

CAPTAIN HOOK AND THE WARRIOR AMAZONS

By Jon Jory

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SYNOPSIS: Tinker Bell has concocted a plan to rid Neverland of Captain Hook—now she only has to convince the Amazons to help! With a bit of fairy dust and a very-small raptor, these women rally together to take down the notorious Captain Hook. Amazon and Pirate sword fighting, a campy love duet, and a surprise ending—this comedic one-act has it all!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(10 females, 6 males, 1-8 extras)

STAGE MANAGER (f).....(8 lines)
TINKER BELL (f).....(65 lines)
PETER PAN (f)(30 lines)

THE AMAZONS:

AHKNEE (f)(11 lines)
ABOU (f)(23 lines)
ATHTAR (f).....(16 lines)
ALKAIA (f)(37 lines)
ALCINOE (f)(38 lines)
ANIPPE (f).....(16 lines)

THE PIRATES:

HOOK (m)(81 lines)
SMEE (m)(20 lines)
BERNADETTE (f).....(9 lines)
STARKEY (m).....(2 lines)
JUKES (m).....(2 lines)
CECCO (m).....(2 lines)
MICHAEL (m).....(14 lines)

EXTRAS:

VERY-SMALL-RAPTOR (m/f).....(Non-Speaking)
SMALL PIRATE (m/f)(Non-Speaking)

STAGEHANDS (m/f).....About six people needed.
(*Non-Speaking*)

DURATION: 35 minutes

SETTING: Amazon Island and Neverland

TIME: Anytime

DOUBLING POSSIBILITIES

The VERY-SMALL-RAPTOR can double as PIRATE.

The PIRATES can double as the STAGEHANDS.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Homemade is good. If a more elaborate set is a virtue, cool. On the other hand, a bare stage is fine. The Amazons might be costumed in a mix of fake fur, Greek, bones and trinkets, over blue jeans and with colorful sneakers. The Pirates could be traditional or biker or a mix. Tinkerbelle's pink tutu and ballet shoes are a must. Peter Pan is traditional. The Very-Small-Raptor might be lemon yellow and a cool makeup. Go crazy. Add great sound effects. If there's a line that offends, cut it.

AT RISE: *An empty stage with a sand colored round platform. The light is work light. STAGE MANAGER appears and looks over the stage, she licks a fingertip and touches it to the stage floor.*

STAGE MANAGER: *(Calling offstage.) This needs to be swept again.*

SIX STAGEHANDS with push brooms, rush on and sweep. While they are sweeping the STAGE MANAGER calls...

STAGE MANAGER: Places, Amazons!

AHKNEE, ABOU, ATHTAR, ALCINOE, and ANIPPE in some combination of fake fur, beads, and bones over blue jeans enter and lie down on the platform. The sweepers exit.

STAGE MANAGER: *(To AMAZONS.) Everybody got your swords, daggers and bows?*

AMAZONS reply stuff like "all set", "ready", "let's do it", etc.

STAGE MANAGER: All right ladies, I'm going to black.

STAGE MANAGER exits. Lights go to black.

AHKNEE: *(In the dark.) I'm scared.*

ABOU: Shhhh!

AHKNEE: What if I forget my lines?

ATHTAR: You won't forget your lines.

AHKNEE: But what if I do?

ABOU: We're Amazons, we'll kill you.

We hear the STAGE MANAGER over the sound system.

STAGE MANAGER: Lights up. Let's rock.

Lights up on the sleeping AMAZONS. ALKAIA, the sixth AMAZON, runs across the stage pursued by a VERY-SMALL-RAPTOR.

ALKAIA: Help! Help! Help!

ALKAIA and the VERY-SMALL-RAPTOR disappear offstage. The AMAZONS wake up. ATHTAR, a great warrior, leaps up ready to fight.

ATHTAR: What's happening? What's going on?

ALCINOE: *(Leader of the AMAZONS.)* Relax, Athtar, it's just the Very-Small-Raptor chasing Alkaia again.

ANIPPE: *(Brushing herself off. She's a little more fashionable than the others.)* You would think the last dinosaur on the island would just get over it.

ATHTAR: Exactly, we're legendary Amazon warriors, we've killed all the others in battle, we just keep the Very-Small-Raptor around for laughs.

AHKNEE: Personally, I think it's attracted to her.

ALCINOE: Anippe, why are you always fixing yourself up?

ANIPPE: There's no reason an Amazon shouldn't look good.

ABOU: For who? The island isn't on any map and it's completely uninhabited.

ANIPPE: Maybe one of the Gods from Olympus will drop by, they like to mate with humans.

