

# SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEVER NEVER LAND

By Geff Moyer

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# SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEVER NEVER LAND

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**SYNOPSIS:** Something's amiss in Never Never Land. A scoundrel has made off with Captain Hook's hook and it's no secret that you need a hook to conquer the deadly seas. With the Jolly Roger permanently in port, Hook's pirate crew is bored to tears. Idle pirates are depressed pirates so the bloodthirsty swashbucklers capture two of the world's most famous detectives and smuggle them back into Never Never Land to investigate the crime. With help from John Darling, Sherlock and Dr. Watson meet all of the suspects: Was it the Chief of Indians, the fairies, or the famous Peter Pan? Will Sherlock and Dr. Watson solve the mystery before the pirates make them walk the plank?! Arrrrrrgh! All that and more awaits in *Sherlock Holmes in Never Never Land*.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 female, 5 male, 10 either; gender flexible)

SHERLOCK HOLMES (m)	.....	The greatest detective of all time. (121 lines)
DOCTOR WATSON (m)	.....	Sherlock's famous assistant. (128 lines)
MR. SMEE (m)	.....	A pirate. (40 lines)
TURTLE BUTT TIM (m/f)	.....	A pirate. (20 lines)
PEG LEG PERCY (m/f)	.....	A pirate. (32 lines)
ONE EYED ERNIE (m)	.....	A pirate. Also plays MR. DARLING. (24 lines)
PETER PAN (m/f)	.....	Leader of the Lost Boys in Never Never Land. (14 lines)
BARK (m/f)	.....	A Lost Boy. (25 lines)
CHIRP (m/f)	.....	A Lost Boy. (27 lines)
HOWL (m/f)	.....	A Lost Boy. (26 lines)
WENDY DARLING (f)	.....	Brought to Never Never Land by Peter. (17 lines)
JOHN DARLING (m)	.....	Brother of Wendy. (88 lines)
TIGER LILY (f)	.....	Indian Princess. (23 lines)

**CHEIF GREAT****BIG LITTLE PANTHER** (m/f)..... Indian Chief. *(12 lines)***CORN FOOT** (m/f)..... An Indian. *(3 lines)***PIGEON TOE** (m/f)..... An Indian. *(5 lines)***FUNGAL NAIL** (m/f)..... An Indian. *(5 lines)***QUEEN MAB** (f)..... Queen of the fairies. *(30 lines)*

*(ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE)*

**DURATION:** 45 minutes**SET:** Bare stage with moveable set pieces.**COSTUMES**

Costumes should reflect those of the original characters from their original stories, i.e., John Darling, top hat and night shirt; Sherlock and Watson; late 19<sup>th</sup> century garb; Peter, green outfit; Tiger Lily, Chief, and Indians, Indian outfits and feathers; Queen Mab, Fairy outfit and wings; Pirates...well, you know!

**PROPS**

- 2 Burlap Bags
- 2 Shackles
- 4 Oversized Plastic Cutlasses
- 2 Plastic Daggers
- 1 Rolled Up Old Map
- Many Beaded Necklaces
- Rope
- Small Bag of Pixie Dust
- 3 Clubs
- 1 Easy Chair
- Various Empty Bags of Snacks and Pizza Boxes
- 1 Shiny Hook
- Mop
- Broom
- Bucket
- Tall flowers
- Large boulders or tree

**PRODUCTION NOTES**

- Utilize music to bridge scene changes.
- Scene pieces should be simple and easy to move in and out quickly.
- Holmes, Watson, Wendy, John and George Darling should have British accents.
- Pirates should be comically threatening and their weapons should be large plastic cutlasses.

