

ArtPromotion presents:

TNT Theatre Britain in

**PETER PAN**

By James Barrie

Adapted for the stage by Paul Stebbings

Directed by Gail Sixsmith

Musical score by Paul Flush.

Draft 4

(An actor with large dog head, paws and otherwise a black neutral costume leads audience to their seats, snaffles around. Tells off mobile phone users busies itself with tasks that include getting Wendy to the stage, cleaning her teeth, saying her prayers etc. Nana tucks Wendy up in bed and then lies down to guard the room.

Lights up on the other side of stage - or a screen is set to divide the stage.

There is Mr Darling counting his stocks and bonds and going over his books.

We might hear him counting before the lights go up on his side of the stage).

Mr DARLING: Seven and six pence plus two and two pence multiplied by six and divided by the number of days in a month – the total is..er..is .. is what? Thirty point three six. Plus two pounds and then...oh dear.

(Enter Mrs Darling). Children are very expensive.

MRS DARLING: But we can have another, can't we. I mean we can surely afford one more child?

MR D: What if they get sic, and they will get sick. Doctor's are so expensive. I must calculate.

MRS D: Oh dear. I fear that it will not add up.

MR D: It does it does. I will simply have to stop drinking coffee.

MRS D: Coffee is so expensive. But I do want you to be happy.

MR D: I am happy – so happy (and he lifts her up and dances round the room with er – they laugh loudly – Nana the dog enters and barks)>

Mr D and Mrs D: Sorry Nana.

Mr D: She is right of course.

Mrs D: Nana is always right.

MR D: And Nana is so much cheaper than a normal Nurse.

Mrs D: Nana is so much better than a normal Nurse.

Mr D: I just wished the nosey neighbours thought so. I get the strangest looks as I go to work. Just because we have a dog for a Nurse.

Mrs D: A very good Nurse.

Mr D: A very cheap Nurse.

Mrs D: Mr Darling?

Mr D: Yes Mrs Darling?

Both: You are a Darling! (They kiss – Nana bounds in and licks them both – they cuddle and Nana pulls Mrs D away towards the bedroom).

Mrs D: Oh it is time for Wendy's bedtime story.

Mr D: You are a wonderful storyteller!

MRS D: But you must not listen, my stories are for children only. You are too old and serious to understand. Oh dear have I made you sad?

MR D: No, I shall go to bed with a cup of hot milk. That is all. I expect you to read to me later.

(Nana barks)

MRS D: Yes, Nana. I know it is almost 8 o'clock.

(Lights and or screen change and Mr D exits and Wendy is sitting on her bed – Nana barks and she lies down.)

Wendy: Oh Mamma, story time, story time!

Mrs D: Oh yes Wendy, Story time. (She kisses her daughter. Dog Child and mother settle down).

Wendy: Can I have a pirate story?

Mrs D: You can have any story you like, any story that enters my head. Now Once upon a time there was a big bad pirate named Captain Hook...(music as Mrs D reads or recites her story in mime – low light and a spotlight on top of the blackened ladder upstage right. It is Peter Pan – he raises a hand to cup his ear and sways with wonder – possibly all three sing harmonised wordless wonder. Peter shuffles down the ladder and slinking thru the shadows arrives under the bed where he listens to the story).

Mrs D: (Lights change and normality restored). And they all lived happily ever after. Ah Wendy so you are asleep now. How peaceful you look, I hope there are no fears inside that sweet head of yours, I wish I could get inside it and tidy up your head. Sometimes I think I can, sometimes I think I can see a whole world that you live in when you sleep. But I never will. Never never never.

PETER P: (Under bed) Neverland!

MRS D: What was that? Oh I must be dreaming myself. Well good night Wendy. Dream on. And Nana you sleep here outside the Nursery door. (exits) I do hope we can afford the money for one more child.

(Peter goes to Wendy and sits above her - not touching her – as he moves his arms so does she – as he moves his leg she kicks off the bedclothes – she is asleep but now he has her sleep walking - - she is like a long range puppet – she fights with swords , rolls on floor and behaves rather like a boy – all the time with her eyes closed – then she mutters “once upon a time” over and over again – then miming a crocodile she seems strong but ends up screaming – Peter has taken the dream into the realm of nightmares and the scream wakes Nana who barks and rushes in – followed by Mrs Darling. Peter, quick as a flash jumps out of the light and offstage but is chased by Nana who catches his black shadow as he runs).

Mrs D: (Runs in) Stop, stop – oh no don't jump! No! Oh the poor child is killed (looks out of window or into audience if done that way ) Nothing, gone. Was there ever anyone there?

Wendy: Yes, yes I saw him. I saw him again!

Mrs D: But who is he, Wendy?

Wendy: He is Peter Pan, you know, mother.

MRS D: I do think I remember a boy called Peter Pan. I almost remember him. But he was not real, you know. He lived with the fairies – they said. And even if there was such a boy he would be quite grown up by now. An adult

Wendy: Oh no, he is not grown up and he is just my size

MRS D : How do you know that?

Wendy: I just do know it. I know Peter Pan.

MR D: (Enters – he has overheard things – was he listening at the door?)It is just some nonsense that Nana has been putting into the child's head. We should really get rid of the dog and have a proper Nurse. The neighbours, the neighbours, what will they think of us?

Wendy: (Upset) You have to believe me. Why don't you ever believe me!

Mrs D: Hush hush dear, Now Mr Darling go back to bed. (He obeys and exits). I shall come along soon and read to you.

Wendy: Why did you hide Peter's shadow from Pappa?

MRS D: (For his own good. Now you must promise to hide nothing from me.

Wend: Then I shan't – look ,look at the leaves that Peter brought in? He was here you know he was here!

MRS D: Yes these are leaves. But they may have blown in.

Wendy: It is so bad of him not to wipe his feet. I think he comes in by the window.

MRS D: My love, the bedroom is three floors up.

Wendy: But the leaves are at the foot of the window, mother. Peter often comes in through the window. He plays his pan pipes at the end of my bed while I sleep. But because I am asleep I never remember what he plays to me.

Mrs D: My child, why did you not tell me this before?

WENDY: I forgot. Can I have a cup of hot milk too?

MRS D: Oh, surely you must have been dreaming.

WENDY: Then what have you got in your hand?

MRS D: A piece of black cloth. I shall put it away now. (Puts it under the bed)

Wendy: Grown ups simply do not understand.

MRS D: I understand that it is time for you to go to sleep. And Nana will sleep at the foot of your bed. (Nana barks agreement). Nurse and guard dog at the same time! How much money we save! (exits – Nana goes to the leaves and picks them up in her mouth – Wendy takes them).

Wendy: This is not a normal tree leaf is it Nana, (Dog shakes head, not an oak leaf Nana (Dog repeats). Not an English tree leaf nana? (Nana repeats). Because this is a leaf from Neverland! (Nana growls and barks).

(Blackout).

ACTOR AS CLOCK: Tick tock tick tock I am a clock (Sound cue of whirring chiming grandfather clock music?). And I am telling you that 22 hours have passed and it is tomorrow night. (Actors perhaps have entered with Mrs D in a coat and freeze as clock speaks). Sorry I made a mistake – when I said tomorrow it was yesterday. Now it is today. You can start now. (Actors unfreeze clock exits).

