

ACT ONE: Scene Two

The nursery (bedroom) in the Darling residence in Bloomsbury, London, a summer evening in 1910. The three children have been getting ready for bed when Peter appears in the window.

Wendy: Who are you?

Peter: Just me, Peter Pan!

Wendy: Just I, you mean.

Peter: I? Me? Who might you be?

Wendy: Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

Peter: Well, ladeeda!

Michael: Have you come to make us walk the plank?

Peter: I'm no pirate, but I've got a few pirates who are my best enemies!

John: Where do you live, Peter Pan?

Peter: Second star to the right, and straight on 'til morning.

Wendy: That's a silly address! How will the mailman be able to deliver your letters?

Peter: Don't get any letters.

Wendy: But your mother must get letters.

Peter: Don't got a mother! Never had one and don't need one, so there!

John: Who tucks you in at night?

Peter: Me, myself, and I!

Michael: Who gets your porridge in the morning?

Peter: Me, myself, and I!

Wendy: Who makes you take your medicine when you're sick?

Peter: Me, myself, and I!

Wendy: May I ask you something, Peter Pan?

Peter: You certainly are full of questions!

Wendy: What are you looking for?

Peter: My shadow!

Wendy: And just what would your shadow be doing in this room without you?

Peter: That bear you keep in here tore it off the other night?

John: Nana's not a bear!

Michael: She's just a very big doggie!

Peter: I don't care if she's a hippopotamus with three eyes! I want my shadow back!

Wendy: I haven't the foggiest idea where it is. *(Tink enters and the bell rings)*

Michael: Who's that?

Peter: Tinker Bell. She's a very beautiful fairy, but so tiny only I can see her. Do you know where my shadow is, Tink? *(Bell sound)* You do? *(Bell sound)* Of course I do! *(Tink's light falls on the drawer where the shadow was placed.)* In there?

Wendy: *(Opens the drawer and takes out the shadow.)* Is this it? *(Holds up the shadow, measuring it against Peter)* Yes, I think it should do very nicely. I'll sew it back on, if you like.

Peter: I should like it very much.

Wendy: (*Gets sewing kit*) I daresay this might hurt a bit.

Peter: I won't cry! Peter Pan never cries!

John: I say, you are brave!

Wendy: Especially for someone so young.

Michael: How old are you?

Peter: I won't lie. I am young. But I don't know how young. You see, I ran away the day I was born.

John: How exciting!

Wendy: Why would you do that?

Peter: I heard my father telling my mother what I will become when I grow up to be a man. But I don't want to grow up to be a man! I don't want to grow up period. I just want to be a boy and have fun, so I ran away to Kensington Gardens. And that's where I met Tinker Bell and the other fairies.

Michael: Where do fairies come from?

Peter: You won't tell anyone?

Michael: Cross my heart, hope to die!

Peter: Then I'll tell you. When the first baby laughed, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies.

John: Do you still live with them in Kensington Gardens?

Peter: Only sometimes. Most of the time I live with the Lost Boys.

Michael: Who are they?

Peter: The children who fall out of their baby carriages while the nanny's looking the other way. If they're not claimed in seven days, they're sent to Neverland to defray the expense of keeping them.

Wendy: Neverland!

Peter: But sometimes they get tiresome.

John: Why?

Peter: Because they want me to tell them stories, but I don't know any stories. We don't have anyone who can tell any stories to us.

Michael: Wendy can tell stories!

Wendy: (*Finished sewing.*) There! Now, Peter, stand up and see if that suits you.

Peter: (*Stands up and looks at his shadow*) Why, it's better than before! You certainly are a very handy person to have about, Wendy.

Wendy: Thank you, Peter. But I believe it's time you went back to your Lost Boys and these two went to sleep.

Peter: Can you really tell stories?

John: Oh wonderful stories! Stories about the sultans of Arabia and the pharaohs of Egypt!

Michael: And Cinderella and Snow White, too. (*Tink flies about. The bell rings*)

Peter: What's that, Tink? Those stories don't sound stupid at all! I think they sound wonderful!

Wendy: Tinker Bell doesn't like stories? *(The bell rings.)*

Peter: She says she only hates stories you tell.

John: That isn't very fair! They are splendid stories. Really!

Peter: Then come with me to Neverland and tell stories to the Lost Boys!

Wendy: Oh, but what about John and Michael?

Peter: They can come, too? *(Bell rings)* Of course we have room, Tink! There's always room in Neverland.