## SCENE 1

**AT RISE:**

*Lights up on 3 barrels - the kind you would find on a pirate ship – placed UC. Seated and leaning against the barrels are SHERLOCK and WATSON. Burlap bags cover their faces and their hands are shackled behind them.*

**WATSON:** *(Groaning and slightly moving his head.)* Ooohhh...

**HOLMES:** Is that you, Watson?

**WATSON:** Oohh, the way my head feels, I certainly hope not.

**HOLMES:** I believe we were, as they say, “slipped a mickey,” old boy.

**WATSON:** So that’s why my head is swaying back and forth.

**HOLMES:** Your head is swaying because we are at sea.

**WATSON:** AT SEA!?

**HOLMES:** Breathe in the salty air, ol’ boy. It’ll help clear up your senses.

**WATSON:** Why are we at sea? *(Takes in several deep breaths.)*

**HOLMES:** The rather colloquial term is...“we been shanghai’d, matey”

**WATSON:** Why would anyone want to shanghai us? We’re certainly not the “able-bodied seamen” type.

**HOLMES:** Speak for yourself, ol’ bean. I have sailed every major body of water on earth. Strange though, I can’t seem to recognize this current. It feels...oddly different.

**WATSON:** I see.

**HOLMES:** The “Eye Sea?” I’m not familiar with that one.

**WATSON:** Holmes, my head is not in the mood for your terrible puns. Besides, wouldn’t a more immediate concern than “where” be “why?”

**HOLMES:** “Who” is right up there, too, my good chap. There we were, so close to cornering the elusive Moriarty! All the clues had led us to that seedy harbor bar.

**WATSON:** Perhaps it was he who “slipped us the mickey,” as you put it.

**HOLMES:** Not his style. Too...Bohemian. Something else is a foot here, my good man, but I’m not sure what.

*PEG LEG PERCY and TURTLE BUTT TIM enter; HOLMES and WATSON react to footsteps.*

**TIM:** *(Calling to offstage.)* MR. SMEE, OUR GUESTS BE A WAKIN',  
ARRR!

**PERCY:** *(Chuckling.)* Bet their brains be a bit scrambled though,  
ARRR!

**HOLMES:** Guess that answers the "who," Watson. ARRR!

**WATSON:** Brilliant deduction, Holmes. ARRR!

**TIM:** *(Pulls PERCY aside.)* 'Em two blokes speaks pirate. Me thinks  
we best keeps a keen eye on what's we natter, Percy. ARRR?

**PERCY:** ARRR!

*SMEE enters followed by ONE EYED ERNIE.*

**SMEE:** Git 'em to their feet, me hardies!

**TIM:** Aye, aye, Mr. Smee.

*They do so rather roughly.*

**SMEE:** Gently, me hardies, gently. We needs 'em in good harmony  
now!

**PERCY:** They natter pirate, Mr. Smee, ARRR!

**SMEE:** What say we takes a squint at their famous mugs.

*The burlap bags are removed. HOLMES and WATSON react to the sunlight.*

Welcome, aboard, laddies. Now, which one be which?

**HOLMES:** Sherlock Holmes here; this is the esteemed Doctor Watson.  
To whom do we have the pleasure?

*ALL PIRATES laugh.*

**PERCY:** "Pleasure," he says! HARRR!

**TIM:** Me thinks they thinks they landed 'emselves on a pleasure cruise,  
Mr. Smee. HARRR, HARRR!

**HOLMES:** "Smee?"

**SMEE:** Aye! Bo'sun's mate Mr. Smee, second in charge of this ship - the Jolly Roger. Arrr!

**WATSON:** So which one of you is Roger?

**ALL PIRATES:** Huh? Who? Who be who?

**WATSON:** Roger. The jolly person the ship is named after.

**ERNIE:** (*Confused.*) Does we have a Roger on board, Mr. Smee?

**TIM:** (*Confused.*) Me knows no Roger here 'bouts. You, Percy?

**PERCY:** Me thinks that one-armed fella who gots his other arm chopped off in that scuffle with Tiger Lily and her warriors might've had the handle of Roger.

**TIM:** No, no, his name be Bob. Remember when he fell in the water and couldn't swim 'cos he had no arms and we be laughin' 'bout how his name fit him—Bob?

**HOLMES:** Watson, we musn't make the situation more confusing than it is.

**WATSON:** Yes, I see that now, Holmes, ol' boy.

**SMEE:** Ain't no Roger 'mongst us! This fella here be One Eyed Ernie. Proud to say I found and brungs him aboard meself. He be brother of the famous Blackbeard hisself.

**TIM:** Ain't proven!

**PERCY:** All hearsay!

**ERNIE:** (*Steps up to PERCY and STARKEY with his hand on his cutlass.*) Callin' mes a liar gots many a cockroach split down the mids.

