



## **Script Excerpt**

book and lyrics by Scott Guy  
music by Jakob Levy Eberst

CAST

Smee

TIME:

147 years ago

PLACE

on board ship, Captain Hook's Quarters

SMEE

Right. So. I've a bit of a confession. Might not like this, or me so much after, but, well, all that hoisting and hoving I been up to, all the frenzy to stimulate your first day a-sea? Well, we've actually hove out to sea for real. Honest. Adrift! On purpose now, no joke. I of kidnapped the ship, and you're to be my crew! I've done it! I've done it!

(HE jigs. **5. Captain Smee.**)

SMEE

AT LAST I'VE GOTTEN MESELF A SHIP!  
NOW, I BE CAPTAIN!  
AND YOU THE CREW  
WOT IN MY DEVIOUS PLOT IS TRAPPED IN!  
COZ THIS BE MY SHIP YOU'RE KIDNAPPED IN!

(HE gives his best, most evil pirate laugh.)

SMEE

Garr-harr-harr-arr! That's my ferocious pirate Capt'n laugh. Makes yer timbers proverbially shiver, eh? I can see the fear I strike in your eye.

I'VE TRICKED YE!  
HA HA HA!  
BUT NOT TO WORRY, I WILL TREAT YOU WELL.  
YE BUCKOS LIKE GENT'MEN,  
YE LADIES LIKE LADYMOISELLES.  
I KNOW YE HOLD YER FAMLIES DEAR  
YE GOT AT HOME, BUT LOOKEE HERE,  
THIS SHIP IS MINE...  
IT'S OURS, I MEAN.

THIS COIL OF ROPE, THIS ALE, IS MINE...OURS.

(picks up the astrolabe)

AND EVEN THIS, WOT I AIN'T SO SURE WOT IT IS  
(I THINK YOU STEER WITH IT  
OR MAYBE TAKE A MEASURE OF THE WIND)  
ANYWAY, IT, TOO, IS MINE...IS OURS.

Pardon, pardon. Article one: Every man shall have hequal title, well, except Capt'n who'll to receive two shares, and all other officers one and a one quarter, or is it an heighth, well, we'll look it up, Gentlemens' Tip Number Four, mustn't be greedy, ye hawespipers, since we're all t'be hequal. Except'n, as I say, the Capt'n. Oook, like the sound o' that.

(HE imagines distant fanfare.)

LISTEN! LISTEN!  
 WOT'S THAT MUSIC I HEAR?  
 IT'S THE CHANTY OF SMEE.  
 THEY'RE PLAYING IT FOR ME!  
 LISTEN! KINDA BRINGS A TEAR TO YOUR EYE.  
 FLAGS A-FLYIN, CANNONS BLASTING LOUD,  
 SUCH ADORING CROWD!  
 "WE NEVER BEEN SO PROUD.  
 WE'LL STAND AND CHEER.  
 THE SMEE'S DRAWING NEAR!

WITH HUZZAH! HUZZAH! WITH HUZZAH!  
 HUZZAH! HUZZAH THE SMEE IS HERE!

TA TA TA TA TA....  
 HAIL TO THE SMEE, CAPTN SMEE,  
 GENT'MAN PIRATE!  
 AVAST! VAST FORTUNE'S WOT I SEE.  
 HAIL THE SMEE WHO WILL HELP US SOON ACQUIRE IT:  
 FROM THE POORHOUSE'LL SET US FREE.  
 OUT TO SEA! HE'S MY CAPTN,  
 THAT'S WHY I WRIT  
 AIN'T NO GREATER'N CAPTN SMEE!

One more time!

HAIL TO THE SMEE, CAPTN SMEE,  
 GENT'MAN PIRATE!  
 AVAST! VAST FORTUNE'S WOT I SEE.  
 HAIL THE SMEE WHO WILL HELP US SOON ACQUIRE IT:  
 FROM THE POORHOUSE'LL SET US FREE.  
 OUT TO SEA! HE'S MY CAPTN,  
 THAT'S WHY I WRIT  
 AIN'T NO GREATER'N CAPTN SMEE!"

