

SIDE 9
CLUBFOOT COOKSON
COCKNEY FLINT
HOOK
MEAN MURPHY
SCOTTISH JUKES
SIMPLEMINDED NOODLER
SMEE

SMEE

Good morning mates!

(Hook's right-hand man SMEE enters. He is a simple, low-class fellow with a cockney accent and a funny, pronounced lisp his "s" sounds like "th". He is at heart a good soul & and yet Captain Hook is his hero.)

SCOTTISH JUKES

And what s good about it, Mr. Smee?

COCKNEY FLINT

Here we are collecting barnacles on this miserable island.

MEAN MURPHY

We ought to be looting ships!

SIMPLEMINDED NOODLER

I've almost forgotten how to slit a throat!

CLUBFOOT COOKSON

(under his breath)

I'm supposed to meet Jack Sparrow and go marauding.

SMEE

Pish posh! Make the ship shine or it's the lash for lollygagging!

(SMEE hands out mops and rags to get the begrudging PIRATES to clean up. CAPTAIN HOOK enters. He is a deliciously English villain, half tyrant, half common criminal, and three-quarters Shakespearean ham. The PIRATES, genuinely afraid of HOOK, start cleaning the ship and leave SMEE alone. HOOK seems in pain terrible, psychic pain.)

HOOK

Oh, Smee! What a rogue and peasant Hook am I! Here I sit, stuck in Never Land, plotting revenge on that diabolic Peter Pan!

(raising his hook)

Curse you, Pan!!!

SMEE

Feeling poetic, Cap'n?

HOOK

Oh, if I could only find his secret lair, I'd capture him and plunge me cutlass deep into his sickly sweet heart. But enough! This must be finished! Smee bring me my map!