**SMEE:** Now, now, boys, we gots bigger fish to fry.

**TIM:** Or feeds to the sharks. (*Laughs.*) ARRR?

**SMEE, ERNIE and PERCY:** ARRR!

**SMEE:** This handsome lad 'ere be the one and only Turtle Butt Tim. Bein' he was the meanest guppy in the orphanage, always getting' his butt tanned by the headmaster...well, afters awhile, his fanny grew hard as a turtle shell.

*TIM taps on his fanny and it makes a metal sound.*

This be Peg Leg Percy—he's so mean he made his own grandma walk the plank fer forgettin' to put fish in his chowder.

**PERCY:** And I'd do it agin!

**WATSON:** But he doesn't have a peg leg.

**SMEE:** We knows that.

**WATSON:** Then why is he called Peg Leg Percy?

**SMEE:** ARRR, every pirate ship has one peg legged pirate. He volunteered to be it.

**WATSON:** But he has no peg leg.

**PERCY:** Blimey, gimme time. I'm workin' on it, ya chubby cow.

**WATSON:** "CHUBBY COW!?" You, sir, are fortunate I am shackled or I would thrash you a sound one.

**PERCY:** Dat right, chubby?

**WATSON:** Dat right, Pegless Leg Percy!

**PERCY:** ARRRR! Gimme the key to 'em shackles, Mr. Smee, gimme the bloody key! I wants to hang his waggin' tongue on me belt. *(In WATSON'S face.)* Arrr!

**WATSON:** Arrr!

**PERCY:** ARRR!

**WATSON:** ARRR!

**PERCY:** ARRR!!!

**HOLMES:** Watson, ol' boy, that isn't helping!

**PERCY:** *(Aside to SMEE.)* Tol' ya he speaks pirate!

**HOLMES:** Mr. Smee, you have yet to inform us of why you felt it necessary to shanghai my colleague and me.

**TIM:** We wants our Cap'n back.

**HOLMES:** He's missing?

**PERCY:** No, but his hook be.

**WATSON:** His hook be what?

**PERCY:** MISSIN'! Blimey, thar be anythin' in that chubby noodle a yars?

**HOLMES:** I take it his name is Captain James Hook.

**ERNIE:** Arrr, ya hears a 'im, ain't ya?

**WATSON:** You know the fellow, Holmes?

**HOLMES:** Watson, put it together: Mr. Smee, Tiger Lily, Jolly Roger, Captain Hook...!

**WATSON:** *(Light bulb goes off.)* We're...we're in Never Land!?

**HOLMES:** I believe it is Never, Never Land. No wonder I didn't recognize the current. Where is your Captain now, Mr. Smee?

**SMEE:** Locked up in his cabin he be. Ain't comes out for o'er three months. Jis sits and moans and groans and laments his missin' hook.

**PERCY:** A sad, dark state our Cap'n be in. Sad, sad, dark, dark, sad....

**TIM:** Wes ain't even gots us a booty for o'er three months.

**PERCY:** Not evens a raid on that accursed Pan. Arrr!

**TIM:** It ain't right, I tells ya. We be pirates that ain't bein' pirates!

**ERNIE:** He jis ain't the same Cap'n Hook withouts his hook.

**HOLMES:** And you brought us here to find it?

**SMEE:** Aye! Ernie 'ere tells us ya be the greatest finders of lost things.

**WATSON:** Any idea who might have taken it? Any suspects?

**SMEE:** A whole island of 'em, me hardy! Peter Pan, Tiger Lily or her father Chief Great Big Little Panther, Tinker Belle or Queen Mab of the fairies, any of the Lost Boys, even 'em pesky Darling brats—Wendy, John, or Michael.

**WATSON:** Have you spoken to any of them?

**ALL PIRATES:** US!? Spoken wi 'em!? Harr-harr-harr-harr.....

**SMEE:** Why do ya thinks we brungs you 'ere!? They all run and hides from us, but you...you be a stranger, a newbie...

**ERNIE:** ...and theys always be curious 'bout newbies...

**SMEE:** ...always ready to do some natterin'.

**WATSON:** Some what?

**ERNIE:** Natterin'. Talkin'.

**WATSON:** Thank you.

**ERNIE:** You're welcome.

**SMEE:** (*Unrolling a map.*) This 'ere be a map of the island. Ya jis follow the path and alongs the way you'll be a findin' all ya needs to natter wit.

