

# PANTASTIC

The Peter Pan Musical

## SAMPLE SCRIPT

### ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

*The pirates are carrying out their pirate duties on the deck of the ship, scrubbing, brushing, polishing etc. Starkey is stood on duty, looking out to sea. He stops for a moment, looks around secretively, takes a swig from a nearby bottle, then hides it again.*

*Jukes spots him and comes over.*

**Jukes** Well, well, well my old scallywag, I've got you by the cannon balls now. Hand it over, or I'll be straight to the captain.

**Starkey** *(passing the bottle)* Some friend you are, Jukes; you'll be three sheets to the wind, the way you drink.

**Jukes** I'm looking out for you. Do you know what would happen if the Captain caught you drinking on duty?

**Starkey** A few more doubloons each month?

**Jukes** You'd get a night in the brig, or worse.

**Starkey** Two nights in the brig?

**Jukes** Shhhh, look busy, the Captain's coming.

*All the pirates immediately double their work efforts as Captain Hook – along with Smee – enters in similar garb to King Charles II. He is not in one of his better moods.*

**Smee** You see, Captain, all hard at work, no need for anyone to die today.

*With one exception, the pirates are now flat out, including PETER who has now joined them disguised as a pirate. The exception is Skylights who is dozing against the mast. Hook spies him and moves towards him, slowly. The tension is obvious to all!*

*In a flash, Hook's 'hook' shoots forth. Moments – and one screech – later, Skylights is on the ground, dead. Two other pirates quickly come and remove the body, about which nothing is said.*

**Hook** Listen up, you barnacle-bottomed blaggards, if anyone thinks today is the day for dozing ... well, that's what Skylights thought! And now look at him: swimming with the fishes. Now, get to work you jellyfish, or you'll feel my hook around your neck, and maybe even through it. You hear me, get to work.

*The pirates all work with renewed gusto, sweeping, washing, carrying, hoisting. Hook turns back to Smee.*

**Hook** Oh Smee, I am depressed. Cheer me up, there's a good man.

**Smee** Why are you depressed, Captain?

**Hook** Well if I knew that I probably wouldn't be, Smee, that's what's even more depressing.

**Smee** I see. Is it, perhaps, because of Peter Pan?

*(pause – then at pace)*

The fact that he cut off your hand and fed it to the crocodile which enjoyed it so much that it has followed you ever since hoping for dessert but luckily the crocodile also swallowed a clock, the very sound of which is both terrifying to you, and yet invaluable, up until the time when the clock runs down, and then he'll get you.

**Hook** Yes, thank you Smee, nicely summarised. But I said 'cheer me up' not knock me down.

*(pause)* You're right, of course. It is that boy who's depressing me. That ... Pan.

*Peter, who has been in disguise as a pirate throughout the scene, has moved towards them.*

**Peter** He's such a clever boy, isn't he, Captain!

**Hook** In his own way, yes.

**Peter** And brave. Such a brave, fearless chap.

**Hook** He must be, to take on ME.

**Peter** You're as tough as they come, Captain.

**Hook** I am indeed. Very tough.

**Peter** Whilst also being a big buffoon.

**Hook** There's no bigger buffoon on these here seas. I, Captain James T ...

*(pause)* Hang on! Bad form, pirate! I'll have you strung up like a chicken and fed to my wombat for that.

**Peter** *(throwing off his disguise)* You'll have to catch me first, Hook.

**Hook** Pan!

**Smee** Pan!

**Pirates** Pan!

**Starkey** *(dopily)* Does somebody need a pan?

**Hook** Get him! Get him, you worm-riddled swabs.

*The pirates dive for Peter, but he is far too elusive, jumping here and there and everywhere, laughing all the time.*

**Hook** Get him!

**Smee** Grab him!

**Hook** Stick him head first in the cannon!

**Smee** Double rum for the man who catches him.

*It makes no difference; Peter is far too quick for them. Eventually, in as mocking a manner as possible, Peter finally takes his leave. Hook is furious and shouts after Peter.*

**Hook** You'll pay for that, Peter Pan. Bad form, very bad form.

## MONSTROUS LITTLE BOY (#4/18)

Ooooh Ooooh Ooooh  
Aaaah Aaaah Aaaah

### Hook

Peter Pan, Peter Pan,  
Gets to me like no-one can.

**Pirates**  
No-one can

### Hook

In my veins, up my nose,  
A little boy who never grows.

**Pirates**  
Never grows

### All

He's a monstrous little boy, who this hook will destroy.  
Gonna feed him to that croc, and hope he eats the lot.

### Hook

Everywhere, anywhere,  
Always seems he's in my hair.

**Pirates**  
In his hair

### Hook

Annoying little silly twit,  
Cannot get away with it.

**Pirates**  
It's not fair

### All

He's a monstrous little boy, who this hook will destroy.  
Gonna feed him to that croc, and hope he eats the lot.

### Hook

Peter Pan is hard to catch,  
Now he knows he's met his match.

**Pirates**  
Met his match

### Hook

I'll swat him like a little fly,  
Watch as he begins to cry.

**Pirates**  
Yes he'll cry

### All

He's a monstrous little boy, who this hook will destroy.  
Gonna feed him to that croc, and hope he eats the lot.  
He's a monstrous little boy, who this hook will destroy.  
Gonna feed him to that croc, and hope he eats the lot.

*Incidental Music: 'Nobody Wants To Grow Old' (#19)*