ALCINOE: We're not humans Anippe, we are legendary warriors.

ANIPPE: I'm too hot to be myth.

ALKAIA runs through the other way pursued by the VERY-SMALL-RAPTOR.

ALKAIA: Help! Help! Help!

AHKNEE: *(Putting hands over her ears.)* I need my sleep.

ATHTAR: Amazon's don't sleep, Ahknee.

AHKNEE: I'm a sleeping Amazon, I'm from a different myth. *(Lies down.)*

ANIPPE: I sometimes wonder why we killed all the men...?

ALCINOE: They smelled. They tried to enslave us. The only two words they knew were "food" and "sex".

ATHTAR: Well, what can you expect, they were Neanderthals. They lived in caves covered with lice, ate mammoth poop and hit each other with clubs.

ANIPPE: They were kind of cute though. I liked them when they hopped around and bayed at the moon.

ATHTAR: Did you like it when they dragged you around by the hair?

ANIPPE: I know, I know, we had to kill them because we're warriors, but—

ALKAIA enters at the back.

ALCINOE: The Greeks were real men...

AHKNEE: I loved the Greeks!

ANIPPE: They were definitely ripped.

ABOU: You just like them because they're musicians.

ALCINOE: Hercules, Hector, Odysseus, Jason! They were a pleasure to fight. They'd talk about literature, mathematics, astronomy before you killed them. They respected Amazons.

ATHTAR: I always kissed them before we fought. Kiss, kill. Kiss, kill. It was a lot of fun. Those were the days.

ALKAIA: What's kissing?

ABOU: You're back.

ALKAIA: What's kissing?

ALCINOE: Never you mind. You're too young.

ALKAIA: Too young? You have got to be kidding! I'm over two thousand years old.

ANIPPE: Amazons became immortal when you were a teenager, so you're still a teenager.

ALKAIA: So that means I'll never know what a kiss is?

ABOU: Not on this island.

ALCINOE: Amazons who leave this island give up their immortality.

ALKAIA: So I have to give up immortality to find out what a kiss is?

ALCINOE: Yes.

ALKAIA: Well, that's a bummer!

ANIPPE: We'll have to leave. The sea is taking back the island. For some reason the ocean is warmer, the water's rising and we're losing two hundred feet of beach front a day.

ATHTAR: That only gives us about another hundred years.

ANIPPE: Time flies!

ALKAIA: Okay, okay, let me get this straight. In a hundred years the island goes under, so what, we're immortal?

ANIPPE: Amazons can't swim.

ALKAIA: Why?

ANIPPE: How do I know, it's a design flaw. We sink to the bottom and there we are for eternity.

ALKAIA: It would be incredibly boring down there.

ANIPPE: It's incredibly boring up here.

The VERY-SMALL-RAPTOR appears and roars a gigantic roar at the AMAZONS. The AMAZONS turn and yell...

ALL AMAZONS: Beat it!

The VERY-SMALL-RAPTOR scurries off.

ATH TAR: Anippe is right. There's no one to fight, there's no one to kiss.

ABOU: There's no fast food.

ALKAIA: What's fast food?

ANIPPE: It's when you eat a dinosaur when it's running.

ALCINOE: We are the daughters of Ares, god of war and the wood nymph Harmonia, first known in Libya. Our great queen was Penthesilea who fought in the Trojan War. We won great battles and founded great cities: Smyrna, Ephesus, Magnesia and Crete.

ALKAIA: Then how come I can't have a boyfriend, huh? Sure, we're fierce, we're powerful, but that's not what we need. *(Spoken.)* All you need is love, all you need is love, all you need is love, love. Love is all you need.

ABOU: That rings a bell.

ALKAIA: How did we come to be on this forsaken island?

ALCINOE: I have no idea. You remember Abou, we woke up one day and here we were, a tiny remnant of our great nation, transported perhaps by a magician.

ALKAIA: Well, I'm not ending up under the water. There are sharks down there. They'd chew me up and I'd be nothing but immortal little pieces the size of your thumbnail. What kind of life is that?

ABOU: I had a dream. Men came to the island, we fought with them. One of us went away with a man in a boat, fell in love, fought a great war and became a superhero named Wonder Woman and they made a movie about her.

ALKAIA: What's a movie?

ABOU: I don't know, but in my dream they sold popcorn.

ATH TAR: I loved popcorn! We used to set fire to the cornfields and lie down until we were covered with popcorn!

ABOU: Corn won't grow on this godforsaken island. Nothing grows but this poison ivy.

AMAZONS scratch themselves wildly.

ALCINOE: Stop that!

AMAZONS stop.

