

PETER & BLACKSTACHE

PETER: (*sitting on top of the trunk*) Some crazy weather, huh?

BLACKSTACHE: What are you?

PETER: What are you?

BLACKSTACHE: WHAT AM I?!? BLACK STACHE!!!

PETER: Never heard o' you.

BLACKSTACHE: Liar! The Stache is on everyone's lips.
(*nonchalantly*) Why, is that the Queen's trunk you're sitting on?

PETER: Oh yeah, Queen's trunk, totally. Molly Aster told me to protect it.

BLACKSTACHE: From who?

PETER: Pirates like you.

BLACKSTACHE: But we have all the fun!

PETER: You do?

BLACKSTACHE: Abso-loony. A little swash, a bit o' buckle - you'd love it more than bread! Now, give us the trunk and join the party ... er ... appellation, please. (*off Peter's blank face*) Yer name, bub.

PETER: No name. Orphan.

BLACKSTACHE: You're more at sea than Columbus, boy. If you were a pirate, you'd have a proper name.

PETER: You could do that?

BLACKSTACHE: I'm the boss, ain't I? How about Bluebeard Bob?
(*nixes this*) Long John Larry? (*a thought*) Oooh! We hung a bloke from the yardarm week ago Wednesday - Pirate Pete. That's available.

PETER: Pirate Pete ...

BLACKSTACHE: Good solid name is Peter, like a rock. That's what you'll be, boy, my rock. Now, gimme the trunk.

PETER: Peter. Yeah. I like that.

BLACKSTACHE: Iconic as the moonwalk in a Michael Jackson video. Now, gimme the trunk.

PETER: And what would I do?

BLACKSTACHE: You'd star in my nasty crew. Infamy! Calamity! Fraternity! You need to connect, boy.

PETER: Peter.

BLACKSTACHE: You need to connect, Peter. No man is an archipelago. Now, be a good Peter and give your captain his GREAT BIG TREASURE!! (*throws PETER off the trunk and flings it open!*) Sand again!
