(The cast wears pajamas, and probably convenient sneakers. It’s all lamp-lit, and golden feeling. The text is all taken from the novel. Stage directions are sparse so that the movement can really be catered to the space.

The music of The Books plays throughout: Bonanza 2X / A True Story of a True Story / Don't Even Sing About It / Read, Eat, Sleep / Excess Straussess / Liternite / A Little Longing Goes / The Joy Of Nature / A Long Villainous Sequence / The Future / Lagoon / Vogt Dig for Kloppervok / None But Shining Hours / Mikey Base / We Bought The Flood / Thankeyoubranch / Take Time / Smells Like Content / Motherless Bastard / If Never Changes To Stop.)
(The following text should not literally overlap, but should have that kind of feeling tempo-wise. Each phrase should come right on the heels of what precedes it.)

WENDY
All children, except one, grow up.
They soon know that they will grow up...

TINK
This ought not to be written in ink but in a golden splash.

A LOST BOY
(He wears a blindfold.)
I don't know whether you have ever seen a map of a person's mind.

WENDY
You won't forget me, Peter?
Will you?
Before spring cleaning time comes?

A LOST BOY
Doctors have tried to draw a map of a child's mind. It is not only confused, but keeps going around all the time.

TIGER LILY
There are zigzag lines on it, probably roads in an island. Neverland is always more or less an island, with astonishing splashes of color here and there, and coral reefs and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs, and princes with six elder brothers, and a hut fast going to decay, and one very small old lady with a hooked nose.

A LOST BOY
It would be an easy map if that were all, but there’s also the first day at school, religion, fathers, the round pond, needle-work,

(Everybody lists two "Neverlands.")

murders, hangings, demonstrative adjectives, chocolate pudding day, getting into braces, cash for pulling out your tooth…

(Everybody lists two "Neverlands.")

A LOST BOY
Neverlands vary a good deal. Wendy’s is a house of leaves deftly sewn together.

(Tiger Lily leads the Lost Boy around Neverland...)
(In the nursery.  
First, a memory.)

PETER
Who is Captain Hook?

WENDY
Don't you remember how you killed him and saved my life? 
   Peter?

PETER
I forget them after I kill them.

WENDY
Tinker Bell remembers.

PETER
Who is Tinker Bell?

WENDY
Oh Peter, she drank poison for you.

PETER
There are such a lot of them;  
   I expect she is dead by now.

WENDY
You will remember me, though?  
   Won't you?  
   Peter?

MRS. DARLING
George, the other night I saw a boy at the window.

MR. DARLING
Three floors up?

MRS. DARLING
He escaped, but his shadow hadn’t time to get out.

MR. DARLING
I don’t think it’s anyone we know, but he does look a scoundrel.

MRS. DARLING
Dear nightlights that protect my sleeping child, burn clear and steadfast tonight.

[Mrs. Darling has found Peter’s shadow and locks it up in a drawer.]

(Lost Boy, Tiger Lily, Tinker Bell, Peter, and Wendy gently sing a single line from “Tender Shepherd” a few times underneath the following monologue.)

THE LOST
(Being led around Neverland by Tiger Lily…)
You too have been there; you can still hear the sound of the surf, though you shall land no more. Of all delectable islands the Neverland is the snuggest and most compact, not large and sprawling, 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, so there are night-lights.

---------------------------------------------------------------------

ALL
All children, except one, grow up.
They soon know that they will grow up.

WENDY
And the way Wendy knew was this.

MRS. DARLING
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, “Oh, why can’t you remain like this for ever!” This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up.

TIGER LILY
You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

MRS. DARLING
Until Wendy came, her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady,
with a romantic mind.

MR. DARLING
Such a sweet mocking mouth.

MRS. DARLING
Her romantic mind
was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East: however many you discover there is always one more.

MR. DARLING
And her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner.

MRS. DARLING
How did Mr. Darling win her?

MR. DARLING
The many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and nipped in first, and so he got her.

MRS. DARLING
He got all of her, except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a passion, slamming the door.

MR. DARLING
Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know, and he often said stocks were up and shares were down.

MRS. DARLING
In a way that would have made any woman respect him. Mrs. Darling was married in white, and at first she kept the books perfectly, almost gleefully, as if it were a game, not so much as a Brussels sprout was missing.

MR. DARLING
But by and by whole cauliflowers dropped out, and instead of them there were pictures of babies without faces. They were Mrs. Darling's guesses.

MRS. DARLING
Wendy came first.
MR. DARLING

(Picking up great speed...)

For a week or two after Wendy came it was doubtful whether they would be able to keep her, as she was another mouth to feed. Mr. Darling was frightfully proud of her, but he was very honourable, and he sat on the edge of Mrs. Darling's bed, holding her hand and calculating expenses.

MRS. DARLING

She looked at him imploringly.
She wanted to risk it, come what might.

MR. DARLING

But that was not his way; his way was with a pencil and a piece of paper: one seventeen here, and two and six at the office. I can cut off my coffee at the office, say ten shillings, making two nine and six, with your eighteen and three makes three nine seven, with five naught naught in my cheque-book makes eight nine seven -- Who is that moving? -- eight nine seven, dot and carry seven -- Don't speak, my own! -- and the pound you lent to that man who came to the door -- Quiet, child! -- dot and carry child -- There, you've done it! -- Did I say nine nine seven? Yes, I said nine nine seven. The question is, can we try it for a year on nine nine seven?

MRS. DARLING

He was really the grander character of the two.

MR. DARLING

Remember mumps, and whooping-cough, at least, say, fifteen shillings.

MRS. DARLING

And so on it went, and it added up differently each time; but at last Wendy just got through, with mumps reduced to twelve six, and the two kinds of measles treated as one.

---------------------------------------------------------------------

(During the following, Mr. and Mrs. Darling put Wendy to bed.)

THE LOST

Stars are beautiful, but they may not take an active part in anything, they must just look on for ever. It is a punishment put on them for something they did so long ago that no star now knows what it was. So the older ones have become glassy-eyed and seldom speak (winking is the star language), but the little ones still wonder. They are not really
friendly to Peter, who had a mischievous way of stealing up behind them and trying to
blow them out; but they are so fond of fun that they were on his side
to-night, and anxious to get the grown-ups out of the way. So as soon as the door of 27
closed on Mr. and Mrs. Darling, there was a commotion in the firmament, and the
smallest of all the stars in the Milky Way cried out:
"Now, Peter!"

