

PIRATE ISLAND

An original animated comedy

by

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TEASER

EXT. SHARK CHOW REEF - DAY

CLOSE ON illustrations from *A Young Lady's Guide to Society*. Adolescents in fancy dress proudly hold the proper spoons. WATER SPLASHES the open pages.

LIZZIE, 15 and dripping, growls. A gangly teen stretched upon the rack of puberty, she wears a too-short, frilly frock over frayed pirate pants.

LIZZIE

If you're gonna capsize can you at
least do it before my friends see
me out here!

REVEAL a pirate ship slicing through clear Caribbean sea. Lizzie crouches by the rail. KIT, 12, stands at the helm in an over-large tri-corner hat, her cat, BLACKBEARD, on her shoulder. Kit has the spirit (and the size) of a terrier.

KIT

Dad, Lizzie's being fancypants again!

ARNOLD, a gentle-faced balding man of imposing girth, pores over a book called *X Marks the Spot: A Pirate Playbook*.

ARNOLD

Now girls, stick to the playbook!
No time for squabbles or bruhahas!

Kit squints at Lizzie. Then at Guano Island in the distance.

KIT

Tack further, Hook-Hands! We're
losing daylight!

OLD HOOK-HANDS, old, hook-handed, salutes and lets out sail. At this steep pitch, more waves splash onto Lizzie.

LIZZIE

Excuse me, my pants are very un-
fancy, which according to this
guide leads to ostrich-ism --

She's interrupted by RANDY (AKA "Swabby"), a 9yo deckhand in the crow's nest, looking out the wrong end of a telescope.

RANDY

Midriff Shipmen in the distance!

He lowers his scope and sees their rivals are much closer.

RANDY (CONT'D)
 AHH! They're gaining fast!

The Midriff Shipmen, experienced pirates with exposed belly-buttons, hurl SQUIDS. Randy dives screaming to the deck.

KIT
 Lizzie! A little help?

Lizzie, nose stubbornly in her book, snags a squid without even looking. She blindly flings it over her shoulder.

KIT (CONT'D)
 URG! You see what I'm dealing with?

The squid Lizzie threw has attached itself to Arnold's face.

ARNOLD
 I don't see much of anything!

KIT
 Lizzie! You have to board their ship and commandeer their calamari before they pinch our prize!

LIZZIE
 You mean swing from one moving vessel to another over shark-infested waters? Hard pass.

Kit abandons her post to confront Lizzie.

KIT
 If you're gonna blow another mission, why don't you stay home?

RANDY
 (thru backwards telescope)
 Uhh, guys? If we don't turn in ten to fifteen minutes we're going to run aground on...

CRASH. Like a giant seesaw, the ship flips them overboard. A buoy sign reads BEWARE SHARK CHOW REEF. Nearby, the Midriff Shipmen land on Guano Island and hoist handfuls of guano, assembly-line style, onto their ship.

LIZZIE
 What is that?

KARLI
 Manna from heaven! Except instead of heaven, it's seagulls, and instead of manna, it's...

LIZZIE
Poop?!?! That's what I came for?

KIT
It's worth a fortune! If you paid
attention in the briefing --

LIZZIE
If the mission wasn't so lame!
That's all piracy is now: shuffling
butt-vomit on a sinking ship.

Kit splashes Lizzie.

KIT
Landlubber!

LIZZIE
Fish-breath!

KIT
Sock-wearer!

LIZZIE
Bilge Rat!

KIT
Monarchist!

A collective gasp. A bridge too far.

ARNOLD
Girls, we've bigger fish to flee.

LIZZIE
Don't you mean fry?

REVEAL shark fins encircling the crew.

ARNOLD
No, I mean flee! Swim to the ship
or we're anchovies!

A shark fin emerges right behind Lizzie. She swims
frantically, faster than the others, back to the ship.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
I knew ye had it in ya!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. KABOODLE HOME - DAY

A wooden cottage that looks vaguely nautical: circular windows, a crow's nest turret, and a figurehead of a fearsome looking woman pirate carved into the side of the house. Friendly smoke pumps from a crooked chimney.

INT. KABOODLE HOME - DAY

Seated at a heavy wooden table, Kit growls and brandishes her fork, which Lizzie casually bats away with her knife.

ARNOLD (O.S.)

Oi! As yer Captain, I won't be
having any more discord on me ship.

DING! A bell rings from off, and Arnold appears wearing oven mitts and carrying a cake dish.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

(tenderly)

And as yer father, it breaks my wee
little heart.

He sets the dish on the table. The cake is badly misshapen.

LIZZIE

What is it?