Mr D: Now Wendy. You be good. Your mother and I have been invited to the neighbors' house. It is a very special dinner party for important and rather rich people where children cannot possibly be seen and certainly not heard. So you stay here and be good. Nana has the evening off so only the house maid will be here to make you hot milk before you go to bed.

WENDY: I will be good, Pappa. But I am sorry that there will be no one to tell me a story before I go to sleep.

MRS D enters in coat: Good night Darling.

All laugh: We are all Darlings!

WENDY: (Waving to them). Good night. Have a wonderful dinner party! Oh but the neighbours are so boring. I am glad I can stay here. Imagine

if Peter came to visit tonight there would be no Mamma, no Papa, and no Nana. Does Peter have to worry about the maid? No, because the Maid will be drinking Pappa's whisky as soon as they leave the house and will fall asleep by the time the big clock strikes 9. Oh but Peter Pan will never come. Never Never, never (Yawns and lies on bed – soon falling asleep).

(Peter enters a dark stage – two actors as Stars – Peter stands on a black box – he is flying but his arm movements are all that suggest this and the Stars and Peter sing – but he starts the song with his Pipes – which can of course be recorded)>

STARS: (sad) What is a night sky without a star?  
Twinkling and sparkling light from far  
What is a new day without a sun?  
What is a reason without a bun?

PETER: (sad) What is a torch without a light?  
What is a battle without a fight?  
And when I'm feeling oh so low  
What is a boy with no shadow?

STARS: (Up tempo) Lost Lost Lost Lost Lost!

PETER: At any cost at every cost and all costs!  
I must never never never never ever ever  
Fall so low that I lose my shadow.

STARS: Lost Lost Lost Lost Lost!

PETER: I Must find my shadow I must go go go!

STAR: We know we know we know we know we know!

PETER: (Shouts) Where is it?

STARS: We just don't know.

PETER: (Sad again) Oh shadow shadow shadow,  
What is the night sky without a star  
Shadow shadow Shadow I wonder where you are  
For a boy without a shadow  
Is a shadow, just a shadow of himself.

(Peter: (Jumping off the plinth - he races round behind the stars and blows them out/off the stage). Ha Ha ha. That will teach you lazy stars. Stars are so useless, don't you think. They do nothing. And that is so so so boring! (Cups hands) Look what I've got! (Inside is a LED light – he uses the clown trick of shaking his hands as if about to throw then mimes a throw and the whole stage is bathed in bright light). Tinkerbell!

(Tinkerbell is both a light a rhythm – a skat like syncopated beat – something modern and stomp like “cool” a bit of a funky fairy. When Tinker bell gets going ever one is foot tapping that is her magic – lights can flashing rhythm to but I suggest its more theatrical if Tinkerbell is primarily audible rather than la light – a small light will always be dull theatrically – while as her name suggests Tinkerbell is SOUND).

(Peter Climbs in thru the window of Wendy's room – the stage is now lit so we can see that).

PETE: Tink. Did you find my shadow?

TINK: (miked from offstage or recorded)  
Tak a tak tick a tack chocks n' lox  
I think you're shadow's in a big wooden box

PETER: Which box? Which box! (Runs into rom and goes to stage left where he throws things across the stage into stage right wings over Wendy's bed).

Peter: No no no no no shadow! Ah there you are.

(Actor as shadow in all black with stocking on face – Peter tries to attach his shadow but his shadow keeps running away and Tinkerbell laughs as the clown actor goes on for a while – Peter cries “Soap!” and this fails too. At last Peter sits down on edge of Wendy's bed and cries).

WENDY: (Waking, quite cool and normal). Boy, why are you crying?

(Peter says nothing but bows – Wendy nods her head graciously).

PETER: What's your name?

WENDY: Wendy Darling. What is your name?"

PETER: Peter Pan.

WENDY: I thought you must be him. Where do you live?

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

WENDY: What a funny address!"

PETER: Is it funny? (Sad confused then almost aggressive)No, it isn't.

WENDY: I mean is that what they put on the post and letters?

PETER: I never get any post.

WENDY: But your mother gets letters?

PETER I do not have a mother. (Unconcerned)

Wendy: Oh what a tragedy. O Peter, no wonder you were crying. (gets out of bed and runs to him).

PETER: I wasn't crying about mothers. I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on. And I was not crying.

Wendy: It has come off?

PETER: Yes. I tried to stick it back on with soap but it kept falling off. It wanted to fall off. My shadow hates me. (lip trembles as he tries not to cry).  
Hates me.

WENDY: Oh look at that shadow. All dirty and squashed up – you tried to stick it back on with soap. How useless, how exactly like a boy. Come here, come here. I shall sew it on for you my little man.

PETER: What is: to sew?

WENDY: You're very ignorant.

PETER: No, I'm not.

WENDY: Do they teach you nothing in school?

PETER: I do not go to school. But please, my shadow. Just sew it to me – whatever that means.

WEND: It might mean it hurts a little as there is a needle.

PETER: Oh I shan't cry. I never cry. (Wendy raises her eyebrows at



this since she has seen him crying).  
(Wendy sews on the shadow. This can either be done with a special light or with the actor shadow or a mix of both).

Wendy: Perhaps I should have ironed it – it is not flat enough.

Peter: Oh it's wonderful. Magical, fantastic and I am so clever, oh to have my shadow back. How very very clever I am! Oh the cleverness of me! (jumping about ignoring Wendy).

Wendy: Oh so I did nothing?!

PETER: You did a little. (he continues to dance to his own rhythm)

Wendy: A little! If I am no use I can go back to bed and back to sleep!( covers her face with the blankets).

(Peter watches her and suddenly stops.)

PETER: I will be going then, bye bye. (But he does not move – then shouts ) Bye Bye! (No response form Wendy – he sits on the end of her bed and taps her foot). I can't help being proud that am so intelligent and smart! (No response) Wendy, one girl is better than twenty boys.

Wendy: Do you really think so, Peter?

PETER: Yes, I do.

WENDY: I think it's perfectly sweet of you, and I'll get up again. (Sits with him on the side of the bed. I shall give you a kiss if you like.

(Peter holds out his hand).

Wendy: Surely you know what a kiss is

PETER: (Formal) I shall know when you give it to me.

WENDY: (Handing him a thimble) Then take this kiss.

PETER: Now, shall I give you a kiss

WENDY: If you please (bends towards him but he merely dropped an acorn button into her hand, so she slowly returned her face to where it had been before).

WENDY: Oh I see...I shall wear you kiss around my neck on this string

(she has been sewing).

PETER: Good.

WENDY: ( Lost for conversation) How old are you?

PETER: I don't know.

Wendy: Really?

PETER: I am quite young. I ran away the day that I was born.

WENDY: Poor you. You can sit closer to me if you like. Why did you run away?

PETER: It was because I heard father and mother talking about what I was to be when I became a man (extraordinarily agitated now) I don't want ever to be a man. (with passion). I want always to be a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away and lived a long long time among the fairies.

WENDY: So there are fairies, I knew it I knew it! How delightful!

PETER: Well not all fairies are a delight, Many fairies are very bad and a lot of trouble. You need to hit them sometimes. Hit them on their little bottoms!

WENDY: Do fairies have mothers and things?

PETER: Oh no. You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces, and they all went dancing around and that was the beginning of fairies. And so there should be one fairy for every boy and girl.

