Peter Pan and Wendy (1st ed. - 08.14.06) - peterpanandwendy9jr
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For Mom and Dad

Cast of Characters

In order of appearance:

WENDY
MRS. DARLING
NANA
MICHAEL
JOHN
MR. DARLING
PETER PAN
LIZA
CURLY
TWIN 1
TWIN 2
SLIGHTLY
TOOTLES
NIBS
HOOK
STARKEY
SMEE
JUKES
CECCO
MULLINS
NOODLER
COOKSON
CROCODILE
TIGER LILY
NEVER BIRD
JANE

…and by all means, add more pirates.

Doubling Scheme

Female

WENDY
MRS. DARLING + LIZA + JANE + TIGER LILY + NEVER BIRD + CROCODILE

Male

MR. DARLING + HOOK
MICHAEL
JOHN

Either

PETER PAN
SMEE + NANA
CURLY
SLIGHTLY
NIBS
TWIN 1
TWIN 2
TOOTLES
STARKEY
JUKES
CECCO
[MULLINS]
[NOODLER]
[COOKSON]

[cuttable characters in brackets]

Scenes and Settings

Scene 1. The Darling Nursery.
Scene 2. In Flight.
Scene 3. The Neverland.
Scene 4. The Mermaids' Lagoon.
Scene 5. The Home Under the Ground.
Scene 6. The Jolly Roger.
Scene 7. The Darling Nursery.
Scene 8. The Darling Nursery, years later.

Note: If an act break is desired, the best place would be in the middle of Scene 5, just after Peter exclaims, "To die will be an awfully big adventure!" Act II would begin with the Never Bird's rescue mission.

Production Note

Of course everyone expects Peter Pan to fly, but I really hope that theater groups will be able to achieve that effect without having to rely on expensive rigging schemes.

You may wonder then, understandably, why Scene 2 takes place entirely in the air.

I have no doubt that many different theater groups will find many wonderfully resourceful ways to pull this off. Perhaps the flight to Neverland could be accompanied by billowing lengths of fabric, which appear later on as the fatal waters of the Mermaids' Lagoon.

Perhaps in Scene 1, when the children first take flight, they could be carried aloft by actors dressed in black, kabuki-style. Perhaps their flight could be conveyed entirely through shadow-puppets, and if that requires a few judicious dialogue cuts during then learning-to-fly scene, then I approve of those particular changes.

However you decide to go airborne, I'd love to know! Please contact Playscripts and let us in on your best tech and design ideas.

Author's Note

This play is derived exclusively from the novel *Peter Pan and Wendy* by J. M. Barrie, first published in 1911. I encourage anyone interested in this play (or really anyone in general) to read that original book. When I first read it, as a kid, I was astonished to find something so much more complex and mesmerizing than the rah-rah Celebration of Childhood offered up by the musical and the Disney movie. Barrie certainly celebrated childhood, too, but he also embraced the paradox that children are natural-born egomaniacs, totally dependent on (and largely unaware of) the devotion of their parents.

In adapting the novel for the stage, I tried to preserve as much of Barrie's original language as possible—the satire, the irony, the ridiculous humor—only making slight tweaks for particularly arcane turns of phrase. The Ensemble covers scene changes with choice passages from the novel, but there's a lot of wonderful stuff I chose to cut, just to keep the play moving.

I hope that you enjoy the play, and I know that you'll enjoy the book!

Acknowledgments

This script was first read out loud by R. L. Mirabal and his students from Lake Braddock Secondary School (Burke, Virginia) at the 2006 International Thespian Festival in Lincoln, Nebraska. Many thanks to R. L. and all the students: Andrew Bare, Nathan Black, Chris Deter, Caitlin Bossert Emilio, Jenny Fornoff, Tami Grossman, Will Noguchi, Matt Provance, Stephanie Ramsey, Izzy Salhani, Danielle Schender, Allie Stein, Casey Stein, Matt Tiemann, Raychel Trump, and Jason Wolf. Thanks as well to Karen Pionke, who also provided valuable comments on script as it developed.

PETER PAN AND WENDY
adapted by Doug Rand

from the novel by J. M. Barrie

Scene 1

(Darkness, with stars. The following narration is spoken by various individual members of the ENSEMBLE, *as* WENDY *and* MRS. DARLING *enact the little scene in the garden.)*

ENSEMBLE. All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried:

MRS. DARLING. Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!

ENSEMBLE. This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

(Lights up on the nursery of the Darling home. NANA *is carrying* MICHAEL *on her back, and attempting to carry him out to have a bath.* JOHN *and* WENDY *are pretending to be their own parents, as* MRS. DARLING *watches.)*

MICHAEL. I won't go to bed! I won't, I won't. Nana, it isn't six o'clock yet. Oh dear, oh dear, I shan't love you any more, Nana. I tell you I won't be bathed, I won't, I won't!

JOHN. Little less noise there…

WENDY. Oh John, you sound just like father!

JOHN. I am happy to inform you, Mrs. Darling, that you are now a mother.

WENDY. Oh, happy day! I shall call her Wendy.

JOHN. I say, I am even happier to inform you, Mrs. Darling, that you are now the mother of a male child, as well.

WENDY. Sweet little John!

MICHAEL. May I be born also?

JOHN. No! We do not want any more.

MICHAEL. Nobody wants me…

MRS. DARLING. I do. I so want a third child.

MICHAEL. Boy or girl?

MRS. DARLING. Boy.

*(*MICHAEL *leaps into* MRS. DARLING's *arms, as* MR. DARLING *rushes in like a tornado.)*

MRS. DARLING. Why, what is the matter, father dear?

MR. DARLING. Matter! This tie, it will not tie. Not round my neck! Round the bed-post! Oh yes, twenty times have I made it up round the bed-post, but round my neck, no! Oh dear no! begs to be excused!

MRS. DARLING. Now, George…

MR. DARLING. I warn you of this, mother, that unless this tie is round my neck we don't go out to dinner to-night, and if I don't go out to dinner to-night, I never go to the office again, and if I don't go to the office again, you and I starve, and our children will be flung into the streets.

MRS. DARLING. Let me try, dear.

(As the CHILDREN *watch their fate being decided,* MRS. DARLING *ties the tie.)*

MR. DARLING. Thank you, love. Now, where is my littlest boy?

*(*MR. DARLING *dances round the room with* MICHAEL *on his back, only to collide with* NANA.*)*

MR. DARLING. Oh, dash it all Nana—you have covered my trousers with hairs!

WENDY. I'm sure she didn't mean to, father!

MR. DARLING. And these are not only new trousers, but they are the first I have ever had with braid on them!

(He bites his lip to prevent the tears coming.)

MRS. DARLING. There, there, George—just hold still.

*(*MRS. DARLING *brushes off the hairs.)*

MR. DARLING. Sometimes I think it was a mistake to have a dog for a nurse.

MRS. DARLING. George, Nana is a treasure.

MR. DARLING. No doubt, but I have an uneasy feeling at times that she looks upon the children as puppies.

MRS. DARLING. Oh no, dear one, I feel sure she knows they have souls.

MR. DARLING. I wonder, I wonder.

MRS. DARLING. George dear, never mind that—I have been wanting to show you something peculiar. I believe that while they sleep, our children have been receiving an uninvited visitor.

MR. DARLING. What nonsense you talk, precious. No one can get into the house without knocking.

MRS. DARLING. I think he comes in by the window.

MR. DARLING. My love, it is three floors up.

MRS. DARLING. I know, George. But last week, Nana had just returned from her evening out, and sprang at a strange boy, who simply leapt through the window. Nana closed it quickly, too late to catch him, but his shadow had no time to get out—slam went the window and snapped it off.

MR. DARLING. Let us have a look, then.

MRS. DARLING. You may be sure that I examined the shadow carefully, but it is quite the ordinary kind.

*(*MR. *and* MRS. DARLING *unroll the shadow and examine it together.)*

MR. DARLING. It is nobody I know, but it does look a scoundrel…

(During this time, NANA *has brought in a bottle of medicine for* MICHAEL*, who cries out:)*

MICHAEL. I don't want any medicine, Nana!

MR. DARLING. Be a man, Michael.

MICHAEL. Won't; won't!

MRS. DARLING. Here, my dear—let me fetch you a chocolate.

*(*MRS. DARLING *and* NANA *exit together.)*

MR. DARLING. Mother, don't pamper him. Michael, when I was your age I took medicine without a murmur. I said, 'Thank you, kind parents, for giving me bottles to make we well.'

WENDY. That medicine you sometimes take, father, is much nastier, isn't it?

MR. DARLING. Ever so much nastier, and I would take it now as an example to you, Michael, if I hadn't lost the bottle.

WENDY. I know where it is, father! I'll bring it…

MR. DARLING. John, it's most beastly stuff. It's that nasty, sticky, sweet kind.

JOHN. It will soon be over, father.

*(*WENDY *produces the bottle.)*

WENDY. I have been as quick as I could…

MR. DARLING. You have been wonderfully quick. Michael first.

MICHAEL. Father first.

MR. DARLING. I shall be sick, you know.

JOHN. Come on, father.

MR. DARLING. Hold your tongue, John.

WENDY. I thought you took it quite easily, father.

MR. DARLING. That is not the point. The point is, that there is more in my glass than in Michael's spoon. And it isn't fair: I would say it though it were with my last breath; it isn't fair.

MICHAEL. Father, I am waiting.

MR. DARLING. It's all very well to say you are waiting; so am I waiting.

MICHAEL. Father's a cowardly custard.

MR. DARLING. So are you a cowardly custard.

MICHAEL. I'm not frightened.

MR. DARLING. Neither am I frightened.

MICHAEL. Well, then, take it.

MR. DARLING. Well, then, you take it.

WENDY. Why not both take it at the same time?

MR. DARLING. Certainly. Are you ready, Michael?

WENDY. One, two, three!

*(*MICHAEL *takes his medicine, but* MR. DARLING *slips his behind his back.)*

MICHAEL. Not fair!

JOHN. Bad form!

WENDY. O father!

MR. DARLING. What do you mean by 'O father'? Stop that row, Michael. I meant to take mine, but I—I missed it.

(The three CHILDREN *give him a dreadful look—just as if they did not admire him.)*

MR. DARLING. Look here, all of you, I have just thought of a splendid joke. I shall pour my medicine into Nana's bowl, and she will drink it, thinking it is milk!

(The CHILDREN *look at him reproachfully as he pours the medicine into Nana's bowl.)*

MR. DARLING. What fun!

*(*MRS. DARLING *and* NANA *return.)*

MR. DARLING. Nana, good dog. I have put a little milk into your bowl, Nana.

*(*NANA *wags her tail, runs to the medicine, and begins lapping it. Then she gives* MR. DARLING *such a look, not an angry look: she shows him the great red tear that makes us so sorry for noble dogs, and creeps into her kennel.)*

MRS. DARLING. O George, it's your medicine!

MR. DARLING. It was only a joke!

