

**Pirate
Treasure on
Adventure
Island**

By

Katherine Dubois

PIRATE TREASURE ON ADVENTURE ISLAND

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by Katherine Dubois

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Pirate Treasure on Adventure Island

Cast of Characters

Edward - 14 years old

Caroline - 12 years old

Hannah - 12 years old

Jacob - 10 years old

Scene - An outdoor scene

Time - Present

Setting

The play can be performed on a bare stage, or there could be a palm tree that a stagehand moves to a different part of the stage every time the action shifts to a different location.

PIRATE TREASURE ON ADVENTURE ISLAND

{Enter Edward, Caroline, Hannah, and Jacob. They survey their surroundings.}

Jacob: Here we are!

Edward: Gee. Wow. Here we are. What fun.

Jacob: Don't you like it?

Edward: Like it? Oh, sure. I can't think of anything I like better than the prospect of an entire Saturday with nothing to do.

Caroline: Oh, Edward, stop complaining. Isn't it better than being dragged along to the grand gala matinee at the symphony? *I* say, thank goodness the tickets were too expensive for them to take us, too.

Hannah: What, you didn't want to be exposed to all that culture?

Caroline: I'd rather be exposed to the measles.

Edward: So would I, as far as the symphony goes. But why here? Why couldn't we have stayed home?

Caroline: 'Cos Mom didn't want us "wasting the entire day" in front of the television or the computer.

Edward: Yeah. Like this won't be a waste.

Hannah: I begged our mom to leave me in charge of Jacob. But she said not for a whole day. What was the point of taking that babysitting class at the Y if she won't even let me babysit my own brother?

Jacob: Dad said if we came here there'd be nothing of his I could break.

Caroline: "There'll be so much more for you to do," Mom says.

Edward: Like, counting the blades of grass?

Jacob: Like exploring.

Hannah: That's our moms for you. They used to love coming here so they assume we'll have a fabulous time.

Caroline: Ours is convinced we'll have an adventure.

Jacob: Our mom says this place is magical.

Edward: "And you'll have your cousins with you," ours says, as if such a thing were impossible indoors.

Hannah: I suggested you guys come to our house, if they think I'm too young to be in charge. But it would have meant more driving, so they said no.

Edward: Coming *here* meant more driving, didn't it?

Caroline: Anyway, we're here now, we might as well make the best of it.

Hannah: Well, I brought my sketchbook, so it won't be a complete waste of time.

Caroline: They'll be back before supper. It's not that long. There must be *something* to do here.

Edward: Where did you put the cooler?

Caroline: Under that tree. *{She motions offstage.}*

Jacob: You're not gonna leave it there, are you? Aren't you afraid it'll get stolen?

Caroline: If you want to sit with it all day, be my guest.

Edward: But since no other human has set foot in this barren wilderness for a million years or so, I'm guessing it's safe.

Hannah: "Adventure Island." Do you think that's really its name, or did our moms make that up?

Caroline: It's not even an island, it's a peninsula. What sort of an island can you get to by crossing a footbridge?

Jacob: Adventure Peninsula!

Hannah: Oh, please.

Jacob: And there *have* been other people here. There used to be pirates. Mom and Aunt Chris were captured by pirates once.

Hannah: Jacob, our mother writes children's books for a living. Has it ever occurred to you that some of the stories she tells us may not be true?

Jacob: *{no, this thought had never entered his head until this very minute}* Oh. *{A beat.}* But there might still be pirate treasure.

Edward: I'm gonna get a soda.

Caroline: If you drink yours now, don't expect me to share mine at lunchtime.

Jacob: You got to bring soda? All we've got is juice boxes.

Hannah: And water. Mom made us bring gallons of water. Do you guys have dessert? I'll trade for some.

Edward: What do you have to trade?

Jacob: Baby carrots? They're organic.

Edward: Nice try. *{He exits.}*

Caroline: We've got cookies. I'll share.

Hannah: Sure you don't want half a hummus and bean sprout sandwich in exchange?

Caroline: Thanks, Hannah, but I'll pass. Actually, I snuck in extra cookies because I know what Aunt Becca's lunches are like. I would have brought extra soda but there were only two cans left, since *someone* in our house sucks it down like a whale sucking down plankton.

{Edward returns with a can of soda.}

Edward: I heard that, you know.

