

Peter Pan and Wendy



Tracy Wells

Adapted from the 1911 novel by J.M. Barrie
Illustration by Alice B. Woodward

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Peter Pan and Wendy

3

For my children.

Peter Pan and Wendy

CLASSIC. Adapted from the 1911 novel by J.M. Barrie. When Peter Pan is spotted at the open window of the Darling nursery, he tries to escape but loses his shadow. Wendy, the eldest of the Darling children, sews Peter's shadow back on, and Peter invites Wendy and her two brothers to fly with him to Neverland. In Neverland, Peter welcomes Wendy to his underground home, where she agrees to be the mother to Peter's band of Lost Boys. The Darling children go on many adventures with Peter and the Lost Boys and encounter mermaids, Neverlanders, and pirates, including the notorious Captain Hook. Determined to seek revenge on Peter, Captain Hook concocts a plan to poison Peter, kidnap the Lost Boys and Wendy, and make them walk the plank. Audiences of all ages will love this endearing, timeless story.

Performance time: Approximately 90-120 minutes.



L to R: J.M. Barrie, Michael Llewelyn Davies, and John "Jack" Llewelyn Davies

About the Story

The Peter Pan character first appeared in J.M. Barrie's 1902 novel *The Little White Bird*, which is based on Barrie's friendship with Sylvia Llewelyn Davies, a widow, and her sons. After the death of Llewelyn Davies, Barrie was named the co-guardian and unofficially adopted the boys. The characters of Peter Pan, the Lost Boys, and the Darling boys are thought to be inspired by the Davies boys and originated from the stories Barrie created for them. John Darling is named after John "Jack" Llewelyn Davies, and Michael Darling is named after Michael Llewelyn Davies. Barrie's inspiration for creating a boy who never grows up may stem from a tragic incident in which Barrie's elder brother was killed at age 14 in a skating accident, at which time Barrie's mother took comfort in the fact that her dead son would forever remain a boy.

Characters

(14 M, 14 F, 3 flexible, opt. extras.)

(With doubling: 13 M, 10 F)

PETER PAN: A magical young boy who never grew up and can fly; wears a costume in natural colors with autumn leaves, acorns, etc. attached to it, a belt, and shoes; male.

WENDY DARLING: Eldest child who can't wait to be a grownup and agrees to be the mother of the Lost Boys; wears a long nightgown; as an adult, wears an adult version of the nightgown she wore as a child and has her hair in a bun; female.

JOHN DARLING: Middle child who is fascinated with pirates; wears pajamas and a top hat; male.

MICHAEL DARLING: Youngest child; wears pajamas; male.

MRS. MARY DARLING: Intelligent and loving mother; dressed for a party, wears a gown and jewelry; later wears nightclothes; female.

MR. GEORGE DARLING: Kindhearted father and practical accountant; wears a dress shirt, pants, and a tie; later wears pajamas and a robe; male.

NANA: Newfoundland dog who serves as the Darling children's "nanny"; acts like a dog and doesn't speak but understands what is said to him; wears a dog costume; flexible.

LIZA: House servant to the Darlings; wears a maid's uniform; female.

CAPTAIN JAMES HOOK: Captain of *The Jolly Roger*, a pompous, vengeful pirate and longtime nemesis of Peter Pan who is terrified of crocodiles; wears a pirate coat and hat and has a hook for a hand. (Note: Hook's pirate costume should be the most grand of all the Pirates.)

SMEE: Kind, loveable pirate; wears a pirate costume, eyeglasses, and a hat; flexible.

CECCA, THE LASS: Pirate; wears a pirate costume; female.

SKYLIGHTS: Pirate; wears a pirate costume; female.

BILL JUKES: Pirate; wears a pirate costume; male.

NOODLER: Pirate; wears a pirate costume; flexible.

TOOTLES: Lost Boy who accidentally shoots Wendy; male.

NIBS: Eldest and bravest of the Lost boys; male.

SLIGHTLY: Lost boy; male.

CURLY: Lost boy; male.

TWIN 1: Lost boy and Twin 2's twin brother; male.

TWIN 2: Lost boy and Twin 1's twin brother; male.

GREAT BIG LITTLE MAN: King of Neverland and Tiger Lily's father; male.

TIGER LILY: Princess of Neverland who has a crush on Peter and is jealous of Wendy; female.

BIRDIE: Citizen of Neverland; female.

BLOSSOM: Citizen of Neverland; female.

WILLOW: Citizen of Neverland; female.

WOLFIE: Citizen of Neverland; male.

KALLIOPE: Mermaid; female.

MELAINA: Mermaid; female.

PHAIDRA: Mermaid; female.

ISIS: Mermaid; female.

JANE: Wendy's daughter; wears a nightgown; female.

EXTRAS (opt.): As Pirates, Lost Boys, Neverlanders, and Mermaids.

NOTE: Lost Boys and male Pirates may be played by females dressed as boys.

Options for Doubling

MR. DARLING/CAPTAIN HOOK (male)

MRS. DARLING/KALLIOPE (female)

NANA/MELAINA (female)

LIZA/PHAIDRA (female)

ISIS/JANE (female)

Costumes

The Lost Boys and Citizens of Neverland wear natural colors with some natural elements attached like leaves, acorns, etc. Pirates wear traditional pirate costumes. Mermaids wear a bathing top and a mermaid tail bottom. Instead of a mermaid tail, the Mermaids can use a mermaid tail that they can control with their hands.

Production Note

Dialogue and stage directions related to flying have been eliminated from this adaptation to create an easy-to-produce version of this classic story. Directors who wish to incorporate flying onstage may do so at their discretion. The parts of the play where flying would be best utilized are when Peter enters and exits the nursery, when the Darling children leave the nursery, when Wendy gets struck with an arrow, and when Jane leaves the nursery.

Setting

London, early 1900s, and Neverland.

Sets

This play is easy to stage with very few set pieces required.

Darling Nursery. There are three beds, a small fireplace, a rocking chair, a large dog kennel, and a large window with a window seat. The window is large enough for actors to enter and exit through and can be opened or closed. The dog kennel is large enough for Mr. Darling to go inside.

Forest of Neverland. Center stage is large tree with a hole cut out of center that is large enough for actors to enter and exit through. A large mushroom with a removable top is next to the tree. Additional trees with holes, brush, and shrubbery can be placed around the stage if budget allows.

Peter's underground home. A rough outer structure can be built to indicate an underground burrow with a hollow to enter and exit through. On one side is a large bed. CS is large tree trunk table set for a meal. A lantern hangs on a hook. Additional mismatched home furnishings may be added.

Mermaid's Lagoon. Large lengths of blue fabric that can be stretched across the stage and moved slowly can be used to indicate water. A large rock is left center and is large enough for actors to stand on.

The Jolly Roger. A large mast is CS. Along the back is the ship's railing with ropes, oars, etc. attached. Leading off SR, the railing should have a plank attached to it. The ship's wheel is near the plank SR. There is a small cabin SL with a door that leads to the captain's quarters that is large enough for actors to exit and enter through.

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I

Scene 1: The Darling Nursery

Scene 2: The Forest of Neverland.

Scene 3: The Underground Home of the Lost Boys

Scene 4: The Mermaid's Lagoon

Scene 5: The Underground Home of the Lost Boys

Intermission

ACT II

Scene 1: The Forest of Neverland

Scene 2: The Jolly Roger

Scene 3: The Darling Nursery

Scene 4: The Darling Nursery

Props

Leaves	Paper
Dog bowl with "Nana" written on it	Crayons
Top hat, for John	Large rock
Hobby horse	Cake with skull and crossbones on it
2 Medicine bottles	Large blue blankets to represent water
Spoon	Large clear balls for bubbles
Fabric shadow cutout that can be hidden inside Peter's shoe	Small boat on wheels
Bar of soap	Wooden raft on wheels
Sewing kit	Paddle
Thimble	Knife (plastic), for Peter
Acorn with a hole in it	Large bird's nest with a large bird perched on the edge
String	Book
Gun holster	Flower pot
Swords and knives (plastic), for Pirates	Flask
Toy bows and arrows, for Lost Boys	Blanket
Knife (plastic)	Bread
Small house that can be assembled (large enough to contain Wendy)	Beaded necklace
Silverware	Knife (plastic)
Socks	Coat/cape, for Wendy and large enough for Peter
Lantern	Rope
Medicine bottle, for Peter	Small bag
	Glitter for fairy dust

Special Effects

Tinker Bell effect. A small spotlight, strong flashlight, or bright laser pointer can be used along with the sound of tinkling bells.

Smoke

Quacking

Music for Neverlanders

Clock "tick-tocking"

Pre-recorded track of Hook delivering lines for Act I, scene 4.

*He comes from Neverland,
the land that we dream of
when we go to sleep.”*

—Wendy

ACT I

Scene 1

(AT RISE: Interior of the Darling nursery. On one side are small beds with a third bed on the other side. A hat hangs on one. USR is a large open window with a window seat. Next to the window is a fireplace with a rocking chair in front of it. A large dog's kennel and bowl with "Nana" on it is next to chair. Nana is lying next to her bowl. Peter Pan appears in the open window, knocking in a few leaves onto the floor.)

