

“THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER HOLIDAY PAGEANT”

A Play by
Jeremy Gable

Based on the teachings of
The Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster
and the writings of
Bobby Henderson

Written and produced with the permission
of Bobby Henderson

“THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER HOLIDAY PAGEANT” made its world premiere on December 1st, 2006 at the Hunger Artists Theater Company in Fullerton, CA (Jeremy Gable, Artistic Director; Emily Brauer Rogers & Gene Rogers, Managing Directors). The production was directed by Katie Chidester. The lighting design was by Joy Bice. The sound design was by Christina Acero. The costume design was by Grace Lynch. The cast was as follows:

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM	Leonard Joseph Dunham
BONNIE	Amber Scott
SHAMUS	Bob Tully
KATHY	Susy Davis
MAX	Tony Viramontes
PASTAFARIAN #1	MaryAnne Mosher
PASTAFARIAN #2	James Grant
PASTAFARIAN #3	Jeremy Gable
PASTAFARIAN #4	Scott Keister
PASTAFARIAN #5	Jessica Lynch
PASTAFARIAN #6	Becky Kinder

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM, a grown man playing a twelve-year-old boy

BONNIE, a female pirate

SHAMUS, a male pirate

KATHY, a member of the Kansas State Board of Education

MAX, Kathy's husband

PASTAFARIAN #1, female

Ms. Fism, a teacher

Disciple #1

Jessica Simpson

Heather, Bobby Henderson's wannabe girlfriend

PASTAFARIAN #2, male

Disciple #2

Child #2

Peter, a young pirate

Male Stripper

Dave, a loud employee

Board Member #1

PASTAFARIAN #3, male

Disciple #3

Child #3

Al Gore

Bobby Henderson

PASTAFARIAN #4, male

Midget

Evolutionary Figure

Hookah, a Krishna

Oscar Wilde

Jimmy, a relieved actor

Gary, a timid manager

Board Member #2

PASTAFARIAN #5, female

Midget's Wench

Child #1

Rachel, an irate actress

Urchin

PASTAFARIAN #6, female

Disciple #4

Wendy, a young wench

Female Stripper

Board Member #3

THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER HOLIDAY PAGEANT

(Lights up on a Kansas classroom. Pictures and drawings of various religious figures adorn the walls, all clumsily pushing each other to claim their space on the wall. Among these are Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, Zoroaster, Confucius, Muhammad, Martin Luther, Calvin, George Fox, John Wesley, Joseph Smith, Saint Augustine, Shabtai Tzvi, Mary Baker Eddy, and a certain noodly-appendaged figure in the middle. A woman enters and takes the floor. She is MS. FISM, the teacher of the classroom. She is an attractive woman, even more because she is wearing full pirate regalia, complete with hook, eyepatch and a parrot on the shoulder - peg leg optional. She clears her throat)

MS. FISM

Can you guess what my favorite vegetable is?

(Pause. Like a pirate:)

ARRRRRRRRtichoke.

(She laughs to herself)

No, but seriously, good evening, everyone. As always, I am Ms. Fism, and I welcome you all to Week Seventeen of our exploration on Intelligent Design, sponsored by the Board of Education here in the great state of Kansas. How wonderful to see you all. I recognize some familiar faces - Libby, Sam, hi, your bean dip last week was divine - as well as some new faces, no doubt compelled here by the, how shall we say...uniqueness of the subject matter. Oh, I see one of our School Board members is here tonight.

(KATHY, with her husband MAX, wave to the crowd from in the audience. MS. FISM says with a bit of nervousness:)

Kathy. Welcome. Tonight I decided to try a new approach to some relatively new ground. The religion that we are exploring tonight is a story as old as time itself. But only recently has it found its way into the mouths of people around the country. Nay, around the globe. It is a tale of time's beginnings, and of our fast decline toward its end. It is filled with action, adventure, romance, intrigue...and parmesan. So what better way to present the story, perhaps the greatest story ever told...

(KATHY clears her throat loudly, suspiciously.

MS. FISM looks at her, confused)

What? Oh, sorry, the SECOND greatest story ever told, then with a pageant! I've gathered a dedicated troupe of actors to assist me in telling this tale. You know doubt know our beloved Mayor, who will be...Oh, hi.