Potscrub that, Capt'n Haitch! Garr-rrr! Now, you're wondering,  
 "Capt'n Haitch? Did he say Capt'n Haitch, the one with the --

(HE makes a hook with his fingers.)

SMEE

-- y'know?" S'right, that Capt'n Haitch who I done fadoodled out  
 of his ship, me, Smee! Who's got the Pointed Head now, hey?  
 Smee, that's what! So here's how I fadoodled it, right? Capt'n  
 Haitch and his entire crew done taken a day's shore leave this  
 morning, right, to sharpen their hooks and replenish their

hemmena-hemmena, if you gents know what I mean (ladies present), leaving poor me Mister Smee all halone on their ship without a hemmena-hemmena, well, I'm tired of being cabin boy this and drivelswagger that, lo these howevermany years, so I've stolen myself a ship and hoved out for real! Sorry, I should say stolen hourselves my ship. I mean, stolen it for all of us to have for my very own. Dear me, I'm not disguising that very well, is I?

Look, here's the thing. I've a secret treasure map. And I'm willing to share it with you barnacles if you promises to remain gentlemen and ladymoiselles. The treasure map what I have, and have it I have, the map'll lead us to an island called Koka Lelu where we're all to share in untold riches and fings. An not just ordinary fings. Ruby-encrusted fings. Brootches. Necklaices. And sparkly whatchemwears-its, and shiny put in your ears-a-ma-callits. And silks!

OH THE SILKS, SILKS, SILKS  
AND SATIN WHATCHA WEARITS  
AND THE FRENCHIE FROOZIE CUFFY FLUFFY FINGS.

Things.

AND THE CAPALOONS AND PANTALOONS  
OR BABALOONS OR OTHER LOONS  
WOT TAILORS PUT ON KINGS.

WE'LL HAVE BEADS AND BITS  
AND BAUBLES, BOWS AND BOUTONNIERES  
AND EV'RY FANCY FINERY KNOWN TO MEN.  
AND THEY'LL COST A PRETTY  
JANGLY DANGLY SPARKLY SPENDY  
CLINKY CLANKY LORDY-LENDY  
BARRELFUL O' COPPER PENNY  
SORRY IF Y' HAVEN'T ANY  
SET Y' BACK A PRETTY PIECE OF EIGHT.  
NO! MORE! OF NINE.  
NO! MORE! OF TEN!

AND CLOTHES IS MAKE THE MAN.  
YES, CLOTHES IS MAKE THE MAN.  
SO GENT'MEN BUYS HIS CLOTHES  
AS SPENDY AS HE CAN.  
AND WE'LL HAVE TEETH! AH TEETH!

IF WE HAVE TEETH,  
 THE GOLD'LL FLASH AS BRIGHT AS SUNS.  
 IF WE LOSE OUR LEGS,  
 WHY THEN, OUR PEGS BE IV'RY ONES.  
 IF WE LOSE OUR HANDS,  
 A-COURSE OUR HOOKS'LL BE OF BRASS.  
 COZ POINTY-HEADED POTSCRUBBERS  
 NOW IS UPPER CLASS! WHEE!

COZ WE BE RICH,  
 YES WE WILL REEK OF MONEY! WHEE!  
 THE HOI POLLOI WILL SERVE US  
 MILK AND HONEY.  
 THEY BE THINKIN: "GENTLEMEN!"  
 WEALTHY STINKIN' GENTLEMEN.  
 RICHER THAN THE RICHEST BLOKE  
 YOU EVER COME ACROSS.  
 UMBRELLA-BOLSTERED GENTLEMEN,  
 WELL-UPHOLSTERED GENTLEMEN.  
 ONCE YE GOT YOUR MONEY,  
 WHO CARES HOW IT CAME TO PASS?  
 POINTY HEADED POT-SCRUBBERS  
 NOW IS UPPER CLASS.  
 RUDDY MUDDY FILTHY BLOODY  
 STINKIN' UPPER CLASS!

