

AN ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN WASABUS: REMASTED

By Justin Alejandro Gonzales

Cast of Characters (in order of appearance):

1 male, 0 females, 13+ either

Captain Wasabus [m] Captain of the Old Sport. A space pirate with an unmatched love for booty and an unwavering commitment to the romanticism of piracy. Nothing gets him down for long.

Jangles [m/f] An earnest skeleton loyal to Captain Wasabus, despite their relatively recent appointment as first mate.

Snailio [m/f] The beloved pet snail of DeChaccus. Played by a puppeteer.

Captain DeChaccus [m/f] Captain of the Caq'Tanq. A rival to Wasabus; unlike their counterpart, they take their profession seriously. Too seriously. They resent that Wasabus has gotten as far as he has with his unrefined bumbling.

Ignant [m/f] A small rock who says everything on their mind as soon as the thoughts arrive. Speaks quickly. They are capable of communicating to Captain Wasabus (and Wasabus only) through the mysterious power of telepathy.

Asteroids [m/f] Four ornery objects who love yelling at bad drivers.

Ermer [m/f] A deck hand on DeChaccus's crew. Spends too much time online but isn't overtly nerdy. Competent but only trusted with menial tasks.

Umma [m/f] A deck hand on DeChaccus's crew. Partly inherits his boss's attitude and demeanor. Trusted to keep Ermer accountable.

Pirates [m/f] At least two other members of DeChaccus's crew.

Dangles [m/f] Jangles's cousin and professional bus driver. Always ready to help out family.

Time:

The far future; the Golden Age of Space Piracy.

Setting:

(Scenes 1) Aboard the Old Sport

(Scene 2) Aboard the Caq'Tanq

Notes:

In the script, characters that could be either gender have been assigned a gender for the sake of readability. Please change pronouns according to the casting of your production.

The script contains some crude humor and light swearing.

Despite the futuristic setting, the production should be comically low-budget and DIY.

*Translation: "Heartbeat . . . Captain . . . Do you feel it too?"

*For Brando:
Friend and Brother.*

Scene 1 – Aboard the Old Sport

(At rise: the top deck of the Old Sport, a small space pirate ship that is clearly a hobbled-together improvisation. The “bridge” is a pair of rolling swivel chairs in front of a fold-out table, upon which sits a junky laptop connected to an excessively long extension cord and a cheap flight stick. The “captain’s quarters” is a patchy tent furnished with a sleeping bag and several mis-matched containers. The “mast” is a stack of boxes with JANGLES standing on top of it. She is a skeleton with a black cape that, when held behind her head, makes her kinda-sorta resemble the Jolly Roger. In fact, JANGLES is on Jolly Roger duty right now. CAPTAIN WASABUS enters with a chest of booty, armed with a saber and pistol, He is the most over-the-top caricature of a pirate that the performer can muster.)

WASABUS

Yarr, down the mast and at attention, First Mate Jangles! Yer captain has undeparted from his daring adventure!

JANGLES

Aye, aye, captain!

(JANGLES jumps down from the “mast.”)

JANGLES

Gee-whiz, that was a quick excursion. Guess those guys were easy pickings after all, huh?

WASABUS

Like a fish tied to the barrel of me pistol! Yarr, easy pickings indeedy . . . for someone else . . .

(WASABUS sets down the booty and moves around the ship as he recounts a spooky tale.)

WASABUS

It was something suspiciously similar to the spuriously spun spectral stories of old. A space galleon with a full crew . . . but every individual one of them . . . was devoid of vital signs! Yarr, someone or some thingy got to ‘em first. It was dreadfully quiet . . .

JANGLES

Too quiet?

WASABUS

. . . three quiet . . . surely, there be no way to tell how long this vessel has drifted through the starry sea. But yet, just where I knew the booty would be was the booty, being. So I grabbed that booty and bounced, ha-ha!

JANGLES

Yeah! Well, what do you think happened?

WASABUS

Who cares, lass? This booty's landed right in our laps! And do there be any better place for booty to be?

(caressing the booty)

Ah, booty! Yarr, truly there be no better way to be putting down the sea dogs after a long day of looting from the defenseless masses! Respectfully, of course. Row me boat, is there anything more I need in me life than booty? Everything about booty swashes me buckles; the sight of it, the smell of it, the taste of it . . . yarr, the feeling of two grand handfuls of booty is what I live for! Oh, booty, how do I love ye? Let me be counting the ways . . .

(formulating the ways in his head)

One . . . two . . . three . . . well, methinks that one is more of a technicality . . .

(back to the booty)

Alright, that be plenty of sweet nothings. It be time for those sweet, sweet somethings!

(WASABUS and JANGLES crowd around the chest as they open it together. They dig through its contents. Suddenly, WASABUS touches something inside that stops him.)

WASABUS

By Oilbeard's ghost, what in the Milky Way's lanky arm is that? Do that be your hand, Jangles?

(JANGLES takes her hands out of the chest and shows them off. WASABUS still feels the thing.)

WASABUS

Yarr, call me a catfish, because curiosity be filleting me now! It be like a riddle: what be writhing and viscous, but also valuable enough to put in yer booty?

(They ponder this question in silence for a bit.)

JANGLES

. . . oh! Maybe it's the still-watchful eye of an eldritch horror beyond our reconning? Or something?

WASABUS

That would explain the mutilated corpses strewn haphazardly around the galleon next door. But they're usually bigger . . .

(They both look at each other before WASABUS lifts the mysterious object out of the chest. On his hand is SNAILO, played by a hand puppeteer. The puppeteer should not be hidden, and should complement their puppet with their own facial expressions, gestures, and perhaps even indistinct vocalizations. The puppeteer should not be acknowledged by the other characters. Anyway, WASABUS looks at SNAILO, paralyzed for a moment. There is nothing that WASABUS dreads more than snails. WASABUS flings SNAILO to the other side of the ship.)

WASABUS

Fish sticks with a "d!" I be agog! I be aghast! May woe be upon ye, and avast!

JANGLES

Oh, a snail. Are you allergic?

WASABUS

Jangles, that muck-bodied horror has got to go!

(to SNAILO)

Foul beast, I banish ye from me ship. May Davy Jones take ye, and stuff ye in his locker like the Palaeozoic poindexter ye are! Ah, me poor ship. Yarr, a vessel so beautiful as the Old Sport has not earned such taint upon her deck! Curse ye! Curse ye!

JANGLES

You must be *really* allergic.

WASABUS

If by allergic ye mean cripplingly and irrationally afraid, then aye. Deathly allergic!