(MAYOR RAGBOTTOM, wearing a fisherman's costume has stepped onstage, giving a small, appreciative wave. Not knowing what to do next, he retreats off-stage)

MS. FISM
(CON'T)

Yes, our mayor, everyone. Okay. As well as other members of our community who you may recognize.

(There is unintelligible whispering heard from backstage)

And, so, um...

(She looks to the backstage wall)

Is everyone ready?

(No response. She moves to the wings and looks backstage)

We're having a little issue with the strippers, they're... Oh, they're giving me the thumbs up, great. So, ladies and gentlemen, please turn off your cell phones, pagers, beeping watches, pacemakers, anything that might make noise, and unwrap any candies or pastas you may have. Disturbing this performance with unnecessary noise is purely sacrilegious. And in case of an emergency, should we not find ourselves divinely touched by His Noodly Appendage, the exits are back there and through the lobby. Now sit back, relax, and enjoy "The Flying Spaghetti Monster Holiday Pageant".

(As she starts to retreat off-stage, the parrot on her shoulder falls to the ground. She stands there for about two seconds too long, debating whether or not to pick it up. Finally she does and runs off. Lights change, and we hear the theme to "2001". At an exciting moment of the song, someone runs in with a sign reading "WWFSMD?" We are at the pier of an ocean. A fisherboy - played by MAYOR RAGBOTTOM - walks onstage and holds out his fishing pole - without line attached - toward the audience, as if he is fishing for them. He sighs)

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

What a lovely day for fishing. The beautiful, shining sun. Hello, sun! The calm, glistening water. Howdy doo! And my trusty fishing pole. Do your stuff, Yenta!

(He swats at a bug)

Hmm. It seems the mosquitoes are the only things biting.

(He laughs to himself and hums a rhythmless tune. Suddenly, two PIRATES, one male and one female, enter, making a ruckus)

BONNIE

So me shipmate Hardy O'Shanty walks into the bar with the wheel of our beloved ship, the S.S. Jacobmeyers tied around his testicles. He goes up to the bartender and says, "Me good mate, I wish to drink the best bottle o' rum ye have in this here fine establishment!" The bartender, a fine man, says, "I will get ye yer bottle o' rum, but I first must point out that ye have the wheel of yer ship tied to your private regions." And Hardy says to him, "Aye, matey, and it's drivin' me nuts!"

(The two pirates break out into uproarious laughter as they pass MAYOR RAGBOTTOM)

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Excuse me, good citizens.

(The PIRATES stop)

Do you happen to have the time?

SHAMUS

Aye, me good lad.

(He stares at the sun)

Judging by the position of the sun, I would say nine-twenty-seven in the a.m.

BONNIE

I'd say nine-twenty-nine.

SHAMUS

Adjust yer eyes, lass! Take another look.

(BONNIE stares harder at the sun)

BONNIE

Aye, yer right. Nine-twenty-seven.

SHAMUS

And forty-three seconds...Forty-four...Forty-five...

BONNIE

Aye.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Wow, you knew that just by looking at the sun?

SHAMUS

Aye, me lad. For me and me mate here, we live by the time o' the sea! We are pirates!

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Wow! I've never met real-life pirates before. Only those robotic kinds at the theme parks.

BONNIE

Thar be no animatronics on us, dear boy.

SHAMUS

Aye. And yet, he brings UP a good point. It seems that our robot brethren are the only ones of our kind left. How old are ye, lad?

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Twelve years old, sir.

(Now would be the time to point out that MAYOR RAGBOTTOM should have a full beard)

BONNIE

Well, me boy, ye are far too young to remember the glory days. The glimmer of gold in yer hand. The sloshing of grog in yer belly...

SHAMUS

The silhouette of a hearty wench bathed in moonlight.

BONNIE

Aye, that was the life.

SHAMUS

Aye.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Well, what happened?

BONNIE

Ye don't know?

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

No, ma'am.

BONNIE

Well, then me boy, you obviously have never heard of the Flying Spaghetti Monster!
(The two PIRATES take off their hats and sigh with admiration)

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Flying Spaghetti Monster? C'mon, guys, you're just fooling.