TIGER LILY
Peter, now!

(Peter is now at Wendy’s window. His only light is of the fairy, Tink,
who follows him everywhere.)

TINK
(She fastly recites)

If you ask your mother whether she knew about Peter Pan when she was a little girl she
will say, “Why, of course, I did, child,” and if you ask her whether he rode on a goat in
those days she will say, “What a foolish question to ask; certainly he did.” Then if you
ask your grandmother whether she knew about Peter Pan when she was a girl, she also
says, “Why of course, I did, child,” but if you ask her whether he rode on a goat in those
days, she says she never heard of his having a goat. Perhaps she has forgotten, just as she
sometimes forgets your name and calls you Mildred, which is your mother’s name. Still
she could hardly forget such an important thing as the goat. Therefore there was no goat
when your grandmother was a little girl. This shows that, in telling the story of Peter Pan,
to begin with the goat (as most people do) is as silly as to put on your jacket before your
vest. Of course, it also shows that Peter is ever so old, but he is really always the same
age, so that does not matter in the least. His age is one week, and though he was born so
long ago, he has never had a birthday, nor is there the slightest chance of his ever having
one. The reason is that he escaped from being a human when he was seven das old.

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------

(The window has been blown open
by the breathing of little stars, and Peter has dropped in.)

PETER
Tinker Bell, Tink, where are you?
(Searching everywhere for his shadow)
Do you know where they put…
(Finding it)…my shadow!
I’ll stick it on with soap.

(He tries. It fails. Repeat.
Eventually, a shudder passes through Peter, and he sits on the
floor crying in defeat. Wendy has awoken to witness some of this.)

WENDY
Boy, why are you crying?

[Peter could be exceeding polite also, having learned the grand manner at fairy ceremonies, and he rose and bowed to her beautifully. She was much pleased, and bowed beautifully to him from the bed.]

PETER
What's your name?

WENDY
Wendy…Moira Angela Darling. What’s your name?

PETER
Peter Pan.

WENDY
Where do you live?

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

WENDY
What a funny address! 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
Oh Peter, no wonder you were crying.

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!
You can’t stick it on with soap. 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. I daresay it will hurt a little.

PETER
Oh, I shan't cry.
I never cried in my life.

(It is done.)

WENDY
Perhaps I should have ironed it.

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

WENDY
There never was a cockier boy. Of course I did nothing!

PETER
You did a little.

WENDY
Well, if I am no use I can at least withdraw.
(She ducts under the covers.)

PETER
Wendy, don't withdraw. I can't help crowing, Wendy, when I'm pleased with myself.
(Still she does not look up, though she is listening eagerly.)
Wendy!
(He continues, in a voice that no woman has ever yet been able to resist)
Wendy, one girl is more use than twenty boys.

WENDY
(Peeping out from the bed-clothes)
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, and I will give you a kiss if you like.

PETER
(Putting out his hand)
Alright.

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.)

WENDY
I will wear it on a chain around my neck…
Peter, how old are you?

PETER
I don't know – I'm young…Wendy, I ran away the day I was born.

(Wendy is quite surprised, but interested.)

[And she indicated in the charming drawing-room manner, by a touch on her night-gown, so that he could 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. I've lived a long, long time among the fairies.

(She gives him a look of the most intense admiration, and he thinks it's because he had run away, but it was really because he knew fairies.)

WENDY
You really know fairies?

PETER
You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, its laugh broke into a million bajillion 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 she has gone to. Tink! 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?

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. Ha!
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. Of course I'm very sorry, but how could I know
you were in the drawer?

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

PETER
They hardly ever stand still.

WENDY
Oh, the lovely!

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

(Tinker Bell answers insolently.)

WENDY
What does she say, Peter?

PETER
She’s not polite…she says you’re dumb, and that she’s my fairy.
You know you can't be my fairy, Tink, because I am a gentleman and you are a lady.

TINK
You silly ass.

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

WENDY
Tell me about your home.

PETER
I live 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's perfectly lovely the way you talk about girls. I know you meant to be kind, so you may give me a kiss.

PETER
(Offering the thimble)
I thought you would want it back.

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 just as she's seen her parents do.)

PETER
Funny! Now shall I give you a thimble?

WENDY
(Keeping her head erect this time)
If you wish to!

13
(Peter thimbles her, and almost immediately she screeches.)

PETER
What is it, Wendy?

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

PETER
That must have been Tink. I’ve never known her to be so naughty before.

(And indeed Tink is darting 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?

TINK
You silly ass.

PETER
Do you know why I come here, Wendy?

WENDY
Me?

PETER
To hear stories. You see, I don't know any stories. And none of the lost boys know any stories.

WENDY
How perfectly awful!

PETER
Do you know why swallows build in the eaves of houses? It’s to listen to the stories. Oh 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 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.

   ----------------------------------------------

   *(An interruption!)*

   Music shifts and a lost boy stammers onstage, terrified.

   Tiger Lily discovers him.

   LOST
   Hello? Is somebody there? Who’s there? (Etc.)

   TIGER LILY
   Gotcha. You can’t escape.

   LOST
   Are you… a pirate?

   TIGER LILY
   No, I’m not a pirate. I’m a flower, a Tiger Lily. You’re not a pirate now, are you?

   LOST
   I’m lost. I’m a lost boy.

   TIGER LILY
   I won’t hurt you.

   LOST
   I’m terrified of pirates when Peter is gone.

   TIGER LILY
Well, you’re safe now.

LOST

I dreamt last night that the prince found Cinderella. I’m dying to find out the end of the story.

TIGER LILY

Who’s Cinderella?

LOST

From the story, something about shoes, the deep black lake, and mice with no eyes. We don’t have mothers. Peter Pan comes back to tell us more of the stories, but he’s gone now.

TIGER LILY

Oh I know Peter Pan. Are you one of the ones that fell from your crib? You’re safe now.

(Smee comes and quietly abducts her.
Lost Boy doesn’t notice and is left as he started.)