*(*MRS. DARLING *comforts her boys, while* WENDY *hugs* NANA.*)*

MR. DARLING. Much good, my wearing myself to the bone trying to be funny in this house. That's right, coddle her! Nobody coddles me. Oh dear no! I am only the breadwinner, why should I be coddled—why, why, why!

MRS. DARLING. George, not so loud; the servants will hear you.

MR. DARLING. Let them! Bring in the whole world. But I refuse to allow that dog to lord it in my nursery for an hour longer.

CHILDREN. Father, no!

MR. DARLING. In vain, in vain! The proper place for you is the yard, and there you go to be tied up this instant.

MRS. DARLING. George, George—remember what I told you about that boy.

MR. DARLING. My mind is made up! There can be only one master in this house!

*(*MR. DARLING *seizes* NANA*, and drags her from the nursery. We can hear* NANA *barking as* MRS. DARLING *puts the children to bed.)*

MICHAEL. Nana is unhappy! Listen to her bark…

JOHN. It is because he is chaining her up in the yard…

WENDY. That is not Nana's unhappy bark—that is her bark when she smells danger.

MRS. DARLING. Are you sure, Wendy?

WENDY. Oh, yes.

*(*MRS. DARLING *checks the window to make sure that it is securely fastened.)*

MRS. DARLING. Oh, how I wish that I wasn't going to a party tonight!

MICHAEL. Can anything harm us, mother, after the night-lights are lit?

MRS. DARLING. Nothing, precious; they are the eyes a mother leaves behind her to guard her children.

MICHAEL. Mother! I'm glad of you.

*(*MRS. DARLING *embraces* MICHAEL, *takes a last look at the nursery, and exits. Quiet, then a magical stirring. The nightlights flicker out, the window bursts open, and* PETER PAN *leaps into the room, accompanied by Tinker Bell.)*

PETER. *(Whispering:)* Tinker Bell! Tink, where are you?

(She is in a jug for the moment, and liking it extremely; she has never been in a jug before.)

PETER. Oh, do come out of that jug, and tell me, do you know where they put my shadow?

(Tinkling.)

PETER. In the big box?

*(*PETER *jumps at the chest of drawers, scattering their contents to the floor with both hands. In a moment he has recovered his shadow, in his delight forgetting that he has shut Tinker Bell up in the drawer. He is appalled to discover that he and his shadow, when brought near each other, do not join like drops of water. He tries to stick it on with soap from the bathroom, but that also fails. A shudder passes through* PETER, *and he sits on the floor and cries.* WENDY *awakes, and sits up in bed. She is not alarmed to see a stranger crying on the nursery floor; she is only pleasantly interested.)*

WENDY. *(Courteously:)* Boy, why are you crying?

*(*PETER *rises and bows beautifully.* WENDY, *much pleased, bows beautifully to him from the bed.)*

PETER. What's your name?

WENDY. Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What is your name?

PETER. Peter Pan.

WENDY. Is that all?

PETER. Yes.

WENDY. I'm so sorry.

PETER. It doesn't matter.

WENDY. Where do you live?

PETER. Second to the right, and then straight on till morning.

WENDY. What a funny address!

PETER. No, it isn't.

WENDY. I mean, is that what they put on the letters?

PETER. Don't get any letters.

WENDY. But your mother gets letters?

PETER. Don't have a mother.

WENDY. O Peter, no wonder you were crying!

*(*WENDY *gets out of bed and runs to him.)*

PETER. I wasn't crying about mothers. I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on. Besides, I wasn't crying.

WENDY. It has come off?

PETER. Yes.

WENDY. How awful! *(Smiles:)* Did you try to stick it on with soap?

PETER. Why shouldn't it?

WENDY. How exactly like a boy! It must be *sewn* on.

PETER. What's sewn.

WENDY. You're dreadfully ignorant.

PETER. No, I'm not.

WENDY. I shall sew it on for you, my little man. *(Gets out her sewing kit.)* I daresay it will hurt a little.

PETER. Oh, I shan't cry.

(The shadow now affixed, PETER *jumps about in the wildest glee.)*

PETER. How clever I am! Oh, the cleverness of me!

WENDY. You conceited little boy! Of course I did nothing!

PETER. You did a little.

WENDY. A little! If I am no use I can at least withdraw.

*(*WENDY *springs in the most dignified way into bed and covers her face with the blankets. To induce her to look up,* PETER *pretends to be going away, and when this fails, he sits on the end of the bed and taps her gently with his foot.)*

PETER. Wendy, don't withdraw. I can't help crowing, Wendy, when I'm pleased with myself.

(She does not look up, though she was listening eagerly. PETER *continues, in a voice that no woman has ever yet been able to resist.)*

PETER. Wendy…! Wendy, one girl is more use than twenty boys.

(Now WENDY *is every inch a woman, though there are not very many inches, and she peeps out of the bed-clothes.)*

WENDY. Do you really think so, Peter?

PETER. Yes, I do.

WENDY. I think it's perfectly sweet of you, and I'll get up again.

(She sits with him on the side of the bed.)

WENDY. I shall give you a kiss if you like.

*(*PETER *holds out his hand expectantly.)*

WENDY. Surely you know what a kiss is?

PETER. I shall know when you give it to me.

(Not to hurt his feelings, she gives him a thimble.)

PETER. Now, shall I give you a kiss?

WENDY. If you please.

(She makes herself rather cheap by inclining her face toward him, but he merely drops an acorn button into her hand, so she slowly returns her face to where it had been before.)

WENDY. I shall wear your kiss on this chain around my neck. How old are you?

PETER. I don't know, but I am quite young. Wendy, I ran away the day I was born.

*(*WENDY *is quite surprised, but interested; and she indicates in the charming drawing-room manner, by a touch on her night-gown, that he may sit nearer her.)*

PETER. It was because I heard father and mother, talking about what I was to be when I became a man. I don't want ever to be a man. I want always to be a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived a long long time among the fairies.

WENDY. Oh, Peter! Tell me everything about the fairies!

PETER. You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces, and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies. And so, there ought to be one fairy for every boy and girl.

WENDY. Ought to be? Isn't there?

PETER. No. You see children know such a lot now, they soon don't believe in fairies, and every time a child says, 'I don't believe in fairies,' there is a fairy somewhere that falls down dead. I can't think where Tink has gone to—Tink!

WENDY. Peter, you don't mean to tell me that there is a fairy in this room!

PETER. She was here just now. You don't hear her, do you?

(They both listen.)

WENDY. The only sound I hear is like a tinkle of bells.

PETER. Well, that's Tink, that's the fairy language. I think I hear her too. Wendy, I do believe I shut her up in the drawer!

(He lets poor Tink out of the drawer, and she flies about the nursery screaming with fury.)

PETER. You shouldn't say such things, Tink. Of course I'm very sorry, but how could I know you were in the drawer?

WENDY. O Peter, if she would only stand still and let me see her!

PETER. Tink, this lady says she wishes you were her fairy.

(Tinker Bell answers insolently.)

WENDY. What does she say, Peter?

PETER. She is not very polite. She says you are a great ugly girl, and that she is my fairy. You know you can't be my fairy, Tink, because I am an gentleman and you are a lady.

(To this Tink replies, "You silly fool," and disappears into the bathroom.)

PETER. She is quite a common fairy—she is called Tinker Bell because she mends the pots and kettles.

WENDY. If you don't live in Kensington Gardens now—

PETER. Sometimes I do still.

WENDY. But where do you live mostly now?

PETER. With the lost boys.

WENDY. Who are they?

PETER. They are the children who fall out of their perambulators when the nurse is looking the other way. If they are not claimed in seven days they are sent far away to the Neverland to defray expenses. I'm captain.

WENDY. What fun it must be!

PETER. Yes, but we are rather lonely. You see we have no female companionship.

WENDY. Are none of the others girls?

PETER. Oh, no; girls, you know, are much too clever to fall out of their prams.

WENDY. I think it is perfectly lovely the way you talk about girls; John there just despises us.

(For reply PETER *rises and kicks* JOHN *out of bed, blankets and all; one kick.)*

WENDY. How forward for a first meeting, Peter! You are not the captain in my house!

(She sees that JOHN *continues to sleep placidly on the floor.)*

WENDY. But I know you meant to be kind, so you may give me a kiss.

PETER. I thought you would want it back.

(He offers to return the thimble.)

WENDY. Oh dear, I don't mean a kiss, I mean a thimble.

PETER. What's that?

WENDY. It's like this.

(She kisses him.)

PETER. Funny! Now shall I give you a thimble?

WENDY. If you wish to.

(She keeps her head erect this time, and PETER *thimbles her. Almost immediately,* WENDY *screeches.)*

PETER. What is it, Wendy?

WENDY. It was exactly as if someone were pulling my hair.

PETER. That must have been Tink. I never knew her to be so naughty before.

(Tink darts about again, using offensive language.)

PETER. She says she will do that to you, Wendy, every time I give you a thimble.

WENDY. But why?

PETER. Why, Tink?

(Again Tink replies, "You silly fool.")

WENDY. Peter, did you come to the nursery window to see me?

PETER. Oh, no—just to listen to stories.

WENDY. I see.

PETER. I don't know any stories. None of the lost boys knows any stories.

WENDY. How perfectly awful.

PETER. O Wendy, your mother was telling you such a lovely story.

WENDY. Which story was it?

PETER. About the prince who couldn't find the lady who wore the glass slipper.

WENDY. Peter, that was Cinderella, and he found her, and they lived happily ever after.

*(*PETER *is so glad that he rises from the floor, where they have been sitting, and hurries to the window.)*

WENDY. Where are you going?

PETER. To tell the other boys.

WENDY. Don't go Peter—I know such lots of stories. Oh, the stories I could tell to the boys!

*(*PETER *grips her and begins to draw her toward the window.)*

WENDY. Let me go!

PETER. Wendy, do come with me and tell the other boys.

WENDY. Oh dear, I can't. Think of mummy! Besides, I can't fly.

PETER. I'll teach you.

WENDY. Oh, how lovely to fly.

PETER. I'll teach you how to jump on the wind's back, and then away we go.

WENDY. Oo!

PETER. Wendy, Wendy, when you are sleeping in your silly bed you might be flying about with me saying funny things to the stars.

WENDY. Oo!

PETER. And, Wendy, there are mermaids.

WENDY. Mermaids! With tails?

PETER. Such long tails.

WENDY. Oh, to see a mermaid!

PETER. Wendy, how we should all respect you.

(She wriggles her body in distress. It is quite as if she were trying to remain on the nursery floor. But he has no pity for her.)

PETER. Wendy, you could tuck us in at night.

WENDY. Oo!

PETER. None of us has ever been tucked in at night.

WENDY. Oo…

(Her arms go out to him.)

PETER. And you could darn our clothes, and make pockets for us. None of us has any pockets.

WENDY. Of course it's awfully fascinating! Peter, would you teach John and Michael to fly too?