SHAMUS

FOOLING???

(He raises his hook to kill the boy)

BONNIE
 Shamus!
 (He stops SHAMUS)
 He's but a lad, dim and misled. We must show him the way.

SHAMUS
 Aye, yer right.

BONNIE
 M'boy, what be yer religion?

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM
 I'm a Presbyterian, sir!

BONNIE
 PRESBYTERIAN???
 (She raises her hook to kill the boy)

SHAMUS
 Bonnie!
 (He stops BONNIE)
 Go on, boy.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM
 Yes, indeed, Presbyterian. I believe that Jesus Christ is my personal lord and savior, and it's in His word I trust!
 (The two PIRATES burst out laughing)

BONNIE
 Jesus Christ? Oh, me boy, he's a myth. The product of too much Vitamin C. We all know that men can't walk on water.

SHAMUS
 Except for Rufus McKiltey when he fell overboard and saw the shark fins circlin' round him. He was RUNNIN' on that water! "Oh, thar's a shark! Thar's a shark behind me!"
 (He laughs)
 Too bad he didn't make it.

BONNIE
 Aye.
 (They take off their hats and have a moment of silence)

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Are you two some sort of scientists who are going to try to convince me we came from monkeys?

BONNIE

Monkeys?

(The pirates burst out laughing)

My dear boy, the only thing monkeys share with us is ninety-five percent of our DNA...and a love of flinging poo.

SHAMUS

We are not evolutionists. We are Flying Spaghetti Monsterists!

BONNIE

Have ye got the time for a story, me lad?

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

A story! Gee willikers, I love a good yarn!

BONNIE

Well, that's great. Because our story goes back a long ways away. In fact, all the way to the beginning...OF TIME!!!

(Lights go dark. We hear the voice of BONNIE)

In the beginning, there were mountains...

(Magical sound; Lights up on a mountain range)

...trees...

(Magical sound; Lights up on some trees)

...and a midget.

(Magical sound; Lights up on a MIDGET, dressed only in shorts made of fig leaves)

MIDGET

Whoa! This isn't Six Flags!

BONNIE

(Voice-Over)

Such was the beginning of the universe.

MIDGET

Dude, where am I?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

(Booming voice-over)

Hark!

MIDGET

Whoa! Who's there?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

It is I!

MIDGET

James Earl Jones?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Nay! I am your God and creator, humble midget!

MIDGET

We prefer "little person".

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Oh, right. My bad.

MIDGET

Can you show yourself?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

No. I choose not to.

MIDGET

Why?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

My appearance may be frightening at first glance. Those who lay eyes upon me tremble in my presence. Especially at this time in the morning when I have not showered.

MIDGET

Well, do you have a name?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Indeed. It is a name so beautiful and so complex that trying to pronounce it could possibly kill you.

MIDGET

Is it Natalie?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Close. Very close.

MIDGET

Well then what should I call you?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Well, diminutive one, you can call me...THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER!
(The earth rumbles)

MIDGET

Flying Spaghetti Monster?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

F.S.M. for short.

MIDGET

Whoa, hold on, turbo. You want me to believe that all of this was created by some freak covered in Paul Newman Sauce?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

HOW DARE YOU DEFY ME!!!
(The earth rumbles again)

MIDGET

Whoa, sorry, sorry.

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

PAUL NEWMAN'S SAUCE IS FOR PUSSIES!!!

MIDGET

Look, I said sorry.

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

AND HIS WORK IN "SLAP SHOT" WAS MEDIOCRE AT BEST!!!

MIDGET

Well hockey movies are always iffy, I'll admit, but--

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Bow before me!

MIDGET

Oh, c'mon, you don't really expect me to--

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

BOW!!!

(MIDGET gets a violent shock, and falls to the ground)

MIDGET

What are you doing to me?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Pushing down on you with one of my Noodly Appendages. Why do you think you're so short to begin with?

MIDGET

A thousand apologies, O great one! You are truly the Creator and Overseer!

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Aw, you're sweet.

MIDGET

But why did you create me? What do you want from me?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

I want you to spread my word to the people. Let them know of me and my ways.

