

CAPTAIN HOOK'S VERY BAD CHRISTMAS

by Jon Jory

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SYNOPSIS: Captain Hook is having a terrible Christmas. The pirates are singing horrible renditions of Christmas carols, the tree is dismal, and worst of all—there is no Wendy to read them a story on Christmas Eve. Being the cleverest Captain in Neverland, Hook decides to bring a Wendy back for all the pirates. There is only one way this can go down—stealing pixie dust, dressing as Peter Pan, and convincing a Wendy that his crew are Lost Boys. Peter Pan and Tinker Bell discover this plot and obviously things don't go as planned.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 females, 6 males)

CAPTAIN HOOK (m).....	Pirate. (151 lines)
SMEE (m).....	Pirate. (81 lines)
CECCO (m).....	Pirate. (19 lines)
JUKES (m).....	Pirate. (19 lines)
STARKEY (m).....	Pirate. (18 lines)
HOMICIDAL SALLY (f).....	Pirate. (Non-speaking)
MRS. DARLING (f).....	Wendy's Mother. (7 lines)
WENDY (f).....	A Wendy. (82 lines)
TINKER BELL (f).....	(62 lines)
PETER PAN (f).....	(69 lines)
JULIO (m).....	A Lost Boy, dressed like a pirate. (15 lines)

DURATION: 40 minutes

SETTING: Neverland

TIME: Present

AT START: *A wispy, bedraggled Christmas tree with ugly homemade ornaments and a few strands of tinsel. Beside it, CAPTAIN HOOK on a wooden stepladder. HOOK places a bent tin star at the top of the tree. CECCO, STARKEY, and JUKES stand behind music stands singing, "We Wish You a Merry Christmas". They all have Santa hats and the traditional eye patches. Nearby, on the floor sits SMEE, a small, cheerful, rotund pirate wearing glasses. He is working on a strand of lights.*

HOOK: *(To the PIRATES.)* Stop that caterwauling! You sing like wounded antelopes. Go out with flyswatters and kill that annoying fairy, Tinker Bell.

CECCO: Aye, aye, Captain. Would you care to hear *Silent Night* before we go?

HOOK: Only Cecco, if it is silent. Go!

CECCO, STARKEY, and JUKES exit.

HOOK: There, Smee. What do you think? Stupendous, eh? Our own little Christmas tree. A little beauty in a naughty world. Why have we never celebrated yuletide, Smee? I'll tell you why – we have always been out in the swamps and gloomy forests of Neverland, fighting that dreadful little shot in his silly green outfit. The abominable Pan!

SMEE: Don't mention his name, Captain. The very sound of it ruins the holiday. Last Christmas he killed me twice, fed three of the crew to the crocodiles, and turned you...

HOOK: Don't say it.

SMEE: Into a...

HOOK: Don't say it!

SMEE: A gibbering baboon.

HOOK: *(Pulling SMEE up by his shirtfront.)* I told you not to say it.

SMEE: Sorry, Captain.

HOOK and SMEE point at each other.

HOOK: One, two, three—

HOOK and SMEE: Peter Pan! *(They spit, make horrible faces and throw themselves about.)* Yuck, yuck horrible!

SMEE: He always kills us on Christmas Eve. It's so discouraging.

HOOK: Perfectly dreadful. Dying is like catching the flu. It takes days to recover.

SMEE: Headaches.

HOOK: Sneezing.

SMEE: Barfing our fruitcake.

HOOK: I hate being dead!

SMEE: Getting moldy.

HOOK: Eyeballs falling out.

SMEE: Lying in the casket.

HOOK: Pirates crying all over us.

SMEE: And then, finally, when we're up and about...

HOOK: Feeling our cheerios...

HOOK and SMEE: Everyone seems almost disappointed.

HOOK: Why is that Smee?

SMEE: Why?

HOOK: When everyone knows perfectly well...

HOOK and SMEE: We're adorable! *(They do a little dance.)*

HOOK: But Smee...

SMEE: What Captain?

HOOK: Not this Christmas, Smee.

SMEE: No?

HOOK: No. No, no, no, no. I have, Smee, a little tiny itsy-bitsy, hoopsy-doopsy plan.