PETER. *(Indifferently:)* If you like.

WENDY. Wake up! Peter Pan has come and he is to teach us to fly!

*(*JOHN *rubs his eyes.)*

JOHN. Then I shall get up.

(Of course he is on the floor already.)

JOHN. Hallo, I am up!

*(*PETER *suddenly signs silence. Their faces assume the awful craftiness of children listening for sounds from the grown-up world.)*

JOHN. Out with the light! Hide! Quick!

(They hide behind the window curtains, just as LIZA *enters, holding* NANA.*)*

LIZA. There, you suspicious brute. They are perfectly safe, aren't they? Every one of the little angels sound asleep in bed. Listen to their gentle breathing.

*(*MICHAEL, *encouraged by his success, breathes so loudly that they are nearly detected.* NANA *tries to drag herself out of* LIZA's *clutches.)*

LIZA. No more of it, Nana. I warn you if you bark again I shall go straight for master and missus and bring them home from the party, and then, oh, won't master whip you, just.

*(*LIZA *and* NANA *exit, and the* CHILDREN *reemerge.)*

JOHN. It's all right. I say, Peter, can you really fly?

(Instead of troubling to answer him PETER *flies around the room.)*

JOHN / MICHAEL. How topping!

WENDY. How sweet!

PETER. Yes, I'm sweet, oh, I am sweet!

(It looks delightfully easy, and they try it first from the floor and then from the beds, but they always go down instead of up.)

JOHN. I say, how do you do it?

PETER. You just think lovely wonderful thoughts, and they lift you up in the air.

(He shows them again.)

JOHN. You're so nippy at it—couldn't you do it very slowly once?

*(*PETER *does it both slowly and quickly.)*

JOHN. I've got it now, Wendy!

*(*JOHN *leaps from the bed and crashes to the ground.)*

PETER. Oh, and you must also have the fairy dust blown on you.

(He does so.)

Now just wiggle your shoulders this way, and let go.

*(*MICHAEL *is immediately borne across the room, followed by* JOHN *and* WENDY.*)*

MICHAEL. I flewed!

WENDY. Oh, lovely!

JOHN. Oh, ripping!

MICHAEL. Look at me!

JOHN. Look at me!

WENDY. Look at me!

JOHN. I say, why shouldn't we all go out?

MICHAEL. How long will it take for me to do a billion miles?

WENDY. Surely it's safer here in the nursery…

PETER. Mermaids, Wendy!

WENDY. Oo!

PETER. And there are pirates.

JOHN. Pirates! Let us go at once.

(We hear the sound of NANA *barking, and the* CHILDREN *freeze again. The* ENSEMBLE *speaks, as our attention turns to* MR. *and* MRS. DARLING.*)*

ENSEMBLE. It was just at this moment that Mr. and Mrs. Darling hurried back with Nana. They ran into the middle of the street to look up at the nursery window. The room was ablaze with light, and they could see in shadow on the curtain three little figures circling round and round, not on the floor but in the air.

MRS. DARLING. Not three figures, four!

ENSEMBLE. In a tremble they opened the street door. Mr. Darling would have rushed upstairs, but Mrs. Darling signed him to go softly. She even tried to make her heart go softly.

Will they reach the nursery in time? If so, how delightful for them, and we shall all breathe a sigh of relief—but there will be no story.

The little stars were watching them, you see. Stars are so fond of fun that they were on Peter's side to-night, and anxious to get the grown-ups out of the way. Together they blew the window open, and Peter knew:

PETER. There's not a moment to lose. Come away!

ENSEMBLE. With that, Peter bounded through the window and soared out into the night, followed by John and Michael and Wendy. Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Nana rushed into the nursery too late. The birds were flown.

Scene 2

(Later: The CHILDREN *are in flight.* PETER *is nowhere to be seen.)*

JOHN. I say, how many days have we been flying?

MICHAEL. Where are we going, Wendy?

WENDY. "Second to the right, and straight on till morning."

JOHN. Really! I dare say that Peter just says anything that comes into his head.

WENDY. Do be more polite to him, John.

JOHN. Then tell him to stop showing off.

WENDY. You must be nice to him. What could we do if he were to leave us!

MICHAEL. We could go back.

WENDY. How could we ever find our way back without him?

JOHN. Well, then, we could go on.

WENDY. That is the awful thing, John. We should have to go on, for we don't know how to stop.

JOHN. Well, if the worst came to the worst, all we have to do is to go straight on, for the world is round, you see, and so in time we must come back to our own window!

WENDY. And who is to get food for us, John?

JOHN. I nipped a bit out of that eagle's mouth pretty neatly, Wendy.

WENDY. After the twentieth try. And even though we became good at picking up food, see how we bump against clouds and things if he is not near to give us a hand.

MICHAEL. Here he comes!

PETER. Good day!

WENDY. Hello, Peter.

(Awkward pause.)

PETER. Hello to you, too.

WENDY. I'm Wendy!

PETER. I say, Wendy, always if you see me forgetting you, just keep on saying 'I'm Wendy,' and then I'll remember.

JOHN. That's rather unsatisfactory…

PETER. There it is.

MICHAEL. There what is?

PETER. The Neverland.

CHILDREN. Where, where?

PETER. Where all the sun's arrows are pointing.

WENDY. It's just as I always imagined! John, there's the lagoon.

MICHAEL. I say, John, I see your flamingo with the broken leg!

JOHN. Look, Michael, there's your cave!

MICHAEL. There's my boat, John, with her sides stove in!

JOHN. No, it isn't. Why, we burned your boat.

WENDY. John, I see the smoke of the Indian camp!

JOHN. Where? Show me, and I'll tell you by the way smoke curls whether they are on the war-path.

WENDY. There, just across the Mysterious River.

JOHN. I see now. Yes, they are on the war-path right enough.

(The light is getting darker.)

PETER. They don't want us to land.

WENDY. Who are "they"?

PETER. Would you like an adventure now, or would you like to have your tea first?

WENDY. Tea first!

JOHN. What kind of adventure?

PETER. There's a pirate asleep in the pampas just beneath us. If you like, we'll go down and kill him.

JOHN. I don't see him.

PETER. I do.

JOHN. Suppose he were to wake up?

PETER. You don't think I would kill him while he was sleeping! I would wake him first, and then kill him. That's the way I always do.

JOHN. I say! Do you kill many?

PETER. Tons.

JOHN. How ripping!

PETER. Well?

JOHN. Let's have tea first.

WENDY. Are there many pirates on the island just now?

PETER. I've never known so many.

JOHN. Who is captain now?

PETER. Hook.

JOHN. James Hook?

PETER. Ay.

JOHN. He was Blackbeard's bo'sun… He is the worst of them all. He is the only man of whom Long John Silver was afraid.

PETER. That's him.

JOHN. What is he like? Is he big?

PETER. He is not so big as he was.

JOHN. How do you mean?

PETER. I cut off a bit of him.

JOHN. You!

PETER. Yes, me.

JOHN. I wasn't meaning to be disrespectful.

PETER. Oh, all right.

JOHN. But, I say, what bit?

PETER. His right hand.

JOHN. Then he can't fight now?

PETER. Oh, can't he just!

JOHN. Left-hander?

PETER. He has an iron hook instead of a right hand, and he claws with it.

JOHN. Claws!

PETER. I say, John.

JOHN. Yes.

PETER. Say, 'Ay, ay, sir.'

JOHN. Ay, ay, sir.

PETER. There is one thing that every boy who serves under me has to promise, and so must you. It is this: if we meet Hook in open fight, you must leave him to me.

JOHN. I promise.

(Tink speaks.)

PETER. Tink tells me that the pirates sighted us before the darkness came, and got Long Tom out.

JOHN. The big gun?

PETER. Yes. And of course they must see her light, and if they guess we are near it they are sure to let fly.

JOHN. Wendy!

MICHAEL. John!

WENDY. Michael! Tell her to go away at once, Peter.

PETER. She thinks we have lost the way, and she is rather frightened. You don't think I would send her away all by herself when she is frightened!

WENDY. Then tell her to put out her light.

PETER. She can't put it out. That is about the only thing fairies can't do. It just goes out of itself when she falls asleep, same as the stars.

JOHN. Then tell her to sleep at once.

PETER. She can't sleep except when she's sleepy. It is the only other thing fairies can't do.

JOHN. Seems to me these are the only two things worth doing…

(He gets a pinch from Tink.)

JOHN. Ow!

WENDY. What's that sound?

PETER. That's the wild beasts drinking at the river.

JOHN. What's *that* sound?

PETER. That's the Indians sharpening their knives.

(Utter silence.)

MICHAEL. If only something would make a sound!

(As if in answer to his request, the air is rent by the most tremendous crash they have ever heard. The pirates have fired Long Tom at them. When at last the heavens are steady again, JOHN *and* MICHAEL *are alone.)*

JOHN. Are you shot, Michael?

MICHAEL. I haven't tried to breathe yet. *(Pause.)* Where's Wendy?

JOHN. The blast from Long Tom must have scattered her and Peter away.

MICHAEL. What shall we do?

JOHN. I suppose we must make our way to the Neverland ourselves…

Scene 3

ENSEMBLE. Of all delectable islands the Neverland is the snuggest and most compact, not large and sprawly, you know, with tedious distances between one adventure and another, but nicely crammed. When you play at it by day with the chairs and table-cloth, it is not in the least alarming, but in the two minutes before you go to sleep it becomes very real. That is why there are night-lights.

On these magic shores children at play are for ever beaching their little boats. We too have been there; we can still hear the sound of the surf, though we shall land no more.

(The Neverland: TOOTLES, NIBS, SLIGHTLY, CURLY, *and the* TWINS *await Peter's return.)*

CURLY. I do wish Peter would come back.

TWINS. Me, too.

SLIGHTLY. I am the only one who is not afraid of the pirates.

(The others look upon him dubiously.)

SLIGHTLY. But I wish he would come back, and tell us whether he has heard anything more about Cinderella.

TOOTLES. I am confident that my mother must have been very like her.

SLIGHTLY. Tootles! Peter has strictly forbidden any talk on the subject of mothers!

TOOTLES. But where is Peter?

NIBS. All I remember about my mother is that she often said to my father, 'Oh, how I wish I had a cheque-book of my own!' I don't know what a cheque-book is, but I should just love to give my mother one.

(Suddenly, in the distance, the sound of a grim song:)

PIRATES. Yo ho, yo ho, the pirate life,
The flag o' skull and bones,
A merry hour, a hempen rope,
And hey for Davy Jones.

(At once the lost boys…but where are they? They are no longer there. Rabbits could not have disappeared more quickly. STARKEY *runs on, his pistol drawn—but an iron claw grips his shoulder.)*

STARKEY. Captain, let go!

HOOK. Put back that pistol first.

STARKEY. It was one of those boys you hate. I could have shot him dead.

HOOK. Ay, and the sound would have brought Tiger Lily's warriors upon us. Do you want to lose your scalp?