(JANGLES steps forward and addresses SNAILO.)

JANGLES

Alright, you . . . smelly . . . slug! Get off of this ship, or else!

WASABUS

Way to say it from yer sternum, lass.

(to SNAILO)

Good riddance ye legless helmet-having scum rat!

(SNAILO disobeys the command and begins to creep towards WASABUS.)

WASABUS

Piss on me eyes, Jangles! It's coming right towards us!

JANGLES

Shall we take arms, captain?

WASABUS

And make me precious saber unclean by touching that slime-slicked slag-lick? There be no odds of that!

JANGLES

Right. How about I crush it instead?

WASABUS

Brilliant, Jangles! A salty stomper to the skullcap should finish this!

JANGLES

Aye, aye, captain! This gastropod is about to be a *pastropod*!

(JANGLES tries stomping SNAILIO, but to no effect.
JANGLES then attempts to kick SNAILIO, which results
in her toe being broken with a devastating crunch.
JANGLES cries in cartoonish pain.)

WASABUS

From the deep! That skullduggeranious leech be impervious to the might of even First Mate Jangles! What be worse, it be totally immune to me commanding presence and arresting charm! Yarr, there be only one thing for it . . .

JANGLES & WASABUS

(simultaneously)

[J] We can call a parley to reason with it!

[W] Start the self-destruct sequence and prepare to—

WASABUS

Yarr, did ye say parley?

JANGLES

Yes, captain. Chapter two, article seven! I was studying last night.

WASABUS

By Jupiter, I think ye've got it! Go on, then: legalize that thing a new orifice!

JANGLES

Aye, aye, captain! I've got this. Ahem.

(to SNAILIO)

By the power invested in me by the Space Pirate Code, I hereby declare mutual negotiation; parley be upon you!

(beat)

Now, we are prepared to offer no more than 100 space doubloons for your peaceful surrender, which includes – but is not limited to – a 1,000-word apology letter in MLA format, no less than 30 minutes of groveling at the captain’s feet, and 200 space doubloons to compensate for our pain and suffering. In addition—

(SNAILIO is unphased.)

WASABUS

Ye dirty soil-sucker, ye’re ignoring us at yer own peril! I know ye can hear us with those creepy antennas; they be converting sound waves into electrolytes as I speak! I know, I looked it up!

JANGLES

By refusing to comply with the parley, you make a travesty of the Space Pirate Code and waive your rights to fair trial, honorable death, and discounted parking at participating ports. Are you refusing to comply?

(SNAILIO is becoming dangerously close. WASABUS and JANGLES are cornered.)

JANGLES

Sir, do you refuse to comply? Do you refuse to comply?!

WASABUS

Yarr, how dare ye deny the parley of Captain Wasabus, fourth-most feared space pirate in the galaxy according to ScurvyOrange.com! Back! Back I say!

(SNAILIO is nearly on top of them now.)

WASABUS

Yarr, the bilge be spilt now! Brace for impact!

(WASABUS and JANGLES prepare to meet their doom, but just before SNAILIO touches them, he stops. Offstage, DECHACCUS’s ship, the Caq’Tanq, is heard warping in. DECHACCUS enters, laughing, armed with a saber and a pistol.)

DECHACCUS

I see that you have met my dear Snailio.

(to SNAILIO)

Come!

(SNAILIO quickly crawls onto DECHACCUS' shoulder.)

WASABUS
(aside, to JANGLES)

Ha-ha! "Come."

JANGLES
(aside, to WASABUS)

Ha! Why is that funny?

DECHACCUS
Wasabus. I have so been looking forward to knocking you down a peg. I counted on you still having that mollusk phobia from all those years ago. I suppose we can rule out exposure therapy as a solution.

WASABUS
. . . What? Sorry, it be harder than a drunkard's kidney to focus on what yer saying with that sun in me eye. Jangles, did ye hear any of his blabbering?

JANGLES
I don't have ears, captain.

WASABUS
Shame. Could ye say all of that trite again? I'll listen this time, swear on me lunch.

DECHACCUS
Fool.

(DECHACCUS quickly draws close to WASABUS and attacks with his saber. WASABUS defends himself playfully until DECHACCUS holds SNAILIO before him, causing WASABUS to recoil. DECHACCUS puts the point of his saber to WASABUS' throat.)

DECHACCUS
Can you hear me now?

(JANGLES moves to attack DECHACCUS but is stopped when he shoots a glare her way.)

DECHACCUS
Good. Listen well. I'm not here to play your game. You're here to play mine, Wasabus. You're toe-to-toe with a *real* space pirate; I've put holes in men twice your size just to watch them bleed.

(beat)

Don't you know who I am? Captain of the Caq'Tanq, "The Dread Curator", "The Lacerater of Qualaxar!" A.S.7872, twelfth bunk . . . ringing a bell?

WASABUS

Oh, I know ye. It's about time ye crossed me path . . . DeCockass!

DECHACCUS

DeChaccus! It's pronounced "de-shock-us!" It's French!

WASABUS

(to JANGLES)

Yarr, French for what?

(WASABUS and JANGLES share a chuckle. DECHACCUS kicks WASABUS towards the "captain's quarters" and they begin another bout. WASABUS uses props from the tent to defend and fight back, but is ultimately thwarted again by SNAILIO. DECHACCUS pins him down with his foot and aims his saber at him. JANGLES finds the nerve to come to WASABUS's defense but DECHACCUS fends her off with little effort.)

DECHACCUS

I will reiterate for you, you pathetic clown of a man: you face a *real* space pirate. One who does not galivant and pussyfoot around his enemy spinning all sorts of nonsense. One who does not treat his life as a farce, stumbling from one encounter to the next with not a mote of aplomb or grace. *I* am one who kills without question and takes without heed.

(DECHACCUS steps away, confident that he will not suffer a counterattack. JANGLES helps WASABUS to his feet.)

DECHACCUS

The only reason you draw breath is because I want you to be alive to suffer the ridicule of all the riffraff out there whom you've fooled into believing that you deserve to be taken seriously.

(DECHACCUS holds SNAILIO.)

DECHACCUS

Do you believe that you just happened to find an unmanned galleon carrying a chest of treasure conveniently lying in wait on your favorite route through the sector? I set you up, you predictable idiot. After slaughtering that crew, I thought it would make a perfect set piece. And waiting inside for you to take the bait was my Snailio, equipped with not only an impervious superhardium shell, but the latest in optical recorder technology. That's

right; your sorry episode just now was filmed for all the galaxy to see in high definition. When they see how the “Great Captain Wasabus” was by brought to his knees by such an innocuous creature, they’ll see you for what you really are: a joke.

