

Peter and the Starcatcher

~~Aster~~ Sand? But what's his missile.
~~Stache~~ When you say sand, do you mean the utterly worthless granular material the associates with the water? Or do you mean the stuff that's in the gutter?
Smee Yes, sir.

~~Stache~~ I see. (then, to ASTER) Perchance you think a treasure trunk sans treasure has put my piratical BVDs in a twist? How wrong you are. Yes, I'd hoped to be hip-deep in diamonds, but they're a poor substitute for what I really crave: a bona fide hero to help me feel whole. For without a hero, what am I? Half a villain; a pirate in part; ruthless, but toothless. And then I saw you, and I thought, "Maybe? Can it be? Is he the one I've waited for? Would he, for example, give up something precious for the daughter he loves?" But alas, he gives up sand. Now, let's see. Hero with treasure, very good. Hero with no treasure . . . doable. No hero and a trunk full o' sand? Not so much. (suddenly monstrous) NOW, WHERE'S MY TREASURE?!

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 dike. 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.

Act One: Scene Eight

Stache Superfast! Which means we're leagues ahead of her by now, Einstein! Change of course! (to SÁNCHEZ) Hard about! (turns on ASTER) You're behind this swappery, Aster, or I'm the Queen of England!

~~Stache~~ Oh shut up! (to SÁNCHEZ) I said hard about, Gómez!

Sánchez It's Sánchez, sir.

Stache Hit the pedal, Gretel!

Sánchez That's Sánchez, sir!

Stache Burn rubber, Bubba!

Sánchez ¡Ay de mí! ¡Qué demonio! ¡Debo protestar!

Stache GIVE ME IT, Y'SHROOM! (takes control of wheel) You pay peanuts, you get monkeys. Now, juice it! The chase is on! The die is cast! The game's afoot —! (jumps on trunk but trips and crashes; quickly recovers and strikes a majestic reclining pose) I want that treasure, boys! Catch me a *Neverland*!!

STACHE is carried off atop the trunk, to victory.

end

SCENE EIGHT

The *Neverland*—*Bilge Dungeon*

With the BOYS curled at her feet, MOLLY finishes her bedtime story.

Molly And, as the Princess slept, a thick forest grew up around the castle, keeping everybody out. Everybody but one man. Boys?

Boy (nearly asleep) The Prince, right?