

Peter Panto

Act 1:

Scene 1:

Narrator: *(walks on stage with a large story book)*
Welcome to the panto 2004,
Bad jokes and bad acting will be here for sure,
We will take you to a far away place
Halibut, mackerel and maybe sea bass(!)
(narrator looks confused and slightly distastefully at the the script)

(thoughtfully) Hmm... maybe that was a written joke...

(narrator throws the script/book away, then continues in a no-nonsense tone)
Anyway, there once was an innocent, sober, dedicated and generally hard working
final year undergrad. (Aside to audience) come on, this is a work of fiction. Her
name was Windy, Darling (camp hand action essential).

Windy appears on stage.

Windy and her family lived in the DARC-est depths of London (road)...today we
join Windy on her last night as a student (AHHH), revising hard under the watchful
SUEpervision of nana.....

*Windy on stage revising – sue enters and falls asleep at Stage Right...
Snoring occasionally...loudly*

Windy: One more day of 10% HMV and cheap beer in the union, I'll be stripped of my
yellow card ...if only numerical modelling lectures could last forever, rather than
just feeling like it.

Narrator: Here come her parents back onto the scene,
Its Alan and Willy, you know who I mean,
I think they've been drinking and I know that because,
What else do you expect from O'Neill and Lahoz?

***Lahoz and O'Neill enter (the parents) mid-sentence, strolling down to the stage from the back
right.***

O'Neill: So the air hostess said "you'll have to wait until the under carriage is up."

Lahoz: I can't believe they serve the champagne so late in the flight...

O'Neill: This flying around, gathering Air Miles is thirsty work, but now I have enough
miles to buy Spain, fly on the Xprise Space rocket and crap in Richard Branson's
bathroom...

Lahoz: hmmm...

O'Neill: but I still can't afford one of those weather derivatives...

Lahoz: Oh they are so last season. Everyone is after a weather integral these days...

O'Neill: Ahh there you are Windy, ready for the EXIT TER the real world.

Windy: But I don't want to go (stamps her feet)... outside the coffee costs more than 10p
and so much I haven't accomplished....

I have never managed to keep up with Dave Marshall at the pub crawl...got out of
division 2 of the current weather game.... enjoyed an agwich whilst paying with a
20 pound note....I have never seen Steve George's natural hair colour....

Lahoz: You are just going to have to accept some things are just not possible... get back to
the revision...

O'Neill: It's the UKMO for you...
Windy: UKMO?
O'Neill: Undergraduate Knowledge Milking Organisation

Windy gets back to work. O'Neill and Lahoz linger. Windy's computing work appears on the stage backdrop (comedy padding out options here), computer crashes, and end up with the blue screen of death with a pulse monitor at one side marked "Kennedy".

Windy: Oh no! The SUNS gone down and I am afraid of the DARC (points to Lahoz and O'Neill). I need some help...
O'Neill: Don't look at us we have PhD students to do the tricky bits
Lahoz: ...the last computer we touched was steam powered. The piston broke.

O & L exit stage back left

Windy: *(Mutters to herself/audience)* Well it sounds half right to me. I don't know about broke. *(back to normal voice)* Who can I call on now...my bruvvers will help me out...Neil, Dale! I have a problem!

Chemical Brothers – the brothers are going to work it out

N & D: (off stage) Don't contact us personally, email IT@met. *(this could possibly be part of the on-screen backdrop -Windy gets an automatic response email along the lines of "try the webpages")*

Windy: ...but Kennedy's gone down on me!

Neil and Dale run onto the stage from back left (one carrying digital camera)...Dale with large ear muffs preferably red.

Neil: Ohh what a disappointment. We should've stayed in the office with the GNU...
Dale: the gimp...
Neil: and the latex.
Dale: Its latec! *(Comedy slap round head to Neil)*

Windy: are you guys going to help me or not?

N & D: Well it is a Wednesday so only if it is an emergency...

Kennedy's pulse rate monitor flat lines ...

Casualty moment: One of N&D takes the nurses' hat off Sue and operating theatre scene commences...

Neil: TCP
Dale: TCP – passes bottle of TCP
Neil: Clamp
Dale: Clamp
Neil: Can you put it on my bike I left unlocked... have I told you about it...

Dale puts ear muffs back on again...loud drum and bass music plays.

Neil: Pass the Pliers
Dale: Pass them! I couldn't even swallow 'em.
Neil: Beer
Dale: Beer?
Neil: Yeah mines a Carling...
Dale: Focus man we're about to lose him...

I. Neil and Dale look at each other for a second...

Dale: There's nothing for it
Neil: we'll have to reboot...

Neil and Dale swap shoes...

The heart monitor returns to normal...windows restart sound...

Neil: And I'm spent! – I'll just have a nap, Dale

Windy: I'm feeling really tired too, and I know I have to stay on stage for the next scene. Maybe if I just fall asleep here. I expect I'll have nightmares about having to enter the real world though – if only I didn't have to...(YAWN)

Everyone yawns and falls asleep. Dim lights on stage, but lights go up on Narrator.

Narrator: Well,
There is a mythical land where student life is ceaseless, and there's always time for another coffee... this place exists. Some call it the CGAM corridor but others know it only as Never-Never Land.