(DECHACCUS approaches the treasure chest.)

It is men like me who deserve to be feared. If you want to play pretend, go join the children in the sandbox where you belong. As for this . . .

(DECHACCUS picks up the chest.)

It’s mine now. Goodbye.

(Satisfied, DECHACCUS begins to walk away.)

WASABUS

Yarr, ye dastard!

DECHACCUS

Oh, don’t you just look so sad. I shouldn’t leave you with nothing. Hm . . . ah, how about this?

(DECHACCUS digs a small rock from out of his boot and tosses it to WASABUS.)

DECHACCUS

That stone has been annoying me all day. You can keep it as a memento of the day I ended your career.

(As DECHACCUS exits with SNAILO, JANGLES calls out in defiance.)

JANGLES

You should know that Captain Wasabus is the fourth-most feared space pirate in the galaxy according to ScurvyOrange.com! So you can take your sandbox, expose its contents to extreme heat and pressure, and shove that lovely diamond right up your port hole, you shore-shagger!

WASABUS

Yarr, thank ye, lass.

(to the Caq’Tanq)

Ye should have killed me when ye had the chance, ye cavernous cranium-having bogan!

(The Caq’Tanq warps away.)

WASABUS

They won't be getting away with our booty tonight Jangles, ye can bet yer best rib on that one. Let the midnight oil burn!

JANGLES

We'll learn them not to tarnish our space pirate honor!

WASABUS

Nay, First Mate Jangles, I couldn't give a flippity-flopping barracuda about "honor." This is about me booty. Honor can't buy ye ale, but booty? Booty is the root of all ale. And rum. And grog! Let DeCockass spit his drivell. He'll choke on it soon enough! To the bridge!

(WASABUS and JANGLES move to the "bridge.")

JANGLES

Let's get 'em, captain!

WASABUS

Yarr, I be pleased with yer bloodthirstiness, lass! Ye've got real malt in yer marrow, but she isn't called the "New-and-Improved-Work-Properly-When-You-Need-Her-To Sport." Nay, this fair vessel be the Old Sport; ye've got to make dandy-sure that her ticker's still ticking!

JANGLES

Sorry captain, I crave violence. Running diagnostics!

(JANGLES taps away at the laptop while WASABUS swivels around the deck taking note of various objects and devices.)

WASABUS

Engine core?

JANGLES

Check!

WASABUS

Forward thrusters?

JANGLES

Check!

WASABUS

Rear— He-he . . . rear thrusters?

	JANGLES
Check!	
	WASABUS
Gravimetric warp drive?	
	JANGLES
Check!	
	WASABUS
Cryodesiccated multi-stage coolant system?	
	JANGLES
Erm . . . we're getting an error on that one, captain!	
	(WASABUS lifts his chair and slams it on the deck matter-of-factly.)
	WASABUS
Yarr, how about now?	
	JANGLES
. . . Check!	
	WASABUS
Engine core?	
	JANGLES
Yep, still good!	
	WASABUS
Hydroconvergent Double-arcing Mechanical Delineator?	
	JANGLES
Check!	
	WASABUS
Polyphonographic Energized Neutralizing Coprolitic Intergalactic Laser?	
	JANGLES
Sharpness coefficient at twenty percent!	
	WASABUS
Space lights?	

JANGLES
Check!

WASABUS
Space shield?

JANGLES
Check!

WASABUS
Space heater?

JANGLES
Check, check, and check!

WASABUS
Yo ho-ho, we're good to go! I'll pilot. Ye take navigation, First Mate Jangles, and bring me the horizon!

JANGLES
Aye, aye, captain!

(beat)
Captain, how do we know where we're going?

WASABUS
Yarr, excellent question, First Mate Jangles!

(WASABUS looks out into space to find the Caq'tanq, but is unable.)

WASABUS
Blow me down and back again! They be nowhere in sight.

JANGLES
What do we do?

WASABUS
Hmm . . . if *I* were a space pirate ship in the infinite expanse of the dark, cold clutches of the cosmic abyss, where would I be?

(WASABUS and JANGLES settle into poses of deep thinkitude. As WASABUS's head gradually empties of thought, the voice of IGNANT (the rock from DECHACCUS's boot) grows louder and louder. Only WASABUS can hear IGNANT, through telepathy.)

IGNANT's stream of consciousness continues
unceasingly.)

IGNANT

. . . floor floor floor floor floor deck deck deck deck floor floor floor ground ground
ground ground floor floor floor floor floor . . .

(WASABUS notices the voice and looks for IGNANT on
the deck.)

IGNANT

. . . floor floor floor floor floor steps? Steps? steps steps walk walk walk boot boot boot
man man man man man . . .

(WASABUS keeps looking. JANGLES notices.)

IGNANT

. . . search? Search? Search? Search search search search cold cold cold cold cold warm
warm warm warm cold cold cold warm warm warm warm hot hot hot hot hot! Hot! Hot!
Hot! Blaaazing! . . .

(WASABUS picks up IGNANT and examines her closely.)

IGNANT

. . . hand hand hand eye eye eye eye eye close close Fear! Fear! Fear! Fear!

WASABUS

Ahoy!

(IGNANT's stream of consciousness pauses momentarily
before resuming.)

IGNANT

Greet? Greet? Greet? Greet greet greet ahoy ahoy ahoy ahoy ahoy . . .

JANGLES

Captain? What are you doing?

WASABUS

Give me but a modicum, First Mate Jangles! I be in the middle of an interview.

(to IGNANT)

Ho there, boot rock! What be yer name?

IGNANT

. . . ahoy ahoy ahoy name? name? name? name? wait wait wait wait wait you you you
you can can hear hear me? You can hear me?

WASABUS

Clear as mud!

IGNANT

Oh my word I cannot believe this this is so so so so incredible who would have guessed that little old me of all the rocks in the great wide wide wide wide wide universe would be found and stuffed in a boot and then taken out of the boot and then thrown onto the ground and then be discovered by someone who could hear me I do not know what to say I am at a loss for words let us see what have I been burning to say let us see um um um um uh uh uh uh um um um . . .

JANGLES

Are you talking to the rock?

WASABUS

Yarr, there do be talking. Ye see, lass, rock whispering be me special fun fact!

JANGLES

Wow, rock whispering? So cool! What's it saying?

IGNANT

. . . but why have five toes on two feet I would think that having ten toes on one foot would be much much much much more efficient you know as in take up less space plus you would only need one sock and one shoe save on cash and now that I think about it why do you need a sock if you already have a shoe on are they really really really really really that important I mean not that I would know you know because . . .