LOST

The only thing I remember about my mother is that she often said to father, Oh how I wish I had a checkbook of my own. I don’t know what a checkbook is, but I should just love to give my mother one.

Hello?

Tiger Lily?

Are you there?

Is someone…hello?

(As before.
Peter and Wendy dart back into their previous scene:
Peter on the run to Neverland.)

WENDY

Peter, where are you going?

PETER

I told you! To tell the other boys!

WENDY

Don't go, Peter! I know such lots of stories.
(He comes back, and there is a greedy look in his eyes now, which ought to have alarmed her, but did not.)

WENDY
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, I can't. Think of mommy! 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
Ooo!

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
I'm scared.

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 is wriggling 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
Oh, Peter!

PETER
None of us has ever been tucked in at night. 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
If you like…wait…what’s that?

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

WENDY
It’s alright. All is still as salt.

PETER
You ready?

(Peter flies around the room.)

PETER
Ta-da!

WENDY
How sweet!

PETER
Yes, I'm sweet!

(She tries, too.)
WENDY
How do you do it?

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

WENDY
Couldn't you do it very slowly once?

(Peter does it slowly.)

PETER
Ta-da!

WENDY
I can't.

PETER
First you need fairy dust. And then, you need a happy thought. Can you think of one?

WENDY
My mom.

PETER
Don’t be silly. You’ve got to do better than that.

WENDY
(Lists several happy thoughts, really trying each one on for size.)

PETER
Wiggle your shoulders this way.

WENDY
(Comes up the perfect happy thought and soars.)

(They fly.)

WENDY
Oh, Look at me!

(Peter gives Wendy a hand at first, but has to desist because Tink becomes so indignant.
Up and down they go, and round and round. “Heavenly” was Wendy's word.
Another major change, they are down on the floor again)
WENDY
Do we dare go out?

PETER
Let’s do a billion miles.

TINK
Of course it was to this that Peter had been luring her.

WENDY
I don’t know, Peter

PETER
Mermaids, Wendy!

WENDY
Ooo! I don’t know if I can.

PETER
It’s easy, Wendy. You can. I’ll protect you from pirates.

WENDY
I’m scared. Please, Peter.

(The threesome takes flight.)

MR. DARLING
Just as they arrived home, Mr. and Mrs. Darling looked up at the nursery window. And, yes, it was still shut, but the room was ablaze with light. And the most heart-gripping sight of all, he could see in shadow on the curtain two little figures, one in night attire circling round and round, not on the floor but in the air.

PETER
Come, Wendy.

(The threesome disappears into the night, heading straight for Neverland.)

MR. DARLING
He rushed into the nursery too late.

MRS. DARLING
The birds were flown.

WENDY
I’m flying!

(The night sky.
Peter and Wendy fly to Neverland
with Tink following close behind.)

(We go to Neverland.
A pirate ship: The Jolly Roger. Hook and Smee sway.)

HOOK
How still the night is. Nothing sounds alive.
Yo ho, yo ho, the pirate life, the flag o’ skull and bones!

SMEE
A merry hour, a hempen rope, and hey for Davy Jones.

HOOK
How do I look?

SMEE
Cadaverous.

HOOK
(brandishing his hook)
Mr. Smee, risking penalty of this, did you or did you not pluck that lily for me?

SMEE
(Leaving a suspenseful pause.)
I did.

HOOK
And where is she now?

SMEE
All tied up captain. To a rock in the center of the lagoon. She’ll be out of your hair now, captain.

(The Lost Boy wanders onstage. Occasionally repeating the “Hello? Who’s there?”)
SMEE
Shall I after him, Captain, and tickle him with Johnny Corkscrew?

HOOK
And wake the island?

SMEE
Johnny's a silent fellow.

HOOK
Shhhh!

SMEE
Let’s get him.

HOOK
I want not he, but his captain, Peter Pan. 'Twas he cut off my arm. 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.

SMEE
Unrip your plan, Captain. I’m sure you’ve got one.

HOOK
Yes I have got a plan.

SMEE
So, unrip it.

HOOK
We wait, Smee. We wait for that Pan.

(They storm off.)

(In the air again.)
Peter comes flying up from the ocean floor.)

WENDY
Where were you?

PETER
Just talking to mermaids down there. See, their scales always get stuck to you.

WENDY
How long ago did we leave the window?

PETER
Are you hungry, Wendy?

WENDY
No, I’m sleepy. Oh, look at the ocean down there!

PETER
I can snatch food from the mouths of birds for you.

WENDY
Well, that’s an odd way of getting your bread and butter. Do you even know that there are other ways?

PETER
Don’t be silly.

WENDY
I’m so tired Peter, aren’t we almost there?

(She dozes and falls. He laughs and catches her.)

PETER
There she goes again! Yes, we’re almost there, you.

WENDY
Stay with me, Peter! I don’t like it when you fly ahead.

TIGER LILY
When the curtain goes up, all is so dark that you scarcely know it has gone up. This is because if you were to see the island bang (as Peter would say) the wonders of it might hurt your eyes. If you all came in spectacles perhaps you could see it bang, but to make a rule of that would be kind of a pity.

PETER
We get off here. The island is looking for us.
WENDY
Where, where?

PETER
Where all the millions of golden arrows are pointing. Those are fairies

WENDY
How lovely. There's the lagoon!

TIGER LILY
Everybody close your eyes.

The first thing seen is merely some whitish dots, trudging along, and you can guess from their twinkling that they are probably fairies of the commoner sort, going home afoot from some party and having a cheery tiff by the way.

Then Peter’s star wakes up and in the blink of it, which is much stronger than in our stars, you can make out masses of trees and you think you see wild beasts stealing a drink, though what you really see is the shadows of them. They are really out pictorially to greet Peter in the way they think he would like them to greet him…and mermaids basking in the lagoon, pirates landing invisibly.

In the daytime you think the Neverland is only make believe, and so it is to the likes of you. But now that Peter is here, this is the Neverland come true.

An open air scene, a forest, a beautiful lagoon, one adventure, another, summertime, another…
(Lists a few happy thoughts.)