Ahh I think I can hear one of them now – why aye it's Peter Pan and I Like HIM... it's the boy who never wrote up looking for his tiny fairy friend Tinkerbell.

Peter: *(enters on RHS out of breath)* Tinks! Tinks! Where is that fairy... she always runs off without me... Tinkerbell!!

Animation of fairy like Tinkerbell goes across screen suitable magic/fairy sound. Tinkerbell emerges on stage – Much hilarity...comments about previous acting roles..?

Peter: *(aside)* She must have travelling really fast this time, mass increases as you get close to the speed of light...
Tinks I have been looking for you.

Tinks: Really? Well finally you've come to your senses – *(bats eyelids etc and sidles up to Peter)* – I am thought you'd never start a department romance...

Peter: *looking frightened.. (in Jedi style)* I am not the fairy you have been looking for.

Tinks: *(glazed eyes)* I am not the fairy you have been looking for. *(comes round again)* umm actually why are we here Peter.

Peter: Well actually I could do with a hand, I'm looking for a shadow...

Tinks: Hank Marvin?

Peter: No a shadow of panto past, small, glasses, dutch, does by the name of Dopey. He's around here somewhere.

Tinks: *(Notices audience)* ooooh hello. Peter look at this funny looking bunch...

Peter: Ohh they're strange I bet some of them are from the West Country? *(makes jokes about random professors/audience members)*. I wonder if they can help us, you haven't seen a dwarf anywhere have you?

Dopey on stage "he's behind you" etc/hidden behind lecturn. Peter sees him, Windy + nana wake up. They then oggle their respective gents.

Windy: *(Yawns)* what's all that noise... it sounds like half hearted audience participation – you're going to have do better than that....

Nana: *(to Audience, but looking at Dopey)* Oooh there's a nice little man...

Dopey: *(To audience)* I've always gnome it would be love at first sight...

Nana and Dopey march off stage arm in arm (wedding march music). Meanwhile Peter and Windy only have eyes for each other. Windy sidles up to Peter. Tinkers is watching P&W closely from the background...

Windy: *(to audience)* That's Peter Pan. He's the boy who never submits... but maybe he'll submit to me. *(comedy shudder?)*

Windy: *(to Peter)* You're... You're one of those PhD lads aren't you. I've always wanted to do a PhD, pushing back the boundaries of... *(pause)*... something.

Peter: Yeah, well we are pret-ty cool. Why don't you come with me? I could show you plots that you've only dreamed of!

Windy: I bet they're just black and white. If they're not colour I'll be off in a TIFF.

Peter: Back in a GIF... *(runs off stage, whispering to audience)* She's got contours to die for, a model you'd like to explore! *(returns with a comedy plot, Windy sees it and looks impressed)* come with me Windy and I'll show you my plots...

Windy: But do you have a BITMAP to show us the way?

Peter: No problem, I'll just have a WORD with the DOC... Tinkers!... *(Looks round – jumps when he sees Tinker's looking at him really sternly,*
Ahh... Windy, this is Tinkerbelle, she's my buddy, just about to finish her PhD aren't you Tinks?

Tinks: Well...uummm...you know...it still needs a bit of work, shouldn't we get back Peter? We've still got to write the panto script...

Narrator: *(From side of stage, disgusted)* I knew it! Amateurs... *(Storms off, but make sure back in place for the next act)*

Peter: Right then, you better open up the FTP site...

Windy: FTP?

Tinks: Yep, the Fairy Transport Protocol *(in a 'stupid little kid' tone)*

All exit except Neil and Dale exit stage right... star trek beaming up sound effect

Neil and Dale wake up,

Neil: I wonder where everyone is... well it must be tuns time.

Dale: look there's a thing here called an FTP...

Neil: mmm that sounds familiar..isn't it footy....

Dale: techno...

N&D: and pints!

A. *Exit through ftp...star trek sound...*

Act 2

Scene 1 – Pirate Ship

Narrator: Meanwhile, back at the grove. [*puzzled look*]
Anyway, our scene now moves to deck of the good-ship, New Wing. We'll see a day
in the life of Captain Hoogan, his loyal side-kick Anton-Smee, and his gang of cut-
throats. Otherwise known as P.I.R.A.T.E.S.

Point at Acronym on screen

*Lights off Narrator, now on Hoogan and Anton-Smee who are already on stage 'playing' with radar
on screen.*

Hoogan: Arrr. Be it working now, Smee?

Anton-Smee: Arr. No Cap'n - Mayhap's It be the Largest Steerable, Pointable Croc-dar on the
seven seas - but I bain't seeing any Crocodile, only blarsted Rain clouds.

*Pirates come on from back left audience singing song (see below) and generally being jolly and
drunk (have tankard in one hand, sword, etc in other): At same time Belcher arrives
on stage from side and collapses semi-paralytic.*

All Pirates: What shall we do with a drunken Pirate? x3
Earl-eye in the morning.

At this point Belcher is propped up by someone
Hey-up and up he rises. x3
Earl-eye in the morning.

Hoogan: Avast me hearties, what be going on here?

Anton-Smee: Aye, ye scurvy dawgs what 'ave ye been up te?

Marshall: We's been on the boat 17 tavern crawl. Many an iso-bar did we frequent

Hoskins: AYE, much swill and grog was there drank.