WASABUS

It wants to know about feet.

JANGLES

Woah. Hey, how'd you learn to do that, Captain?

WASABUS

Me dear sweat mother, Candice Wasabus, used to keep the still-watchful eye of an eldritch horror beyond our reconning in our attic. She told me: "Archibald, don't ye look at that thing for too long, or ye'll mess up yer brain." But I think I turned out alright.

JANGLES

Sick . . .

WASABUS

Anyway . . .

(to IGNANT)

Boot rock, we'll tell ye all about feet later, but right now I be needing yer name.

IGNANT

Oh great I cannot wait my name is Ignant I-G-N-A-N-T nice to meet you what is your name scary pirate man?

WASABUS

I be Captain Archibald Jakonmee Wasabus of the Old Sport. And that be me first mate, Jangles.

IGNANT

Wow a skeleton skeletons are cool they are made of calcium which is kind of like a rock but instead of minerals it is milk I think that is true it is hard to say as I do not have a skeleton or muscles or organs or—

WASABUS

Well met, Ignant! Now, what do ye know about where that scallywag DeCockass has gone to?

IGNANT

Oh yes the other scary pirate man I think I overheard him talking to a snail which is really strange but no stranger than talking to a rock am I right sorry rock humor anyway while he was speaking he said his plan was to go to the Nexus Plexus and—

WASABUS

Walk me down the plank! Of course!

JANGLES

Where are we headed, Captain?

(WASABUS puts IGNANT in his boot.)

WASABUS

Set a course for planet Hotolconia! We're going to the Nexus Plexus!

JANGLES

The what?

WASABUS

The Nexus Plexus. It be what they call a “natural phenomenon.” Once every tenth of a half-century, high in the orbit of Hotolconia, the darkness of space gives way to a bunch of wacky colors.

JANGLES

Ooo! Delightful!

WASABUS

Aye, it'll rock yer sockets off! But I know DeCockass not be there for the sightseeing; he's not got the whimsy for that. Nay, for one week only, the Nexus Plexus also be boasting the fastest upload speeds in the seven systems!

JANGLES

He's going to post that video!

WASABUS

We've got to strike the duck while the iron be sitting! If we don't catch him now, DeCockass will get away with me booty, and then . . . Yarr, down with the thought!

(JANGLES inputs something into the laptop.)

JANGLES

Course set for Hotolconia! North of due east of due up, Gemini-relative, 5.138.008!

WASABUS

Excellent, Jangles! We're going to feed this sector our dust. Brace for the jump!

(WASABUS takes hold of the flight stick and presses it forward. The Old Sport lurches on in a sudden burst of speed before evening out into a steady but rickety cruise.)

JANGLES

Steady on for seventy bigspans, Captain.

WASABUS

Looks like we're in for an easy trip, lass.

JANGLES

Aye, Captain.

(There is a long pause.)

WASABUS

What be our distance now, First Mate Jangles?

JANGLES

. . . Sixty-nine bigspans, Captain.

WASABUS

Nice.

(There is another long pause.)

JANGLES

I hope I'm not prying, captain, but . . . do you know DeChaccus? Personally?

WASABUS

Yarr, don't be getting yer pelvis in pretzel over that, Jangles. I be an open book! I once took a piss on me own house, and ye can put that on me headstone!

(beat)

As far as DeCockass be concerned, aye. We knew each other back in me BYM days.

JANGLES

You were in the BYM?

WASABUS

That I was, a non-zero number of years ago. There be shame in it, but I was a landlubber once. DeCockass and I both toiled under the banner of the Procrastii Nation. He was in me bunkhouse, so we worked together on the odd occasion.

JANGLES

Fascinating. What did you do?

WASABUS

Yarr . . . I should have been out there with the rest of the pukes, but they kept me locked up in the . . .

(remembering painfully)

. . . the office. Doing . . .

(repressing nauseousness)

. . . spreadsheets! All bloody day! It was absolute monkey's chaff, it was! I got the same training as everyone else, and I was a right banger at it too. So was DeCockass; the difference being that I could shut my clap trap about for two seconds. But I suppose he *was* an ace at almost everything they threw at him. Almost; never trust that lummoX with a stove. Sometimes I can still taste that burned water . . .

JANGLES

So, when did you become space pirates?

WASABUS

It turned out that 'ol DeCockass was a spy for Phallicrom-4 the whole time. Ye see, he was secretly a Phallicromian sympathizer. He called himself "Phallicrom-4's Kin." He hijacked a BYM freighter and has been a space pirate ever since. All the straight-laced flapjacks were shocked he was a fly in the soup, but I could believe it.

JANGLES

DeChaccus is a turncoat!

WASABUS

Aye, a betrayer of the BYM and his compatriots. That, I could not respect. But the gumption . . . yarr, the gumption had merit. I was inspired to become a space pirate in kind, but I did it the honorable way; I stole my freighter on a weekend!

JANGLES

An incredible yarn, captain! I could only dream of being so bold.

(The laptop flashes with an alert. JANGLES examines it.)

JANGLES

Captain, our obstruction sensors are detecting a wide cluster of large objects, dead-ahead!

(WASABUS takes hold of the flight stick and prepares to make evasive maneuvers.)

WASABUS

Dead ahead? Not today, we're not! Which way, First Mate Jangles?

JANGLES

It looks like an undocumented asteroid field. It's huge; we're too close to go around it safely at this speed. We have to go through!

WASABUS

Ha-ha! That's what I like to hear!

(The Old Sport enters the asteroid field, and maneuvers the best it can with its unwieldy movement. Debris can be heard striking the hull.)

WASABUS

Yarr, these pesky pumice pustules be getting too fresh for me. I'll show them not to violate me personal space. Engaging ballistics!

(WASABUS fires the Old Sport's guns, but it has no effect.)

JANGLES

We didn't penetrate their armor!

WASABUS

What? These be the finest shells our budget can muster!

JANGLES

Scans indicate that these are superhardium asteroids, captain.

WASABUS

Briney blunderbuss! This stuff is a real pain, lass!

JANGLES

Tell me about it! Hey, maybe you can whisper to these rocks, too!

WASABUS

Yarr, it's a grapeshot, but one worth taking.

(to the ASTEROIDS)

Make way, meteors! We've got important dealings to do!

ASTEROIDS

(over one another)

[1] Myeaaaah, up yours!

[2] Wrong way, dumbass!

[3] I'm floatin' here!

[4] Keelhaul yourself!