TINK
Wendy huddled close to Peter now. His careless manner had gone at last, his eyes were sparkling, and a tingle went through them every time she touched his body. They were now over the fearsome island, flying so low that sometimes a tree grazed their feet. Nothing horrid was visible in the air, yet their progress had become slow and labored, exactly as if they were pushing their way through hostile forces. Sometimes they hung in the air until Peter had beaten on it with his fists.
Would you like an adventure now, or would you like to have your tea first?

WENDY
Tea first!

PETER
To the lagoon, then.

WENDY
You mean where the mermaids are?

PETER
Look out for Hook! I cut off a bit of him. His right hand. If we meet Hook in open fight, you must leave him to me.

WENDY
I promise.

TINK
Tink was flying with them, and in her light they could distinguish each other. Unfortunately she could not fly so slowly as they, and so she had to go round and round them in a circle in which they moved as in a halo. Tinkerbell landed first.

---------------------------------------------------------------------

(Peter, Wendy, and Tink land on Neverland.)

LOST
He’s back? He’s BACK! Peter! You came back! What happened? Did the slipper fit someone, ya know? Did he find her? Who’s here? Peter?

[Wendy has started wandering (similar to the Lost Boy), in awe of the wild things before her.]

PETER
Don’t ask me. Ask our new mother. Wendy…

LOST
Our mother? At last. I’d like to get you your own checkbook.
Hello, I’m one of the lost boys, but you found us anyways.

PETER
Tell him, Wendy.

WENDY
He found her. The prince found Cinderella and they lived happily ever after. As they should. You should have known it would end that way.

LOST
I should have, shouldn’t I? Thank you, Wendy.

PETER
You see, she is a lady. Here is the kiss she gave me.

LOST
I remember kisses, let me see it.
Ay, that's a kiss alright.
Build a house for her!

TINK
Build a house for her.

PETER
Build a house for her!

WENDY
(As she speaks, a house appears around her.)
In an instant a hundred fairy sawyers were among the branches, architects were running around, a bricklayer's yard sprang up, seventy-five masons rushed up with the foundation stone, and the Queen laid it. Overseers were appointed to keep the boys off, scaffoldings were run up, the whole place rang with hammers and chisels and turning lathes, and by this time the roof was on and the glaziers were putting in the windows. The house was perfectly lovely.

The fairies, as is their custom, clapped their hands with delight over their cleverness, and they were all so madly in love with the little house that they could not bear to think they had finished it. So they gave it ever so many little extra touches, and even then they added more extra touches.
What a lovely little house!
(Wendy emerges from her little house.)

PETER
Still sleepy, Wendy?

WENDY
I couldn’t shut my eyes if I wanted to.

(Lost Boy removes his blindfold.)

WENDY
Show me the mermaids.

PETER
To the lagoon at once.

---------------------------------------------------------------------

(At the lagoon.
Lost Boy transforms into a mermaid.)

MERMAID
If you shut your eyes and are a lucky one, you may see at times a shapeless pool of lovely pale colors suspended in the darkness; then if you squeeze your eyes tighter, the pool begins to take shape, and the colors 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.

(Mermaid begins to sing.)

WENDY
Let’s spend the whole day here, Peter.

PETER
We can if you like, Wendy.

WENDY
I might stitch here for hours. I could start in on the pockets and socks for the lost boys.

PETER
You can if you like, Wendy, but we will have to have our adventure
You can nap in the meanwhile. Now, that I’m your mother, I had better be strict about this.

(Peter goes off to do so nearby.)

MERMAID
The most haunting time at which to see mermaids is at the turn of the moon, when they utter strange wailing cries.

(Mermaid begins to sing.)

WENDY
(Hearing the sound of pirates in the distance)
What’s that? Do you hear something?

(Mermaid continues to sing.)

WENDY
I said did you hear something? Oh, should I wake Peter?

MERMAID
I don’t see why you would.

WENDY
It wouldn’t be very motherly to wake him.

MERMAID
Welcome to Neverland.

(Mermaid swims away.)

TINK
Tink could have said something, but Wendy really pissed her off. Shivers slowly rolled over the lagoon.

WENDY
I do wish I could understand what you’re saying Tinker Bell.
The sun’s gone.

TINK
Wendy could no longer see to thread her needle, and when she looked up, the lagoon that had always hitherto been such a laughing place seemed formidable and unfriendly.
WENDY
It isn’t that night has come, but something as dark as night.

(Peter shoots up.)

PETER
You didn’t wake me. Lucky for you, I smell danger, even in my sleep.

(He stands motionless, one hand to his ear.)

PETER
Pirates!

WENDY
Oh! Hide! Hide me!

(Peter grabs Wendy and dashes out of sight with Tink fast on their heels.)

---------------------------------------------------------------------

(Hook and Smee ride in on a boat to pay a visit to their prisoner.)

HOOK
The night is still tonight. This is the hour when children in their homes are a-bed, their lips bright browned with the goodnight chocolate and their tongues drowsily searching for belated crumbs housed insecurely on their shining cheeks.

(The boat draws near, approaching Tiger Lily, who is tied to the rock at the center of the Lagoon.)

WENDY
Oh Peter, I’ve never seen such a beautiful flower.

PETER
That’s the Tiger Lily.

(Hook and Smee get out of the boat and join Tiger Lily on the rock.)

HOOK
(Brandishing his hook)
How would you like this?
SMEE

*(Brandishing his corkscrew)*
Or this!?

HOOK
No, Smee, no. It's this.

TIGER LILY
Do what you have to do.

HOOK
Smee, you heard her. Do what you have to do. I'll swing around the Jolly Roger. And lay out my plan for when that Pan comes back. Follow me when the deed is finished.

*(Hook sails away.)*

SMEE
I'll make a bouquet of you, Canker Blossom.

TIGER LILY
It's Lilium Lancifolium.

SMEE
I knew it, lubber, some vain resistance. Not a Canker Blossom? Not on your deathbed?

TIGER LILY
If I am to die, no false names. I am the Tiger Lily, the perennial flower.
I am to die I am to die I am to die.
Do it.
I'm not afraid.

SMEE
Luff, you lubber, you take the fun from it.

TIGER LILY
Oh, I am sure you'll find some way to enjoy yourself.

SMEE
A happy thought: fresh lily.

