

Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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Peter Pan

Story by
J.M. Barrie

Adapted for the Stage by
Timothy Mason

Music by
Hiram Titus

Peter Pan was first presented by The Children's Theatre Company for the 1997-1998 season.
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List of Characters:

- Michael Darling
- Wendy Darling
- John Darling
- Nana, the dog
- Mrs. Darling
- Mr. Darling
- Liza
- Peter Pan
- Edward
- Older Wendy
- Jane
-

Lost Boys:

- Tootles
- Slightly
- Curly
- Nibs
- Twins (2)
- Tiger Lilly
- Big Panther
- Little Big Panther

Pirates:

- Cecco
- Bill Jukes
- Gentleman Starkey
- Smee
- Skylights
- Noodler
- Captain James Hook
- Jigs
- Mullins

Ensamble includes: carolers, pirates, boys, girls, mermaids

Characters done my puupet/light: Tinker Bell, Parrot

ACT I. SCENE I

London, Christmas Eve, long ago. A gas lamp lights a corner of Russel Square. Snow is falling, and from down the street we hear the SINGING of approaching CAROLERS, a TRADITIONAL OLD BRITISH CAROL.

A TRIO OF CHILDREN run into view. To the strains of the REVERENTIAL CAROL. TWO SMALL BOYS duel viciously and expertly with umbrellas. ONE BOY falls, mortally wounded, the OTHER BOY thrusts his sword through the victim's body, then wipes off the gore. The SMALL GIRL observes it all, and then with a handful of sprinkled snow revives the FALLEN CHILD.

Suddenly we hear and ETHEREAL BOY'S DELIGHTED, WICKED LAUGHTER. The CHILDREN stop, look apprehensively up and down the street, and then look SLOWLY UP into the darkness. We hear a TINKLING BURST OF A BELL –LIKE LANGUAGE and the THREE CHILDREN run, just as the GROUP OF CAROLERS, GROWN-UPS and CHILDREN, enter. The TRIO OF FRIGHTENED CHILDREN run into the arms of the GROWN-UPS and everything's safe again. The CAROLERS begin another CAROL, something TRADITIONAL, BOISTEROUS and FUN.

CAROLERS

THE HOLLY AND THE IVEY...WHEN THEY ARE BOTH FULL GROWN ... etc.

And by this time the CAROLERS are off, followed by the STREET-SWEEPER sweeping up the snow. All the houses on Russell Square have flown away, revealing the NURSERY of the DARLING HOME.

The room: A fireplace and mantel festooned with holly and spruce, a bookcase similarly adorned, a Christmas tree decorated with ornaments that came from a store and others made y the hands of the children. Three child-sized beds and a large shuttered bay window. NANA, a massive old Newfoundland DOG, carries young MICHAEL DARLING enters with ceremony, wearing his school top hat in his role as the Doctor.

MICHAEL

Stop, Nana! I won't go to bed, I won't! Bad dog, I won't, I won't, I won't!

(NANA calmly tips MICHAEL into his bed.)

WENDY

Hello, Doctor, do you have good news for me?

(JOHN shakes down the thermometer and reads it gravely.)

JOHN

Mrs. Darling, you are now a proud mother.

WENDY

Doctor, is it a little girl? Is her name Wendy?

JOHN

Precisely. (*JOHN shakes down the thermometer and reads it again.*) Wait – wait. Mrs. Darling congratulations, you’ve just had another.

WENDY

Oh, wonderful! A boy named John?

JOHN

Precisely.

MICHAEL

(*Bouncing on his bed.*)

I want to be born! It’s my turn to be born!

JOHN

Mrs. Darling doesn’t want any more children.

MICHAEL

She doesn’t want me?

(*MRS. DARLING, the real one, sweeps into the room in a long formal gown, carrying an ornamental Christmas angel.*)

MRS. DARLING

She certainly does, dear. She and Mr. Darling want a third child more than anything.

MICHAEL

(*Doubtfully*)

Boy or girl?

MRS. DARLING

Oh, a little boy, I should think, a nice one named Michael, dressed in pajamas.

