

# Pantastic

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Script Sample

- Cecco** You must be deaf! And blind! Hands in the air you two, you're coming with us.
- Wendy** Oh my goodness, who are you?
- Tiger Lily** They be prats.
- Wendy** Prats?
- Tiger Lily** Yes, prats. On the prat ship. Hook's prats.
- Jukes** Call us what you like, missy, but you're the ones with your arms in the air and a reduced life expectancy. Now move it, there's a hook with your name on it.
- Wendy** My name is Wendy Moira Angela Darling; it will have to be a pretty big hook to have that on.
- Starkey** No, we'll just have to make the letters a bit smaller.
- Cecco** Oh don't be such a dunderhead, Starkey. Come on, get them marching. We'll be the toast of the galley tonight, two fishes for the price of one.

*He leads off, Jukes and Starkey follow, then scurry back when they remember that they have some prisoners to take with them. They exit. Tink emerges.*

- Tink** Feathers and fireflies, I must tell Peter. I must tell him they have been kidnapped. I must ... I ... I ... Hmmm.
- Of course I wasn't really even meant to be here. In fact, I wasn't here. I didn't see anything. I was sleeping. No, I was sweeping. I was sweeping up my kitchen. I was spring cleaning, cleaning the pots and pans. I was tinkering, that's what I was doing.
- Wendy can sort out her own mess. I've got enough of my own to sort.
- (pause)* Though it could be fun to watch I suppose.

*Tink exits.*

*She is quickly replaced by Hook and the pirates, along with any props which suggest they are on their ship. Hook is restless.*

**Hook** Where have those slovenly dogs got to? I'm going to give them to the count of ten, and if they're not back then I'll hang them by the gibbet.

One.

**Smee** Now let's not be hasty, Captain.

**Hook** Two.

**Smee** If we lose many more men we'll have to empty our own pee buckets.

**Hook** Three.

**Chalky Bill** I can see them coming, Captain. They're in the boat and getting ever closer.

**Hook** (*quickly*) Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Oh what rotten luck.

**Smee** Isn't that bad form, Captain?

**Hook** Bad form? Oh you're probably right, Smee. They may live ... for the time being.

*Suddenly we hear a ticking clock – perhaps a wood block offstage. Everyone freezes. Hook is paralysed with fear before eventually putting his fear into words.*

**Hook** The croc! It's coming for me! It wants more, Smee. It wants the other hand, the legs, the manly chest, the beautiful face. It wants it all. Save me, Smee, hide me, tell him I'm otherwise engaged today.

*Mullins peers over the 'edge' of the boat.*

**Mullins** It would appear, Captain, that the crocodile has other fish to fry.

**Hook** Really? What's it up to?

**Mullins** It's up to Cecco's elbow, that's what it's up to!

**Hook** Oh thank goodness. What a selfless fellow is that Cecco.

(*calling off*) Double rations for you, Cecco. Triple if you don't make it back alive.