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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!

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WENDY: Wendy Moira Angela Darling! I know who you are!

PETER: You do? Who am I then 'Wendy Moira Angela Darling'?

WENDY: You're Peter Pan!

PETER: Lucky guess...

WENDY: Where do you live?

PETER: Second star to the right and straight on 'till morning.

WENDY: What a funny address! Is that what they put on the letters?

PETER: I don't get any letters.

WENDY: But, your mother gets letters?

PETER: I 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.

WENDY: You'll never stick it back on with soap. You need to stitch it on.

PETER: Is that *sew*? See what I did there?!

WENDY: I'll do it for you!

PETER: One girl is more use than twenty boys.

WENDY: Do you really think so?

PETER: I know so!

WENDY: Done!

PETER: Look! It still fits! All the lost boys put together couldn't do that. Thank you, Wendy.

WENDY: You're welcome! I'll give you a kiss, if you like?

WENDY: Don't you know what a kiss is?

PETER: I shall know when you give one to me.

WENDY: [*Handing him a thimble:*] Here!

PETER: I love it! I'll give you a kiss. [*Handing her an acorn:*] I give the best kisses!

WENDY: Thank you Peter. I'll keep it forever.

SHE PUTS IT ON A CHAIN AROUND HER NECK.

WENDY: So, what were you doing on our windowsill last night?

PETER: I was listening to the bedtime stories.

WENDY: My stories? But they're all about you...

PETER: That's why I like them! I tell them to the Lost Boys.

WENDY: Well, now there will be no more stories.

PETER: No more stories!? But why?

WENDY: This is my last night in the nursery. Father says I need to grow up.

PETER: Grow up?! Who would ever want to do that? I know! I'll take you to a place where you'll never have to grow up...Neverland! [*To the audience:*] And all of you can come too!

WENDY: John! Michael! Wake up!

MICHAEL: Is it morning already?

WENDY: No boys, look!

JOHN: Blow the man down! It's... It's...

THE BOYS: Peter Pan!

WENDY: He's going to take us all to Neverland!

JOHN: But how do we get there?

PETER: We fly of course!

ALL: Fly?!

PETER: All it takes is faith, trust and a little bit of pixie dust!

MICHAEL: You mean, there's a fairy in this room?!

PETER: Not while Dame Darling is off stage!

DAME(OFF): I heard that!

PETER: When the first baby laughed for the very first time, that laugh broke into thousands of tiny pieces and they all went skipping about and that was the beginning of fairies! You do believe in fairies, don't you?