TIGER LILY
Goodbye I am to die. Neverland, Goodbye.

SMEE
Your doom awaits.

(Wendy – from far away – is scared.)

PETER
(Imitating Hook)
Ahoy there, you lubbers!

(At some point during the following, the other characters on stage – except for Hook and Smee – echo Peter to create the illusion of a cave.)

SMEE
The captain! Johnny Corkscrew is poised and ready, Captain.

PETER
Set her free.

SMEE
Free?!!

PETER
Yes, cut her bonds and let her go.

SMEE
But, captain –

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

SMEE
Bold move, Captain. Ay, ay.

(He lets her go. She runs off to join Peter, hiding nearby.)

HOOK
(Returning on his boat)
Ahoy, Smee, ahoy.

PETER
Am I not a wonder, oh, I am a wonder!

SMEE
Captain, is all well?
(Smee says these next few things after he
observes Hook doing each of them.)
He sighs.
He sighs again
And yet a third time he sighs.

HOOK
The game's up, those boys have found a mother. I overheard a mermaid.

SMEE
Oh evil day!

HOOK
We’re done for now.

SMEE
What's a mother?

WENDY
He doesn't know!

HOOK
What was that?

SMEE
I heard nothing, Captain. What’s a mother?

HOOK
That bird on that nest that floats on water is a mother. Yes, what a lesson! The nest must have fallen into the water, but would the mother desert her eggs? No.

(There was a break in his voice, as if for a moment he recalled innocent days when – but he brushed away this weakness with his hook.)

SMEE
If they found 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 I’ve made! We will seize the children and carry them to the boat: the boys we will make walk the
plank, and their mother shall be our mother.

WENDY
Never!

HOOK
What was that?

SMEE
I see nothing.

HOOK
Do you agree to capture her, my bully?

SMEE
There is my hand on it.

HOOK
And there is my hook. Swear.

SMEE
Swear.

HOOK
So, where is that flower? Have the mermaids yet made salad of her?

SMEE
That’s all right, Captain, I let her go.

HOOK
Let her go?!?!

SMEE
'Twas your own orders. You called over the water to me to let her go.

HOOK
Brimstone and gall, what cheating is going on here! I gave no such order.

SMEE
I heard them plain.

HOOK
Spirit that haunts this dark lagoon tonight, dost hear me?

PETER
Odds, bobs, hammer and tongs, I hear you.
(Hook clings to Smee 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
If you are Hook, come tell me, who am I?

PETER
A codfish, only a codfish.

HOOK
A codfish!

SMEE
Have I been captained all this time by a codfish! It is lowering to my pride.

HOOK
Don't desert me, bully.

(In his dark nature, a touch of the feminine, as in all great pirates, gives him intuition.)

HOOK
Hook, have you another voice?

(Peter can never resist a game, so he answers blithely in his own voice.)

PETER
I have.

(Now, Peter taunts Hook and Smee with the illusion of his disembodied voice darting around the dark lagoon.)

HOOK
And another name?

PETER
Ay, ay.

HOOK
Vegetable?

PETER
No.

HOOK
Mineral?

PETER
No.

HOOK
Animal?

PETER
Yes.

HOOK
Man?

PETER
No!

HOOK
You ask him some questions.

SMEE
I can't think of a thing.
(Spotting the enemy, playing the game) Are you a boy?

(Smee gestures for Hook to “Shhhhhhh.”)

PETER
Yes.

(Hook and Smee slyly pursue their pursuers.)

SMEE
Ordinary boy?

PETER
No!
SMEE
Wonderful boy?

PETER
Yes.

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

HOOK/SMEE
Yes, yes.

PETER
Well, then, I am Peter Pan.

(Peter and his gang attempt to surprise Hook and Smee, but end up being surprised themselves.)

HOOK
(Catching them)
Pan! Now we have him. Into the water, Smee.
Take him dead or alive!

PETER
Are you ready, boys?

(A fight ensues!
The pirates capture Peter,
and Hook bites Peter’s arm.)

PETER
Hook bit me! Hey Hook bit me!
(Looking all around for approval) It’s not fair. Hey!

--------------------------------
-------------------------------------

(An interruption.)

TIGER LILY
Ooooh. No one ever gets over their first unfairness; no one except Peter Pan. He often meets it, but he always forgets it. I suppose that’s the real difference between him and all the rest. So when he meets unfairness here it’s like the first time again; and he could
just stare, helpless. Twice the iron hand clawed him in his shock
Peter is betwixt and between. He was once a bird, like all of us were.

*(Back to the lagoon for a brief moment.)*

**PETER**
It isn’t fair. HEY!

**TIGER LILY**
I’ll save you, Peter.

*(Tiger Lily saves Peter. Hook and Smee retreat. Tiger Lily and Peter rejoice. Wendy is jealous.)*

[Peter has no sinking feeling, for he has one feeling only: gladness; and he gnashes his pretty teeth with joy.]

*(The interruption is resumed.)*

**TINK**
Wait a minute, now listen up and wait.
Before moving ahead, we take a moment to examine...
You know,
Somehow in the moment that you are conceived, birds are involved, the agony in your – or the wide-eyed shock or even joy – in your mother’s face is a result of an internal negotiation with a bird. and if you think hard enough you remember the spots on your back where wings used to be. Like the way a soldier or I guess a star fish remembers an old limb.
Of course, this all shows that Peter is ever so old, but he is really always the same age, so that does not matter in the least. His age is one week, and though he was born so long ago he has never had a birthday, nor is there the slightest chance of his ever having one.

**WENDY**
The reason is that he escaped from being a human when he was seven days' old; he escaped by the window and flew to Neverland.

**TIGER LILY**
If you think he was the only baby who ever wanted to escape, it shows how completely you have forgotten your own young days. think back hard, pressing your hands to your temples, and when you do this hard, and even harder, you distinctly remember a youthful desire to
PETER
To return to the tree-tops, and with that memory comes other ones, as that you
had lain in bed planning to escape as soon as his mother was asleep, and how she had
once caught you half-way up the chimney. All children could have such
recollections if they would press their hands hard to their

SMEE
temples, for, having been birds before they were human, they are naturally a little wild
during the first few weeks, and very itchy at the shoulders, where their
wings used to be.