(*MICHAEL springs into MRS. DARLING’S arms.*)

SONG: JUST LIKE ME

MRS. DARLING

A BOY JUST LIKE YOU

MICHAEL

A BOY JUST LIKE ME

A GIRL MUCH LIKE YOU MRS. DARLING

A GIRL SO LIKE ME WENDY

A BOY TO PUT ANGELS ON TOP OF THE TREE MRS. DARLING

A BOY AND A GIRL AND A BOY JUST LIKE ME MICHAEL, WENDY, JOHN

THREE CHILDREN TO LIVE MRS. DARLING

BUT WHERE WILL WE LIVE? CHILDREN

TOGETHER AT HOME MRS. DARLING

BUT WHERE WILL WE LIVE? CHILDREN

A BIG FURRY DOG LIVES WITH US HERE AT HOME MRS. DARLING

AND NANA THE DOG WHO LOEVS CHASING A BONE CHIDLREN

AND THAT'S ALL WE WANT MRS. DARLING

AND WHEN I GROW UP CHILDREN

YOUR FATHER AND ME MRS. DARLING

I WANT THERE TO BE CHILDREN

A HOUSEFUL OF CHILDREN, A HOUSEFUL OF ME MRS. DARLING

CHILDREN
A HOUSEFUL OF CHRISTMAS, A HOUSEFUL OF ME

MRS. DARLING
A BOY JUST LIKE YOU

JOHN
A BOY JUST LIKE ME

MRS. DARLING
A GIRL MUCH LIKE YOU

WENDY
A GIRL SO LIKE ME

MRS. DARLING
A BOY AND A GIRL AND A BOY, ONE, TWO, THREE

MICHAEL, WENDY, JOHN
A BOY AND A GIRL AND A BOY JUST LIKE ME

MRS. DARLING
Now who wants to put the Christmas angel on top of the tree?

JOHN
ME!

WENDY
ME!

MICHAEL
ME!

NANA
WOOF!

*(MRS. DARLING lifts MICHAEL and he places the star at the top of the tree, or nearly.
The CHILDREN clap and cheer.)*

MR. DARLING
(From Off)
A little less noise in there, please!

MRS. DARLING
All right, Darlings, one story and off to bed.

WENDY

Last night you stopped in the middle of Cinderella.

JOHN

Tell us a story about pirates!

MICHAEL

Tell us a story about...mice!

JOHN

Mice? Michael, you're silly.

MICHAEL

I'm not silly!

JOHN

You are!

MICHEAL

Not!

JOHN

Are!

MICHAEL

Not!

JOHN

Are!

WENDY

They're quite hopeless, aren't they, mother.

MRS. DARLING

Oh yes, quite, a lost cause

(And MR. DARLING rushed in like a tornado, almost dressed, followed by the servant, Liza, with his tie.)

MR. DARLING

Here, what's all this! A little less noise!

MRS. DARLING

Dear, whatever is the matter?

MR. DARLING

Matter? This tie, it will not tie! Not round my neck! Round the bed-post! Oh yes, twenty times I've made it up round the bed-post, but round my neck, oh dear no! Begs to be excused!

MRS. DARLING

Let me try, dear. Thank you, Liza!

LIZA

Mum.

(LIZA curtsies and leaves.)

MR. DARLING

I warn you, mother. Unless this tie is round my neck we don't go out to dinner tonight, and if I don't go out to dinner tonight I never go to the office again, and you and I starve and our children will be flung into the streets!

WENDY

Oh, father!

JOHN

Will there still be Christmas?

MR. DARLING

Christmas! Course not! There won't be anything, Christmas, birthdays, ever again!

(MICHAEL begins to whimper.)

MRS. DARLING

There you are, dear.

MR. DARLING

What? Oh. Thank you. *(to the CHILDREN)* Well what are you all so somber for? Don't you know it's Christmas Eve? Cone on, then.

(MR. DARLING hoists MICHAEL onto his shoulders.)

MR. DARLING

Fall in! Make a train!