SMEE. Shall I after him, Captain, and tickle him with Johnny Corkscrew? Johnny's a silent fellow.

HOOK. Not now, Smee. He is only one, and I want to mischief all the seven. Scatter and look for them.

(The PIRATES *duly scatter, leaving* HOOK *alone with* SMEE.*)*

HOOK. Most of all, I want their captain, Peter Pan. 'Twas he cut off my arm. *(Brandishing the hook threateningly:)* I've waited long to shake his hand with this. Oh, I'll tear him!

SMEE. And yet, I have often heard you say that hook was worth a score of hands, for combing the hair and other homely uses.

HOOK. Ay, if I was a mother I would pray to have my children born with this instead of that. But Peter flung my arm to a crocodile that happened to be passing by.

SMEE. I have often noticed your strange dread of crocodiles.

HOOK. Not of crocodiles, but of that one crocodile. It liked my arm so much, Smee, that it has followed me ever since, from sea to sea and from land to land, licking its lips for the rest of me.

SMEE. In a way, it's sort of a compliment.

HOOK. I want no such compliments! I want Peter Pan, who first gave the brute its taste for me.

(He sits down on a large mushroom, and now there is a quiver in his voice.)

HOOK. Smee, that crocodile would have had me before this, but by a lucky chance it swallowed a clock which goes tick tick inside it, and so before it can reach me I hear the tick and bolt.

SMEE. Some day, the clock will run down, and then he'll get you.

HOOK. Ay, that's the fear that haunts me. Smee—

SMEE. Ay, Captain?

HOOK. This seat is hot. *(Jumps up.)* Odds bobs, hammer and tongs I'm burning.

(They examine the mushroom, and try to pull it up; it comes away at once in their hands. Stranger still, smoke begins at once to ascend.)

HOOK / SMEE. A chimney!

(They listen to the sound of the BOYS' *chatter below.)*

SMEE. Did you hear them say Peter Pan's away from home?

*(*HOOK *nods. A curdling smile lights up his swarthy face.)*

SMEE. Unrip your plan, captain!

HOOK. To return to the ship…and cook a large rich cake of a jolly thickness with green sugar on it. We will leave the cake on the shore of the Mermaids' Lagoon. These boys are always swimming about there, playing with the mermaids. They will find the cake and they will gobble it up, because, having no mother, they don't know how dangerous 'tis to eat rich damp cake. *(Bursting into laughter:)* Aha, they will die.

SMEE. It's the wickedest, prettiest policy ever I heard of!

(In their exultation they dance and sing:)

SMEE / HOOK. Avast, belay, when I appear,
By fear they're overtook;
Nought's left upon your bones when you
Have shaken claws with Hook.

(But suddenly: Tick tick tick tick! HOOK *stands shuddering, one foot in the air.)*

HOOK. The crocodile!

*(*HOOK *bounds away, followed by* SMEE. *The* CROCODILE *lumbers onstage, oozes onward, and disappears in pursuit of its quarry.* NIBS *rushes on.)*

NIBS. I have seen a wonderfuller thing!

(The other BOYS *rush onstage.)*

NIBS. A great white bird. It is flying this way!

TOOTLES. What kind of a bird, do you think?

NIBS. I don't know, but it looks so weary, and as it flies it moans, 'Poor Wendy.'

TWINS. "Poor Wendy"?

SLIGHTLY. I remember—there are birds called Wendies.

CURLY. See, it comes!

(Tink appears.)

BOYS. Hullo, Tink!

(Tink speaks.)

NIBS. Peter wants us to shoot the Wendy?

SLIGHTLY. Let us do what Peter wishes! Quick, bows and arrows!

(The BOYS *scatter, but* TOOTLES *is already armed.)*

TOOTLES. Out of the way, Tink!

*(*TOOTLES *fires, and* WENDY *flutters to the ground with an arrow in her breast. The other* BOYS *return.)*

TOOTLES. You are too late! I have shot the Wendy. Peter will be so pleased with me.

(Tink shouts, "Silly fool!" and darts into hiding. The BOYS *crowd round Wendy, and as they look a terrible silence falls upon them.)*

SLIGHTLY. This is no bird. I think this must be a lady.

TOOTLES. A lady?

NIBS. And we have killed her.

(They all whip off their caps.)

CURLY. Now I see: Peter was bringing her to us.

TWIN 1. A lady to take care of us at last—

TWIN 2. —and you have killed her!

(They are sorry for TOOTLES*, but sorrier for themselves, and when* TOOTLES *takes a step nearer them they turn from him.* TOOTLES' *face is very white, but there is a dignity about him now that had never been there before.)*

TOOTLES. I did it. When ladies used to come to me in dreams, I said, 'Pretty mother, pretty mother.' But when at last she really came, I shot her.

(He moves slowly away.)

BOYS. Don't go!

TOOTLES. I must…I am so afraid of Peter.

(At this tragic moment they hear a sound which makes the heart of every one of them rise to his mouth. They hear PETER *crow.)*

BOYS. Peter!

(They gather hastily around Wendy—but TOOTLES *stands aloof. Again comes that ringing crow, and* PETER *drops in front of them.)*

PETER. Greetings, boys!

(Mechanically they salute; and then again silence. PETER *frowns.)*

PETER. I am back—why do you not cheer?

(They open their mouths, but the cheers will not come.)

PETER. Great news, boys! I have brought at last a mother for you all.

(Still no sound, except a little thud from TOOTLES *as he drops on his knees.)*

PETER. Have you not seen her? She flew this way.

NIBS. Ah me!

TWINS. Oh, mournful day.

TOOTLES. Peter, I will show her to you. Back, twins, let Peter see.

(So they all stand back, and let him see, and after he has looked for a little time he does not know what to do next.)

PETER. She is dead. *(Uncomfortable pause.)* Perhaps she is frightened at being dead.

*(*PETER *thinks of hopping off in a comic sort of way till he's out of sight of her, and then never going near the spot any more. They would all have been glad to follow if he had done this. But there is the arrow. He takes it from her heart and faces his band.)*

PETER. Whose arrow?

TOOTLES. Mine, Peter.

PETER. Oh, dastard hand!

*(*PETER *raises the arrow to use it as a dagger.* TOOTLES *does not flinch. He bares his breast.)*

TOOTLES. Strike, Peter—strike true!

(Twice PETER *raises the arrow, and twice his hand falls.)*

PETER. I cannot strike—there is something stays my hand.

(All look at him in wonder, save NIBS, *who fortunately looks at Wendy.)*

NIBS. It is she! The Wendy lady, see, her arm!

(Indeed, WENDY *has raised her arm.* NIBS *bends over her and listens reverently.)*

NIBS. I think she said, 'Poor Tootles.'

PETER. She lives.

SLIGHTLY. The Wendy lady lives.

*(*PETER *kneels down beside her and finds his button, on the chain around her neck.)*

PETER. See, the arrow struck against this. It is the kiss I gave her. It has saved her life.

SLIGHTLY. I remember kisses. Let me see it. Ay, that's a kiss.

CURLY. Listen to Tink—she is crying because the Wendy lives.

TWIN 1. It's all Tink's fault, Peter!

TWIN 2. She told us that you wanted us to shoot the Wendy bird.

PETER. Listen, Tinker Bell: I am your friend no more. Begone from me for ever.

(Tink flies onto his shoulder and pleads, but he brushes her off. WENDY *again raises her arm, and* PETER *relents.)*

PETER. Well, not for ever, but for a whole week.

(Tink sadly flies away. Now who should appear but JOHN *and* MICHAEL.*)*

JOHN. Hullo, Peter.

PETER. Hullo…

JOHN. My name is *John.*

MICHAEL. Is Wendy asleep?

PETER. Yes.

MICHAEL. John, let us wake her and get her to make supper for us.

PETER. Silence! Curly, see that these boys assist this lady in any way she might require.

CURLY. Ay, ay, sir.

JOHN. Wendy? Why, she is only a girl!

CURLY. That is why we are her servants.

JOHN. You? Wendy's servants!

PETER. Yes, and you also. Slightly! Fetch a doctor.

SLIGHTLY. *(Confused:)* Ay, ay.

> *(*SLIGHTLY *ambles off, grabs John's hat, and immediately returns, looking solemn.)*

PETER. Please, sir, are you a doctor?

SLIGHTLY. Yes, my little man.

PETER. Please, sir, a lady lies very ill.

SLIGHTLY. Tut, tut, tut—where does she lie?

PETER. In yonder glade.

SLIGHTLY. I will put a glass thing in her mouth.

> *(He makes-believe to do it, while* PETER *waits. There is an anxious moment when the glass thing is withdrawn.)*

PETER. How is she?

SLIGHTLY. Tut, tut, tut—this has cured her.

PETER. I am glad!

SLIGHTLY. I will call again in the evening; give her beef tea out of a cup with a spout to it.

> *(He returns the hat to* JOHN, *and immediately hyperventilates with fear and relief.)*

WENDY. Where am I?

CURLY. Wendy lady, for you we have long waited.

TWINS. And we are your children!

TOOTLES. O Wendy lady, be our mother!

WENDY. Ought I? Of course it's frightfully fascinating, but you see I am only a little girl. I have no real experience.

PETER. That doesn't matter. What we need is just a nice motherly person.

WENDY. Oh dear! You see, I feel that is exactly what I am.

TWINS. It is, it is!

NIBS. We saw it at once!

WENDY. Very well, I will do my best. Come inside at once, you naughty children; I am sure your feet are damp. And before I put you to bed I have just time to finish the story of Cinderella…

Scene 4

(Darkness and stars.)

ENSEMBLE. Shut your eyes, and if you are a lucky one, you may see at times a shapeless pool of lovely pale colours suspended in the darkness; then if you squeeze your eyes tighter, the pool begins to take shape, and the colours become so vivid that with another squeeze they must go on fire. But just before they go on fire you see the lagoon. This is the nearest you ever get to it on the mainland, just one heavenly moment; if there could be two moments you might see the surf and hear the mermaids singing.

(And indeed, we open our eyes to see mermaids' tails flashing in the lagoon. The CHILDREN *are all sitting on Marooners' Rock in the middle of the water.)*

SLIGHTLY. Dear mother, may I please have another swim?

WENDY. Now Slightly, you know it is my duty as your mother to ensure that you rest for half an hour after your mid-day meal.

MICHAEL. You never let us swim when we want to, mother!

WENDY. Michael, surely you know that I'm not your real mother?

MICHAEL. Then who is?

JOHN. I daresay I once knew your real mother, Michael.

WENDY. Oh, dear. John, Michael, I do think it is time for another examination.

NIBS. Oh, this is awfully interesting!

WENDY. Are you ready?

BOYS. Yes, yes!

(The BOYS *write their answers in chalk on the rock.)*

WENDY. Very well. Question 1: What was the colour of Mother's eyes? Question 2: Which was taller, Father or Mother? Question 3: Was Mother blonde or brunette? Answer all three questions if possible.