ARNOLD

First layer of yer birthday cake!

He shows a diagram of a many-layered cake, shaped like Pirate Island itself. The diagram and the reality don't bear much resemblance, but he doesn't seem to notice.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

I made all yer favorite places:
there's Lizzie's Secret Lagoon,
there's the Pirate King's castle
there's Chum-On Eileen's Cruelty-
Free Chum Shop...

LIZZIE

Don't you think I'm a little too
old for this?

ARNOLD

Nonsense! You're fifteen! On the mainland that might mean you get married or graduate from law school, but here on pirate island it means you become a bona fide buccaneer! Then yer dear pa can retire and devote himself to the art of the pastry: as cruel a mistress as the sea herself.

LIZZIE

Initiation. Right. I've been meaning to ask about that. See, none of the other kids are getting initiated anymore...

ARNOLD

Not initiated? How will they learn to drink grog? Or sing the uncensored chanties?

LIZZIE

Brandy's having a cotillion instead.

KIT

A pirate initiation is a cotillion times cooler than whatever that is!

LIZZIE

It's all so old-fashioned. Dad, half the places on your cake have already closed down or sold out. What happens if, hypothetically, I don't want to be initiated.

ARNOLD

Hogswallop! Hook Hands is comin' over tomorrow to give ye yer skull and bones.

(suddenly weeping)

Seems like just yesterday he was givin' me my first tattoo!

He opens his shirt to reveal a chest so hairy no ink is seen.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

It's down there somewhere...

LIZZIE

(disgusted)

I'm going to Brandy's.

Lizzie shoves back from the table and slams the front door behind her. Kit huffs and gestures at Arnold. See?

ARNOLD

(sighs)

We've got to be patient with her. Name me one pirate squad was a hit from the word "arr". The Rudder Brudders? The Smees Knees? Even our Pirate King had his growing pains.

KIT

We've *grown* too big for these penny-ante jobs. We need a real caper: gold in our coffers, gunpowder in the air, the soiled pants of high society stinking from our flagpole. That's what'll bring Lizzie back!

ARNOLD

She's just a wee bit queasy about getting her skull and bones. But there's saltwater in her veins. You'll see, after her birthday she'll be back to the old Lizzie.

Blackbeard curls up on top of the cake for a nap.

INT. KIT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kit throws her hat on the hook.

Every inch of Kit's room is covered in pirate paraphernalia: posters on the wall of famous pirates (The Rudder Brudders standing back-to-back atop a mountain of gold atop the backs of their victims), diagrams of ships, a Jolly Roger blanket -- even her dresser looks like a treasure chest.

Kit hops into a hammock. She pushes off the wall, so that she swings as she broods.

We transition into...

INT. BRANDY'S ELEGANT DRAWING ROOM - DAY

A violin plays delicately in the background as we pan across a richly decorated drawing room: portraits on the walls of disgruntled looking gentlemen, a marble fireplace, a cabinet with hand-painted porcelain plates. On top of the fireplace stands another copy of "A Young Lady's Guide to Society."

BRANDY (O.S.)

It's the latest fashion from the mainland. My Cousin Charlotta says everyone who's anyone is wearing them.

The camera lands on BRANDY, 15 years old and holding court with teen-queenly confidence. In her manicured hands she presents a corset. Lizzie raises an eyebrow.

LIZZIE

How does it...work?

BRANDY

Why Lizzie, it's quite simple. Nathaniel and Scarlet have already secured theirs, see?

A 14-year-old boy, NATHANIEL, and a 14-year-old girl SCARLET, sit across from them, corsets perched atop their heads like incredibly strange hats.

NATHANIEL

I feel great in this thing!

SCARLET

(terrible French accent)
Sooo *très enchanté!*

BRANDY

(securing her own corset-hat)
What an incredible time to be alive, isn't it? And what is this darling new hair-do?

Lizzie lifts her long braid. It has a fish's slimy tail pinned to it. She shows it off hopefully.

LIZZIE

You said fishtail braids were all the rage.

Brandy and the others laugh.

BRANDY

Oh, Lizzie! Such a joker! And look at those pants! Don't tell me your family is still...pirating?

Scarlet GASPS. Nathaniel FAINTS. A BUTLER, revealed to be the source of the violin music, rips his instrument in half.

Lizzie anxiously pulls the fish from her hair and sits on it.

LIZZIE

What? Of course not! That would be so embarrassing!

BRANDY

Thank heavens. It's like, helloooo, that is SO 18th century. Speaking of which, did you guys hear? REBECCA is hiring!

Gasps from Scarlet and Nathaniel. Lizzie follows along.

