

KIDS AT SEA

SCENE 1 - OLD LONDON TOWN

LIGHTS UP. MORGANA SITS GAZING INTO CRYSTAL BALL AT SMALL CLOTH-COVERED TABLE O.P.
PIRATES AND PIRATE CHORUS SING

SONG: SEVEN SEAS

SONG ENDS AND CHORUS EXITS. PIRATES (AT LEAST SIX) ON STAGE

MORGANA: *(mystically but with pace)*
The time is right
The hour is near
The waiting is over
NOW GET OVER HERE!

PIRATES GATHER ROUND HER. LIGHTS OR SPOT ON THEM ALL O.P., P.S. CREW BRING ON TABLE, CHAIR, SHELF, ASSORTED JUNK AND SIGN SAYING: "SINDBAD & SONS, TRASH AND TREASURE MERCHANTS"

HILARY: What news do you bring us Morgana?

IVORY: Yeh - what's on the crystal ball?

EBONY: Aw gee, not Bambi AGAIN.

MORGANA: No - great news for one and all!

HILARY: You mean you've finally found it.

IVORY: Found what ...

EBONY: ... The Sindbad treasure fool!

MORGANA: And with our hands upon the map
Once more we'll own the jewels!

PIRATES: RADICAL!!!

MORGANA: On the seventh hour
Of the seventh night
When seven stars are shining bright ...

PIRATES: The seventh son
Of the seventh son
Seven generations on ...

MORGANA: Will hear the call
and come to me ...

PIRATES: And sail across
The seven seas - LEGEND!

IVORY: (*starts singing*) "Seven seas, seven seas"

EBONY: (*thumping her*) Not now!

IVORY: Sorry.

MORGANA: Hush you lot, I'm tuning in
The picture looks OK.
I see a land, a foreign land,
A place so far away.
With mist and fog, and lots of dogs
And rain both night and day.

EBONY: Must be Warrandyte (*or Melbourne etc.*)

MORGANA: London, England is the place
Turn of the century
Father and son in a run-down slum
Close by a factory.

IVORY: The map, the map - what about the map?

MORGANA: (*goes into a trance*) Oh ... ooh ... ee ... ah

HILARY: Oh no, she's losing reception. Hit the aerial booster.

**IVORY KICKS MORGANA IN THE PANTS, SHE COMES INSTANTLY
OUT OF TRANCE**

MORGANA: I see a room, a tiny room
A table and a chair.
Old knick-knacks and bric-a-brac
And junk strewn everywhere.
But wait, an old man enters now
And so does his young son.
It's Sindbad Jr. that's for sure
The VOYAGE has begun!

PIRATES: LEGEND!



**PIRATES FREEZE
LIGHTS DOWN ON PIRATES
LIGHTS UP OR SPOT ON P.S.**

ENTER DAD P.S. LIMPING AND HOLDING HIS BACK

DAD: Ooh, my aching bones. I'm too old for this game. What I need, is to go somewhere warm and sunny. *(to Harold off P.S.)* Have you bedded the horse down, Harold?

ENTER HAROLD WITH A HESSIAN BAG OVER HIS SHOULDER

HAROLD: All done, Dad.

DAD: Let's see what we've got.

HAROLD EMPTIES JUNK FROM BAG

DAD: Hmm - not a good day today.

HAROLD: Aw, come on Dad, there's some GREAT stuff here.

DAD: Humph ...

HAROLD: Look, a bag of marbles *(shakes bag)* a set of false teeth. *(holds up umbrella with no covering material)* An umbrella for light showers ... and *(holds a tennis racquet with no strings)* now what can we do with this? ... I know - a portable picture frame. *(puts head through racquet)*

DAD: *(head in hands)* Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. To think that the descendants of the Great Sindbad should be reduced to this. *(shakes head and gestures around the room)*

HAROLD: *(goes to Dad and puts his arm around his shoulders)* DON'T WORRY DAD, SOMETHING WILL TURN UP.

DAD: *(dejectedly)* Like what?

HAROLD: *(Thinking)* Oh, I don't know maybe one day we'll win the lottery. *(holds up a used ticket stub from the junk pile)* OR maybe we might find the family treasure.

DAD: Bah, humbug. I'm off to bed. Ah well, perhaps we'll have a better day tomorrow. Bring me up some cocoa will you, son?

EXITS P.S.

HAROLD: Poor old Dad - he's really down. What I wouldn't give to find the Sindbad treasure for him. *(picks up cocoa tin and looks around room)* WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO FIND THE SUGAR. Boy this place sure gets messy.

P.S. LIGHTS LOW**LIGHTS UP O.P. ON PIRATES**

IVORY: What's happening, what's happening? Let me see!

EBONY: Get back, you. You're foggin' up the glass.

HILARY: Quieten down the pair of you! Morgana - please continue.

MORGANA: (*peering into crystal ball*)
He's searching girls, we're getting close.
But it is my guess
He'll never find the treasure map
In all that grotty mess.

HILARY: Oh dear, oh dear, what can we do?

MORGANA: Concentrate now, all of you
The power of the mind
Will guide him to the vital clue
The map that he must find

ALL TAKE UP 'CONCENTRATING' POSES, WITH IVORY IN ELABORATE LOTUS POSITION

IVORY: (*chanting*) Omm ... Ommm ... O -

EBONY PUSHES HER OVER IN EXASPERATION

HILARY: I do believe it's working!

ALL PEER CLOSELY INTO CRYSTAL BALL**SPOT/LIGHTS UP ON HAROLD P.S. HE IS SEARCHING FOR THE SUGAR**

EBONY: Getting warmer, getting warmer ...

IVORY: Red hot!!!

HILARY: BOILING!!!!!!

IVORY: Getting colder.

EBONY: Cold.

HILARY: Freezing.

ALL: GROAN!!