SMEE

I don't mind sharing. Honest as infants I don't. I mean an hequal part for each of you's a thousand times more n'what Capt'n Haitch has had hadded for me over time. For dwindled me he has. I say dwindled for my once upon an eye one full share, dwindled me when he's had me in a mistake, or in a wrong navigational spin of the wheel when, less just say for sake of argument, we're in pursuit of a ship-a-chase an he barks out "larboard ten degrees, y'scurvy Sme!" And I spin it starboard ten, let's just say on account've, y'know, he's behind me, so when y'turn around to say "Aye aye Capt'n Haitch," your stage left is shifted all onto your right. And y'think, well, y'don't think, well, actually you do think, only it's all port-backwards. And next thing you know the ship-a-chase has chased away. And you're left with nothing but a shrug an' a heh. Which just ain't the same as pay to Capt'n Haitch who then.... Who then. Well, he dwindles you a quarter point, y'see, and, and.... Well, when that happens another time or three, there's not much left of your original unit what got you to sign on in the first place. Under Capt'n Haitch, I'm dwindled to a sixteenth of a gentleman. So, you see, easy enough now to share.

About that dwindling. Well, about Capt'n Haitch, really. See, a mistake like larboard/starboard and chase-away goes the treasure, see, for other poor sea rats, the Capt'n'd've have 'em yardarmed. Gibbeted, y'know. Hangman's halter. Dancing the hempen jig. But not ol' Smee. He's spared me, has Capt'n Haitch. Within a sixteenth of my life. Shot men for less, has he. Hooked 'em over quoits. Jugulated 'em over an eyebrow. But not ol' Smee. Soft spot is it, y'ask? G'arn! Capt'n Haitch has a soft spot the way I have a full head of hair which is to say, you'll never see it, gone, gone, gone! No, he's spared me on accounta me daughter.

(SMEE takes a swig from a bottle. Thinks briefly about offering us some, but instead hides it away.)

We met at Eton, did we, he and I. Eton, me, wot, y'say? Well, I was a potscrubber there, a-course, while he was the brilliant student in botany, literature and culturature, and Marine Nautical Tactical Practical somethingwhateverical. He was a bit younger, half a span or so. I'd of tried to be a Eton scholar myself, some seven eight year before, but the hentrance hexams, well, after they'd hexamined me didn't yield no hentrance for me. And that was that. Though there was this assistant potscrubber position open did I care to, and I did care to very much, thank you, and I was a Eton man, shush the details.

Hennyway, the scrubbin left me some dallying time to my own advices, and I did this and that in the evenings, including eavesdropping froo the walls on some of the Eton classroomaries, hence my highly-ejudimicated vocabulary, though I couldn't always catch every muffle to the exact exact syllable or so, but also I looked for some extra spendy money doing odd jobs on odd weekends, as say an weekend chef, ooo disaster that. Nor assistant to a sculptor who felt he didn't have need for my clumsiness, nor as a wheelwright, nor fabricanner. Nor smithy, broomsmaker, baker nor candlestickmaker, and I felt not much value there in young Smee, not much to offer no one, if you catch the blackness of my spirits.

But if we's to be comrades in spoils and hightails in society, well, maysawell gets to know a spit about me. So where was I, right, no candlestick maker, this potscrubber and all those sighy sighs, but where's this to do with Capt'n Haitch? Well, I'm about come to that.

