

## ***THE PERILOUS PIRATE'S DAUGHTER***

**BY DAVID ARCHIBALD AND ANNE CHISLETT**

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It is January 1838. Great Lakes Pirate Bill Johnston and his family have joined William Lyon Mckenzie's rebels on Navy Island. His daughter Kate and her young brother have volunteered to cross the Niagara River to assess the strength of the Government forces at Chippewa.

*LIGHTS FADE UP TO DAWN. We glimpse KATE and JAMES rowing across, and hear the splash of oars as they achieve the Chippawa shore.*

JAMES.       The village is this way.

KATE.         I want to take a look round first.

*THEY exit as DAWN continues up. ELMSLEY, with a spyglass, appears on highpoint of land. MACNAB comes up, huffing and puffing.*

MCNAB.       You there! You're the pup come from Montreal?

ELMSLEY.     I'm to command the SS Experiment, sir, as soon as she's fitted for combat.

MCNAB.       I can wait for your boat, laddie, but where's my money?

ELMSLEY.     Ah - I have the honour of addressing Colonel MacNab, I presume?

MACNAB.     Aye. Commander in Chief of the Loyal Canadian Militia, and Her Majesty's Regulars on the Niagara Frontier.

ELMSLEY.     Lieutenant Elmsley of the Royal Navy, at your-

- MACNAB. You were supposed to bring my payroll from Quebec?
- ELMSLEY. - Service. Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, as it turns out, military headquarters were behind in their paper work.
- MCNAB. You mean I've had this climb up here for nothing?
- ELMSLEY. You were still asleep when I called this morning, so I strolled up for a view of the Canadian sunrise. "Blest was it in that dawn to be alive" as the poet says.
- MACNAB. Poet? What - Burns? That lecher!
- ELMSLEY. Wordsworth. Though, apt as the literal line is, it's a metaphor.
- MACNAB. Eh?
- ELMSLEY. He's actually speaking of democracy.
- MACNAB. You've not been in the Canadas long, have ye?
- ELMSLEY. Less than a fortnight, Colonel.
- MACNAB. Then, laddie, let me give you a hint...

Join the Club  
 There are two words you must shun  
 If ye want to be my brother  
 Democracy is one  
 Republican the other

You seem a decent fellow  
 But, behind your ears is damp  
 And, though you are a rookie now  
 I think you'll make a champ  
 So I say by way of welcome  
 There's something you should know  
 Canadians pledge to go to the edge  
 To keep the status quo.

ELMSLEY. To keep the status quo?

MACNAB. To keep the status quo.

MACNAB. Now, a Tory is a gentleman  
In trousers or a kilt  
He is the firm foundation  
Upon which we have built  
An orderly good government  
And here's what you should do  
If you're looking for advancement  
And you want to jump the queue .

ELMSLEY. And you want to jump the queue?

MACNAB. And you want to jump the queue

Join the club  
Join the boys' club  
Join the wealthy Old Boys Club  
Join the club  
Join the boys' club  
Join the propertied, Protestant, anglophone,  
anglophile, Wealthy Old Boys Club!

ELMSLEY. I think I understand you  
That Tories are the norm  
But, is there not a faction here  
That follows the Reform?

MACNAB. Bite your tongue, you saucy whelp  
That talk'll do no good  
They're a bunch of Yankee lovers  
And they never, never could

MACNAB. Join the club (Repeat)

And the great thing about the club is that it's so  
inclusive. Anyone can join!

ELMSLEY. What about a Welshman, what about a Swede?

MACNAB. Well, the former is a Taffy, and the latter we don't  
need

ELMSLEY. Would you take a Cypriot, Would you take a Turk?

MACNAB. I don't embrace the swarthy ones, they're not inclined to work

ELMSLEY. How about an Irishman in strapping leather britches

MACNAB. Pass them by! Need not apply! Let them dig our ditches!

ELMSLEY. Surely you're considering the Poles and Portuguese Or a Prussian or a Russian or a Frenchman...

MACNAB. Elmsley, please!

You're sounding like a Yankee! There's no foreign swine I hate as much Yankees!! This colony is being ruled as God intended, and I'll send to the Devil any man who says nae.

*KATE and JAMES arrive at the same lookout, find a hiding place, and poke their heads up.*

MACNAB. (*noticing Elmsley's uniform*) Odds blood, man! Were you wrestling with a barrel of molasses?

ELMSLEY. Oh, no, Colonel, my stage was held up by highwaymen.

KATE. Ohhh... oh my goodness.

*KATE takes the open locket off, ducking back as ELMSLEY swings the spyglass towards the sound.*

ELMSLEY. I spent a couple of hours tied to a very sticky tree, thanks to a thug named Napoleon.

MACNAB. Napoleon! Where was this robbery exactly?

ELMSLEY. On the road to Gana... Gana nook something or other.

MACNAB. Gananoque! The Thousand Islands! There's only one man up that way with the audacity to call a son Napoleon. Elmsley, you have encountered Bill Johnston!

ELMSLEY. Who's Bill Johnston?

MACNAB. He's a pirate.

KATE. No, he's not!

MACNAB. Yes, that's what he is. A vile and villainous, treacherous and traitorous pirate!

