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Cast of Characters

PETER, charming

WENDY, a girl awoken in the night

A LOST BOY / A MERMAID, a child who is lost. To make his lostness literal, his eyes are closed, and fake eyes are painted onto his eyelids, so that the actor cannot see

THE TIGER LILY, a flower, connected to the earth with deep roots

TINKER BELL, holds a tap light or finger lights as a puppet

MRS. DARLING / HOOK, romantic, sensual, filled with poetry. The hook itself can be the actor's finger

MR. DARLING / SMEE, sincere, earnest to a fault and enthusiastic

Note on Casting

A diverse group of performers is encouraged, and each role can be played by any gender, body type, ethnicity, age, and so on. It works well with an all-female cast, for example. The performances should not be particularly child-like or exaggerated but feature the personal qualities of the actors. Note: the doubling of Hook and Smee can be switched so that Mr. Darling plays Hook, or those characters can be un-doubled to expand the cast to nine actors. The Darlings can be decidedly older than the rest of the cast, though it is not a requirement. It is also easy to cast many pirates, mermaids, lost boys and flowers to expand the cast to up to 30 people.

Note on Production

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

The set consists of a small bedroom surrounded by a vast abyss. There is writing all over—actual happiest thoughts of the moment like, “Hyacinths” or “Parmigiano-Reggiano” or “Uncle Dave” or “World peace.” They can be collected from friends or strangers or the audience. There are several moments where “happy thoughts” are improvised by the cast. They can be read from these lists.

The flying can be staged simply—maybe just with arms outstretched, but for the big flight to Neverland and the big flight at the end we should feel that a million stars are passing. This can be achieved by the rest of the cast circling lamps or flashlights in a gesture that mimics fly-fishing.

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PETER/WENDY

by Jeremy Bloom

ADAPTED FROM J. M. BARRIE'S *PETER AND WENDY*,
WITH SEGMENTS FROM J. M. BARRIE'S *THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD*

(The text of this first section should overlap.

It should feel like a prologue and a dream, setting the stage for the story to begin.)

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, needlework—

(Everybody lists two "happy thoughts.")

A LOST BOY. —murders, hangings, demonstrative adjectives, chocolate pudding day, getting into braces, cash for pulling out your tooth...

(Everybody lists two "happy thoughts.")

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?

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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:)*

A LOST BOY. *(Being led 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 sprawly, you know, with tedious
distances between one adventure and another, but nicely crammed.
When you play at it by day with the chairs and table-cloth, it is not
in the least alarming, but in the two minutes before you go to sleep
it becomes very real, so there are night-lights.

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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 honorable, 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.

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(*During the following, MR. and MRS. DARLING put WENDY to bed.*)

A LOST BOY. 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.)

(The whole play is about to burst at the anticipation of PETER about to come through the window, and we can feel it in the pace and momentum of the following.)

TINK. 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 days old.

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(The window has been blown open, and PETER is 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. 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 ducks under the covers.)

PETER. Wendy, don't withdraw. I can't help crowing, Wendy, when I'm pleased with myself. Wendy! 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 [or any object in the room or her hair tie].)

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 [or any object], 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. 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. For a small creature, she makes a lot of noise.)

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.

(*Or "hair tie" or other object that is convenient.*)

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. If you wish to!

(*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.)

A LOST BOY. Hello? Is somebody there? Who's there? *(Etc.)*

TIGER LILY. Gotcha. You can't escape.

A LOST BOY. 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?

A LOST BOY. I'm lost. I'm a lost boy.

TIGER LILY. I won't hurt you.

A LOST BOY. I'm terrified of pirates when Peter is gone.

TIGER LILY. Well, you're safe now.

A LOST BOY. 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?

A LOST BOY. From the story, something about shoes, the deep black lake, and mice with no eyes. We don't have mothers, but Peter Pan comes back to tell us more of the stories.

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.)

A LOST BOY. Peter's gone away, and I'm frightfully anxious.

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. 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 with 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. A major change in mood, and suddenly it's all very scary—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.

(MR. and MRS. DARLING run onstage, perhaps running through the whole next section.)

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.

A million stars are passing, an extended moment of a peace.)

§

(We go to Neverland.

A pirate ship: The Jolly Roger. HOOK and SMEE sway with the tide.)

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." The whole cast joins in listing or reading "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.

PETER. 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. Tinker Bell landed first.

§

(PETER, WENDY, and TINK land on Neverland.)