John: Can we go, Wendy?

Michael: Will we meet pirates and Indians?

Peter: Of course!

Wendy: But there won't be any nasty fighting, will there? *(The bell rings wildly)*

Peter: No, Tink, there won't be any fighting. There's never any fighting in Neverland.

Michael: *(Disappointed)* Well, in that case –

Peter: Well, maybe a little bit.

Michael: All right, then, I'll go!

Wendy: But what about Mother and Father? Won't they miss us?

Peter: You can come back whenever you say. Please, Wendy, come to Neverland. You can be our mother and tell us stories and mend our socks.

ACT ONE: Scene Three

Neverland, just before Peter and the Children arrive. The Lost Boys are hiding behind bushes, the pirates have just come on stage.

Starkey: So where be the young'uns you saw, Smee?

Smee: Well, now, I did see them . . .

Cookie: And I smell 'em!

Skylight: Aye! They be near here someplace.

Noodles: Hidin' behind bush or branch!

Starkey: And what do we do if we find 'em?

Smee: Oh, well, now, I suspect we'll leave that to the Captain!

Cookie: He'll string 'em up to the yard arm!

Skylight: Maybe draw 'n quarter 'em!

Noodles: Aye, that hurts darkly!

Curly: *(From behind the bushes)* Oh no!

Lost Boys: Shhh!

Starkey: You hear something?

Smee: Well, now, I do think . . .

Cookie: They're here, all right!

Skylight: Come out, come out, wherever you be!

Noodles: We got a nice, big surprise for the likes of you young'uns.

(Noise off left)

Smee: Well, now, did you hear that? *(Starkey puts his fingers to his lips indicating silence. Gestures for the pirates to join him moving left. They tiptoe in exaggerated steps to left, huddled together, ready to attack. Captain Hook backs on left, his hand to his ear, listening to left. Before they realize who it is, the pirates attack with great noise and fury.)*

Starkey: Get him, boys!

Cookie: He'll tell us where the young'uns are hidin'!

Captain Hook: Stop it! Get your hands off me! What are you doing, you idiots!

Noodles: *(Calling left, not realizing he's got Captain Hook.)* Captain Hook! We're over here! We got him!

Captain Hook: *(Throws the last of the pirates off.)* And if you don't get your hands off me, I'll boil your gizzards for my supper!

Smee: Oh, well, now, if it isn't Captain Hook.

Captain Hook: Yes, it's Captain Hook! And just what are you idiots up to?

Starkey: The Lost Boys are hidin' about here someplace!

Cookie: We thought you be one of 'em!

Captain Hook: Do I, Captain James Hook, pirate extraordinaire, look like I'm lost?

Skylight: Well, for a minute there, we weren't . . . *(Captain Hook draws his sword and aims it at him.)* Absolutely not, Captain Hook, sir! *(Salutes nervously.)*

Noodles: But they're close by, sir! The hairs in my nose are twitching! They always twitch when the Lost Boys is near!

Captain Hook: Then Peter Pan must be nearby as well! Hmmmm . . . perhaps this would be a good place to lay an ambush and I could be rid of that bragging little horsewhip once and for all! (*Sound effect: Tom-Tom*) But wait! What's that?

Starkey: It's the Indians, sir! They sound like they're on the warpath!

Smee: Oh, well, now maybe they're looking for the Lost Boys too!

Cookie: They be lookin' for us!

Skylight: Aye! We stole some of their blankets.

Captain Hook: What did you do that for?

Noodles: Well, sir, the nights be getting' cold, and our pookies be freezing.

Captain Hook: Then we stand and fight! They'll make easy prey for us! (*Sound effect: Tick-tock of clock. At each tick and tock, Captain Hook jerks nervously and loses any sense of reality as fear overtakes him.*)

Cookie: Captain, What's wrong?

Smee: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It's that crocodile!

Captain Hook: No! No!

Starkey: He sure puts in a lot of effort following you, Captain Hook!

Captain Hook: He thought my hand was so tasty he's wanted the rest of me ever since!

Skylight: Good thing he swallowed that clock. At least that gives you a warning!

Noodles: What'll we do, Captain?

Captain Hook: Retreat! Retreat! (*Races off right as crocodile enters left*)

Cookie: Blimey! We'd better run for it, too!

Smee: Oh, well, now, I don't think he's interested in anything but the Captain!