ALCINOE: (To *ABOU*.) Don't ever say the word itchy.

AMAZONS scratch insanely.

ALCINOE: Sorry, my bad.

AMAZONS stop.

ANIPPE: I would like to be a Wonder Woman.

ABOU: Me too.

ALKAIA: Instead of a bunch of itchy Amazons sitting around bored to death!

ALCINOE: The problem is having no enemies.

ABOU: Speak, oh great one!

ALCINOE: I am speaking.

ABOU: You are our leader. It is you who vanquished the giant snakes, the cranky rats, the two legged Tyrannosaurus, the Iguanodon, the Protoceratops, the spitting Bambiraptor, the spiny Diceratops and the speedy Mononykus.

ALCINOE: I'm trying to...

ABOU: The plague of the bird beak dogfish...

ALCINOE: Enough About...

ABOU: The snarky field wren, the fleecy dachshunds...

ALCINOE: Will you please...

ABOU: The smelly cave boys, the...

ALCINOE: Quiet!!

ABOU: Just celebrating you, oh fierce one, oh great beauty, oh...

ALCINOE: (*Forcefully stepping in front of ABOU.*) Listen, oh warrior women, without enemies we wither like grape vine in winter. Without enemies we become mere playthings for men...

ALKAIA: If there were any.

ALCINOE shoots ALKAIA a death stare.

ALKAIA: Easy.

ALCINOE: Without enemies we are mere form without content, strength without purpose, skill without meaning, passion without heart. In short, my Amazons, without enemies, we suck!

AMAZONS call out war cries and thrust fists in the air. At this moment, TINKER BELL, a vision in a pink tutu with, if possible, flashing lights on it and a princess crown, dances on like she was a member of the Corps de Ballet. AMAZONS are stunned as TINKER BELL passes by.

ALCINOE: Are you kidding me?

AMAZONS watch another moment.

ALCINOE: Kill, my Amazons!

AMAZONS pick up swords and axes, one has a bow and arrows. They move toward TINKER BELL. TINKER BELL turns and sweetly points at them. There is a zapping sound and AMAZONS are struck to the ground.

TINKER BELL: (*A southern accent.*) Hi y'all, I'm Tinker Bell.

AMAZONS struggle to their feet.

TINKER BELL: Girls, I jes' looove your outfits!

ATHSTAR: Who are you, little pink poisoned rose of the forest?

TINKER BELL: Oh my goodness, you jes' talk soooo good! I didn't mean to knock y'all down, you jes' kinda scared me.

ALCINOE: What are you??

TINKER BELL: Little ol' me? I'm a fairy from Neverland. We got a buncha different kinds of fairies and some of em' are downright nasty. There are some fairies sting jes' like mosquitos, only your arms turn blue and fall off.

ALKAIA: Yuck.

TINKER BELL: They're only bad in July though. There's a salve made of alligator blood and pig bladders that pretty much keeps 'em off. You got alligators?

AHKNEE: What's an alligator?

TINKER BELL: It's kinda like a giant cucumber with teeth.

AMAZONS shake their heads "no."

TINKER BELL: We got one alligator is beaucoup ferocious, after me and Peter all the time, but it swallowed a clock so we hear it coming. But I digress... *(Pulls a bottle out of her pink backpack.)* How about we all drink a little fermented cornflower nectar and get down!

ALCINOE: What do you seek from us strange one?

TINKER BELL: You think I'm strange?! Girl, you ain't seen nuthin' yet. *(Takes a swig, corks it puts it back in her backpack.)* Whooo-boy! That got a hit to it! Yep, back in Neverland we got rhinosceraphs and tigmice; we got your flying monkeys turned up from somewhere called Oz; we got your mermaids singin' pop tunes and storks as big as a house. We got the Lost Boys, rotating Wendy-birds, the amazing and incredible Peter Pan, an' a buncha murderous, slimy, hard-livin' pirates led by the villainous, dandified, vicious and delicious killer and defiler, callous and blood thirsty, Captain Hook!

Thunder and lightning.

TINKER BELL: Want to hear that again?

AMAZONS *nod.*

TINKER BELL: Captain Hook!!

Killer thunder.

TINKER BELL: Now y'all gather round.

AMAZONS *circle TINKER BELL and sit on the ground.*

TINKER BELL: What they call y'all again?

ALL AMAZONS: Amazons!

TINKER BELL: I'm lovin' it. The Amazing Amazons! What's your specialty, girls?

ALL AMAZONS: Killing enemies!