Shine: Arrr. And we's lost one over board, and one man tried t'desert.

Anton-Smee: What was it? Cheese-cake?

Comdey Hoogan to Anton-Smee slap

Hilary: Here is the deserter: this one here!

All point at Belcher with swords.

Hoogan: Belcher?

Belcher burps loudly here

Anton-Smee: How dare ye insult our beloved cap'n? What shall we do with him cap'n?

All except Hoogan:

What shall we do with a drunken Belcher? x3
Earley in the morning.

Hoogan: Make him walk the plank and throw him to the crocodile!

All except Hoogan:

Make him walk the plank and throw him to the crocodile x3
Earley in the morning.

As leaving stage left. Jostling with the doomed Belcher

Then Anton-Smee returns

Anton-Smee: Arr. Ye appear t'ave slipped out of t'boundary layer. That'll be the last air-sea
interaction ye ever have! *Laughs at own joke. Hook not impressed.*

Hoogan: Number 2. We need a line-up, where are me *buccan-ears*?

Anton-Smee: On the side of your *buccan-head*, cap'n!

Hoogan slaps Anton-Smee.

Hoogan: MEN, line up!

Anton-Smee: Yes, yes, you scurvy swabs: line up! (*i.e. copying Hoogan*)

All pirates rush onto stage and line up (jostling).

Hoogan walks up and down line, followed by Anton-Smee.

Anton-Smee bumps into Hoogan (under his feet) – ANOTHER SLAP!

Anton-Smee reads off script to introduce pirates

Anton-Smee: Sea-man Spencer.

Spencer: Aye (*false*), then drops back to lower tone) (*coughs*)Aye.

Hoogan: HmMMMM..

Hoogan: Raise the Jolly Roger.

Spencer: Aye, aye!

(raise the 'Jolly Roger' Brugge here on screen by putting Roger Brugge's head over the Skull and Cross bones)

Anton-Smee: Mad-dog Dave

Marshall: Ship fully MARSHALL-ed sir... (*looks queasy*)

Hoogan: What's the matter with you, man? You're looking green around ye chops.

Spencer: It's the sea, cap'n - He's bain't used t' these *Ocean Motions*.

Hoogan: Pull y'self together, man - you need to *ADAPT*. Now how is me ship doing?

Marshall: She's on 15 miles to the gall-ion, cap'n

Hoogan: Haven't I seen ye associating with mathematicians? Everyone knows they get old before their NUMBER IS UP!

Marshall: Old mathematicians never retire, they just get past their PRIME!

Anton-Smee: This is all getting a little COMPLEX, something doesn't ADD UP!

Marshall: You just have to DIFFERENTIATE between aspects that are INTEGRAL and what needs ADAPTING.

Narrator: Some listeners may observe this panto is full of clichés, we really should 'avoid them like the plague', and banish them 'for ever and a day', 'and then some'. Alternatively we could take them with a 'pinch of salt', and if this panto is 'worth its salt' these clichés will just be 'the tip of the iceberg' and all the 'stops will be pulled out'. 'In a nutshell', the script writers have given the panto 'the whole nine yards'.

Anton-Smee: Half-pint Hoskins

Hoskins: Sir!

Hoogan: So, me hearties: pull anything other than a rope last night?

Hoskins: Not really, but there was a lovely lass without one leg.

Hoogan: What was she called?

Hoskins: Peggy.

All pirates chuckle, but not Hoogan

Hoogan: Enough of that! Who's next?

Anton-Smee: Shiner

Shiner: Aye, aye.

Hoogan: What's that? A piercing? How many pieces of eight did that cost, I might want one me-self, to go with this new beard...

Shiner: Oh, it cost me a buck-and-an-ear!

Hoogan: Arr, so then, - Who be left then? Oh I recognise you. Pete the Cabin Boy.

Anton-Smee: Beat the cabin boy, aye sir.

Anton-Smee hits Pete

Hoogan: NO! PETE, not beat!

Comedy slap from Hoogan to Anton-Smee...

Hoogan: Avast Pete, how's the beard coming on?

Pete: Two more hairs this morning sir!!!!

Hoogan: Well done, that's double last months. Keep up the good work boy and maybe ye'll grow one as good as mine someday and since ye can live forever here ye might just 'ave a chance!!

Pete: Aye Cap'n!

Hoogan: And what about our other ship-mates: Thuburn?

Marshall: He was the man overboard cap'n . Rumour 'as it that he's been picked up by HMS Exeter. I don't think we'll be seeing the likes of them around these parts again.

Hoogan: Sort them out Number 2! I'm off to get the croc-dar™ ready for our meeting.

Hoogan to side of stage to use croc-dar equipment

Anton-Smee: Dismissed men!

Shine: You can't tell us what to do, you're not Head of the Ship.

Hoskins: And never have been!

Pirates all disband in various groups with arms round each other and holding grog. They sing a little in a low voice. To the back left

Pirates: "Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed" *(with its appropriate tune)*

Anton-Smee: Okay then men, er, disband in various groups and sing.

Anton-Smee and Hoogan play with radar, back to audience and generally being excited by screen.

Hoogan: Those boys really don't know how to have a good night do they? Now, Poker, that be a good night out.

Anton-Smee: Arr. Exactly, how much did you lose to Wildman Challinor that time?

