

*The Pirates of
Pennsylvania*

*Screenplay by:
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*A new film from Arrr! Entertainment and Ahoy Matey
Productions. Soundtrack available on COW Records*

-Scene One-

[Driving through Hanover past the Ghetto Getty, sits Detective Joe Monday in a beat up old Buick]

Monday: [voiceover] Welcome to Hanover. As you can see, life carries on the way it tends to. [Skeevy Guy pushes lawnmower down the sidewalk] This is typical, small town America: blue collar pride, a tightly knit community, my home. I've worked the underbelly of this town for years - decades - shoveling the filth from these all too silent streets. I'm tired, dreadfully tired. I'm sick of the job, sick of the constant stream of gutter trash, which is filtered through this town. All I want is rest and an end to the onslaught of crap that consumes these streets. I fear, however, that my quest will one day overrun me completely.

-Title-

-Scene Two-

[Monday in his office. Shot of sign on door, then interior]

Monday: [voiceover] Five minutes left. In five minutes I rest. The darkening street filth won't, it never does. I'm not angry, just exhausted. My last misanthropic client has just left, the open sign on my window now reads closed, and all I can think of is sleep.

[Knock on the door]

Monday: We're closed.

[Another knock]

Monday: I said we're closed! Come back tomorrow!

[Third knock]

Monday: Look, [Stands and walks angrily to the door] I told you mister, that we're closed! [Opens door to a beautiful woman crying]

Woman: I'm sorry to bother you sir, but will you please let me in? I need some help and I am not sure where else I can turn.

Monday: [voiceover] She was beautiful, with legs that went to the floor and a face that made the sun seem as weak as a burnt out nightlight. I should have known right then and there that she was trouble.

Woman: Who are you talking to?

Monday: Me? Uh, No one. Come on in, sit down. [Offers her a seat by the desk and then takes his own behind said desk] Now what seems to be the problem?

Woman: [Trying to calm herself down] Well, it all started last week.

-Flashback-

Woman: [voiceover] My uncle, a humble, well-to-do brewer, was robbed by a band of ruthless, unruly pirates. They stole all his liquor, leaving him penniless and homeless [Shot of pirates robbing brewery, followed by shot of Monday listening intently] Anyways; my uncle, the humble well-to-do brewer recanted his woeful tale to the Secret Society of Ninjas - a guild he secretly is a member of, and begged them to assist him in the fine art of revenge. [Shot of uncle begging head ninja for help, Godfather style, followed by shot of Monday suspiciously looking to see if the woman is watching him pick his nose.] The retaliation occurred last night, when one of the ninjas snuck aboard the pirate's ship, The Scoundrel, and filled Captain Beefheart's underwear drawer full of venomous snakes. [Shot of ninja filling drawer while Beefheart sleeps deeply] Seeking retribution for his defiled long johns the Captain made a call to Super Pizza ordered-

[Shot of Beefheart on phone]

Beefheart: Eighty large cheese pizzas with anchovies ye scurvy lad, that be right. Plus thirty two-liter bottles of coca cola and an order of breadsticks.

Woman: -and had them delivered to the ninja's hideout! [Shot of Monday looking hopelessly at his watch] I'm so scared! I don't know when this will end! I am so afraid someone will get hurt. That's why I came to you. I have no place else to go, Detective Monday. Will you help me? [Shot of Monday looking up, there is a skin magazine in his lap]

Monday: Oh, well I am sure this is all over. They're all grown men and you know what they say - pirates will be pirates.

Woman: But you don't understand! My uncle is a very honorable man; he won't just bow out gracefully from a fight!

Monday: I see. And what may I ask do you want me to do about this fiasco in the making? You have no evidence, no one has called the police, no one has been injured, and how do I know that I can trust you? It's your uncle who is the supposed victim. I don't feel sorry for you people at all! [Stands] You know who the real victim is? It's the people of this town that have put up with crap like this. [Grabs his coat and hat] If you want to talk business, see me in the morning with the rest of my clients. If you excuse me, I have prior engagements that are on hold due to your pathetic nonsense. Goodnight. [Sees her out, then kills light and leaves]

-Scene Three-

[Monday walks down a dark alley, deep in thought]

Monday: [voiceover] Who was that woman? Something about that conversation haunts me. Was I too quick to judge? Did my temper get the best of me again? The people in this town are so normal - so sane - that I have become accustomed to normalcy. [Shot of Skeeve Guy urinating on a wall while making a face at the

camera] Whenever something out of the ordinary creeps up, it tends to shrug it off as nonsense, treat it as if it doesn't exist. Its time I did something about this cartoony comic book reject b.s.! Those sketchy individuals that think they are below the law are in for a surprise! I'm going to get to the bottom of this first thing in the morning. Do they feel lucky? They better, because when I get to the root of this - and I will - someone's gonna pay. [Monday keeps walking, while a young girl walking a dog stoops over to check on her dog]

Dog: I wonder who that man was talking to.

