

From SOPHIE & THE PIRATES, by Gay H. Hammond

2F/can be adapted with little effort to 1M/1F (suggested line changes in this circumstance are in blue)

Style: Comic Pirate Fantasy

NOTE: This scene has been edited for use by the SAFD

[ALVILDA THE TERRIBLE faces off with SOPHIE, a Victorian girl with rare presence of mind. ALVILDA is a pirate of insane fury, and waves her cutlass – or two – about with fatal abandon. While SOPHIE has the appearance and manners of a proper Victorian, SHE is at heart a pirate, too, and shows grace and agility with her blade. The battle is Berserker vs. Duelist, rather: strength vs. style]

ALVILDA: *[circling]* Yar, if t'isn't a Dimity Dear, and so far from land! Oho –

SOPHIE: So pleased. I rarely get the chance to meet someone sounwashed.

ALVILDA: *[menacingly]* Out o'me way, little pretty! Afore I spills yer guts to yer garters.

SOPHIE: *[firmly]* I don't think so. *[flourishes her blade elegantly]*

ALVILDA: Take yer little sticker outten me face, iffen yer a'wantin' to keep a head t'put yer hair-ribbons on. I ain't int'rested in jabberin' with the infantry.

SOPHIE: *[with polite delicacy]* How fortuitous: I'm not here to talk, either. You've hurt quite enough people, you disgusting piece of over-ripe fruit. People I care about. Put your blade where your frothing, dentally-deficient mouth is. En garde, madam!

ALVILDA: Scrabble the barnacles offen yer brain, petticoats! Y'dasn't face Alvilda the Terrible! I'll rip out yer gizzard and gnarsh my teef in 'em!

SOPHIE: I am very, very tired of you.

ALVILDA: I means that I'll kill ye –

SOPHIE: Oh, please.

ALVILDA: Tears don't mean nuthin' t'me –

SOPHIE: What tears?

ALVILDA: G'wan and call your mamsie!

SOPHIE: Listen, just how old do you think I am?

ALVILDA: Old enough to feed the sharks, then -- *[lunges]*

SOPHIE: Young enough to slice your gullet! *[parries and engages]*

ALVILDA: Scarper!

SOPHIE: Mouth-breather!

ALVILDA: Gut-snarker!

SOPHIE: Woman! *[alt: Dolt!]*

ALVILDA: In yer eye! *[crazy bout]*

SOPHIE: Ha! Your odor is stronger than your arm, and my skill is stronger than both!

ALVILDA: I'll kill ye! Yer n'more than a wriggling' minner, a'waitin' to be et.

SOPHIE: Then that will take a bigger fish than you, it appears. *[takes advantage]*

ALVILDA: *[insane ferocity]* Yarrgggh!!

SOPHIE: Temper, temper . . .

ALVILDA: *[fairly frothing at the mouth]* Nobody crosses swords with Alvilda the Terrible what lives t'tell the tale. I'll kill ye! I'll bleed ye and slice ye and scatter the pieces t'the deepest, darkest, coldest –

SOPHIE: Oh, put a sock in it, Sir!