SMEE: A plan?

HOOK: A plan.

HOOK and SMEE: He has a plan!

HOOK: *(Viciously.)* Listen up!

SMEE: I'm all ears.

HOOK: What, Smee, is the one thing that always lures Peter Pan –

HOOK and SMEE spit, make horrible faces, and throw themselves about.

HOOK: To our pirate ship, the legendary *Jolly Roger*?

SMEE: I know!

HOOK: You clever duckie, you.

SMEE: It's when we capture one of those annoying Wendys he's always bringing to Neverland to help with the spring cleaning.

HOOK: He's a sucker for a Wendy.

HOOK and SMEE roar with laughter. HOOK cuts it off with a gesture.

SMEE: *(One finger in the air.)* But...

HOOK: But what?

SMEE: He always brings the Wendy in the spring, but she's always gone by Christmas.

HOOK: Ah yes, Smee, but what, my murderous little matey, if we go get a Wendy of our own?

SMEE: We can't.

HOOK: Why not?

SMEE: We can't get off the island.

HOOK: Why not?

SMEE: We don't fly.

HOOK: And how does Pan fly?

SMEE: Fairy dust.

HOOK: And who's got the fairy dust?

SMEE: Who does?

HOOK: I do!

SMEE: You've got the fairy dust?

HOOK: I've got the fairy dust! *(Dances.)*

SMEE: Amazing!

HOOK: I know.

SMEE: Extraordinary!

HOOK: I know.

SMEE: You've got the fairy dust!

HOOK: Little old me! Last night when you and the crew were swilling the grog and watching re-runs of *Pirates of the Caribbean*...

SMEE: I love those pirates!

HOOK: They're not real, Smee, they're fictional.

SMEE: What?!

HOOK: Somebody made them up.

SMEE: That's horrible. *(A brief pause.)* We're not made-up, are we?

HOOK: *(Roaring.)* I don't want to go into it! Where was I?

SMEE: Last night.

HOOK: *(Calling to the booth.)* Dream sequence!

The stage is awash in colored light. A small bed is rolled on with PETER PAN in it. SMEE crosses and sits on the ladder HOOK used to decorate the tree. HOOK acts out the following as he narrates it.

HOOK: On the stroke of midnight, when the wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees, the moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas, the road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,

A stagehand runs out and gives HOOK a stick horse and he rides it as he speaks.

HOOK: And Captain Hook came riding, riding, up to Peter Pan's door!

SMEE: Captain?

The lights immediately go normal.

HOOK: *(Irritated,)* What is it?

SMEE: Don't mean to rain on your parade, Captain, but you don't have a horse and Peter Pan's house is underground.

HOOK: *(Gesturing,)* Come here, Smee.

SMEE crosses to HOOK.

SMEE: Yes, Captain.

HOOK: In the theatre, Smee, we the artists weave a glorious reality of the imagination which is not photographic, Smee, but evocative. We are but shadows of the mind, firelight's creatures, flickering in the dark creating a symphony of the imagination. So shut up and listen, Smee, or I will cut your throat from ear to ear and drink your blood like wine.

SMEE: Yes, Captain. *(Goes back up the ladder and resumes his seat.)*

HOOK: Lights! Music!

The lights change. Creepy horror music.

HOOK: Silent as a butterfly in a bell tower. I made my way to Peter Pan's bed and with the velvety touch of a safecracker, extracted the little tin of fairy dust that Peter Pan...

SMEE spits and makes wild gestures.

HOOK: Shhhh.

SMEE subsides.

HOOK: Keeps tucked away under his pillow.

PETER PAN sits up, startled.

PETER PAN: What's that? Who's there?

HOOK: In a trice. I grabbed him by the hair, whipped out my Sumatran dagger and cut his throat from ear to ear.

PETER PAN: Arrrgha, burble-burble, silence.

HOOK: One, two! One two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack
I left him dead, and with his head
I went galumping back! Curtain!

The lights go out. SMEE applauds wildly and shouts, "Bravo." Lights up. PETER PAN and CAPTAIN HOOK take a bow together then PAN runs off, and HOOK takes a solo bow. A PIRATE runs on with roses. HOOK curtsies and throws the flowers over his head.