Hoogan: Arrrr.. That Scurvy Dawg - He slipped sum't in my drinks.

Anton-Smee: *(stage whisper)* Alcohol?

Hoogan: Eh? Speak up, swab!

Anton-smee: I said **Ah well**, maybe we should get back t'Croc-dar?

Hoogan: Arr, yes..

Hoogan: Now, Is it working again? What's this noise up there? *(points to screen)*

Anton-Smee: That's only 50 dB out, which gives 100% error. We ignore that! I've seen even worse error than that when I was in the South of France, you see they use CANON balls in a rather unique technology...

Hoogan: Canon's balls, eh? Sounds painful.

(Both pause with a look of anguish on faces)

Anton-Smee: No, no: not that sort of canon...

Hoogan: Oh, an EPSON instead?

Anton-Smee: *(Sigh)* ...the point of the story was...oh never mind

Hoogan: And the jewel wavelength radar?

Anton-Smee: What? Diamonds? Rubies? -we bain't the funding for that.

Comedy slap to smee

Hoogan: No. DU-AL, not jew-el. Can this Beauty detect that blasted Peter Pan yet as well?

Anto-Smee: Arrr. No Cap'n - he moves too fast, its difficult to work out the Doppler phase shift..

Hoogan: Hmm, well at least we can be keeping a lookout for that acursed crocodile.
(they inspect the radar)

Crocodile starts to creep down through audience slowly.

Crocodile to audience:
Ssshhhhhh!

Hoogan: No sign of it anywhere. It must be nautical miles away.

Tick-tock of Crocodile can correspond to radar movements on screen (animated gif of some sort).

Anton-Smee: There be that ticking sound again; the croc-dar is bust again - AND I'm not referring to shapely torsos either! - why's this thing tickin'? _

(Smee whacks the Crodar)

(Crocodile draws nearer)

Hoogan: That's just made it louder!

Hoogan and Anton-Smee looking at screen, with crocodile almost behind them.

All pirates fumble and rush in.

Marshall: The crocodile has been sighted on the port, Cap'n!

Hoogan: As long as it hasn't touched me rum!

Marshall: No, no: the crocodile: its, its, behind you!

Hoogan: Oh no it isn't! *(Points at radar)*

Audience: Oh yes it is

...etc...

Shine: Don't you use your eyes?, you remote observational lot! The Crodar bain't working
Shiner hits radar, which starts working. Crocodile on screen.

Hoogan: It's working!! Arrr! That be meaning..

Hoogan and other pirates then look behind them.

All: Aaaarrrrrrrggh!

Go to Benny Hill scenes

Exuent all via a lap or two of the audience

Scene 2 – The Lost Boys Hideout

Narrator: Meanwhile at the PhD hideout, the fairy transport protocol has brought Peter and his guests to join in some never-ending fun! Tinkerbell is slowly realising the changes that are afoot.

Lost boys on stage, playing sports (croquet, conkers, etc) around a desk with stuff on. Windy et al. arrive. Tinkerbell in corner in huff throughout scene.

Dale: Where are we?

Peter: This is never-never land, welcome to our hide-out, aka PhD rooms. We get up to all sorts of schemes in here, like write pantos.

Windy: Wow! I didn't realise it was sooo big, Look at the size of it!

Peter has hands on hips, looks smug.

Peter: Why, thank-you Windy!

Neil: *(to Dale)* I thought she was talking to me

Dale: Wishful thinking mate, your machine isn't THAT big!

Neil: I was **going** to increase its size, but then I thought: they're only PhD servers!

Lost boys move in an excited bunch towards Windy et al. They cluster round Windy to see who she is.

Stringer: We're a bit short on footie later. Wanna make up the numbers?

Challinor: Shove off Stringer, she wants to play Conkers with me.
Windy: Have those chest-nuts been tampered with?
Challinor: Definitely not - that's against the rules!
Woolnough: Everyone knows Challinor is nuts! You wanna play a *proper* sport; like croquet (*swings mallet majestically*) with the best in the department, naturally.
Woolnough with wooden mallet, Osborne with Golden mallet and crown.
Osborne: (*butts in*) That's right, Me, the reigning champion. Osbourne's the name, Croquet's the game.
(Woolnough looks crestfallen)
Peter: Calm down boys. It's only a game

(The Lost boys are crowding around Windy, Peter pushes them back)

Come on, Out the way! Don't cause a blocking situation, give windy some space to flow.

Neil: We play sport too! I can play snooker. (*To lost boys*)
Dale: No you can't! (*to Neil*)
Neil: Oh, yes I can!
Stringer: Snooker? What's that? Does it involve running around or complicated league tables, or what?
Neil: No, it's a refined, gentleman's game.
Dale: That's why pool is **much** better.
Osborne: Tell us more about this snooker! I've reached the peak of my field - and I feel the need to conquer fresh pastures.

Walk off stage talking about it...

Peter: This will be your desk; Tinkerbell won't be needing it much longer: she's leaving soon.

(Desk is full of books and plots and stuff - Peter sweeps them all onto the floor to make room for Windy)

Peter: Now, I've shown you the important things, printer, coffee room, sports board, what else is there?...ah, yes, where you'll be spending most of your time during your stay here.

Windy: The Departmental Library?