TINKER BELL: Well, that is jes' sweet as potato pie. That is hot as a jalapeno cupcake! You want enemies, we got enemies to burn!! Lordy, yes! You have come to the right fairy. You just about done with the enemies around here, huh?

ATHTAR: We pretty much laid em' to waste.

TINKER BELL: Well, that's just slick as a hog on ice. Lemme jes' see iffin' I got your names right. (*Points.*) Alcinoe, Athtar, Alkaia, Abou, Anippe, an' Ahknee.

ALCINOE: How do you know our names?

TINKER BELL: Girl, I got skills. All us fairies got second sight. I know your daddy's name, your momma's name. If you owned a cockapoo, I'd know its name.

ALCINOE: (*Rising with a sword in her hand.*) Why should we not kill you?

TINKER BELL: Well darlin', you jes' sharper than a knitting needle gone rogue. "Why should you not kill me?" That's a good one. Well, you could kill me, you sure could. Fairies got more blood in 'em than you might think. You shoot me with an arrow, I make a right satisfying "pop." 'Course, if y'all stab me I'll vomit blood all over you. I got stabbed by a pirate one time I vomited so much blood they put it in the geography books, called it the Red Sea. However, the problem is, anyone kills a fairy gets the plague and dies an unbelievably painful death by slowly turning to stone over a six

month period. That's outside of Neverland, of course. In Neverland, nobody dies for more than thirty-six hours and you just wake up real refreshed and ready to go. Last time I looked at the spreadsheet I been killed in Neverland over one million times. 'Course we ain't in Neverland, honey. Y'all have a go, though – shoot me, stab me, strangle me, run me over with a Ford Bronco – have yourself a good time.

ALCINOE: Maybe not.

TINKER BELL: Good choice.

The VERY-SMALL-RAPTOR races on toward TINKER BELL roaring. TINKER BELL points, it falls over asleep.

TINKER BELL: What was I sayin'? Oh yeah. We got a situation in Neverland, I could flat-out use your help. Go Amazons!

ALL AMAZONS: *(Fists in air.)* Fight, fight, fight!

TINKER BELL: Real good. *(Reaches in her backpack, tosses lollipops.)* Have some lollipops! Got 'em from the lollipop kids before Hook tied 'em up sent 'em off to sea in an old rowboat.

ALKAIA: I love lollipops!

TINKER BELL: Me too, girl, I got a sweet-fang. We got a lollipop in Neverland two hundred feet high with a circumference of a skating rink. I been licking that thing for two hundred years. Wore out eleven tongues and it takes me two years to grow one back. Now listen up.

ALL AMAZONS: Lay it on us!

TINKER BELL: I got to give a shout-out to Neverland. It's the only place grown-ups have never screwed up. It's drop-dead beautiful and nobody has allergies. You imagine something hard enough it shows up. Every day is an adventure.

ATHTAR: I'm down with that!

TINKER BELL: Nobody dies, so you can take out all your aggressions or just go sing with the mermaids. There's fairies, there's elves, there's gnomes and sprites, there's pirates to fight, and we can teach you to fly. I tell you the world would be a better place if Amazons could fly.

AHKNEE: *(Holding one hand in the air.)* Word!

TINKER BELL: On the side of the good is the one, the only, Peter Pan, he's the spirit of youth and joy and adventure. He might be a little self-centered, but everybody's got a problem, right?

ABOU: I got a problem!

TINKER BELL: What's your problem, sister?

ABOU: I'm itchy!

This sets off a fury of itching among the AMAZONS.

ALCINOE: We told you not to say, "itchy"!

While the AMAZONS itch, TINKER BELL reaches into her backpack and throws a handful of pink pills into the crowd.

TINKER BELL: Benedryl for everybody!

ALL AMAZONS take a pill and immediately stop itching.

ALKAIA: That stuff is sensational.

TINKER BELL: Peter Pan invented it. It's ground up rattlesnake with a scorpion's liver and a little eye of newt.

ALL AMAZONS spit, trying to get the taste out of their mouths.

TINKER BELL: You got to take the bitter with the sweet. Now, ladies we got a little problem in Neverland.

ALCINOE: It's a man, right?

TINKER BELL: How'd you know that?

ATHTAR: 'Cause a man's middle name is trouble.

TINKER BELL: It's a man called Captain Hook. He's the pirate alive. He sails in the *Jolly Roger* and his plan is to get rid of Pan and turn Neverland into an amusement park for grown-ups.

ATHTAR: I don't like him!

ALKAIA: Me either!

TINKER BELL: All the advertising is going to feature a mouse with an eye patch with one foot on a dead fairy.

ATHTAR: I don't like that!

TINKER BELL: And he's going to call it... Grislyland!!