PETER: *(To audience.)* All children, except one, grow up.

(Peter giggles and "flies" out the window as John and Michael enter, wearing pajamas. John is riding a hobby horse. Michael runs after him.)

JOHN: *(To Michael.)* You can't catch me! I'm the greatest buckaroo these parts have ever seen!

MICHAEL: You are not welcome here.

JOHN: We'll just see about that! Yee-haw!

(John rides around with Michael chasing behind, both making a mess. Wendy enters followed by Nana.)

WENDY: John! Michael! You boys are making a ruckus! It's almost bedtime. You need to settle down.

JOHN: Aw, Wendy, you're not our mother!

MICHAEL: *(To Wendy.)* Yeah, you're a kid, just like us.

WENDY: I'm not going to be a kid for much longer. I will be 13 on my next birthday, which practically makes me a grown woman.

NANA: Woof!

JOHN: I don't know why you're so anxious to grow up. It's so much fun to be a kid!

MICHAEL: I love being a kid!

WENDY: Being a kid is fun, but being a grownup is just so glamorous: the fancy gowns, and the jewels, and the parties. I can't wait! And it must be so wonderful to be a wife and mother.

JOHN: Your birthday isn't for two weeks, and you're not our mother, so we don't have to listen to you.

WENDY: Is that so?

JOHN: It is. Come on, Michael, let's have a pirate adventure. I'll be Red-handed Jack!

MICHAEL: And I'll be your first mate, Peg-leg Pete! Argggghhhh!

(John and Michael run in a circle around Wendy.)

NANA: *(Running around after John and Michael and barking.)*
Woof! Woof!

WENDY: *(Calls.)* Mother!

(Mrs. Darling enters, dressed in a gown and jewels.)

MRS. DARLING: What is it, my little darlings?

JOHN/MICHAEL: Mother!

(John and Michael stop running and cross to hug Mrs. Darling.)

WENDY: John and Michael were being ever so noisy, Mother. I tried to get them to settle down, but they would not do as they were told.

(Mrs. Darling holds out her arms for Wendy to join in the hug.)

MRS. DARLING: Come here, darling daughter. *(Unsure at first, Wendy rushes to hug Mrs. Darling. Smiling.)* It is not your duty to make the boys behave, Wendy. There will be

enough time for you to be a mother. For now, leave the job to me.

WENDY: Yes, Mother.

MRS. DARLING: Just look at this mess! You have obviously been having a grand old time up here in the nursery. *(Walks around and starts to straighten up.)*

MICHAEL: Oh, we have, Mother! We have!

JOHN: Sorry, Mother...

MRS. DARLING: That's all right, John. Children are supposed to have fun and make a mess. Nana, be a good nursemaid and help me straighten up.

NANA: Woof! *(Wags her tail and straightens up, using her paws and teeth.)*

WENDY: Mother, you look so beautiful tonight.

MRS. DARLING: Thank you, Wendy. Your father and I are just going down the street for a little party.

MICHAEL: But, Mother, what will we do while you are gone?

MRS. DARLING: You will go straight to bed. It is past your bedtime already.

(Nana crosses in front of the window and starts to sniff at the leaves.)

JOHN: But who will take care of us?

MRS. DARLING: Liza is downstairs working in the kitchen if you should need anything while we are out.

NANA: Woof! Woof!

MRS. DARLING: Yes, Nana, I know you will be here, too. Of course you will help to watch over the children.

NANA: Woof! Woof!

MICHAEL: I think Nana's found something.

MRS. DARLING: What is it, Nana? *(Crosses to the leaves, picks one up, and examines it.)* Why, it's a leaf! But it isn't a leaf from any tree here in England. How did it get here?

WENDY: I do believe that Peter must have done it.

MRS. DARLING: Whatever do you mean, Wendy?

WENDY: Peter is always making a mess when he comes in and out of our nursery window.

JOHN/MICHAEL: He sure does!

MRS. DARLING: *(To Wendy.)* But, my love, your window is three floors up.

WENDY: I know. But Peter can fly.

JOHN/MICHAEL: He sure can! *(Both pretend to fly around the nursery.)*

MRS. DARLING: Well, who is this magical flying boy, and where does he come from?

WENDY/JOHN/MICHAEL: Peter Pan!

WENDY: He comes from Neverland, the land that we dream of when we go to sleep.

(Mrs. Darling sits on the rocking chair. The Children gather around her and Nana lays at her feet. Mr. Darling enters, with tie undone, and stands off to one side, unseen by all except for Mrs. Darling, who smiles at him.)

MRS. DARLING: And what does this Neverland look like?

JOHN: It has a lagoon with flamingos flying over it.

MICHAEL: *(To Mrs. Darling.)* It has a flamingo with lagoons flying over it!

WENDY: *(To Mrs. Darling.)* It has a beautiful forest with animals where the Neverlanders live. And the lagoon is filled with the most beautiful mermaids.

MRS. DARLING: Neverland sounds like a wonderful place. *(Thoughtfully.)* Come to think of it, I seem to remember a place called Neverland from my childhood. And I do recall a young boy by the name of Peter Pan who lived there. Of course, that was so long ago, Peter would be grown up by now.

WENDY: Oh, no, he isn't grown up. He is just my size.

MR. DARLING: This sounds like some nonsense that Nana has been putting in their heads. It is just the sort of idea a

dog would have. That's what we get for having a dog for a nurse.

JOHN: It's not nonsense, Father!

MICHAEL: *(To Mr. Darling.)* Peter Pan is real!

MR. DARLING: Money is real. Diseases are real. And as we always say down at my accounting firm, numbers are most certainly real. But Peter Pan is not real.

MRS. DARLING: Now, the children are just using their imaginations.

MR. DARLING: What good is an imagination when there are real problems to worry about right here? *(Holding up his tie.)* This tie, for instance. It will not tie! Not around my neck, certainly. It will tie around the bedpost, however. Twenty times I made it up around the bedpost, but around my neck, no!

MRS. DARLING: *(Chuckles, affectionately.)* Well, that is a real problem, isn't it?

MR. DARLING: I warn you, unless this tie is around my neck, we won't go to the party tonight, and if we don't go to the party tonight, then I will never have a shot at that promotion. And if I don't get that promotion, then you and I will starve, and our children will be flung out into the streets.

MRS. DARLING: Let me try, dear.

(Mrs. Darling starts to tie the tie around Mr. Darling's neck.)

WENDY: If anyone can do it, Mother can.

MRS. DARLING: *(To Mr. Darling.)* There you go. You look wonderful, dear.

MR. DARLING: As do you, sweetheart. *(Leans in for a kiss. Nana bounds in between them, knocks down Mr. Darling, and licks him.)* What a stupid dog! Now she's gone and gotten dog hair all over my new trousers!

(John rushes to hug Nana.)

JOHN: Nana's not stupid, Father. She's the smartest dog in the whole world.

MICHAEL: *(To Mr. Darling.)* And the best nurse in all of England!

MR. DARLING: She's going to be an unemployed nurse if she doesn't learn how to behave.

NANA: *(Tucks her tail between her legs and whimpers.)*
Aaaaaooooohhhh.

(Liza enters, carrying a bottle of medicine and a spoon.)

LIZA: *(To Mrs. Darling.)* I have brought Michael's medicine, ma'am.

MICHAEL: Awww, I don't want any medicine.

(Mrs. Darling takes the bottle and pours some medicine on the spoon.)

MRS. DARLING: Thank you, Liza.

LIZA: Yes, ma'am. *(Starts to exit.)*

MR. DARLING: *(Indicating Nana.)* Liza, will you take this mangy beast downstairs with you. She is being a nuisance.

LIZA: Yes, sir. Come along, Nana.

NANA: Aaaaaooooohhhh. *(Whimpers and follows Liza offstage.)*

MICHAEL: I won't take my medicine! I won't! I won't! I won't!

MR. DARLING: Michael, when I was your age, I took medicine without so much as a murmur. I would simply say, "Thank you, kind parents, for giving me medicine to make me well."

WENDY: That medicine that you sometimes take is much nastier, isn't it, Father?

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

(Liza enters with the bottle.)

LIZA: Did you mean this bottle, Mr. Darling? I found it in the most peculiar place the other day when I was cleaning.

MRS. DARLING: Is that so? Where was it, Liza?

LIZA: It was on top of the wardrobe in the guest bedroom.

(Mr. Darling snatches the bottle from Liza.)

MR. DARLING: *(Grumpily.)* Thank you, Liza. That will be all.

LIZA: Yes, sir. *(Smirks as she exits.)*

JOHN: *(To Mr. Darling and Michael.)* Now you can both take your medicine.

MR. DARLING: This is the most beastly stuff. It's the nasty, sticky, sweet kind. I shall get sick if I take this medicine, I just know it!

JOHN: Come on, Father.