(And to the appropriate music, MAKE A TRAIN, the DARLING FAMILY makes a train, MR. DARLING in the lead with MICHAEL on his shoulders, and then WENDY and JOHN and MRS. DARLING, each clutching the person ahead by the hips. NANA falls in as the caboose, and MICHAEL toots the horn.)

(Suddenly the SHUTTERED WINDOWS BLOW WIDE OPEN revealing a starry blue-black sky. The FAMILY stops and stares. NANA growls.)

MR. DARLING

There, you see? That's what come of having a dog for a nurse. Dogs forget to latch windows, don't they, Nana.

(NANA denies it vehemently.)

WENDY

It's probably just Peter?

MRS. DARLING

Peter? Who is Peter?

WENDY

Peter Pan.

MR. DARLING

Peter Pan? Don't know the fellow.

WENDY

He comes at night, through the window. He's ever so careless. Last night he tracked in leaves all over the floor.

MR. DARLING

Leaves? Nonsense, it's three stories up!

MRS. DARLING

(To the Children)

Off you go, brush your teeth and then to bed. George.

(The CHILDREN run off to the bathroom. NANA remains, growling at the window.)

MR. DARLING

(To NANA)

Excuse me, do we employ a nurse or do we not! See to the children!

(NANA moves off to the bathroom, a little grumpy.)

MRS. DARLING

George.

(MR. DARLING closes and latches the shutters.)

MR. DARLING

Don't like what they're saying at the office either. Dog for a nurse.

MRS. DARLING

George. Last week, one night after the children fell asleep, I dropped off as well. And when I woke, there was a boy, standing right there. He seemed familiar somehow. He gnashed his little white teeth at me and he was gone, out the window.

MR. DARLING

Dreaming, Mrs. Darling?

MRS. DARLING

No, George. He left his shadow, Nana caught it in her teeth.

MR. DARLING

Yes, dear, his shadow, we're late for dinner, dear.

MRS. DARLING

I kept it, George, it's right here.

(MRS. DARLING takes a dark-shaped thing from a drawer, MR. DARLING takes it.)

MR. DARLING

Good gracious. Anyway, it's nobody I know. But he dows look a scoundrel, doesn't he.

(And NANA rushes out from the bathroom, growling and barking and leaping for the shadow. But she collides with MR. DARLING instead, and then MR. DARLING is horizontal with a LARGE DOG on top of him.)

MR. DARLING

That's it! That's done it! Out!

(MRS. DARLING stoops, not to comfort her husband but to retrieve the shadow and replace it in the drawer, and the CHILDREN pour out of the bathroom, to comfort and cuddle their nurse.)

CHILDREN

Nana, poor Nana. Are you all right, Nana?

MR. DARLING

That's right! Cuddle her! Nobody cuddles me. Oh dear no! I am only the breadwinner, why should I be cuddled, why, why, why!

MRS. DARLING

George, not so loud, the neighbors will hear.

MR. DARLING

Let them! Bring in the whole world. But I refuse to allow that dog to lord it in my nursery for an hour longer!

CHILDREN

No, father! Please. Let Nana stay!

(NANA, too, beseeches MR. DARLING.)

MR. DARLING

In vain, in vain! The proper place for you is the yard, and there you go to be tied up this instant.

(MR. DARLING leads NANA out. The CHILDREN hang their heads, NANA hangs hers.)

MRS. DARLING

George, please, remember what I told you about that boy.

MR. DARLING

I'm not listening, do you see me listening? I'm not!

(And MR. DARLING and NANA are gone, but we can still hear MR. DARLING, a little sheepish in his wrath.)

MR. DARLING

(Continuing from off.)

Dinner, Mrs. Darling, we are late for dinner. I shall lose my position at the office and we shall starve, Mrs. Darling!

(the CHILDREN are unusually silent, and go to their beds without a word.)

MRS. DARLING

Your father's just in a temper, my dears. He'll come right in the morning.

(We hear NANA barking from the yard.)

MRS. DARLING

Poor Nana, it's not fair.

WENDY

That's not her unhappy bark, Mother, that's her bark when she smells danger.