WENDY: Should be? Isn't there?

PETER: No. You see children are stupid. They go to school for hours and hours every day. So they stop believing in fairies. When a little head is full of maths and English how can it have space for fairies? And every time a child says, 'I don't believe in fairies', somewhere a fairy falls down dead.

WENDY: How sad!

PETER: Now we have talked and talked and talked and talked - where is my fairy – Tinkerbell!

WENDY: Peter (clutching him), is there 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. (He laughs) Oh dear oh dear its funny and its fab and its rather strange. You can guess the rest I locked Tinkerbell in that big box. (He laughs and jumps at his own rhyme).

(A skat rhythm recorded or miked that Peter reacts to as if chasing her around the stage).

PETER: I am sorry, I am sorry (aside to Wendy) But not very sorry. But you are very horrible. A fairy should not say such horrible things.

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

PETER: They never stand still (But he grabs the air and catches her – cupping the LED light in his palms – Wendy examines the lighted hand).

WENDY: O the lovely!"

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

(Tinker Bell answered insolently with a sharp beat).

WENDY: What does she say, Peter?

PETER: She is not very polite. She says you are a big ugly girl, and that she is my fairy.

PETER: Now Tink – Oh my oh my.

WENDY: What did she say?

PETER: I cannot repeat it but ended with calling me a silly ass. (He throws the light again and the LED goes out as the stage is momentarily bathed in bright light). What a common fairy.

WENDY: Common?

PETER: Yes she works in the kitchen, she is not a princess. Where I

come from fairies are quite..ordinary.

WENDY: but where do you come from, where do you live?

PETER: With the lost boys.

WENDY: Who are they?"

PETER: They are the children who fall out of their bed when the nurse is looking the other way. If they are not collected in seven days they are sent far away to the Neverland to save money I am their Captain."

WENDY: What fun it must be!

PETER: Yes but we are very lonely. You see we have no girls there, and no mothers.

WENDY: Are none of the lost children girls?

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

WENDY: How nice of you to say so. Girls are truly clever. You may give me a kiss.

PETER: (Bitter) I thought you would want it back. (Offers thimble).

WENDY: Ah, I see well then I shall give you a thimble (reaches to kiss Peter's cheek but her head is yanked back with a burst of sharp rhythmic sound). Ow! What was that?

PETER: Oh Tinkerbell. She is so bad. And she is saying horrible words again. She says she will do that to you, Wendy, every time you give me a thimble. Oh it is all so difficult (as he jumps and darts about trying to catch Tinkerbell – at last doing so – the light trapped in his hand and Skat sound sopped). I fear we shall only come again when you are almost asleep.

WENDY: Why would you do that?

PETER: We always do that, we come at bedtime to hear your mother's stories. O Wendy, your mother was telling you such a lovely story last night.

WENDY: Which story was it?

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

WENDY: Oh Peter that was Cinderella!

PETER: How did it end?

WENDY: The Prince found her, and they married and were happy for ever and ever.

PETER: (Leaps with joy) Hooray! I can go now.

WENDY: Where are you going?

PETER: To tell the other boys.

WENDY: Don't go Peter, I know such lots of stories.

(He pauses at the window).

Oh, the stories I could tell to the boys! ( Peter grips her and begins to draw her toward the window).

PETER: Yes, oh yes! Come on let's fly away to Neverland now!

WENDY: What? No! Let me go!

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

WENDY: I would like to but Oh dear, I can't. Think of mummy! Besides, I can't fly.

PETER: I'll teach you to fly.

WENDY: Oh, how lovely to fly.

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

WENDY: Oo!

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

WENDY: Oo!

PETER: And, Wendy, there are mermaids.

WENDY: Mermaids! With tails?

PETER: And they flash as they swim! (Mimics – she chases him as if both swimming around the room – it is almost flying).

WENDY: Oh to see a mermaid! (Losing herself in fantasy) To be 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).

PETER: (Sly) Wendy, you could tuck us in bed at night. (mimes being cozy).

WENDY: Oo!

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

WENDY: Oo, (and her arms go out to him).

PETER: And you could tell us stories and bring us hot milk at bedtime.

WENDY: I could I could. ( a barking from offstage). Oh Nana, Nana. I hear you but...

PETER: It's just a dog. In my land we have crocodiles, fairies and parrots.

WENDY: Truly? Fairies? Wild animals and beautiful birds!

PETER: Parrots, pirates, pirouettes (does one).

(More barking)

WENDY: Oh Nana is coming.

PETER: Quick lights out! Hide.

(They dive under the sheets – only Tink's light shines thru). The maid enters with Nana on leash).

MAID: There, you stinking animal. Wendy is sleeping and everything is

correct and in its place. Oh little angel, so sweetly sleeping! (Peter's fake snoring does not fool Nana and she pushes forward but the Maid drags her back). No more of it, Nana I warn you if you bark again I shall go straight for master and missus and bring them home from the party, and then, oh, won't master hit you, just. (Nana is dragged off and tied up but barks and then pulls away and races thru audience to get the Darlings).

PETER: It's all right. Now the flying. (He races towards the wings of the stage as if taking off, vanishes into the curtains and Wendy looks up as if he is flying around the room – his voice is recorded or spoken over the microphone).

Wendy: How wonderful! How sweet!

PETER: Oh yes I am rather wonderful, I am very sweet!

WENDY: I say, how do you do it, how do you fly?

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

WENDY: I am thinking lovely thinking – I am (she runs around room and the into wings and then vanishes and returns having not taken off).

WENDY: I can't fly. (Gutted).

PETER: (appearing) You need fairy dust. Without that there are only thoughts. Try this. (He shakes Tinkerbell over her head and a vertical spotlight catches Wendy – she the flaps and takes off into side stage just as Peter did – he looks up at her now).

WENDY: (Microphone) Oh, lovely! Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Ouch!

PETER: You hit the ceiling. But you will hit some things when you start to fly.

WENDY: It is like riding a bicycle. You do fall off at times. Ouch!

PETER: It really is a bit foolish to fly inside. When you start to fly you should start outside. There are only clouds and stars to bump into.

WENDY: Then let us go out.

PETER: Oh yes let us go out (aside) and never, never ever return!  
Ouch! Stop it Tinkerbell. A jealous fairy is a sad little thing. Ouch!

(Sound of barking – Nana is rushing back thru the audience with Mrs Darling).

MRS D: Wendy? Wendy!

(Peter takes a run and leaps into the side stage).

PETER: (Microphone) Wendy! Wendy follow me!

Mrs D: NO no! (racing into the room with Nana who almost catches Peter - sudden black out)

MRS D: (Dog howls –darkness) The stars. The stars have gone out!  
The sky is black!

### SECTION 3 THE JOURNEY

(Stars push forward two shoulder high plinths on wheels painted black – on one Peter is resting on the crescent Moon – Wendy is flying around him – lying on her belly – the plinths have flat tops to help lying on them – the movement of the flying scene is mainly done in relation to objects in the sky – so moon and stars, the sun and clouds and birds – Peter and Wendy are fixed downstage after their initial movements facing audience on their bellies or of course movement is improvised).