MR. DARLING: Hold your tongue, John!

WENDY: I thought you took your medicine quite easily, Father?

MR. DARLING: That's not the point. The point is that there is more medicine in my bottle than on Michael's spoon, and it isn't fair. *(Like a child, crosses his arms and pouts.)*

MICHAEL: Father, I am waiting...

MR. DARLING: Very well. I am waiting, too.

WENDY: Why don't you both take it at the same time?

MRS. DARLING: That sounds like a splendid idea. *(To Michael and Mr. Darling.)* Come here, both of you. *(Mr. Darling and Michael cross to Mrs. Darling, who stands in front of the rocking chair. Mr. Darling is closest to Nana's dish.)* On the count of three: one...two...three!

(Michael takes the medicine from the spoon. Mr. Darling bends and pours his medicine into Nana's dish.)

WENDY: Father!

(Michael spies the medicine in Nana's dish.)

MICHAEL: *(To Mr. Darling.)* Hey! That isn't fair! I took mine.

MR. DARLING: I meant to take mine. I just spilled it accidentally.

JOHN: What will happen if Nana drinks it?

MR. DARLING: Nana will be fine. If she drinks it, she will just get a good night's sleep and wake up refreshed in the morning.

MICHAEL: I still say that's not fair.

MR. DARLING: I don't want to hear another word about it!

(To Mrs. Darling.) Now, dear, we really must be going.

MRS. DARLING: I'm just going to tuck the children into their beds and then I'll be down.

MR. DARLING: Very well. Goodnight, children. And see that you behave for Liza and Nana. *(Shaking his head.)* I can't believe we have a dog for a nurse. *(Exits.)*

MRS. DARLING: Come along, children, it's time to get into bed.

(Wendy, Michael, and John get into their beds.)

JOHN: Can you tell us a story, Mother?

MICHAEL: Please, Mother! Tell us a story!

MRS. DARLING: I only have a few minutes.

WENDY: Then finish the story you were telling us the other night...the one about the cinder girl with the fairy godmother who went to the prince's ball. What happened after she lost her glass slipper?

JOHN/MICHAEL: Tell us, Mother! Tell us!

MRS. DARLING: The prince fell in love with the cinder girl. He took the glass slipper all over the land. He knew that once he found the girl whose foot fit the slipper, that he would have found his true love.

WENDY: And did he find her?

MRS. DARLING: He did. And they lived happily ever after.

WENDY: How romantic!

JOHN/MICHAEL: How gross!

MRS. DARLING: Now, it really is time for you to go to sleep.

Scoot down under those covers, and I'll tuck you in. (*Crosses to children, tucks them in, kisses their heads, turns down the light, and starts to exit. Turns back.*) Goodnight, my little darlings. (*Exits.*)

WENDY: (*To John and Michael.*) That was a wonderful story, wasn't it?

JOHN: I thought it was mushy.

MICHAEL: I thought it was yucky.

(*Peter appears in the window.*)

PETER: That's because grownups are mushy and yucky.

WENDY: That's an awful thing to say, John.

JOHN: I didn't say anything.

WENDY: Well, then, Michael, you should know better than to speak ill of grownups.

MICHAEL: It wasn't me.

WENDY: Well, if it wasn't John, and it wasn't you, Michael, then who was it?

(*Peter jumps down and goes CS.*)

PETER: It was I...Peter Pan!

MICHAEL: Wow! It is Peter Pan...here in our nursery!

WENDY: (*To Peter.*) But where did you come from?

PETER: Why, Neverland, of course.

JOHN: But I thought Neverland was only a place in my dreams.

PETER: No, indeed, it is a real place, after all. It is my home.

WENDY: If your home is in Neverland, then what is your address?

PETER PAN: Second to the right and straight on till morning.

MICHAEL: What a funny address!

PETER: No, it isn't.

WENDY: Is that the address that people put on letters when they write to your mother?

PETER: I don't have a mother.

MICHAEL: No mother?

JOHN: How awful!

PETER: It's not awful at all. I don't have anyone telling me what to do, or when my bedtime is, or when to take my medicine.

MICHAEL: Oh, I hate medicine!

PETER: Besides, I have Tink.

WENDY: Who's Tink?

(A bright light, from a flashlight, laser point, or tiny spot "flies" in from the open window and around the room.)

PETER: *(Indicating light.)* That's Tinker Bell, my fairy.

WENDY: Oh, a real, live fairy! Can I hold her?

(Wendy rushes to the spot where the light has come to rest. Light "flies" to the other side of room and the tinkling bells are heard.)

PETER: It's all right, Tink. *(To Wendy.)* Tinker Bell isn't very friendly. *(Tinkling bells are heard.)* Well, it's true, Tink. You can be quite rude when you want to be. *(Sound of Nana barking offstage is heard.)* What was that?

JOHN: That is our nurse, Nana.

PETER: Your nurse barks? I don't think I've ever met a nurse who barks. What does she look like?

MICHAEL: She's a dog.

PETER: That's not a nice thing to say. She may not have the most pleasant speaking voice, but that's no reason to call her a dog. I daresay, Tinker Bell's lack of manners are rubbing off on you.

WENDY: You don't understand. Our nurse is really a dog. *(Nana barks.)* And here she comes now!

(Nana enters and sees Peter.)

NANA: *(To Peter.)* Woof! Woof!

PETER: Ah, I get it now. Your nurse is a dog. Quite a mangy beast, isn't she?

NANA: *(Bends low, growls.)* Grrrrrrrrrr.

PETER: And not very friendly, either.

NANA: Woof!

(Nana bounds at Peter and starts to chase him around the nursery.)

MICHAEL: *(Shouts.)* Nana, no!

PETER: She can't catch me.

WENDY: *(Shouts.)* Nana, stop!

(Peter jumps onto the windowsill and turns back to Nana.)

PETER: Here, doggie, doggie! *(Cries out as Nana bites at his ankle. As she does, she pulls out a fabric shadow from inside of his shoe.)* Arrrgghhh! My shadow! Tinker Bell, help!

(Tinkling bells are heard as the light crosses in front of Nana.)

NANA: Woof! Woof!

(Nana drops the shadow and starts following the light and bells around room, which move in a humorous pattern, making Nana chase her tail, run, and then cross to her dish, where she drinks the medicine.)

PETER: Nighty-night, little puppy dog.

(Nana falls asleep. Light lands on her back. Wendy crosses and picks up Peter's "shadow.")

WENDY: Oh, no! Nana pulled your shadow right off!

PETER: Let me take a look at that. *(Takes shadow and tries to stick it on his shoe.)* Well, that won't work. Does anyone have some soap?

MICHAEL: I have some right here! I hid it in my bed this morning when Nana told me to wash my hands.

(Michael pulls a bar of soap out of his bed and hands it to Peter.)

PETER: Thank you. *(Rubs soap on the "shadow" and on the bottom of his shoe. He tries to stick the shadow onto his shoe but it doesn't work. Dejectedly.)* Well, that's no use.

(Peter starts to softly cry. Wendy crosses to him.)

WENDY: There, there, Peter. Don't cry. I'll sew your shadow back on for you.

PETER: What's *sewing*?

WENDY: You are a dreadfully ignorant boy, aren't you? It must be because you haven't got a mother. John, fetch my sewing kit from my bedside table.

(John fetches the sewing kit.)

JOHN: Here you go.

(John hands Wendy the sewing kit.)

WENDY: *(To Peter.)* I daresay, this will hurt a little.

PETER: I won't cry. I never cry.

(Wendy "sews" the "shadow" on Peter's foot. Note: While she does this, Peter's foot is positioned out of view so that the shadow can be tucked back into Peter's shoe.)

WENDY: There you go. Good as new.

(Peter dances around.)

PETER: *(Looking at his foot.)* It's fixed! How clever I am! Oh, I am so amazed by the cleverness of me!

WENDY: *(Annoyed.)* How arrogant! You act as if I did nothing to help.

PETER: I suppose you did a little...

WENDY: *(Irritated.)* A little! *(Picks up her sewing kit, crosses to her bed, and lays down.)* If that is all the good I am to you, then I suppose you can go.

(Peter rushes to Wendy. Wendy sits up.)

PETER: But one girl is better than 20 boys.

WENDY: Really? Then I shall give you a kiss, and we will be friends again.

PETER: What's a kiss?

WENDY: Surely, you know what a kiss is?

PETER: I will know it when you give it to me.

WENDY: Hmmmmm... *(Looks around. Picks a thimble out of her sewing kit and hands it to him.)* Here you go...a kiss.

PETER: Thank you. Now, shall I give you a kiss?

WENDY: Yes, please!

(Wendy leans forward dramatically, closes her eyes, and puckers her lips. Peter pulls an acorn off of his belt and holds it out to her.)

PETER: Here you go.

(Wendy opens her eyes, takes the acorn, puts it on a string, and wears it around her neck.)

WENDY: Oh...thank you.

PETER: Girls are ever so much better than boys because they know all the best stories, and it has been ever so long since

the Lost Boys and I have heard the ending to our favorite story.