MRS. DARLING

Danger?

MICHAEL

I'm scared.

(Swiftly MRS. DARLING goes from bed to bed, kissing each child.)

MRS. DARLING

Don't be scared, Darlings, there's no danger, the night lights will keep you safe till we return.

CHILDREN

Good night. Good night, Mother. Night, Mum, Merry Christmas. Good night.

(MRS. DARLING turns down the main light in the nursery and lights the night-lights. SHE goes to the window, checks that it's locked, then stoops and picks up a handful of exotic leaves. SHE is troubled.)

MR. DARLING

(Off)

Mrs. Darling!

MRS. DARLING

Oh, I do wish we weren't going out tonight!

(MRS. DARLING goes.)

ACT I, SCENE II

(Continuous. We hear the ticking of a great clock somewhere in the house, and the distant tolling of a bell. Then the NIGHT-LIGHTS flicker and go out, the SHUTTERS burst open, and a BALL OF GOLDEN LIGHT flies into the nursery, accompanied by the TINKLING OF SMALL BELLS. The GOLDEN LIGHT skitters rapidly throughout the room, as though it were searching for something and finally falls into a large vase on the mantel.)

(The stars beyond the windows suddenly grow intensely bright, the CHURCH BELLS in the neighborhood give a CLAMOROUS RINGING and in through the window flies A YOUNG BOY dressed in leaves. HE HOVERS FOR A MOMENT, FLIES ABOUT THE NURSERY and LANDS.)

PETER

Tinker Bell? Tink?

(PETER PAN quickly scans the room, the beds, the tree, the bookshelf. HE checks behind the window drapes and emerges.)

PETER

Tink, where are you?

(The vase on the mantel FLICKERS AND TINKLES.)

PETER

Get out of that jug! Where have they put my shadow? Have you found it?

(TINKER BELL flies to the chest of drawers with a shimmer of fairy language, and PETER darts to join her. HE pulls open the drawer and throws the contents on the floor until HE comes up with the dark shape that is his shadow. PETER crows with delight and slams the drawer shut. We hear the FURIOUS TINKLING OF AN ANGRY FAMILY, but PETER is heedless.)

(PETER tries to attach the shadow to himself without success. HE grabs a bar of soap from a soap dish on the bureau and uses it to try to stick the shadows on. No luck.)

PETER

It's broke. The grown-ups broke my shadow and now it's broke forever.

(PETER sits on the floor and cries. WENDY sits up in bed and sees him, without much surprise.)

WENDY

Boy, why are you crying?

(PETER springs to his feet.)

PETER

I wasn't crying.

WENDY

You were, you know.

PETER

What's your name?

WENDY

Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's yours?

PETER

Peter Pan.

I thought so. Where do you live? WENDY

Second on the right and then straight on till morning. PETER

What a funny address. WENDY

It isn't! PETER

Is that what they put on the letters? WENDY

Don't get any letters. PETER

But your mother gets letters? WENDY

Don't have a mother. PETER

Oh Peter, no wonder you were crying. WENDY

I wasn't crying about mothers, I don't want one. I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on. Besides, I wasn't crying. PETER

But you can't stick a shadow on with soap. You're dreadfully ignorant. WENDY

No, I'm not. PETER

Come, I'll sew it on for you. WENDY

(WENDY takes needle and thread and sits on the floor with PETER, sewing his shadow to his feet.)

How old are you? WENDY
(As she sews.)

PETER

Don't know. I ran away the day I was born.

WENDY

The day you were born?

PETER

I heard grownups talking about what I was to be when I was a man. I don't ever want to be a man, I want to be a boy, always. So I ran away and lived with the fairies in Neverland.

WENDY

Peter, you've really seen fairies?

PETER

Of course, lots of them, haven't you?

(PETER springs to his feet, his shadow attached.)

PETER

I got my shadow back! Cock-a-doodle-do tell me how clever I am! Oh, the cleverness of me!

(PETER capers, admiring his shadow.)

WENDY

You conceited boy.

(WENDY hops into bed, covers her head with the sheet.)

