

1. MRS. BUMBRAKE - MONOLOGUE

Mrs. Bumbrake: First Class ain't what it used to be. 'Course, back in my salad days, I was a green girl bringing up brats in a big, breezy brownstone in Brighton That was a tight spot, too, and hell on the household help. Especially the kitchen boy - a lovely island lad who cooked a curring cannelloni, plus a pasta fazool to make you drool. But it made the master mad how the mistress moaned fer 'is manicotti. He beat that boy something brutal, but the boy didn't say boo. Point is - we must button our beaks and be brave like that boy, or my name's not Betty Bumbrake Now, you might well be afraid you'll never clap eyes on your father again, and it cuts me to the core, but never show that sorry Slank the slightest sniff of fear. There are men who can smell it on you Molly, and they make you pay. ..

2. BLACK STACHE, SMEE, PIRATES

BLACK STACHE: Well fret not, mon frere -I'm a romantic! There's a poet in these pirate veins, and so I plug into the muse. But what to do? Which style to use? Iambic? Box office poison. Haiku? Samurai- don't-think-so! Mind the cuticle, Smee! Hoopah! Got it! A pirate with scads of panache Wants the key to the trunk with the cash. Now, here's some advice Tho' I seem to be nice - I'LL CUT YOU! Slit you up one side 'n' down the other so ye can watch yer own stomach flop around on the deck. I say, Smee - you did explain to my lord that I'm a bloodthirsty outlaw?

SMEE: Aye, Cap'n. But he still wouldn't give up the key!

STACHE: We haven't got all night, Smee. People have paid for nannies and parking. Stand aside. I'll have to do it myself, or I'm not- I'm not... WHAT AM I??

PIRATES: BLACK STACHE!!

STACHE: They refer, of course, to THIS! The trademark nose-brush of every man, woman, and child in me family, dating right back to the amoeba. Yet, for us, the face foliage has been oh, so much more than a lawn on the lip, sir. 'Tis what we are, and why we are it. And when everyone else got out of the pirate business, The Stache stuck it out, knowing one day my ship would come in. This is the day. This is the ship!

3. BOY - MONOLOGUE

BOY: Tell you what. You say "sorry" so easy, like the rough patch's smoothed over, no hard feelings and everything's fixed. Well, no. There's dark ... a mass of darkness in the world, and if you get trapped in that cave like us, it beats you down. "Sorry" can't fix it. Better to say nothing than "sorry." (hearing his mother's song, far away) When it's night, and I'm too scared to sleep, I look through the cracks, y'know? - between the wood nailed over the window - and I see all those little stars that I can't reach, and I think that in a hundred years, or two or three hundred maybe, boys'll be free and life'll be so beautiful that nobody'll ever say "sorry" again-'cuz nobody will have to. I think about that a lot.

4. MOLLY - MONOLOGUE

MOLLY: World class swimmer that we know me to be, I reached the island in record time! I'm awfully glad I saved the boy, even if Daddy's furious. Saving the whole world's a bit abstract for a thirteen-year-old. Putting a human face on it makes it more jolly. Oh this training bra is so irksome! Now I really must fetch Daddy's trunk and bring it back to the Wasp, or my first ever mission will be lost! Don't worry, Peter, wherever you are! I'll find you!

MOLLY: And when I marry. I shall make it very clear to this person - that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And if he should leave, I'll stay a spinster and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at hospital. And I will love words for their own sake, like "Hyacinth" and "Piccadilly" and "onyx". And I'll have a good old dog and think what I like, and be a part of a different sort of family, with friends you know? - who understand that things are only worth what you're willing to give up for them.

5. Lord Aster, Molly

LORD ASTER: I'm taking the queen's treasure to Rundoon aboard the Wasp, but I leave more precious cargo here on the Neverland. Guard her well. Mrs. Bumbrake bring her to me! Molly, my Molly.

MOLLY: Please let me come with you. I don't like it on this ship.

LORD ASTER: You're safer here on the Neverland. By the time you arrive in Rundoon, I'll have completed my mission, and we'll be together again.

MOLLY: Daddy... I know you won't need my help in Rundoon, but I've got to start pulling my weight sometime.

LORD ASTER: You're all grown up, aren't you?

MOLLY: I am, Daddy. Courage now, promise?

LORD ASTER: Promise.

6. Alf, Mrs. Bumbrake, Molly

ALF: Situated, Miss?

MRS. B: Missus Bumbrake. Missus.

ALF: Sorry to hear that. I was married once- dreadful business.

MRS. B: Mister Bumbrake fell off the twig years ago. Left me widowed at forty - er, thirty.

MOLLY: Is that food? I'm awfully hungry.

ALF: This ain't for no ladies. It's fer the pigs down the other end.

MOLLY: Pigs? Really? May I help you feed them?

MRS. B: My Molly loves all God's little creatures, you know.