Starkey: What's the matter, you old crock? We aren't good enough for you? (*Crocodile shakes its head and exits*)

Noodles: I take that as a real insult! (*A rubber-tipped arrow flies in from left.*)

Skylight: Say, now! What's this? (*A rubber tomahawk flies in*)

Cookie: Indians! (*Pirates scream and run off as Indians come in*)

Chattering Chipmunk: Almost a great shot, Great Big Little Panther.

Panther: Almost only counts in horseshoes, Chattering Chipmunk.

Tiger Lily: We can catch them, Father.

Two Moons: Princess Tiger Lily is right!

Raging Waters: We can capture the pirates once and for all!

Chattering Chipmunk: And stake them out in the hot sun.

Two Moons: They'll dry up like animal hides.

Raging Waters: Then we can cover our teepees with them!

Panther: A noble idea! But we must be careful!

Tiger Lily: The Lost Boys are around here somewhere!

Two Moons: They might attack at any moment!

ACT ONE: Scene Five

In the Lost Boys cave. Wendy is telling a story.

Wendy: The prince walked ever so slowly towards the crystal coffin that sat in the middle of the forest. The seven dwarfs were kneeling around the coffin, their heads bowed, their hands folded in prayer.

Tootles: *(Crying)* Snow White can't be really dead!

Slightly: Look at that! Tootles is a big baby.

Curley: He's crying.

Michael: Don't worry. It'll turn out all right!

John: Shhhh! You'll spoil it!

Pots: Go on, Wendy, what happens next?

Pans: I'll bet the prince kisses her and she wakes up and they ride off into the sunset together happy as two pirates with a pint! *(Moans and groans from the Lost Boys)*

John: Oh, Pans! You've spoiled the ending!

Pots: Is that what happens?

Tootles: I hope so. I don't want Snow White to stay dead forever!

Wendy: That's exactly what happens.. You must have heard the story before, Pans.

Pans: Who would have told it to me?

Pots: We don't have a mother.

Curley: Except for you, Wendy.

Michael: Since Pans ruined the story, tell us another, Wendy.

Peter: What about an adventure instead? We haven't had a good fight in over an hour! I'm sure the pirates are itching for some swordplay!

Nibs: No, Peter! Another story, Wendy!

Curly: Please! We like your stories so much! *(Tink's light flashes about, the bell rings)*

Peter: I don't know, Tink. They're all growing lazy, I think. *(The bell rings again)* I know you'll go with me, but . . . it's more fun with everyone!

Pots: I'm too tired.

Pans: The fish pie for lunch was soooo good, I still can't move.

Tootles: You're such a good cook, Wendy.

Nibs: You'll stay with us always, won't you?

John: That's a very long time, Nibs.

Michael: But it feels like we've always been here.

Wendy: I'll tell you one more story before you must go out to play. Does that suit you, Peter?

Peter: As long as it's a short one.

Wendy: Very well. There once was a gentleman.

Curley: I'd rather he be a little boy.

Nibs: Or better, a white rat!

Wendy: Quiet! And there was a lady.

Tootles: But she's not dead, is she?

Wendy: No! Of course she's alive. Very much so! Now, the gentleman's name was Mr. Darling. The lady's name was Mrs. Darling.

John: I think I knew them.

Wendy: They were married, you know. To each other. And what do you think they had?

Nibs: White rats?

Wendy: Of course not. They had three descendants.

Curley: What's a descendant?

John: Children, of course. So they had three children?

Michael: This does sound a bit familiar.

Wendy: And they had a very faithful nurse, Nana.

Slightly: So far it's a wonderful story, Wendy.

Wendy: It is, isn't it? They lived in a large house and had a splendid nursery with a large window that opened at night so the moonlight could come in.

Pots: Are they there now?

Wendy: Oh, no! They flew away one night.

John: That's silly! Children can't fly.

Wendy: But they did! They landed on a wonderful island and had many adventures. There were pirates and Indians and all sorts of creatures in the forest. But one day, the children began to miss their mother and their father.