HOOK: Lights up!

We return to regular stage lighting.

HOOK: And that, Smee, is how we came to obtain the fairy dust.

SMEE: Your work is so realistic, so heartfelt, and yet so metaphoric at the same time.

HOOK: You're a dear to say so. (*Pinches SMEE'S cheek.*) I am, Smee, a creature of the stage. (*Back to the business at hand.*) But back to reality. Call the pirate band, Smee!

SMEE blows the whistle hanging around his neck. CECCO, STARKEY, and JUKES race on and sit in a row facing HOOK.

HOOK: Well you dirty, slovenly, lazy, second-rate pirates, you. Here's the drill. Using this liberated fairy dust, I will fly to Dry Creek, Oklahoma where I hear there is a Wendy-in-waiting. Posing as Peter Pan...

PIRATES spit and gesture.

HOOK: I will entice her with the delights of Neverland, dust her with fairy dust, and fly her back to the *Jolly Roger*, to whence we will lure Pan...

PIRATES spit and gesture.

HOOK: With her presence and rid ourselves of the little green gnat forever.

PIRATES cheer.

HOOK: Now Smee, cover my costume change with a brief profile about my fascinating but largely unknown background.

SMEE blows his whistle, HOOK races off. PETER PAN'S bed is removed and another with WENDY in it rolled on. A chair is set and a window unit placed. SMEE is hit by a special or follow spot.

SMEE: A little music, please.

We get a little background music.

SMEE: The life and times of that celebrated and good natured sailor, Captain James "Babyface" Hook illustrated by the Captain himself.

HOMICIDAL SALLY enters with a series of stick drawings on an easel. She pulls them away one by one during SMEE'S speech.

SMEE: Hook is born.

HOMICIDAL SALLY shows illustration.

SMEE: His ma, one-eyed Suzy, and his pa, Socrates, ran a small but beloved tavern in South Dover, England. When gents popped in she whacked 'em with an iron pot...

HOMICIDAL SALLY shows illustration.

SMEE: And they was shanghaied into the British Navy. He was a delightful little fella, somewhat addicted to arson, who surprised passerbys by shooting his handmade darts into their posteriors with a blowpipe.

HOMICIDAL SALLY shows illustration.

SMEE: His doting parents feeling he should enjoy the advantages of travel sealed him in a wooden box, with a supply of biscuits, and dropped him in the ocean.

HOMICIDAL SALLY shows illustration.

SMEE: The box was hoisted aboard a passing pirate ship, *The Queen Anne's Revenge*, captained by that ever popular favorite, Blackbeard, the pirate.

HOMICIDAL SALLY shows illustration.

SMEE: They sailed the West Indies, making many friends as they walked the plank, rising to first mate as several of the pirate officers were mysteriously poisoned.

HOMICIDAL SALLY shows illustration.

SMEE: Blackbeard loved this delightful scamp like a son, and on this twenty-first birthday presented him with a captured British warship he named the *Jolly Roger* nicknamed, "Satan of the Seas." One day, in a peculiar pink fog, he ran aground on an uncharted island strangely peopled, if one may call it that, by fairies, mermaids and a rabid crocodile who unfortunately bit off his arm.

HOMICIDAL SALLY shows illustration.

SMEE: On this island, subsequently named Neverland, he became acquainted with the berserk half-boy, half fairy, Peter Pan. (*Spits and gestures wildly.*) On Neverland, Hook settled down to become the beneficent, unofficial mayor, beloved by all though dying a number of times in swordfights.

HOMICIDAL SALLY shows illustration.

SMEE: (*Turning to HOMICIDAL SALLY.*) Thank you, Homicidal Sally.

HOMICIDAL SALLY curtsies and exits with the easel.

SMEE: And now, the one, the only Captain James Hook!

HOOK appears in a special, dressed as PETER PAN. He looks, I fear, a little ridiculous.

SMEE: Let's get ready to ruuumbllllle!

HOOK hands clasped over his head and then blowing kisses to the audience, moves downstage.

HOOK: Thank you, thank you, you're a desperately darling audience. Now then...