MICHAEL: Which story was it?

PETER: The one about the prince who couldn't find the lady who wore the glass slipper.

WENDY: Oh, that was Cinderella! And the prince found her and they lived happily ever after!

(Peter rushes to the window.)

PETER: I have to get back to Neverland and tell the Lost Boys!

JOHN: Who are the Lost Boys?

PETER: They are the children whose nurses have lost them. I am their captain, and I promised I would find out the ending to that story. I have, and now I must return to Neverland.

WENDY: Don't go, Peter! I know so many stories. I could tell them to you...and to the other boys!

(Peter grabs Wendy's wrist and drags her to the window.)

PETER: Come with me, Wendy, and tell the other boys your stories. You can be our mother.

WENDY: But I can't fly!

PETER: I'll teach you to fly. And Tinker Bell can give you some of her fairy dust.

WENDY: But what about John and Michael?

PETER: They can come to, I suppose.

JOHN/MICHAEL: Hooray!

(John grabs a hat at the end of his bed. John and Michael rush to the window.)

PETER: Then let us be off! *(Calls.)* Tinker Bell! *(Light crosses to Peter. Tinkling bells are heard.)* Give our friends some of your magic fairy dust. *(Light wiggles above Wendy, John, and*

Michael.) Now, just think lovely thoughts. They will lift you into the air. And away we go!

(Peter, Wendy, John, and Michael exit through the window in a flying motion. Nana jumps up, barking. Liza enters.)

LIZA: What is it, Nana?

(Nana rushes to window.)

NANA: *(Barking.)* Woof! Woof!

LIZA: The children! Mr. and Mrs. Darling! Come quick!

(Mr. and Mrs. Darling enter. Mr. Darling looks around.)

MR. DARLING: *(Shouts.)* The children! Where are they?!

(Mrs. Darling rushes to the window.)

MRS. DARLING: I think I know where they are. They've gone to Neverland. They've gone with Peter Pan. And I fear that we may never see them again.

(Mr. Darling rushes to window and looks out. Blackout.)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: *The forest of Neverland, the next day. There is a large tree CS with a hole cut out of center. A large mushroom is next to the tree. Additional trees with holes may be placed around the stage as well as brush and shrubbery. Captain Hook enters. Marching in a line, Smee, Cecca the Lass, Noodler, Bill Jukes, and Skylights enter.*)

PIRATES: (*Sing.*) "Avast belay, yo ho, heave to,
A-pirating we go.
And if we're parted by a shot
We're sure to meet below."

SMEE: Captain, can't we take a break? We've been scouring this island all day for Peter Pan and haven't seen hide nor hair of him.

HOOK: He is around here somewhere, mark my words. The island has come back to life, which can mean only one thing: Pan has returned to Neverland.

JUKES: I'll find 'em, Cap'n. Just let me at em' and Peter Pan won't be troublin' us no more.

(*Jukes puts his hand on his gun holster. Hook grabs him with his hooked hand.*)

HOOK: Do not even think of firing that pistol.

JUKES: But you hate Peter Pan! I could put a stop to him here and now.

HOOK: Aye, and the sound would bring Tiger Lily and the other Neverlanders upon us. Are you ready for that?

JUKES: Guess not.

HOOK: Besides, as I've always told each one of you...when the day comes for one of us to meet Peter Pan face to face, it shall be I, and I alone, who has the honor of bringing Pan to his end.

CECCA: We could look for the other Lost Boys...have a little fun with them.

NOODLER: I've been working on my knots. I wouldn't mind a chance to try a few of them out...maybe tie a Lost Boy or two up to one of these trees.

(Smee pulls out a knife.)

SMEE: I could tickle one of them... *(Indicating knife.)* ...with Johnny Corkscrew here.

HOOK: *(Confused.)* With who?

SMEE: Johnny Corkscrew. *(Evil laugh.)* Johnny's a silent fellow.

HOOK: Must you come up with such a ridiculous name for that knife?! It's not good form to come up with silly nicknames for weapons.

SMEE: But that's what pirates do. We always name our weapons!

SKYLIGHTS: I don't.

CECCA: Me neither.

HOOK: Enough! I don't care a lick about the Lost Boys, unless they can lead me to Pan himself.

CECCA: Why are you so hung up on Peter Pan, Captain? All of them Lost Boys are trouble for us.

HOOK: 'Twas Pan who cut off my hand. *(Holding up his hook.)* I've waited a long time to shake his hand with this. Oh, I'll tear him up yet!

SMEE: And, yet, I have often heard you say that your hook was worth a score of hands. You said you liked it for combing your hair and opening cans and such.

HOOK: *(Putting his hook in Smee's face, threateningly. Under his breath.)* I told you that in private, Smee. I don't want the rest of the ruffians to know I comb my hair with my hook. I want them to be afraid of it...not to regard it as a household tool!

SMEE: Sorry, Captain.

HOOK: And, yes, my hook is great for many things...most of all for tearing a man from limb to limb!

PIRATES: Aye! Aye!

HOOK: But Peter Pan did more than just cut off my hand. He flung it 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 in particular. It liked my hand so much, Smee, that it has followed me ever since...from sea to sea and 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!

SKYLIGHTS: But how do you know which crocodile is after you? There must be hundreds around this island.

(Hook sits on a large mushroom.)

HOOK: Indeed, Skylights. That crocodile would surely have had me before this, but by lucky chance, it swallowed a clock, which goes tick-tick inside it. Before it reaches me, I hear the ticking and run.

SMEE: But if that's true, then someday the clock will run down, and then the crocodile will get you.

HOOK: Aye, and that's the fear that haunts me. *(Stands and rubs his bottom.)* Smee, this seat is hot.

SMEE: That's odd. It's only an ordinary giant forest mushroom.

NOODLER: Let's have a look at it.

(Noodler and Smee pull the top off the mushroom and smoke comes out.)

SMEE: It's a chimney!

HOOK: Then that can only mean one thing, Smee...

SMEE: That woodland creatures love the comfort of a roaring fire as much as I do?

HOOK: No, you buffoon! We've found the hideout of Peter Pan at last!

PIRATES: Aye! Aye!

SMEE: What is the plan, Captain?

HOOK: We'll return to the ship for now. No sense rushing things. Besides, I think this occasion deserves to be celebrated with a little cake.

SMEE: A cake! I love cake!

HOOK: It's not for you, Smee. It will be a special cake...
(Dramatically.) ...and the last cake those Lost Boys will ever eat!

PIRATES: (Sing.) "Alast, belay when I appear
By fear they're overtook;
Nothing left upon your bones when you
Have shaken claws with Hook!"

(Pirates exit except Hook. Ticking clock is heard. Hook hears this, becomes frightened, and exits. Lost Boys enter in a line, each with bow and arrows.)

CURLY: (To other Lost Boys.) Did the rest of you see that pack of wolves that was following us?

NIBS: I did! And they looked hungry.

TWIN 1: What would Peter do?

TWIN 2: Yes, what would Peter do?

TOOTLES: Peter would look at them through his legs.

(Lost Boys ad-lib, "Aha!" "Yes," "Of course he would," etc. All bend down and look toward the audience through their legs.)

SLIGHTLY: (Straightening up.) That should do it.

(Other Lost Boys straighten up.)

NIBS: I have seen a wonderfuller thing when I was looking through my legs.

CURLY: What was that, Nibs?

NIBS: It was a great white bird, and it was flying this way.

TWIN 1: What kind of bird was it?

TWIN 2: *(To Nibs.)* Yeah, what kind of bird was it?

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

SLIGHTLY: I remember that there are birds called "Wendies."

(Tinkling bells are heard and the light appears onstage.)

LOST BOYS: It's Tinker Bell!

CURLY: Hullo, Tink.

(Tinkling bells are heard as light goes up high and then way down.)

SLIGHTLY: What's that, Tink? Peter wants us to shoot down the Wendy bird?

(Tinkling bells are heard as light flashes up and down.)

TWIN 1: Let us do what Peter wishes.

TWIN 2: Yes, let us do what Peter wishes.

TWIN 1, 2: You do it, Tootles!

TOOTLES: All right, if that's what Peter wants. *(Pulls out his bow and arrow and points it high and offstage.)* Out of the way, Tink.

(Tinkling bells are heard and light moves to just behind Tootles, who shoots an arrow.)

CURLY: You got it! Way to go, Tootles!

TOOTLES: Thanks, Curly. *(Wendy falls onstage with an arrow in her chest. Lost Boys form a semi-circle around Wendy. Tootles*

struts around.) I have shot the Wendy! Peter will be so pleased with me!

SLIGHTLY: This is no bird. I think it is a lady.

TOOTLES: A lady?!

(Tootles rushes over, sees Wendy, and falls to his knees.)

NIBS: We have killed her!

SLIGHTLY: Well, to be clear, it was Tootles who actually killed her.

LOST BOYS: Slightly!

SLIGHTLY: Sorry.

CURLY: I think Peter was bringing her to us. Don't you think so, Twins?