See, one day I saw this notice. "Thespians Wanted. Apply Within." So within I went, figuring I might could fail as a thespian as anyone else. Didn't rightly know what it was. Something to do with the church, I thought, like confesspian. Maybe tend to them whispering closets where people rids umselves of the fortnight's sins. Hennyways, turns out it was the theatre. And turns out they had a few bob a week for someone what could slop some greasle on his face and holler "What ho" or "Poor Horace, Horatio" every once the while, which is what I did. And where I met Miss Charlotte Louise Chateau was her stage name, her real name of Bessie Busk, a nubile actress and singer of the hoccasional bawdy song for the gentles what threw coins when they'd too much rum, as such was young master Hook, master James Francis Wellington Hook. So there was Master Hook afront tossing the coins, but I, during the headliner acts, I was backstage with her and one thing lead to, well, lead right to the one thing, if you catch my hemmena hemmena. And it warn't long afore I was actually seeing her back stage, begging the ladies' pardon, but not the gentlemens', if you know what I mean.

But she had also a fancy for the coin tosser.

(SMEE re-enacts the days of his youth. **7. How We Will Dance.**)

SMEE

The Marine Nauticalizer, Master Hook. And he started poppin round till she liked him and he liked me and I liked him and all was a-frolical and grog and Boats-on-the-Thames and dance halls and dance halls and dance halls!

THE MUSIC BECKONS US HERE, MY DEAR,  
 CAVORT, CAVORT, A-ROLLICK ME  
 AND FORGET THAT TOMORROW BE NEAR.  
 COZ LIFE IS SHORT, IS SHORT, SO FROLIC WE!  
 HA HA HA HA H --

That's her singing the high notes I don't quite, y'know....  
 LA LA LA LA

Anyway.

WE ARE YOUNG AND HAPPY TODAY!

And she's

YOUNG AND HAPPY WE THREE, HOORAY!

And I'm

YES, I'M SO HAPPY.

And Hook is



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA  
 though he'd avoid actual acknowledging me at Eton where I was a  
 scrubber and he a scholar, but  
 THE MUSIC BECKONS US HERE, MY DEAR,  
 CAVORT, CAVORT, A-ROLLICK ME  
 AND FORGET THAT TOMORROW BE NEAR.  
 COZ LIFE IS SHORT, IS SHORT, SO FROLIC.  
 WE WERE YOUNG AND HAPPY TOGETHER,  
 WE'D DANCE ALL DAY!  
 DAY AND NIGHT WE'D DANCE.  
 HOW WE WOULD DANCE!  
 WE'D DANCE THE NIGHT AND DAY AWAY!  
 LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA!  
 LA. LA. LA. LA!

SMEE

Hennyways, let me cut to the chase. Bessie came into the family way, and gentleman what I was was to do the right thing with her. And Haitch saw she wasn't long for the stage, not in her profile, you know. So he offered to help. Financially, you know. And I refused. Trying to match gentleman for gentleman. But Bessie boxed my ears and colled me idjit, trying of convince me to accept of his money, his having plenty some of it and all. But, no, said I, "A gentleman's a gentleman," said I, and she boxed my ears again, crying "You! You ain't no gentlemen nor never will be! Take the money, take the money, take the money!" and more boxing of ears.

Well, I wouldn't. Not, not until one summer hafternoon I was scrubbin, scrubbin, and looked out the kitchen window on the Thames when there comes pontooning my Bessie and the Nauticalizer Hook. Not so unusual, thought I, we'd pontooned afore before, but always as three. And I thought, well, no harm, she's trying to ply him with her actressy lashy lashes, conjoling her she'd take his help she would, my gentlemanly prostrations not to the contrary. When what did my stonished eyes next see but the pontoon capsizing and into the shiver did they go! She with her pettipoons and he with his brocadey capery and all, well, my lubbers, they was drowning!

I dropped my scrubbery with a clang, and flew out the kitchen back and dove myself into the Thames!