**HOLMES:** You want us to find the hook and return it to you?

**SMEE:** Aye. Along wit the scurvy dog who snitched it.

**HOLMES:** I see. In doing so this would bring your Captain back to once again being a pirate, correct?

**SMEE:** Aye, back to his nasty...

**TIM:** ...foul...

**PERCY:** ...blood thirsty...

**ERNIE:** ...evil...

**SMEE:** ...lovely self.

**HOLMES:** Which would also mean you would, once again, make raids on the people of this island, correct?

**SMEE:** Ya gots a good noggin up thars fer a peacock. Arrr!

**HOLMES:** We refuse to take this case.

**SMEE:** Ya wot!?

**HOLMES:** So unshackle us and show us the way back to London.

*Pause.*

**ALL PIRATES:** (*Laugh.*) HARRR-HARRR-HARRR.

**SMEE:** 'Fraid ya don't unnerstand, gov'na. If ya don't finds the Cap'n's hook, you'll walk the plank.

**PERCY:** (*To WATSON.*) Thar be some hungry sharks ready to sink their teeth into some nice, chubby, English rump roast, I tells ya!

**WATSON:** That, sir, had best be the last time you refer to me as "chubby."

**SMEE:** Besides, we used the last of our stolen pixie dust to fly ya here.

**ERNIE:** That dust be the only thing that can git ya home. Ya wanna go home ya gots to natter wit Queen Mab, and since ya be natterin' wit the Queen, you can natter wit the others on this cursed island.

**WATSON:** Who is this Queen Mab?

**HOLMES:** The Queen of the fairies, Watson.

**SMEE:** Turtle Butt, Percy, prepare the long boat. We needs to git these land lubbers off on their journey.

**TIM and PERCY:** Aye, aye, Mr. Smee! ARRR! (*They exit.*)

**SMEE:** 'Tis be sunrise now. Me mates and I will wait here. Ya gots 'til sunset.

**WATSON:** Tell me, Mr. Smee, why would any of the people in Never Land tell—

**ERNIE:** Never NEVER Land.

**WATSON:** Never Never Land...tell us where the hook is if it means they have to return to living under the threat of pirate attacks?

**SMEE:** 'Cos they know nothun else. (*Pulls out a key.*) Now turn 'rounds and behave yerselves!

*Frees them of their shackles.*

Ernie me lad, let's help the boys with the long boat.

**ERNIE:** Aye, Aye, Mr. Smee. Arrr!

*SMEE and ERNIE exit.*

**WATSON:** Holmes, how can we live with ourselves if we solve this crime?

**HOLMES:** What are our choices, ol' boy?

**WATSON:** We simply don't find the hook.

**HOLMES:** Recall the story, ol' bean. This is an island. There is no place for us to go, and those pirates probably know every inch of it. We could not hide forever. Besides, I'd miss my violin. Let's take a look at this map. *(Places map on a barrel and begins studying it.)*

**WATSON:** But no one's going to tell us anything. Why should they? They're living peaceably now.

**HOLMES:** Things are not always what they seem, or what we assume, my dear Watson. Surely you've learned that from our many past cases.

**WATSON:** Of course, but when there is peace, why should we stir the waters?

**HOLMES:** Think about what Mr. Smee said, Watson. "They know nothun else."

**SMEE:** *(Calling from offstage.)* AHOY, YA FANCY PANTS LAND LUBBERS! ALL ABOARDS THE LONG BOAT!

*HOLMES and WATSON are exiting.*

**WATSON:** This does not feel right, Holmes...not right at all.

**BLACKOUT**

**SCENE 2****AT RISE:**

*Indian tom-toms are heard in darkness. Lights come up to find JOHN DARLING in his nightshirt and top hat tied to a pole. TIGER LILY and three other Indians are hooting and dancing around the pole. A very sad and depressed CHIEF GREAT BIG LITTLE PANTHER is sitting on a blanket stringing beads. There are many, many bead necklaces piled around him.*

**JOHN:** NO, PLEASE, DON'T BURN ME...PLEASE.

*The INDIANS hoot and dance around him.*

I'M BRITISH, I WON'T BURN WELL, PLEASE, STOP...