Girl: I dunno. [Looks back] Wierdo.

-Scene Four-

[Ninja hideout]

Clever Fox(CF): We must strike fast - hard - when they least expect it. They shall learn to respect our iron hand!

Crouching Chipmonkey(CC): I agree. We must teach the some manners.

CF: Yes, and I have got a plan. Hand me the phone book in the top drawer.

CC: What's the plan sir? [Opens drawer] The only thing in here is old pizza.

CF: PIZZA! Those pirates will pay dearly for this incident.

[Woman enters]

Woman: Oh, Uncle Milton, are you still upset over this Pirate thing?

CC: Yes, my dear Molly, but please, Uncle Milton is a name for my past. From now on, call me Crouching Chipmonkey.

Molly: Please Uncle, don't sink to their level. Let's just forget about them and focus on the brewery. If we work hard maybe we can enter the fabulous Pennsylvania Wine Contest.

CC: No. I am done with the brewery! [Molly runs out sobbing]

CF: Very good, I see you are truly a loyal ninja. Fetch me Mighty Squirrel. [CC runs off only to return seconds later with MS] Mighty Squirrel!

Might Squirrel(MS): Yes Master?

CF: Here, take the Spanish Doubloons to the docks and await my orders.

MS: Is that all Sensei?

CF: No. I have an overdue fine at the library. Here's two dollars, take care of it.

MS: Ok, is that all.

CF: No, my pet goldfish, Martha Stewart needs fed. Two pinches of the fish food should hold her over until morning.

MS: Is that all?

CF: Yes, my son, go and do as I have commanded. Oh and remember - two pinches.

MS: Yeah, yeah. [under his breath] Ninjas suck.

CF: Those silly pirates think they can outsmart us, eh? They must pay! [CF and CC laugh maniacally and then abruptly stop]

-Scene Five-

[Monday's Office]

Monday: [VO] Today was no different than yesterday or the day before, or the day before that. Things here don't seem to change much. I didn't sleep well last night due to a certain meeting with a nameless woman. I thought about her all night: her warm beauty, my cold lack of compassion. I was hoping she'd stop by today and again ask for my assistance, but apparently, when I push the broads away, they stay away.

-Scene Six-

[Monday's Apartment]

Monday: [VO] I'm beginning to wish I had never come here from New York. It's true that in New York crime never sleeps, but here, crime has a different name: complacency. The police seem to be content with busting minors who abuse drugs or alcohol all the while leaving the true criminals on the streets for people like me to clean up. [Dog eats from bowl] I still can't get that woman out of my mind. Her beauty, her intrigue, the mystery that shrouds her, the pirates and ninjas. [Skeevy guy is also eating from bowl] I need to rest; maybe I'll turn on the tube for a change. [Sits on sofa with remote, turns on television]
[Shots switch from Monday watching TV and TV picture]

A1: They were once the AFWE's most dominant tag team. Now they are bitter rivals seeking two things, retribution, and championship gold!

A2: For the first time in history, Awfully Fake Wrestling Entertainment brings you, live from the bustling downtown McSherrystown Arena, the new, the insane, Table, Ladders, and Handtrucks match!

A1: Here's the first Stockboy now! Demented Dwain!

DD: If ya smell, what the stock, is cookin'. Gigolo Josh, my former partner, today we meet in a Tables, Ladders, and Handtrucks match. One of us is gonna climb that ladder to success and the World Championship, the other is getting put on a handtruck and wheeled through a table!

[Josh runs in and match begins]

A2: Oh, did you see that cardboard shot to the back of the head? This is going to be a brutal match!

A1: Yes, indeed it will be a slobberknocker. Now joining us at ringside, is the mentor and former manager of the Stockboys, Big Lou!

Big Lou: I can't believe he just did that!

A1: Did what? Hit him with the cardboard?

Big Lou: Hit who?

A1: Big Lou, how does it feel to watch the two boys you've coach all their lives to go head to head in a match of this magnitude?

Big Lou: I can't believe it. I just can't believe it.

A2: Aren't you proud to see them achieve such success?

Big Lou: No. Dwain is a slut from slutsville.

[Impromptu commentary continues]

[Monday turns off TV]

Monday: I feel so much dumber!

