

Pirates at the Barn: AUDITION SCRIPT 2

AMELIA
SAMUEL

MICHAEL:
AMELIA:

[as he goes] Yes, Aunt Amelia. I mean Mrs. Sizzle - Swizzle - Snizzle.

[to SAMUEL] Hmp! A pity you couldn't think of the groceries. But never give me a thought; just leave everything to me as usual. Here I am surrounded by pirates and cut-throats, working my fingers to the bone, day after day, week after week, year after—

SAMUEL:
AMELIA:

Amelia, my love, don't you see just what this means?

Of course I do. Some of the sailors who come here are pirates — and someone's got a bag of the Queen's sovereigns.

SAMUEL:
AMELIA:

My dear, the question is — who?

Well, if he's so clever, maybe this Captain Richards person can find out.

SAMUEL:
AMELIA:

Perhaps we can be just as clever. Perhaps we can find out first.

Oh?

SAMUEL:

Now think, my dear. If the thieves are whalers, tell me — who has just been down to Hobart Town, who could have stolen the gold and who is now back in port and could be spending it? In fact, whose ship is the only whaler in port right now?

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

Black Bill! *[KATHY, who is making a great show of washing, reacts to this disclosure.]*

Ssh! *[SAMUEL and AMELIA make sure they are not overheard, then continue.]*

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

But, Samuel —

We wondered where he got his money, didn't we?

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

I knew he'd been up to something. I said so. Black Bill a pirate! Well, I might have guessed.

We can't be sure, but I reckon it's more than maybe.

AMELIA:

I said the whole crew were a lot of cut-throats Samuel — then Black Bill must have the sovereigns!

SAMUEL:
AMELIA:

My dear, that's exactly what I've been thinking.

And I we could find them before this Captain Richards ...

SAMUEL:
AMELIA:

Quite. *[He suddenly looks at KATHY]* You don't think she can hear us? *[KATHY is evidently very intent on her work]*

AMELIA:

No. Anyway, she wouldn't understand. She's not exactly bright, is she? Now go on, Samuel, these sovereigns?

SAMUEL:

Ssh! Not so loud, my dear. Well when this Richards fellows comes tomorrow he won't think of searching us. We aren't whalers.

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

So if we can find the gold tonight

Why wait till tonight? There's no time like the present. Everybody is busy

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

Nobody will notice us

No one to ask questions. So —

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

So? Where do we start looking?

Well, we may be sure if Black Bill has the gold he'll keep it somewhere near him. Now, it's too heavy for him to carry round, so where ...?

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

That little black chest in his bedroom

Ah.

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

He keeps it under his bunk.

That sounds likely. Then that's where we must start looking.

AMELIA:
SAMUEL:

But what about Black Bill?

He's still down at the ship. We'll just have time. *[He looks at KATHY doubtfully.]* Are you sure she's not listening? *[KATHY ostentatiously hums to herself to signify she isn't.]*

AMELIA:

[impatiently] Oh, what does it matter if she is? What use has she for a bag of sovereigns? Come on Samuel, let us hurry. I can't wait to get my hands on all that lovely gold. *[They start towards the cottage.]*

SAMUEL:

I'll probably have to break the lock, I used to be good at that, if you remember. And, of course, we can always blame someone else. *[He points to KATHY and chuckles]*

AMELIA:

[chuckling] Of course ... This will be one back on the bad tempered Black Beard *[They go off into the cottage sniggering to themselves. As soon as they are out of sight. KATHY stops to look after them wide-eyed. AMELIA's head suddenly appears again]*
Kathy!