A LOST BOY. 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?

PETER. Don't ask me. Ask our new mother. Wendy.

A LOST BOY. 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.

A LOST BOY. I should have, shouldn't I? Thank you, Wendy.

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

A LOST BOY. 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. How lovely, the little house!

(WENDY emerges from her little house.)

PETER. Still sleepy, Wendy?

WENDY. I couldn't shut my eyes if I wanted to.
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 sooner or later.

WENDY. 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.

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

(MERMAID begins to sing strange wailing cries.)

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.

SMEE. I'll take the dingy!

HOOK. I'll 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.

PETER. (*Imitating Hook:*) Ahoy there, you lubbers!

(*During the following, the other characters except for HOOK and SMEE echo Peter to create the effect of an echo-y craggy lagoon.*)

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?

(*HOOK sighs.*)

SMEE. He sighs.

(*HOOK sighs.*)

SMEE. He sighs again.

(*HOOK sighs.*)

SMEE. 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.

SMEE. Hook, have you another voice?

PETER. I have.

(Now, PETER taunts HOOK and SMEE with the illusion of his disembodied voice darting around the dark lagoon. The lines move with a fast pace.)

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 "Shhhhhhhh.")

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!

This should be a huge stylized dance number, maybe with slow motion, maybe with clogging.

All with a violent but fun energy 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!

(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.

The interruption is resumed.

There are many trees and branches and birds and beds.)

TIGER LILY. The reason he will live and relive these first unfairnesses forevermore is that Peter is betwixt and between, stuck somewhere between bird and human.

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 wide-eyed shock and joy in your mother's eyes that moment when you are first thought of 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 starfish remembers an old limb.

Of course, we grow out of this, but Peter never did—he is really always the same age, and his age does not matter in the least.

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—

TIGER LILY.
to return to the trees—

PETER.
to return to the tree-tops—

PETER. —and with that memory comes other ones, as that you had lain in bed planning to escape as soon as your 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.

*(WENDY begins muttering "I should know" under her breath, growing louder and louder until her next line.
She is the child trying to get through window bars and up the chimney.)*

A LOST BOY. 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. 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.

§

(Back to where we were, after the fight, all victorious around a fire.)

A LOST BOY.

Aaaaaaaaanyways.

WENDY.

Anyways

Anyways

Anyways

TIGER LILY. Let's celebrate!

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.

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.

(A LOST BOY wanders on.)

A LOST BOY. Hello? Hello...?

Did everybody leave?

Peter? Wendy Lady?

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

A LOST BOY. I was waiting to be tucked in.

WENDY. How totally sweet. I shall do it.

A LOST BOY. Have you had adventures today, Mother?

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

A LOST BOY. 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.

A LOST BOY. Start it, Wendy Lady.

(Getting him tucked into bed.)

WENDY. Shhhh just lie down.

There was once a gentleman.

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

WENDY. Shhhh, quiet. There was a lady also.

A LOST BOY. 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?

A LOST BOY. White rats.

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

A LOST BOY. 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!

A LOST BOY. 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.

A LOST BOY. 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.)

A LOST BOY. 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.)

A LOST BOY. So, did she ever go back? Wendy?

(He wanders away, or falls asleep.)

HOOK and SMEE with the imprisoned **WENDY** reenter the house to poison Peter's medicine.

TINK senses danger, and sneakily enters and onlooks...

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 this 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 in celebration/elation/catharsis. This can be a huge dance that includes TINKER BELL chasing PETER to find him and CAPTAIN HOOK and SMEE rowing back to the ship with WENDY aboard now, following on a string like a dog.)

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, finally catching up to them. The following happens very rapidly.)

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. Ohhhhhhhhhh. 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. Goldgoldgold.

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 on 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. A moment. Life or death. Simple. Sincere.)*

Do you believe?

Do you believe in fairies?

If you believe, clap your hands!

Don't let Tink die. Please.

Oh, clap your hands!

(TINK begins to feel better.)

PETER. 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.

A huge silence as the PIRATES sway with the tide, contemplatively.)

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. The plank is someplace high, like on a chair or bedside table or ladder, and feels dangerous.)

WENDY. *(Lists "happy thoughts" as she walks towards the edge of the plank. At first with hope to fly, then a realization that she can't fly, then as she lists, the thoughts become beautiful memories, almost like last words—it's okay if it takes time.)*

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.

A LOST BOY. 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.

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