MIDGET

Sure thing, boss.

(He stands on a platform)

PEOPLE OF EARTH! I HAVE A PROCLAMATION!

(A beautiful woman walks by, dressed in fig leaves.
He checks her out)

Umm...never mind.

(He hops off the platform and follows the woman)

Hey, lady! I got a proclamation for ya!!!

(The PIRATES walks in with MAYOR
RAGBOTTOM)

SHAMUS

So though the man was short of stature, his lust was as big as the sea, and he went off to propagate with the wench.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Was the Flying Spaghetti Monster angry with the little person?

BONNIE

Alas, His Noodlyness is rather forgiving. Besides, when he created the world, he was rather drunk, so he knew he had it coming. No, instead of punishing the wee man, he built a garden for he and his wench to live in, and in it grew the most beautiful olives ever seen.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

And did they live happily in this olive garden?

SHAMUS

For a time.

(MIDGET and MIDGET'S WENCH enter the garden)

MIDGET'S WENCH

These pimentos are pretty goddamn stellar!

MIDGET

Agreed.

MIDGET'S WENCH

It was nice of your so-called god to build this for us.

MIDGET

What do you mean so-called?

MIDGET'S WENCH

Well, c'mon, it's a bit hard for me to believe that a Flying Spaghetti Monster really exists. I mean, it's a cute idea and all, but you've never seen him. You claim to have heard him talk to you--

MIDGET

He sounds like that guy in "The Lion King".

MIDGET'S WENCH

But I've had no proof of his existence. I have a feeling this Flying Spaghetti Monster thingy is just a myth.

MIDGET

Shhh! You don't want to offend His Noodlyness.

MIDGET'S WENCH

His Noodlyness? Derek, you gotta wise up.

MIDGET

My name's not Derek.

MIDGET'S WENCH

(Overlapping)

You have to realize that this Spaghetti Monster is a hallucination, something you thought up after eating too many olives, and the closer you come to realizing that, the happier you will be. And may this Spaghetti thing-a-ma-jigger strike me down if I'm wrong.

(A rumble of thunder. The lights go out for a quick second. They flash back on and where the woman was standing, there is simply a pile of spaghetti)

MIDGET

Oh, dammit! Why'd you have to take the only woman on earth and turn her into a large, steaming, delicious-looking pile of...

(He looks at the spaghetti. Pause. Suddenly, he pounces on it and starts gobbling it up)

Oh sweet communion!!!

(KATHY stands up from the audience indignantly)

KATHY

Sir, I find what you are doing to be offensive.

MIDGET

Hey, I didn't write this shit.

(MS. FISM runs in)

MS. FISM

Please, Kathy, we're in the middle of a performance.

KATHY

But he's eating his wife.

MIDGET

That's not my wife! That's my lunch!

(He does a vocal rimshot)

Ba-dum-tschhhhh!

MS. FISM

Please have respect for the religious doctrine being presented right now. After all, you wouldn't like it if I interrupted Week Thirty-Seven's presentation of the Old Testament to say that Cain killing Abel was too violent, now would you?

(Pause)

KATHY

Go on.

(She sits back down. MS. FISM slips back into character)

MS. FISM

Thus, the story of the world's creation.

(MAYOR RAGBOTTOM and the PIRATES enter)

SHAMUS

So that was the beginning of sin.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Boy, those women sure are dumb, aren't they?

(BONNIE grabs MAYOR RAGBOTTOM and raises her hook)

BONNIE

I'll make your testicles into a nice pair of earrings, boy!

SHAMUS

Bonnie!

(She lets him go)

Me lad, you need to respect women if you're going to be a Pastafarian.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

A Pastafarian?

SHAMUS

The wench is by far the finest of all His Noodly creatures. The sunshine of our days, the fuel to our fire.

BONNIE

That was downright poetic, Shamus.

SHAMUS

Aye, 'twas.

BONNIE

I'm still not going to bed you.

SHAMUS

Aye, I know. Me boy, we are all equal in the eyes of the Flying Spaghetti Monster. It's like what He says, "Next to every brilliant man in history, there's been a woman constantly bitching in his ear."

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

But girls have cooties! Yuck!