HOOK turns to SMEE and we're back in ordinary light.

HOOK: Tell me, Smee... (*Turning in a balletic circle.*) How do I look?

SMEE: Amazing, Captain! I would swear the two of you were identical twins, separated at birth.

HOOK: I know, I know, but it's not the costume, Smee, it's how I've adjusted my inner life. I do not represent him Smee, I have become him.

SMEE: Let's not say his name though.

HOOK: Absolutely not.

HOOK and SMEE: Shhhhhh.

HOOK: Well, I'm off to Oklahoma, whatever that is, to bring a Wendy back so we may lure him.

HOOK and SMEE: Shhhh.

HOOK: To his destruction.

SMEE applauds.

HOOK: Now then, Smee, I will assume the flying position... (*Puts arms out.*) You have the fairy dust...

SMEE: Right here, Captain.

HOOK: Spin the propeller, Smee.

SMEE gets in front of HOOK and spins the imaginary propeller. We hear the engine start.

HOOK: Ahhh, Smee! (*Singing.*) Off we go into the wild blue yonder, flying high into the sky –

SMEE backs away. The lights go down to a special on HOOK "flying".

HOOK: Blood and thunder but this is exciting! Hook, the eagle. Hook, the wild goose, going where no pirate has gone before.

During the flight, WENDY'S bed is set with a chair beside it. Also a window that HOOK can make an entrance through.

HOOK: Look at the earth down there, wrapped in sunrise, looking for all the world like a bloody eyeball. Descending now, down through the cotton candy clouds. Wait, wait, what's happening? I'm losing power. Houston, the angle for re-entry is incorrect. I don't like this. I don't like it. Arrgh!

Lights out. Sounds of a crash, more like pots and pans than an airplane. Lights up on WENDY in bed. She wears a cotton nightgown which is underdressed with a spring dress for her first scene in Neverland. WENDY's mother stands beside the bed, dressed for a night out. It should be mentioned that WENDY has a black eye that is never explained and disappears by her ship scene.

MRS. DARLING: Now Wendy, dearest, your father and I are going to the office Christmas party, but we won't be late, my sweet, perhaps 4 am.

WENDY: Yes, mother. Is that the party where everyone drinks a great deal and someone usually falls out the window?

MRS. DARLING: Yes, my love, but it's only on the second floor.

WENDY: Will there be a DJ, mother?

MRS. DARLING: Oh absolutely. I believe his name is JJ Blow-It-Out-Your-Nose.

WENDY: That sounds like good clean fun, mother.

MRS. DARLING: Yes, dear. Your father has worked in that dreadfully small office with those hateful fluorescent lights for years. He deserves a little merriment.

WENDY: I'm bored, mother!

MRS. DARLING: Girls are supposed to be bored, it's very attractive.

WENDY puts the covers over her head.

MRS. DARLING: Now Wendy, I don't want you sneaking out to the clubs or getting on Pokémon raids. You're getting a reputation, dear, and you certainly don't want to be seen in public with that black eye.

WENDY: Yes mother, yes mother, yes mother, yes!

MRS. DARLING: Sleep well, Wendy Darling. Christmas is coming so dream of sugar plums. (*Exiting.*) Nighty-night.

WENDY: Good night, mother dearest.

WENDY reaches over and turns out the light by the bed. HOOK appears at the window. He is somewhat the worse for wear. He has a bandage around his head, a black eye and his arm in a sling. He clambers awkwardly into the room.

HOOK: Great goblins, what a flight. What a terrible, terrible flight. (*Casts a glance around.*) If this is Oklahoma, I'm unimpressed. I suppose that's the Wendy over there. Let's just have quick look at the script. (*Pulls one out, reads a stage direction.*) "Sits on floor and cries because his shadow won't stick on."

HOOK sits on the floor and cries theatrically. WENDY wakes.

WENDY: Boy, why are you crying?

HOOK rises and gives a sweeping bow.

WENDY: Oh, you're not a boy, you're... well, older. You look terrible, are you homeless?

HOOK: (*Trying to be cheerful.*) Nooooo. What's your name?

WENDY: Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's your name?

HOOK: Peter Pan. (*Spits and throws himself about.*) Sorry, it's allergies.