STARS and Peter: (sings)

Sky, sky night sky fly  
High high high dive and fly  
Dip and skip soar and flip  
High high fly into the sky  
See the sun is rising see the sun dawning  
Neverland Neverland bathed in light  
Fly second to the right,  
And straight on until morning.

Wendy: How could I have lived without flying?

PETER: You were never alive before you met Peter Pan! You were living in syrup!

Wendy: Watch me! Watch me!



(A sudden tick tack skat and a bobbing light).

PETER: Tinkerbell says we should not waste time like this. When the sun rises we must fly out to sea.

WENDY: Well, Neverland is an island. Look, look, the sun!

(Stage changes light and stars vanish and sun appears).

Wendy: Which way is the sea, Peter?

SUN: Straight ahead, Wendy.

Wendy: Oh thank you. Peter? Peter!

(Peter drops off his plinth and goes into the audience – he ruffles hair and laughs as he messes about with public).

Peter: See the Dolphins – they love to play with me. And the sharks even the sharks let me take a ride on their fins! Look I have some food for you! (He brings a bag of crisps or nuts to the stage as if taken from audience).

WENDY: Thank you Peter. But tell me did you steal this food?

PETER: Maybe.

WENDY: You are a very bad boy.

PETER: And without me you would be a very hungry girl, it takes ages to get to Neverland.

WENDY: How long?

PETER: Some people never find it - although they look for it for ever.

WENDY: I am sorry Peter. I know that without you I could never find Neverland.

PETER: Yes, I am very important, I am the Captain of the Lost Boys! (Zooms off) See me fly, I am a meteor I ma lightning – zap zap! I smash my enemies and kill them dead! (Crashes into a circling bird).

BIRD: Ow!

PETER: See he dropped that fish!

BIRD: That's my fish.

PETER: Mine.

BIRD: Mine.

PETER: Look a big bad eagle!

BIRD: Where?

PETER: Ha ha fooled you. (grabs fish).

BIRD: I'll peck you!

(Skat sound as Tinkerbell intervenes on Peter's behalf and bird forced into shake dance then crashes offstage as Peter and Tink laugh).

WENDY: That was rather hard of you two.

PETER: Fairies can be very hard and horrid Tinkerbell is so small she is either very hard and bad or very nice and good. There is not room in a little fairy for half things.

WENDY: Peter, this flying is wonderful but you forgot to tell me how to stop. Peter, Peter?

PETER: Look a whale. He likes to shoot water at me and I like to shoot water back at him. (Dives to wards audience and shoots water at an audience member or two). Mr Whale, Mr Whale! Let's have a whale of a time!

WEND: Help, help the wind and a cloud – a big cloud! (One appears – Wendy bumps into it). Peter!

PETER: Hello who are you?

WENDY: You know who I am – help me?

PETER: I think I know who you are but I have been playing with whales and mermaids for weeks and weeks now and I have quite forgot who you are.

WENDY: I'm Wendy.

PETER: I am very sorry. I say, Wendy always if you

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

WENDY: Ouch my head. Oh Nana will you come and bandage my poor head?

PETER: All you have to do is lie on the cloud and it will carry you for free and then you don't bump into it – it is simple!

WENDY: No it is not all simple! (Skat TINK Laughter)

PETER: Stop it Tinkerbell. She is saying very horrible things about your flying.

WENDY: Hmm – well now I am on the cloud it is a lot more comfortable. (Climbing on cloud actor).

CLOUD: Thank you, we clouds are soft and fluffy. Like a bed but like a bed you must climb onto us or you might hit your toe.

WENDY: You are a very nice cloud. You are a lot nicer than most boys and fairies I know!

PETER: Oh I am sorry Wendy. I will make it all up to you soon. Do you want a fish?

WENDY: Only with chips.

PETER: When we get to Neverland we will have fish and chips.

WENDY: And Christmas pudding?

PETER: Of course. Every day. With cake. Oh look there is Neverland.

Wendy: Already?

PETER: We have been flying for weeks and weeks.

WENDY: It feels like for ever but also a very short time. Oh Peter how do you stop flying?

PETER: Neverland! Neverland! Neverland! (Zooming off in glee).

SUN: Isn't it a beautiful island?

WENDY: It most certainly is. And what is truly amazing is that I know it,

I know it I have been here a thousand times before.

SUN: Every child has been here. Only the adults have all forgotten.

WENDY: But Peter has forgotten me again!

SUN: I will go and fetch him.

PETER: (re enters) Sorry – what was your name?

WENDY: Wendy!

PETER: Sorry Wendy, I was fighting with a Pirate. I almost killed him but he jumped in the sea and swam away.

WENDY: I know there are Pirates in Neverland. They are very bad.

PETER: You are right. They are bad and now they have seen us they will be even more bad for their horrible Captain - Captain Hook –

WENDY: Oh Hook, he is terrifying – I saw him in a dream and Nana had to bark to wake me!

PETER: But now this is real. He has great gun , Big Tom and he has commanded his pirates to fire at us.

(Shots) Hook, Hook I hate you? Where is your right hand now! (Laughs)  
I cut it off you know!

Be careful – the canon!

(A mighty explosion – all the lights go out).

PETER: Woah! (Vanishes into audience).

VOICE OF HOOK: Hah, death to Peter Pan, death to all children everywhere!

WENDY: (In dark – whimpers) Help, help me. Oh Peter where are you?  
(A stuttering skat and a flickering light -). O Tink , Tink you can save me. (Light and rhythm picks up and buzzes around Wendy until she is back in a flying position). What you want me to go with you? To Peter! Of course, I would follow you anywhere – where there – you are pointing? Will you come with me Tinkerbell ? You will what? Oh I understand – you will go ahead and get Peter and I must fly where? Just there – Oh I see – I think. (SUN enters) Oh thank you a dawn. Yes yes – I'm coming Peter, I am on my way to you in Neverland!

SUN: (In passing) You be careful of that little fairy.

WENDY: People can change you know, even fairies. Peter told me fairies can only be all good and all bad. Well now she is being good. I know it. So you mind your own business and get on with making the day.

SUN: Why do humans always take less notice of the sun than the stars? (sighs and exits slowly).

WENDY: Now, I think I can see a camp – it must be the Lost Boys!  
(Exits).

#### Scene 4 NEVERLAND

(All cast need to be all three of the island's groups. This involves quick changes of course – NOTE:

[Music provide links in which to make changes plus one person can enter late each time maybe as running joke – for example Sun if it is a large disk can have actor dressed as Lost Boy behind it – then slowly sink in west to cover other changes and Wendy arrive as Lost boy a little late. Then a sound collage of sea with gradual arrival of Pirates takes boys off with one swimming or rowing – ie taking note of sea last then that actor enters late as Pirate. Maybe Smee doesn't like violence and hangs behind at end when Pirates rush off to kill Peter Pan and lights a pipe and first bear frightens him off then he arrives late as bear but we only need three bears).

LOST BOYS (in bearskins – they chant or sing):

We are the Lost Boys  
We're too tough to play with toys!  
We are scooting round the island  
Running round in Neverland  
Waiting, looking, hoping for our Captain  
He may be a boy but he's better than a man!  
Captain of the Lost Boys Peter Pan!

PIRATES:

We are the Pirates  
Swell, swell so you go to Hell!  
We are hunting on the island  
Running round in Neverland  
If we could kill just one Lost Boy oh!  
How our skull and cross bones would smile oh!  
We'd kill if we can every Lost Boy and Peter Pan.

