

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE A PIRATE, TOO?

by Fred Coppersmith

DAVE is seated at a table or desk, trying to write with obvious difficulty. Enter FRANK.

FRANK

Hey there, Dave. How's it going?
Whatcha got there?

DAVE

(looking up)
What? Oh, hey, Frank. Nothing much.
Just trying to write a comedy sketch --
you know, some "funny" stuff.

FRANK

Really? Sketch comedy? I didn't know
you were still into that sort of thing.

DAVE

Yeah, a little. It's for the Monty
Python Society. They're doing this
night of original comedy and, well, I
kind of said I would try and help out.
But I gotta tell ya, it's not going too
well.

FRANK

Well you know, Dave, I took a creative
writing course last semester. Maybe I
can help.

FRANK sits.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What've you got so far?

DAVE

Well, actually, all I've got so far is
the setting. A couple of guys in a boat
out on the ocean. They're pirates.

FRANK

Okay, pirates are good.

DAVE

And they're naked.

Pause.

FRANK

They're what?

DAVE
They're naked.

FRANK
They're naked?

DAVE
Well yeah, except for the eye patches.
And one of them could have a hook, I
don't know. Maybe a peg leg?

FRANK
A peg leg.

DAVE
Or a hook, yeah, but otherwise --

FRANK
They're naked.

DAVE
Yeah. And you know I was thinking, with
the testicles flapping around, and the
eye patches -- maybe a parrot perched
on somebody's shoulder -- well, it
would pretty much write itself.

FRANK
Yeah, you would *think*...

DAVE
But that hasn't happened so far.

FRANK
It hasn't?

DAVE
No. I mean, I can see them in my head,
clear as day, completely naked out
there on the water -- I mean, not a
stitch of clothing on --

FRANK
Except for the eye patch --

DAVE
Yeah, except for the eye patch. But
they never seem to say anything. They
just sit there.

FRANK
Well that's embarrassing.

DAVE

Yeah, tell me about it. I thought about maybe having one of them, you know, dance around a little?

FRANK

Dance around a little?

DAVE

Yeah, what do you think? You think it's funny? Do you think it would work?

FRANK

(sighing)

You know, Dave, maybe it's just me, but...well, all your sketches -- they're all really just about naked men, aren't they?

DAVE

What do you mean?

FRANK

Well, there was that sketch you wrote a couple years back about the construction workers -- both of them were naked. There were those two naked firefighters with that long hose. The naked primatologists... the naked church ministers...

DAVE

Hey, that one was social commentary.

FRANK

(sighing)

Dave, it was homo-erotica. I mean, c'mon, what you had them doing with that Communion wafer—I don't even wanna think about it. And the *spandex*? My God, the spandex! I don't know. I mean, I'm not judging or anything, okay? But...well, all your sketches seem to be are thinly veiled allusions to gay sex.

DAVE

(laughs nervously)

What? They are not! They are not about gay sex!

FRANK

Look, Dave, I'm not judging you. If you want to write gay porno, that's fine with me, go right ahead. I just don't think you should have to pretend like it's sketch comedy. I mean, be comfortable with your sexuality, don't make jokes about it.

DAVE

I am not a homosexual, Frank! I mean, c'mon! I'm out there on the steps of Willard every afternoon cheering on Gary, for God's sake!

FRANK

Yeah, about that...uh, Dave, have you ever thought that, well, maybe you just have a thing for guys in red sweatshirts?

DAVE

(angrily)

What? No!

FRANK

Because you know, I was talking to your mother the other day --

DAVE

Oh God, no. You talked to my *mother* about this?

FRANK

Well she called me at work.

DAVE

(muttering)

Oh God.

FRANK

Well she's worried about you, Dave. And you know, frankly so am I. I mean, c'mon, you're out there every day. Nobody needs his Bible thumped *that* much.

DAVE

I have a class in Willard Building!

FRANK

You're not fooling anybody, Dave. These sketches you write, they're desperate cries for help.

DAVE

They are not!

He points at the paper in front of him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

For God's sake, this is just a silly little sketch about a couple of pirates!

FRANK

Who just *happen* to be naked?

DAVE

Yes!

FRANK

And dancing?

DAVE

Yes!

FRANK

Gyrating their hips, shaking their asses, their erect penises swaying in the cool ocean breeze?

DAVE

Yes! I mean no! No! No, I never said anything about them gyrating their hips!

(sighing, as if to imply how dumb FRANK is being)

God, Frank, you can't do that sort of thing out on a boat! It's dangerous! You could tip over and drown!

FRANK

(sighing)

All right, Dave, fine. Okay. Let's just assume then that this *isn't* some sort of sad prelude to an anal sex show out on the ocean. What *did* you want them to do?

DAVE

What do you mean?

FRANK

Well obviously you thought naked pirates were funny for a reason.

DAVE

Oh. Yeah. I, uh...I read it in a book.

FRANK

You read it in a book?

DAVE

Yeah. I've got it right here. See?

DAVE holds up a book, which FRANK takes from him. FRANK turns it over, looks at the cover.

FRANK

Dave, this is gay porn.

DAVE

No it's not!

FRANK

I think I know gay porn when I see it, Dave.

DAVE

(angrily grabbing the book)
It's not gay porn! Geez, Frank, I got it out of the library.

(flips through the pages)
It's got all sorts of useful information. Like...well, did you know that the average male penis is about four to five inches long? Long pause.

FRANK looks at DAVE suspiciously.

FRANK

Okay, now you're just making things up.

DAVE

No, really, I swear!
(handing FRANK the book)
Turn to page fifty-eight. It's right there. In the highlighted section. That's where I saw the pirate.

Pause, while FRANK opens the book and flips through it.

DAVE

In the photograph.

FRANK
Mr. October?

DAVE
They don't call him *that*!

FRANK
(reading)
"Likes long strolls along the beach,
candlelit dinners for two, taking his
lover roughly from behind while gently
tugging at -- "Yeah, Dave, this is gay
porn.

DAVE
Really?

FRANK
Yeah, Dave. And besides, he's not a
pirate.

DAVE
Sure he is! Look at those pants!

FRANK
Dave, he's not wearing any pants.

DAVE
Exactly!

Long pause.

DAVE
Oh my god. This *is* gay porn, isn't it?

FRANK
Yup, looks like.

DAVE
All these years...I've -- I've been
living a lie.

FRANK
Yup, sure have.

Long pause.

DAVE
You think Gary's seeing anybody these
days?