Peter: What? Good gosh no -that's far too dangerous these days. No - The Three Tuns.

Windy: What is the three tuns?

Peter: The local tavern.

Windy: But its 11am!!!

Peter: You're right - we're two hours late already!

Walk off stage talking about dept.

Narrator: [*BigBro style*] All the other students have left, leaving Tinkerbell on her own.

Scene 3 – Tinkerbell in Jerry Springer

Tinkerbell on stage on stool miserable looking.

Jerry Springer theme tune and canned applause.

JS (Narrator) :Welcome to the Jerry Springer show – for the time being I am Jerry Springer. Today we are talking about Fairy Rejection Syndrome: more commonly known as FRS! We have Tinkerbell here today, she's a 4th year PhD student hoping to submit soon. She says she can't concentrate because she has been kicked out of the office. Tinkerbell, tell us your problem.

Tinkerbell: Well, it all started when Peter brought this Windy bimbo back to the office and she stole my place.

Audience: BOOOOO (*This is a backdrop prompt*)

Tinkerbell: I'm a 4th year student trying to write up, then SHE comes in and steals my desk!

JS: Well why haven't you finished yet if you are a 4th year?

Audience: Jerry, Jerry (*This is a backdrop prompt*) (*general whooping*)

Tinkerbell: Well, I get so distracted by the lost boys and their sport; plus there's pantos, bbqs, pubcrawls. I haven't got time to do any actual work and then this upstart comes in and takes my desk!

JS: You're trying to hang on forever. Do you want to become a boy who never wrote up?

Tinkerbell: I'm no boy ...(*to audience*) well, not tonight at least.....or weekends.....Anyway, I'll never write up as long as she's Peter's lover-girl and anyway she's not right for him.

JS: Well I think you've got feelings for this Peter and it's CLOUDing your judgement?

Tinkerbell: No I'm not we're just good friends, but Windy is corrupting him..... and I need to stop her.....

JS: So what are you going to do?

Tinkerbell: Sort out Windy; that's what, I'll show her!!
Tinkerbell storms off in rage – throws a chair or two about?

Narrator: Well I know that Jerry Springer usually gives you a “thought for the day...” but I'm going to be even more generous. I'm going to let you a break from this Panto now. I'll see you again at the start of Act 3.

Act 3

Scene 1 – Library

1. *Single Light on Narrator only. Smee is hiding at corner - just off stage.*

Narrator: *(Recap)*

Day twelve hundred in the PhD household. The lost boys, are at the hideout with Windy. Oh, Neil and Dale are there too, enjoying for the annual golden mallet tournament.

The pirates are searching for the Lost Boys while the crocodile sleeps. Smee, however, has been sent to capture Tinkerbell.

Meanwhile, as Tinkerbell continues to scour the corridors searching for office space, she wanders into the library.

1. *Tinkers wanders onto the stage. Approaches the rolling shelves*

Tinkerbell: It's not fair, 3 years, three years I've been here, how can they turf me out. No space anywhere. I give up, there's no more room at the inn. Whilst I'm down here, I'll find Hoskins, MacIntyre & Robertson for Peter. I don't why he want's it – it's far too complicated for even him to understand. I can't and I'm magic. It should be just in these rolling shelves.....

[Tinkers reaches in, but pulls back out]

Tinkerbell: Hum. Are these things safe?

Smee: Garrrrrrr!

Tinkerbell: Oh No

[Smee pushes shelves onto Tinkers, [squelch] breaking them.]

Smee: I've got you now. You're coming to see Captain Hoogan with me.

Scene 2 – Pirate ship

[Pirates wait about on stage, Pete the cabin boy runs in a large wheel or an exercise bike]

Narrator: Having kidnapped the defenceless tiny fairy, Anton-Smee is taking Tinkerbell back to the pirate ship. We join the pirates on their ship, are a busy day's plundering. Pete the cabin boy is frantically pedalling the ship away from the angry victims.

Hoogan: I'll be in me octas.

Marshall: Doont ya mean quarters.

Hoogan: yarr, two eights be true.

[Smee drags Tinkers onto stage]

Shiner: Yaaarrrrr, Good day a plundering, good booty on that there RMS Cumulus.

Hilary: All tha chocolate, an no JCMM to protect it.

Shiner: *[Sees Smee approach with Tink]* A'vast behind.

Marshall: Yeah. The Atkins diet's not working for that fairy.

Shiner: No, *[Jeering at Smee]* Look wha' Smee brought us. She won't help us to escape!

Smee: *[runs away, complaining]* I'll get Cap'n Hoogan on you.

Hoskins: Lets put her on the bike anyway. Pete's a weedy little boy.

Marshall: *[whilst manhandling Tinkerbell onto the bike]* Get on there Fairy! And use your magical powers to get those leg moving

Hilary: Garrrr, this will spin up our model quicker.

[Hoogan Walks on with Smee in tail]

Hoogan: *[shouts]* What are you doing? *[pirates cower, Smee looks smug]*

[leans to pirates] That's not 'ow to get information from a fairy, you want to use a soft touch.

[leans to Tink, and puts arm around] Look... You like Peter Pan, How about I teach you to make him a meal that he'll never forget, EVERYONE loves curry [to audience] Don't you [Flash Naan Trek star trek music].

Tinkers: YESSSS! I'll make it now....