- HILARY:** (to *Morgana*) It's no use, you'll have to help him.
- MORGANA:** (*stands, rolling sleeves back*) Step back, everyone
Cover your eyes
Here goes nothing -
ENERGISE!!
(*thrusting hands at crystal ball*)
- F.X. :** **THUNDER AND LIGHTNING**
HAROLD LOOKS UP AT THE SOUND, BUMPING INTO SHELF AND SPILLING ITS CONTENTS. BENDS DOWN AND PICKS UP CANISTER
- HAROLD:** Here it is. (*opening canister*) Hey - what's this?... This isn't the sugar. (*takes out the map*) It's a map! Boy - O - Boy, it's the Sindbad map!
- PIRATES:** LEGEND!
- HAROLD:** See Dad - I TOLD YOU SOMETHING WOULD TURN UP. Look out treasure, here I come.
- BEGINS TO EXIT P.S. THEN RUNS BACK**
- Better leave Dad a note cos' he always worries. (*writing*) Dear Dad, gone to find the treasure. Will be at 43 degrees, North by North-West, Melways reference 69, D.7. (*goes to exit, then remembers*) P.S. Please feed the guinea pig, and remember NO cabbage, it gives him wind. See ya - Harold.
- EXITS P.S.**
- IVORY:** (*sings*) "Seven Seas, Seven Seas ..."
- EBONY:** (*bumping her*) Not NOW!
- IVORY:** Sorry.
- ENTER DAD P.S.**
- DAD:** What's all the racket down here? And what about my cocoa? (*goes to desk and sees note*) What's this? Dear Dad, ... gone to find ... (*looks up*) He's found the map. He doesn't know how dangerous that is. I must go after him.
- EXITS P.S. HOLDING NOTE IN HIS HAND**
- PIRATES:** LEGEND!
- IVORY:** Now?
- ALL:** Yes - NOW!

ALL SING "SEVEN SEAS - REPRISE 1.

SCENE 2 - DODGY DOCKS

O.P. CREW STRIKE SCENE I PROPS AND BRING ON "DODGY DOCKS" SIGNPOST AND TICKET BOX O.P. IN THE BACKGROUND COULD BE MOCK UP OF THE STERN OF "S.S. TITANTIC". IN FOREGROUND ARE ASSORTED CARGO BOXES AND BARRELS ETC.

LIGHTS UP

SID GRUMMETT IS BEHIND TICKET BOX. SAILORS, LONDONERS AND DOCK HANDS ARE MILLING AROUND AS SONG BEGINS

SONG: "THE SILLY SAILOR SONG"

SONG ENDS AND SAILORS EXIT O.P. (IN DIRECTION OF SHIP) WITH LONDONERS FOLLOWING, WAVING AND KISSING ETC. DOCKERS BEGIN STOWING CARGO AS SID COMMENCES HIS SPRUICKING

SID: Step right up, step right up. Sail the seven seas with SIDNEY GRUMMETT CUT PRICE TOURS. Visit exotic places, see the amazing mystery of the far east - and all for the meagre sum of just ONE GUINEA. Step right up, step right up.

ENTER PASSENGER O.P.

PASSENGER: Excuse me, is this the ship for the Far-East?

SID: The Far-East, the Near-East - any East you want, sir.

PASSENGER: Oh, jolly good! I'll have a ticket, please. (*offers handful of notes*)

SID: (*taking a note from the passenger, placing a ticket in hand or pocket*). One guinea, sir. (*continues spruicking*) Step right up, step right up.

THE PASSENGER BEGINS TO EXIT O.P.

SID: Hey, just a minute, just a minute - WHERE do you think you're going?

PASSENGER: On board.

SID: Where's your boarding pass, then?

PASSENGER: (*unsure*) What boarding pass?

SID: No-one's allowed on board without a pass. That'll be one guinea.

PASSENGER TAKES NOTES FROM HIS POCKET, SID TAKES ONE AND GIVES HIM A BOARDING PASS

PASSENGER: (*unsure*) Oh, jolly good ... jolly good, I suppose.

SID: (*ignoring passenger and continuing*) Step right up, step right up - HEY! (*The passenger is trying to exit O.P.*) Where do you think you're going?

PASSENGER: (*a trifle annoyed*) On board.

SID: Not so fast!

PASSENGER: (*pleased with himself*) I've got a boarding pass ...

SID: (*interrupting*) Does it have the King's Seal?

PASSENGER: (*confused*) No.

SID: (*taking pass and stamping it*) That'll be one guinea.

PASSENGER HANDS OVER NOTE AND TRIES TO EXIT

SID: Step right up, step right up - Hey, where do you think you're going?

PASSENGER: (*quite annoyed by now*) I'm going to board THAT SHIP, (*indicating mock-up ship upstage O.P.*) and YOU'RE not going to stop me (*folds arms and nods head defiantly*).

SID: But ...

PASSENGER: (*interrupting*) ... but NOTHING. I've got a ticket and a boarding pass with the King's Seal - so I'm boarding THAT SHIP.

SID: Oh, no you're not.

PASSENGER: (*shouting*) WHY?!

F.X.: SHIP'S HORN SOUNDS

SID: 'cause it's just left.

MOCK-UP SHIP EXITS O.P.

PASSENGER: (*horrified*) OH, NO!!

SID: My brother's got a rowboat. I could let you have it for only ...

PASSENGER: (*cutting him off*) DROP DEAD!

PASSENGER STORMS OFF O.P.

SID: (*to audience*) Another satisfied customer. (*continues spruiking*) Step right up, step right up. See the amazing mystery of the Far East.

ENTER HAROLD P.S. EXCITEDLY GOING UP TO SID

HAROLD: Excuse me, Sir.

SID: What is it, Kid? I'm busy.

HAROLD: Is this where I get the boat to the Mysterious East?

SID: Too late, she's already left.

HAROLD: Oh, gee! What a shame. Now I'll never get there.

SID: Where?

HAROLD: *(taking out map and pointing to the "X" spot)* Here.

SID: *(taking map and examining it)* "Sinbad's Lost Treasure Map". *(looks up, suddenly realises what he has in his hands)* SINBAD'S TREASURE MAP! Hey, wow! Kid, is THIS is your lucky day.

HAROLD: You mean you'll help me!

SID: Help you! Help you! I'll do better than that - I'll even row you there myself!

HAROLD: *(to audience)* What a nice man!

SID: AND - *(turns to audience)* I don't believe I'm saying this - *(to Harold)* I won't even charge you.

HAROLD: WOW - I KNEW SOMETHING WOULD TURN UP!

SID PUTS ON HIS BOATER HAT, TURNS 'OPEN' SIGN TO 'CLOSED' ON TICKET BOX, ROLLS UP MAP AND GRABS HAROLD. THEY EXIT O.P.