BEASTS: We are the beasts!  
Roar roar roar grr grr grr  
Snarl snarl snarl growl growl growl  
Hrr hrr hrr hrr the Island  
Grr grr grr grr Neverland  
Eat eat eat, bite bite bite  
Urg gruerg shnarg Pirates Indians Lost boys yum!

Beast: And if you think we are wil-d-

CROCODILE: Watch out for me the crocodile!  
(All run off in fear).

(NOTE: Ideal if Smee actor is Crocodile here and there are only three bears! Now 2 of the bears change to boys as crocodile threatens audience so we are left with one bear and two boys and the crocodile can exit and change.)

LOST BOY 1: Help help a bear!

LOST BOY 2: They will eat us!

LOST BOY 1: What would Peter do?

LOST BOY 2: Of course Peter Pan would stop and look between his legs at the bear. (They do it – the bear stops in his tracks and runs away).

BOTH: And the bear would run away! (they laugh and roll in mud).

Lost Boy NIBS: I do wish Peter would come back!

LOST BOY 2 TOOTLES: I do wish Peter would come back and finish that story.

LOST BOY NIBS: Cinderella – what happens next? Will the glass shoe fit her?

LOST BOY TOOTLES: Oh I hope so, I do so hope so.

LOST BOY NIBS: Oh look, it's Tinkerbell (skat sound and rhythm which the boys enjoy and participate in).

LOST BOY TOOTLES: And behind the fairy I have seen a wonderfuller thing. A great white bird. It is flying this way.

LOST BOY NIBS: What kind of a bird, do you think?

LOST BOY/TOOTLES: I don't know but it looks so tired, and as it flies it cries, 'Poor Wendy,'.

NIBS: Poor Wendy? I remember there are birds called Wendies.

TOOTLES: See, it comes. Hullo, Tink. What is that ? (The bells jangle and Nibs translates as if he understands): Peter wants you to shoot the Wendy.

NIBS: Let us do what Peter wants! Quick, bows and arrows! Fetch them Tootles.

TOOTLES: I Have mine here – look – I Tootles will shoot!

(Excited bells and the sound of Wendy crying for help then NIBS fires and Wendy falls lifeless to the stage).

(Jangles).

TOOTLES: What's that Tink? I am an ass – why am I an ass I just shot the Wendy Bird. Peter will be so pleased with me.

NIBS: (Scared) This is no bird. I think this must be a lady.

TOOTLES: A lady? Oh no!

NIBS: And we have killed her.

TOOTLES: Now I see, Peter was bringing her to us.( He throws himself sorrowfully on the ground).

NIBS: A lady to take care of us at last, and you have killed her!

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

(He moves slowly away).

NIBS: Don't go, don't be sad.

TOOTLES: I must, I am so afraid of Peter.

(Crow sound above).

NIBS and TOOTLES: Peter Pan is here!

NIBS: Hide her.

TOOTLES: No. No.

PETER (Landing) Greetings, boys! (They salute then silence).

PETER: I am back, why do you not cheer?"  
(Nibs and Tootles open their mouths but nothing comes out).

PETER: Great news, boys, I have brought at last a mother for you all.  
Have you seen her? She flew this way.

TOOTLES: (On knees) Ah me... a sad, sad day. (Then stands and uncovers Wendy) Peter, I will show her to you. She is dead. (He takes arrow from her heart).

PETER: Whose arrow?

TOOTLES: Mine, Peter. Strike me dead. (offers arrow to Peter who raises it).

PETER: Raises arm twice but each time fails to deliver blow). I cannot strike there is something stops my hand.

NIBS: It is she it the Wendy! See her arm!

WENDY: (Weakly) Poor Tootles.

PETER: She lives.

TOOTLES: The Wendy lady lives.

PETER: (Finding walnut shell around her neck) See, the arrow struck against this. It is the kiss I gave her. It has saved her life.

NIBS: I remember kisses, let me see it. Yes,  
That is a kiss.

(A rhythm which is also a crying).



TOOTLES: Listen to Tink, she is crying because the Wendy lives.

NIBS: Tinkerbell told us to shoot the Wendy bird. She said you wanted us to do it.

TOOTLES: I shot her for you, Peter.

PETER: Listen, Tinker Bell, I am not your friend. Be gone from me for ever. Go!

WENDY: Oh please Peter do not be cruel to her.

PETER: Very well, be gone from me for a whole week.  
(Tink rushes off as a sound in distress but adds a hiss of hatred for Wendy).

TOOTLES: Oh but Wendy does not look well?

NIBS: What shall we do with her?

TOOTLES: Let us carry her down into the house.

PETER: No, no, you must not touch her. She is a lady and we must show respect.

NIBS: Hear hear!

TOOTLES: But if she lies there, she will die.

NIBS: (Glum) Ay, she will die, but there is no way out.

PETER: Yes, there is! Let us build a little house round her. But first we need a doctor for Wendy. Tootles fetch a doctor.

TOOTLES: Yes Captain! But Captain where shall I find a doctor. (All think then Peter hits him) Ah yes of course a doctor. I am the doctor.  
(Puts on hat).

PETER: Good, good, welcome doctor. How is the patient?

(Tootles fusses around her).

NIB: Will she live?

TOOTLES: OF course she will young man. (Peter hits him) I mean

young boy.

PETER: Well Doctor?

TOOTLES: I will put a glass thing in her mouth.

NIBS: What thing? (Peter hits him) Ah that thing – a medical thing.

PETER: (Worried) How is she?

TOOTLES (Pretending to withdraw glass thing) There, done!

ALL: How is she?

TOOTLES: Tut tut tut this has made her better. As her Doctor –

NIBS: Dr Tootles!

TOOTLES: As her doctor I can say that the Wendy Mother is not sick. Just tired. She will soon wake up and tell all the boys a story!

PETER: I am so happy! Well done Doctor. Here is your payment. (Hands him some leaves which he pockets as if it is money).

TOOTLES: I will call again in the evening. Give her beef tea out of a blue cup.

PETER: (Snatching hat off Tootles and hurling it away) Oh shut up Tootles and stop being too clever. Now now, all of you the house, fetch the best things we have and make Wendy a Wendy House!

NIBS: If only we knew, the kind of house she likes best.

TOOTLES: Peter, she is moving in her sleep.

NIBS: Her mouth opens! (looking respectfully into it). Oh, lovely!

PETER: Perhaps she is going to sing in her sleep. Wendy, sing the kind of house you would like to have.

WENDY: (without opening her eyes):

I wish I had a pretty house,  
The littlest ever seen,  
With funny little red walls  
And roof of mossy green.

(the boys mime the things she wants creating an imaginary house with much effort).

BOYS:

We've built the little walls and roof  
And made a lovely door,  
So tell us, mother Wendy,  
What are you wanting more?"

WENDY:

Oh, really next I think I'll have  
Sweet windows all about,  
With roses looking in, you know,  
And babies looking out.

PETER: Roses!

BOYS: Yes Captain!

TOOTLES: Babies?

NIBS: Oh Babies!

PETER: (Nods and is cut off before he can command).

BOYS: We've made the roses looking out,  
The babes are at the door,  
We cannot make ourselves, you know,  
'cos we've been made before."

