

BLACK STACHE / SANCHEZ SMEE

SCENE SEVEN

The Wasp – Captain's Cabin

STACHE enters, finishing his own fairy tale.

Stache: “. . . and that beautiful baby had a big, bushy handlebar, and it grew out as he grew up and they both lived awfully ever after. The end.” (*rises, exultant, key in hand*) From this day forth, it'll be nothing but pleasure cruises and the odd America's Cup for me. Now, open – (*unlocks the trunk and throws open the lid*) and perpend! (*A Piratical Silence of Great Awfulness.*) What is that?

Smee: It's sand, sir.

~~Aster: Sand? But that's impossible.~~

Stache: When you say sand, do you mean the utterly worthless granular material one associates with the water's edge?

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.

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

Aster: God Save Her.

Stache: Oh shut up! (*to SANCHEZ*) 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 mi! ¡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*

END