*TIGER LILY looks at the CHIEF as the other INDIANS continue to hoot and dance and JOHN continues to plead with them.*

**TIGER LILY:** (*Frustrated.*) Oh, forget it! STOP, stop! This isn't helping.

*The INDIANS stop hooting and dancing.*

Corn Foot, untie John. (*Crosses to her father.*) Daddy, you've got to snap out of it!

**CHIEF:** (*Sighs.*) Look, daughter...(*Holds up a bead necklace.*) number three-hundred-and-thirty-seven. (*Sighs again and continues to string.*) Do you like this color combination? UGHM!

**TIGER LILY:** Oh no! Did you hear that? He said "UGHM." First stringing beads, now saying "UGHM"...next would be... (*Shudders.*) blanket weaving. If that happens, we'll never get him back. He'll be lost in the doldrums forever.

*Still with pole tied to him, JOHN crosses to the CHIEF. CORN FOOT is trying to untie JOHN as he crosses.*

**JOHN:** I'm sorry, Tiger Lily. I thought maybe by pretending to burn me at the stake might snap the old boy out of it.

**CHEIF:** (*Holding up a bead.*) Oh, this one's pretty. (*Picks up another one.*) And this one...no, that's a pebble.

**PIGEON TOE:** Maybe if we really burned John it would help.

**JOHN:** Wouldn't help me none, Pigeon Toe.

**TIGER LILY:** (*Plops down on blanket by the CHIEF and sighs. To other INDIANS.*) Thanks for trying to help. Go ahead and return to whatever you were doing.

**FUNGAL NAIL:** (*Plops down on blanket and sighs.*) I'm tired of counting sand on the beach.

**PIGEON TOE:** (*Plops down on blanket and sighs.*) I'm tired of watching Fungal Nail count sand on the beach.

**FUNGAL NAIL:** (*Plops down on blanket and sighs.*) I'm tired of watching Pigeon Toe watch Fungal Nail count sand on the beach.

**TIGER LILY:** John, what does your ugly sister say about Peter?

**JOHN:** Wendy said he just mopes around the tree house all day. (*Looks around, then leans close to TIGER LILY.*) And he's getting fat.

**TIGER LILY:** I don't understand it, I just don't understand it. Why haven't those pirates—

*HOLMES and WATSON enter studying the map.*

**WATSON:** I believe we are quite close to—

**TIGER LILY:** (*Leaping up extremely excited and happy.*) PIRATES, HOORAH! PIRATE INVADERS! GET 'EM!

*ALL INDIANS except CHIEF give happy hoots and hollers and surround HOLMES and WATSON carrying rope and spears.*

**JOHN:** Princess, stop, stop! Those aren't pirates!

**TIGER LILY:** WAIT!

*THE INDIANS stop. She crosses to HOLMES and WATSON and studies them.*

You're right, John. They're not pirates.

**WATSON:** I should say not!

**CORN FOOT:** They'll still burn, Princess.

**PIGEON TOE:** Burn bright...

**FUNGAL NAIL:** and hot!

**TIGER LILY:** You know the rule!

**INDIANS:** *(Dejected.)* Aawww...

**TIGER LILY:** Repeat it!

**INDIANS:** *(Dejected.)* We only burn pirates.

**CORN FOOT:** Rules!

**PIGEON TOE:** Rules spoil all our fun.

**FUNGAL NAIL:** And they'd make such a good blaze.

**TIGER LILY:** If not pirates, what are you?

**HOLMES:** Sherlock Holmes. This is Doctor Watson.

**JOHN:** *(Gasping, then hurries to WATSON.)* Doctor Watson!!?? The famous Doctor Watson!? *(Grabs WATSON'S hand.)* This is such an honor, Doctor.

**WATSON:** Uh, thank you, lad. *(Aside to HOLMES.)* Note the "famous" in front of MY name, Holmes? What an astute young lad.