LIZZIE

Oh my gosh, Rebecca! I love her. She's so cool.

Brandy unfurls a broadsheet: "Want stability? Money? Boringness? Join REBECCA! Recruitment Faire Three PM aboard the Royal Pleasure Cruise!"

BRANDY

No, REBECCA: the Royal Enterprises for Better Entertainment and Comprehensive Colonial Authority. They're holding a recruitment fair tomorrow onboard the Royal Pleasure Cruise.

Scarlet uncorks smelling salts under Nathaniel's nose.

SCARLET

Nathaniel, did you hear that? REBECCA is recruiting!

Nathaniel gleefully faints again.

LIZZIE

Wait, wait, wait. You want to work for the company that's building Pirate World? But we think pirates are lame, right?

BRANDY

Well duh, *real* pirates are lame! But Pirate World is a global entertainment franchise created by REBECCA right here on our island. Think about it, Lizzie. We'd be working in the new Corporate Tower, and someday they could transfer us to the mainland, where we could be HR reps! Or even scriveners!

Scarlet once more uncorks smelling salts for Nathaniel.

SCARLET

Nathaniel, did you hear that?
 Scriveners! On the mainland!

Nathaniel wakes momentarily then faints again.

LIZZIE

Is...he okay?

SCARLET

(sniffing haughtily)
 Of course. Fainting is very *merci
 beaucoup* right now.

BRANDY

So we'll all be on the Royal
 Pleasure Cruise tomorrow for the
 recruitment fair.

LIZZIE

Tomorrow? I can't. I'm supposed to
 have my initia-- um, my family's
 throwing me this stupid party...

BRANDY

Omg of course! Your birthday! We'll
 go out and celebrate first. Before
 your little family engagement.

LIZZIE

Really? You guys would do that for
 me?

BRANDY

You're one of us. Meet back here at
 noon, I know just where to take you!

Brandy squeals and hugs Lizzie. Lizzie's hair gets caught in
 Brandy's corset-hat.

EXT. PIRATE ISLAND - DUSK

Lizzie walks from Brandy's fancy house, past rows of other
 nice homes, past the new REBECCA building, and on into the
 shabby quarters of town, where pirate businesses are boarded
 up, and Jolly Roger flags droop in tatters, or are worn as
 robes by derelict buccaneers.

Through the lighted window of the Kaboodle home she sees
 Arnold hoisting the second lackluster layer of her birthday
 cake. She sighs. Rather than entering the house, she swings
 around the side and stands beneath the figurehead of the
 fierce pirate woman.

LIZZIE

Hi, Mom. I hope the sailing's smooth wherever you are. Because up here on land it's a four-alarm buttkicker. I don't know what to do. When you disappeared, it's like you took the pirate life with you. But I still have to live here. Not that it's all bad. There's an indoor water toilet on Main Street: you pull a chain and whoosh! And have you heard of the corset-hat?

INT. KIT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kit watches (but cannot hear) Lizzie talking to their mom. She takes a breath and hops from her hammock.

EXT. KABOODLE HOME - NIGHT

LIZZIE

Dad and Kit don't understand. But I want to have friends, Mom, I want to have a life, a future. Didn't you tell me when the seas change it's time to chart a new course? Didn't you tell me it takes guts to sail into unknown waters?

Kit rushes around the corner of the house.

KIT

Lizzie, I have the BEST idea. I know the jobs Dad's been sending us on lately have been kinda boring, so I'm gonna find us the greatest heist ever! I'm talking grappling hooks, fake mustaches, a whole ginormous bag of musketballs--

LIZZIE

Kit, you're wasting your--

KIT

--No no, listen. Remember when that plague ship ran into the smallpox ship off the coast of the leper colony?

LIZZIE

Stop it. I'll let Dad have his initiation, but after that I'm done. The world has changed. And you and Dad are the only ones acting like it hasn't.

KIT

You're the one who's changed! I couldn't wait to be as strong, as fast, as ruthless as you. But now it's like all you care about is stupid Brandy and her stupid mainland ideas.

LIZZIE

She's my best friend.

KIT

(genuinely shocked, hurt)
I thought I was your best friend.

LIZZIE

Well you're not. You're my little sister. And you're embarrassing.

KIT

I've got a new idea: why don't you and Brandy go sit inside and fan each other while I find an amazing job and do it without you OR dad!

Kit storms off into the night.

LIZZIE

Kit! Come on!

KIT

(over shoulder)
You're not even a Kaboodle anymore!
You're a Ka-butthole!