TWIN 1: Indeed! A lady to take care of us at last!

TWIN 2: At last!

TWIN 1, 2: *(Sadly.)* And we have killed her.

(Unseen, Peter enters.)

TOOTLES: What do you think Peter's going to do about this?

PETER: Do about what?

(Startled, the Lost Boys turn to Peter in unison. Peter can't see Wendy.)

LOST BOYS: Peter!

PETER: I am back, and I have brought great news!

NIBS: What is it?

PETER: I have brought a mother for all of you at last. *(Looking around.)* Have you not seen her? She flew this way...

(On his knees, Tootles crosses to Peter.)

TOOTLES: Peter, you must forgive me, but I have killed our new mother. *(To Lost Boys.)* Let Peter see.

(Still in a line, Lost Boys open like a swinging door to reveal Wendy. Peter slowly crosses to Wendy and kneels beside her.)

PETER: She is dead. Perhaps she is simply frightened because she is dead. *(Pulls the arrow from Wendy's chest.)* Tootles, you shot this arrow at our new mother, Wendy?

(Tootles puffs out his chest, turns his face away, and closes his eyes.)

TOOTLES: Indeed. Now strike, Peter. Strike true and put an end to my shame and misery.

(Peter stands and aims his arrow. Wendy reaches over and touches Peter's leg.)

PETER: I cannot strike. There is something that is stopping me.

NIBS: *(Pointing down at Wendy.)* It is the Wendy lady. Look! Her arm is moving.

LOST BOYS: The Wendy lady lives!

(Peter bends down and picks up an acorn.)

PETER: The arrow must have struck this. It is the kiss I gave her. It saved her life.

SLIGHTLY: I remember kisses. Let me see it. *(Touches acorn.)* Aye, that's a kiss.

(Bells tinkle and light moves to the other end of the stage.)

CURLY: Listen to Tink. She is crying because the Wendy lives.

PETER: Why would that make her cry?

TOOTLES: It was Tink who told us to shoot the Wendy down.

PETER: Is that so? Tink, come here, right now. *(Bells tinkle and light moves back and forth to indicate "no.")* Come here,

Tink. *(Bells tinkle and light moves back and forth to indicate "no." Shouts.)* I said, come here now! *(Bells tinkle and light crosses to Peter.)* Listen, Tinker Bell, I am your friend no more. Be gone from me forever. *(Bells tinkle and light moves all around Peter. Wendy touches Peter's leg. Looks at Wendy then at light.)* Well, not forever, but for a whole week at least.

(Bells tinkle and light crosses offstage.)

TOOTLES: What should we do with Wendy?

CURLY: Let's carry her down into the house.

SLIGHTLY: Aye, that is what one does with ladies.

PETER: No, no. You must not touch her. It would not be respectful.

SLIGHTLY: That is what I was thinking.

TOOTLES: But if we leave her here she will die.

PETER: Then let us build a little house around her. Quick! Let's get this house built.

LOST BOYS: Aye, aye, Peter!

(Lost Boys exit and return with house pieces, which they assemble around Wendy. John and Michael enter and see Peter.)

MICHAEL: Peter! We've been looking all over Neverland for you.

JOHN: *(To Peter.)* We lost sight of you and Wendy when we were flying just outside of London. But a strange and magical air current brought us here.

MICHAEL: Were you worried sick about us?

PETER: *(Looking at them, confused.)* Who are you?

JOHN: We're John and Michael Darling.

(Peter still looks confused.)

MICHAEL: *(To Peter.)* You came into our nursery and sprinkled fairy dust on us and taught us to fly.

(Peter still looks confused.)

JOHN: *(To Peter.)* We're Wendy's brothers!

PETER: Oh, yes! I remember you now.

MICHAEL: Where is Wendy?

TOOTLES: Well...you see...she's—

(Wendy exits house.)

WENDY: I'm right here.

JOHN/MICHAEL: Wendy!

LOST BOYS: The Wendy lady!

PETER: Slightly, fetch a doctor. We must make sure our mother is all better.

SLIGHTLY: Aye, aye.

(Slightly enters house and grabs John's hat.)

WENDY: I assure you, Peter. I am quite well. The arrow only stunned me, that's all.

(Looking solemn, Slightly exits the house.)

SLIGHTLY: *(To Peter, in a deep voice.)* You called for a doctor?

PETER: I did. Our mother was struck down by an arrow and needs a thorough examination.

WENDY: That really isn't necessary.

SLIGHTLY: Tut, tut, tut. Where is the patient in question?

WENDY: You know he means me. You have been standing here the entire time.

SLIGHTLY: Let me take a look. *(Makes thoughtful noises as he moves Wendy's arms around and inspects her.)* I think I see the problem.

PETER: What is it?

WENDY: Yes, what is it?

SLIGHTLY: She has cooties.

LOST BOYS: Eeeew! Cooties!

PETER: Can she be cured?

SLIGHTLY: She can. I have the antidote for cooties right here
in my bag.

PETER: Then give it to her immediately!

(Slightly mimics opening a bag, digging through it, removing a bottle, uncorking it, and pouring liquid onto a spoon.)

SLIGHTLY: *(To Wendy.)* Drink up.

(Wendy takes the imaginary spoon and drinks the imaginary medicine.)

WENDY: Thank you, Doctor.

SLIGHTLY: *(Bowing.)* She's cured!

(All cheer. Slightly throws the hat at John.)

PETER: Now that that's settled, we may as well all go inside
and settle in for the night. Wendy, I think there's something
that my friends, the Lost Boys, want to ask you.

WENDY: Well, what is it?

(Lost Boys fall to their knees in a line.)

LOST BOYS: O Wendy lady, will you be our mother?

WENDY: I would love to, but you see, I am only a little girl. I
have no experience.

PETER: You can pretend, for here in Neverland we are all
little girls and boys. It is against the law for anyone to grow
up. And you tell such wonderful stories...and you would
make a lovely mother.

(Pause. Wendy ponders this.)

WENDY: I'll do it!

LOST BOYS: Hurray!

PETER: Then let's head inside. (*Crosses to house, looks inside, and turns back to group.*) You know, on second thought, I don't think we're all going to fit in there.

NIBS: Then let's take her to our real house...the house underground!

PETER: Come along, everyone. Wendy's got a story to tell us. You'll never guess what happened to Cinderella after the pig turned her into a monkey and sent her to the prince's houseboat!

(All exit. Blackout.)

Scene 3

(AT RISE: *The Underground House, later that day. The Lost Boys are sitting around on tree trunks. Wendy is sitting on a bed or chair darning socks.*)

LOST BOYS: (*Banging silverware on tree trunk, chanting.*) We want dinner! We want dinner! We want dinner!

WENDY: All in good time, my little darlings. You know that Father has taken John and Michael out hunting. I'm sure they'll be back in time with a fine goose or a plump rabbit for us.

NIBS: I love rabbit stew!

CURLY: Roasted goose is my favorite!

WENDY: And what a fine meal I will make once Father has returned. (*Peter crows offstage.*) That sounds like Father now.

(*Peter enters from the tree opening followed by John and Michael. They are holding bows and arrows. Peter pretends to be holding something. Light enters and crosses to the lantern, which then turns on.*)

TWIN 1: What did you bring us, Peter?

TWIN 2: Yeah, what did you bring us, Peter?

PETER: Now that we have a mother, you must remember to address me as "Father."

TWINS: Sorry, Father.

PETER: I have a fine suckling pig for our feast tonight, as you can plainly see.

SLIGHTLY: (*Disappointed, slumps down.*) Ah, so it's going to be an imaginary meal again tonight.

PETER: What was that, Slightly?

(*Slightly sits up.*)

SLIGHTLY: (*Exuberantly.*) I mean...wow! That looks delicious!

PETER: That's what I thought. (*Pretends to drop a pig onto the table. To Wendy.*) Here, Mother. I'm sure you can make us a glorious meal out of this pig.

WENDY: But I—

JOHN: Don't even try to argue with him, Wendy. It won't do any good.

WENDY: Very well. (*Pretends to make a meal out of the pig during the next few lines.*) But, first, did everyone take their medicine today?

MICHAEL: I hate medicine!

PETER: We must do as Mother says. If she says we are to take medicine, then we take medicine. (*Takes out a bottle and pours some medicine onto a spoon. Drinks it and then passes it.*)

NIBS: So did you have any great adventures out in the forest, Father?

PETER: Of course I did, Nibs.

(*Peter looks around, satisfied. Pause.*)

CURLY: Aren't you going to tell us about your adventures, Father?

PETER: Didn't I tell them to you already?

SLIGHTLY: No, Father. You only just came home.

PETER: Well, in that case, let you dear old dad rest, Slightly. It's been a long day. (*Puts his feet up.*)

NIBS: Did you just call yourself old, Father?

(*Peter sits up suddenly.*)

PETER: (*Upset.*) Of course not! I will never get old! Getting old is for—is for—is for grownups! (*Starts taking deep breaths.*)

WENDY: Peter! Are you okay? What is the matter? Are you having trouble breathing?

