

START

SMEE

The pirate captain they call... BLACK STACHE!

(The PIRATES shriek and bemoan the hearing of this terrible name. And suddenly, there he stands - THE BLACK STACHE, carrying a bucket... into which he pukes and spits.)

STACHE

(waving cordially to ASTER)

Hallo.

(The PIRATES shriek again and bemoan what might happen next. STACHE continues, winsomely.)

Oh, to be in England, now that April's there,
But whoever's not in England gets to see my facial hair.

(to ASTER)

Now, you're likely wondering: Can the fellow before you be entirely evil? Can no compassion un-crease this furrowed brow?

SMEE

Brow.

STACHE

Brow. Well, fret not, *mon frère*—I'm a romantic! There's a poet in these pirate veins, and so I plug into the muse.

(holds his hand out to SMEE for a manicure)

But what to do? Which style to use? Iambic? Box office poison. Haiku? Samurai—don't-think-so!

(suddenly vicious to SMEE)

Mind the cuticle, Smee!

(Eureka!)

Hoopah! Got it!

(a steely glare at ASTER)

A pirate with scads of panache
Wants the key to the trunk with the cash.

Now, here's some advice

Tho' I seem to be nice—

I'LL CUT YOU!!! Slit you up one side 'n' down the other so ye can watch yer own stomach flop around on the deck.

(STACHE)

(holds a straight razor to ASTER's throat, but ASTER doesn't flinch)

I say, Smee—you did explain to my lord that I'm a bloodthirsty outlaw?

SMEE

Aye, Cap'n. But he still wouldn't give up the key!

STACHE

We haven't got all night, Smee. People have paid for nannies and parking. Stand aside. I'll have to do it myself, or I'm not— I'm not—

(heartbroken)

WHAT AM I??

PIRATES

BLACK STACHE!!

STACHE

They refer, of course, to THIS!

(The PIRATES gasp!)

The trademark nose-brush of every man, woman, and child in me family, dating right back to the amoeba. Yet, for us, the face foliage has been, oh, so much more than a lawn on the lip, sir. 'Tis what we are, and why we are it. And when everyone else got out of the pirate business, The Stache stuck it out, knowing one day my ship would come in. This is the day. This is the ship.

(menacingly)

Now, cough up that key, My Lord.

ASTER

Not a chance, you spam-faced tool bag.

(STACHE throws a tantrum at this insult, then recovers.)

STACHE

(to SMEE)

Why, is that My Lord's coat you're holding?

(SMEE helps STACHE on with Aster's coat.)

SMEE

Looks to be about your size, Cap'n.

STACHE

What the well-dressed "tool bag" is wearing this season.

SMEE

So comme il faut, Cap'n. So very comme il faut.

(STACHE surveys his reflection in a mirror. He's pleased with what he sees.)

STACHE

I say, Smee - what is it the men call me?

SMEE

Nancy, sir?

STACHE

No, the other thing.

SMEE

Ruthless, sir. Ruthless, Heartless, and Peerless.

STACHE

(so sweetly)

Guilty as charged.

(to ASTER)

Now, give us the key!

ASTER

Never.

STACHE

Playing games is for children, Lord Aster, and I hate, I hate, I hate children!

STOP

~~*(hurls his bucket at the mirror, smashing it)*~~

Bring it in, Gómez!

SÁNCHEZ

It's Sánchez, sir.

STACHE

(so hard to find good help these days)

Just... bring it in. Thanks ever so.

(PIRATES drag in the trunk.)

The *Wasp* is my ship now, and everything aboard her belongs to me, including the treasure Victoria thinks nobody knows about. Silly old Queen.

ASTER

God Save Her.