

THESE BE THE GOODS

Comedy Screenplay Sample by Patrick Laffoon

CONTEXT: Captain Rupert McNutt, a foppish, trust-fund-kid, wannabe pirate, and a member of his misfit pirate crew, Kelly "Redlegs" O'Shea, are attempting to sell some booty they recently found floating in the bay. Trouble is, these dingleberries have no idea what it is.

EXT. TORTUGA MARKET STREETS - DAY

MCNUTT leads REDLEGS, who's dragging a heavy chest of plunder along the ground solo, through Tortuga's bustling market quarter. Local pirates CALL OUT their wares from stalls and shoddy building windows, peddling everything from food and drink to stolen goods to time with painted ladies.

MCNUTT

Ah, take it in! The truly free market! We're bound to find an indefectible buyer in this pirate peddler's paradise. And once we've unloaded our desirable goods, we'll finally woo the sea from the deck of a great galleon of our very own.

(then)

Are you still struggling with that thing?

REDLEGS

A wee bit, aye... Ugh, Cap'n... Can ye 'elp me with the chest? It's 'eavier than a baker's wife given son thrice.

MCNUTT

Oh, uh, no. Much too heavy for my frame, and the metal handle kind of hurts my fingies.

REDLEGS

Oi... What's in 'ere anyway? Stones?

MCNUTT

Of course not. Hast thou forgotten? This cargo was drifting atop the bay's quivering waves. Stones don't float, do they?

REDLEGS

I, uh... I don't think so? Do they?

MCNUTT

Hmmm... I'm actually not certain, either. Maybe some do? The concept of islands has always confused me... Are they large floating rocks? Are we floating right now?

REDLEGS

Never really thought about it before...

MCNUTT

Right. Best we glance upon the contents so we can act as more amiable merchants.

McNutt reluctantly helps Redlegs drag the chest into an alleyway. After setting it down, McNutt SQUEALS and quickly pulls his hand away to suck on his fingers.

REDLEGS

Ye alright, Cap'n?

MCNUTT

What is that handle made of?! Broken glass?! Honestly!

Redlegs rolls his eyes, then opens the chest. Inside is a large amount of...

REDLEGS

Oh. Oh-ho! Oh? Yar! Er... What is it, exactly?

McNutt grabs a sheet of the mystery fabric and unfolds it.

MCNUTT

I don't rightly know. Hmmm. Tailor's cloth? Leather? Some kind of linen? Oh, ew, no, yucky... It smells bewildering. Like that of horse urine and moldy tomatoes.

REDLEGS

A wee bit, aye... If we don't know what it is, how are we 'sposed ter sell it?

MCNUTT

Well, it's clearly valuable to somebody. We simply need to figure out to whom.

McNutt drapes the fabric over his body. He looks ridiculous.

MCNUTT

Perhaps, it's the latest in French fashion. Oooh. Ahhh.

(then)

Oh, eck, itchy.

Redlegs takes out a sheet, plants feet on two corners and holds up the other two corners so air fills the sheet like a sail.

REDLEGS

Could be the, uh, finest Portuguese sails, mayhaps?

The fabric TEARS.

MCNUTT

We're in trouble, aren't we?

REDLEGS

A wee bit, aye.