JANGLES

So?

WASABUS

We'll call it a miss.

(There is the sound of a devastating hull strike. JANGLES examines the readings on the screen. WASABUS tries in vain to steer the Old Sport.)

WASABUS

Why isn't this working, First Mate Jangles? The old girl be more stubborn than usual.

JANGLES

All core systems are in critical condition. If we continue like this, we're toast!

WASABUS

Dead men set no sails, lass, and I've still got booty to plunder. Hold on to yer humerus, I'm hitting the emergency brake!

(WASABUS executes a convoluted series of inputs on the flight stick and the Old Sport comes to an immediate halt, throwing WASABUS and JANGLES to the ground. There is a short pause as they lie motionless.)

JANGLES

That wasn't good for my toe.

WASABUS

At least the brakes still be in pristine condition.

JANGLES

What now, captain?

(There is another short pause, both still lying on the floor.)

WASABUS

(to the laptop)

Computer, where be we?

(Silence)

WASABUS

Computer, I asked ye a question.

JANGLES

I don't think we opted in for voice control, captain.

WASABUS

Hmm. Unfortunate.

(There is a longer pause before WASABUS rises to his feet and shuffles over to the laptop. He consults it for their location. JANGLES speaks from the ground.)

JANGLES

Is the GPS still operational?

WASABUS

Aye. It says we be smack-dab in the center of the "Incomprehensipation Zone."

(At this, JANGLES sits up.)

JANGLES

I'm not sure I heard you right. Could you spell that, to be sure?

WASABUS

. . . lass are ye serious?

(JANGLES rises to her feet and joins WASABUS at the laptop.)

JANGLES

Well, captain, it's just that if you said what I think you said . . .

(JANGLES reads the information.)

JANGLES

We're saved! It seems Lady Luck has changed her mind tonight! My cousin Dangles lives in the Incomprehensipation Zone. They also happen to be a bus driver. I'll make a call to have them pick us up, captain.

WASABUS

Excellent, lass! Fortune always fights for the winning team.

(JANGLES calls her cousin.)

JANGLES

(on the phone)

Dangles, how are you? . . . Yeah, it's been a minute . . . The space pirating is going well, thank you for asking. How's the bus driving? You're still doing that right? . . . Double-decker? Hey, not bad . . . Cool. Um, are you free right now? . . . Well, I happen to be in the area, and . . . Kind of. I was hoping you could give me and my captain a ride. Our ship is out of commission at the moment . . . Great! I'll send you the coordinates . . . Thanks, Dangles, see you soon . . . okay, buh-bye.

(to WASABUS)

One double-decker space bus coming right up!

WASABUS

A fine job, lass!

(to himself)

Hmm. What's a bus?

(Lights down.)

Scene 2 – Aboard the Caq'Tanq

(At rise: The top deck of the Caq'Tanq. The vessel is modern and well-kept. It floats stationary in the midst of the Nexus Plexus; the planet Hotolconia can be seen behind the dazzling lights. On the deck, a console and antenna have been set up for uploading. Two members of DECHACCUS's crew, ERMER and UMMA, are working to set up it up. They are armed. The treasure chest also rests on the deck.)

ERMER

. . . Anyway, then there's this big time-skip, a space ogre and mutant hedgehog end up in a passionate forbidden romance . . . Let's see, oh yeah and—

UMMA

Wait, pause. You're just going to breeze past that, like it's nothing?

ERMER

Oh, sure, I can go into detail if you want—

UMMA

No, I don't want the details! Don't you have anything better to do than read weirdo smut online?

ERMER

I swear it's just that one part, the rest of it is peak fiction! It's quite subversive, actually.

UMMA

Ugh, you have been too far from fresh air for far too long.

ERMER

I go outside. I'm outside right now! Look at this.

(gesturing to the Nexus Plexus)

Beautiful. I mean, this is enough natural splendor for at least two, three months.

(ERMER is distracted by the lights. A bus honking is heard somewhere off. UMMA notices and goes on alert.)

UMMA

What was that? Did you hear that? Ermer!

ERMER

What?

UMMA

Didn't you hear that noise?

ERMER

It was probably just a tourist or something.

(looking)

See, it's just a bus.

(ERMER waves at the bus.)

UMMA

Ah. Guess I'm just paranoid, what with the plunder sitting out in the open. We really ought to invest in better storage.

ERMER

Don't worry, the captain knows what he's doing. There's no way that Wasabus guy can catch up to us.

UMMA

That "guy" is a relentless lunatic. We can't be too careful.

(The setup of the console is complete.)

UMMA

Alright, we're ready for business. Let's do this and get out of here.

ERMER

Just gotta wait for the captain to finish editing.

(beat)

Do you think he'd mind if I uploaded some stuff to our CrewTube channel? I've been sitting on a backlog for a while.

UMMA

We have a CrewTube channel?

(WASABUS and JANGLES sneakily enter, clambering over the side of the Caq'Tanq.)

ERMER

Yeah, I started it about a month ago! It's a sorta lifestyle, vlog-style thing.

UMMA

So that's why you've been accosting us in the galley.

ERMER

Interview content is best when it's candid. Here, check out what I've got so far.

(ERMER shows UMMA the channel on his phone.
WASABUS and JANGLES use this to whisper to each other.)

WASABUS

Roll me like Northumbria, First Mate Jangles! This shoddy ship be too vast to search it all.

JANGLES

Don't worry, captain. I know we can do it! I think it may be closer than we realize. I can feel it, in my . . .

(to the audience)

. . . brain.

(JANGLES scans the deck and spots the treasure.)

JANGLES

Booty, ho!

WASABUS

Yarr, put me in the bed with the captain's daughter! That sorry sot be making this too easy!

JANGLES

Maybe it's . . . three easy?

WASABUS

Troubled by boobie-traps, eh? Spoken from yer wisdom teeth, lass. We'll just have to make DeCockass open it instead, ha-ha!

JANGLES

What about those guys? How do we get past them?

WASABUS

Those limp-leaf milkweeds? Just look at them, First Mate Jangles: no girth, no mass! Put them both on a scale, ye'd get a negative number. Yarr, ye could take ten of those iron-deficient dandelions with a feather duster. But just so we be sure, take me gun.

(WASABUS hands JANGLES his gun.)

JANGLES

It's blasting time?!

WASABUS

Leprous Leviathan, no! I wouldn't hand ye a loaded pistol if it meant the downfall of the IRS. Nay, I forgot me bullets on the Old Sport; on me signal, we give them the ol' schmammer to the noggin.

