

HERE THERE BE PIRATES

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order Of Appearance)

SON A POLISHED BUT INSECURE
CORPORATE RAIDER, 20s

CEO ANY GENDER, ANY RACE OR
ETHNICITY, 40-70

PIRATE A SWASHBUCKLING BUCANEER,
SON'S FATHER.

Race-blind and diverse casting is encouraged.

Running Time: Ten Minutes.

SETTING: *The CEO's office, the present.*

CEO

Okay. Sure, you got it.

CEO signs it and hands it over. SON begins to snicker.

SON

You don't want his booty, dad, you want the company.

PIRATE

But ... it be the same thing, don't it?

SON

No, it's a publicly traded, incredibly complex tangle of interlocking boards, holding companies and subsidiaries. You have to draw up about a million papers to take it over.

PIRATE

Then ... we will! We have lawyers!

SON

Had lawyers. You killed them all.

CEO

(Terrified)

He did?

PIRATE

Overbilling, they were.

SON

Yes, well, but they knew how to draw up a hostile takeover.

You there, Cap'n. You know the mysteries of this here ... this here...

CEO

Corporate structure?

PIRATE

Corporate structure, aye.

CEO

Yes, I should hope so.

PIRATE

Then you be the one to draw it up proper.

CEO

Yes, sir.

CEO starts to write again.

SON

Oh, and you're going to review the documents?

PIRATE

Aye. And if so much as a saucy comma be out of place—

SON

And check it against the corporate records in 15 different states and the SEC?

PIRATE

(Pause; uncertain)

Aye.

SON

And catch him if he's drafting a bunch of legal mumbo jumbo that looks good, but doesn't transfer anything?

CEO has frozen, guiltily.

PIRATE

He would never dare— *(Noticing the guilty CEO)* Oh, you infamous cur-son.

PIRATE raises his cutlass.

CEO

No! Please save me!

SON

Hey, you wanted to deal with him. Go ahead and kill him.

PIRATE

(Rearing back but suspicious SON is up to something)
Aye, I will. Say yer prayers, Cap'n.

SON

Although...

PIRATE

Arrrrrrrrrr! What be it now?

SON

I'm just puzzled, because I knooooow how thoroughly you must have studied their corporate documents that I left you.

PIRATE

What corporate documents be they?

SON

The ones I left with the tavern wenches to give you.

PIRATE

I don't be reviewing documents with wenches, ya whelp.

SON

Then you don't know: that his untimely death triggers a corporate freeze preventing the transfer of any interest.

PIRATE

Bloody Hell! Be that true, Cap'n!?

CEO

Yes, it is. So you better not hurt me. Ha, you old fossil!

SON

Ha, you old fossil!

PIRATE

ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! No! No. Oh, this world be changing too fast for the likes of Jack O'Scallywag! *(Beginning to cry)* I've lived too long, and become but a useless burden.

PIRATE realizes he is beaten, and more, that his kind are now passing from this earth. SON's smile fades as the sad, beaten old PIRATE withdraws to the corner.

SON

Dad. No, Dad, c'mon, you're not a useless burden.

PIRATE

No, no, that's what I be now. Useless. Just useless.

CEO

You know ... my father started this company. And when I was ready to take over from him, he struggled. His ways had become outdated. But he still had a wealth of experience