PETER: Having trouble breathing? Not at all! Everyone in Neverland knows that every time you take a breath, a grownup dies. I am simply trying to kill as many grownups as I can. *(Takes a few more deep breaths.)*

WENDY: Really, Peter...do you hate grownups that much?

PETER: I do. I hate grownups more than anything. Who would want to wear a suit and grow a mustache and work in an office all day? That's why I'm never going to become a grownup. And I'm certainly never going to grow old.

WENDY: Well, my mother and father were grownups and were very lovely people.

JOHN: Mother and Father...I remember them a little, I think.

MICHAEL: But Wendy is our mother, isn't she? And Peter is our father?

WENDY: John and Michael, have you really forgotten our parents—the mother and father who loved us and played with us and took care of us?

JOHN/MICHAEL: Sorry, Mother.

WENDY: No, no, no! I am not your real mother, don't you remember? This is only make-believe. Tootles, do we have any paper down here? And perhaps something to write with?

TOOTLES: We have paper and crayons for coloring.

WENDY: That'll do. Bring them here right away.

TOOTLES: Yes, Mother. *(Digs under the bed and brings paper and crayons to stump.)*

WENDY: *(To John and Michael.)* Now, the best way I know how to remember something is to take a test like we did in school.

JOHN/MICHAEL: Awwwww, do we have to?

WENDY: You do.

TWIN 1: Can we take a test, too?

TWIN 2: Yeah, can we take a test, too?

(Wendy gives supplies to everyone, except Peter, who sulks off to one side.)

WENDY: You all can take a test.

NIBS: What is the test going to be about?

WENDY: It's going to be about my mother and father back home.

SLIGHTLY: I'm going to ace this test, I just know it!

WENDY: All right, question number one: What was the color of Mother's eyes?

(All write.)

JOHN: Blue.

MICHAEL: Green.

CURLY: Purple!

WENDY: Question two: Who was taller...Father or Mother?

(All write.)

NIBS: Father.

SLIGHTLY: Mother.

CURLY: Purple!

WENDY: Finally, what color was Mother's hair?

(All write.)

JOHN: Blonde.

MICHAEL: Brown.

CURLY: As I recall, it was a beautiful shade of honey with golden highlights when she went out in the sun.

SLIGHTLY: Really, Curly?

CURLY: Okay, purple!

JOHN: So what were the answers, Wendy? Who got them right?

WENDY: You know, I'm not sure if I remember exactly what Mother and Father look like...

PETER: I don't know why you're bothering, anyway. I have no use for mothers and fathers—except for Wendy, of course. All I care about are adventures!

SLIGHTLY: I care about stories.

CURLY: I care about animals.

TOOTLES: I care about hunting animals.

(Curly gives Tootles a dirty look and Tootles sticks out his tongue.)

TWIN 1, 2: I care about my twin! *(Twins look at one another and hug.)*

NIBS: I care about cake!

(All laugh. Light crosses out of lantern, which turns off. Light crosses to Peter. Tinkling bells are heard.)

PETER: Well, if it's cake you want, Nibs, then it's cake you shall have. Tink was just down by the mermaid's lagoon and saw a whole cake just sitting there waiting to be eaten.

NIBS: Then what are we waiting for? Let's go!

WENDY: Are you sure? It just seems odd that a cake would just be sitting out next to a lagoon.

PETER: One thing you need to learn about Neverland is that if something seems odd, then that can only mean one thing.

WENDY: And what is that?

PETER: That an adventure is right around the corner! To the lagoon!

NIBS: And to cake!

(All cheer and exit. Blackout.)

Scene 4

(AT RISE: *The Mermaid's Lagoon, later that day. A large rock is left center. At the start of the scene, there is little or no "water" on the left side of it. A cake is sitting on the rock. Peter enters SL followed by Wendy, John, Michael, and the Lost Boys. Nibs is last to enter. They cross to the rock. Light crosses to Peter.*)

PETER: There's your cake, Nibs, just as Tink promised.

(*Tinkling bells are heard.*)

NIBS: (*Pushing around Boys and running to cake.*) Let me at it!

(*Wendy stops him.*)

WENDY: Wait just a minute! (*Picks up the cake and holds it up for Lost Boys and audience to see. It has a large skull and crossbones on top.*) I have a feeling that this cake may be a trick of some sort.

PETER: (*Holding up his fist in fury.*) Hook! That dastardly fellow! He must have been trying to lure us down here for a battle. (*Looks around. Nonchalant.*) Oh, well. We're here now, so we may as well have a little fun.

JOHN: (*Nervously.*) Shouldn't we head back to the underground home before Hook gets here?

PETER: Whatever for? The lagoon's a marvelous place. And if I remember correctly, Wendy, here, has been wanting to see some mermaids.

WENDY: Oh, I would love to see a mermaid!

PETER: Then look out into the water.

(*Wendy puts the cake down. Mermaids enter, "swimming." Their lower halves are unseen by the audience as they are covered by "water."*)

MERMAIDS: (*Eerily sing.*)

“In daylight we all love to play

Tossing bubbles, tails spray

But when the moon is on the rise

We are planning your demise.” (*Evil laugh.*)

MICHAEL: That was weird.

JOHN: You can say that again.

KALLIOPE: Hello again, Peter Pan.

PETER: Hello, Kalliope.

PHAIDRA: What brings you down to the lagoon so close to
nightfall?

PETER: Nibs had a taste for some cake that was left here, but
it turns out it was all a trick from Hook.

MELAINA: That Captain Hook is always trying to get you,
Peter Pan.

PETER: And I him, Melaina.

ISIS: Can we interest you in a game of Bubble Toss, Peter Pan?

PETER: Thank you, Isis! We’d love to.

KALLIOPE: Who are your new friends?

PETER: Oh, yes! I almost forgot. This is our new mother,
Wendy, and her brothers, John and Michael.

WENDY/JOHN/MICHAEL: How do you do?

PETER: (*With each introduction, each Mermaid flashes her tail
about the water line.*) And this is Kalliope, Melaina, Phaidra,
and Isis.

TOOTLES: Can we play, too?

PHAIDRA: (*Disdainfully.*) I don’t think so.

CURLY: Why not?

MELAINA: You know we despise little boys. Filthy creatures!
You never use your heads.

SLIGHTLY: But you play with Peter.

ISIS: Peter is a magical child.

TWIN 1: What about Wendy and John and Michael?

TWIN 2: Yeah, what about them?

KALLIOPE: Wendy may play, but the rest of you may only
watch.

(Mermaids take out bubble balls and start tossing them around. Peter and Wendy join in.)

WENDY: How exciting! I'm playing with a real, live mermaid!

PHAIDRA: Don't get your gills in a bunch over it. We're just people...well, half people.

(Melaina accidentally hits a bubble toward John.)

MELAINA: *(Shouts.)* Watch out, filthy little boys.

JOHN: I've got it. *(Hits a bubble with his head.)*

ISIS: Now that's one way to use your head!

SMEE: *(Offstage.)* Aye, matey! Marooner's Rock is just up ahead.

SKYLIGHTS: *(Offstage.)* I wonder if Pan and his friends have fallen for our little trap.

TOOTLES: *(Pointing toward SR.)* Pirates!

PETER: Hide in the water, boys, until I tell you otherwise.

LOST BOYS: Aye, aye, Peter!

(Lost Boys, John, and Michael exit SL. Mermaids exit.)

PETER: Now, Wendy, you and I must hide here, behind Marooner's Rock.

WENDY: Is it safe, Peter?

PETER: No adventure worth having is completely safe, but I will do my best.

(A small boat is rolled on, containing Smee, Skylights, and Tiger Lily. Tiger Lily's arms are tied behind her back.)

SMEE: *(Points.)* There's the rock, Skylights.

SKYLIGHTS: But where's the cake? We put it right there.

SMEE: Peter must have figured out the trick.

SKYLIGHTS: I told you we shouldn't have put the Jolly Roger on it.

SMEE: But it looked so nice. I couldn't resist. Besides, it doesn't matter. We've got an even better way to lure Peter Pan into the clutches of Captain Hook, don't we, Tiger Lily?

TIGER LILY: You can't do this to me! I am the princess of Neverland!

SKYLIGHTS: Maybe you should have thought of that before you tried to board our ship with a knife in your mouth!

TIGER LILY: A few minutes more and I would have sent Hook's other hand to the waiting mouth of his dreaded crocodile.

SMEE: Now the only thing you'll be doing is acting as bait for Peter Pan. *(To Skylights.)* Now then, what we have to do is hoist Tiger Lily onto the rock. Pan will surely come by before the tide starts rising. He would never let Tiger Lily drown.

(Smee and Skylights have docked at the rock and are hauling Tiger Lily onto it.)

SKYLIGHTS: *(To Tiger Lily.)* There you go, pretty princess. I hope for your sake that Pan shows up soon.

SMEE: *(To Tiger Lily.)* Or else it's curtains for you!