DAD RUNS ON P.S.

DAD GETS TO TICKET BOX AND SEES 'CLOSED' SIGN

DAD: Oh, no. I'm too late.

PUTS HEAD IN HIS HANDS. ENTER PASSENGER, CARRYING A PAIR OF OARS. DAD LOOKS UP, SEES PASSENGER AND GOES TO HIM GRABS HIS LAPELS AND SHAKES HIM

Do you know when the next boat leaves?

PASSENGER: *(pushing him off, and straightening up his suit)* Not till next year.

DAD: I can't wait that long.

PASSENGER: Neither can I - so I'm going to row there.

DAD: *(fumbling in pockets and bringing out money)* I'll buy your boat for a guinea.

PASSENGER: *(holding oars close to body)* OH NO YOU WON'T!

DAD: *(grabbing oars and exiting P.S.)* Suit yourself.

PASSENGER: *(running after him)* I say ... I say ... you stole my oars.

BLACKOUT

END SCENE 11

CREW STRIKE SCENE II PROPS

SCENE 111 - ON THE SEVEN SEAS

LIGHTS UP

O.P. CREW WALKS ACROSS STAGE CARRYING SIGN 'SEA OF TRANQUILITY' AND EXITS P.S.

MUSIC: SEVEN SEAS REPRISE 2

'MER PEOPLE BALLET'

MER PEOPLE ENTER EITHER SIDE AND DANCE TO THE MUSIC. AS MUSIC ENDS, MER PEOPLE FORM INTO ROWS OF WAVES ACROSS STAGE, THROUGH WHICH HAROLD AND SID WILL "SAIL". ALTERNATIVELY A LONG PIECE OF BLUE MATERIAL CAN BE STRETCHED ACROSS THE STAGE REPRESENTING THE SEA, BEHIND WHICH HAROLD AND SID WILL TRAVEL

HAROLD AND SID ENTER P.S. IN MOCK-UP ROW-BOAT. THIS CAN BE SINGLE SIDED CARD, CARRIED BY BOTH. HAROLD HAS OAR AND ROWS. SID LOOKS AT MAP

SID: (off) Come on lad, put some muscle into it.

HAROLD: (puff) I'm rowing (puff) 'as fast (puff) as I can (puff).

THEY MOVE AMONG ROWS OF WAVES

SID: Blimey, we'll never get there at this rate.

HAROLD: Why don't you have a go, Mr Grummett? I bet you row HEAPS faster than me.

SID: Well, I dare say you're right, lad. But ... er ... someone has to navigate. Someone with NAUTICAL experience.

HAROLD: I guess you're right.

SID: (looking around, wetting finger and holding it in the air) Now ... which way is EAST, again?

HAROLD: Isn't it where the sun comes up?

SID: Listen, you row, I NAVIGATE. (looking out to sea and scratching head) East ... east ...

HAROLD: (interrupting) Mr Grummett?

SID: What!

HAROLD: Are there really mermaids?

SID: Will you stop interrupting? (*looking around*) East ... east ... (*shrugs shoulders and points randomly with eyes closed*) Eenie ... meenie ... minie ...

AS SID IS TALKING, HAROLD NOTICES A SEA DEVIL ENTERING, MENACINGLY, UP STAGE O.P.

HAROLD: Mr Grummett, Mr Grummett!!

SID: (*eyes still closed*) NOT NOW! Eenie ... meenie ... minie ...

ANOTHER SEA DEVIL ADVANCES O.P.

HAROLD: Mr Grummett, Mr Grummett!!

SID: Can't you see I'm busy?

MORE SEA DEVILS EMERGE, CREEPING AND CRAWLING AROUND O.P.

HAROLD: But there's sea monsters, Mr Grummett.

SID: (*eyes still closed*) Poppycock! There's no such ...

F.X. : **STORM**

SID OPENS EYES, LOOKS TO SKY AND GRABS HAROLD

SID: What's that noise?

HAROLD: Sounds like thunder - I bet its a TYPHOON!

F.X. : **STORM (this can continue rumbling under dialogue)**

SID: (*sees Sea Devils*) And ... and ... what are THEY?

HAROLD: Sea Monsters.

SID: Why ... why ... didn't you tell me?

HAROLD: I TRIED, Mr Grummett ... oh - oh ... the boat's rocking.

SID: Ohhh ... my head's spinning ... I'm gonna be sick ...

HAROLD: We're sinking, Mr Grummett.

SID: Help, help!!

HAROLD: Hang on, Mr Grummett.

SID: I want my mummy ... WAH!

THEY 'TUMBLE' FROM THE BOAT, AND AS THEY ARE 'SWEEP OVERBOARD' HAROLD SAYS BRAVELY ...

HAROLD:

DON'T WORRY ... MR GRUMMETT ... SOMETHING ... WILL ... TURN ...UP ... BLUB ...BLUB ... BLUB.

THE MER PEOPLE GATHER AROUND, SWEEPING THEM AND THEIR BOAT UP AND OFF TO SAFETY, EXITING P.S.

STORM F.X. HAS DIED DOWN

MUSIC INTRO. FOR 'SEVEN SEAS' BEGINS. SEA DEVILS SWEEP ONTO STAGE READY TO SING

SONG: SEVEN SEAS REPRISE 3.

'THE DANCE OF THE SEA DEVILS'

Note: If required, the Sea Devils could take the verse, with the Mer People singing the bridge as they carry Sid and Harold to safety. Both groups could then sing the chorus, adding a nice bit of light and shade

SONG ENDS

BLACKOUT

END SCENE III

SCENE IV - SMUGGLERS' COVE AND VEGAS ISLAND

THERE IS A SIGN 'SMUGGLERS' COVE' UPSTAGE O.P. MORGANA'S SMALL CLOTH-COVERED TABLE IS DOWNSTAGE O.P. THE PIRATES (EXCEPT HILARY) ARE CENTRE STAGE MIMING SWORD FIGHTS AND MAKING APPROPRIATE LOUD NOISES. ENTER HILARY O.P. CLAPPING HANDS LOUDLY. THE PIRATES STOP AND LOOK AT HER

HILARY: I thought I told you ... No violence!

PIRATES: Oh!