(WASABUS leads JANGLES in creeping up behind ERMER and UMMA. JANGLES raises the gun in tandem with WASABUS raising the pommel of his saber in the air in preparation to strike. WASABUS mouths: "three, two, one . . ." Just before they strike, JANGLES's phone rings, blaring the first few seconds of Owl City's "Fireflies." JANGLES answers as they rush back to cover.)

JANGLES

Yel-low?

UMMA

You may want to edit that out.

ERMER

That wasn't me, Umma . . .

(ERMER and UMMA both draw their weapons and turn around, quickly finding WASABUS and JANGLES who emerge to face them. The call continues.)

JANGLES

. . . Uh-huh . . . Yeah, tell me about it . . . Oh, good.

(to WASABUS)

Dangles found a spot to park the bus: Lot J, Row 98.

(into phone)

Thanks, Dangles! . . . Okay, buh-bye.

(JANGLES hangs up. WASABUS waves to ERMER.)

WASABUS

Ahoy, ye prissy twinkle-toed civilians. Use any good crosswalks lately?

UMMA

(to ERMER)

Alert the crew!

(ERMER starts to scurry off, but WASABUS stops him.)

WASABUS

Yarr, don't load yer loin-linings, now. We just want to grab me booty, and be on our holly jolly way. Right, First Mate Jangles?

JANGLES

Aye, aye! So keep it in your colons!

WASABUS

Besides, this would look great on yer vlog.

(ERMER steps back and starts recording with his phone.
UMMA is taken aback by the command WASABUS seems to have.)

UMMA

Ermer!

ERMER

The man's right! A video of you beating Wasabus would do numbers!

UMMA

Of *us* beating Wasabus, you mean!

(to WASABUS)

Come on! I'm not afraid of you, you maniac!

(WASABUS makes a sudden movement, which makes
UMMA flinch.)

WASABUS

(to JANGLES)

Yarr, I'll take the bold one. Ye can handle the cameraman.

JANGLES

Huh? I don't know how to fight!

WASABUS

Yarr, but ye do, lass. Trust yer gut!

JANGLES

I don't have guts!

WASABUS

(serious, locking eyes with JANGLES)

Lass, ye've got more guts than either of those shambling shucks other there. I believe in ye.

JANGLES

(somewhat flustered)

Doki doki . . . Kyaputen . . . anata mo sore o kanjimasu ka . . . ?*

WASABUS

Aye, First Mate Jangles.

(to ERMER and UMMA)

Alrighty, swabs. Let's boogie-woogie-woogie!

(WASABUS fights UMMA with an unserious attitude, messing with her and dancing around. Simultaneously, JANGLES engages ERMER. WASABUS and JANGLES win their respective matchups. ERMER's phone lands in JANGLES's hand, and she turns it towards herself to speak to the camera.)

JANGLES

Oh yeah! You can't hangles when Jangles bears the fangles, bringing paingles with a bangles, dawg!

WASABUS

Ahem—

JANGLES

She wrangles and tangles with gangles from all angles, baby! And that's the rub!

WASABUS

First Mate Jangles! Me gun, if ye will?

(JANGLES hands over the gun but continues speaking into the camera.)

JANGLES

When you're feeling down, just remember that there's a skeleton inside of all of us, gang! Peace! Call your mom!

WASABUS

Alrighty.

(WASABUS takes the phone, ends the recording, and tosses it aside. He and JANGLES approach the treasure and stand over it.)

WASABUS

The booty be ours. Good work, lass!

(WASABUS and JANGLES high-five. At the moment their hands meet, they freeze, and victorious music begins to play. The lights begin to fade down as if the play is ending. Things return to normal when DECHACCUS enters, speaking with multiple PIRATES.)

DECHACCUS

. . . and I've always said that editing is a kind of art form— Huh?!

(DECHACCUS and the PIRATES notice WASABUS and JANGLES.)

DECHACCUS

Ermer . . . Umma . . . you worthless idiots!

(to WASABUS)

Wasabus. What an unwelcome surprise. Though, I suppose I shouldn't be surprised at all that you would try in vain to stop me. I don't recall seeing your ship on my radar. Unless that bus *wasn't* carrying a flock of daytrippers . . . ? Ha-ha-ha! Ship trouble, hm? You know, I didn't think you could get more pathetic, what with your skeleton crew. But now you've come to face me without even a vessel to your name. If nothing else, your brazenness is worthy of applause.

(A PIRATE begins to slow-clap. DECHACCUS strikes them hard to quiet them.)

DECHACCUS

You've come to the end of the line. Consider your death wish granted, Wasabus.

(to the PIRATES)

Light him up!

(The pirates raise their guns to shoot WASABUS and JANGLES, but with quick thinking JANGLES gets behind WASABUS and assumes the Jolly Roger position. The PIRATES hesitate.)

JANGLES

Chapter four, article three: "No space pirate shall fire upon the image of the Jolly Roger!"

WASABUS

Outstanding application of ethos, lass!

(to DECHACCUS)

I be impressed that ye're posse of picaroons can read.

JANGLES

Now what, DeCroclips?

WASABUS

Ooo, “DeCroclips!” That be a good one.

JANGLES

I’ve been thinking about it.

WASABUS

(to DECHACCUS)

I know a croc’s lips can’t quaver, DeCockass, so why do ye look so upset?

(DECHACCUS is visibly frustrated.)

DECHACCUS

Tell me, Wasabus: was there something you hoped to gain at the end of your little field trip here?

WASABUS

Ye be a smart cookie, DeCockass. Won’t ye wager a guess?

(beat)

Come on, me booty!

JANGLES

(outburst)

Ha! “Come!” I get it now!

(DECHACCUS impulsively raises his gun to shoot JANGLES but is stopped by the Space Pirate Code. JANGLES waves her cape mockingly.)

WASABUS

Yarr, trigger happy, aren’t ye? Things just not going yer way? Pobrecito, wah, wah, wah! Maybe ye should’ve stayed in the BYM; at least then ye had some discipline.

(WASABUS draws his saber and takes a fighting stance.)

WASABUS

Let’s be settling this like mature tax-evading adults, DeCockass. With a Captain’s Duel!

(The PIRATES murmur. DECHACCUS settles them down.)

DECHACCUS

You seem unusually fond of the Space Pirate Code. I’m surprised; you never struck me as a stickler for the rules.

WASABUS

Aye, but how else am I supposed to get a drip like ye to do what I want?