WENDY: What does your mother give you for allergies?

HOOK: Don't have a mother.

WENDY: Oh no, why not?

HOOK: They hung her.

WENDY: How horrible!

HOOK: She killed a bartender with an ice pick because he didn't know what a vodka gimlet was.

WENDY: What??

HOOK: I ran away and lived with the fairies and eventually we moved to Neverland.

WENDY: How exciting!

HOOK: Yes, isn't it? It's lovely. Beautiful beaches, fruit trees, always 72 degrees. The fairies live in abandoned birds' nests. I live with the Lost Boys in an underground house.

WENDY: What are the Lost Boys?

HOOK: They are boys who didn't turn in a paper on the *Declaration of Independence*.

WENDY: Oh dear.

HOOK: You know the worst thing?

WENDY: What?

HOOK: We've never had a Christmas. Without a mother to make fruitcake we just never got around to it.

WENDY: How terribly sad.

HOOK: I know. Come with me to Neverland. We'll have a real Christmas and you'll make the fruitcake.

WENDY: I don't make fruitcake, Peter, I'm a feminist.

HOOK: Well, you could show us to how to have a Christmas, Wendy. I can show you how to fly.

WENDY: You'd show me how to fly?

HOOK: Oh yes, I'm awfully good at it. And there are mermaids.

WENDY: Mermaids!?

HOOK: And pirates. You could fight them and save us.

WENDY: I do know several martial arts.

HOOK: Oh, happy day!

WENDY: I'm quite busy though, Peter. I'm President of the Science Club, the Chess Club, the Drama Club, the Teacher's Lounge Restoration Committee, the Student Elections Committee, the Nobody-Likes-Me Club, the Fun Wednesday's Club, the Safe Spring Vacation Club, the Webcam Writer's Club, the Love the Haters Club... (*Notices HOOK has fallen asleep standing up.*) Peter!

HOOK: Whoops. Drifted off there. Long flight, no snacks.

WENDY: How long would I stay?

HOOK: (*Cagey.*) Oh, just Christmas Eve and Christmas. You'd have a Secret Santa. We'd fly you back first class.

WENDY: It does sound rather scrumptious, Peter.

HOOK: I'd show you the sights. Let you fight a pirate. Do synchronized swimming with the mermaids.

WENDY: Really?

HOOK: Well, I'm leader of the Lost Boys, Wendy. It's rather like dating the quarterback.

WENDY: Well, I really shouldn't, but... I will!

HOOK: Oh my goodness, whoopsidoo!

WENDY: It is rather thrilling.

HOOK: I know.

WENDY takes HOOK'S hands and they jump up and down with excitement.

HOOK: Goody, goody, goody!

WENDY and HOOK stop. WENDY backs off a step.

WENDY: You have a hook.

HOOK: Do I? Oh yes.

WENDY: What happened?

HOOK: (*Vamping.*) Exactly. Surprise! I do seem to have a Hook. My, my, my. Well, Wendy, one doesn't like to brag, but, you see, a small puppy – a labradoodle, I think, had fallen into the River of Discontent, and being the world famous Peter Pan... (*Spits and flails.*) known for valor and compassion and good deeds of all sorts, I saw an alligator set out for the puppy, whose name was, I think... Mr. Bow-wow, and quick as a flash in I leapt, fought off a flotilla of rough-trade alligators, losing, as you see, my left hand in the process and putting Mr. Bow-wow atop my head, swam to shore to great applause, which, of course, I acknowledged with a sweeping bow.

WENDY: Peter, that was wonderful!

HOOK: Named Man of the Year by the ASPCA.

WENDY: I'm very proud of you, Peter. I'm going to give you a kiss.

HOOK: A kiss? You're going to give me a kiss?

WENDY: For your bravery and kindness.

HOOK: (*Stunned.*) I've never had a kiss.

WENDY: Oh, come off it!

HOOK: No. I don't believe so. Perhaps my mother gave me a kiss before she was hung.

WENDY: Your mother was hung??

HOOK: It was a case of... mistaken identity.

WENDY: Oh, Peter! (*Kisses HOOK on the cheek.*) There.

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