-Scene Seven-

[Pirate Ship]

CB: Take her portside Steve.

[SS steers ship]

CB: Arrrr, for one that's not portside, and for two, I didn't mean the boat. I meant the girl! Never mind, I'll do it myself. Ok lassie, you have one more chance, who are you working for?

Captive girl: I told you, the Gap!

CB: Who is this Gap and what does he want with us Pirates? Is he a ninja?

Captive Girl: You are such a freak!

CB: We'll see who is calling who a freak when I make ye walk the plank! Steve take her portside, the ship this time.

[SS steers ship]

CB: No you scalawag! Your other portside. Blast! It's so different to find decent dockhands in this town.

SS: Arrrr! Don't make me pull this thing over! You know will!

CB: Blaggard.

SS: What was that?

CB: Nothing.

SS: Why don't you share it with me? It's bad manners to mumble.

CB: We're frickin' pirates, we're allowed to have bad manners! In fact, people expect us to be rude belligerent drunkards who only care about their booty and their liquor. You're Mr. Sappy "in touch with his feelings" Pirate. You say, "Aww Capitan can't I write a poem about that breathtaking sunset?" And I reply, NO! You say, "Aww, Capitan, I don't drink, its too bad for me." I say, Go write a poem! You tell me, "Stealing gold for our booty is wrong. We should start a legitimate business like a pet store or a hair salon." I reply, Walk the bloody plank ye scurvy nave! If I wasn't an alcoholic, I'd steer this boat meself.

SS: Look like you're stuck with me, mister.

CB: Arrr that I be.

SS: Oh, this ship is so dreadful, its screaming for drapes.

CB: Now, you know, why I'm an alcoholic.

[Enter Pillaging Pete]

PP: Cap'n, Cap'n, ninja off the starboard side!

CB: Ninja! While I'll be a dolphins dorsal fin! That ninja has returned to further rape me long johns! Avast ye land lubber, what be your business?

[MS looks up and runs away]

PP: That blaggard was trying to sabotage the Scoundrell!

CB: What be those shiny objects next to out hole?

SS: You guys really should learn proper grammar. The phrase "what be" could easily be replaced by "what are" or "what is".

CB: What IS that wooden board over yonder? Why don't you walk over it and visit Davey Jones locker?

PP: Doubloons!

CB: I thought I smelt something beautiful.

SS: Well, I do have a Quiche in the oven. Oh my gosh, its done! [Runs off]

CB: Go on, pick it up lad. [PP tries] Why can't you do it?

PP: I think it's glued, those bilge rats!

CB: Glued? It can't be! Arrrr! [Can't get it]

PP: Why don't we...

CB: Why don't you go swab the deck! Arrrr! I have to drown my sorrows in a nice piece of apple pie. Pirates like nothing better than some good pie! [Wipes brow] It's hotter than lobster testicles out here! Those ninjas will pay for making a lazy cuss like me sweat!

-Scene Eight-

[The docks]

Monday: [VO] I didn't sleep a wink again last night. I must get to the bottom of this ridiculous case! These decrepit warehouses must be where a good portion of this town's garbage calls home. Where else would two informants agree to meet with me? I just hope they were as discreet coming here as I was. [Informants enter. One has boom box, the other strutting a posing]

I1: You must be Tuesday. Are we alone?

Monday: Name's Monday, and yes, I checked the joint myself.

[Skeevy Guy walks by, unnoticed]

I1: Ok, lets get down to business. I hear you've been asking questions about the ninjas and the pirates.

Monday: What's it to you?

I2: People in certain circles are starting to get annoyed. They are starting to mention you by name.

Monday: Me? What are they saying?

I1: I heard this morning from my boy over at the Hanover Port Authority that it's all going down on Friday.

Monday: So?

I1: Ain't you Friday?

Monday: No, I'm Monday.

I1: Oh, my bad. Maybe it was some other guy.

I2: Or maybe they meant the day. I didn't think about that possibility. Just in case, be careful.

Monday: Well, thanks, for absolutely nothing. Why do you guys want to help me anyways?

I2: You seem like one of the good guys, I hate to see them get taken out.

I1: That and, could you spare me a fiver? I want to run down to the Getty and get some pretzel sticks.

[Disgusted, Monday pays them and leaves]

-Scene Nine-

Monday: [VO] This is just my luck. Vicious pirates and ninjas could be gearing up for the biggest gang war since '83, back when the Lumberjacks wiped the Cowboys from the streets of this god-forsaken town. And to make matters worse, they could be trying to kill me.