HILARY: How about a nice quiet game of charades.

PIRATES: NAH!

HILARY AGAIN CLAPS HANDS LOUDLY AND PIRATES BEGRUDGINGLY FORM A CIRCLE CENTRE STAGE AND SIT

HILARY: Now who wants to start?

PIRATES ALL CALL OUT "I DO", "NO, IT'S MY TURN", "BUT YOU WENT FIRST LAST TIME" ETC.

HILARY: Alright, I'll start and no more arguing.

HILARY STANDS IN CENTRE OF CIRCLE AND SIGNALS MOVIE

EBONY: Movie!

HILARY NODS AND SIGNALS 'FIRST WORD'

PIRATE 1.: First word.

HILARY NODS AND SIGNALS 'TREASURE', PRETENDING TO BE WEARING RINGS, BRACELETS AND EAR-RINGS

PIRATE 2: Ear-rings?

HILARY SHAKES HEAD AND MIMES A BOX SHAPE

EBONY: Box?

HILARY SHAKES HEAD AND THUMPS CHEST

PIRATE 1.: Chest?

HILARY INDICATES 'GETTING WARMER', ROTATING HANDS IN CIRCULAR MOTION

PIRATE 2: TREASURE!

HILARY NODS AND SIGNALS 'SECOND WORD'

IVORY: Second word.

HILARY NODS AND SIGNALS 'TWO SYLLABLES' (ie. two fingers on forearm)

EBONY: Two syllables.

HILARY NODS AND SIGNALS 'FIRST SYLLABLE' (ie. using index finger)

PIRATE 1.: First syllable.

HILARY NODS AND POINTS TO HER EYE

PIRATES.: Eye.

HILARY NODS AND MIMES 'LAND' (ie. pointing around at island)

IVORY: I've got it! I've got it! I've got it! - TREASURE EYE-CIRCLE!

PIRATES GROAN AND HILARY SHAKES HEAD, KNEELS AND BANGS GROUND

IVORY: Treasure eye-ground?

ALL GROAN. POLLY IS EXASPERATED

ENTER MORGANA O.P. AND SITS AT HER TABLE

MORGANA: The time is right
The hour is near
The waiting is over ...
... now get over HERE!

IVORY: Hang on, hang on - I've nearly got it.

THE REST OF THE PIRATES GO TO MORGANA, O.P., AND SIT ROUND HER. IVORY REMAINS CENTRE, DEEP IN THOUGHT

HILARY: What's the latest news?

MORGANA: (*waving hands over crystal ball*)
I will relate a dreadful fate

A news flash sent to me
A violent storm this very morn
Young Sindbad's lost at sea

PIRATES: Ooh, that's bad!

MORGANA: But wait - it isn't over yet
Although we've lost the lad
The little bloke had left a note -
Directions for his Dad.

PIRATES: Aah, that's good!

MORGANA: So let us peer into the ball
And turn the dial around
Tune her in and we'll begin
To find out where he's bound.

EBONY: (*peering into crystal ball*) There he is! There he is! I see him!

MORGANA: Somewhere East of Zanzibar
And West of Bimbombay
An ancient island there is where
His destination lay.

EBONY: Now, what island is THAT?

IVORY: (*suddenly animated*) I've got it, I've got it! ... TREASURE ISLAND!

EBONY: (*going to Ivory and dragging her over*) We've finished the game, you bird brain.

IVORY: Sorry.

LIGHTS DOWN, SPOT ON PIRATES O.P. AS MORGANA GAZES INTO BALL. WHILE CREW BRING ON APPROPRIATE PROPS P.S.

MORGANA: Pillows strewn upon the ground
A throne of precious stones
A chorus line of dancing girls
Oh dear! - I think I know!

HILARY: Oh, no ... not ...

EBONY: Not ... not ... V ... V ... V ...

ALL: (*horrified*) VEGAS ISLAND.

CREW BRING ON 'VEGAS ISLAND' SIGN P.S.

HILARY: We've got to get him out of there. If the Sultan gets that note - its bye-bye

treasure!

PIRATES: Yo!

PIRATES EXIT O.P.

MORGANA: But wait there's more (*to audience*) they've gone too soon
There's still much to be told
The treasure that they all search for
May not be made of gold!

BLACKOUT

LIGHTS UP SLOWLY AS MUSIC BEGINS AND SULTANAS AND SULTANA CHORUS ENTER P.S. FILING ON SALACIOUSLY

SONG: SULTANAS IN PINK PYJAMAS

SONG ENDS AND SULTANAS 1 - 5 SETTLE DOWN ON CUSHIONS, DISINTERESTEDLY PREENING, CHECKING COMPACTS, ETC. SULTANA 6 TAKES UP POSITION DOWNSTAGE P.S. BRUSHING HAIR AND GAZING OUT TO SEA (I.E. AUDIENCE)

ZOLTAN: (*off*) Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who's the coolest cat of all?

THE SULTANAS MOAN AND LOOK BORED

SULTANA 2: (*disdainfully*) Here comes Mr Bigshot.

SULTANA 4: This time we're gonna get an answer from him.

ZOLTAN: (*off*) Hey, Kookie, lend me your comb.

ZOLTAN, THE SULTAN OF SOUL ENTERS P.S. VEGAS-ELVIS STYLE, WEARING SUNGLASSES AND COMBING HAIR

ZOLTAN: What's happening, Dolls?

SULTANA 2: Nothing much.

SULTANA 5: It's "dullsville" round here.

SULTANA 4: As usual.

SULTANA 3: What about the promises you made?

ZOLTAN: Promises?

SULTANA 1: You said we'd all be dancing on Broadway.

