughing)* He didn't mean it like that -- it's just an expression. Well, we'd better get busy. *(HE begins to sweep again, but stops.)* You know, Patricia, we've really got to keep our ears open tonight. Who knows what this evening might bring...

MUSIC: SONG #3 - WHAT WILL THIS EVENING BRING?

CURTAIN

ACT II - Scene 1

(AT RISE: It is now evening at the Ram's Horn. Most of the tables are occupied by a scruffy-looking lot of seafaring men, with the SERVING MAIDS bringing mugs and plates. As the music begins, the SERVING MAIDS line up and go into their dance. ROGER and PATRICIA stop working to watch. MR. SCRUGG also watches, smiling and beating time to the music.)

MUSIC: SONG #4 - DANCE OF THE SERVING MAIDS

(The music and the dance end, and there is a round of cheering and applause. A customer, a bit better dressed than the rest and with an air of authority, rises. He is CAPT. DANIELS, the leader of the pirates.)

CAPT. DANIELS: Well, now, that was first rate. Scrugg, you old rascal, I've got to hand it to you. You certainly know how to make an old sea dog feel young again.

MR. SCRUGG: *(Steps forward)* Well, Captain, that is a compliment, coming from you. I would think that in your many years as a "gentleman of fortune" you'd seen things much more than my humble little inn could provide.

CAPT. DANIELS: Aye, that's true. But an old sea dog like me enjoys the simple things, like that lively dancin', when he's in port.

MR. SCRUGG: The life you've led, and the things you've seen and done! How about one of your adventures? You haven't told us one of your stories for a long time.

CAPT. DANIELS: Well, now...*(HE looks around, waiting for encouragement.)*

ALL: Yes! Yes! A story!

CAPT. DANIELS: All right! Why not? Here's one I haven't told you yet. It was many years ago, and I was sailin' under Capt. Barth. We was down near the Tortugas, and we was lyin' in wait for a Spanish galleon we'd got word of. We'd heard that it was loaded to the scuppers with gold bound from Mexico to Spain. Anyway, we was just sailin' around, keepin' a weather eye open for that galleon. After a day or so, we noticed that there was a school of dolphins all around the ship, just a'splashin' around and jumpin' and doin' all the

tricks that dolphins like to do. Well, now, that was a welcome sight to us, 'cause to tell you the truth, we was gettin' bored.

(While the CAPTAIN is talking, ROGER and PATRICIA edge closer, hanging on every word.)

MR. SCRUGG: I don't suppose you had them with you for long...I've heard that dolphins get bored, too.

CAPT. DANIELS: Not this time, Scrugg. Cookie, our cook, well, he got mighty fond of them dolphins, and he took to feedin' them whenever Capt. Barth wasn't lookin'. Cookie and the dolphins got to be good friends. Whenever he was at the rail, they'd put on a special show for him. Anyway, one morning our lookout, who was up in the crow's nest with a telly-scope, yelled out, "Ship ahoy." He had spotted the galleon! We right quick went to full sail and that's when it happened.

ALL: What? What happened?

CAPT. DANIELS: We was becalmed -- the one thing a seafaring man dreads more than anything! One minute there was wind; the next minute it had died down. Not one breath of air was movin'. When that happens, it can last for days. We figgered we was doomed!

ALL: Ohhhhhh!

MR. SCRUGG: Well, you must have got out of it somehow, or you wouldn't be here.

CAPT. DANIELS: Aye. Well, now, Capt. Barth, he was a 'walkin' around like an animal in a cage, tryin' to figger out what to do. All of a sudden, Cookie runs up from below decks and talks real quiet to the captain. The next thing we know is that the captain is yelling at us to get every rope we can lay our hands on, and to bring 'em all forward. We got the ropes, and the captain had us tie 'em to the rail and then throw 'em out into the water. And what do you think happened then?

ALL: What?

CAPT. DANIELS: Why every one of them dolphins swum up alongsides, and every one of 'em took a rope in his mouth and started swimmin'.

MR. SCRUGG: You mean to tell me they were pulling the ship?

CAPT. DANIELS: That's exactly what I mean. They pulled all morning, and they pulled all afternoon, and right around sundown, we started to feel a nice wind comin' up. We could see the sails fill up, and we were right back in business. Cookie had been kind to the dolphins, and they had returned the favor by savin' our skins!

("Ohs" and "ahs" from the crowd.)

MR. SCRUGG: But what happened to the Spanish galleon?