ALL AMAZONS boo and give it the thumbs down.

TINKER BELL: That's right! He has captured Peter Pan, and instead of killing him, which would only last thirty-six hours, he is going to lock him in a bathysphere and drop him down into the deepest part of the ocean where he will be entombed forever.

ALKAIA: What's a bathysphere?

TINKER BELL: I wrote a paper on this when I was a young fairy. A bathysphere was a hollow steel sphere into which a very small person or gnome in the fetal position could lie and be lowered on a suspension cable for underwater exploration or just plain looking at fish.

AHKNEE: Men, right? Only men would go to all that trouble to look at a fish.

TINKER BELL: Hook is a demon in human form. There is no one left to fight him, Pan had a small army called the Lost Boys, but they grew tired of killing Pirates who never died, formed a boy band and have a television show in Japan. He brought in a series of young women he called Wendys to cook and clean and read stories to the Lost Boys, but that's a feminist issue now.

ALCINOE: No self-respecting Amazon cooks and cleans!

TINKER BELL: So, great warriors, we need your help to battle the pirates, put an end to Captain Hook and save Peter Pan.

ALCINOE: We don't ordinarily save men.

TINKER BELL: Peter Pan is written as a man but is always played by a woman.

AMAZONS put a fist in the air and shout...

ALL AMAZONS: Transgender rights!

TINKER BELL: So you're with me?

ALL AMAZONS: We fight for the right!

ALKAIA: There is one little problem.

TINKER BELL: Problem?

ALKAIA: We're on an island surrounded by thousands of miles of impenetrable ocean storms. Travel by boat is impossible. Amazons can't swim. How would we get to this "Neverland"?

TINKER BELL: There's no problem, girls. I can tell you the answer in two words.

ABOU: Time travel?

TINKER BELL: Nope.

AHKNEE: Magic spells using boiled ostrich?

TINKER BELL: Nope.

ALCINOE: Tell us oh literary fairy?

TINKER BELL: Fairy dust.

ALL AMAZONS: Ahhhhh!

TINKER BELL: Even a pinch of fairy dust will enable you to fly with me to Neverland.

ALL AMAZONS: Ahhhhh.

TINKER BELL: There are three flavors: acid orange, volatile cherry, or double bubble.

ALL AMAZONS: Double bubble!

TINKER BELL: Here we go!

TINKER BELL passes among the AMAZONS throwing fairy dust in the air.

ABOU: Now what?

TINKER BELL: Put your arms out like this.

The AMAZONS do.

TINKER BELL: Now kind of rock back and forth.

The AMAZONS do.

ALKAIA: We're not flying, we're just standing here like idiots with our arms out.

TINKER BELL: It's a low budget production; you're flying.

The lights change to symbolize flying.

TINKER BELL: Flap. Flap harder.

The AMAZONS flap harder.

ABOU: How do we get there?

TINKER BELL: Second star on the right and straight through 'til morning.

EVERYONE flaps like crazy. The lights dim and go out. When they come back up the stage has cleared. Center, is CAPTAIN HOOK wearing clothes from the Charles II period. They are, of course, black with silver detail. He has a Salvador Dali mustache and, of course, a black tri-corner hat. At his feet, holding onto his left leg is the pirate, SMEE, a plump little fellow wearing glasses. It is dawn.

HOOK: Ah Smee, Smee! See how the dawn sits tiptoe on the mountain tops, the little birdies wake and sing, the cockroaches do their little morning dance, the river flows, the crocodile ticks and it's all, all for Captain Hook, Smee! The mighty Hook is master of all he surveys.

SMEE: Yes, Captain.

HOOK: Hook is intelligent, charming, devilishly handsome, and an unparalleled foodie. Isn't he, Smee?

SMEE: Absolutely, Captain.

HOOK: The little children read about Hook in their storybooks, pirates everywhere lift their mugs of grog in celebration of this greatest pirate in piratical history, young ladies carry his picture in their teeny-tiny expensive purses. Hook, the magnificent, eh Smee?

SMEE: Whatever.

HOOK: I can't hear you!

SMEE: They carry your picture.

HOOK: And they sigh and dream of Captain Hook.

SMEE: Can I get up now?

HOOK: What?

SMEE: My knees.

HOOK: In a minute. And just offstage that pipsqueak Pan, the little mosquito who buzzes in Hook's ear, is crammed in the bathysphere which, this very day we will drop into the ocean's deepest deep where he will live forever! (*Laughs wildly.*)

SMEE: I'm cramping.

HOOK: Up, up, Smee. Do you love my musical laugh, Smee?

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