HOOK
Perhaps we could all
fly if we were as dead-confident-sure of our capacity to do it as was
bold Peter Pan that evening.

LOST
The reason there are
bars on nursery windows and a tall fender by the fire is because
very little people sometimes forget that they have no longer
wings, and try to fly away through the window or up the chimney.

TINK
When the first baby laughed for
the first time, his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they
all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies.

(Wendy begins muttering “I should know.” under
her breath, growing louder and louder
until her next line.)

TINK
They look tremendously busy, you know, as if they had not a
moment to spare, but if you were to ask them what they are doing,
they could not tell you in the least.

TIGER LILY
They are frightfully ignorant, and everything they do is make-believe.
They have a postman, but he never calls except at Christmas with his little
box, and though they have beautiful schools, nothing is taught in them.

WENDY
(Overlapping) I should know how to fly.

HOOK
The youngest child being chief person is always
elected mistress, and when she has called the roll, they all go out for a walk and never come back.

(As before. Tigler Lily saves Peter from Hook’s bite.)

LOST
Anyways
Anyways
Aaaaaaaaaaanyways.

TIGER LILY
I’ll save you, Peter!
(She does as she did before.)

WENDY
Anyways
Anyways
Anyways
Anyways

Let’s celebrate!

(Back at the home of the Lost Boys. Victory dance.)

PETER
I want always to be a little boy and to have fun, you know. I want always to be young.

TIGER LILY
Don’t worry, Peter Pan. We did it we got him for now. You saved my life, and I saved yours. I’ll always owe you, now. And you’ll always owe me.

PETER
We did, didn’t we? I’m clever.

WENDY
Oh, Peter, you’ve been wounded. Let me mother you.

PETER
I won’t cry.

WENDY
You can cry to your own mother, Peter.

PETER
That hurts, Wendy. Ow!
WENDY
See, you are just exactly a boy, Peter.

PETER
(Fake sweetly)
I’ll be fine, Wendy lady.

WENDY
Well, I’ll have the final word on that.

TIGER LILY
We’ve done it now, Peter. Partners for life. Let’s celebrate.
Blind ourselves on fairy dust
and roll smoke from our ears!
There’s a daisy patch needs carousing!

WENDY
I’m sorry, Tiger Lily, but Peter must recuperate.

PETER
I’d love to, Tiger Lily.

WENDY
Ms. Lily, Peter appreciates your invitation but he will have to decline.

TIGER LILY
I know Peter Pan. When we get hungry I’ll make us the meatballs you love.
And don’t worry Mrs. Wendy, I will have him home before the sun comes up.
You could come too, if you wanted to, but I assume you don’t.

WENDY
I most certainly do not.

PETER
You’ll have to start getting used to adventures, Wendy.

WENDY
Perhaps the biggest adventure of all is that we are all several hours late for bed.

PETER
Then you should sleep soundly.

WENDY
Very well. I’ll leave your medicine for you, Peter.
Thank you, Wendy. I will take it as soon as I return. I do promise you that. A boy would have to celebrate and I would have to stay a boy forever. Forever isn’t up yet. I swear I will take my medicine when I come back.

WENDY
Do you swear it?

PETER
I swear. I will see you so soon, Wendy Lady.

WENDY
Peter, what are your exact feelings about me?

PETER
Those of a devoted son, Wendy.

WENDY
I thought so.

PETER
Goodbye, Wendy.

(Tiger Lily grabs Peter, and they leave Wendy to cavort about Neverland. Tink flies over to Wendy before leaving in a different direction.)

TINK
You silly ass.

WENDY
I’ve heard that enough times that I no longer need translation. Goodnight, Tinker Bell. Oh, it is so dark. Goodnight, Neverland.

(Lost wanders on.)

LOST
Hello? Hello… Did everybody leave? Peter? Wendy Lady?

WENDY
Oh, there you are. Why aren’t you in bed?

LOST
I was waiting to be tucked in.
WENDY
How totally sweet. I shall do it.

LOST
Have you had adventures today, mother?

WENDY
Oh yes, but they are not for a child’s ears.

LOST
Will you tell me, then? Please?
I was hoping for a bedtime story.

WENDY
You are right. Even at this hour, a child should have a story.

LOST
Start it, Wendy Lady.

(Getting him tucked into bed…)

WENDY
Shhhh…just lie down.
There was once a gentleman –

LOST
I had rather he had been a lady, or a white rat.

WENDY
Shhh, quiet. There was a lady also –

LOST
Oh, mummy, you mean that there is a lady also, don't you? She is not dead, is she?

WENDY
Oh, no, not in the least. The gentleman's name, was Mr. Darling, and her name was Mrs. Darling.

(Hook and Smee sneak on.)

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

LOST
White rats.
WENDY
No, no, no! They had a child.
Who one day flew away.

LOST
It's an awfully good story.

WENDY
She flew away to the Neverland, where the lost children are.
Now I want you to consider the feelings of the unhappy parents with their child flown away.
Think of the empty bed!

LOST
It's awful sad. I don't see how it'll have a happy ending. I'm frightfully anxious, mother.

WENDY
If you knew how great is a mother's love you would have no fear.
You see, our heroine knew that the mother, that's Mrs. Darling would always leave the window open for her child to fly back by; so she stayed away for years and had a lovely time.

LOST
Did she ever go back?

WENDY
Let us now take a peep into the future: years have rolled by, and the child is elegantly dressed, ever so much older than twenty. She might even have a child of her own by then.

(Wendy is captured by Smee and taken prisoner aboard the Jolly Roger.)

LOST
We are rewarded for our sublime faith in a mother's love. So up the girl flew to her mummy and her daddy, right? Right, Wendy? Wendy! Hello?

(He wanders, looking for her, but to no avail. Hook poisons the medicine left out for Peter in Tink’s view.)

LOST
So, did she ever go back? Wendy?

(He wanders away. Hook and Smee – with the imprisoned Wendy – reenter the house to poison Peter’s medicine.)
(Smee hands Hook the deadly vile.)

HOOK
Poison, Smee.

(Smee hands Hook the deadly vile.)