Caroline: So?

Jacob: Who wants to help me hunt for pirate treasure?

Hannah: No thanks.

Jacob: Aw, c'mon. Please, Hannah?

Hannah: I'm gonna walk in the woods and see if I can find any ferns to sketch. *{She exits.}*

Jacob: Caroline? Edward?

Caroline: I'm headed for the beach to look for shells or anything. I've got my magnifying glass with me. But if I run across any treasure I'll give a holler. *{She exits.}*

Jacob: *{to Edward}* Will you? I brought a shovel, and I've got a compass and rope and everything.

Edward: Maybe later. *{He sits down with his soda.}*

Jacob: I bet there's treasure. Mom says this place is magical.

Edward: Jacob, your mom—and my mom—think this place is magical because they've hit that time in their lives when people remember all the things they did when they were kids and think all of them were special and that everybody had a wonderful time. Memory is a very unreliable thing.

Jacob: I know old people forget things sometimes.

Edward: And sometimes they remember things that never happened. And sometimes they remember things that *did* happen, only they don't remember them the way they really happened. In reality, I'll bet most of the magical adventures your mom has told you about were boring old ordinary days like this one.

Jacob: This one's hardly started.

Edward: And it's boring already, and it'll stay boring until it's over. Trust me.

Jacob: At least there's all four of us. We can do stuff together.

Edward: That's another fallacy, that having someone with you makes things more fun. Do you think our moms had more fun when they were young because they had each other to do things with? Best friends, and all that? I'll bet they fought all the time. Sisters always do.

Jacob: I've never heard them fight.

Edward: Well, they outgrew it. And besides, they don't see each other every day anymore like when they were growing up. We're over forty miles from you guys; that makes our moms think getting together is a special occasion.

Jacob: We see each other every month, practically. And *if* it's always a special occasion, then our parents wouldn't leave us anyplace boring. So there!

Edward: The special occasion is that *they're* going to the symphony. Take my word for it, there is nothing magical about this desolate wasteland where we've been abandoned for the day. No matter what Mom and Aunt Becca remember about the supposed adventures they had here when they were kids. Now, if we were at home, there'd be computer games. *That* would be magical.

Jacob: My mom doesn't approve of computer games. She likes for us to use our imaginations.

Edward: Well, all that proves is that there is one place in the universe that would be worse than living with my own parents.

Jacob: I like your parents. I think Uncle Bob is fun. I love the songs he makes up.

Edward: That's because he's never sung any of them in front of your friends.

Jacob: I bet my mom was telling the truth, and it *is* magical, and there *were* pirates. And I *like* hummus and bean sprout sandwiches and baby carrots.

Edward: Well, that's very loyal of you, but frankly, I could care less.

Jacob: I'm gonna look for treasure.

{He exits. Edward sips his soda. Almost immediately, Jacob comes running back on, shouting, holding a piece of paper.}

Jacob: You guys! You guys! Everybody! Come here quick! Hannah! Caroline! Come quick!

Edward: What is it?

Jacob: Come here! Come here! Hannah! Caroline! Quick!

{Hannah and Caroline come rushing back on.}

Hannah: What happened? What's the matter? Are you all right?

Caroline: Who was shouting? Is something the matter?

Jacob: Look! Look what I found! It's a treasure map! *{He holds it out, beaming.}*

Hannah: Is that all? I thought something terrible had happened, the way you were shouting. Why did you bother us for that?

Jacob: We can find the treasure.

Caroline: Fine, follow the map and let us know when you've found something.

Hannah: And don't you dare go shouting like that again unless something's really the matter. All right?

Jacob: Okay.

Hannah: I only came running 'cos I thought you were hurt or something and Mom said I was supposed to keep an eye on you.

{The girls exit, shaking their heads. Jacob holds the map out to Edward.}

Jacob: See? It's a treasure map.

Edward: Is there an X?

Jacob: Yeah.

Edward: Then find the place and start digging.

Jacob: Will you help me? I'm not sure I'll know the right place. Please?

Edward: All right. Let's see. *{He studies the map a moment.}* Well, the map doesn't cover the whole island, I don't think. And there's nothing that marks north. You'll have to try to recognize some of the landmarks. These trees might be the edge of those woods.