- SULTANA 2: You said we'd be in the movies.
- SULTANA 5: IN HOLLYWOOD.
- SULTANA 4: And whatever happened to the talent scout from the coast?
- ZOLTAN: Girls, girls! (*He gestures broadly with hands, like a used car salesman*) Would I (*hand on heart*) let you DOWN?
- ALL: YEH!
- ZOLTAN: Oh, girls ... you cut me to the quick. (*forearm on forehead*) You gotta have a little faith.
- ALL: Humph!!
- ZOLTAN: I keep telling you. You gotta be ready when the call comes.
- SULTANA 4: We've been ready for years.
- SULTANA 2: All we ever DO is rehearse.
- SULTANA 3: And wait on YOU.
- ZOLTAN: That reminds me! Number One (*clicks fingers*) - get me a hamburger with the lot. Number Two (*clicks fingers*) - a chocolate sundae. Number Three (*clicks fingers*) - a king-size coke ... (*pats stomach*) ... better make that a diet-coke - I'm watching my weight.
- SULTANAS 1, 2 AND 3 EXIT P.S. DUTIFULLY
- SULTANA 4: Girls ... GIRLS - WHAT are you DOING?
- SULTANAS SHRUG SHOULDERS AS THEY EXIT, AS IF TO SAY 'WHAT'S THE USE'
- SULTANA 4: I give in!
- SULTANA 4. TAKES UP POSITION ON CUSHION AND LOOKS DISGUSTED
- SULTANA 6: (*watching out to sea - ie.: the audience*) Hey! (*jumping up and pointing*) Someone's coming!
- ZOLTAN: What did I tell you? He's here!
- SULTANA 5: Who's here?
- ZOLTAN: The talent scout from the coast. THIS IS IT!

SULTANA 4: In your dreams, Fatso.

ZOLTAN: Forget the food, girls - GET HERE!

GIRLS HURRY BACK AS ZOLTAN TAKES POSITION ON LARGE CUSHION, WITH SERVANT FANNING HIM

ENTER DAD, THROUGH AUDIENCE, BEDRAGGLED, FLUSTERED AND CARRYING A BROKEN OAR

ZOLTAN: Welcome, friend! Welcome to Vegas Island. And - I think we've got just what you're looking for.

DAD: Where is he?

ZOLTAN: Right here brother and the name is ZOLTAN ... THE ... SULTAN ... OF SOUL!! Hit it, dolls.

ZOLTAN SINGS, WITH SULTANAS DOING THE DOO-WOPS, EXCEPT NO.4 WHO IS STILL IN A HUFF

SONG: ZOLTAN, THE SULTAN OF SOUL

ZOLTAN: *(to Dad)* What do you think? What do you think?

DAD: Well ... er ... very nice ... I mean ... most entertaining ... BUT WHERE IS HE?

ZOLTAN: *(puzzled)* What do you mean?

DAD: My son, Harold. You said he was here.

SULTANAS: *(to each other, puzzled)* What son?
(Except No.4)

DAD: My son ... Harold.

ZOLTAN: *(to Dad)* But ... but ... Aren't you the ... scout from the coast?

DAD: *(puzzled)* No ... I'm Albert Sindbad.

SULTANAS: *(to each other)* Albert Sindbad?
(Except No.4)

SULTANA 4: *(going to Zoltan and poking him)* WHAT'S going on here, Buster?

SULTANAS QUICKLY SURROUND ZOLTAN

SULTANAS: Yeh!

ZOLTAN: *(backing away worriedly)* Stay with me girls ... *(to audience)* That name rings a bell ...*(going to Dad)* Did you say ... SINDBAD?

DAD: Yes ... that's my name - Albert Sindbad.

ZOLTAN: *(shakes hands)* Pleased to meet you. What's this about your son?

DAD: *(still bewildered)* Well ... er ..his name is Harold and he's eleven years old. He found this old map and went searching for treasure.

SULTANAS: *(excitedly)* Treasure! Ooh!
(Except No.4)

DAD: He left me a note with directions.

ZOLTAN TAKES THE NOTE FROM A SURPRISED DAD, READING IT AVIDLY AND IGNORING DAD

But I'll never get there. My boat was smashed in a storm. *(holding up broken oar)* and this is all that's left.

ZOLTAN: *(looking up from note and interrupting)* THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, FRIEND. *(pocketing note and clicking fingers at Sultanas)* Number 1.*(click)* - bring the yacht round, Number 2. *(click)* - get the food, Number 3. *(click)* - the water skis, and -

SULTANA 4: *(interrupting)* And WE'RE coming TOO!

SULTANAS: YEH!

ZOLTAN: Aw ... girls ... girls.

SULTANA 4: We don't TRUST you.

SULTANAS: You SAID it!

ZOLTAN: OK., OK., you win.

ALL CHEER

Just give me a minute to slip into something more ... COMFORTABLE.

ZOLTAN EXITS P.S.

SULTANA 4: *(to Dad)* Sit down, Pops, we could be here all day.

PIRATE NOISES OFFSTAGE
PIRATES STORM ONTO STAGE FROM O.P. WITH "BLOOD CURDLING" PIRATE CRIES, BRANDISHING CUTLASSES

- HILARY:** *(walking on clapping hands loudly twice)* I thought I told you ... No violence!
- DAD:** What do you want?
- IVORY:** *(grabbing note from Dad's pocket)* THIS!
- EBONY:** Read it.
- IVORY:** A pound of sausages, a jar of Horlicks and half a pound of kippers.
- EBONY:** *(thumping Ivory)* THAT'S not it!
- DAD:** *(confused)* What are you looking for?
- IVORY:** The note ... you know ... the DIRECTIONS.
- HILARY:** We're looking for the treasure.
- SULTANAS:** TREASURE! ... Ooh!
- DAD:** I'm looking for my son.
- HILARY:** If we find the treasure - you'll find your son. So you see we must have the note.
- DAD:** I'm afraid the Sultan's got it.
- EBONY:** Oh, rat's bottoms - we'll never find it now.
- DAD:** Oh, yes you will.
- IVORY:** Eh?
- DAD:** I still have the directions.
- IVORY:** *(looking in Dad's pockets and under his legs)* Where?
- DAD:** *(pointing to his head)* Up here.
- EBONY:** Unreal! Come with us and we'll split you fifty-fifty.
- HILARY:** AND help you find your son. *(to Pirates)* Come on, let's go.
- PIRATES:** Aye - Aye, Cap'n!
- THEY BEGIN TO EXIT O.P. WITH DAD**
- SULTANA 4:** *(to Hilary)* Hey, just a minute!
- PIRATES:** WHAT?



SULTANA 1: You'll get there faster if we help row. *(to Sultanas)* How about it, girls? Are we ready to get off this crummy island?

SULTANAS: You BETCHA!

SULTANA 4: Then, let's get this show on the road.

PIRATES: LEGEND!

SULTANAS: Adventure, here we come!