ALF: Not these creatures she don't. But don't despair - Cook's a layin' on some yummy meat in the galley. I'll escort you when it's up.

MRS. B: Nothing too rich, pray. We girls must watch our waistlines.

ALF: Been thinking about getting in shape me-self.

MOLLY: Round is a shape.

ALF: Sorry?

MRS. B: So true. You're quite the specimen.

7. Alf, Prentiss, Ted,

ALF: If it ain't the three little piggies! Got yer sea legs?

PRENTISS, TED: Oh thank you! Get us out of here! Hungry! Please! Help!

ALF: (shutting them up) Oi!!

PRENTISS: Excuse me, sir. Quick question for the Captain-

ALF: What are you, piggy spokesman?

PRENTISS: I'm the leader.

TED: No, you're not.

PRENTISS: Yes I am. I'm the oldest.

ALF: I'm the oldest and I say pipe down!

TED: But I'm hungry!

ALF: It's yer lucky day then, ain't it?

TED: Finally!

ALF: You'll wanna swallow that down quick. Bone uppity.

PRENTISS: Any good?

TED: IT'S ALIVE!

PRENTISS: It's worms!

TED: He fed me worms!

PRENTISS: I won't eat that.

TED: (to ALF) Please, sir - is there a vegetarian alternative?

ALF: In my day, pigs weren't quite so particular.

(ALF starts to leave. The BOYS fight over the worms.)

PRENTISS: Don't hog it all. Gimme!

TED: You said you wouldn't eat it!

8. Aster, Smee

ASTER: What are you playing at?

SMEE: "Pirates" sir. The Wasp is now a pirate ship. Yer British crew's in chains below.

ASTER: There've been no pirates in these parts for a hundred years!

SMEE: We've been keeping a very low profile.

ASTER: And you're the Captain, I suppose?

SMEE: I. sir?

ASTER: Aye, sir. You, sir.

SMEE: No, sir. Not Smee, sir.

ASTER: Smee, sir?

SMEE: That's me, sir. But no Captain I, sir.

ASTER: You lie, sir.

SMEE: Oh no, sir. The devil himself's in charge hereabouts.

ASTER: The devil, you say.

SMEE: The Prince of Darkness. Our Satanic Supervisor. Foul and Nasty with the Cloven Hoof.

ASTER: And how would one identify him in a crowd?

SMEE: By his legendary cookie-duster, that's how!

ASTER: Whiskers?

SMEE: By his celebrated mouth-brow, that's how!

ASTER: Well, does he have a name?

SMEE: The pirate captain they call... Black Stache!

9. Smee, Black Stache, Aster, Sanchez

SMEE: What if they swapped the trunks, sir?

STACHE: Swapped, y'say?

SMEE: (smacks himself on the head) Stupid idea, Smee. Stupid, stupid!

STACHE: Swapped, yes. Switched - right there on the dyke.

SMEE: Deck.

STACHE: Deck. In which case-

SMEE: The trunk with the treasure's aboard the Neverland.

STACHE: Destiny check! What do we know about the Neverland?

SMEE: She's a slow ship, Cap'n.

STACHE: Sadly slow. And what of our ship, the Wasp?

SMEE: We're fast, Cap'n.

STACHE: Super-fast! Which means we're leagues ahead of her by now, Einstein! Change of course! (to SANCHEZ) Hard about! (turns on ASTER.) You're behind this swappery, Aster, or I'm the Queen of England!

ASTER: God Save Her.

STACHE: Oh, shut up! (to SÁNCHEZ) I said "hard about," Gomez!

SANCHEZ: It's Sánchez, sir.

STACHE: Hit the pedal, Gretel!

SÁNCHEZ: That's Sanchez, sir!

STACHE: Burn rubber, Bubba!

SANCHEZ: ¡Ay de mi! ¡Qué demonio! ¡Debo protestar!

STACHE: GIVE ME IT, Y'SHROOM! (takes control of the wheel) You pay peanuts, you get monkeys. Now, juice it! The chase is on! The die is cast! The game's afoot -! I want that treasure boys! Catch me a Neverland!

10. Molly, Boy

MOLLY: Sorry, what? Um - get below, boy. If Slank sees you on deck, he'll rear up like the-

BOY: You were talking to your neck-thing.

MOLLY: No, I wasn't.

BOY: I know what I saw.

MOLLY: Well, there was... there was a porpoise swimming alongside the ship, and it was making those funny noises that porpoises make, and I thought I'd make some funny noises too, that's all.

BOY: So you were talking to a fish.

MOLLY: Porpoises are not fish. They're mammals, just like you. Or Germans.

BOY: Then how come your neck-thing glows and rings all by itself?

MOLLY: (not very convincing) It's for swimming. I'm a good swimmer. It's a swimming medal.

BOY: Right. Swimming. Sure. And what's starstuff?

MOLLY: Decision. I'm going to trust you.

BOY: Why? I'm just a boy.

MOLLY: I know. Pity.