

OPENING SEQUENCE: IN WENDY LUVVIE'S HOUSE

JAY:

The time is now and we start our story at Wendy Luvvie's house.

EM:

Wendy was now a very busy actress and was preparing to go to an awards ceremony.

EVIE:

Do you think she always knew she'd end up as a 'Luvvie'?

BARRY:

Drop it, Evie. Wendy had been nominated in the best supporting actress category and, up until that day, had all but forgotten about her adventures with Peter Pan all those many, many, many, many, many...

EVIE:

Mmmm, Pan, I wonder what he was expecting...Bed Pan perhaps?

JAY, EM & BARRY:

...Many years ago. Exit Left. **(EXIT JAY, EM, BARRY & EVIE. WENDY IS CENTRE STAGE CLUTCHING A TEDDY BEAR LIKE IT WAS A BAFTA)**

WENDY:

(READING) My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with great pleasure that I receive this prestigious award. My commiseration's to the runners up, Nicole, Renee` and of course dear, dear, dear Dame Judi. I would also like to thank all those involved in the making of "Revenge of the Killer Tomatoes", not least my director, writer, leading man and ex-husband Ben Krannaugh. Ben can't be with me tonight as he is in the states working on the sequel to "Revenge of the Killer Tomatoes". "Plums Away". Unfortunately I will not be appearing in the sequel as my character was brutally killed off by a mutant Spanish plum tomato brilliantly played by Sir Anthony...

MIKE:

Hold it, hold it, it's still twenty seconds too long. Give it here...**(WENDY GIVES MIKE THE SPEECH)**

WENDY:

Oh Michael, what else can I cut? I've already cut the bit about the make up artists and the ketchup suppliers, and we took out the swipe at the producers.

MIKE:

Here, try this...**(GIVES WENDY BACK THE SPEECH)**

WENDY:

(READING) Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, Sorry Nick, Renee` and Jude. Thank you and goodnight.

MIKE:

Perfect Wend'.

WENDY:

Eeeee, Eeeee, Wendeeeee.

MIKE:

Okay, Wendeeeee.

WENDY:

I mean you can't leave the 'E' off of Wendy, it makes me sound like a stomach complaint. It's just that I hate all these award ceremonies, speeches, photographers, banquets, champagne, surrounded by punters wanting my autograph, smiling inanely, waving, the incessant waving...**(BY NOW SHE IS STOMPING AROUND AND HEADING FOR A SLAP)**

MIKE:

Maybe you could arrive in an egg, or better still, Don't go.

WENDY:

(TOTALLY O.T.T) DON'T GO? DON'T GO? Don't be so ridiculous Mike.

MIKE:

Ulll, ulll, you can't leave the 'Ulll' off of Michael otherwise you'd get...Mike.

WENDY:

Yes? **(ENTER CHILDREN: KEN, EMMA & LARRY)**

KEN, EMMA & LARRY:

Mother, Mother, Mother, etc.

WENDY:

Darlings, my little angels, Ken, Emma, Larry.

KEN:

Mother, can you read us a story?

WENDY:

Well, have you taken your medicine?

EMMA:

We were thinking of something a bit more bed-timey.

WENDY:

No, has Nanny given you your medicine?

LARRY:

Yes Mother. Now will you read us a story?

KEN, EMMA & LARRY:

PLEASE!

WENDY:

I'm sorry my Luvvies, I don't DO stories.

LARRY:

Uncle Mike, will you read us a story?

MIKE:

(SORTING THROUGH UNOPENED MAIL) We're running a bit late. Maybe tomorrow.

KEN:

What time tomorrow?

MIKE:

Let's say about three.

ALL:

About three.

MIKE:

Wendy, where's Nanny?

WENDY:

Cleaning the pool.

MIKE:

Well, where's the pool cleaner?

WENDY:

He's cooking the children's tea.

MIKE:

What about the chef?

WENDY:

He can get his own.

MIKE:

No, where is he?

WENDY:

He's mowing the lawn.

MIKE:

The gardener?

WENDY:

Walking the dog.

MIKE:

Oh, Wendy?

WENDY:

Yes.

MIKE:

Where's the letter opener?

WENDY:
It's his day off. **(ENTER HOOK)**

KEN:
Nanny, Nanny...

EMMA:
We need a story.

LARRY:
Please Nanny.

WENDY:
Oh, there you are Nanny, we're off now, they're all yours. Be a luvvie, read them a story.

HOOK:
Well, I'll read them a story.

KEN, EMMA & LARRY:
Hooray for Nanny!

WENDY:
Goodbye little ones...Mwa! Mwa! **(THEATRICAL KISSES ABOVE CHILDREN'S HEADS. THEY TRY TO KISS WENDY)** Not on the face, mind the frock, my hair! Nanny, Michael DO something! **(HOOK RUBS HIS TUMMY AND PATS HIS HEAD, MIKE DOES SOMETHING EQUALLY AS USELESS)** I was thinking of something a bit more helpful.

NANNY:
Come here you lot, let's pick a story.

WENDY:
Thank you Nanny, goodbye children.

KEN, EMMA & LARRY:
Goodbye Mother, good luck!

WENDY:
(SCREAMS) No, no, no. NEVER wish me luck. you have to say 'break a leg'.

KEN:
Why?

WENDY:
Because...because...**(CLEARLY HASN'T A CLUE)**...It's theatrical. **(EXIT WENDY)**

MIKE:
Right then, we'll see you later. Don't read them anything that'll give them nightmares. **(EXIT MIKE)**

HOOK:
As if. Now children, what lovely fairy story would you like today?