Jacob: These look like cattails. I'll bet that's a swamp. And if we saw that big rock, I bet we'd recognize it. C'mon, Edward. Let's go and explore. Please?

Edward: All right. For a bit.

{They leave. A beat. Caroline enters with her magnifying glass. She stoops down and examines something. Hannah enters. She is using a tree branch as a walking stick.}

Hannah: Find something?

Caroline: Oh, hi, Hannah. There's a little sand spider here spinning a web across this hole. Come look.

{Hannah bends over Caroline's shoulder.}

Hannah: Cool. Are there lots of shells?

Caroline: A few. And I found some bird tracks. Over there. Are you going to draw the water?

Hannah: Maybe later. When the sun's a bit higher. I thought maybe we could do something together.

Caroline: Sure. What do you want to do? *{She giggles.}* Hunt for treasure?

Hannah: I can't believe Jacob is such a dummy.

Caroline: I think he's sweet. At least he still gets excited about things. Edward's always all "ho hum" to prove how smart he is. I hope we aren't so full of ourselves when we become teenagers.

Hannah: Girls are more mature than boys. I 'spect we'll be able to handle it.

Caroline: Hard to believe a couple years could make so much difference.

Hannah: Look at the difference between us and Jacob. That's only two years. And then two years the other way between us and Edward. A year's a long time. Think how much more grown up we are now than we were a year ago.

Caroline: True. I still played with Barbies a year ago.

Hannah: I still played dress-up. Plus, I used to think the Boxcar Children were the coolest books ever written.

Caroline: Babysitters' Club is *way* cooler.

Hannah: Everything about us is way cooler than a year ago. That's what growing up is all about. That and being more responsible.

Caroline: Speaking of responsible, do you know where Jacob is?

Hannah: I heard him and Edward tramping through the woods a while back. He's safe enough. Even if he went off by himself. There's no one else here.

Caroline: What about your drawing? Did you find any ferns?

Hannah: Yeah. A fabulous one.

Caroline: May I see?

Hannah: Sure. *{She fishes her sketchbook out of her bag and shows Caroline.}*

Caroline: That's beautiful. I love the pattern it makes.

Hannah: I couldn't do the shading quite the way I wanted. I was only using an ordinary pencil. I'm saving up for a set of all-graphite pencils I saw at the art supply store. They're fabulous.

Caroline: I'm saving for a microscope. It's great when you can really see the way things are, up close. I love *looking* at things.

Hannah: Me, too. When I draw them. I really *notice* things I would hardly even see otherwise.

Caroline: So what should we do?

Hannah: We could draw pictures in the sand. It would make a statement about the transitory nature of art.

Caroline: I know. We could leave a message and see if the boys find it. In code, maybe.

Hannah: What should we say?

{Caroline leans over and whispers in Hannah's ear. They giggle.}

Hannah: Caroline!

Caroline: Why not?

{They stand up.}

Hannah: What code should we use?

Caroline: "A" equals "one"? Anyone can figure that one out.

Hannah: Okay.

{Hannah starts to draw in the sand with her stick. The girls stop from time to time to count on their fingers.}

Hannah: Fifteen? Is that "O"?

Caroline: That's right.

Hannah: And the next one's easy.

Caroline: And "S" would be nineteen.

Hannah: And "R," that's one less, so eighteen. This is too easy.

Caroline: So? We *want* them to get it.

Hannah: There!

Caroline: Shh. I hear them coming. Let's go.

{They hurry offstage. Jacob and Edward enter.}

Jacob: If we follow the edge of the water, we'll find the big rock, and then we'll know where we are.

Edward: That could be miles. I don't want to walk around the entire island.

Jacob: It's a peninsula.

Edward: We're not even sure the map is of this island, you know.

Jacob: Of course it is. It has to be. Look! Someone's written a bunch of numbers in the sand. I bet it's a secret message. Maybe it's a clue.

Edward: Pirates don't leave messages in the sand. It's not a very permanent form of communication.

Jacob: If they knew when their comrades were coming. I'm going to crack the code.

Edward: Be my guest.

Jacob: Do you think the numbers stand for letters?

Edward: That would be an obvious deduction.

Jacob: I'll bet "A" equals "one."

Edward: Only if whoever left the message wanted everyone in the world to know what it said.