(Smee makes a slashing motion across his neck. Smee and Skylights get back into the boat and start "paddling" back to SR. Mermaids enter and cross to rock.)

TIGER LILY: *(Calls.)* Help! Someone please help me!

MERMAIDS: *(Eerily sing.)*

"The pirates left you stranded here

Your enemy is still quite near

Nighttime will be coming soon

The tide will bring you certain doom." *(Evil laugh. Exit.)*

WENDY: (*Poking her head up, unseen by Pirates.*) Oh, no! Peter, you've got to help her!

PETER: Don't worry, Wendy. I've got a plan. (*Peter moves to the left side of the rock. He can be seen by the audience but is unseen by the Pirates. Note: The next few lines are mouthed by Peter, but are said by Hook offstage or can be pre-recorded. As Hook.*) Ahoy there, you lubbers!

SMEE/SKYLIGHTS: (*Surprised, looking at each other.*) The Captain!

SKYLIGHTS: He must be out there in the water somewhere.

SMEE: (*To Peter.*) We have put Tiger Lily on the rock.

PETER: (*As Hook.*) Set her free. Cut her bonds and let her go.

SMEE: But, Captain—

PETER: (*As Hook.*) At once, d'ye hear! Or I'll plunge my hook in you!

SKYLIGHTS: (*To Smee.*) Better do what the Captain orders.

SMEE: Aye, aye.

(*Smee and Skylights "paddle" back to the rock and untie Tiger Lily. Tiger Lily runs off. Peter looks satisfied with himself but then sees Hook enter, riding a wooden raft and "paddling" toward the boat.*)

HOOK: Boat ahoy!

SMEE: Captain, all is well?

HOOK: (*Looking around.*) Where is Tiger Lily?

SMEE: We let her go.

HOOK: (*Angrily, yells.*) You let her go?!

SKYLIGHTS: 'Twas your own orders. You called over the water and told us to let her go.

HOOK: Brimstone and gall, what deceit is this?! I gave no such order!

SMEE: If you didn't, then who did?

HOOK: (*Looking out across the water.*) Spirit that haunts this dark lagoon tonight, do you hear me?

(The next few lines are mouthed by Peter but are pre-recorded by Hook.)

PETER: *(As Hook.)* Odds, bobs, hammer, and tongs, I hear you.

HOOK: Who are you, stranger?

PETER: *(As Hook.)* Brimstone and gall, I am Captain Hook.

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

PETER: *(As Hook.)* A codfish! Only a codfish.

HOOK: A codfish?! *(Stomps around angrily. With a knowing smile.)* Tell me, Hook...do you have another voice and another name?

PETER: *(As Hook.)* I do.

HOOK: Are you vegetable, mineral, or animal?

PETER: *(As Hook.)* Animal.

HOOK: Are you a man?

PETER: *(As Hook.)* No!

HOOK: Are you an ordinary boy?

PETER: No!

HOOK: *(With a sneer.)* Smee, do you know who our friend is?

SMEE: I don't have a guess. I give up.

(Peter bounds onto the rock.)

PETER: It is I! Peter Pan!

HOOK: Now we have him! Smee, Skylights, we take him dead or alive!

PETER: *(To Lost Boys, John, and Michael.)* Are you ready, boys?

(Lost Boys, John, and Michael have entered unseen by audience and are hidden at various spots behind the "water.")

LOST BOYS/JOHN/MICHAEL: Aye, aye!

PETER: Then let's get these pirates!

(Lost Boys, John, and Michael kneel and reveal themselves to the audience.)

LOST BOYS/JOHN/MICHAEL: Aye, aye!

(A fight scene ensues. Tootles and Curly fight Smee and Slightly. Twin 1, 2 fight Skylights. John and Michael hold the boat. Wendy holds onto the rock and watches the battle. Peter and Hook wrestle around until each are on the opposite side of the rock. All ad-lib fighting words, "I'll get you!" "You won't get away from me this time!" "Take this!" etc. As the fight ensues, the "tide" is rising and it is getting dark.)

SMEE: I can't take this anymore! Let's get out of here, Skylights!

SKYLIGHTS: I'm with you, Smee!

(Smee runs off and Skylights follows. John and Michael bring the boat around and the Lost Boys get inside.)

TOOTLES: Where's Peter and Wendy?

NIBS: I'm sure they're around here somewhere.

CURLY: Let's head back to the forest. Perhaps Peter and Wendy are out there looking for us.

(Lost Boys, John, and Michael exit in the boat. Peter and Hook each crawl up the side of the rock. Peter reaches the top of the rock first, takes out a knife, and holds it above Hook.)

HOOK: It looks like you've got the advantage, Pan. I suppose you're going to kill me now.

(Peter lowers the knife.)

PETER: That wouldn't be a fair fight, Hook. *(Offers his hand to Hook.)* Here, take my hand.

HOOK: *(Sweetly.)* Why, thank you. *(Suddenly.)* And why don't you take my hook!

(Hook plunges his hook into Peter's hand.)

PETER: *(Screams.)* Owwww! *(Shocked, looks at Hook. Sadly.)*
How could you? I was trying to help you.

HOOK: That just shows what a fool you are, Peter! You're nothing but a fool and a coward!

PETER: I may have been a fool, but it is you who is the coward, Hook.

(Peter pushes Hook into the "water." Ticking is heard.)

HOOK: *(Looking around, terrified.)* The crocodile! It's found me again! Curse you, Peter Pan! Curse you, crocodile!

(Hook swims offstage and the sound of ticking dies off. It is night now and the "tide" is high. Most of the rock is covered with "water." Peter bends down and pulls a weak and coughing Wendy higher onto the rock.)

PETER: Are you all right, Wendy?

WENDY: I am very weak from holding onto this rock for so long. I can't hold on much longer.

(Mermaids enter.)

MERMAIDS: *(Eerily sing.)*

"Night has come, the sun is gone

Your arms will not hold out for long

The tide will rise and take your breath

And we will help you to your death." *(Evil laugh. They exit.)*

PETER: The tide is rising, Wendy. Soon, the water will cover this rock. We must go.

WENDY: Shall we swim or fly, Peter?

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

WENDY: Do you mean we will both drown?

PETER: I think so. To die will be an awfully big adventure. Goodbye, Wendy.

WENDY: Goodbye, Peter. (*"Water" continues to rise. A large nest with a bird perched on the edge "floats" on. Sees nest, points.*) What is that?

PETER: It is a Never Bird. (*Looks at bird quizzically.*) I think it wants to help us. (*Quacking noises are heard.*) She says that she is a mother and she wants to help us because we are only children. (*Quacking noises.*) She wants us to get into the nest!

WENDY: We are saved!

PETER: And all because we never grew up! (*Nest "floats" close enough for Peter to reach it.*) Here, Wendy, you get inside. Just be careful of the eggs. I have enough strength to hang on as we float back to shore.

(*Wendy crawls into the nest.*)

WENDY: That was a close call, Peter.

PETER: Too close. But one thing's for sure...Hook won't get the best of me again. The next time we meet will be the last time Hook and I do battle. And that is one battle I intend to win!

(*Peter crows loudly. Blackout.*)

Scene 5

(AT RISE: *The Underground House, later that night. Light is on in the lantern. Hook and Smee enter through the tree opening and look around stealthily.*)

SMEE: I think the coast is clear, Captain.

HOOK: I can't believe Pan slipped through my fingers once again. I was so close this time, Smee!

SMEE: But now you've found his underground hideout, so he won't be able to elude you much longer.

HOOK: I can't stand Peter Pan! He refuses to grow up, and because of that, he can't help but display good form at all times. He thinks he's so much better than me! I have to find some way to get rid of Pan once and for all! Perhaps there's an answer down here.

SMEE: Let's try and find something quick! (*Looking around and picking things up.*) Those Lost Boys were surprisingly tough to battle. I wouldn't want them to come home and catch us in their lair.

HOOK: I agree. (*Holds up a book.*) I'm not sure what this thing is. Perhaps we can use it in some way to trap Pan.

SMEE: (*Looking at book.*) I don't think so, boss. I'm pretty sure that is what's known as a "broom." They use it to bake cakes.

HOOK: I see. Well, that isn't any use to us, then. (*Tosses book.*)

SMEE: (*Holds up a flower pot.*) How about this?

HOOK: What can I do with that old hat, Smee?

SMEE: Sorry, Captain. (*Puts flower pot on his head.*) But it is a nice hat.

HOOK: I think I've found just what we're looking for. (*Holds up medicine bottle.*)

SMEE: But isn't that medicine that you take to feel better? I thought we wanted Pan to feel worse.

HOOK: We want Pan to feel worse, all right... *(Draws finger across his throat.)* ...much worse. But I have something in mind for this little bottle. *(Takes a flask out from inside his coat.)* I have developed a poison that I keep handy should I ever be taken alive by a rival pirate. A few drops of this and Peter Pan will be no more. *(Pours half the flask into the medicine bottle.)*

SMEE: I thought you said you only needed a few drops, Captain?