Hoogan: If you'll just tell us where Pan's office is, I'll deliver it as well.

Tink: Its up 2 and half floors, and 4 on the right, 2U06.

Hoogan: Garrrr, I don't understand that.

Tink: How about this *[hands over a huge treasure map complete with cross]*

[Hoogan reaches behind something the Blue peter music comes on]

Hoogan: Arrrrrrggghh, 'eres one I made earlier.

Tink: Aw cheers *[takes taste - WAY TOO HOT]*
W a t e r *(gasping)*.

Hoogan: There's a tap in the toilet over there. *[Tinkerbell exits stage in a hurry]*
(conspiratorily) Marshall, follow her – lock the door behind her!
[Smee leaves stage – Hoogan heads over to pirates holding map]

Hoogan: Right, I've got the map, tinkerbelle, go get those lost boys.

Hoskins: *(scared)* But those lost boys, they're tough.

Hoogan: C'mon boys, give me an Arrrrrrgh,

Pirates: Arrrrgh

Hoogan: *(turns to Audience)* Everyone, give me an Arrrrrrgh,

And what have we got....

All Pirates: Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh [run off waving cutlasses]

Narrator: Meanwhile, at the lost boys hideout the final of the golden mallet croquet competition looms. Housewives favourite Peter Pan was knocked out early doors, and rather than waste his lunchtime watching, he has gone off in search of HM&R. This is normally an easy task in the dept library, however, due to the breakdown of the rolling shelves he will have to venture to the mystical, far off ... main library!

But who, you might ask, could possibly wield a mallet better than Peter Pan?

We join our commentator:
The Jimmy Hill of meteorology!
The Bruce Forsyth of stratospheric research!
He's the John Kerry of weather!
Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome: Andrew Charlton!

[AC walks on and does the Bruce Forsythe pose {he has very limp wrists throughout!}]

AC: Thanks Des. In the black and blue corner... **RAIN**-ing champion... and top "**cloud**" seed... rated 165th in the UK (*[aside]* out of 166)... 2878th in the world... former meteorology croquet pin-up boy... Steeeeeeeve Wooooooolnooooooough!

[Woolnough runs on doing shadow boxing and wielding a mallet {Eye of the tiger is played}]

AC: And, in the red and yellow corner... He's very **CROP**-ular with the ladies...
The highly rated and unseeded Cornish challenger: Toooooom Oooooosboooooourne

[Osbourne comes with a mallet {Wurzels' I am a cider drinker plays}]

Woolnough: I'll just do some of my warm-ups. *[to himself]* Come on Steve! Settle in! Settle down! You can do this! Be the ball!

AC: *[to Osbourne]* Aren't you going to do some warm-ups?

Osbourne: *[Takes a shot]* An 'ansome shot! Right, I 'm ready! I'll just 'ave me pasty...*[eats some]*...Best leave the rest for the Knockeeers!

Woolnough: *[to himself again]* Come on Steve!

AC: Right gentlemen, shall we toss for the off? Steve?

Woolnough: ‘Eads!

AC: Heads it is

Woolnough: Fantastic! I’ll go second

Osbourne: Then I shall go first – Haw-hee-haw!

[
*The lost boys produce banners saying: **Woolnough: We think you are Fantastic! And Osbourne: Up the Duchy!***]

Challinor: Come on Osborne: do it for the crops!

Stringer: Come on steve: show some commitment!

[*Osbourne takes a shot and Woolnough scoffs; Woolnough takes a shot and looks happy*]

Osbourne: My shot was a-considerably a-better a-than a-yours!

Woolnough: Aah, young-en, Croquet is a marathon not a sprint. [pointing finger] A match is about more than one shot: I’m just setting things up for later!

AC: Time!!

Woolnough: Toilet!!

AC: [*puts arm around Woolnough with hand limp over his shoulder*]
Steve: talk us through the game...

Woolnough: Well...

AC: [*Cuts him off and puts his other arm over Osbourne’s shoulder*] on second thought, Osbourne: how did it go?

Osbourne: Well, at the end of the day, I gave it my all.

AC: [*Removes arms from W&O*] Thanks lads. [*Holds both players hands*]
And I can now announce that the winner is: [*Holds up Osbourne’s hand*] Tom Osbourne!

Lost Boys and Windy: Cheer!

[*The Pirates Charge on and capture everyone*]

Shiner: We've captured the lost boys!! Aye! Aye!

Challinor: *[looks confused for a second]* that's minus one.

Hilary: if the jokes in this panto got any worse, it would be rated arrrgggghh.

Stringer: Why's that?

Hilary: Coz of all the booty. (asda style pocket slap)

Hoskins: I've got Windy, lets get them all back to the ship!

[Pirates pull off lost boys [pirates laughing] leaving just Hoogan and Smee behind]

Hoogan: I'll leave this DVD *[of "the day after tomorrow"]*, Pan will surely watch it, which will cause a 10 degree per second cooling in the lower troposphere.

Smee: What a "WEAPON of MET DESTRUCTION"

[both leave]

Scene 5-Tink on toilet

Narrator: Elsewhere Tinkerbell is still stuck in the Ladies room. No-one has seen her plight, due to the new lay out of the furniture in the foyer

Tink: *(from off-stage)* That curry was awful. *(sound effect of door rattling)* I'm trapped, what's Hoogan up to. I must warn Peter
Oh up there - I'll try the window, Argh those blasted safety locks. I can maybe just fit through *[cry out in pain and she stumbles onto the stage]*.