PETER

Wendy, don't. I can't help crowing when I'm pleased with myself, which I very often am. Wendy? One girl is more than fifteen boys.

(WENDY emerges, interested.)

WENDY

Do you really think so?

PETER

Twenty.

(WENDY sits on the bed beside PETER.)

WENDY

How perfectly sweet of you. My brother John despises girls. Shall I give you a kiss?

(PETER holds out his hand.)

PETER

Yes, please.

WENDY

Surely you know what a kiss is?

PETER

I'll know what it is when you give it to me.

WENDY

Oh. All right. Here.

(WENDY takes the thimble from her finger and gives it to PETER.)

PETER

Now I'll give you a kiss, shall I?

WENDY

If you like.

(PETER pulls an acorn out of his tangled hair, puts it in WENDY'S hand.)

WENDY

But this is an acorn!

PETER

It's something you give someone, isn't it, a kiss?

WENDY

Yes, of course. I'll wear your kiss on the chain around my neck. So it's true, isn't it, you come here at night to see me?

PETER

You? Oh, no! To hear the stories your mother tells you. Like the one about the prince and the lady with the glass slipper.

WENDY

You've been listening at the window!

PETER

How does it end?

WENDY

That's just the story of Cinderella. The prince finds her, and they live happily ever after.

PETER

Excellent. Goodbye, Wendy!

WENDY

Pete, where are you going?

PETER

To tell the other boys. Goodbye!

WENDY

What other boys?

PETER

The lost boys, in Neverland.

WENDY

Who are they?

PETER

I don't know. Children who fall out of their carriages when no one's looking. Whose parents forget where they put them or don't have time. They don't know any stories, and neither do I. But I'm captain. Goodbye!

WENDY

Don't go, Peter, I know such a lot of stories!

(Perhaps this is what PETER wanted from WENDY all along, we'll never know. But now PETER goes back to her with a greedy look in his eyes.)

PETER

Wendy, come with me.

WENDY

Really?

PETER

Yes.

WENDY

But think of Mother and Father. Besides, I can't fly.

I'll teach you. PETER

No, really? WENDY

I'll teach you to jump on the wind's back and away we'll go! PETER

Oh! WENDY

There are mermaids. PETER

Oh! WENDY

Pirates. PETER

Oh? WENDY

There's Tiger Lily and her People. PETER

Who? WENDY

And wild beasts and a great big crocodile. PETER

Oh!! WENDY

SONG: THE WINDOW IS WIDE

PETER
WE'LL FLY THROUGH THE CITY AND OVER THE SEA THERE'S NO OTHER WAY
IF YOU'RE VISITING ME YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE IT, THERE WON'T BE A
WARNING TURN RIGHT AT THAT STAR AND THEN STRAIGHT ON TIL MORNING

THE WINDOW IS WIDE

TURN RIGHT AT THE STAR
TOGETHER WE'LL GET THERE
IT'S REALLY NOT FAR.

AS NEAR AS THE NIGHT
WITH ME BY YOUR SIDE
IT'S ONLY AS FAR AS
THE WINDOW IS WIDE

WENDY

If I flew away with you, could I ever come back? Home, I mean?

PETER

That's up to you. But just think of it!

PETER & WENDY

WE'LL FLY THROUGH THE DARKNESS, WE'LL FLY UNTIL DAWN AND NO ONE
WILL KNOW UNTIL AFTER WE'RE GONE AND FIN'LLY WE'LL COME TO A LAND
KNOWN AS "NEVER" THE ONE PLACE ON EARTH WHERE YOU STAY YOUNG
FOREVER

FOREVER A HOPE
AND NEVER A CARE
THE WINDOW'S THE DOOR THAT
WILL CARRY US THERE

AS NEAR AS THE NIGHT
WITH ME BY YOUR SIDE
IT'S ONLY AS FAR AS
THE WINDOW IS WIDE
(*WENDY puts her arms around PETER.*)

WENDY

You may give me a kiss if you like.

PETER

(*Somewhat bitterly*)

I thought you'd want it back?