Kit disappears. Lizzie leans her head against her mother's lap. In the corner of the front window, Arnold's face is seen peering off into the dark.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. THE IRATE PIRATE TAVERN - NIGHT

Kit stands outside with Blackbeard on her shoulder. A faded sign reads: "Adults only. Must be 15 or older to enter." She whistles, and Blackbeard attaches himself to her face, creating a fair facsimile of an actual beard.

INT. THE IRATE PIRATE TAVERN - NIGHT

Kit marches into the run-down and poorly populated bar. She eyes a leaderboard labelled "The Booty Board," ranking local pirate crews. At the top, THE PIRATE KING. At the bottom, THE SALTY DOGS, and right above them KIT AND KABOODLE.

At a table, The Midriff Shipmen are drinking pints of beer.

CHARLEY

Ah, Kit Kaboodle! Brave of you to show your face around here after this morning!

Kit greets the pirates.

KIT

Hey Charley O'Farley. Marley O'Barley. Karli O'Darley. Kevin.

CHARLEY

You're just in time, they're about to change the leaderboard!

The leaderboard whirrs like an old-timey departures chart, finally settling onto today's ranking. Kit is dead last.

KEVIN

Hah! You're even below The Salty Dogs, and they're literal canines!

Shot of a GROUP OF DOGS playing cards, who nod.

KIT

What? How'd they get up there?

CHARLEY

Didn't you hear? They got a contract fetching rum for REBECCA.

KIT

Sponsorship deals don't count as booty!

CHARLEY

You'll never climb to the big-time
if you stoop to scoopin poop.

KIT

But that's what you did.

MARLEY

Exactly! You don't want to end up
like us, do ya?

KARLI

It's like they say, some are born
to greatness. Some have greatness
thrust upon them. Still a third
category are blokes like us!

CHARLEY

Wake up and smell the seaweed, Kit!
We all have to pivot to new core
competencies.

KIT

What are you talking about?

CHARLEY

(raising his glass)

You've seen the Midriff Shipmen's
last straight crooked job. We
signed a contract with REBECCA this
morning. We'll be providing onboard
entertainment and a limited amount
of cater-waiting.

MARLEY

Aye, from starboard to charcuterie
board.

KIT

You'd never see the Pirate King
take that kind of shortcut. He
started on the bottom but worked
his way up with good honest murder
and extortion.

KARLI

Yeah, a million years ago!

KIT

No! Not a million! Just...several
dozen. He never sold out! And
neither will I!

CHARLEY

Easy for you to say! I've got a family! Of rats living in my floorboards! They're eating me out of house and home!

MARLEY

Ye should talk to REBECCA. Their Royal Pleasure Cruise docks tomorrow morning. Hear it straight from the sea-horse's mouth.

KIT

We should rob them! Show them who really owns Pirate Island!

KARLI

Have you lost yer head?

KEVIN

Have you gone bonkers?

MARLEY

Have you spooned out yer brains and replaced them with mango pulp?

CHARLEY

No one's robbed the Royal Pleasure Cruise in years!

KIT

Yeah, not in...several dozen years.

EXT. PIRATE COVE - THE NEXT DAY

The Royal Pleasure Cruise arrives. Fancy main-landers disembark from a gleaming, three-masted ship. The mainsail has a giant REBECCA crest. In the four quadrants of the crest are a wine goblet, a fried shrimp, a gold coin, and a crown.

The FIRST MATE of the ship waves the passengers off.

FIRST MATE

Enjoy your stay on Pirate Island!
Be back on board by tomorrow at five...or we'll keel haul ya! Look it up: it's gruesome!

Assembled fancy people laugh, fake scandalized, and decamp to the boardwalk where various vendors hawk their wares and a REBECCA employee slaps up recruitment posters.

VENDOR 1

Finest Pirate Island Rum, one coin per flagon! Free refills with purchase of any entree!

VENDOR 2

Shrunken heads! Impress your friends and family with an authentic shrunken head!

VENDOR 3

Staying the night? Stay at Gloomy Lagoon! Walk the plank...into our temperature-controlled swimming pool! All hands on the deck...of playing cards at our award-winning casino! Catch a concert by acclaimed Pirate Island cellist...Yo Ho-Ho!

FANCY MAIN-LANDER 1

How primitive!

FANCY MAIN-LANDER 2

How authentic!

Arnold pushes his cart with baked goods. The side of the cart is blazoned with "Able-Bodied Arnold's Ably Baked Breads" They're all lumpy and/or burned and/or doughy.

ARNOLD

Hello, fine folks!

They clearly do not like being addressed this way.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

I mean, er...grubby landlubbers!

They clap their hands in delight.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

May I tempt ye with Devil's Bread?

He holds up a pan dulce in the rough shape of a skull.