CAPT. DANIELS: No luck there. We never did catch up with her. We heard later that Capt. Ripper's ship caught her off Cuba and made away with all that gold. Well, that's the life of a pirate! Got to take the bad with the good!

(At this, ROGER grabs PATRICIA'S arm. SHE begins to say something, but HE puts a finger to his lips.)

CAPT. DANIELS: See here, now. The ladies did a dance for us, and I've had my say. What about it, me hearties, how about a song?

(There is a flurry of shouts of assent, and all of the PIRATES rise to their feet.)

MUSIC: SONG #5 - THE LIFE OF A PIRATE

(As the song ends, again with much cheering, a new SEAMAN approaches MR. SCRUGG.)

SEAMAN: *(Pointing to Capt. Daniels)* 'Ere now, matey, would that be Capt. Daniels?

MR. SCRUGG: *(Looking him over with suspicion)* It might be. What would you be wantin' with him?

SEAMAN: I'm lookin' for a new berth.

CAPT. DANIELS: *(Gets up from his chair; joins them)* Did I hear my name mentioned just now?

SEAMAN: Aye, sir. I was hoping you might be able to take on a new crewman. For the last five years I've been with Capt. Ripper, so I know my way around.

CAPT. DANIELS: Ripper? You mean Enos Ripper? Why, I was just talkin' about him. Look here! How come you ain't with him now?

SEAMAN: Bad news, Captain. We docked in Baltimore a few days ago, and Capt. Ripper sent me off for rum. When I got back to the ship I was just in time to see the captain and all of my old mates bein' led off in chains. I figgered it was time for me to skeedaddle, and I made my way here. I was hopin' that...

CAPT. DANIELS: And why not? I can always use an able-bodied seaman. You won't be sorry you signed on...you'll get rich with us, and you won't have to worry about ending up in chains like your old mates. We don't tie up anywhere but our own private little island.

SEAMAN: Private island? So that's why they can't catch you!

(ROGER moves even closer; listening to every word.)

CAPT. DANIELS: Aye, matey! I thank my lucky stars for the storm that came up all of a sudden one day when we were out on the bay. Blew us right into the prettiest little hidden cove you ever saw, right on Nannipook Island. We didn't even know it was there, and nobody else knows about it now. It can't be seen from ship or shore unless you know it's there.

SEAMAN: Smart, Captain, real smart. I'm glad I found you.

(ROGER begins to sweep again. HE makes his way back to PATRICIA and hands her the broom.)

ROGER: Here, take this. I've got the information we needed. I've got to find Squire Trusdale. If anyone asks about me, just tell them that...that...*(looks around)*...Oh! I know! Tell them that I went to get some more oil for the lamps.

PATRICIA: But, Roger...

ROGER: I can't explain now. I've got to find the Squire. I'll be back as soon as I can. *(HE walks calmly to the door, then takes off running. PATRICIA watches him go, then shrugs her shoulders and begins to sweep.)*

CURTAIN

ACT II - Scene 2

(IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN: Just a few minutes have past. SQUIRE TRUSDALE enters from the right wing and slowly makes his way toward the left. As he nears CS, ROGER comes running up from behind.)

ROGER: *(Out of breath)* Squire! Squire! Thank heavens I found you! There's no time to lose!

SQUIRE: What? What? What's all this? Why, 'pon my soul...it's young Sutton.

ROGER: Yes sir, Squire Trusdale. Sir, there's no time to lose. I found out where the pirate hideout is -- it's Nannipook Island. There's a hidden cove there, and that's why nobody was able to find it. Squire, if you get the militia together and get Capt. Hull and the "Unicorn" to take them to the island around sunrise, I'll bet you can nab the whole lot of them with no trouble at all!

SQUIRE: Nannipook Island? Um, yes...militia, eh? Yes, of course, and Capt. Hull. And, of course, the good ship "Unicorn." Around sunrise, you say? Well, now...amazing! Look here, boy, how do you know all this?

ROGER: It's a long story, sir, and there just isn't time -- but it's all true! People are counting on you, Squire. If you arrest the pirates you'll be a big hero!

SQUIRE: Hero, eh? Um, yes. Wouldn't that be something! A real hero, eh? Maybe even a bronze statue -- right in the middle of the common! And an inscription that says...*(HE breaks off as he notices that ROGER is fidgeting with impatience.)* Well! You are right, my boy. There's not a moment to lose. Now you run along home. Lad your age shouldn't be out this time of night...your mother will be worried. Leave it all to me! Yes, leave it all to me.