**HOLMES:** *(To JOHN.)* I take it you are John Darling.

**JOHN:** You know me?

**WATSON:** My dear boy, who hasn't read about The Darlings and Peter Pan?

**JOHN:** Read!? Read what!?

**WATSON:** Your story, lad.

**JOHN:** What story?

*HOLMES and WATSON look at each other.*

**HOLMES:** When was the last time you were home, John?

**JOHN:** When we left...with Peter. *(Is walking around WATSON, awed.)* Gosh, Doctor Watson himself!

**WATSON:** When was that, lad?

**JOHN:** I don't know...maybe a few weeks...or months...I'm not sure. Time doesn't matter here.

**WATSON:** My dear lad, your story has been around for—

**HOLMES:** *(Nudging WATSON.)* For quite some time, John.

**JOHN:** *(To WATSON, still mesmerized.)* Are you on a case...here...in Never Never Land, Doctor? May I call you Doctor?

**WATSON:** Uh, certainly. Of course, lad. *(Puffs up his chest and grins at HOLMES)*

**TIGER LILY:** Doctor, will you please look at my father? I can't get him out of the doldrums.

**WATSON:** "The doldrums?"

**TIGER LILY:** (*Leading WATSON to the CHIEF.*) Since the pirate attacks stopped, all he does is strings beads. I'm very worried about him, Doctor. It's the doldrums, I know it is.

**WATSON:** Well, I...I suppose I can take a look...although the "doldrums" aren't my specialty.

**JOHN:** Oh, you can fix anything, Doctor. I know you can.

**HOLMES:** (*Taunting.*) Yes, Watson, by all means, go fix the doldrums.

**WATSON:** You needn't take that tone, Holmes, just because for the first time you have been reduced to the chair of second fiddle. (*Kneels down by the CHIEF.*) I say, ol' bean, what seems to be the trouble?

**CHIEF:** (*Very depressed and concerned.*) I'm not sure about combining these two colors of beads.

**TIGER LILY:** You see, Doctor, that's all he cares about—stringing beads. No Indian should just sit around and string beads, especially a Chief.

**HOLMES:** Excuse my second fiddle position, but are any of you aware that Captain James Hook has...misplaced his hook?

*A moment of silence as TIGER LILY and JOHN look at each other and the other INDIANS gasp.*

**TIGER LILY:** THAT'S IT, JOHN!

**JOHN:** THAT'S WHY THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY PIRATE RAIDS!

**TIGER LILY:** (*Excited.*) We have to find it...

**JOHN:** (*Excited.*) We have to look everywhere...

**TIGER LILY:** You hear that, daddy? That's why Hook hasn't raided us. He has no hook.

**CHIEF:** Blue works well with pink, don't you think?

**WATSON:** You...you *want* to find his hook?

**TIGER LILY:** Of course we do! Never Never Land without pirate raids is just...just Nothing Nothing Land.

**JOHN:** (*To TIGER LILY.*) You go east. Corn Foot, west! Pigeon Toe, north! Fungal Nail, south! I'll go with these fellows. If that's alright with you, Doctor Watson...and your friend Mr., uh...Mr...

**HOLMES:** Holmes.

**JOHN:** Homes. Yes.

**TIGER LILY:** (*Exiting.*) Look under every rock...

**PIGEON TOE:** (*Exiting.*)...every bush...

**FUNGAL NAIL:** (*Exiting.*)...up every tree...

**CORN FOOT:** (*Exiting.*)...in every cave...

**CHEIF:** Find me some puce colored beads. I do so like puce.

*They are gone.*

**JOHN:** This is so exciting—to be on a case with the actual, one and only, the authentic Doctor Watson.

**WATSON:** Holmes, are you as confused as I?

**HOLMES:** As this second fiddle said, things are not always what they seem, or what we assume...my good Doctor of Doldrums.