JOHN. What do I do if I can't answer one of the questions?

WENDY. If you must, just make a cross. Now, for the essay question: Write an essay of not less than 40 words on How I spent my last Holidays, or The Characters of Father and Mother compared. Only one of these to be attempted.

SLIGHTLY. Oo! Oo! Miss Wendy!

WENDY. Yes, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY. May I share my essay with the class, Miss Wendy? I'm ever so certain that I shall make the highest marks!

WENDY. I suppose you may.

SLIGHTLY. How I Spent My Last Holidays: On my last holidays, Mother and Father took me to a great white beach, with lots and lots and lots of white sand, and lots and lots and lots of seashells, and also the beach was full of flamingoes, lots and lots and lots of pink flamingoes, and we rode the flamingoes up and down the great white beach, except sometimes we took turns and the flamingoes rode us.

(A sad pause. It slowly dawns on SLIGHTLY *that his answer was perfectly ridiculous.)*

WENDY. Oh, Slightly.

SLIGHTLY. I thought that's what one does on holidays…

(Suddenly, PETER *springs erect, sensing danger. He stands motionless, one hand to his ear.)*

PETER. Pirates!

(The others come closer to him. A strange smile is playing about his face.)

PETER. Dive!

(There is a gleam of legs, and instantly the lagoon seems deserted. Marooners' Rock stands alone in the forbidding waters as if it were itself marooned. The pirate dinghy draws near, bearing SMEE *and* STARKEY, *along with* TIGER LILY, *whose hands and ankles are tied.)*

SMEE. Luff, you lubber! Here's the rock. Now, then, what we have to do is to hoist the girl on to it and leave her here to drown.

STARKEY. Pity, me beauty—there is no path through water to the happy hunting-ground!

*(*PETER, *watching, now imitates the voice of Hook.)*

PETER. Ahoy there, you lubbers!

SMEE. The captain!

STARKEY. He must be swimming out to us.

SMEE. We are putting the captive on the rock!

PETER. Set her free.

SMEE / STARKEY. Free!

PETER. Yes, cut her bonds and let her go.

STARKEY. But, captain, we caught her boarding the ship with a knife in her mouth!

PETER. At once, d'ye hear, or I'll plunge my hook in you.

SMEE. This is queer!

STARKEY. Better do what the captain orders.

SMEE. Ay, ay.

*(*SMEE *cuts* TIGER LILY's *cords. At once she slides between* STARKEY's *legs into the water. Then,* HOOK's *real voice rings over the lagoon:)*

HOOK. Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!

*(*HOOK *climbs aboard the dinghy, sitting with his head on his hook in a position of profound melancholy.)*

STARKEY. Captain, is all well?

SMEE. He sighs.

STARKEY. He sighs again.

SMEE. And yet a third time he sighs.

HOOK. The game's up! Those boys have found a mother.

STARKEY. O evil day!

*(*HOOK *produces a very large, very solid cake.)*

HOOK. Behold—I have placed this poisoned cake in one cunning spot after another; but always the mother snatches it from the hands of her children, so that in time it has lost its succulence, and has became as hard as a stone.

*(*HOOK *forlornly drops the cake into the lagoon.)*

SMEE. What's a mother?

WENDY. He doesn't know!

HOOK. What was that?

STARKEY. I heard nothing.

*(*STARKEY *raises the lantern over the waters, and the* PIRATES *see a strange sight. It a large nest, floating on the lagoon, and the* NEVER BIRD *is sitting on it.)*

HOOK. See, that is a mother. What a lesson! The nest must have fallen into the water, but would the mother desert her eggs? No.

STARKEY. If she is a mother, perhaps she is hanging about here to help Peter.

HOOK. Ay, that is the fear that haunts me.

SMEE. Captain, could we not kidnap these boys' mother and make her our mother?

HOOK. It is a princely scheme! We will seize the children and carry them to the boat: the boys we will make walk the plank, and Wendy shall be our mother.

WENDY. Never!

HOOK. What was that?

SMEE. Must have been a leaf in the wind.

HOOK. Do you agree, my bullies?

SMEE. There is my hand on it.

STARKEY. And mine.

HOOK. And there is my hook. Swear.

SMEE / STARKEY. We swear.

HOOK. Where is the Indian?

SMEE. That is all right, captain; we let her go.

HOOK. Let her go!

SMEE. 'Twas your own orders…

STARKEY. You called over the water to us to let her go.

HOOK. Brimstone and gall! What cozening is going on here! Lads, I gave no such order.

SMEE. It is passing queer…

(They all fidget uncomfortably.)

HOOK. Spirit that haunts this dark lagoon to-night, dost hear me?

PETER. Odds, bobs, hammer and tongs, I hear you.

*(*SMEE *and* STARKEY *cling to each other in terror.)*

HOOK. Who are you, stranger? Speak!

PETER. I am James Hook, captain of the Jolly Roger.

HOOK. You are not; you are not!

PETER. Brimstone and gall! Say that again, and I'll cast anchor in you.

*(*HOOK *tries a more ingratiating manner.)*

HOOK. If you are Hook, come tell me, who am I?

PETER. A codfish, only a codfish.

HOOK. A codfish!

STARKEY. Have we been captained all this time by a codfish!

SMEE. It is lowering to our pride…

HOOK. Hook, have you another voice?

(Now PETER *could never resist a game, and he answers blithely in his own voice:)*

PETER. I have.

HOOK. And another name?

PETER. Ay, ay.

HOOK. Vegetable?

PETER. No.

HOOK. Mineral?

PETER. No.

HOOK. Animal?

PETER. Yes.

HOOK. Man?

PETER. No!

HOOK. Boy?

PETER. Yes.

HOOK. Ordinary boy?

PETER. No!

HOOK. Wonderful boy?

PETER. Yes.

HOOK. Are you in England?

PETER. No.

HOOK. Are you here?

PETER. Yes.

*(*HOOK *is completely puzzled.)*

HOOK. You ask him some questions.

SMEE. I can't think of a thing.

PETER. Can't guess, can't guess! Do you give it up?

PIRATES. Yes, yes!

PETER. Well, then—I am Peter Pan!

SMEE / STARKEY. Pan!

HOOK. Now we have him! Into the water, Smee. Starkey, mind the boat. Take him dead or alive!

PETER. Are you ready, boys?

BOYS. Ay, ay.

PETER. Then lam into the pirates!

(The fight is short and sharp. The BOYS *pursue* SMEE *and* STARKEY, *but all back from* HOOK—*his iron claw makes a circle of dead water round him, from which they flee like affrighted fishes. But there is one who does not fear him: there is one prepared to enter that circle.)*

*(*HOOK *rises to the rock to breathe, and at the same moment* PETER *scales it on the opposite side. The rock is slippery as a ball, and they have to crawl rather than climb. Neither knows that the other is coming. Each feeling for a grip meets the other's arm: in surprise they raise their heads; their faces are almost touching; so they meet.)*

*(*PETER *gnashes his pretty teeth with joy. Quick as thought he snatches a knife from* HOOK's *belt and is about to drive it home, when he sees that he is higher up the rock than his foe. It would not be fighting fair. He gives the pirate a hand to help him up.)*

(It is then that HOOK *bites him.* PETER *is dazed.)*

PETER. Not fair!

*(*PETER *can only stare, helpless. Twice the iron hand claws him.)*

(But then: Tick tick tick tick! HOOK *hears the Crocodile, and flees. The fight is over, and the* BOYS *do not see* PETER *wounded on the rock.)*

SLIGHTLY. Peter!

TOOTLES. Wendy!

NIBS. They must be swimming back or flying.

TWINS. Yes, yes, they must be!

JOHN. We will be late for bed; and it was all mother Wendy's fault!

(The BOYS *all chuckle. They climb into the dinghy and sail away. There comes a cold silence over the lagoon, and then a feeble cry.)*

WENDY. Help, help!

(With a last effort, PETER *pulls* WENDY *up the rock and lies down beside her.)*

PETER. We are on the rock, Wendy—but it is growing smaller. Soon the water will be over it.

WENDY. *(Almost brightly:)* We must go!

PETER. Yes.

WENDY. Shall we swim or fly, Peter?

PETER. Do you think you could swim or fly as far as the island, Wendy, without my help?

WENDY. I am too tired, Peter.

*(*PETER *moans.)*

WENDY. What is it?

PETER. I can't help you, Wendy. Hook wounded me. I can neither fly nor swim.

WENDY. Do you mean we shall both be drowned?

PETER. Look how the water is rising.

(They put their hands over their eyes to shut out the sight. They think they will soon be no more. As they sit thus, something brushes against PETER *as light as a kiss, and stays there, as if saying timidly, "Can I be of any use?" It is the tail of a kite.)*

PETER. *(Without interest:)* Michael's kite…

(Suddenly he seizes the tail, and pulls the kite toward him.)

PETER. It lifted Michael off the ground! Why should it not carry you?

WENDY. Both of us!

PETER. It can't lift two; Michael and Curly tried.

WENDY. Let us draw straws.

PETER. And you a lady; never.

(Already he has tied the tail round her. She clings to him; she refuses to go without him.)

PETER. Good-bye, Wendy…

(He pushes her from the rock; she is borne out of his sight. PETER *is alone on the lagoon.)*

ENSEMBLE. The rock was very small now; soon it would be submerged. Pale rays of light tiptoed across the waters; and by and by there was to be heard a sound at once the most musical and the most melancholy in the world: the mermaids calling to the moon.

Peter was not quite like other boys; but he was afraid at last. A tremour ran through him, like a shudder passing over the sea; but on the sea one shudder follows another till there are hundreds of them.

Peter felt just the one.

Next moment he was standing erect on the rock again, with that smile on his face and a drum beating within him. It was saying:

PETER. To die will be an awfully big adventure!

> *(The* NEVER BIRD *appears, striving with difficulty to paddle her nest over to the rock.)*

BIRD. Peter!

PETER. Hullo, Never Bird!

BIRD. I want you to get into the nest—

PETER. I'm sorry; I don't speak Bird.

BIRD. *(As slowly and distinctly as possible:)* I— want— you— to— get— into— the— nest— and— then— you— can— drift— ashore, but— I— am— too— tired— to— bring— it— any— nearer— so— you— must— try— to— swim— to— it.

PETER. What are you quacking about? Why don't you let the nest drift as usual?

BIRD. *(Rolls her eyes and repeats herself:)* I— want— you— to— get— into— the— nest—

PETER. *(As slowly and distinctly as possible:)* What— are— you— quacking— about?

BIRD. You dunderheaded little jay! Why don't you do as I tell you?

PETER. So are you!

PETER / BIRD. Shut up!

> *(Nevertheless the* BIRD *is determined to save* PETER *if she can, and by one last mighty effort she propels the nest against the rock. Then up she flies; deserting her eggs, so as to make her meaning clear.* PETER *finally understands.)*

PETER. Thank you, Never Bird!