Jacob: It starts with two. That's a "B." And fifteen is... *{He starts to sing the alphabet song, counting on his fingers.}*

Edward: "O." Fifteen is "O."

Jacob: And then twenty-five, that's... *{He screws up his face with the effort of thinking.}*

Edward: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet.

Jacob: "Y"! And nineteen is—

Edward: "S."

Jacob: B-O-Y-S. "Boys!" We've cracked the code. Let's look at the next word. One. That's easy. "A"! And then eighteen, that's the letter before "S"... "R"! And five. A-B-C-D-E! "Are!" "Boys are!" Nineteen, that's "S" again, twenty, twenty-one, that's easy, it's the next two letters. S, T, U— *{crestfallen}* "stupid." It says "Boys are stupid."

{Laughter is heard from offstage and the girls enter.}

Edward: Ha, ha. Very funny.

Jacob: I thought it was for real. And you were making fun of us.

Caroline: Oh, come on, Jacob. It was just a joke. Here. Let me look at the map. Maybe I'll see something I recognize.

Jacob: Okay.

{She puts an arm around his shoulder and they study it together.}

Edward: You two are so clever I don't know how you stand yourselves.

Hannah: You're just jealous you didn't think of it first.

Edward: Oh, right. Devastated. I don't know how I'll live knowing the two of you managed to beat me in coming up with an infantile prank.

Hannah: It had you going there for a while.

Edward: It had *Jacob* going, not me.

Hannah: I notice you've joined the treasure hunt. Found anything yet?

{Edward crosses to Jacob and Caroline and snatches the map out of Jacob's hand.}

Jacob: Hey!

Edward: Why are you showing our treasure map to a member of the enemy camp?

Jacob: Enemy camp? We're not camping, we're just here for the day.

Edward: I mean *her*.

Jacob: Caroline? She said she'd help me—

Edward: We don't need any help from *girls*.

Jacob: But—

Edward: We'll find the treasure on our own.

Hannah: Yes, I 'spect even *boys* can figure out how to read a map.

Caroline: It's not drawn to scale, Jacob. I've seen that big rock, but it's not as close to the water as it looks on the map. It's back that way, over that little hill.

Jacob: Thanks, Caroline!

{He dashes off. Edward follows at a more dignified pace.}

Hannah: You saw that rock?

Caroline: Nah. I made it up to get back at Edward for being such a pig. “We don’t need any help from *girls*.” So I sent them off on a wild goose chase. Let’s go, so we’re not here when they get back.

{The girls leave. A beat. The boys enter.}

Edward: Come back. You’re not going to find it.

Jacob: She said over this little hill.

Edward: She was leading you on, Jacob.

Jacob: Caroline likes me. She wouldn’t lie to me.

Edward: No, and your mother didn’t lie to you when she said she’d been captured by pirates. They’re making up stories.

Jacob: This is different. She said she’d seen the rock.

Edward: Jacob, I *live* with her. Trust me: you can’t trust her.

Jacob: I bet it’s over here.

{He exits, Edward following. A beat. The girls enter.}

Hannah: It’s nice here in the woods. I love the way the shadows of the leaves make patterns on the trail, the way it’s always changing as the leaves rustle in the wind.

Caroline: It’s cooler here, under the trees. Let’s go sit on that log.

{She points. They cross to the edge of the stage.}

Caroline: Wait a minute. There’s two logs, in a kind of an X. And this one branches out at the very end. This was on the map.

Hannah: What?

Caroline: This was one of the landmarks on the map. It *is* a map of this island. I thought it was just some preprinted thing you might get at a prank shop, you know, just a party favor. But it really is a map of this island.

Hannah: This was on the map?

Caroline: Yeah.

Hannah: And there was treasure marked? Where’s the treasure?

Caroline: I don’t remember.

Hannah: You looked at the map. Think, Caroline.

Caroline: I didn’t study it that closely. There was the big rock, and these logs, and a swamp, and I think the X was under a tree.

Hannah: A tree in the woods?

Caroline: No. A tree by itself.

Hannah: Where? Close by?

Caroline: No. Not really. I think.

Hannah: Which way?

Caroline: That way. Maybe. Unless I’m turned around.

Hannah: Caroline!

Caroline: I didn't really look at it. I was just giving Jacob a hard time.