(The PIRATES laugh)

SHAMUS

Oh me boy, you'll grow up to realize that men will be willing to die for such cooties.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

So what happened after that?

SHAMUS

Hmm? Oh, the wee man and His Noodlyness established a few ground rules.

(The MIDGET returns and speaks to the sky)

MIDGET

I'm telling you, man, Saturday and Sunday just ain't good enough.

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

But that's two full days of rest. That's like thirty percent of your week!

MIDGET

Trust me, man, Fridays need to be included.

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Well you're the one who'd know.

BONNIE

And from then on, every Friday was considered a holiday to His Noodlyness.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Every Friday?

BONNIE

Every Friday!

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Wow!

SHAMUS

We celebrate each Friday night with a trip to the local "hot spot", where we make merry with beer, women and song.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Do you sing that song "Thank God It's Friday"?

BONNIE

No, of course not!

(She shudders)

SHAMUS

His Noodlyness doesn't like disco.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Can't blame him.

SHAMUS

In fact, do you remember Disco Demolition Night, that baseball game in the '70's where thousands of people burned disco records?

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Did the Flying Spaghetti Monster make that happen?

SHAMUS

No, but he thought it was freaking hilarious!

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Do you have anymore holidays?

BONNIE

Are you kidding? We have more holidays than any other religion.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Like what?

BONNIE

Well, there's Pastover, where we hide kegs of Guinness and lusty wenches in the backyard for the wee kiddies to find. They love that one.

SHAMUS

Then there's Ramendan.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Is that like Ramadan, where you don't eat, drink or have sex?

BONNIE

Are you kidding? We eat, drink and fuck MORE during Ramendan than any other time!

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Do you have Christmas?

BONNIE

Oh, me boy, how can you have Christmas if you don't have Christ?

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Do you celebrate Hanukkah? Although it's against my religion, I like the fact that they celebrate for eight days.

SHAMUS

Well, you're getting warmer.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

So what's the name of your year-end holiday?

BONNIE

Holiday! And we celebrate it all throughout December and January.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Wow, two whole months?

SHAMUS

Yep, and you'll never guess how we celebrate it?

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Um...drinking and women?

SHAMUS

HA HA!!!

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Thought so.

BONNIE

And then finally, we have our holiest of days. September Nineteenth.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

What's September Nineteenth?

SHAMUS & CYRIL

INTERNATIONAL TALK LIKE A PIRATE DAY!!!

SHAMUS

Instead of saying "Hello", you say "Ahoy!"

BONNIE

Instead of saying "Hey, you", you say "Avast there!"

SHAMUS

Instead of saying "Would you like to come in for coffee", you say "Nice parrot, wanna fuck?"

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Wow! That sounds MUCH more fun than Arbor Day!

BONNIE

Aye, but we're getting off track here.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

You can say that again.

BONNIE

Thank you, me boy. Someday, I just might!

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

So, whatever happened to the midget?

BONNIE

Oh he died.

SHAMUS

But not before delivering one last important document...

(The MIDGET walks in, wearing a robe and a long gray beard)

MIDGET

Mighty creator, why, when I am near the end of my life, have you called me to the top of this spaghetti, all covered with cheese?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

I have one final task for you, diminutive disciple. A document for you to deliver to the people.

MIDGET

Gladly, Your Noodlyness.

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Behold!

(Lights up on two glass jars of spaghetti sauce)

MIDGET

What are these, like, commandments?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Oh, nothing so forceful. More like...I'd-Really-Rather-You-Didn't's.

MIDGET

I shall deliver them to the people.

SHAMUS

And these eight I'd-Really-Rather-You-Didn'ts have been passed on from generation to generation, and are still well known amongst Pastafarians.

(Four DISCIPLES enter, each with a glass jar of spaghetti sauce. They read from the label in important, preacher-like tones)

DISCIPLE #1

One. "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Act Like A Sanctimonious, Holier-Than-Thou Ass When Describing My Noodly Goodness. If Some People Don't Believe In Me, That's Okay. Really, I'm Not That Vain. Besides, This Isn't About Them So Don't Change The Subject."