THEY ALL EXIT O.P. TO

MUSIC: THE SULTANA SHUFFLE

ENTER ZOLTAN P.S. DRESSED AS SEA CAPTAIN

ZOLTAN: *(singing)* Uh, well - a bless my soul
What's wrong with me
I gotta ... I got a ... I got a ...
Hey! Like, where is everybody? *(looking round)* Alright ... I'm gonna count to
three ... if you ain't here by then ... I'm leavin'! ... without you! ... *(counting on
fingers)* ONE ... TWO ... THREE ... AW, GIRLS!

BLACKOUT

END SCENE IV

SCENE V - THE BLUE LAGOON

CREW STRIKE SCENE IV PROPS AND BRING ON SCENE V PROPS

THE 'SENSITIVE NEW-AGE' MER PEOPLE ARE DOING TAI-CHI TO MUSIC. CONCH IS SEATED IN LIFEGUARD SEAT DOWN O.P., LOOKING THROUGH BINOCULARS. THERE IS A SIGN NEXT TO SEAT, READING 'THE BLUE LAGOON'. HAROLD AND SID ARE LYING DOWN P.S., ASLEEP
LIGHTS UP SLOWLY

MUSIC: SEVEN SEAS REPRISE 4

'THE TAI-CHI TWO STEP'

MUSIC ENDS. SID WAKES SLOWLY, LOOKING AROUND WORRIEDLY

SID: Oh ... oh ... oh, no - where am I ... am I ... dead? (*pinching himself*) Ouch! ... So far so good... (*checking for wallet, and retrieving it*) Phew! (*relieved*) ... I'm alive. (*suddenly panicky and checking for map*) Just a minute ... (*finding map in hat*) Phew! ... that was a close call ... (*to Harold*) Hey kid, wake up.

HAROLD: (*waking, rubbing eyes and looking around to see Sid*) Oh! Mr Grummett. Gee it's good to see you ... (*looking around*) Where are we?

SID: I'm not sure, son (*pointing at mer-people*) but it looks like looney-land to me.

HE POINTS AT MER PEOPLE

HAROLD: Wow - angels! Is this heaven?

SID: Do you see any harps?

HAROLD: No.

SID: Well they're NOT angels, and this AIN'T heaven.

HAROLD WALKS AROUND UPSTAGE P.S. WHILE SID GOES TO A GROUP OF TAI-CHI SWAYING MER PEOPLE DOWN O.P.

Excuse me ... (*tapping mer-person on shoulders, and being ignored by all*) ... Excuse me, Gov' - we're On Her Majesty's Service (*taking out map and pointing*) and we need to get to THIS location.

HE GETS NO RESPONSE AS THE MER-PEOPLE CONTINUE WITH THEIR TAI-CHI OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYTHING. SID TAPS ANOTHER ON THE SHOULDER, WITH THE SAME RESULT

Er ...(*tap, tap*) excuse me ...(*tap, tap*) any idea when the next bus is? (*to audience*) I don't think we've got both oars in the water here.

HAROLD HAS SILENTLY JOINED IN WITH ANOTHER GROUP OF TAI-CHIERS UPSTAGE P.S.

Something funny's going on here, Lad. (*turning to see Harold*) I say something - HEY! Stop that!

HAROLD: (*continuing*) This is wonderful, Mr Grummett. (*coming over to Sid*) You should try it. (*down by Sid but still tai-chi-ing*) It's great for relaxing.

SID PULLS HAROLD'S ARMS DOWN IN FRUSTRATION

SID: I'll relax when I, er, WE, get our hands on that treasure. (*walking upstage to another group of tai-chiers*) Now ... there must be SOMEONE in charge.

HAROLD GOES TO LIFEGUARD CHAIR AND MIMES TALKING TO CONCH. MEANWHILE, SID IS TAPPING TAI-CHIERS ON SHOULDERS SAYING "EXCUSE ME" ETC. AND GETTING NOWHERE. CONCH POINTS HAROLD TO SANDY AND TIDE DOWN STAGE CENTRE IN LOTUS POSITION. HAROLD NODS IN APPRECIATION AND GOES TO THEM, SITS AND SHARES A SILENT EXCHANGE, WITH MUCH GENTLE GESTICULATING AND NODDING OF HEADS. HE BOWS IN THANKS. ALL RISE AND GO TO SID, WHO HASN'T SEEN THEM

Doesn't anyone speak around here?

HAROLD: (*tapping Sid on shoulder*) Mr Grummett, Mr Grummett ...

SID: (*turning, slightly spooked*) WHAT?

HAROLD: Meet Sandy and Tide.

SANDY: (*in slow, exaggerated new-ageness*) We're so pleased to have you here. (*with undulating gestures*)

TIDE: For a moment we thought you might be gone ... lost forever

SID: WHO ARE YOU?

SANDY: Why ... we're the Mer People.

SID: Eh?

TIDE: We look after lost travellers.

SID: Was it you that saved us from the storm?

SANDY & TIDE: (*nodding in unison*) That is correct.

HAROLD: You see! I told you something would turn up, Mr Grummett.

SID: (*indicating Tai-chiers*) What's with them?

SANDY: Why, they're tuning into nature.

TIDE: (*to all Mer People*) Are you all in tune, yet?

ALL: Ommmm ...

SANDY: Very well, then, we'll begin (*to Conch*) ...maestro ...

CONCH NODS, TAKES UP UKULELE, CREW CAN ENTER WITH OLD FASHIONED MICROPHONE ON STAND, POTTED PALMS OR WHATEVER TO SUGGEST HAWAIIAN NIGHTCLUB

MER PEOPLE SING

SONG: MY TRUE BLUE LAGOON

SOLOIST OR SOLOISTS, DOO-WOPS, ETC. MAY BE USED, WITH OR WITHOUT WHITE SPORTS COATS AND PINK CARNATIONS

SONG ENDS AND CREW REMOVE NIGHTCLUB PROPS

HAROLD STARTS CLAPPING AND SID STOPS HIM

SID: Lovely song, Gov', but we haven't got time for an encore. We have to get off this island.

SANDY: (*looking at Tide*) Oh, dear...

SID: (*indicating map*) You couldn't give us a lift, could you?

TIDE: I'm afraid we can't help you ...