HOOK: I want to make good and sure that Pan doesn't slip through my fingers again, Smee. Pan must pay for cutting off my hand and feeding it to that crocodile. And pay he shall...with his life!

(Music indicating the Citizens of Neverland is heard.)

SMEE: It sounds like the Neverlanders are approaching.

HOOK: They must be looking to celebrate Pan's rescue of Tiger Lily.

SMEE: We'd better get out of here, Captain. I wouldn't want to face an attack from the Lost Boys and Tiger Lily down here.

HOOK: I agree. For now, at least. But that gets me thinking...getting rid of Pan is step one. But we also need to rid ourselves of those pesky Lost Boys, Tiger Lily, and the other Neverlanders.

SMEE: How do we do that?

HOOK: If we can't fight them down here, perhaps we can lure them up there. *(Points above.)*

SMEE: If you say so, Captain. *(Music gets louder.)* Those Neverlanders are getting awfully close. Can we get out of here now?

HOOK: Let's go. But the next time we see the Lost Boys, they're going to be in for a surprise!

(Hook puts the bottle on the table and exits with Smee. Light exits the lantern and "flies" around. Peter and Wendy enter followed by Lost Boys, John, Michael, Tiger Lily, and Neverlanders. Lost Boys and John and Michael sit on one side of the room. Neverlanders are on the other. Peter and Wendy sit at the table with Tiger Lily and Great Big Little Man. Light flies close to Peter's head. Tinkling bells are heard.)

PETER: *(Swatting around his head.)* Not now, Tink! Can't you see that we have guests? *(Tinkling bells are heard.)* I said...not now, Tink! Go to your lantern!

(Tinkling bells are heard. Light crosses to lantern. Lantern glows.)

TIGER LILY: My father, the King of Neverland, would like to thank you for rescuing me from the evil Captain Hook.

GREAT BIG LITTLE MAN: My name is Great Big Little Man. I am indebted to you, Peter Pan of Neverland, for putting your own life at risk to save my daughter.

PETER: I was happy to do it, especially if it meant upsetting Hook's master plan.

GREAT BIG LITTLE MAN: From this day forth, you will be known to all in Neverland as "Great Father."

PETER PAN: Thank you. *(Holding up his hand.)* Peter Pan has spoken.

TIGER LILY: What does that mean?

PETER PAN: It means just that...I have spoken.

TIGER LILY: All right, I suppose.

GREAT BIG LITTLE MAN: Great Father, we are indebted to you and will do everything in our power to protect you from Hook and the other pirates.

PETER: Thank you, Great Big Little Man. Peter Pan has spoken.

TIGER LILY: Now, some citizens of Neverland would like to bestow gifts upon you to thank you for saving me.

PETER: *(Gleefully.)* Gifts! I love gifts! Let me have 'em! Let me have 'em!

(Birdie crosses to Peter and presents him with a blanket.)

BIRDIE: I am Birdie. I have woven this blanket for you in thanks for your kindness to my princess.

(Peter looks at the blanket and is unsure of what to do with it.)

PETER: Er...thanks. I suppose we can always use another blanket.

(Peter sets the blanket aside. Wendy picks it up and admires it.)

WENDY: Thank you, Birdie. The blanket is lovely.

(Blossom crosses to Peter and presents him with bread.)

BLOSSOM: *(To Peter.)* I am Blossom. I have baked this bread for you in thanks for your kindness to my princess.

PETER: Oh, okay. I like bread as much as the next guy, I guess.

(Peter gives the bread to Wendy.)

WENDY: Thank you, Blossom. We will enjoy this bread very much with supper.

(Willow crosses to Peter and presents him with a beaded necklace.)

WILLOW: *(To Peter.)* I am Willow. I've made this necklace for you in thanks for your kindness to my princess.

PETER: All right. This gift seems a little bit girly to me. I guess Wendy can have it.

(Peter gives the necklace to Wendy.)

WENDY: Thank you, Willow. This necklace is beautiful.

(Wolfie crosses to Peter and presents him with knife.)

WOLFIE: My name is Wolfie. I've made this knife for you in thanks for your kindness to my princess.

(Peter takes the knife and pokes it into the air.)

PETER: Now that's more like it! This is a gift that a boy can really use!

WENDY: *(To Citizens of Neverland.)* Thank you all for your kind gifts.

TIGER LILY: It is our pleasure.

PIRATES: *(Offstage, yell.)* Arrrrrrrrrrrrrgggggghhhh!

PETER: What was that?

TOOTLES: It's Hook and his band of pirates!

TIGER LILY: *(To Peter.)* Let us prove to you that our oath to protect you was genuine.

GREAT BIG LITTLE MAN: *(To Peter.)* Let us vanquish those pirates for you.

PETER: *(Whining.)* But I want to fight Hook! I have a new knife and everything...

TIGER LILY: It would really mean so much to me and the citizens of Neverland to do this for you, Peter.

CITIZENS OF NEVERLAND: *(To Peter.)* Let us avenge you, Great Father.

PETER: All right, on one condition—

TIGER LILY: What is that?

PETER: That you leave Hook alive...and save him for me to deal with. Peter Pan has spoken.

GREAT BIG LITTLE MAN: As you wish, Great Father. Come now, Neverlanders.

(Music is heard as Neverlanders exit.)

WENDY: How frightening, Peter!

PETER: I think it's exciting!

JOHN: What do we do now?

MICHAEL: We must ask Father. *(To Peter.)* Father, what do we do now?

PETER: *(To Wendy, anxiously.)* It's only make-believe that I'm their father, isn't it, Wendy?

WENDY: Of course, Peter. Why do you ask?

PETER: Because it would make me seem so old if I was their real father.

WENDY: But they're ours, Peter...yours and mine.

PETER: But not really, right, Wendy?

WENDY: Not if you don't wish to pretend it anymore.

PETER: *(Relieved, starts to turn away.)* Good.

(Wendy grabs Peter's hand and turns him to face her.)

WENDY: Peter, what are your exact feelings toward me?

PETER: Those of a devoted son of course, Mother.

WENDY: *(Sadly, turns away.)* I thought so...

PETER: I don't understand you, Wendy. You behave so strange, and Tiger Lily acts just the same. There is something that the two of you want to be to me, but Tiger Lily says it is not my mother.

WENDY: No, indeed, it is not.

PETER: Then what is it?

WENDY: If you don't understand, then it's not for me to tell you. But I can't be your mother anymore.

PETER: Oh, very well. Perhaps Tinker Bell will be my mother.

(Light exits lantern. Lantern goes dark. Light goes back and forth in front of Peter's head to indicate "no." Tinkling bells are heard.)

WENDY: I am fairly certain Tinker Bell does not want to be your mother, either.

PETER: But what good are you to me if you don't want to be my mother anymore?

WENDY: I was just thinking the same thing. In fact, it's about time that my brothers and I went home.

NIBS: You can't leave!

SLIGHTLY: *(To Wendy.)* Please stay!

TWIN 1, 2: *(To Wendy.)* Can we go with you?

TOOTLES: *(To Wendy.)* Could we all go with you?

WENDY: I think that's a marvelous idea!

PETER: But how do you know that your mother and father even want you anymore?

JOHN: What do you mean? Of course, they'll want us.

WENDY: I'm sure the nursery window is wide open just waiting for our return.

PETER: 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 closed, for my mother had forgotten all about me and there was another little boy sleeping in my bed.

MICHAEL: Are all mothers like that?

PETER: Yes.

WENDY: Then we shall go back at once before our nursery window is closed forever. Peter, will you make the necessary arrangements?

(Peter looks at her for a few minutes and then turns away from her and crosses his arms.)

PETER: If you wish.

WENDY: *(To Lost Boys.)* As for the rest of you, I am almost certain that my mother and father would love to adopt you.

LOST BOYS: Hurray!

WENDY: I'm sure they'd love for you to come as well, Peter. *(Crosses to Peter and puts her hand on his arm.)* I'd love for you to come.

PETER: I will not go with you. My place is here in Neverland, but Tink will show you the way home. (*Light flies around Peter's head and tinkling bells are heard.*) I don't want to hear another word, Tink. You will guide Wendy and the boys back home and then you will come back here where you and I will live all by ourselves.

(*Light "flies" as tinkling bells are heard, followed by Neverland music.*)

CURLY: That is the music of Neverland.

SLIGHTLY: Tiger Lily and the Neverlanders have been victorious over Captain Hook and the pirates!

LOST BOYS: Hurray!

WENDY: Then I suppose there is no better time to head home. Are you sure you won't come, Peter?

PETER: I'm sure, especially now that Hook is waiting captive just for me.

LOST BOYS: Goodbye, Peter.

PETER: Goodbye to you all. And if you find your mothers, I hope you like them.

(*Light exits. Lost Boys, John, and Michael follow. Wendy dons her coat, starts to exit, and turns back.*)

WENDY: You'll be all right, won't you, Peter?

PETER: As long as I have adventure, nothing will stop me!

[END OF FREEVIEW]