DISCIPLE #2

Two. "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Use My Existence As A Means To Oppress, Subjugate, Punish, Eviscerate, And/Or, You Know, Be Mean To Others. I Don't Require Sacrifices And Purity Is For Drinking Water, Not People."

DISCIPLE #3

Three. "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Judge People For The Way They Look, Or How They Dress, Or The Way They Talk, Or...Well, Just Play Nice, Okay? Oh, And Get This In Your Thick Heads: Woman Equals Person. Man Equals Person. Samey-Samey. One Is Not Better Than The Other, Unless We're Talking About Fashion And I'm Sorry, But I Gave That To Women And Some Guys Who Know The Difference Between Teal And Fuchsia."

DISCIPLE #4

Four. "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Indulge In Conduct That Offends Yourself, Or Your Willing, Consenting Partner Of Legal Age AND Mental Maturity. As For Anyone Who Might Object, I Think The Expression Is Go Fuck Yourself, Unless They Find That Offensive In Which Case They Can Turn Off The TV For Once And Go For A Walk For A Change."

DISCIPLE #1

Five. "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Challenge The Bigoted, Misogynistic, Hateful Ideas Of Others On An Empty Stomach. Eat, Then Go After The Bastard."

DISCIPLE #2

Six. "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Build Multimillion-Dollar Churches Or Temples Or Mosques Or Shrines To My Noodly Goodness When The Money Could Be Better Spent Ending Poverty, Curing Diseases, Living In Peace, Loving With Passion, And Lowering The Cost Of Cable. I Might Be A Complex-Carbohydrate Omniscient Being, But I Enjoy The Simple Things In Life. I Ought To Know. I AM The Creator."

DISCIPLE #3

Seven. "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Go Around Telling People I Talk To You. You're Not That Interesting. Get Over Yourself. And I Told You To Love Your Fellow Man, Can't You Take A Hint?"

DISCIPLE #4

Eight. "I'd Really Rather You Didn't Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You If You Are Into, Um, Stuff That Uses A Lot Of Leather Or Lubricant Or Las Vegas. If The Other Person Is Into It (Pursuant To Number Four)..."

(She checks the label)

Hmm...Oh, legal age AND mental maturity. Well, my boyfriend's halfway there, at least. Ahem..."If The Other Person Is Into It, Then Have At It, Take Pictures, And For The Love Of Mike, Wear A Condom. Honestly, It's A Piece Of Rubber. If I Didn't Want It To Feel Good When You Did It I Would Have Added Spikes, Or Something."

(The DISCIPLES exit)

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Wow. A magical garden? A significant overseer? Great proclamations made on holy mountains? This all sounds vaguely familiar.

BONNIE

Yes, it's like "Lord of the Rings", but less gay.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

I was thinking of the Bible. King James version, specifically.

SHAMUS

Yeah, I guess that, too.

BONNIE

Little bit of "Narnia", as well.

SHAMUS

But we do not believe in the word of your Christ, me boy. No offense.

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

None taken. Except my father says that anyone who doesn't accept Jesus Christ into their hearts is a filthy, pot-smoking, tree-hugging, Evolution-spewing, New York elite terrorist Jewbag!

BONNIE

That's untrue! We do NOT believe in Evolution!

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Really?

SHAMUS

Bonnie's right. The only evolution we believe in is how we got from this...
 (A EVOLUTIONARY FIGURE walks out,
 wearing an eyepatch and pirate hat)

EVOLUTIONARY FIGURE

Your doubloons and your wench, or I'll stuff ye in Davy Jones' locker!

SHAMUS

...to this.

(The E.F. strips off his eyepatch and hat, revealing
 slicked back hair. He pulls out a cell phone and
 speaks into it)

EVOLUTIONARY FIGURE

So I closed the merger, shook Mr. Tokomaki's hand and celebrated with a madouri sour
 at Hof's Hut.

(He exits)

BONNIE

Fruity drinks!

(She shivers)

MAYOR RAGBOTTOM

Say, how DID the Pirates die out?

SHAMUS

Oh, me boy. You're touching on a very sensitive subject, ye are. Bonnie and I will
 regale you with the sad story of our decline.

(Lights change)

If you would like to read the script in its entirety,
 you can contact the author at jeremygable@jeremygable.com