ACT TWO: Scene One
In the Lost Boys' cave. Peter is sleeping when Hook enters

Captain Hook: So! The Lost Boys have betrayed their conceited little leader . . . and he now lies at my mercy! Ha-ha-ha-ha! *(Realizes he might awaken Peter, so he quiets down)* I might ask myself if I don't feel just a smidgen of compassion for this boy. But look at him! Even in his sleep he lies there . . . the epitome of self-confidence! Conceit! Pure, overwhelming conceit! *(Has grown louder again, and quiets himself down)* No . . . I feel no compassion. I feel I just must put him out of my misery. But how? I could run him through with my hook, but that's a bit messy, and Smee just washed this shirt. He wouldn't appreciate it covered with blood. Even Peter Pan's blood! I suppose I could smother him with his pillow. But that would take some energy, and I'm conserving my energy for the glorious welcoming of a mother to our ship. I could just set this place ablaze, but there isn't much for a flame to catch. *(Feels something in his pocket.)* But wait! Aye! Here's just the thing! *(Tink flies in. Her bell rings.)* I've been keeping this poison for just such a moment as this! *(Tink flies near, he swats her away.)* Get out of here, you nasty firefly! Be gone! *(He hits Tink, who spirals down to the floor.)* Now . . . do I dump it down his open mouth while he slumbers? That's not very sportsmanlike. I need a more subtle means of delivery . . . something that can't be traced back to me. What might he be likely to drink? *(Spies the medicine bottle, picks it up and reads.)* For Peter Pan, to be taken whenever Wendy says so. *(Laughs)* So our new mother will be Peter's own angel of death! Ha-ha-ha-ha! *(Realizes he's again talking too loudly and quiets down.)* A few drops in here and Peter Pan will breathe no more! *(Puts poison in the medicine bottle, then sets the bottle back on the table.)* This is too delicious for words! My heart is bursting with good cheer! Oh, it's a great day to be a pirate! It's a great day to be anybody but Peter Pan! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha *(Exits)*

Peter: *(Stirs himself awake.)* Hello? Who's there? *(Sits up)* Wendy? Is it you? If it is, I'm awfully sorry. I mean it. *(Tink's light begins to fly about slowly. Her bell rings.)* Tink? What are you doing here? You're supposed to be guiding Wendy and the Boys back to her home! *(Bell rings wildly)* They've what? Wendy's tied up? The boys are all captured? They've gone to the pirate ship? *(The bell rings more)* No, Tink! It doesn't serve her right! They need to be rescued! And I'm the only one who can rescue them! But wait. I never took my medicine. Wendy will be proud of me if I remember it on my own. *(Tink's light flies about wildly, bell ringing)* Leave me alone, Tink! I know what I'm doing. *(Pours medicine into the spoon)* What are you talking about? Hook was never here! He couldn't have found our cave! *(Raises the medicine to his lips. Tink's light zooms around his head)* Stop it! Let me take my medicine! *(Just as he's about to drink his medicine, Tink's light descends on the spoon.)* Don't drink that! It's for me! Tink! *(Tink's light begins to spiral downward slowly.)* Tink? What's wrong? Don't you feel well? *(Bell sounds faintly)* Poison? Hook poisoned the medicine? Oh, Tink! Oh, my friend! Tink! You drank it yourself to save me! *(Scoops Tink up into his cupped hand.)* You can't be dead! You can't be! *(Has a thought.)* Wait a second! Wait a second! Fairies die when someone stops believing in them! *(To Audience)* So if

everyone believes, Tink will breathe again! But everyone here has to believe in Tink! You've got to! If you believe in Tink, clap your hands. Clap your hands! Don't be afraid! Don't be Shy! Clap your hands if you believe! That's right, keep clapping! (*Tink's light is seen in Peter's hands.*) Yes! That's it! You believe! Keep clapping! Tink! Tink, are you all right? Tink thanks you all! And now we'll make Hook pay, Tink! You bet we will! Lead on! (*Tink's light flies off, the bell rings*) Get ready, Hook! You're about to face Peter Pan! (*Runs off*)

ACT TWO: Scene Two

On the Pirate Ship. The Lost Boys, Wendy, Michael and John are tied up.

Captain Hook: Quiet, you swabs! The lady wishes to speak! Now, my dear, what was that?

Wendy: Peter can't be . . .

Hook: Dead? But he is!

Tootles: Peter could outfight you, Hook!

Hook: *Captain* Hook, if you please.

Slightly: And he could fly from you like a bullet!

Starkey: That's what you think, lubber.

Cookie: Our cap'n's got brains.

Skylight: And he knows how to use 'em.

Noodles: 'Tis how he runs a tight ship, right, mates?

Pirates: Aye! Aye!

Hook: *(Ashamed of his crew.)* Aye yai yai! Smee, have you got that sail mended yet?

Smee: Almost, Cap'n.

