

**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)*

**HOOK**

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)*

**HOOK**

I must think! Inspire me! Play, you dogs!

**SMEE**

What tempo, Captain?

**HOOK**

*(Thinks)*

Tempo, tempo, tempo — a tango!

**SMEE**

A tango!

[MUSIC #17: HOOK'S TANGO]

*(HOOK laughs as he circles chimney)*

**SMEE**

Unrip your plan, Captain!

**HOOK**

*[Spoken in time]*

To cook a cake quite large, and fill each layer in between  
With icing mixed with poison, 'til it turns a tempting green.  
We'll place it near the house just where the boys are sure to come,  
And being greedy they won't care to question such a plum.

*[Sung]*

The boys who have no mother sweet,  
No one to show them their mistake,  
Won't know it's dangerous to eat  
So damp and rich a cake!  
And so before the winking of an eye