EMMA:
Peter Pan!

HOOK:
(IGNORING HER) How about Sleeping Beauty?

KEN:
Peter Pan!

HOOK:
(IGNORING HIM) How about Snow White and those cheeky little Dwarves?

LARRY:
Peter Pan!

HOOK:
(UNDER HIS BREATH) How about Being Jordan?

KEN, EMMA & LARRY:
Peter Pan! Peter Pan! **(THEY START TO CHANT)** Tell us the story of Peter Pan, Peter Pan, Peter Pan...

HOOK:
We had Peter Pan yesterday.

KEN:
But you didn't finish it.

LARRY:
You never finish it.

EMMA:
We want to know the end.

KEN, EMMA & LARRY:
Please Nanny...

HOOK:
Oh very well, you win. **(PICKS UP BOOK AND SITS DOWN)**
KEN:
I bet Peter does.

HOOK:
How much? **(STARTS TO READ)** Chapter 15, 'There's none can save you now' cried Captain Hook. 'There's one', Flinging off the cloak, Peter stood, a glorious figure of righteous vengeance. In fiercest hate they rushed upon each other, Peter weakened for a moment, stumbled but skilfully parried Hooks blade, then, gaining new strength, fought gloriously on, now it was Hook who's thrusts were poor and weak. Hook cried out 'Who are you Pan?' 'I'm youth, eternal youth. I'm the little bird who's just hatched out of the egg, I'm joy!'. With each word he brought his sword down upon Hooks fast weakening blade. Hook dashed to the upper deck, Peter rushed after him, seized a loose hanging rope and, swinging on the rope, he threw out one leg and pushed Hook overboard right into the jaws of the long expectant croco...croccc...

LARRY:
What's the matter Nanny?

HOOK:
NO! **(SLAMS BOOK SHUT TO REVEAL HIS HOOK)** This has got to stop. IT'S TIME! **(CALLING OFF)** Illustrators! My image!

EMMA:
Stop it Nanny you're frightening us. **(THREE ILLUSTRATORS ENTER WITH COAT, HAT, WIG ECT AND START TO TRANSFORM NANNY)**

KEN:
Who are these people?

HOOK:
Let's just say they're my special effects team.

KEN, EMMA, LARRY.
They're your....

HOOK:
Don't even think about it.

LARRY:
I'm going to tell Mummy.

HOOK:
Oooh, I'm quaking in my boots. Now all I have to do is collect Smee, Smine, Yours and Theirs from the crèche at the Harlequin and I'll be off. Oh yes that's better. I'm beginning to feel like my old self with every layer of evilness I put on..... My coat , my lovely red coat.

EMMA:
So that's why you took us to that dreadful crèche.

HOOK:
Yes.

LARRY:
And why you'd never read us the end of Peter Pan.

HOOK:
Yes.

KEN:
Because you are.....

HOOK:
HOOK!!! **(INTO SONG # 2. ILLUSTRATORS ACT AS BACKING VOCALISTS)**

SONG # 2: 'I'M BAD'
TO THE TUNE: "MEAN GREEN MOTHER"

HOOK:

BETTER WAIT A MINUTE
BETTER HOLD THE PHONE
BETTER MIND YOUR MANNERS
BETTER NOT TO MOAN
I MIGHT THREATEN YOU LOT
I'VE GOT A LOT OF GALL
WE'RE GOING TO DO THINGS MY WAY
OR WE WON'T DO THINGS AT ALL

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MESSING WITH
YOU HAVE NO IDEA
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT
WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING HERE
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST
NO, NO WAY, NO HOW
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MESSING WITH
BUT I'M GOING TO TELL YOU...(AD-LIBS)

I'M JUST A MEAN KEEN PIRATE FROM NEVER LAND AND I'M BAD
I'M JUST A MEAN KEEN PIRATE A REAL DISGRACE
AND YOU'VE GOT ME FIGHTING MAD
I'M JUST A MEAN KEEN PIRATE FROM NEVERLAND
GOING TO FIGHT THIS FIGHT
WITH JUST ONE HAND
BECAUSE I'M MEAN AND KEEN
AND I AM BAD.

DON'T YOU TALK TO ME ABOUT OLD KING KONG
YOU THINK HE'S THE WORST
THEN YOU'RE THINKING WRONG
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT FRANKENSTEIN
HE'S GOT A TEMPER, YEAH
HE'S NOT GOT MINE

I'VE GOT THE MOVES
IT'S AGAINST THE LAW
I'VE GOT MY FRIENDS
SMEE, SMINE, THEIRS, YOURS
SO LET'S MOVE IT ON
LET'S BEGIN
YOU'VE GOT THE PICTURE
I'M GOING TO WIN!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH
NO-ONE EVER DID
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT
BUT THAT'S TOUGH-TITTY KID!
THE LION'S GOING TO SLEEP TONIGHT
AND IF YOU PULL HIS TAIL HE ROARS
YOU SAY THAT AIN'T FAIR
YOU SAY THAT AIN'T NICE
YOU KNOW WHAT I SAY...IT'S WAR!

I'M JUST A MEAN KEEN PIRATE FROM NEVER LAND AND I'M BAD
I'M JUST A MEAN KEEN PIRATE A REAL DISGRACE
AND YOU'VE GOT ME FIGHTING MAD
I'M JUST A MEAN KEEN PIRATE FROM NEVERLAND
GOING TO FIGHT THIS FIGHT
WITH JUST ONE HAND
BECAUSE I'M MEAN AND KEEN
I'M MEAN AND KEEN
I'M MEAN AND KEEN
AND I'M BAD.