Bum: And to make matters worse, its false nut day. I think that's what Chester told me. I said to myself, false nuts? Who would dedicate a day to false nuts? Who would be proud of a pair of prosthetic testicles? And why is it a cause of giving out free donuts? And why do you keep talking to yourself?

[Monday in an alley. Sees Molly dart into a warehouse]

Monday: Hey! Come back! [She looks back but runs frightened, Monday chases]

[Monday enters warehouse. Molly is surrounded by ninjas. Monday grabs shopping cart and attacks ninjas with it]

Monday: Get in! [She does and chase ensues]

Monday: I think we lost them. Where are we?

Molly: No time to talk. You saved my life, detective. I guess you aren't the sleaze ball I suspected you were.

Monday: Well let's not get carried away. I thought that those guys were your friends?

Molly: this thing is bigger than I thought. If I were you detective, I would get far from here, especially before Friday. [She starts to walk away]

Monday: Wait! I still don't know your name! [She runs away but drops a note out of her bag. He picks it up and reads] Agent Julia Verne, FBI. FBI! Hey you dropped this. [But she is gone] maybe she dropped another clue. [He is looking around and sees a doubloon on the ground] Hey look, money! D'oh! Its glued. [As he looks around on ground he realizes he is surrounded]

CB: Arrrr! Avast, Who might you be, and why are you dressed like a woman?

Monday: Monday, Detective Joe Monday, and this isn't a dress, it's a trench coat.

SS: See that handbag I have isn't a purse, it's a satchel.

PP: Didn't we catch you wearin' heels the other morning, boyo?

SS: They weren't heels, they were expensive designer dress shoes I happened to purchase while in Paris.

CB: While we were in Paris, pillaging the local womenfolk, you were of trying on designer women's shoes! If I wasn't an alcoholic...

SS and PP: We know, you'd steer the boat yourself.

Monday: Ok guys, ahh, you didn't happen to see any ninjas around here, did you?

CB: Ninjas? Ah we be cookin' up something hearty for them boy, right fellas?

SS: What did I tell you about the verb for of "to be"

CB: Shut yer yap!

PP: Shut yer yap!

CB: Swab the deck! [PP leaves] So ye be lookin' for ninjas, ay?

Monday: Seems they're looking for me.

CB: For you? And who might you be that a band of useless sacs of whale bile might be diggin' around here for ye?

Monday: That's what I need to find out. This woman came to me the other day and asked for my help defusing a gang war between ninjas and pirates and I blew her off because I thought it was all a silly prank or that she was in bed with the ninjas, but now I think she may be in trouble and I don't know how to help her, I also don't know why I am telling all this to you, because you guys are pirates and that means trouble and I am just going to shut up now.

CB: [not listening] Hey Steve, remember that brewery we knocked over the other day? Good liquor, and a good wench working there.

Monday: Were you even listening.. hey that's the girl!

CB: The skeevy wench?

Monday: Actually she is quite ravishing.

CB: Ravishing? Nah, we only deal with skeevy people lad. Take yerself for example. A man in a dress. Sorry I cant help you.

Monday: Well since you are the only pirates in town, I am guessing you can.

CB: Only pirates? Harharhar! Actually I hear that Peglegged Bill is having some ninja problems, why don't you go bug him instead?

Monday: So you aren't going to help me? Instead you are going to let this gang war escalate until not a soul in this town is unaffected and you are ruling a wasteland!

CB: Actually I am going to go inside and have some warm apple pie with vanilla ice cream on top! I love me pie! Now scoot!

-Scene Ten-

[PP looks intently at pie]

CB: Arrrr! Not much better than pie. Well, booty. And ale. And revenge. This pie tastes like revenge!

PP: Something like that cap'n.

CB: Keep swabbin'. I said revenge! On Friday, those ninjas are going to get exactly what they deserve!

-Scene Eleven-

[Thursday Night]

[Montage scene, showing all characters]

Monday: Tomorrow, I will finally get some answers. Someone's gonna pay.

Molly: Tomorrow. I can finally reveal my plan to the world and tell Monday how much I love him.

Skeevy Guy: Tomorrow is gonna be uber trout!

CC: Tomorrow honor will be restored to the ninja clan!

MS: Tomorrow I might get to kiss a girl!

CF: Don't count on it.

Captive Girl: Tomorrow I may get to wear more clothes.

CF: Don't count on it.

PP: Tomorrow, I am gonna swab the deck some more.

SS: Tomorrow, I am gonna wear my new Vera Wang.

CB: Tomorrow I am gonna make you walk to plank. O hell, I am gonna do it now. [Makes SS walk the plank] Drunk or not, tomorrow, I'm gonna steer the boat meself.