Hannah: We have to get our hands on that map.

Caroline: How are we going to do that? You heard Edward. He's mad at us now because of what we wrote on the beach.

Hannah: Oh, come on. He knew we were joking. Let's find the guys and ask to see the map. Then we'll take a real good look, pretend we don't recognize anything, and find the treasure first.

Caroline: I don't think so, Hannah. I don't think he'll let us set eyes on it now.

Hannah: This is Edward we're talking about.

Caroline: Yes, Edward the Impossible. Especially lately. You don't see him all the time. But he gets in these moods. It's like he doesn't want to lose face, or something. You never met anyone so pigheaded.

Hannah: Oh, I bet if *I* asked him. We could all look for the treasure together.

Caroline: Not if he's decided it's boys against girls.

Hannah: Then we'll have to steal it.

Caroline: I think they'd know it was us.

Hannah: I know! We'll make a fake map, and switch them.

Caroline: That might work. Get out your sketchpad.

Hannah: Tell me as much as you can remember. With any luck, Edward hasn't looked at it closely. We can throw them off the track.

Caroline: And I can burn the edges with my magnifying glass, so they'll look the same. C'mon. We'll have to go where it's sunny.

{They leave. A beat. The boys enter.}

Edward: We're never going to find it this way. Assuming it exists. Let's go back to the food and have lunch. Assuming we can find *that*.

Jacob: It's gotta be close. I'm sure of it.

Edward: Well, I'm gonna sit down. Give a yell if you find it.

Jacob: Hannah got mad at me for yelling before. Can we have a secret signal instead?

Edward: Sure. What'll it be?

Jacob: How about I hoot like an owl? Three long and one short.

Edward: Fine.

Jacob: Hey, wait. I have another idea. We should think of a way to mark the places we've already looked, so we don't repeat ourselves or go around in circles.

Edward: You mean, like making piles of rocks?

Jacob: That's one of the ways they taught us in Cub Scouts. And you can use sticks to make an arrow, and cut little notches in the trunks of the trees. Do you have a knife?

Edward: Well, I have one, but I didn't bring it with me.

Jacob: That was dumb. Why not?

Edward: It only has two blades, and one of them has the point broken off. It's a pretty useless knife.

Jacob: Rats. We'll pile rocks, then. Edward?

Edward: Yeah?

Jacob: Do you think the treasure will be worth a lot of money?

Edward: Pirate treasure usually is.

Jacob: Do you think there'll be coins? I love old coins. And foreign coins. I have coins from twenty-three different countries at home. Some of them I can even read the names of what they are.

Edward: Coins and jewels, I expect. At least, that's what it always is in the movies.

Jacob: Edward?

Edward: Yeah?

Jacob: Do you think this is fun?

Edward: Better than dying of boredom.

Jacob: I think it's great! Here—you keep the map safe. I'll need both hands to pile rocks.

{He scampers off. Hannah enters.}

Hannah: Hey, Edward.

Edward: What do *you* want?

Hannah: Nothin'. Just wondered what you were up to.

Edward: Searching for buried treasure.

Hannah: It's nice of you to humor Jacob that way.

Edward: Well, it's not like there's anything else to do around here.

Hannah: He's the only one of us who probably *could* have fun in a place like this. He's still just a kid, really. He still wants to play and explore and things. We've outgrown that. I mean, *we* know the map can't possibly be real.

Edward: Well, of course not. But if it keeps him occupied.

Hannah: That's what I mean. It's nice of you to play along. It makes him happy. He really looks up to you, you know. He's always excited when our families are going to see each other.

Edward: He's all right. I'd rather hang out with someone my own age, but—

Hannah: Oh, sure. I understand. I mean, I *live* with him. You don't need to tell *me* he's immature. I think partly it's the difference between being first or second in the family. Like, take Caroline and me.

Edward: You two are exactly the same age.

Hannah: I *am* two weeks older. But *that's* not what makes the difference. It's because I'm the oldest. Well, you and I both. Birth order has a lot to do with personality. Studies have shown it; there are even books on the subject. The first-born is always more mature, just by nature. We're more like the adults in the household, because there weren't any other kids when we were born. So we modeled ourselves after our parents. Subconsciously. That makes us more responsible, and more capable, and more of a leader. Look at the four of us.