FANCY MAIN-LANDER 1

I'm trying to watch my figure.

FANCY MAIN-LANDER 2

Oh, take a cheat day. How often do you meet a real pirate baker?

They exchange money and baked goods. Arnold sees Lizzie approaching with Brandy and company, dressed very finely.

Brandy has Scarlet and Nathaniel collect all REBECCA recruitment posters they pass.

ARNOLD

Bit o' bread for the birthday girl
and her friends!

Brandy stifles a giggle. Lizzie hunches into herself.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Has she told ye bout this afternoon?
Ye're all most welcome at Lizzie's--

LIZZIE

Dance recital! For my birthday I do
abstract dance to suggested themes.
And every year I add an hour.

SCARLET

So it's fifteen hours?

LIZZIE

At least.

BRANDY

I only support representational art.

Arnold looks at Lizzie, puzzled. She turns and rushes on.

ARNOLD

I'll see ya at the third bell!

Lizzie flies past an alley, where Kit, Hook-Hands, and Randy have assembled, with their eyes on the Royal Pleasure Cruise.

KIT

It's time!

RANDY

Wasn't that Lizzie? Is she not
coming?

KIT

Lizzie's off the ship.

RANDY

Does that mean I'm first mate?

KIT

No! I'm captain and first mate.
You're still swabby.

Hook-Hands babbles in a reasonable tone, patting Randy on the back (accidentally poking him).

Kit scans the scene and spots a crew member named DEREK sucking an ice cream through the bottom of the cone.

KIT (CONT'D)

Ahoy, matey! You want to see the real Pirate Island?

DEREK

You mean the Rusty Flintlock? One-eyed Jack's One-Eyed Jack and Jacks? I've seen it all.

KIT

But have you seen our famous flutterbirds?

DEREK

Famous flutterbirds?

KIT

Swabby?

Randy clocks Derek. Little birdies tweet around Derek's head.

DEREK

Oh...I see....

Derek collapses in a heap.

KIT

Nice work! Now one of you is going to have to impersonate him and be our man on the inside.

She looks at Randy and Hook-Hands. Randy is obviously the better fit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL PLEASURE CRUISE SHIP - DAY

The FIRST MATE looks up from his manifest to see Hook-Hands dressed up in Derek's uniform.

FIRST MATE

ID?

Hook-Hands shows Derek's ID. It has a pencil sketch of Derek.

FIRST MATE (CONT'D)

Thanks. Wait...Weren't you blond before?

HOOK HANDS
Flasherdy gurr?

FIRST MATE
Oh, that makes sense, you dyed it!
But wait: aren't you on shore leave
until tonight?

HOOK HANDS
Guttery flurrdur?

FIRST MATE
Oh, yeah, you got land sick,
happens to me sometimes.

He returns the card. Hook-Hands starts to walk onto the ship.

FIRST MATE (CONT'D)
But wait... didn't you used to be
thin, young, about two feet taller,
and also have two hands?

CUT TO:

Hook-Hands getting thrown off the ship and into the drink.

Kit, watching from the corner, face-palms. Randy face-palms.
Blackbeard face-palms.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S SHOPPE - DAY

Lizzie, Brandy, and Nathaniel stand inside a tiny shop
covered in filmy scarves and colorful cushions. They giggle
as they watch Scarlet, seated in front of a crystal ball,
getting her fortune told by a bedazzled FORTUNE TELLER.

FORTUNE TELLER
(in a bored voice)
I see loooooads of money in your
future. Loads.

SCARLET
Ooooh, that must mean I'm gonna get
the job with REBECCA!

FORTUNE TELLER
Yup, sure. Thaat's what I'm seeing.
Also some romance, mix in a little
hardship, and boom that's your
fortune. So special, wow. Next!

Brandy pushes Lizzie towards the crystal ball.

BRANDY
Birthday girl's turn!

LIZZIE
(giggling)
Okay, fine.

FORTUNE TELLER
(bored voice)
Approach if you dare and see what
the crystal has to say.

Suddenly, the room darkens. A shimmery light emanates from the crystal ball. The Fortune Teller gasps as she gazes intently into its luminous depths.

FORTUNE TELLER (CONT'D)
Oh my! I see a ship with you on board. You're standing at the helm, a motley crew of ragtag scoundrels crowding the gunwale, the black flag of Pirate Island high on the mast. There's only one thing that could mean. YOU will be our next Pirate King!

Suddenly, the crystal dims and the lights return to normal. Lizzie stares at the Fortune Teller, who stares right back at her. A tense, silent moment.