**WATSON:** Jealousy is not becoming, ol' boy...except on you. (*Opens the map and starts to exit.*) Come, John!

**JOHN:** Yessir, Doctor Watson.

**WATSON:** (*Stops.*) Coming, Mr. *HOMES?* (*Chuckles.*)

**HOLMES:** Not funny, Watson! Not funny!

*They exit. BLACKOUT*

### SCENE 3

#### **AT RISE:**

*Lights up on the lost boys—BARK, HOWL, and CHIRP. They are dressed in various animal skins. With the exception of maybe two large boulders or a tree, the stage is bare.*

**BARK:** I tell ya, we're goin' the wrong way!

**CHRIP:** How can we be goin' the wrong way when we were just goin' the wrong way?

**BARK:** It's thata way.

**HOWL:** No, it's thata way.

**CHRIP:** No, no, it's o'er there.

**BARK:** How can it be o'er there when we just came from o'er there?

**HOWL:** I tell you it's thata way!

**CHRIP:** Okay bat brain, jis how do ya know it's thata way?

**HOWL:** Because we ain't been thata way.

**BARK:** Thata makes sense.

**CHRIP:** Ya know, I think it do.

**HOWL:** If we haven't been thata way then it must be thata way.

**BARK:** Okay, let's go thata way.

**CHRIP:** What is it we're lookin' fer ag'in?

**HOWL:** A tree.

**BARK:** No, no, a cave.

**CHRIP:** That's right—

**HOWL:** A cave.

*They start to walk. CHRIP stops suddenly and others bump into him.*

**CHRIP:** But what if once we're going thata way we see we've been thata way.

*HOLMES, WATSON and JOHN enter unseen by LOST BOYS.*

**HOWL:** Then we go 'nother way.

**BARK:** Makes sense, too.

**CHRIP:** Okay, we go thata way until we find out that we've gone thata way then we'll go 'nother way, okay?

**BARK and HOWL:** Okay!

**WATSON:** I believe we've found the lost boys, Holmes.

**HOLMES:** *(Dryly.)* Brilliant observation, Watson.

**JOHN:** Yes, yes indeed. It certainly was. Most people just think they're forest animals. Doctor Watson, you astound me.

**WATSON:** Thank you, my boy. I do my best.

**HOLMES:** And with such humility.

**CHRIP:** *(Spotting HOLMES and WATSON.)* Hey, 'em fellas are a comin' from the way we're supposed to go.

**HOWL:** Then we ain't gonna go thata way.

**BARK:** You just said we oughta go thata way.

**HOWL:** That was 'fore 'em fellas came from thata way. That means thata way has already been gone.

**CHRIP:** But not by us, you chowder head!

**HOWL:** Who you callin' chowder head you pickle brained, rum suckin' sturgeon.

**CHRIP:** WHY YOU...I'LL RIP OUT YER GIZZARD.

**HOWL:** I'LL SQUASH YA LIKE A BUG.

*CHIRP and HOWL get into wrestling match. HOLMES and WATSON move to break it up.*

**BARK:** Kick 'im in the guts! Gouge 'is eyes, bite 'is ear, bite 'is ear...that's it, that's it...

**HOLMES:** LADS, LADS, COME NOW.

**WATSON:** BREAK IT UP, LADS...THAT'S ENOUGH NOW!

*They pull CHIRP and HOWL apart.*

**HOWL:** LEMME GO, YA BIG MOLLYCODDLE.

**CHRIP:** I'LL CLEAN YER CLOCK, TOO, YA FANCY PANTS FOP.

**WATSON:** Nasty little critters, 'ey Holmes?

**BARK:** Aw, let 'em go at it. They ain't had a good scuffle in a croc's age.

**JOHN:** Fellas, fellas, stop the tusslin.' It's me, John.

**LOST BOYS:** John? John Darlin'? Ain't seen ya in a coon's age.

**JOHN:** I've been trying to help Tiger Lily get Chief Great Big Little Panther out of the doldrums.

**HOWL:** He got 'em, too?

**CHRIP:** So do Peter.

**BARK:** And he done growed himself a belly to go 'long with 'em.

**CHRIP:** Ain't done moved from the cave in a turtle's age.

**HOLMES:** And all of this happened since the pirates stopped raiding?

*The LOST BOYS are stunned. They look at HOLMES and WATSON.*

**BARK:** How'd ya know that? Ya some kinda wizard or somethun?

**HOWL:** We gonna half to cut out yer gizzard, wizard? 'Ey, that rhymes.

**CHRIP:** It do! Mother Wendy would be proud of ya. I know I am. Sorry I called ya a chowder head.

**HOWL:** Sorry I called ya a pickle headed, rum suckin' sturgeon.

**CHRIP:** Ah, that's okay. I like pickles.

**BARK:** (*Angrily, to HOLMES and WATSON.*) See wat ya dribbles done do? Ya broke up their scuffle and turned 'em back into mealy-mouthed mollycoddles. Who are ya two anyway? Did ya come here to fight, I surely hope, I do!