Tink: Phew I've escaped, but wings are broken. Not to worry, I can still run, I'll take the new gravel path.

[Runs, but trips up]

Narrator: I hate to see such a pitiful sight. *Go into Robbie willaim's Angels.*
I sit and wait, there's a fairy - contemplate her fate
And now Hook knows
The places where we go
Where the mallet's gold....

'cause I've been told
That convergence lets the winds unfold
So when I'm crying in my bed
Thesis running through my head
And I feel the thesis dead
I'm loving fairies instead

Tink joins in for chorus:

And through it all she paremetrized convection
A lot of large scale precipitation
Whether its mild or warm

And as the water falls
will the sun come out to dry me? **
I know that life won't die me **
When she goes to Pan she'll use fly-be **
I believe in fairies instead

Tink: I feel much better after that song. I'll just get to Peters by FAIRY TRANSPORT PROTOCOL.

[lights down as Star Trek beaming up noise occurs – perhaps uses the coffin if still near the stage]

Scene 6 – Pans office

[Pan sat on chair, just about to watch the DVD. Tinkerbell arrives]

Tinkers: [slightly panicked] Peter, don't watch it, it's a trap.

Peter: Huh.....

Tinkers: It will cause a drastic tropospheric cooling of 10 degrees per second, causing a shut down of the thermohaline circulation.

Peter: But that would require the complete reversal of the ocean currents. That could NEVER happen!

Tinkers: [thinks] guess you're right. Particularly as this is Never-Never land.

[Introduction starts on big screen – Paramount Screen?]

Narrator: To cut a long shory stort.

Peter: Don't you mean a long story short?

Narrator: Yeah whatever

[turn a round to find end credits showing]

Peter: A great work of fiction – it would have given the lost boys inspiration for that paper they're working on. Hey Tink - Where are the others?

Tinkers: Oh.... Yeah.... Hoogan's got them, we'd better go rescue them.

ACT FOUR

Narrator: Meanwhile, in Hoogan's evil boundary lair, Windy is being held Hostage.

[Scene: Windy is tied up, awaiting torture. Hoogan's Ag Sandwich machine is covered up with a cloth at the other side of the stage.]

Hoogan: *(evilly)* Well, Windy. It's time to test my new machine. No research council will be able to deny me once they see the awesome power of my creation. I'll have all the funding in the world. *[Cackles wickedly]*

Smee: But it's not ready yet, sir -- we haven't calibrated the Doppler speed of it.
[slap smee]

Hoogan: *(losing cool)* Be quiet, you scurvy cod-fish, or else you'll be given so many lashes that your back has more lines than a tephigram. *[Smee Cowers – Hoogan regains evil intent]* It's time to try out... *[dramatic pause]* the Gut-Wrench-O-Matic 3000!

[He uncovers the machine. The pirates are impressed. The machine includes a large Ag Sandwich.]

Windy: NO – not a giant Ag Sandwich! You'll never get away with it... My true love will save me in time.

Hoogan: No he won't. We've left him a little surprise. He won't be coming now. *[Booing and hissing from audience]*

Windy: Oh, yes he will.

Hoogan: Oh, no he won't. *(And so on.)*

[At this point, Peter enters the stage. Followed by Tinkerbell]

Peter: Not so fast, Captain Hoogan.

Hoogan: Peter Pan!?! Well, shivers me timbers and stagger me grid!

[Hoogan reaches to grab the on switch for his machine. Time slows down...]

Narrator: So is it all over for Peter, with Hoogan's hook hooked over the diabolical on switch? Can the CAPE crusader and his sidekick, the 'Fairy Wand'-er save Windy from a fate worse than a fate worse than death?

[Hoogan finishes pulling the switch. The sandwich starts moving towards Windy, much slower than everyone expects. Hoogan turns on Smee. Croc is waiting behind the giant sandwich, snoring and ticking.]

Smee: I told you, Captain. I did all the maths. Using the Newton Raphson method means it converges on the target inefficiently.

Hoogan: *[Staring at Smee with mounting rage].* Well recalculate it then, you decapitated Haddock! *[smee leaves stage]*

Hoskins! Shiner! Get him! *[Pointing at Peter]*

[Pirates Hoskins and Shiner approach Peter with cricket bats.]

Peter: That's not cricket.

[He waits until they are within swiping range. They draw their bats back to beat the crap out of Peter, but as the bats swing round, Peter ducks and Hoskins and Shiner hit each other, falling on the floor. As they hit each other, the words 'kapow', 'biff' and 'bang' appear, Batman-style, on the screen.][roll to out of way and lie there]

Peter: Howzat.

Tinkerbell: Out. *[She signals the two cricketers out.]*

Narrator: A fine display of perfect length, with dizzying variations of pace. But not so the gut-wrench-a-matic - the hideous sandwich is progressing than slower time itself towards our trembling heroine. *[aside]* especially when you know you should have visited the gents before the seminar

Peter: Quick, Tinkerbell -- go and free the Lost Boys.

[Tinkerbell leaves the stage to free them.]