Then, Lizzie's friends BURST into uproarious LAUGHTER. They are doubled over, leaning on each other for support. Nathaniel faints with laughter.

As they laugh, Lizzie keeps staring, mouth open in anger and disbelief, at the Fortune Teller, who raises a knowing eyebrow and nods. Lizzie leaps from the table, knocking the crystal ball over, and runs out the door.

The Fortune Teller holds out her hand expectantly.

FORTUNE TELLER (CONT'D)
I accept cash or guano.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. KABOODLE HOUSEHOLD - LATER THAT DAY

Four bells ring. A plaintive violin. Kit and Arnold stand before the completed birthday cake, two feet high and leaning precariously, with a single candle shaped like an anchor.

Arnold softly blubbers. We see the music is coming from Brandy's Butler, who has lashed his violin back together. Hook-hands is there with his tattooing needles. Randy, dressed-up and with hair badly styled, holds a sad bouquet.

ARNOLD

I've failed her. I promised yer mum
I'd raise you both to be as
fearsome as she!

KIT

You didn't fail her, she failed us!
Everyone's giving up on piracy. But
I won't! I'm knocking off the Royal
Pleasure Cruise!

ARNOLD

Not without Lizzie yer not!

KIT

But Dad! It's right there, ripe for
the plucking!

ARNOLD

And ye can pluck it another day!
You're just a wee lass. With luck,
you've got another twenty, thirty
years before you croak.

KIT

I can't wait that long!

ARNOLD

It's not a three man job,
especially when you've got only
four hands between ye. I saw ye try
to make Hook-Hands your man inside.
That'll never work! He's got no
experience in the service industry!

KIT

What else then? He obviously can't
steer the ship! He doesn't have...

ARNOLD

Any sense of direction, I know!
Kit, promise me you won't put
yerself and your crew in danger?

Kit crosses her fingers behind her back as he hugs her.

KIT

I promise.

EXT. ROYAL PLEASURE CRUISE - DAY

The deck swarms with TOURISTS, leaning on railings, lounging on deck chairs sipping fancy drinks out of coconuts.

Lizzie, Brandy, Scarlet, and Nathaniel walk onto the ship, all now wearing their corset-hats.

BRANDY

So are we gonna talk about why you acted so weird back there and suddenly decided to betray your family, skip your birthday party, and come to the recruitment faire with us?

NATHANIEL

Or are we gonna talk about how great your corset looks?!

The First Mate speaks through a megaphone.

FIRST MATE

All aboard for the Island Cruise!
Recruitment Faire belowdecks in ten.

Bell rings and the cruise ship unmoors.

INT. BELOWDECKS, ROYAL PLEASURE CRUISE - CONTINUOUS

Lizzie follows her friends into a small cabin arranged like a cruddy conference room. A canvas sheet stretches across one wall, with WORK FOR REBECCA painted in cheerful letters.

A RECRUITER stands in front of the canvas sheet, a huge fake lipstick smile plastered to her face. She wears a bright yellow ladies' suit.

RECRUITER

Welcome, good to see you, hi how
are ya, love the corsets. Very
modern.

Brandy, Nathaniel, and Scarlet beam as they take their seats
around a table. Lizzie nervously adjusts her "hat."

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

Here at REBECCA we'e looking for
reliable, level-headed, servile
young people to join the
administrative team of Pirate
World, right here on Pirate Island.
Woosh!

As she says "woosh," she waves her hand and a harried
ASSISTANT rushes over and tugs a rope, revealing another
canvas sheet. This one is brightly colored and shows an
assortment of people laughing as they hand each other papers
and bend over desks in a large office.

Brandy SQUEALS with delight and claps her hands.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

We have four open positions in our
"Future HR reps and scribes"
program. And there are four of you,
would you look at that, wow, what
are the chances. We offer an
extensive health plan with dental,
vision, and an annual scurvy shot.
Just imagine...this could be you.
Woosh!

The Assistant, who has just sat on a little stool in back,
immediately leaps back up and runs over, tugging the rope and
revealing another canvas sheet. This one is a drawing of
Brandy, Nathaniel, Scarlet, and Lizzie, all in corset hats
and giving a thumbs up. The real teens look at each other
like, huh? The Recruiter smiles creepily.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

At Pirate World, you'll be doing
important work behind the scenes to
keep our most successful tourist
destination afloat. Er, excuse me,
thriving. REBECCA discourages
nautical puns. Anyways, if you're
looking for a modern life with a
chance for advancement off this
island, look no further. Contracts
are on the table.

Brandy, Nathaniel, and Scarlet eagerly pick up quill pens and begin signing their contracts. Lizzie hesitates. She catches Brandy's eye. Brandy gives her an encouraging smile.