*(*PETER *lifts up two large white eggs, and reflects on them. He finds Starkey's hat on a stave on the rock, removes the hat, puts the eggs into the hat, and sets it on the lagoon. It floats beautifully.* PETER *then gets into the nest, rears the stave in it as a mast, and hangs up his shirt for a sail. The* NEVER BIRD *flutters down upon the hat and once more sits snugly on her eggs. She drifts in one direction, and* PETER *in another, both crowing.)*

ENSEMBLE. Of course Peter beached his new vessel in a place where the Never Bird would easily find it; but the hat was such a great success that she abandoned the nest. It drifted about till it went to pieces, and often the pirate Starkey came to the shore of the lagoon, and with many bitter feelings watched the bird sitting on his hat.

STARKEY. Accursèd bird!

ENSEMBLE. It may be worth mentioning here that all Never Birds now build their nests in that shape, with a broad brim on which the youngsters take an airing.

Scene 5

(In the home under the ground: The BOYS *are recounting their recent exploits at Marooners' Rock, still unaware of the perils endured by Peter and Wendy.)*

NIBS. Did you see me in the thick of the fight?

TWIN 1. No.

TWIN 2. We were quite busy fighting ourselves.

TWIN 1. Fighting valiantly.

JOHN. I should like to point out that I was first to draw blood, having bravely boarded the pirate dinghy to struggle fiercely with the dread Starkey.

TOOTLES. I got a taste of Johnny Corkscrew, right here! And I didn't cry.

CURLY. I pinked that Bo'sun Smee right back for you!

SLIGHTLY. I wish mother and father would hurry and get back here so we can tell them everything.

*(*WENDY *enters, exhausted and tied up in the kite string.)*

BOYS. Mother!

WENDY. Oh, my dear children. How I worry for your father!

(The BOYS *are thoroughly unaccustomed to worrying about Peter's welfare. And before they can wrap their heads around such a concern,* PETER *makes a triumphal entrance.)*

PETER. Greetings, boys!

(The BOYS *give three cheers for* PETER.*)*

WENDY. Oh, Peter—how did you escape?

PETER. Escape from what?

WENDY. Why, certain death!

PETER. Who can remember that far back? Especially when I have such important news: Tiger Lily has declared that since I saved her from some dreadful fate, her tribe is now our friend and ally.

(The BOYS *give another three cheers for* PETER.*)*

WENDY. Peter, do you even remember what you did for Tiger Lily?

PETER. I'm sure I was terribly clever.

(The sound of a tom-tom.)

MICHAEL. What's that sound?

PETER. The Indians are on guard up above the house, and want me to smoke the pipe of peace.

WENDY. It's nearly suppertime…

PETER. Don't wait for me!

*(*PETER *crows and leaves. The* BOYS *noisily set about devouring their supper, with imaginary food and utensils.)*

WENDY. Silence! For the twentieth time, boys, you are not all to speak at once! Now, is your mug empty, Slightly darling?

SLIGHTLY. Not quite empty, mummy.

NIBS. He hasn't even begun to drink his milk.

SLIGHTLY. I complain of Nibs!

*(*JOHN *holds up his hand.)*

WENDY. Well, John?

JOHN. May I sit in Peter's chair, as he is not here?

WENDY. Sit in father's chair, John! Certainly not.

JOHN. He is not really our father. He didn't even know how a father does till I showed him.

TWINS. We complain of John!

TOOTLES. I don't suppose that I could be father…

WENDY. No, Tootles.

TOOTLES. As I can't be father, I don't suppose, Michael, you would let me be baby?

MICHAEL. No, I won't.

TOOTLES. As I can't be baby, do you think I could be a twin?

TWIN 1. No, indeed.

TWIN 2. It's awfully difficult to be a twin.

TOOTLES. As I can't be anything important, would any of you like to see me do a trick?

BOYS. No.

TOOTLES. I hadn't really any hope.

CURLY. Slightly is coughing on the table.

NIBS. The twins began with cheese-cakes.

SLIGHTLY. Curly is taking both butter and honey.

JOHN. Nibs is speaking with his mouth full.

NIBS. I complain of the twins.

SLIGHTLY. I complain of Curly.

TWINS. I complain of Nibs.

WENDY. Oh dear, oh dear! I'm sure I sometimes think that spinsters are to be envied.

TOOTLES. What's a spinnister?

SLIGHTLY. I know what a spinnister is! I remember my nanny shaking them out of her boots.

WENDY. Children, I hear your father's step. He likes you to meet him at the door.

> *(*PETER *enters, bringing real nuts for the boys, which they devour hungrily.)*

WENDY. Peter, you just spoil them, you know.

PETER. Ah, old lady.

MICHAEL. *(To* CURLY*:)* It was me told him mothers are called old lady.

CURLY. I complain of Michael!

TWIN 1. Father, we want to dance.

PETER. Dance away, my little man.

TWIN 2. But we want you to dance.

PETER. Me! My old bones would rattle!

TWINS. And mummy too.

WENDY. What! The mother of such an armful, dance!

SLIGHTLY. But on a Saturday night…

WENDY. Of course it is Saturday night, Peter…

PETER. People of our figure, Wendy!

WENDY. But it is only among our own progeny.

PETER. True, true.

WENDY. You may dance, children, but you must put on your nighties first.

(The BOYS *scramble for their nighties.)*

PETER. Ah, old lady—there is nothing more pleasant of an evening for you and me when the day's toil is over than to rest by the fire with the little ones near by.

WENDY. It is sweet, Peter, isn't it? Peter, I think Curly has your nose.

PETER. Michael takes after you.

WENDY. Dear Peter, with such a large family, of course, I have now passed my best, but you don't want to change me, do you?

PETER. No, Wendy.

*(*PETER *looks at her uncomfortably, blinking, you know, like one not sure whether he is awake or asleep.)*

WENDY. Peter, what is it?

PETER. *(A little scared:)* I was just thinking…it is only make-believe, isn't it, that I am their father?

WENDY. *(Primly:)* Oh yes.

PETER. You see, it would make me seem so old to be their real father.

WENDY. But they are ours, Peter, yours and mine.

PETER. But not really, Wendy?

WENDY. Not if you don't wish it.

*(*PETER *emits a sigh of relief.)*

WENDY. Peter, what are your exact feelings to me?

PETER. Those of a devoted son, Wendy.

WENDY. I thought so.

*(*WENDY *goes and sits by herself at the extreme end of the room.)*

PETER. You are so queer, and Tiger Lily is just the same. There is something she wants to be to me, but she says it is not my mother.

WENDY. No, indeed, it is not.

PETER. Then what is it?

WENDY. It isn't for a lady to tell.

PETER. Oh, very well. Perhaps Tinker Bell will tell me.

WENDY. Oh yes, Tinker Bell will tell you. She is an abandoned little creature.

(Tink squeaks out something impudent.)

PETER. She says she glories in being abandoned. *(A sudden idea:)* Perhaps Tink wants to be my mother?

(Tink: "You silly fool!")

WENDY. I almost agree with her!

(Suddenly WENDY *is swept into a great pillow fight with the* BOYS. *Eventually all are exhausted.)*

WENDY. Time for bed, my children.

MICHAEL. And a story, yes mother?

WENDY. Of course, Michael.

(All of the BOYS *jump into bed, listening eagerly.* PETER *sits off to the side.)*

WENDY. Listen, then: There was once a gentleman—

CURLY. I had rather he had been a lady.

NIBS. I wish he had been a white rat.

WENDY. Quiet! There was a lady also, and—

TWINS. Oh, mummy!

TWIN 1. You mean that there *is* a lady also, don't you?

TWIN 2. She is not dead, is she?

WENDY. Oh, no.

TOOTLES. I am awfully glad she isn't dead. Are you glad, John?

JOHN. Of course I am.

TOOTLES. Are you glad, Nibs?

NIBS. Rather.

TOOTLES. Are you glad, Twins?

TWINS. We are glad.

WENDY. Oh dear.

PETER. Little less noise there…

WENDY. The gentleman's name was Mr. Darling, and her name was Mrs. Darling.

JOHN. I knew them.

MICHAEL. I think I knew them.

WENDY. They were married, you know, and what do you think they had?

NIBS. White rats!

WENDY. No.

TOOTLES. It's awfully puzzling.

WENDY. Quiet, Tootles. They had three descendants.

TWIN 1. What is descendants?

WENDY. Well, you are one, Twin.

TWIN 1. Did you hear that, John? I am a descendant.

JOHN. Descendants are only children.

WENDY. Oh dear, oh dear. Now these three children had a faithful nurse called Nana; but Mr. Darling was angry with her and chained her up in the yard, and so all the children flew away.

NIBS. It's an awfully good story.

WENDY. They flew away to the Neverland, where the lost children are.

CURLY. I just thought they did! I don't know how it is, but I just thought they did!

TOOTLES. O Wendy, was one of the lost children called Tootles?

WENDY. Yes, he was.

TOOTLES. I am in a story. Hurrah, I am in a story, Nibs.

WENDY. Hush. Now I want you to consider the feelings of the unhappy parents with all their children flown away.

BOYS. *(Not really considering the feelings of the unhappy parents one jot:)* Oo!

WENDY. Think of the empty beds!

BOYS. Oo!

TWINS 2. *(Cheerily:)* It's awfully sad.

TWIN 1. I don't see how it can have a happy ending. Do you, Nibs?

NIBS. I'm frightfully anxious.

WENDY. If you knew how great is a mother's love, you would have no fear.

TOOTLES. I do like a mother's love! Do you like a mother's love, Curly?

CURLY. I do just!

WENDY. You see, our heroine knew that the mother would always leave the window open for her children to fly back by; so they stayed away for years and had a lovely time.

SLIGHTLY. Did they ever go back?

WENDY. Let us now take a peep into the future... Years have rolled by, and who is this elegant lady of uncertain age alighting at London Station?

NIBS. O Wendy, who is she?

WENDY. Can it be—yes—no—it is—the fair Wendy!

BOYS. Oh!

WENDY. And who are the two noble portly figures accompanying her, now grown to man's estate? Can they be John and Michael? They are!

BOYS. Oh!

WENDY. 'See, dear brothers,' says Wendy pointing upwards, 'there is the window still standing open. Ah, now we are rewarded for our sublime faith in a mother's love.' So up they flew to their mummy and daddy, and pen cannot describe the happy scene, over which we draw a veil.

*(*PETER *utters a hollow groan.)*

WENDY. What is it, Peter? *(Feeling his abdomen:)* Where is it?

PETER. It isn't that kind of pain.

WENDY. Then what kind is it?

PETER. Wendy, you are wrong about mothers. Long ago, I thought like you that my mother would always keep the window open for me, so I stayed away for moons and moons and moons, and then flew back; but the window was barred, for mother had forgotten all about me, and there was another little boy sleeping in my bed.

WENDY. Are you sure mothers are like that?

PETER. Yes.

JOHN / MICHAEL. Wendy!

