**Audition Script for Son of a Son of a Pirate**

Script Notes:

Son of a Son of a Pirate takes place in three separate timelines: The Spanish conquest of the Aztecs, Blackbeard during the Golden Age of Piracy, and modern-day Key West.

The main characters are:

* “Teach” Taylor, a descendant of Blackbeard, and a Key West tour guide obsessed with Jimmy Buffett. He is searching for Blackbeard’s lost treasure.
* Giselle, Teach’s girlfriend, who has her own agenda for wanting find Blackbeard’s treasure which is said to contain and ancient Aztec artifact of great power.
* Blackbeard, notorious pirate.
* Cortes, Spanish Conquistador.
* Tlamacazqui *(Tlah-mah-KAZ-kee),* Aztec High Priest.

**Scene – Conquistador Conquest of the Aztecs**

Hernán Cortés stood a few paces away, the very embodiment of Spain’s relentless ambition. His military garb worn from countless battles: a dark leather cuirass scuffed from combat, his twin pistols tucked into a belt cinched tightly around his waist. A sword, its hilt polished but well-used, hung from his scabbard, the weight of it resting comfortably against his side. The conquistador's steel helmet gleamed, catching the same light that danced across Montezuma’s *(Mon-teh-ZOO-mah)* headdress, its brutal simplicity contrasting the king’s opulence. Cortés studied Montezuma, his sharp eyes narrowing beneath the brim of his helmet. He felt the weight of the prophecy stirring in his mind. He had a handful of conquistadors –a few hundred – against tens of thousands of Aztec warriors. Controlling or imprisoning Montezuma was not enough to bend the people to his will. He knew that to conquer not just the city but the soul of a people, he must transcend mere manhood in the Aztec’s minds. He must fulfill the prophecy and become their god.

“Bring the high priest,” Cortés commanded. His words, though foreign, carried a resonance that rippled through the dimly lit chamber.

Soon, Tlamacazqui *(Tlah-mah-KAZ-kee),* the highest of the Aztec priests, entered. Tlamacazqui, was a living embodiment of divine authority, the bridge between the mortal world and the Aztec gods. His garments reflected his exalted role, a masterpiece of woven cotton, dyed in deep shades of crimson and black, the colors of sacrifice and the eternal night. Intricate golden glyphs depicting the sun, jaguar, and serpent adorned the fabric, shimmering faintly in the flickering torchlight.

Around his neck hung a massive gold pectoral plate, shaped into the visage of Huitzilopochtli, the god of war and the sun, its polished surface catching the sunlight in dazzling brilliance. His ears weighted with thick gold rings, their edges engraved with symbols of fertility and power. From his nose hung a crude yet striking gold septum ring, its jagged surface bearing testament to its sacred origin, forged not for beauty but for divine purpose. Around his wrists and ankles were heavy gold cuffs, each etched with the intricate patterns of Aztec cosmology, signifying his role as the keeper of celestial balance.

Tlamacazqui's headdress, like Montezumas, was a towering creation of feathers—brilliant hues of green, yellow, and red—interwoven with threads of gold. A stylized golden serpent coiled through the crown, its fanged mouth poised at his brow, as if ready to strike. His face was painted with sacred markings: streaks of black and white formed the visage of a skull, a reminder of his role as the shepherd of life and death. His eyes, piercing and unyielding, held the weight of countless ceremonies, of prayers uttered over altars slick with blood.

**Scene – Blackbeard Attack on Merchant Ship**

Life aboard the ship was not easy. The salty air mixed with the acrid smell of gunpowder, and the cries of men toiling at the rigging were punctuated by bursts of raucous laughter and bawdy songs. Yet, for all its hardships, it was a life of unparalleled freedom. Here, there were no kings, no laws, no masters—only the open sea and the code of piracy. Men who had once been bound by the chains of poverty or oppression now chose their fates, even if those fates often ended at the hangman’s noose or sinking beneath the waves.

And that was the paradox of piracy: these men, for all their violence and thievery, had grasped a truth few dared to pursue. Life was fleeting, brutal, and uncertain, but it was meant to be lived fully, on one’s own terms. The *Queen Anne’s Revenge* was not just a ship; it was a vessel for their dreams of freedom, their defiance of a world that sought to grind them into dust. She carried not just a crew of outlaws, but a declaration of independence against the tyranny of the age.

The wind filled her sails, her dark hull cutting through the waves of the rough April seas. Blackbeard’s eyes glinted with wicked purpose as he spotted the French merchant vessel, *Le Dauphin*, sailing southward from St. Barthelemy.

“A fat prize ripe for the taking,” Blackbeard growled to his crew, his voice a low rumble like the sea itself. His men, hardened pirates with scars and grins, rushed to their stations.