DECHACCUS

Ah, now *that* seems more familiar. So you would propose a Captains' Duel? You and I? Hmph. As bold as it is preposterous. You haven't earned the right; chapter six, article five clearly states that a Duel must be between two combatants of equal measure. I've yet to see proof of your worthiness to face me.

JANGLES

Okay, number five.

DECHACCUS

ScurvyOrange.com is not and has never been credible! They are know-nothings; armchair pirates who have never set foot on a space galleon. It only makes sense that they love you oh-so much. You two fit right in! Now go. This is no place for children.

JANGLES

Oh, I'm getting rattled-up now, captain! You're not just going to take that!

(to DECHACCUS)

We're not going to take that!

DECHACCUS

Perchance you should take whatever out you can. If you fight me, you will fall. This is your last chance to call your bus driver and get out of my sight, before you get hurt.

WASABUS

Ye'd like that, wouldn't ye? Ye'd love to see us walk away with our tails between our legs. "Owo, Captain DeCockass is so scawy! Wet's go home and cwyl about it!" Let's get this straight. I respect ye, DeCockass; you're good.

(antagonizing)

But I'm better.

(DECHACCUS is incensed.)

DECHACCUS

Then prove it.

(calling offstage)

Snailio!

(DECHACCUS and the PIRATES make way for SNAILIO to lumber in. The puppeteer now wears a muscle suit with the puppet on his head. SNAILIO strikes several poses to intimidate WASABUS, who watches in horror with JANGLES.)

WASABUS

Shiver me timbers!

JANGLES

Abomination! Abomination!

DECHACCUS

Behold, my precious son. Defeat him, Wasabus, and you shall get your chance at me. I've made some slight improvements to his cybernetics, but I should think it simple for a hardened space pirate like you to put away a base creature such as this. Alas, I am beholden to formalities.

(to SNAILIO)

Snailio! Start recording. Your challenger awaits.

(SNAILIO turns to face WASABUS and takes a few steps towards him. This prompts WASABUS to cower and become paralyzed with fear. JANGLES goes to him.)

JANGLES

Captain! Are you alright?

WASABUS

Me greatest nightmare . . . I . . . can't . . .

DECHACCUS

(mocking)

What's that? You can't? You can't what?

(JANGLES turns to DECHACCUS and puts up her dukes.)

JANGLES

He can't believe that you would be such a coward, you . . . toothless, craven, weak-kneed codpiece!

(to SNAILIO)

And as for you: you won't lay a viscous finger on my captain, by my honor as First Mate of the Old Sport! You got away once, but this time, you die. Have at you!

(JANGLES engages in battle with SNAILIO. JANGLES manages to hold her own, struggling to hold SNAILIO back from reaching WASABUS. During the struggle, DECHACCUS monologues to WASABUS.)

DECHACCUS

I can only imagine the feeling. Of facing your mortality at the hand of such a beast. Surely you must be remembering that day. The day I came into our bunkhouse to deliver

that solemn news . . . that your father had been killed. Destroyed so tragically . . . by *escargot*! Yes, not a trace of him was left.

(looking at Hotolconia)

Only a headstone remains, with plenty of room besides for his fool son who shall suffer the same terrible fate. Ha-ha-ha!

(to SNAILIO)

Snailio!

(beat, with bloodlust)

Kill.

(SNAILIO's strength increases. JANGLES slowly loses ground as she becomes overpowered.)

JANGLES

Captain! I'm losing it!

(WASABUS closes his eyes, giving in to despair. However, the voice of IGNANT begins to fade in to his mind.)

IGNANT

. . . lies lies lies lies lies lies lies . . .

(WASABUS is pulled from his dissociative state and pulls IGNANT from his boot.)

WASABUS

What?

IGNANT

. . . lies lies lies lies its all lies what the bad man said about your dad my condolences by the way or should I say my stonedolences sorry bad time for rock humor anyway I heard him talk about that story to his pirate friends and what he said wasn't "escargot" no not at all no sirree Bob.

WASABUS

Huh? Not "escargot?"

IGNANT

Yep that's right what he actually meant was Es cargo as in cargo from the planet Es that had been accidentally loosed from a space freighter so you see it was all just a big misunderstanding but bad man let you believe your dad was killed by snails for a laugh his words not mine I'm sorry you had to learn this way your dad wasn't killed by escargot but Es cargo get it is this the kind of thing you laugh about later can we talk about feet now I really am very curio—

(WASABUS blocks out IGNANT's voice and clutches her in his hand.)

WASABUS

(to himself)

I not be irrationally afraid of snails . . . I be irrationally afraid of improper loading procedure! That be much more useful!

(WASABUS stands straight up, all cowardice having evaporated.)

WASABUS

DeCockass! Yer mother was dog, she was! And a right scurvy one, too.

(JANGLES is finally overpowered and is flung aside by SNAILIO, who trains his sights on WASABUS. As SNAILIO approaches, WASABUS pelts him with IGNANT, causing him to reel back. While disoriented, WASABUS lifts SNAILIO and chucks him overboard. WASABUS helps JANGLES to her feet.)

DECHACCUS

What the hell? How did you do that?!

WASABUS

Ye remember the annoying rock in yer boot? Her name be Ignant, and she be a better spy than ye ever were. I hope yer "escargot" joke was funny while it lasted, DeCockass!

DECHACCUS

No, impossible . . . My Snailio . . .

WASABUS

Yarr, he looked mighty tough. To think he'd be undone by a pebble. Really puts the "raw" in "ironic."

JANGLES

Should have drank more milk.

(DECHACCUS is very unhappy.)

DECHACCUS

That's enough.

(DECHACCUS dramatically removes his coat and steps forward to battle, saber drawn.)

DECHACCUS

I was wrong to make light of you. But now you shall bear the full brunt of my ire. I accept your challenge, and declare this Captains' Duel official.

(JANGLES and the PIRATES get hyped up for the match, but DECHACCUS is too angry to care. The crowd gathers around. WASABUS and DECHACCUS take opposite sides of the stage and prepare for battle. DECHACCUS hands his gun over to a PIRATE. JANGLES takes center stage as an officiator.)

JANGLES

I, Jangles de Renaruse V, hereby officially sanction this Captain's Duel. Sabers only, no items, and fought to the death. A violation of the Code is an automatic loss.

(to WASABUS)

Are you ready?

WASABUS

Aye!

JANGLES

(to DECHACCUS)

Are you ready?

DECHACCUS

Aye.

JANGLES

(with grandeur)

May the finest rascalion win. To arms!

WASABUS

Good luck, have fun!

DECHACCUS

Perish!