*The LOST BOYS line up, ready to rumble.*

**HOWL:** I'll take the chubby one. You two handle the fop.

**WATSON:** Chubby!?

**JOHN:** Boys, boys, stop! This is the famous Doctor Watson and his assistant Mr., uh...uh...Mr...

**HOLMES:** Holmes.

**JOHN:** Homes.

**HOLMES:** (*Irritated.*) Holmes!

**JOHN:** That's what I said: Homes. Doctor, you should teach your assistant to be a little less hostile. These fellows are Bark...

**BARK:** ARF, ARF, ARF...

**JOHN:** Chirp...

**CHRIP:** (*High pitched voice.*) Chirp, chirp, chirp...

**JOHN:** And Howl...

**HOWL:** AAAHHOOOOO!

**JOHN:** The good Doctor and his assistant are here to help us, fellas!

**BARK:** Help us what?

**HOLMES:** Do you lads know why the pirates stopped raiding?

**BARK:** Haven't a clue. Don't matter! We gots us a fight right'chere!  
Who side ya on, John boy?

**JOHN:** I told you, Bark, they're...

**BARK:** ARF, ARF, ARF...

**JOHN:** Here to help.

**HOWL:** But they're big fellas –ya know we cain't trust big fellas.

**JOHN:** These big fellas you *can* trust, Howl.

**HOWL:** AAAHHOOOOO!

**CHRIP:** Big fellas have rules. We don't like their rules!

**JOHN:** Doctor, are you going to make these fellas obey any rules?

**WATSON:** Uh, none off the top of my head.

**JOHN:** See, Chirp?

**CHRIP:** (*High pitched voice.*) CHIRP, CHIRP, CHIRP!

**WATSON:** I take it they make those noises every time someone speaks their names.

**JOHN:** Very astute, Doctor. Your wisdom is simply remarkable.

**WATSON:** Yes, yes, but what say we make an effort to avoid saying their names, for expediency purposes.

**HOLMES:** The pirates haven't attacked because someone stole Captain Hooks hook. He won't fight without it.

*The LOST BOYS are stunned.*

**BARK:** Blimey...

**HOWL:** Hook wit no hook.

**CHRIP:** No wonder the old sea dog ain't raided.

**HOLMES:** Would you have any idea who might have snatched it? Say, another Lost Boy perhaps?

**BARK:** Are ya daft? If we did we'd give it back to him.

**CHRIP:** We gotta find 'is hook, boys!

**HOWL:** Let's go that way.

**CHRIP:** No, that way.

**BARK:** I say that way.

**HOLMES:** Why don't you all go your own ways.

**BARK:** Huh?

**CHRIP:** Our own ways?

**HOWL:** What if we get lost?

**WATSON:** You're already lost.

**HOWL:** The chub's got a point there, fellas.

**CHRIP:** Yeah, we are already lost.

**BARK:** Couldn't get any losterer.

**HOWL:** Give it a go?

**CHRIP:** Why not!

**BARK:** Nothun to loses!

**CHIRP and HOWL:** Let's does it!

*The LOST BOYS scurry off in opposite directions.*

**JOHN:** Do you think they'll have any luck?

**HOLMES:** If they don't get lost. (*Looking at map.*) I suggest we continue. Sunset is only a few hours away. (*Exits.*)

**WATSON:** I must say, I am growing quite tired of the “Chubs” and “chubby” references.

**JOHN:** Doctor, you are neither. You are man of...substance. *(Exits.)*

**WATSON:** Thank you. I think. *(Exits.)*

*BLACKOUT.*

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