MICHAEL. Let us go home!

WENDY. Yes.

BOYS. Not to-night?

WENDY. At once! Perhaps mother is in half mourning by this time. Peter, will you make the necessary arrangements?

PETER. If you wish it.

*(*PETER *exits.)*

SLIGHTLY. We cannot bear to lose Wendy!

(The BOYS *advance upon her threateningly.)*

NIBS. It will be worse than before she came!

TWIN 1. We shan't let her go.

TWIN 2. Let's keep her prisoner.

CURLY. Ay, chain her up.

WENDY. Tootles! I appeal to you.

TOOTLES. I am just Tootles, and nobody minds me. But the first who does not behave to Wendy like an English gentleman I will blood him severely.

(The others hold back uneasily, and PETER *re-enters.)*

PETER. Wendy, I have asked the Indians to guide you through the wood, as flying tires you so.

WENDY. Thank you, Peter.

PETER. Then Tinker Bell will take you across the sea. Wake her, Nibs.

*(*NIBS *knocks, and Tink responds angrily to being disturbed so.)*

NIBS. You are to get up, Tink, and take Wendy on a journey.

(Tink is jolly well determined not to be Wendy's courier, and says so in still more offensive language.)

NIBS. She says she won't!

PETER. Tink, if you don't get up and dress at once I will open the curtains, and then we shall all see you in your negligee.

("Who said I wasn't getting up?" cries Tink at once.)

TOOTLES. Goodbye, Wendy.

WENDY. Dear ones, if you will all come with me I feel almost sure I can persuade my father and mother to adopt you.

(The BOYS *cheer.)*

NIBS. But won't they think us rather a handful?

WENDY. Oh no, it will only mean having a few beds in the drawing-room; they can be hidden behind the screens on first Thursdays.

TWINS. Peter, can we go?

PETER. All right.

(The BOYS *rush to get their things.)*

WENDY. And now, Peter, I am going to give you your medicine before you go. *(Pause.)* Get your things, Peter.

PETER. No. I am not going with you, Wendy.

WENDY. Yes, Peter.

PETER. No.

(To show that her departure will leave him unmoved, he skips up and down the room, playing gaily on his heartless pipes. WENDY *runs after him, though it is rather undignified.)*

WENDY. To find your mother!

PETER. No, no—perhaps she would say I was old, and I just want always to be a little boy and to have fun.

WENDY. But, Peter—

PETER. No.

WENDY. Then others must be told. Children! Peter isn't coming.

(Peter not coming! They gaze blankly at him, their sticks over their backs, and on each stick a bundle. Their first thought is that if Peter is not going he has probably changed his mind about letting them go.)

PETER. *(Darkly:)* If you find your mothers, I hope you will like them. Now then! No fuss, no blubbering; good-bye, Wendy.

(He holds out his hand cheerily, quite as if they must really go now, for he has something important to do. WENDY *takes his hand, as there is no indication that he would prefer a thimble.)*

WENDY. You will remember about changing your flannels, Peter?

PETER. Yes.

WENDY. And you will take your medicine?

PETER. Yes.

(That seems to be everything, and an awkward pause follows.)

PETER. Are you ready, Tinker Bell?

(Tink: "Ay, ay.")

PETER. Then lead the way.

(Suddenly, up above, the Pirates make their dreadful attack upon the Indians. The air is rent with shrieks and the clash of steel. Below, there is dead silence. Mouths open and remain open. WENDY *falls on her knees, but her arms are extended toward* PETER. *All arms are extended to him, as if suddenly blown in his direction; they are beseeching him mutely not to desert them.* PETER *seizes his sword, and the lust of battle is in his eye. The tumult ends, and there is a terrible silence.)*

PETER. If the Indians have won, they will beat the tom-tom; it is always their sign of victory.

(We see SMEE *up above, tom-tom in his clutches.)*

SMEE. You will never hear the tom-tom again.

HOOK. Beat the tom-tom, Smee.

SMEE. But captain!

(Slowly there comes to SMEE *an understanding of the dreadful wickedness of the order. Twice* SMEE *beats upon the instrument, and then stops to listen gleefully.)*

PETER. The tom-tom—an Indian victory!

(The CHILDREN *cheer. They gather their belongings, say their goodbyes, and exit the home, unaware of the peril awaiting them.* PETER, *left alone, skips about for a moment, playing gaily on his pipes, then tires of this activity and decides to go to sleep. One arm drops over the edge of the bed, one leg is arched, and his mouth is open showing all of his baby teeth.)*

(After a moment, HOOK *emerges into the dark chamber. He produces a vial of poison, and adds five drops to Peter's medicine cup. Donning his hat at its most rakish angle, he winds his cloak around him, and steals away.)*

*(*PETER *sleeps on, until suddenly awakened by a tapping at the door.)*

PETER. Who is that?

(Tink: "Let me in, Peter.")

PETER. What is it?

(In one ungrammatical sentence, she tells of the capture of Wendy and the boys.)

PETER. The boys have been captured? Dragged to the pirate ship, along with Wendy? I'll rescue her! But first I shall take my medicine, just to please her.

(Tink: "No!")

PETER. Why not?

("It is poisoned.")

PETER. Poisoned? Who could have poisoned it?

("Hook.")

PETER. Don't be silly. How could Hook have got down here? Besides, I never fell asleep.

(He raises the cup. No time for words now; time for deeds; and with one of her lightning movements Tink gets between his lips and the draught, and drains it to the dregs.)

PETER. Why, Tink, how dare you drink my medicine?

(But she does not answer. Already she is reeling in the air.)

PETER. What is the matter with you? O Tink, did you drink it to save me?

("Yes.")

PETER. But why, Tink?

(Her wings can scarcely carry her now, but in reply she alights on his shoulder and gives his nose a loving bite. She whispers in his ear "You silly fool," and then, tottering to her chamber, lies down on the bed.)

PETER. Tink, how can I save you?

(Her voice is so low that at first he cannot make out what she says. Then he understands.)

PETER. You think you could get well again if children believed in fairies? But there are no children here…

*(*PETER *flings out his arms.)*

PETER. Oh, children! All who might be dreaming of the Neverland—do you believe? If you believe, clap your hands; don't let Tink die!

(One hopes that all of the children in the immediate area begin to clap enthusiastically.)

PETER. Yes, clap! Clap if you believe!

(Tink's voice grows strong again, and she pops out of bed, flashing through the room more merry and impudent than ever.)

PETER. Now to rescue Wendy! And tonight I swear this terrible oath: Hook or me this time…

Scene 6

(Aboard the Jolly Roger.)

ENSEMBLE. Behold the pirate brig The Jolly Roger—a rakish-looking craft, foul to the hull, every beam in her detestable.

(We see HOOK *pacing.)*

Hook trod the deck in thought. In his dark nature there was a touch of the feminine, as in all the great pirates, and it sometimes gave him intuitions. It was as if Peter's terrible oath had boarded the ship. Hook felt a gloomy desire to make his dying speech, but presently there was no time for it.

HOOK. Now then, bullies, six of you walk the plank to-night, but I have room for two cabin boys. Which of you is it to be?

*(*TOOTLES *steps forward politely.)*

TOOTLES. You see, sir, I don't think my mother would like me to be a pirate. Would your mother like you to be a pirate, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY. I don't think so. Would your mother like you to be a pirate, Twin?

TWIN 1. I don't think so. Nibs, would—

HOOK. Stow this gab! *(To* JOHN*:)* You, boy, you look as if you had a little pluck in you. Didst never want to be a pirate, my hearty?

JOHN. I once thought of calling myself Red-handed Jack.

HOOK. And a good name too. We'll call you that here, bully, if you join.

JOHN. What do you think, Michael?

MICHAEL. What would you call me if I join?

HOOK. Blackbeard Joe.

MICHAEL. What do you think, John?

JOHN. Shall we still be respectful subjects of the King?

HOOK. You would have to swear, 'Down with the King.'

JOHN. Then I refuse!

MICHAEL. And I refuse!

CURLY. Rule Britannia!

HOOK. That seals your doom. Bring up their mother. Get the plank ready.

> *(The* PIRATES *prepare the fatal plank, and bring* WENDY *before* HOOK.*)*

HOOK. So, my beauty, you are to see your children walk the plank.

WENDY. Are they to die?

HOOK. They are. Silence all, for a mother's last words to her children.

WENDY. These are my last words, dear boys—I feel that I have a message to you from your real mothers, and it is this: 'We hope our sons will die like English gentlemen.'

TOOTLES. I am going to do what my mother hopes. What are you to do, Nibs?

NIBS. What my mother hopes. What are you to do, Twin?

TWIN 2. What my mother hopes. John, what are—

HOOK. Tie her up!

*(*SMEE *ties* WENDY *to the mast, whispering:)*

SMEE. See here, honey—I'll save you if you promise to be my mother.

WENDY. I would almost rather have no children at all.

HOOK. Now then, you dogs—

(But suddenly: Tick tick tick tick! All immediately look toward HOOK, *who falls in a little heap.)*

HOOK. The crocodile is about to board the ship!

(He crawls on his knees along the deck as far from the sound as he can go; the PIRATES *respectfully clear a passage for him.)*

HOOK. Hide me!

(The PIRATES *gather round him, all eyes averted from the thing that is coming aboard. Only the* BOYS *and* WENDY *see* PETER *board the ship, signing to them not to give vent to any cry of admiration that might rouse suspicion, and ticking all the while.* PETER, *every inch of him on tiptoe, vanishes into the cabin; the ticking ceases.)*

SMEE. It's gone, captain. All's still again.

*(*HOOK *draws himself up firmly to his full height.)*

HOOK. Then here's to Johnny Plank!

PIRATES. Yo ho, yo ho, the frisky plank,
You walks along it so,
Till it goes down and you goes down

To Davy Jones below!

HOOK. Do you want a touch of the cat o' nine tails before you walk the plank?

(The BOYS *fall on their knees convincingly.)*

BOYS. No, no!

HOOK. Fetch the cat, Jukes; it's in the cabin.

JUKES. Ay, ay.

PIRATES. Yo ho, yo ho, the scratching cat,
Its tails are nine, you know,
And when they're writ upon your back—

(Suddenly the song is stayed by a dreadful screech from the cabin. Then is heard a crowing sound—well understood by the BOYS*—but to the* PIRATES *almost more eerie than the screech.)*

HOOK. What was that?

SLIGHTLY. One.

*(*CECCO *hesitates for a moment and then swings into the cabin. He totters out, haggard.)*

HOOK. What's the matter with Bill Jukes, you dog?

CECCO. The matter wi' him is he's dead, stabbed.

PIRATES. Bill Jukes dead!

CECCO. The cabin's as black as a pit, but there is something terrible in there: the thing you heard crowing.

HOOK. Cecco, go back and fetch me out that doodle-doo.

CECCO. *(Cowering:)* No, no!

HOOK. *(Purring to his claw:)* Did you say you would go, Cecco?