SID: You can't help us! But you brought us here!

SANDY: That is true - but unfortunately your destination is beyond our wave length ...

SID: (*sarcastically*) Oh, great! T'rific, really t'rific. So I'M stuck here with your hula dancers, while a FORTUNE goes begging across the sea! (*shaking headd in disbelief*)

SANDY AND TIDE GO INTO A HUDDLE

HAROLD: Don't worry Mr Grummett - something will ...

- SID:** *(interrupting)* Don't tell me, I don't want to know!
- TIDE:** *(to Sid)* Of course ... WE can't take you there ... but we may be able to arrange something ...
- SID:** Now you're talking, Gov'nor.
- TIDE:** Some ... ARIEL transport, perhaps ...
- SID:** You mean ...*(looking up and around)* ...you've got one of those new-fangled flying machines?
- SANDY:** *(laughing slightly with Tide)* Well ... not really ... *(to Conch)* Conch?
- CONCH BLOWS MEGAPHONE-LIKE CONCH SHELL**
- F.X. :** CONCH SHELL SOUND
- F.X.:** WIND AND FLAPPING WINGS
- SID:** *(looking up frantically)* What's that noise?
- ENTER TINA D'ACTIL AND THE ROC BIRDS, P.S.**
- HAROLD:** WOW!
- TINA:** You rang? Hey! Get down, water-babes! Who's callin'?
- SID:** *(nearly fainting)* Ohhhh ...
- HAROLD:** *(holding him up)* It's alright Mr Grummett. I think they're gonna help us.
- SID:** That's what worries me. *(to audience)* I wish my mother was here.
- TINA:** Ain't nothin' to worry 'bout, Pops. You're in the very best of hands.
- HAROLD:** WOW! Who are you?
- TINA:** We ... are ... the fabulous ... ROC BIRDS!!!!
- ROC BIRDS:** Hubba, hubba, hubba!
- HAROLD:** Gee whiz! *(taking map from a very nervous Sid)* Can you take us here?
- TINA:** My funky friends and I will fly you clear across the sky. Climb aboard, look out below, alright birds, let's rock and roll!
- ROC BIRDS TAKE UP "NUTBUSH" DANCE POSITIONS**
- HAROLD:** *(interrupting)* Hey!

- TINA:** What is it, Junior?
- HAROLD:** I always thought you were BIG birds.
- TINA:** We're not tall enough for ya?
- HAROLD:** I mean, I thought you were HUGE ... GIANTS ... you know ... LEGENDS.
- TINA:** Hey - we're LEGENDS on our block.
- ROC BIRD 1:** ALL the birds wanna hang with us, dude.
- TINA:** Yeh - they all wanna ROCK THE ROC.
- ROCKBIRDS:** Get DOWN!

TINA AND THE ROC BIRDS SING

SONG: ROCK THE ROC

(TO "NUTBUSH" DANCE STEPS)

SONG ENDS

- TINA:** ALL ABOARD!
- CONCH BLOWS MEGAPHONE**
- F.X. :** CONCH SHELL
- HAROLD:** (*excitedly*) Come on, Mr Grummett!
- THEY CLIMB 'PIGGY-BACK' ONTO TWO OF THE ROC BIRDS**
- TIDE:** Goodbye, we hope you find your treasure.
- SANDY:** But remember ... it may not be what you expect.
- SID:** What do they mean by that?
- HAROLD:** Don't worry Mr Grummett ...
- SID:** (*interrupting*) I know, I know, SOMETHING will turn up.

SID, HAROLD AND ROC BIRDS EXIT O.P.

MUSIC: ROCK THE ROC REPRISE

MER PEOPLE GATHER ROUND, FOLLOWING AND WAVING, TILL THEY ARE ALL OVER O.P.

W
A
T
C
H
T
H
E
P
E
R
F
O
R
M
A
T
I
O
N

ENTER ZOLTAN, P.S.

ZOLTAN: Hey guys - anyone seen an old man with a bunch of Sultanas?

BLACKOUT

END SCENE V

SCENE VI - TREASURE ISLAND

CREW REMOVE BLUE LAGOON SET AND BRING ON "TREASURE ISLAND" SIGN AND WHEEL OF FORTUNE (DOWNSTAGE O.P.) AND NEPTUNE'S THRONE (DOWNSTAGE CENTRE)

LIGHTS UP ON NEPTUNE SEATED AT THRONE READING FROM "1001 FISH JOKES" WITH JELLYBELLY STANDING NEXT TO HIM P.S. BEHIND THEM ASSORTED SEA CREATURES ALL LOOKING OVER NEPTUNE'S SHOULDER AND LAUGHING WITH HIM

ENTER OCTOPUSSY P.S. EXCITEDLY WAVING ARMS

OCTOPUSSY: Game time! Game time!

ALL: Yeh, give us a riddle, King Neptune!

NEPTUNE: OK, here's a good one ... what do you call a cat with no money?

ALL: We give in.

NEPTUNE: A poor-puss ... get it?

ALL LAUGH

Wait a minute, wait a minute - I got a better one ... what kind of fish wears antlers?

ALL: Ahh, we give in.

NEPTUNE: A Salmon Moose! How about that!

ALL LAUGH

And if you think THAT'S funny - get a load of this -

OCTOPUSSY: (*interrupting*) King Neptune, King Neptune - let's do "T.V. QUIZ SHOWS".

NEPTUNE: Great idea, Octopussy ... now ... let me think ... Ah! I have one! Name the boat that landed on Gilligan's Island?

ALL: Aw! That's a hard one!

NEPTUNE: The S.S. Minnow! (*laughing hysterically and then wiping tears from cheeks*) Oh, my goodness, isn't life great? ... You wouldn't be dead for ... for squids! HA, HA, HA!

ALL LAUGH

JELLY-BELLY: Blub, blub, blub - your visitors, Your Wetness. When are they arriving?

NEPTUNE CONSULTS HIS EGG-TIMER WRIST-WATCH

NEPTUNE: As the sands run through the hourglass, so do the days of our lives ... and today is **THEIR DAY!**

OCTOPUSSY: Is everything ready, Your Seaship?

NEPTUNE: Why, of course. Everything's ALWAYS ready.

ALL: And EVERYONE finds their treasure.

