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SCENE TWO | THE DARLING NURSERY

MICHAEL AND JOHN (IN THEIR PYJAMAS) ARE PLAYING PIRATES. JOHN HAS A COAT HANGER AS A HOOK. WENDY ENTERS.

JOHN: Avast ye, pesky Peter Pan! I'll keelhaul ye and cut ye to ribbons!

MICHAEL: Oh no you won't!

JOHN: Oh yes I will! Or my name isn't Captain James Hook!

MICHAEL: But your name isn't 'Captain James Hook', it's John!

JOHN: [*Breaking character:*] I know Michael! You have to pretend! You'll never grow up once I've drowned ye down to Davy Jones!

WENDY: The hook is on the other hand John!

JOHN: [*Swapping the hanger to the left hand:*] Thank you Wendy. I'm getting the *hang* of this!

MICHAEL: You smelly, old codfish! You won't be so brave when you meet the most terrifying-est creature that ever lived – the crocodile!

THE DOOR OF THE NURSERY OPENS AND NANA ENTERS: **SFX CUE: WOOF!**

MICHAEL & JOHN: [*Annoyed:*] Nana!

MICHAEL: You're supposed to go "tick-tock" not 'woof'!

JOHN: You can't teach an old dog new *ticks*!

WENDY: Boys, it's nearly time for bed!

MICHAEL: I won't got to bed – I won't! I won't! We're playing Peter Pan!

JOHN: Do you want to play too?

WENDY: I don't need to play – I've *seen* Peter Pan!

JOHN: You have?! Where?

MICHAEL: When?

WENDY: Last night! Peter Pan was sitting on the sill by the open window and Nana tried to close it but accidentally caught his shadow and snapped it clean off! I know one night he'll come back for it so I kept it safe and sound for him.

JOHN: Where is it? I want to see!

MICHAEL: Me too! Me too!

WENDY: It's in the toy box. I'll show you...

DAME(OFF): [*Calling:*] Wendy! John! Michael!

WENDY: Shh! Mum's the word! Yes, mother!

DAME DARLING ENTERS.

DAME: Oh! Look at my perfect, precious little poppets playing. Why can't you stay this young and delightful forever? It's such a shame you should grow old...

MICHAEL: Old like you, Mother?

DAME: How dare you Michael! I'm approaching forty...

JOHN: From which direction?

DAME: Cheek!

WENDY: Not *all* children grow up Mother...

DAME: Wendy Darling, darling! No more tall tales about Peter Pan. Not tonight – your Father is feeling fragile...

MICHAEL: But they're not tall tales! His shadow is in the...

HIS MOUTH IS MUFFLED BY JOHN.

WENDY: [*Distracting her:*] You look so lovely tonight, Mother!

DAME: Thank you Wendy! This is my Ryanair dress...

ALL: Ryanair dress?

DAME: Yes, everything seems above board but once it's taken off you find there are hidden extras!

SFX CUE: WOOF!

DAME: You're right Nana, it's time for bed boys!

MICHAEL: But it's only six o'clock...

DAME: You too, Wendy!

WENDY: Will you read us a bedtime story before you go to the party?

JOHN: Yes! A story!

MICHAEL: Please!

DAME: Oh, alright. I'll read you a lovely story all about 'Little Bo Peep'.

JOHN: What's it called?

DAME: 'The Silence of the Lambs'!

THE CHILDREN: No thanks!

DAME: My! How peaceful you all look...

WENDY: Oh, Mother! How did you come to have three such perfect children?

DAME: Good question! Biologically it doesn't make sense!

MR. DARLING BURSTS IN FIDDLING WITH HIS BOW TIE.

MR. DARLING: [*Exasperated:*] This blasted bow will not tie! Twenty times I have made it up around the bed post but round my neck? No!

DAME: George...

MR. DARLING: I warn you! Unless this tie is around my neck we won't go out to dinner tonight and if we don't go out to dinner tonight, I can never show my face in the office again and if I never go to the office again, you and I starve and our children will be flung into the streets!

SFX CUE: WOOF!

MR. DARLING: No, I do not want a biscuit Nana...that's your answer for everything! Now where are my confounded cufflinks?!

THE BOYS: [*In hushed tones to each other:*] The treasure! X marks the spot!

MR. DARLING: X marks the *what?*

JOHN: That's where the pirate treasure is Father!

MICHAEL: Like in Peter Pan!

MR. DARLING: All of this 'Pan' talk and palaver is giving me a headache!

WENDY: You should take a tablet!

MR. DARLING: We're already late! No tablet – no time!

MICHAEL: You always tell us to take our medicine...

JOHN: Here, why do pirates have no tablets? Because their 'parrots-eat-em-all'!

MR. DARLING: Enough! Wendy, you've filled their heads with quite enough fiddle-faddle. 'Peter Pan'?! Prattle and poppycock!

WENDY: It isn't prattle and poppycock, Father. He's real!