PETER: What a good idea – it must be my idea.

BOYS: Well done Peter!

PETER: There's no chimney, we must have a chimney for the fire.

NIBS: A house certainly does need a chimney. (Peter steals his hat and places it on a thread that is dropped from the bars above the stage so it rests in space).

PETER: Now we have a chimney. All look your best. First impressions are so important. I shall knock on the door. (He does so – and Tinkerbell's rhythmic laugh stops him). Of course there is a door Tink – you just don't believe in it because you are not my friend! (Tink flies away with fractured sounds of distress). Knock knock – anyone at home?

(They tidy themselves up and straiten imaginary ties, look in imaginary mirrors and polish their bare feet as if they had shoes – then they all look away crossing their fingers with hope).

BOYS: (Sing plaintively) What will she be like? Will anyone answer the door? What is a lady and what will she look like and maybe this lady just might be our...(whisper) Mother.

(Wendy stretches, yawns and goes to the imaginary  
WENDY: Where am I?

(Boys turn and give sigh of relief they bow low).

TOOTLES: Wendy lady for you we built this house.

NIBS: Oh, say you're pleased.

WENDY: Lovely, darling house.

TOOTLES: And we are your children.

BOYS: (On knees again with outstretched arms) O Wendy lady, be our mother.

WENDY: Should I? I am only a little girl. I have no real experience.

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

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

BOYS: It is, it is. You are so nice!

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

(They rush to her and lean against her as she starts to speak and the words form a sound collage of birds and owls and snatches of lullabies as the scene melts away).

WENDY: Once upon a time in land far far away there was a little girl called Cinderella....

(They rush off black sheets then used to create a cross over that

removes them all – darkness, thunder and a swell of sea and pirate song to cover their change – a collage not a song sung by actors).

(Enter Pirates)

Avast belay, yo ho, heave to,  
A-pirating we go,  
And if we're murd-erd by a shot  
We're sure to meet in Hell below!

ALL: Who are you?

PIRATE: I am Jukes and I like to kill  
Some say I'm ill  
But say it to my face and your blood will spill!

ALL: Well you don't frighten us 'cos we're badder than bad and that's badder than you!

PIRATE: But not badder than me as you can clearly see  
I'd strangle a babe for his glass of milk  
Or pop out your eyes with a length of silk (waves hanky).

ALL: We won't cry if the babes all die  
And you bad bad you, who the dark hell are you?

PIRATE: They call me Smee, that's me I'm Smee  
A gentleman who likes to say sorree  
As I slide a sharp sword in your bellee  
That's Smee. Hehee!

ALL THREE: And with dark hearts we sing of our Captain and King!  
Darker than the night, can kill you with a look,  
Our brave and cruel master, mighty Captain Hook!

HOOK: (Speaking) Dogs you are and dogs you will ever be.

ALL: Yes Captain, dogs we are and dogs we'll ever be. Yes Sir, Yes Sr.  
At once Sir. (All bark then laugh).

HOOK: Today I am sad. I am melancholy.

SMEE: Melon? You are a melon Captain?

HOOK: (Whacks him). I am surrounded by fools who think a poem is type of fruit! You make me sick Smee.

SMEE: Yes Sir, thank you Sir.

HOOK: One day I shall kill you because you buzz around me like a fly. You understand? (Has him on end of hook).

SMEE: Yes, Sir. Yes Captain.

HOOK: Argh – you understand nothing. And when you die you will ...oh who cares? Who cares if you and I live or die? Everything is useless and pointless and you dogs do not even understand how stupid are your useless little lives.

PIRATE: Why is that Captain?

HOOK: Oh you would not understand. But one thing you can get through your tiny little minds. We are fighting boys, yes little boys! And I who made the great Pirate Captain Flint cry with fear – these boys, these little boys are our enemies but we cannot kill them. I want to destroy ever one of them but most of all I want to cut into little pieces the boy, Peter Pan, who cut off my hand and threw it to...

SMEE: The crocodile!

HOOK: Argh Argh – no where? (Loses his control throws himself under a sheet shaking) Where?

PIRATE: Not here, Captain.

SMEE: Or we would hear it ticking.

HOOK: No!

SMEE: Because of the clock – what is a clock for? Can you cook on one?

ALL: Hmmm.

HOOK: The clock is to warn me that the crocodile is near. Fate fed the crocodile a clock – so when the crocodile comes hunting for me I hear it – but listen, listen– one day the clock will run down and then I shall not hear the crocodile and it will come and eat me. (Tick tick tick heard) Argh the crocodile – run run!

ALL: Run run. (They do not move but Hook runs).

ALL THREE: And with dark hearts we sing of our Captain and King!  
Darker than the night, can kill you with a look,  
Our brave and cruel master, mighty Captain Hook!

CROCODILE: (enters) Tick tock tick tock.

(NOTE it is so much better to have a crocodile than use a sound effect  
– if Smee is whacked and goes off he can swiftly reappear as crocodile  
– Crocodile can also terrify audience).

(Pirates cower upstage)

Tick tock. (exits this is recorded).

ALL to each other : Why didn't YOU kill the crocodile?!

HOOK: (Re entering) Why didn't I kill Peter Pan? Well I will I will. I  
swear by my cut off hand I will kill Peter Pan.

ALL: Death to Peter Pan! (exit).

Disembodied Voice:

Home sweet home  
At home you will never never be alone.  
Home sweet home  
Washed changed and fed  
Then tucked up in bed  
Home happy home.

(Tootles and Nibs are in the audience – they lie down on the seats and  
shush the audience as if they were boys to. Wendy sits in a spotlight on  
the edge of the stage. Peter sits upstage , high up on a ladder or some  
such thing – sharpening a knife in an often irritating way – sometimes  
he lifts a spy glass to his eye but is it for effect or is he really on guard –  
he pretends not to be listening to the story but is).

BOYS: Story story story!

TOTTLES: Or we will never go to sleep!

BOYS: Never never never.

NIBS: We shall stay awake for ever.

WENDY: Hush hush, once upon a time –

BOYS: Hooray!

NIBS: Shush – shush.

BOYS: Shut up everyone. (Shouting) Be quiet!

WENDY: No story?

BOYS: Oh yes!

WENDY: Then hush – everyone hush.

Tootles: Shh.

WENDY: (Opens a large leaf as if it was a book) It is written here: once upon a time there was a wonderful mother called Mrs Darling -

NIBS: Is she dead?

WENDY: No, no! She is not dead.

TOOTLES: I am so happy.

PETER: I am not.

WENDY: Hush – now Mrs Darling, she had a daughter called Wendy.

TOOTLES: Beautiful Wendy.

WENDY: Perhaps. And husband who was Wendy's father. Now these three children had a faithful nurse called Nana; but Mr. Darling was angry with her and chained her up in the yard, and so Wendy flew away.

NIBS: What a good story.

PETER: I know it all, it's not new.

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

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

WENDY: Yes, he was.



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

WENDY: Hush. Now I want you to think about the feelings of the unhappy parents with their daughter flown away.

ALL: (Moan) Oo! They are so sad!

WENDY: Think of the empty bed!

ALL: Oo!

NIBS: The story is so very sad.

PETER: Liars.

TOOTLES: How can it have a happy ending?

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

PETER: I hate the next bit of the story.

WENDY and boys: Hush!