NEPTUNE: That's life - on the Wonderful Wheel of Fortune ... Hey! What a great name for a song!

THEY ALL SING

SONG: THE WONDERFUL WHEEL OF FORTUNE

SONG ENDS

**ENTER PIRATES P.S., BRANDISHING CUTLASSES AND SHOUTING.
ENTER HILARY CLAPPING HANDS TWICE LOUDLY**

HILARY: Remember what I said.

PIRATES: We know ... NO VIOLENCE!

NEPTUNE AND COMPANY LAUGH. PIRATES LOOK AROUND IN DISBELIEF, SCRATCHING HEADS, SHRUGGING SHOULDERS ETC.

EBONY: *(to Neptune)* What's so funny, FISH FACE?

NEPTUNE: Why - EVERYTHING'S funny ... did you hear the one about the travelling Sail-fin and a ...

HILARY: *(interrupting)* Just give us the treasure ... if you don't mind.

NEPTUNE: Why, of course.

PIRATES: Eh?

NEPTUNE: That's why we're here.

OCTOPUSSY: We've been expecting you.

IVORY: I don't get it.

ENTER SULTANAS UPSTAGE P.S.

SULTANA 4: Aw ... wow! Now, THIS is more like it.

SULTANA 2: Yeh, this is what I call an ISLAND.

SULTANA 3: (*indicating Fish People*) Dig the gear.

NEPTUNE: Come on down girls - you're all welcome.

ENTER DAD, P.S., PUFFING

DAD: (*looking around for Harold*) Where is he? I know he's here ...(*taking Jelly - Belly and shaking her*) What have you done with him?

JELLY-BELLY: Blub, blub, blub!

EBONY: (*to Ivory*) You better tell him (*indicating Dad*)

DAD: (*sensing bad news*) Tell me what?

HILARY: Break it to him gently.

IVORY: OK. ... (*to Dad*) ...eh ... your son ... got - eh ... drowned.

HILARY TURNS IN DISGUST WHILE EBONY THUMPS IVORY

DAD: (*sinking to floor*) OH, NO!

EBONY: Oh, very gentle.

NEPTUNE: Don't worry. It's alright. Young Sindbad is fine - and, I believe, soon to join us.

ALL: Eh?

NEPTUNE: In fact ...(*consulting egg-timer watch*) he should be arriving ... about -

HAROLD: (*entering from P.S. with Sid and Rocbirds*) Hey Dad! Hey Dad!

DAD: Harold? (*rubbing eyes and realising it really is Harold*) Harold! (*going to him*) You're alive! You're Safe! I was so worried.

THEY HUG

ENTER ZOLTAN P.S.

ZOLTAN: Hey! Does anybody remember ME!

- IVORY:** *(to Neptune)* Enough of that, where's the treasure?
- NEPTUNE:** *(brightly)* Treasure - treasure - coming right up. Are we all here? Then let the games begin.*(to Stella)* Please welcome the hostess with the "mostess", the FABULOUS STELLA!
- APPLAUSE FROM ALL AS STELLA ENTERS UPSTAGE O.P. AND MOVES TO STAND BESIDE THE WHEEL HOLDING AN ENVELOPE**
- STELLA:** Thank you, thank you. Our first contestant is Zoltan, the Sultan of Soul and the Scrumptious Sultanas.
- ALL APPLAUD**
- ZOLTAN MOVES TO WHEEL SURROUNDED BY SULTANAS**
- STELLA:** *(continuing)* Take a spin, Zoltan.
- ZOLTAN:** *(enthusiastically spinning the wheel)* Alriiight!
- STELLA:** And it's a ... LUCKY NUMBER!
- SULTANAS CLAP AND CHEER, JUMPING UP AND DOWN**
- NEPTUNE:** What do they win?
- STELLA:** Our lucky contestants win a contract to star in the new Disney Movie, "Ali Baba And the Forty Sultanas".
- ALL CLAP AND CHEER WIDLY**
- NEPTUNE:** And who's next, Stella?
- STELLA:** The one and only Sindbad - seventh son of the seventh son, seven generations on.
- HAROLD:** *(moving over to wheel)* Yeh! Give me a crack at that wheel.
- DAD:** Just a minute, son.
- HAROLD:** Yes, Dad.
- DAD:** What exactly are you spinning for?
- HAROLD:** The family jewels, Dad ...
- SPINS WHEEL. WHEEL STOPS**
- STELLA:** And, by George - he's GOT IT!
- CREW BRING ON TRUNK MARKED "DAVEY JONES LOCKER"**
ALL CLAP AND CHEER WILDLY

HAROLD: WOW! TREASURE!

HE DIVES ON IT AND OPENS IT

DAD: *(looking into trunk)* Do you think so, son?

HAROLD: *(pulling objects out)* We've got ... a lucky horse-shoe ... a four leafed-clover ... a rabbit's foot ... AND *(counting)* one, two, three, four ... ELEVEN secret herbs and spices! Hey Dad, I've got a great idea for a business.

SID GOES TO TRUNK AND ALSO BEGINS RUMMAGING

DAD: Mmmm ... Let me think.

HAROLD: That's it Dad, you can do it!

DAD: Mmmm ... I've got it! "Sindbad & Son: Chook Mongers Supreme". You know, young Harold I think you're right - Something always does turn up.

NEPTUNE: And everyone get what they want - That's life.

ALL: *(getting ready to sing)* On the wonderful wheel of fortune.

PIRATES: Just a minute, just a minute - what about us?

SID: Easy, girls, I've got an idea. *(pulling Aladdin's Lamp out of trunk and addressing Harold)* Hey, kid - you don't need this rusty old lamp, do you?

HAROLD: No - take it, Mr Grummett. It's the least we can do.

SID: *(to pirates)* Stick with me girls ...*(begins to rub lamp)* we're GOING places.

DAD: Speaking of 'going places', son - have you given any thought to how we're going to get home?

F.X.: SHIP'S HORN

ENTER SILLY SAILORS SINGING

SONG: SILLY SAILORS REPRISE

HAROLD: You see, Dad - I TOLD YA!

ALL: 'SOMETHING WILL TURN UP'.

ALL CHEER

ALL SING

**SONG: FINALE (Wonderful Wheel Reprise and
Seven Seas Reprise 5)**

BLACKOUT

END