(WASABUS and DECHACCUS duel. Unlike DECHACCUS, WASABUS does not aim for lethal damage. Instead, he opts to humiliate DECHACCUS with slapstick attacks and tomfoolery. The battle ends when WASABUS throws his gun at DECHACCUS; he catches it and, in a desperate ploy to defeat WASABUS, points it at him and pulls the trigger. However, it clicks ineffectually. The deck falls silent with a gasp; he has broken the Space Pirate Code.)

WASABUS

Uh oh, party foul! Or, as they say in yer language: *faux pas*!

(DECHACCUS collapses in defeat. WASABUS approaches him.)

WASABUS

(darkly)

Ye've broken the Space Pirate Code, DeCockass. Ye heard the rules, didn't ye?

DECHACCUS

Do me a favor and kill me already.

(WASABUS raises his saber in the air as if to bring it down upon DECHACCUS, but he instead pretends to knight him.)

WASABUS

I be dubbing thee: Sir Cockass! Yo ho-ho! Now, open up me booty, knave. I want to be sure it not be boobie-trapped.

DECHACCUS

You can open it yourself once you've made me a corpse.

WASABUS

What's the sum total of times I've told ye? I not be here to kill ye. I just want me booty!

DECHACCUS

But I lie defeated at your feet. I am at your mercy! My life is forfeit to you; it is your right, no, your *duty* to take it!

WASABUS

Woah, now. Grasp yer gallopers there, weirdo. I not be into all of that domination stuff.

(DECHACCUS stands up.)

DECHACCUS

You spit in the face of the Space Pirate Code!

WASABUS

Aye! But I be supposing that only makes us square.

(DECHACCUS, realizing the truth of this, slumps back down to the ground.)

WASABUS

Now, me booty?

JANGLES
(to DECHACCUS)

You're lucky to be alive to do the honors, bozo. No bones about it.

DECHACCUS

"Lucky?" That's not the word I'd use.

(DECHACCUS stands up once again. He notices that the PIRATES are still there.)

DECHACCUS
(to the PIRATES)

What the hell are you all still looking at?

(The PIRATES hurry offstage.)

DECHACCUS

You've beaten me . . . Captain Wasabus. If you should force me to live with this truth, then I shall accept it. So, if it's your treasure you—

WASABUS

Booty.

DECHACCUS
(through gritted teeth)

. . . If it's your booty you want, then I will deny you no longer.

(DECHACCUS opens up the chest, demonstrating the lack of traps. WASABUS and JANGLES bask in its glory.)

DECHACCUS

It's all yours.

WASABUS

Thank ye . . . Captain DeChaccus.

(beat)

Ye know, ye make a remarkably alright space pirate. Ye've got brains in yer head. Ye've got heart, somewhere in that dead man's chest of yers.

(WASABUS presses his finger to DECHACCUS's heart. When he looks down at it, WASABUS flicks him in the nose and playfully slaps his face.)

WASABUS

But ye could at least look like yer happy to be here, ye one-eyed monster!
(to JANGLES)

Let's go, lass! Parking isn't free!

JANGLES

Hey, what about the video?

WASABUS

Yarr, good catch, First Mate Jangles.
(to DECHACCUS)

Hand it on over, DeCroclips.

(DECHACCUS hands a flash drive to WASABUS, who promptly goes to the console and uploads it himself.)

WASABUS

There ye go! Spared ye the trouble. Now let's make like a check and bounce!

(WASABUS and JANGLES begin to exit with the treasure.)

DECHACCUS

Wait! Captain Wasabus, there is something I must know!

WASABUS

Yarr? And what that be?

DECHACCUS

What does . . . "BYM" stand for?

WASABUS

Hmm . . . I don't know . . . but yer mother might! Ha-ha!

(A polka-type beat starts to play.)

WASABUS

Ha-ha! Ho . . . ye know what would really make me day complete?

JANGLES

What, captain?

WASABUS

Ye know what I be in the mood for?

JANGLES

What, captain?!

WASABUS

A shanty! A space shanty full of jaunt for all to hear!

JANGLES

In the key of C major!

WASABUS

Yarr, that would be “C, captain” to you, First Mate Jangles! Everyone!

(The PIRATES, SNAILIO, ASTEROIDS, and DANGLES enter. ERMER and UMMA get up, and WASABUS picks up IGNANT from the ground. Everyone takes places except for DECHACCUS. One by one, the characters irregularly join in a chorus, holding the word “red.”)

WASABUS

Red . . .

JANGLES

Red . . .

IGNANT & DANGLES

Red . . .

ERMER & UMMA

Red . . .

PIRATES

Red . . .

ASTEROIDS

Red . . .

SNAILIO

Red . . .

(The characters continue to hold their notes while looking expectantly at DECHACCUS. Reluctantly, he takes a place and joins in.)

DECHACCUS

Red . . .

(ALL sing, dance, clap, etc. to the following shanty to the tune of “Santianna,” but to the tempo of the polka beat.)

WASABUS

Red Desdemona thrust on home.

REST

Away, Desdemona!

WASABUS

They never caught her going home.

ALL

Around the rings of Uranus!

WASABUS

She made a stop for burgs and fries.

REST

Gourmet, Desdemona!

WASABUS

The cooks could not believe their eyes.

ALL

Around the rings of Uranus!

WASABUS

Some savvy spies were on her tail.

REST

Oy vey, Desdemona!

WASABUS

But money talked and then they bailed.

ALL

Around the rings of Uranus!

WASABUS

When she got home she claimed her gold.

REST

Get paid, Desdemona!

WASABUS

And to this day her feats are told.

ALL

Around the rings of Uranus!

(WASABUS addresses the audience and encourages them to stand and join in. Perhaps the characters venture into the house.)

WASABUS

When I say everyone I be meaning everyone! Come on, now! For the love of booty, let's bring it on home!

(The production crew enters from their places backstage and in the house to join the characters for the final verse.)

WASABUS

Red Desdemona flew once more.

REST

Away, Desdemona!

WASABUS

But this time had new plans in store.

ALL

Around the rings of Uranus!

WASABUS

She landed on Puck's rocky face.

REST

Belay, Desdemona!

WASABUS

And this would be the perfect place.

ALL

Around the rings of Uranus!

WASABUS

She set up shop with crew and all.

REST

Hooray, Desdemona!

With her venture she did not stall. WASABUS

Around the rings of Uranus. ALL

So to this day on Bogle Point . . . WASABUS

Today, Desdemona. REST

You can enjoy her burger joint. WASABUS

Around the rings of Uranus! ALL

(ALL strike a pose for a freeze-frame ending. Blackout.)

End of Play