Hook: Good! As soon as you do, we set sail.

Wendy: That's perfectly impossible.

Hook: And just why is that, my dear?

Wendy: Because we're heading home. We've had enough of Neverland and the boys would like to be adopted.

Hook: *(Roars with laughter)* Adopted? And who would take even a second look at these ragamuffins?

John: We can find homes for them, Mr. Hook, sir.

Hook: It's *Captain* Hook . . . and you'll not find homes for anybody! I'm going to see to it you all join Peter Pan at the bottom of the sea! Well, maybe not all of you. I have room for two cabin boys. Who wants to join the crew? *(Tempted, the Lost Boys look at each other. Their hands begin to go up, Michael's higher than anyone's.)*

Michael: Aye . . . Aye . . . sir . . .

Hook: Aye, aye, sir! That's the mark of a fine cabin boy!

Wendy: No, Michael! You mustn't!

Hook: *(To John)* You, boy, you look like you've got some pluck in you! Ever want to be a pirate, me hearty?

John: Oh, yes, sir!

Wendy: John, no!

John: What would you call me if I turned pirate?

Hook: How about Blackbeard Joe?

John: That's a fine name!

Wendy: John, you mustn't!

Michael: But we don't want to end up like Peter, Wendy.

Wendy: Have you so little trust in Peter that you really think he's dead?

Michael: But the captain says so!

Hook: *(To Tootles)* Maybe I'll pick you.

Tootles: Would you, sir? I know how to swab the deck.

Hook: *(To Nibs)* Or maybe you!

Nibs: I can sharpen a sword with my teeth!

Hook: *(To Curley)* You want the job, boy?

Curley: And what if I say no?

Hook: Mates! Bring out the plank!

Pots: The . . . the . . . the . . . plank?

Hook: Lovely view from the edge . . . just before you drop into the sea!

Pans: It's okay! I can swim.

Hook: Not with your hands tied behind your back!

Tootles: *(To Wendy)* Mother, this changes things a bit!

Wendy: No it doesn't, Tootles! None of you must agree to join this pirate ship! For one thing, it's the filthiest ship I've ever seen! You can't even see out the portholes because they're so dirty. And this deck! It hasn't been washed in a month of Sundays. And look at the sail. It's filthy! You'd be dirty from head to toe!

ACT TWO: Scene Three

In the nursery (bedroom), late at night. Mrs. Darling stares out the open window. Nana lies at the foot of one of the beds.

Mrs. Darling: It's been ten days, Nana. *(Nana whimpers.)* I wonder if we'll ever see them again. *(Nana whimpers and moves to her side)* Oh, I know it wasn't your fault, but it would be lovely if I could see my babies just one last time.

Liza: *(Enters carrying a broom)* Ma'am, are you still up? You practically haven't slept since . . . well, for quite a few nights.

Mrs. Darling: Has Mr. Darling retired?

Liza: Oh, no, ma'am. He's sitting downstairs starin' into the fire and mumbling it's all his fault.

Mrs. Darling: Poor dear. If only Nana hadn't left the nursery tat night.

Liza: *(Begins to cry)* OH, ma'am! Oh, ma'am!

Mrs. Darling: It's not your fault, Liza. It must have been a cat or a mouse that lured Nana out of the room.

Liza: Oh, ma'am, I'd best come clean. I took Nana out because she was making such a racket. *(Nana barks)* So, you see, it's all my fault . . . *(Nana barks at the window)* And I'll never, ever forgive myself!

Mrs. Darling: Oh, Liza, how could you have?

Liza: I didn't think anything would happen. *(Nana barks loudly at the window and continues to bark.)*

Mrs. Darling: Nana! Stop it!

Liza: She was just like that the night the children left.

Mrs. Darling: *(Looks out the window)* Liza! There's a strange cloud up there.

Liza: Why, indeed! If I didn't know better, I'd say it's a pirate ship!

Mrs. Darling: A pirate ship?

Liza: Don't you see it, ma'am?

Mrs. Darling: So that's it!

Liza: What's it, ma'am?

Mrs. Darling: I thought that's where they might have been.

Liza: Ma'am, you're not makin' a bit of sense.

Mrs. Darling: Bit I am, Liza! *(There's laughter from the Lost Boys offstage. Nana barks)*

Liza: What's that now? *(Nana spins around in circles, barking. Liza grabs her broom as a weapon)*

Mrs. Darling: Now, Liza, there's nothing to fear.