(The SQUIRE begins to walk slowly toward the right wing, mumbling to himself. ROGER watches him, shaking his head in disgust. Then HE brightens as HE sees MR. BAILEY enter from the R. As the two men begin their conversation, HE snaps his fingers with satisfaction and exits L.)

MR. BAILEY: Why, good evening, Squire.

- SQUIRE: Bailey! Just the man I wanted to see! Bailey, there's no time to lose! I've been investigating, and I know where the pirate hideout is. It's on Nannipook Island. Now what we have to do is call up the militia and get Capt. Hull and the "Unicorn." If we raid the island at sunrise we can nab every last one of them!
- MR. BAILEY: Nannipook Island, eh? Squire, how do you know all this?
- SQUIRE: Why...er...um...I told you! I've been investigating. Take my word for it, Bailey, it's all true.
- MR. BAILEY: *(With narrowed eyes)* Oh, I don't doubt you, Squire. Not for a moment. Have you told anyone else?
- SQUIRE: Of course not! I know when to keep my mouth shut!
- MR. BAILEY: Very good. You know, Squire, you look tired. Why don't you just leave the details to me? I'll call up the militia, and I'll arrange for Capt. Hull to have the "Unicorn" ready to take us to the island. You go home and rest. When everything is ready I'll send a messenger around for you so that you can be in on the action. How does that sound?
- SQUIRE: Fine, Bailey, just fine! I knew I could count on you! And you're right. I am a bit tired. I'll rest for a while, and I'll put on suitable clothes for an adventure. Just have your messenger rap on my sitting room window. There's no point in disturbing my family. Tell him to rap twice and I'll be right out.
- MR. BAILEY: That's just what I'll do, Squire. Now, go home and rest. You can depend on me.
- (The SQUIRE makes his way out the left wing, and MR. BAILEY stands for a moment, lost in thought. Then HE snaps his fingers and heads for the right wing just as CAPT. DANIELS enters from that side. THEY collide.)*
- CAPT. DANIELS: Why, Mr. Bailey, sir!
- MR. BAILEY: *(Looks around to be sure they are not being watched.)* Daniels, I thought you said that nobody would ever find out about Nannipook Island!
- CAPT. DANIELS: That's right, sir. And if we're careful nobody ever will!
- MR. BAILEY: Wrong, Captain. Squire Trusdale knows, the old fool! How he found out, I'll never know, but he did. I was on my way to find you. I told the Squire that I would arrange for the militia to be taken to the island on Capt. Hull's ship. He went home to rest and change his clothes. Get your men together, and then go to his house before sunrise. Two taps on his sitting room window is the signal to bring him out. When he comes out, your men will grab him and take him to the island. I'll come there early in the morning and we'll...
- CAPT. DANIELS: You mean kidnap him? I don't know, Mr. Bailey -- him being the Justice of the Peace and all...
- MR. BAILEY: What choice do we have? You don't have to hurt him. I think maybe a nice, long sea voyage would do him good. In the meantime, we can be

looking for a new hideout. Look here, Captain, we've got a good thing going, you and I. I tip you off to those nice fat cargoes and where you can find them, and I must admit that my share of the loot lets me live in a style I've come to like very much. We don't want to give that up now, do we?

CAPT. DANIELS: No...no, I guess not.

(While MR. BAILEY and the CAPTAIN have been talking, a few of the PIRATES have gathered around them, entering from both sides of the stage in groups of one and two. MR. BAILEY notices them, and motions for them to come nearer.)

MR. BAILEY: And what of all these hard-working trusty folks of yours, Captain? We can't let them down. Why, with the Squire out of the way we can keep this going on as long as we like! We'll all be rich! There's a mint of money to be made out there! *(The PIRATES cheer, but stop abruptly at a signal from MR. BAILEY. HE looks around furtively, but smiles when HE sees that there is nobody near.)* Yes, sir, Captain, a mint of money!

CAPT. DANIELS: Well, Mr. Bailey, sir, I'll admit that you make it sound mighty attractive!

MUSIC: SONG #6 - WE'LL MAKE A MINT, MATE!

(The song ends, and the PIRATES begin milling around, laughing and talking excitedly. MR. BAILEY holds up a hand for silence.)

MR. BAILEY: There's a lot to do. Capt. Daniels, you will take care of that little matter we were talking about, and I'll see you in the morning. For now, I bid you all good night.