Hoogan: Send in the next wave! You two – capture him in that new net that Marshall been weaving over the past years!

*[Hilary and Marshall run on with a large net between them]
[run towards peter, capturing him – they then ran around behind him to encircle him and run inot each other. Conviенently falling into the net afterwards]*

Hilary: What did you run into me for? *[slap?]* Now we're all trapped in your stupid net.

Marshall: *(defensive of his creation)* It's no ordinary net. This is the most advanced mesh that's available. It even adapts the resolution, you ignorant fool. *[hits hilary]*

[they start mock fighting]

Narrator: The pirate's bitter fighting has been their own undoing. As they fight the mesh quickly forms around the action. Converging on the pirates, like a boa constrictor on its prey - leaving low resolution by Peter *[peter stays still for a while. Then calmly crawls out through a large hole Marshall and hilary leave stage subtly]*

Hoogan: *[Looking exasperated by now]* Send in Inness the cabin boy!

[Inness advances, looking tentative. Thomas The Tank Engine starts playing. Inness does soft hit on peter, and the word 'Harold' appears on the screen.]

Peter: I'm going to take pity on you and let you go. You little slip of a boy, you haven't even got a beard.

Inness: Thank you, kind sir. *[Inness backs off.]*

Peter: Oh by the way – it's behind you *(deadpan not at all panto)*

[When he turns around, peter kicks him in the arse, propelling him off the stage.]

Hoogan: *[brandishing his hook]* No one defeats me!

[start fighting with Hoogan having the upper hand]

[The Lost Boys enter with Tinkerbell and stand off stage – out of way]

Peter retreats towards the lost boys

Osbourne and Woolnough: *[still discussing the Golden Mallet.]*

Woolnough: Peter use the force!

Peter: *(looking baffled)* What the Coriolis force?

Osbourne: Don't bother with that. Rotating fluids are too complicated – use this golden mallet instead.

[Peter approaches from side with Golden Mallet looking invincible]

Hoogan: Your puny trinkets and prizes are worthless. Nothing defeats my world's largest steerable, pointable conker!

[He produces a very large conker from somewhere. It's so large he can't control it and accidentally the conker hits the Croc, who wakes up. He grabs the sandwich off the machine, slaps Hoogan between the two pieces of bread and Hoogan runs offstage left in it, pursued by Croc, snapping frantically. There are sound effects of crunching noises, and Hoogan's pirate hat and hook get thrown back onto stage. Everyone looks slightly sickened.]

Peter: Now lets see about those ropes of yours. *(picks up hook and undoes the ropes)*

Windy: Oh thank you, Peter...!

Peter: No problem, *(kicks hook back offstage)*, any time.
They stroll offstage. looking lovingly at each other

Narrator: I know that you're expecting me to say "they lived happily ever after". But some of you sullen people don't know what happy is, so I best explain.

Hoskins and Shiner woke up with headaches, but nothing that they weren't used to from a departmental pub crawl.

[they stand up hands on head and groaning – drag cricket bats off stage]

O'Neill and Lahoz never returned from the pub.

[There is a picture of O'Neill and Lahoz on the screen in the pub, looking drunk, surrounded by many empty pint glasses.]

Hoogan passed through the crocodile in the usual way, but lost the respect of his pirate crew.

So Smee took over as captain of the pirates' vessel. And they continued their life on the ocean waves as a UN rescue ship, following in the wake of hurricanes.

[smee leads pirates inc. hoogan back on stage and they stand at the side signing sea shanty.]

Pirates: "What shall we do with the steerable radar" x3
at 06:00 UTC

Narrator: Tinkerbelle finished her thesis, but was offered a job by Julia. She lives a happy life on the CGAM corridor with the other lost boys. *[they all come on singing]*

Tink: I'm gonna live on the CGAM corridor,
LB's: She's gonna live on the CGAM corridor
All: We're gonna live on the CGAM corridor
Tink: In 3L61

Narrator: Neil and Dale finished work early, and caught the number 17 to Riley's Snooker Hall.

Neil + Dale: Going to play pool down the oxford road x3
'til the early morning.

Narrator: The crocodile's resilient stomach survived the horrors of the ag sandwich. In fact he rather liked the taste, and can regularly be found strolling around in the agriculture department. *[croc enters, as if on a stroll Ticks the tune of drunken sailor and dancing a bit]*

Peter Pan never wrote, his fame spreading every year he avoided it. You see him here same time same place next year, directing the pantomime.

[comes on with megaphone, shouts and directs people to edges of the stage. Clearing a space for Windy, who's strolling on acting the star]

Narrator: Windy, however, broke free. She completed a Masters, before becoming a BBC TV weather-girl, to replace Michael Fish. Here she comes ready for the 12:00 broadcast.
[Windy is standing middle.]

Peter: Lights, camera, Action!

[big map of britian appears on the screen]

Windy: Here is the weather forecast for tomorrow. There is snow over Scotland, storms over Wales, sunshine over Ireland.
But the humidity 's rising – Barometer's getting low
According to all sources, Reading's the place to go
Cause tonight for the first time,
Just about half past ten,
Yes, for the first in history
It's gonna start raining, Ken

[Ken Spiers's face appears on the weather map over Reading, and a meteorological rendition of 'It's Raining Ken' follows with everybody singing.]

THE END