In her head, she hears yesterday's conversation with Kit.

LIZZIE (VO)

The world has changed. And you and dad are the only ones acting like it hasn't.

CATER-WAITER 2 (O.S.)

You're the one who's changed!

Lizzie jumps in surprise. She looks in the direction of the door and sees TWO CATER-WAITERS walking past. One is dressed in street clothes and the other a bloody rubber smock.

CATER-WAITER 1

Of course I changed, my shift just ended.

CATER-WAITER 2

Aw man, how come we never work the same shifts anymore? What happened to Zeke and Jack time?

Lizzie shakes her head and stares down at the contract.

FORTUNE TELLER (V.O.)

YOU will be our next Pirate King!

She grits her teeth and signs her name with a flourish.

Just then, the sound of DRAMATIC MUSIC fills the air. They all look around in surprise. Lizzie rushes over to the porthole and sees a familiar ship approaching.

LIZZIE

You've got to be kidding me...

EXT. CRUISE SHIP DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzie bursts onto the deck of the cruise ship to a LOUD COMMOTION among the passengers at the rail. She strains to see over the crowd, following their pointing fingers to...

KIT and her pirate crew, who have pulled abreast the Royal Pleasure Cruise in their tiny vessel.

KIT

Throw down your weapons now, you royal doxies! Kit & Kaboodle claim this vessel for Pirate Island!

Kit's ship is simply dwarfed by the royal ship. The passengers smile and wave to her. "Oooh a little pirate!"

Kit heaves a grapnel. It falls short. Laughter from deck.

KIT (CONT'D)
Steady at the tiller!

She shouts at Old Hook-Hands, who salutes. Their little boat smashes against the hull of the larger ship. Randy cranks a phonograph, producing the dramatic music.

The crowd parts where Kit's hook strikes the deck and digs in. Kit climbs, Blackbeard on her shoulder, music swelling.

KIT (CONT'D)
I won't warn you twice, you pink-fleshed piglets. I'll tear your tongues out and toss 'em to the topgallant. You dare waft your perfumed bloomers at my island...

Just then Brandy throws open a porthole window, knocking Kit off her balance.

BRANDY
Nathaniel, isn't that fresh sea air invigorating? Scarlett, drag Nathaniel to the window.

The boat smashes against the Cruise Ship once more, tossing the phonograph overboard. Kit hangs twisting from her rope, with no sound but the rhythmic smack of her body against the hull and laughter from the rich spectators above.

KIT
Laugh now, you sons of biscuit eaters! I'll soon be wearing your guts for garters!

Lizzie looks on helplessly at the pathetic scene.

The CAPTAIN of the cruise ship has walked out onto the deck to join in the fun, carrying his megaphone.

CAPTAIN
(dripping with sarcasm)
Laaaaaadies and gentlemen, what a treat we have today. If I'm not mistaken, it's the Dread Pirate Kit here to take our ship! Oh noooooooooo, what shall we doooooooooooooo--?

Lizzie narrows her eyes. The Captain's "ooooo" continues as Lizzie pulls her corset off her head.

-Close on Lizzie ripping a piece of fabric from its frame.

-flinging the meat off a skewer, as if unsheathing a sword

-her boots leaping onto a table

Tilt up to reveal Lizzie wearing an improvised mask made from her corset fabric and brandishing the skewer at the camera.

LIZZIE

(in a deep, raspy voice)

To start, you can stop drawing out
your vowels for emphasis.

The Captain drops his megaphone in shock. Lizzie uses her skewer to fling it up to mouth-level.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(into the megaphone)

Your ship is now hostage to the
dread Kit and Kaboodle! Lighten
your purses or we'll do it for you.
There's a fierce fire in me to feed
you all to the fish, you barnacle-
covered scuttlebutts, so ye best
make it quick!

Kit lets out a roaring battle cry. She has untangled herself and begins scaling the ropes. Randy and Hook-Hands cheer as she lands on deck at last. Hook-Hands flings himself onto the hull, stabbing his hooks into the oak and beginning to climb.

The Captain grabs a pepper-grinder and swings at Lizzie. She deflects with the bullhorn, then clocks him across the face and cackles as she hurls him overboard.

The First Mate leaps out from behind the bar and bears down on Kit. She is feisty, but he soon overpowers and knocks her to the deck. He rears back to finish her off when his sword is suddenly TRAPPED.

He looks back to see a HOOK pinning his sword to the gunwale and Old Hook-Hands smiling insanely at him.

Lizzie swings in on a rope from out-of-frame and kicks the First Mate overboard then backflips onto the deck. Kit gasps, recognizing the makings of a perfect boarding maneuver.