CAPT. and PIRATES: Good night, sir.

(MR. BAILEY exits SR, and CAPT. DANIELS and the PIRATES exit SL.)

CURTAIN

ACT III - Scene 1

(AT RISE: The following morning. At the Townhall, MR. ROMAINÉ, MR. CARLSON, and the TOWNSPEOPLE are milling around, talking excitedly about the fact that the SQUIRE and MR. BAILEY are missing. Cries of: "Where could they be?" and "I'll bet the pirates have them!" are heard. MRS. SUTTON enters from the right wing, followed by ROGER and PATRICIA. The babble dies down.)

MRS. SUTTON: My, my! What's all the excitement about?

MRS. TROY: You mean you haven't heard? Why, Mrs. Sutton, it's all over town. Squire Trusdale and Mr. Bailey are missing!

MRS. SUTTON: On, no!

MRS. BANNER: Oh yes! It would appear that the Squire went home last night and changed his clothes, and then he...well, he just disappeared!

MRS. OGDEN: It wouldn't surprise me one bit if those nasty pirates kidnapped them and are holding them for ransom!

ROGER: *(To PATRICIA)* If that's so, Mr. Bailey might be worth a few crowns, but the Squire...*(Shrugs)*

MRS. SUTTON: *(Angrily)* I heard that! Young man, you keep a civil tongue in your head!

ROGER: Yes, ma'am.

MR. ROMAINE: Bailey disappeared sometime early this morning. Where could they be?

ROGER: If the pirates do have them, I'll bet I know.

MRS. SUTTON: Roger! Not one more word!

ROGER: But, Ma...

MRS. TROY: Well, wherever they are, one thing is for sure -- they're gone!

MRS. BANNER: Yes. Our leaders...gone.

MRS. OGDEN: Gone!

ALL: Gone!

MUSIC: SONG # 7 - OUR LEADERS ARE GONE!

(As the song ends, MR. BAILEY enters from SR.)

MR. BAILEY: Here now! What's all this?

MR. CARLSON: Bailey! Thank heavens you're all right!

MR. BAILEY: All right? Of course, I'm all right. Why wouldn't I be all right?

MR. ROMAINE: The Squire is missing. We thought you were, too.

MR. BAILEY: Nonsense! I had some unexpected business to attend to, and I left home early without disturbing anyone. But what's this about the Squire?

MR. CARLSON: We think maybe the pirates have kidnapped him and are holding him for ransom.

MR. BAILEY: Kidnapped? Why, that's terrible, just terrible!

MR. ROMAINE: There's no use in getting all upset. What we have to do is plot our course of action. That's what the Squire would do!

ROGER: *(Aside to PATRICIA)* And make a big mess of it!

PATRICIA: As usual!

MRS. SUTTON: You two! I'm warning you!

MR. CARLSON: Perhaps if we could trace the Squire's movements last night, we could...

MRS. TROY: That's a good idea! Why, I saw him early in the evening. He was haggling with the fishmonger over the price of oysters.

ROGER: That's the Squire, all right!

(MRS. SUTTON raises her hand as if to strike ROGER; HE retreats behind PATRICIA, who giggles.)

MRS. BANNER: I must have seen him just after you did. We had such a nice talk! We were discussing how everything costs so much these days including fresh bay oysters.

(At this, PATRICIA giggles again, and ROGER puts a hand over his mouth to conceal a smile. MRS. SUTTON glowers at them.)

MR. ROMAINE: I ran into him later. We talked for awhile, and he said he was on his way home. Did you see him, Bailey?

MR. BAILEY: No, I'm afraid I haven't seen the Squire since our council meeting the night before last.

ROGER: Oh, no sir! Don't you remember? *(His MOTHER tries to shush him, but HE persists.)* Please, Ma, this is important. You talked to him last night! You came along just after I'd told him where the pirate hideout is! *(This sets the CROWD off - great excitement, then a sudden hush as ROGER continues.)* Yes, sir, I told him we found out that the pirates have their hideout on Nannipook Island!

ALL: Nannipook Island

MRS. SUTTON: *(Ominously)* Roger! Explain yourself, young man!

ROGER: Well gee, Ma, someone had to do something. You grown-ups weren't getting anywhere.

PATRICIA: So we got jobs cleaning and helping at the Ram's Horn, and...

MRS. SUTTON: Ram's Horn! That awful place??

End of Freeview

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