

PETER ♦ STACHE

Start
↓

~~Adversaries ad neverendum. I'm talking books, movies, Broadway —~~

PETER: But you just tried to kill me —

STACHE: Don't you get it, Peter? You're my hero!

PETER: Me?

STACHE: You're the ying to me yang. The semi to me colon. Dammit, boy, you're the wind beneath my clipped wing!

PETER: Gee, I hadn't really —

STACHE: Thanks to you, I am reborn! The complete villain! O, what sublime enemies we'll be! Forget gold! Time. Time'll be our treasure. We'll fight for all eternity. We's a couple now, boo.

PETER: *(negotiating)* Only if my friends go free.

STACHE: Oh, bravo, *bravissimo!* Give the Pan a round of — *(tries to clap his hands, but he's short one)* Smee, a little help? *(tries to clap the severed hand held by Smee, but utterly fails, grabs it, and points it at Peter)* This is all your doing, ye loathsome Pan. You single-handedly rendered me . . . single-handed!

PETER: You cut your hand off, not me!

STACHE: O, pity the child who lives in a fact-based world! *(rising theatrically to stand on the trunk)* You may think my ship has sailed, but I have an armada of options at my former fingertips. Perhaps I'll never be a concert violinist or a reliable juggler, but I can still win Wimbledon — and I can still destroy you! YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED, PAN!

←
END