*(*CECCO *enters the cabin. No more singing; all listen now—and again a death-screech and again a crow.)*

SLIGHTLY. Two.

HOOK. ’S’death and odds fish—who is to bring me that doodle-doo?

STARKEY. Wait till Cecco comes out.

HOOK. I think I heard you volunteer, Starkey.

STARKEY. No, by thunder!

HOOK. My hook thinks you did. I wonder if it would not be advisable, Starkey, to humour the hook?

STARKEY. I’ll swing before I go in there!

HOOK. Is this mutiny? Starkey’s ringleader!

STARKEY. Captain, mercy!

HOOK. *(Proffering his claw:)* Shake hands, Starkey…

*(*STARKEY *looks round for help, but all have deserted him. As he backs up* HOOK *advances. With a despairing scream,* STARKEY *leaps upon Long Tom and precipitates himself into the sea.)*

SLIGHTLY. Three.

HOOK. And now, did any other gentlemen say mutiny? *(Seizing a lantern:)* I’ll bring out that doodle-doo myself.

(All watch the cabin expectantly, only to see HOOK *come staggering out, without his lantern.)*

HOOK. Something blew out the light.

MULLINS. Something!

NOODLER. What of Cecco?

HOOK. He’s as dead as Jukes.

COOKSON. They do say the surest sign a ship’s accurst is when there’s one on board more than can be accounted for.

MULLINS. They say that when he comes it’s in the likeness of the wickedest man aboard.

COOKSON. Had he a hook, captain?

NOODLER. The ship’s doomed!

(The CHILDREN *raise a cheer.)*

HOOK. Lads, now here's a notion. Open the cabin door and drive them in. Let them fight the doodle-doo for their lives. If they kill him, we're so much the better; if he kills them, we're none the worse.

SMEE. A pretty notion, captain!

(The BOYS, *pretending to struggle, are pushed into the cabin and the door is closed on them.)*

HOOK. Now, listen!

(All listen, but not one dares to face the door, so they do not see PETER *and the* BOYS *stealing forth, armed with such weapons as they can find. First signing them to hide,* PETER *cuts* WENDY's *bonds, and then he whispers for her to conceal herself with the others;* PETER *then takes her place by the mast, her cloak around him so that he should pass for her. Then he takes a great breath and crows.)*

HOOK. Lads! I've thought it out. There's a Jonah aboard.

MULLINS. Ay—a man wi' a hook.

HOOK. No, lads, no, it's the girl. Never was luck on a pirate ship wi' a woman on board. We'll right the ship when she's gone.

COOKSON. It's worth trying.

HOOK. Fling the girl overboard!

MULLINS. There's none can save you now, missy!

PETER. There's one.

HOOK. Who's that?

PETER. Peter Pan the avenger!

*(*PETER *flings off his cloak. Now they all knew who 'twas that had been undoing them in the cabin—twice* HOOK *essays to speak and twice he fails.)*

HOOK. Cleave him to the brisket!

PETER. Down, boys, and at them!

(The BOYS *spring from their hiding-places, and the clash of arms resounds through the ship. As the boys chase all of the pirates into the sea,* SLIGHTLY *counts: four—five—six—seven—eight… Anon they surround* HOOK.*)*

PETER. Put up your swords, boys—this man is mine.

(The others draw back and form a ring around PETER *and* HOOK. *For long the two enemies look at one another,* HOOK *shuddering slightly, and* PETER *with the strange smile upon his face.)*

HOOK. So, Pan, this is all your doing.

PETER. Ay, James Hook, it is all my doing.

HOOK. Proud and insolent youth, prepare to meet thy doom.

PETER. Dark and sinister man, have at thee!

(Dazzling swordplay, until finally the cutlass falls from HOOK's *hand, and he is at* PETER's *mercy.)*

BOYS. Now!

(But with a magnificent gesture PETER *invites his opponent to pick up his sword.* HOOK *does so instantly, but with a tragic feeling that* PETER *is showing good form.)*

HOOK. Pan, who and what art thou?

PETER. I'm youth, I'm joy…I'm a little bird that has broken out of the egg.

HOOK. *(Despairingly:)* To't again!

*(*HOOK *swings like a human flail, fighting now without hope. He springs upon the bulwarks to cast himself into the sea.* PETER *glides toward* HOOK, *who then with a gesture invites* PETER *to use his foot. Thus, instead of stabbing,* PETER *kicks* HOOK *overboard.* HOOK *jeers triumphantly.)*

HOOK. Bad form…!

SLIGHTLY. Fifteen!

JOHN. And directly into the jaws of the silent crocodile.

WENDY. Thus perished James Hook.

PETER. Now, me hearties, to the mainland!

Scene 7

(Back at the nursery. MRS. DARLING *and* NANA *are there, and* MR. DARLING *is lying in Nana's kennel.)*

ENSEMBLE. We must now return to that desolate home from which three of our characters took heartless flight so long ago. If we had returned sooner to look with sorrowful sympathy at Mrs. Darling, she would probably have cried:

MRS. DARLING. Don't be silly; what do I matter? Do go back and keep an eye on the children.

ENSEMBLE. So long as mothers are like this their children will take advantage of them…

Look at Mrs. Darling in her chair, where she has fallen asleep. Some like Peter best, and some like Wendy best, but I like her best. Suppose, to make her happy, we whisper to her in her sleep that the brats are coming back. They are really within two miles of the window now, and flying strong, but all we need whisper is that they are on the way. Let's.

MRS. DARLING. O Nana, I dreamt my dear ones had come back. George, you are as full of remorse as ever, aren't you?

MR. DARLING. Full of remorse as ever, dearest! See my punishment: living in a kennel.

MRS. DARLING. But it is punishment, isn't it, George? You are sure you are not enjoying it?

MR. DARLING. My love!

MRS. DARLING. I do beg your pardon, my love.

MR. DARLING. Won't you play me to sleep, on the day-nursery piano? And shut that window. I feel a draught.

MRS. DARLING. O George, never ask me to do that. The window must always be left open for them, always, always.

MR. DARLING. It is I who must beg your pardon, my love.

*(*MRS. DARLING *exits to the day-nursery and plays, while* MR. DARLING *falls asleep.* PETER *and Tinker Bell fly in.)*

PETER. Quick Tink—close the window; bar it! That's right. Now you and I must get away by the door; and when Wendy comes she will think her mother has barred her out; and she will have to go back with me.

(He dances with glee; then he peeps into the day-nursery to see who is playing.)

PETER. It's Wendy's mother! You will never see Wendy again, lady, for the window is barred!

(He peeps in again to see why the music has stopped.)

PETER. The lady is crying—she wants me to unbar the window. But I won't, not I!

(He peeps again.)

PETER. She's awfully fond of Wendy. I'm fond of her too. We can't both have her, lady. Oh, all right.

(He unbars the window.)

PETER. Come on, Tink—we don't want any silly mothers.

(They fly away, and moments later WENDY, JOHN, *and* MICHAEL *arrive.)*

MICHAEL. John, I think I have been here before.

JOHN. Of course you have, you silly. There is your old bed.

MICHAEL. *(Not with much conviction:)* So it is.

JOHN. I say, the kennel!

WENDY. Perhaps Nana is inside it.

JOHN. Hullo, there's a man inside it.

WENDY. It's father!

MICHAEL. Let me see father! *(With frank disappointment:)* He is not so big as the pirate I killed.

JOHN. Surely, he used not to sleep in the kennel?

WENDY. John, perhaps we don't remember the old life as well as we thought we did.

JOHN. It is very careless of mother not to be here when we come back.

*(*MRS. DARLING *beings playing again.)*

WENDY. It's mother!

JOHN. So it is!

MICHAEL. Then are you not really our mother, Wendy?

WENDY. Oh dear! It was quite time we came back.

JOHN. Let us creep in, and put our hands over her eyes.

WENDY. No, let us all slip into our beds, and be there when she comes in, just as if we had never been away.

*(*MRS. DARLING *returns, sees the beds occupied, but she does not believe they are there.)*

MRS. DARLING. Oh, my dear ones—I have seen you in your beds so often in my dreams, and I must be dreaming still.

WENDY. Mother!

MRS. DARLING. That's Wendy…

JOHN. Mother!

MRS. DARLING. That's John…

MICHAEL. Mother!

MRS. DARLING. That's Michael…

(She stretches out her arms for the three little selfish children they were never to envelop again. But yes, they do—they go round WENDY *and* JOHN *and* MICHAEL, *who have slipped out of bed and run to her.)*

MRS. DARLING. George, George!

MR. DARLING. My darlings!

(And NANA *rushes in to share the bliss. Soon enough, the* LOST BOYS *come tumbling in.)*

NIBS. Hullo, Wendy!

WENDY. Mother, father, these are the Lost Boys of the Neverland.

TOOTLES. We counted to five hundred and then came up.

TWIN 1. We used the stair—

TWIN 2. Because we thought this would make a better impression.

SLIGHTLY. O Wendy's mother, will you have us?

MRS. DARLING. Of course I will have you!

MR. DARLING. I must say that you don't do things by halves.

TWIN 1. Do you think we should be too much of a handful, sir?

TWIN 2. Because, if so, we can go away.

WENDY. Father!

NIBS. We could lie doubled up.

WENDY. I always cut their hair myself.

MRS. DARLING. George!

MR. DARLING. *(Bursting into tears:)* In truth, I am as glad to have them as you are—I just thought they should have asked my consent as well as yours, instead of treating me as a non-entity in my own house…

TOOTLES. I don't think he is a nonentity. Do you think he is a nonentity, Curly?

CURLY. No, I don't. Do you think he is a nonentity, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY. Rather not. Twin, what do you think?

MR. DARLING. That is enough! We will surely find space for you all in the drawing-room!

TWINS. We'll fit in, sir!

MR. DARLING. Then follow the leader! Mind you, I am not sure that we have a drawing-room, but we pretend we have, and it's all the same. Hoop la!

> *(They all go off dancing through the house, except for* WENDY *and* MRS. DARLING. WENDY *sees* PETER *at the window.)*

PETER. Hullo, Wendy, good-bye.

WENDY. Oh dear, are you going away?

PETER. Yes.

WENDY. You don't feel, Peter, that you would like to say anything to my parents about a very sweet subject?

PETER. No.

WENDY. About me, Peter?

PETER. No.

MRS. DARLING. I have adopted all the other boys, Peter, and would like so to adopt you as well.

PETER. Would you send me to school?

MRS. DARLING. Yes.

PETER. And then to an office?

MRS. DARLING. I suppose so.

PETER. Soon I would be a man?

MRS. DARLING. Very soon.

PETER. I don't want to go to school and learn solemn things. I don't want to be a man. O Wendy's mother, if I was to wake up and feel there was a beard!

MRS. DARLING. Peter, I should love you in a beard…

PETER. Keep back, lady, no one is going to catch me and make me a man. I shall have such fun…

WENDY. May I, mummy?

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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