

HOOK

(Kicking 1st PIRATE)

Clumsy!

(Clawing 2nd PIRATE, who screams)

Butterfingers!

(TOOTLES runs from his tree and is seen for a moment, and NOODLER's pistol is at once up-raised. HOOK twists his hook in him)

NOODLER

Oow! No, Captain, no!

HOOK

Drop that pistol first!

NOODLER

It was one of those boys you hate. I could have shot him dead!

HOOK

Aye, and the first crack would bring Tiger Lily's Indians upon us!

(The PIRATES cringe and shake at the word "Indians")

D'you want to lose your scalps?

SMEE

(Wriggling his cutlass pleasantly)

That is true. Shall I after him, Captain, and tickle him with Johnny Corkscrew? Johnny's a silent fellow!

HOOK

Not now, Smee!

(HE slaps SMEE's bared head)

He's only one—and I want to mischief all the seven. They must live 'round here somewhere. Scatter and look for them.

(The BOATSWAIN whistles his instructions, and the MEN disperse on their frightful errand. With none to hear save SMEE, HOOK becomes confidential)

Most of all I want their captain, Peter Pan. 'Twas he cut off me arm. Oh, I have waited long to shake hands with him with this.

(Luxuriating)

Oh, I'll tear him!

SMEE

(Always ready for a chat)

Yet I have oft heard you say your hook was worth a score of hands—for combing the hair, and other homely uses.

HOOK

Aye, Smee, if I were a mother, I would pray that me children be born with this ...

(Indicating the hook)

... instead of that.

(His left arm creeps nervously behind him. He has a galling remembrance)

But Pan flung me hand to a crocodile that happened to be passing by.

SMEE

I have often noticed your strange dread of crocodiles.

HOOK

(Pettishly)

Not of crocodiles, but of that one crocodile.

(He lays bare a lacerated heart)

He liked me hand so much, that he has followed me ever since —

(as if reciting poetry)

— from land to land, from sea to sea, he follows the ship, licking his lips for the rest of me.

SMEE

(Looking for the bright side)

In a way it is a sort of compliment.

(SMEE removes his hat)

HOOK

Well, I want no such compliments!

(Slaps SMEE's pate)

I want Peter Pan, who first gave the brute his taste for me. Smee, that crocodile would have got me long ere this if he could have crept upon me unawares. But by some lucky chance he swallowed a clock —

SMEE

A clock!

HOOK

And it goes on — tick, tock, tick — within him; and so, before he can reach me I hear the tick and bolt.

(He emits a hollow rumble)

Once I heard it strike six inside of him.

SMEE

(Somberly)
Some day the clock will run down, and then he'll get you.

HOOK

(A broken man)
Ay, that is the fear that haunts me.
(Suddenly he rises)
Oh!

SMEE

What's the matter, Captain?

HOOK

Smee, this seat's hot. Oh! It's very hot!
(SMEE turns on smoke unit)
Odds, bobs, hammer and tongs, I'm burning!
[Indicating the mushroom]

Smee—help me!

(He has been sitting, he thinks, on one of the island mushrooms, which are of enormous size. But this is a hand-painted one placed here in times of danger to conceal a chimney. They remove it, and tell-tale smoke issues; also, alas, the sound of children's voices)
A chimney! Peter and boys must be living underground!

(HE laughs)

SMEE

(As HE turns off smoke unit)
Listen!

HOOK

They say that Peter Pan's away from home.
(HE replaces the mushroom. His brain works tortuously)

Call back the band!

(SMEE whistles on bosun's whistle. PIRATES return)
I must think! Inspire me! Play, you dogs!

SMEE

What tempo, Captain?

HOOK

(Thinks)
Tempo, tempo, tempo—a tango!