HOOK
(Pouring the poison into Peter’s medicine)
I do have him now, I do. Oh, really still is the night. This is the hour when children in their homes are in bed. Compare with them the child, a pirate mother from now on. Split my infinitives, but ‘tis my hour of triumph!

Something tells me that I should make my dying speech now. When I die, there may be no time for it. Mortals envy me, but perhaps it might have been better not to have had such ambition. When children play at Peter Pan, no one ever wants to be me. The strongest plays Peter and they force the baby to play Captain Hook. The baby! That is where the canker gnaws!

SMEE
I would want to play you captain!

HOOK
Oh, they find Smee lovable. Pathetic Smee, the nonconformist pirate, a happy smile upon his face because he thinks they fear him.

SMEE
Oh, but they do.

HOOK
How could I break it to him? Smee, train the prisoner.

(They exit with Wendy.)

---------------------------------------------

(Out and about in Neverland.
Peter and Tiger Lily dance celebratory
on their way back home from adventuring.)

PETER
Make a happy thought, Tiger Lily.

TIGER LILY
(A series of happy thoughts.)
And you, Peter. Think some.
PETER

(A series of happy thoughts.)

…a meatball.

(They are home by now.

The dance becomes more intimate. Tinker Bell swoops in to break it up.)

PETER

Knock it off, Tink!

TINK

Don’t drink your medicine, Peter. It was too big for me to spill out, but you can’t drink it.

PETER

I promised Wendy I would, and I’m going to drink it. Why would you spill it out! You keep acting stranger and stranger.

TIGER LILY

I think we all know what’s going on here, pixie dust.

PETER

What’s going on?

TIGER LILY

Leave us alone, Tinkle Bell. Go on.

TINK

But Peter, there’s poison in your medicine.

PETER

Poisoned? Who could have poisoned it? Here it is, see?

TIGER LILY

You’re jealous.

TINK

Ohhhhhhhhh. You ass, you ass!

PETER

Tink, Wendy wouldn’t poison my medicine. I’ll drink it to prove it to you.

TINK

No!!
(Tink dramatically chugs it from his hands just as he’s about to drink.)

PETER
What’s gotten into you, dumbbell?!??!
I’ll never make it up to her. She wanted to help me and you ruined everything.

(Tink is fading.)

PETER
Oh.
Oh, Tink.

TINK
You bastard. Goldgoldgoldgold…

PETER
There was poison? But who could possibly have poisoned it.

TINK
Hook did. He stole her, and poisoned you.

PETER
I'll rescue her! Come one Tiger Lily.

TINK
It was poisoned, Peter, and now I am going to be dead.

PETER
(Cradling Tink)
Oh, Tink. Did you drink it to save me?
But why, Tink?

TINK
(So sweetly and barely still conscious)
Oh you silly, silly ass.

PETER
Okay. It’s okay. It’s okay. It’s okay.

TINK
Maybe if children believed in fairies again.

PETER
Okay! Yes.
(Turns out to address the audience)
Do you believe?
Do you believe in fairies?
If you believe, clap your hands!
Don't let Tink die. Please.
Oh, clap your hands!
Clap!
Stomp your feet!
Come on, clap! Oh, she’s better! She’s getting better! It’s okay!

(Tink stands revived.)

PETER
To rescue Wendy!

(He runs ahead.)

TINK
Ooooh!!!!
Let’s go save Wendy.

--------------------------------------------------------

(Back on the Jolly Roger.)

HOOK
The moon rides in a cloudy heaven.

SMEE
Ay, nights like these, Captain.

HOOK
Do you hear a single sound?

SMEE
I do not.

HOOK
Mouths that opened will stay open. That is the stillness of the end.
I shall be tormented no longer. By now, Pan has met his fate.

WENDY
You won’t get away with this. I won’t stay here, oh.

SMEE
You could have her walk the plank, Captain.
HOOK
She’ll come around, wrapped in blanket of night through which no sound can penetrate.
Oh man unfathomable. It is his hour of triumph.
Fame, fame, that glittering bauble, it is mine.

SMEE
Is it quite good form to be distinguished at anything?

HOOK
I am the only man whom Barbecue feared, and Flint feared Barbecue.

WENDY
Is it not bad form to think about good form?

HOOK
My child, you closer and closer approach the plank.

WENDY
Fine, then!

HOOK
It’s Pan I wanted, chiefly Pan, and I got him.
It was his cockiness. It made me iron claw twitch, and at night disturbed me like an insect. No harm in that.

SMEE
Yes, Captain, while he lived, you were a lion in a cage into which a sparrow had come.

WENDY
He still lives! I know it.

HOOK
Oh, I bet. Listen, I am not wholly evil. I love flowers and sweet music and – let it be frankly admitted – the idyllic nature of a scene stirs me profoundly.
It takes a lot of inspiration to do what I do.

WENDY
Oh, I hate you!

HOOK
Oh, no little children love me!

SMEE
Shall, I hoist her up, then? We’ve been fine without a mother anyways, Captain.
Why change now?
HOOK
Very well.

WENDY
Oh, what would your real mother say?

HOOK
I wouldn’t know her if I passed her. You should be picking up on that by now.

WENDY
Am I to die, then?

(Hook laughs.
The plank is revealed.
Smee pushes her towards it.)

WENDY
(Lists happy thoughts as she walks towards the edge of the plank.)

HOOK
What is she doing, Smee?

WENDY
Thinking happy thoughts. And I’ll fly.
...my mother my mom my mother...

SMEE
Oh, flight when Pan lies dead? Nothing can save you now.

WENDY
I’m scared. Oh Mom!

(Peter and his gang fly up onto the ship.)

PETER
Hook or me this time!!!

WENDY
Oh God!

HOOK
Aha, he lives.
PETER
You have gone too far, now, Captain James Hook of the Jolly Roger.

HOOK
Peter Pan the avenger! Prepare to die.

TIGER LILY
Not so fast.

LOST
Your doom! It is your doom!

TINK
(Approaching Smee)
I’ll take this one!

HOOK
Smee, we’re surrounded.

SMEE
Captain, I could Johnny Corkscrew the lily at least. You’ll to the lost one.

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

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

HOOK
Proud and insolent youth.

PETER
Dark and sinister man, shall we all have at thee.