WENDY: Mrs Darling always leaves the Nursery window open because she knows that one day her daughter, Wendy will fly back through the window. And Wendy knows this too so she stayed away in Neverland for years and had a lovely time.

NIBS: Did they ever go back?

WENDY: Yes. And her mother kissed her and said that it was –

ALL: Wonderful to have you home.

PETER: (utters a hollow groan).

WENDY: What is it, Peter? Are you in pain?

PETER: Wendy, you are wrong about mothers.

WENDY: How?

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 barred, locked. My

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

NIBS & TOOTLES: Oh no!

TOOTLES: So this is the truth about mothers. The rats!

WENDY: I have to go home. I have to go home now!

NIBS: Not tonight?

WENDY: Peter, make a plan. I want to go home. Poor Mother.

PETER: We don't need mothers and they don't need us. Ad we don't need you either – just go.

WENDY: How?

PETER: I will do it (coolly). Anyone for a nut?

NIBS: She can't go!

TOOTLES: It will be worse than before she came here.

NIBS: We must string her up and keep her a prisoner.

BOYS: Chain her up!

WENDY: Tootles, please act like a little gentleman!

TOOTLES: Anyone who chains or strings up Wendy will have to fight me – to the death!

WENDY: Dear ones, if you will all come with me I feel sure I can get my father and mother to adopt you. We can be one big family.

NIBS: Peter can we go?

PETER: Just go.

BOYS: Hooray!

WENDY: Now Peter I am going to give you your medicine before you go to London. (bottle spoon etc).

PETER: It's only rain water.

WENDY: Oh! (Stops in her tracks at the collapsed fantasy – she makes determined effort). Get your things and get ready for London.

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

WENDY: Yes, Peter. Home to find your mother.

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

WENDY: But, Peter -

PETER: No. (starts to sing).

WENDY: Peter isn't coming.

PETER: If you find your mothers. (Darkly)  
I hope you will like them. Now then, no sad faces, no silly crying; good-bye, Wendy. (And he holds out his hand cheerily).

WENDY: But you will remember to take your medicine?

PETER: Yes. Tinkerbell will lead you – Tink? (Sound of skat of Tinkerbell ) Yes Tinkerbell will lead you. (Peter shrugs and sings to himself – yawns and exits – changing into Pirate).

NIBBS: Tinkerbell can then have Peter all to herself – with Wendy gone.

TOOTLES: And us – all of us (to audience). The lost boys found.

NIBBS: The Lost boys can become big grown men.

WENDY: Now Tinkerbell. Take us home.

(Skat and they follow her –

( The three move around the stage as if walking thru forest and undergrowth – then the Peter/Pirate actor grabs each of them, taking the actor who plays Hook first allowing that actor to change into hook whilst he takes second boy and then Hook actor comes to get Wendy The Peter actor who was Pirate who made first grab then has time to change back into Peter when Hook actor is grabbing Wendy).

( Stealthy song – the Pirates are above).

(In air)

Avast belay, yo ho, heave to,  
A-pirating we go,  
And if we're murd-erd by a shot  
We're sure to meet in Hell below!

(one by one Tootles, Nibs and Wendy are grabbed in the darkness and carried off – Hook appears last and takes Wendy – almost as a gentleman – tricking her before he pounces – the only sound apart from “Sh” is the almost whispered Pirate Song – probably recorded to allow the quick changes – a forest gobo is used for the stage lighting).

PIRATES: One two three gottya! (repeated for each)

(Lights change and there is Peter sleeping).

HOOK: (Watches him a while then) Why do I hate Peter Pan? Because he cut off my hand? No. Because he is so horribly young? No. Because he is so very fast, of thought, of mind, of feet? No. It is because he never never doubts himself. Because he is so full of Peter Pan, because he laughs too much. Because I Captain Hook, am not, never was and can never be Peter Pan.

So Peter you must die. This poison will do the trick. I will put it in your medicine. And I know that you will take it because Wendy told you to, it was her last words to you. I heard them and saw your little eye tremble with a tear. So drink your death little one. And the world will forget Peter Pan and remember Captain Hook for ever.

(Exits).

(Skat knocking at door gradually wakes Peter).

PETER: (Dreaming) Ah ha – avast there – the cake, no not the cake – stop! I –what what...who is there?

(Tink's sound and light). Oh it is you Tinkerbell.

(Next sequence is Peter interpreting Tink's sounds). What the Pirates – they have what? No no! The pirates have taken the Lost boys, all of them not not all of them? Yes all! Oh and Wendy have they Wendy too? Oh no no no never never never never! Oh Wendy has been taken too and then forced to go to the Pirate ship. Oh Tinkerbell what shall we do? You do not need to answer that - I shall. We must save every last lost boy and Wendy too. And where is my sword – here here it is – let's go – but stop one thing. To please Wendy I must do what she told me

to do and take my medicine like the good boy that I am.

(Sudden burst of sound as Peter reaches for bottle)

Why not? It is poisoned. Poisoned? Who could have poisoned it? Hook. Don't be silly. How could Hook have got down here? Besides. I never fell asleep.

(He raises the bottle – but the bottle has a transparent cord on it and flies up and away – there is a glugging sound and then a skat that is out of sync and a flickering light).

Why, Tink, how bad you are to drink my medicine!

What is the matter with you? Poison, poison – oh no are you going to be dead? O Tink, did you drink it to save me? But why, Tink? Ow! You bit my nose. Oh Tink, Tink, don't die! What's that?

(To audience) Tinkerbell has said that fairies never die if children believe in them, if you believe in them, if we all believe in fairies. So please stand up if you believe in fairies. Stand up for fairies! Oh please please don't let Tink die. Stand up! Yes yes Stand up and Tinkerbell will live for ever!

(The rhythm helps the audience and soon Peter is clapping and joining in the skat and the audience to can clap – NOTE: it is also possible to use clapping not standing up as a method of showing belief).

PETER: Yes Yes Tinkerbell lives! And now save Wendy!

(Music light change – enter Moon as Peter and Tink fly).

MOON: This way Peter – this way – hurry. The Pirates will make the Boys walk the plank – they cannot swim the boys! They will die! Hurry Peter Hurry!

PETER: Hook or me this time – either Hook or Peter Pan will be dead by morning! Hook or me! Whoosh! (exits)

(Pirate music – a large square sail is raised centre stage – a plank sticks out into the auditorium - Smee arranges everything - bringing out the two boys and Wendy at last tied with hands behind their back ).

SMEE: The boys must die but you I can save if you promise to be my mother.

WENDY: If you were my son then I would rather not have any children at all.

SMEE: How horrible. How bad you are! Badder than me. You die!

Captain the prisoners are ready for their end. (exits).

NIBS: What shall we do, Wendy.

WENDY: Be brave. Be Englishmen, little Englishmen.

HOOK: So I must be happy. I will try to smile. (Grimaces) I have you here at last. I am happy because you will die and your Captain Peter Pan is already dead.

BOYS: No, no!

HOOK: Yes, yes, poisoned by me. It was your medicine that did it, Wendy.

WENDY: It was you. And you will be punished. I know it.

HOOK: Quiet! I am not your little boy, you are not my Mamma! (Wendy tut tuts and looks away).

WENDY: (Tearful but keeping up appearances for the boys sake) Oh Peter...