KIT

Lizzie!

LIZZIE
 (raspy voice)
 You thought you could take down
 this ship alone?!

A HUGE SERVER menaces them, dual-wielding magnums of champagne. Kit slices the necks off the bottles, which glug helplessly to the ground. The server cries seeing it all pour out. Hook-Hands opens wide for the waterfall of champagne cascading overboard.

KIT
 I would have asked my sister, but
 apparently she's embarrassed of me.

Lizzie hoists the enormous server over her shoulder to heave him into the drink.

LIZZIE
 (raspy voice)
 Sounds like she has a lot going on.

KIT
 (re Lizzie's voice)
 Sounds like she has laryngitis.

LIZZIE
 Look out!

The Recruiter and Assistant advance on the girls. The Assistant is pushing a drinks cart.

Lizzie and Kit leap up simultaneously and cling to the shroud as the DRINKS CART slams into the side where they were just standing. Kit flips down on top of the cart, arms extended. Lizzie, now hanging upside down, takes Kit's hands and flings her and the cart (like a trapeze artist) at the enemy.

Kit plows Recruiter and Assistant straight over the port side, abandoning the cart just as it tumbles overboard.

Elsewhere on deck, Blackbeard hisses and arches his back at Brandy and company, who shriek and hurl themselves overboard.

Kit and Lizzie rush to the rail to see their foes bobbing in the water. The Captain waves a white napkin as he doggy paddles limply.

The sisters forget their animosity for a moment and embrace, shrieking with exhilaration at their success.

KIT
 You were awesome!

LIZZIE

I gotta tell ya, it felt good to
hit people. Real adrenaline rush.

The passengers burst into APPLAUSE. Lizzie and Kit, mid-celebration, look up. Huh?

FANCY MAIN-LANDER 1 rushes forward.

FANCY MAIN-LANDER 1

That was wonderful! Breathtaking!
The finest pirate show I've seen.

KIT

Show? You're our hostage, lady.

FANCY MAIN-LANDER 1

Oh ho ho! Those boys at the travel
office told me Pirate Island was
not to be missed, but I didn't know
they'd put on a whole performance!
A jolly good roger indeed!

She presses gold coins into their palms then waddles off. More coins land at their feet. The girls shrug then crouch down to collect.

KIT

My only question is what were you
doing on-board in the first place?

BRANDY (O.S.)

(desperate)

Lizzie! Has anyone seen Lizzie?

Lizzie looks down to see Brandy swimming in frantic circles.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

My best friend has been kidnapped
by pirates! I told you they're the
worst!

Turning her back to the crowd, Lizzie rips off her mask.

KIT

Don't you dare...

LIZZIE

(loudly)

Unhand me, you monster!

SPLASH. She surfaces in the water near Brandy, et al. who gather round in relief. Kit scowls from above.

CRUNCH! The ship crashes, throwing everyone to the deck.
They've run aground on Shark Chow Reef!

KIT

Not again! Who was steering the
ship?

From the quarterdeck, Old Hook-Hands salutes.

Sharks circle the ship. People in the water cry desperately:

CREW

Pull us up!

SMASH TO:

The sisters (followed by their crew and passengers) swimming
away from the sharks, just like at the beginning.

The perspective is revealed to be ABLE-BODIED ARNOLD'S,
watching them through a spyglass. He laughs heartily, telling
Derek (who wears a big head bandage):

ARNOLD

Those are me girls!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. REBECCA CORPORATE TOWER - MORNING

Lizzie, Brandy, Nathaniel, and Scarlet look up in awe at a symmetrical white-washed brick building with REBECCA painted across it. It dwarves its dilapidated neighbors.

BRANDY

Ready for our first day?

SCARLET

I'm ready to scribe! Is that the verb? Scribe?

LIZZIE

Let's do this.

INT. REBECCA CORPORATE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The gang looks around the bustling space full of EMPLOYEES. They spot the Recruiter walking towards them.

LIZZIE

Future HR Reps and Scriveners,
reporting for work.

RECRUITER

(to Brandy)

You can get the morning coffee orders: I need three with sugar, two black, and four with ice.

The Recruiter hands Lizzie an armful of flyers.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

(to Lizzie)

And you, copy these.

Brandy squeals in delight.

BRANDY

Isn't this everything we hoped for?

Lizzie stares at the top flyer. It features a sketch of her from yesterday's cruise ship fiasco, wearing her mask and brandishing her skewer, and it reads "WANTED: The Mysterious Masked Pirate. Preferably Dead."

Lizzie gulps.

END OF PILOT