HOOK
Pan, who and what art thou?

PETER
I'm youth.
I'm joy.
I'm the little bird that has broken out of the egg.
James Hook, thou not wholly unheroic figure, farewell.
To die, well, really is the greatest adventure!

(The group squanders Hook and Smee and forces them to walk the plank to their
doom... accompanied by the sound of a ticking clock. Victory at last!

(Back in the nursery. Hook and Smee turn back into Mr. and Mrs. Darling.)

MRS. DARLING
Meanwhile, Mrs. Darling had no proper spirit. She had aired Wendy’s bed, and she never leaves the house, and always leaves the window open.

MR. DARLING
When the child flew away, Mr. Darling felt in his bones that all the blame was his. Of course, as we have seen, he was quite a simple man. Indeed he might have passed for a boy again if he had been able to take his baldness off.

MRS. DARLING
We look at her closely and remember the gaiety of her in the old days, all gone now because she has lost her babe. Look at her in her chair, where she has fallen asleep. The corner of her mouth, where one looks first, is almost withered up.

MR. DARLING
Her hand moves restlessly on her breast as if she had a pain there.

MRS. DARLING
Wendy? Wendy! Oh, I dreamt my dear one had come back.

MR. DARLING
Good heavens, if I had been...if I had been...

MRS. DARLING
Oh George, you are as full of remorse as ever, aren't you?

MR. DARLING
“I am responsible for it all. I, George Darling, did it. Mea culpa, mea culpa. I lost our child,” he said. They sat thus night after night recalling that fatal Friday, till every detail of it was stamped on their brains and came through on the other side like the faces on a bad coinage.

MRS. DARLING
If only I had not accepted that invitation to dine.

MR. DARLING
My fatal gift of humor, dearest.

MRS. DARLING
My touchiness about trifles.

MR. DARLING
The empty nursery.

MRS. DARLING
It had begun so uneventfully, so precisely like a hundred other evenings

MR. DARLING
Oh, shut that window, dear. I feel a draft.

MRS. DARLING
Oh George, never ask me to do that. The window must always be left open for her. Always, always.

--------------------------------------------------------------------

(Back to the Jolly Roger.
This time, however, Peter is Captain.
Perhaps he wears Hook’s hat.)

WENDY
I must go home at once.

PETER
We’re going. We’re driving there, wherever it may lead us!
Oh to have a Jolly Roger, Wendy.

WENDY
I mean home. Perhaps mother is in half mourning by this time.
Peter, will you make the necessary arrangements?

PETER
If you wish it.

WENDY
I’m not asking you to pass the nuts, Peter, I’m asking to go home!
Not so much as a sorry-to-lose-you!
PETER
You can go home if you wish it, Wendy.

(Peter starts breathing quick short breaths – five to a second.)

WENDY
What are you doing, Peter?

PETER
Every time you breathe in Neverland, a grown-up dies, Wendy.

(Peter sighs largely.)

WENDY
Oh how dreadful. I must go home at once.

(Wendy deliberately holds her breath.)

LOST
Wendy, you can’t go. Peter, let’s keep her prisoner, chain her up.

PETER
No, no. She can go if she likes. Tiger Lily, will guide you through nature, Wendy, then you know your happy thoughts. Think happy thoughts, Wendy.

WENDY
(Trying not to cry.)
Thank you, Peter.

PETER
You now know how to cross the sea.

WENDY
I suppose I won’t be seeing you again, Peter?

PETER
You might.

WENDY
Well, you won’t forget me, Peter, will you? You won’t forget saving me from Captain Hook?

PETER
Who is Captain Hook?
WENDY
Oh, Peter, you slain him for me.

PETER
I forget them after I kill them, Wendy. Go if you’re going, Wendy.

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

LOST
Peter, can we go?

PETER
All right.

WENDY
Oh, ripping! Get your things, Peter.

PETER
No, I’m not going with you, Wendy. He is.

WENDY
We could find your real 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.

(To Lost) If you find your mother, I hope you will like her.

LOST
Am I not a noodle for wanting to go?

TIGER LILY
I stay with Peter Pan.

TINK
Of course I do, too.

PETER
Now then, no fuss, no blubbering. Good-bye, Wendy.

*(She had to take his hand, and there was no indication that he would prefer a thimble.)*

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

**PETER**  
Are you ready, my Tiger Lily?

**TIGER LILY**  
Ay, ay.

**PETER**  
Then lead the way.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

*(Tiger Lily leads Wendy and Lost through the sky.  
Tinker Bell and Peter arrive at the nursery first.  
Mr. and Mrs. wait asleep.)*

**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.

**TINK**  
This trick had been in his head all the time.

[Instead of feeling that he was behaving badly, he dances with glee. Then he peeps into the nursery to see who was playing.]

**PETER**  
Look, Wendy’s mother sleeps.

**MRS. DARLING**  
*(Sleepwalking)*  
Wendy? Wendy?

**PETER**  
She is a pretty lady, but not so pretty as my mother. Her mouth is full of
kisses, but not so full as my mother's is.
    She cries in her sleep.
I'm fond of her too. We can't both have her, lady.
    She won't make the best of it.

MRS. DARLING
Nightlights, protect my sleeping child. A mother's eyes, nightlights.

MR. DARLING
Burn clear and steadfast.

(Wendy approaches the closed window with Tiger Lily and Lost.)

WENDY
Mother?

MRS. DARLING
Wendy?

WENDY
Father?

MRS. DARLING
Wendy!

(They look at her empty bed and softly utter.)

MR. DARLING
No.

MRS. DARLING
Oh, no.

PETER
You can't see Neverland bang – the wonders of it might hurt your eyes.

WENDY
The window is shut? It is shut. A mother would leave it opened.

PETER
No, Wendy.

WENDY
How much time has passed?

PETER
I don't know.

WENDY
Oh. Mother looks so very old.

LOST
Does this mean I can’t go either?

PETER
Think a happy thought, Wendy. We can fly. We can do spring cleaning, you can take care of us, we can do adventure things.

WENDY
Think happy thoughts.

PETER
Yes.

WENDY
Think happy thoughts…

(A happy thought extravaganza ensues. The Darlings are forgotten.)