HOOK: Throw them in the sea – but..

WENDY: (Contempt) Are they really to die?

HOOK: (uncertain in her gaze) They are...(Then fierce) They are!

WENDY: You are no gentleman.

HOOK: (Worried) NO, no –(to audience) Am I a gentleman? Yes, yes I am. I am! I will show you. Silence all, for a mother's last words to her children.

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

TOOTLES (hysterically), I am going to do what my mother hopes.

NIBS: (Tearful) Rule Britannia!

(Then the sound of the ticking crocodile – each tick punctuated with a “no” from Hook).

(He is isolated – ideally in a follow spot – he runs back and forth but the ticking follows him and only Wendy remains tied onstage – now we see it is Peter who is the crocodile – he has a loudhailer and is making the noise from beneath the lip of the stage – he leaps onstage and the lights change to show him with Wendy then he drops down again).

(NOTE: This can work if the follow spot or spotlights work well – using sound collage of music and effects. Hook runs about to sound of Crocodile - other three change into Peter, Smee and Cecco – it's also possible that an obvious game is played with audience – so that Hook drags off Nibs as if the plank is offstage right – then Smee – same actor as Nibs – enters and drags off Tootles who returns as Peter - exact doubling can be sorted later but principle of only Hook staying onstage should work well).

SMEE: I think the crocodile is in the cabin, Captain.

HOOK: Go and kill it. Shoot it with this pistol (Hands him one).

SMEE: Yes Captain. (Goes nervously over front of stage – a scream – Peter drags him to side – he comes on again as second pirate).

HOOK: Cecco you old killer. Go into the cabin and kill that Crocodile!

CECCO: Yes Captain if I must.

HOOK: You must.

CECCO: I go. Mother of God save me. (Drops over side with sword – a scream - is killed and dragged off by Peter).

HOOK: You pirate go into my cabin. The Crocodile must be wounded now, and his stomach full. Easy, just kill him with this pistol.

Pirate: No Sir. Not on my mother's life.

HOOK: I am the Captian! Do as I tell you or... Are you frightened like a little boy?

PIRATE: Yes Sir, I mean no Sir, I mean help.

HOOK: You will get no help here! (Kills him).

(The ticking has stopped and Peter cannot help laughing through the megaphone at the pirate's death).

HOOK: It is not a crocodile.

PETER: No I am not.

HOOK: Then who are you?

[Wendy would have to enter here – maybe having been “freed” by Peter).

WENDY: A better man than you , a bigger man than you.

HOOK: Who?

PETER: Peter Pan! (Revealing himself).

HOOK: You are dead!

PETER: No you are the one who will be dead. You or me must die!. (He cuts Wendy free with one swipe, Hook swipes at him then they fight offstage to recorded sword clashes – Wendy is the observer and looks up and around as they fight off and above as if in rigging etc improvising noises and almost watching a sporting event “well done Peter, Good stroke! Duck! Watch out! So Clever!)

PETER: (Rushing briefly back on with sword hand fighting) Yes that was rather clever. But then I am very clever!

WENDY: Oh no the Crocodile – and it is not ticking! The clock has run down. How unfair on poor Hook.

(Crocodile now appears below the stage front/ in orchestra pit or wings – Hook is about to slice at Peter – Wendy indicates the Crocodile behind Hook’s back – Peter ducks and when Hook slices Peter pushes him and he falls into the jaws of the crocodile who belches and drags him off).

PETER: Wendy you are almost as clever as I am.

WENDY: Peter you are a really good little boy.

PETER: I do not know if I am good but I am young. I am happy. I am a little bird that has popped out of the egg.

WENDY: Will you come home with me Peter?



PETER: For ever, for always? (She nods) No Wendy. Never. Not even for a kiss.

WENDY: (Shakes her head and smile) But you won't forget me?

PETER: Not today.

WENDY: ( To audience) Come boys, come with me . It is time to go home.

### **Section 9 - Homecoming**

(NOTE 1: Characters: Moon Mrs Darling Mr Darling Nana then Nana changes to Wendy – any actor can play Nana in dog mask I presume and Mr D changes to Peter. NOTE 2 : This is in a sense the dramatic climax of the play. The last scene of the play should be more a movement and imagery sequence with the music leading – so that snatches of dialogue punctuate the stylised scene].

(A window frame, large is either flown in or a gobo cut to project it. Enter Nana the Dog, she checks that the window is open. Then looks up).

THE MOON: I want to tell you that the children are flying home but I do not want to take away their delicious surprise!

(Nana howls at the Mon and paws the ground – then troops off with Wendy 's doll that we saw in first scene, - She gives the doll to Mrs. Darling who looks at it – hugs it and cries:

Mrs. DARLING: Wendy, oh my dear child Wendy, where have you flown? (Dog howls exits and Mrs. Darling checks the window).

MOON: Oh I so want to tell you that Wendy is flying home but I don't want to take away the surprise.

(Enter Mr. Darling on hands and knees with dog lead in mouth – he picks up the doll just as Nana did).

MRS D: Surely you can stop punishing yourself now, Dear?

MR D: NO, it was me who locked Nana up that night. Nana would have saved them, so now I am I the doghouse until my child returns. I am a dog because my life is worse than a dog's life and I could not trust a good dog.

MRS D: Poor husband. Sometimes I think you loved Wendy more

than I.

MR D: I love her. She is not gone and will come back.  
But it is a little cold – can you shut that window. (Silence)

MRS D: No! No no never shut the window, the window of the nursery  
will never be shut until my child flies home.

MR D: Time for bed. I must get back to my dog house. Yes I sleep in  
the dog's little house because I am worse than a dog. I am so sorry Mrs  
Darling. It was al my fault that Wendy flew away!

MRS D: Good night dear. I will wait up a little longer. You never know....

MR D: We live in hope. Woof! (Exits to return as MOON).

Mrs D; What is a night sky without a star  
Twinkling and shedding light from far  
And what is a mother or a Mamma  
Without a child to hold to her heart.

MOON: (Up tempo)  
See See See flying past the chimneys  
See see see it has to be!

WENDY: And I see that the promise  
Has not been broken  
And the window of the nursery is ever

ALL: Open!

Wendy: Mamma! (the gobo snaps out).

MRS D: Wendy!

BOTH: The promise that was made could never have been broken  
The window to our hearts was forever open  
Forever and ever and ever and ever  
We held this in hope but now it can be spoken  
The window to our hearts is forever open

Wendy: And these (including audience) are my brothers, the Lost boys  
of Neverland. I know they can stay with us. I read it in your kind heart,  
Mamma.

MRS D: Of course they can, they can all stay forever.

WENDY: And you will be their mother?

MRS D: I am, I am.

WENDY: Of course you are, our one Mamma.

(They dance in a circle – as they move upstage into silhouette Peter appears and watches – Tinkerbell dances in his hand).

PETER: She is not as beautiful as my mother. But she did keep the window open. Why did she do that? If it was closed then Wendy would have flown back to me forever.

(Sings) What is a night sky without a star  
Twinkling and shedding light from afar  
And what is a Lost boy all alone  
Far very far from home. – (breaks mood) oh who cares! Hey?  
Come on Tink! (Burst of Skat Blackout).

## **THE END**

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TNT theatre

tnttheatre1@gmail.com