I mean, I know Calonne and I hang out together, but really, the two of us have more in common in a lot of ways.

Edward: I suppose you're right. *{He fingers the map.}*

Hannah: Is it interesting, from an artistic standpoint?

Edward: What?

Hannah: The map. Could I take a look at it?

Edward: Sure.

{She takes a couple of steps away, pretending to hold it to the light.}

Hannah: It's very crude. Where's Jacob got to, by the way?

Edward: Over there somewhere.

{He turns to look as he gestures. Hannah quickly reaches into her bag and switches the maps. She hands the "fake" map to Edward.}

Hannah: Thanks. I'm gonna look around some more. This place is pretty.

Edward: Pretty useless, if you ask me.

{She exits. He sits back down. Jacob returns.}

Jacob: I still can't find the big rock. Maybe we should look for the swamp. Let me see the map.

{Edward hands it over. Jacob looks at it.}

Jacob: This isn't the map.

Edward: Of course it is. What are you talking about?

Jacob: It's different. It's not the same map. Those trees were over here—I think. And—

Edward: Hannah. That sneak. Hannah came. She must have—switched it, or something.

Jacob: Hannah? Hannah stole our map?

Edward: Isn't that just like a couple of girls.

Jacob: Ooh, just wait till I find her. I'll—

{He starts to rush off. Edward grabs him by the arm, his momentum spinning him around in a circle.}

Edward: Hold on a minute. Don't just go charging off. We need a plan.

Jacob: I'm gonna tell her to give it back!

{He starts to leave again, and again Edward spins him around in a circle.}

Edward: She'll just deny having it. Can you *prove* this isn't it?

Jacob: It's not the same.

Edward: But can you *prove* it?

Jacob: It's no fair. *I'm* the one that found it. They should give it back.

Edward: Oh, we'll get it back, don't worry.

Jacob: How?

Edward: I'm thinking.

Jacob: I'll tell her it's no fair.

Edward: That won't work.

Jacob: Then I'll—then I'll—

Edward: And besides, don't you want to get them back for that message they wrote in the sand?

Jacob: Yeah!

Edward: Yeah. We'll teach them not to mess with us.

Jacob: Yeah.

Edward: We'll come up with something good. They'll be sorry they thought they could trick us.

Jacob: Yeah.

Edward: We'll get those girls.

Jacob: Yeah.

Edward: That Hannah! Talking about—ooh, that was sneaky. Going on like she and I have so much in common. I don't have anything in common with her. The oldest! Like that makes her so special. I wish she was two years old. No—I wish she'd never been born.

Jacob: Never been born? You mean, like, “poof,” and she'd be gone?

Edward: Yeah. “Poof,” and no one would even remember she ever existed.

Jacob: I wouldn't know I had a sister?

Edward: No, because you *wouldn't* have a sister.

Jacob: What about me, then?

Edward: What?

Jacob: If Hannah had never been born, would that make me the oldest?

Edward: Yeah, I guess—

Jacob: Would it make me her age? Would I be twelve? Or would I still only be ten? If she hadn't been born, would I have taken her place?

Edward: I don't think so. Technically speaking, if you weren't born when you were, you wouldn't be you.

Jacob: Huh?

Edward: You'd be somebody else. *Like* you, maybe. But not you, exactly. You'd be like your own brother.

Jacob: I don't have a brother.

Edward: But if you were born at some different time.

Jacob: I like being me. I don't want to be somebody else. Can I keep my same birthday and still be me? Even without Hannah?

Edward: You might not have turned out the same. Your personality would have been different if you'd been an only child.

Jacob: I don't wanna be an only child. I want Hannah back. *{close to tears}* Bring her back!

Edward: Settle down. Hey, Hannah hasn't gone anywhere. Well, she's gone *somewhere*. With *our* map.

Jacob: But is she still my sister? And am I still me?

Edward: Yes, of course. But we're gonna teach those girls a lesson.

Jacob: What are we gonna do?

Edward: Remember when you said earlier that Mom and Aunt Becca had been captured by pirates? Hannah and Caroline didn't believe you, did they? They said there weren't any pirates here. Well, what if there *were*? What if Hannah and Caroline got captured by pirates?

Jacob: You mean there *are* pirates?

Edward: Come with me.

{They exit. A beat. The girls enter with the map.}

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