(SMEE re-enacts the dramatic rescue. **8. Plunging  
the Thames.**)

SMEE

Fetches her first out, then looked back for him. But nowhere, my friends, nowhere was he. Must have to the muddy bottom gone. So in I plunged, and down, down, and nobody! And plunged again. And again, nobody! And a third. When sudden my boot caught a bit of his capery, and I'd found him. Back down plunging went I and snatched a grab of him and gave him a yank. It was his longy black hair, a fistful of it, thick, strong like ropes. And out heaved him onto the shore, and pumped the Thames out of him, and saved his life.

(HE reels at the memory.)

Well. Now. Gratitude be one thing. But gratitude with cash, now there's a tidy offer, and this I took, for Bessie Busk and our baby to be. My timoneers, to this day he's paid and repaid and repaid. A lot of grateful, that James Francis Wellington Hook.

Not much else to tell. I'm afraid I was as much of a scholar of husbandry as I was a candlestick maker, which is to say, Bessie turns out don't much care for me. Neither so much baby Arrabella. She, um, she don't look much like me, does Arrabella -- well, at least her hair. Which is much more black a pitch as mine. And I blame myself for that; must've turned her hair all dark-blackety with my despairing about woe is me and what's to become of me and all. Poor thing.

(SMEE sighs. **9. Arrabella.**)

SMEE

ARRABELLA, POOR, DARK AND HAUNTED CHILD.  
 FULL OF DEEP DARK DESPAIR,  
 AS DARK AS BLACKEST NIGHT.  
 ARRABELLA, NEVER HAVE YOU SMILED.  
 YOUR JOYLESS EYES AT ME DO STARE.  
 AND BLAME MYSELF DESPITE.  
 MY BROODING CAUSED IT QUITE.

DESPAIR AND WOE IS SMEE.  
 CAN'T HELP BUT BE LIKE ME.

So when Bessie suggests perhaps I might try my hand at sea, y'know, far away for a while, maybe she wouldn't brood so, I thought maybe enough not.

SHE, WITH HER FATHER GONE  
MIGHT NOT BE DARK AND GREY.  
SO I OF STAYED AWAY.  
SO I OF STAYED AWAY.

For her sake. Poor thing. Smee for a father, who wouldn't, y'know?

So when my Etonic friend suggested he'd repay my saving his life further by giving me a try as a ship potscrubber, well, I thought might could work. So that's how it's been, really. My friend as honest to me as the day has hours, as the years has months, and as lives have intertwines. He pays me wages, and sends some sums to Bessie and Arrabella for me on account. And puts up with my glooms and pot-droppings. And calls me his first mate. Though atimes there's a firster or firstest mate and I'm a seconder first mate. But I know them's just terms and in his heart I'm still his pontoony savior friend from Eton on whom he can rely until the waves cease to lap the shores of the world, which is never by the count of my metaphor.

As far as Arrabella. Well, I writes her from time a time, but we're, y'know, a-sea, around horns and far-flungatudes, so the post, y'know....It doesn't always make it to land. And even then don't always make it back t'England. And as for her writing me, well, what address would that be, eh? And what carrier would step afoot a pirate ship to deliver the....

So I don't really hear...never actually have heard....

But Haitch occasionally asks on her when he's a-shore and I'm watching the ship. And on the rare moony summery night, he might let slip a little, not to worry, not to worry, he's seeing to her she's provided, she's provided, and with that, I'm...I've made my peace.

SHE WITH HER FATHER GONE  
MIGHT NOT BE DARK AND GREY.  
SO I OF STAYED AWAY.  
SO I OF STAYED AWAY.

Well. That were not on the syllabus. But. Now y'know.

(HE surreptitiously removes his glasses to clean them, catching just a corner of his eyes with his cloth.)

SMEE

Breathe a word and I split you gullens with my rapier. If I had one. So, there's that to haunt you a-nights. Ha! Beware the wrath of Smee! Garr-rarr-arrr!

(Again HE attempts a piratical laugh. Same result as before. HE takes a swig from a bottle.)