“Mr. Tate, Prepare the chronicle. She’s always brought us luck! Let’s give the scallywags something to remember us by.”

Tate plunged gunpowder into the brilliant gold cannon. She’s Blackbeard’s good luck charm. No ship has ever escaped once it tasted a shot from the chronicle across its deck or through its sail.

The *Queen Anne’s Revenge* surged forward, the gap closing swiftly. Blackbeard's eyes never left the French ship as he raised his hand, waiting for the perfect moment. His gunners stood ready, the air tense with anticipation.

“Fire!” he bellowed.

The cannons roared to life, their deafening blasts shaking the *Queen Anne’s Revenge*. Cannonballs whistled through the air, slamming into mast and deck of *Le Dauphin*. No quarter asked and none given.

On the deck of *Le Dauphin* panic erupted as French sailors scrambled, some shouting to raise more sail, others fumbling for weapons. The ship's captain, a portly man with a powdered wig and a dark blue coat, barked orders, his face pale beneath his bravado.

“Turn about!” Blackbeard shouted to his helmsman. “Bring us alongside, boys. Let’s show them what it means to cross-blades with blood-thirsty pirates!”

As the *Queen Anne’s Revenge* approached *Le Dauphin*, grappling hooks were flung across the gap between the ships, digging into the French vessel’s rails. Pirates pulled with all their might, dragging the ships together with the groan of wood and the scream of ropes. Blackbeard's men howled in excitement, brandishing cutlasses and pistols, ready for the fight.

“Board ‘em!” Blackbeard roared, leaping to the deck of *Le Dauphin* with a terrifying grace for a man of his size. His coat billowed around him, and the smoke from his beard coiled like tendrils of hellfire. “Take everything that shines and gut the rest!”

The French sailors who attempted to resist were met with swift death. Cutlasses flashed in the dying light of the sun, blood splattering against the wooden deck as Blackbeard’s men slashed through their enemies. One pirate, a scarred brute named Dogtooth, locked blades with a French sailor who fought with desperation. With a quick twist of his wrist, Dogtooth disarmed him and drove his sword through the man’s chest, kicking him overboard without a second glance.

**Scene – Key West Jimmy Buffett Tour**

John "Teach" Taylor led another group of wide-eyed tourists down Duval Street. The salty scent of the ocean mingled with the aroma of rum and the distant strumming of an acoustic guitar from a nearby bar, setting the mood for the day. Teach, in his well-worn flip-flops and a faded “Parrot Head” t-shirt, had the carefree, sun-kissed look of a man who fit right in with the island’s quirkiest residents. His sandy-blonde hair, bleached by countless hours under the Florida sun, hung almost to his shoulders, and his easygoing smile had an effortless charm, making him a natural guide through the island’s famous haunts.

“Welcome to The Lost Shaker Stroll,” Teach began with a grin as his tour group gathered around him outside Captain Tony’s Saloon. “I know you’re all here to follow in the footsteps of Jimmy Buffett—sip a margarita or two and hear stories about the legendary spots where the man himself hung out. But before we dive in, let me just say—thank you for making the pilgrimage to Key West. If you’re anything like me, you’re still feeling the loss of Jimmy last month. His music lives on, though, in all the memories of how it made us feel. I’m sure some of you have stories --- a few fuzzy from too many drinks.” The group laughed, nodding knowingly.

“But let me give you a fun fact before we start,” Teach continued, leaning casually against Captain Tony’s worn doorframe. “I grew up on tales of pirates and privateers, famous men such as Calico Jack, Captain Morgan, and Blackbeard. My nickname, ‘Teach,’ isn’t just because I teach y’all about Jimmy Buffett. It’s actually my middle name—passed down from my infamous ancestor, the pirate Blackbeard, whose real name was Edward Teach.”

“I like to think of myself as a Son of a Son of a Pirate. Blackbeard is my 6th great-grandfather and as you can suspect from my profession, none of that legendary treasure made its way down to me. But nevertheless the sea’s in my veins, my tradition remains. ” He said with a wink.

A murmur of surprise rippled through the group. Some raised their eyebrows, others exchanged amused glances.

“That’s right,” Teach said, a mischievous glint in his eyes. “I’m descended from the one and only Blackbeard. No surprise, I grew up like Jimmy Buffett, with my head full of adventure tales of pirates and the open seas. So, can anyone guess my favorite Buffett song?” He paused, then pointed to a woman named Sally from Pittsburgh who shouted, “A Pirate Looks at Forty!”

“Bingo,” Teach replied with a grin. “Yes, I am a pirate, literally, 200 years too late.”