(*PETER offers WENDY the thimble.*)

WENDY

Oh, dear. I don't mean a kiss, I mean a thimble. It's like this.

(*WENDY kisses PETER'S CHEEK.*)

PETER

Very strange. It's called a thimble?

WENDY

Sometimes.

(There is a racket of tiny bells from the chest of drawers and the drawer in question shakes and rattles.)

WENDY

(Continued)

Peter, would there be something in that drawer?

PETER

Oh, excellent! I do believe in that drawer?

WENDY

It sounds like bells tinkling.

PETER

That's the fairy language. It's only old Tinker Bell.

(PETER opens the drawer, TINK flies out at tremendous speed, chattering furiously.)

PETER

(Answering Tinker Bell)

How was I to know you were locked in there? Tink, you shouldn't talk like that.

WENDY

What did she say?

PETER

She called me a silly ass.

WENDY

If only she would stand still and let me see her!

PETER

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

(TINK replies.)

WENDY

Peter?

PETER

She says that she's my fairy and that you're a great ugly girl. Come on, Wendy, Tink, let's go.

WENDY

Peter, will you teach John and Michael to fly, too?

PETER

What, those lumps there? If you like.

WENDY

(Shaking JOHN and MICHAEL awake.)

John. Michael. Wake up.

JOHN

Six sixes are thirty six. Seven sevens are forty nine. *(JOHN puts on his school top hat.)*
Hello!

WENDY

Peter Pan has invited us to Neverland.

MICHAEL

What time is it?

PETER

I'll teach you to fly...

JOHN

To fly?

(And we hear NANA approaching, growling, and the voice of the servant girl, LIZA.)

PETER

What's that?

JOHN

Don't let them see you! Quick, everyone, hide!

(The FOUR CHILDREN duck behind the window drapes. LIZA enters with NANA on a chain.)

LIZA

I've got the Christmas puddings to make, Nana. There. Everything is normal just as normal, don't you dare wake the little angels. *(NANA barks, not fooled for a moment.)* I warn you, Nana, if you bark again I shall send for Master and Missus and bring them home from the party and then won't you get a whipping.

(LIZA takes NANA out. JOHN appears from behind the drape.)

JOHN

It's all right. *(The OTHERS come out.)* I say, Peter, what is it, precisely, this Whereverland?

PETER

Couldn't say.

JOHN

What are the rules there, exactly?

PETER

Don't have any, except I'm captain.

MICHAEL

I say, we're up after bedtime!

PETER

No Bedtime in Neverland, Michael.

JOHN

Not even when there's school?

PETER

No school, whatsoever, ever!

JOHN

Golly!

MICHAEL

Will there be Christmas?

PETER

Oh, sure, anytime you want.

JOHN

But then, it wouldn't be Christmas, not precisely.

PETER

John – I'll teach you to fly!

JOHN

Oh, all right then. Let's get cracking. *(JOHN climbs onto a chair.)* One, two...*(JOHN leaps and falls to the floor.)* I say, precisely how to you do it?

PETER

You just think wonderful thoughts and they lift you up.

(And suddenly PETER is standing on the mantel.)

JOHN & MICHAEL

How topping!

WENDY

How sweet!

PETER

Oh, yes, I'm sweet, how sweet is me!

(And PETER shows off a bit, flying from mantel to floor to bookcase to mantel and back.)

JOHN

You're so nippy at it, couldn't you do it very slowly once?

(And PETER rises slowly, hovers, and descends in a hurry.)

JOHN

Right! I think I've got it!

(JOHN jumps and lands in a heap on the floor. Ditto MICHAEL, ditto WENDY.)

PETER

Oh, yes. I was forgetting the fairy dust.

(PETER sprinkles the CHILDREN with golden dust.)

PETER

Now just wriggle your shoulders this way, and let go.

(The CHILDREN wriggle: nothing. Then suddenly MICHAEL is rising straight up in the air.)

MICHAEL

I flew!

(MICHAEL dips down, grabs his teddy bear, and soars again. And then JOHN and WENDY are suddenly airborne.)

SONG: FLYING

IT'S LOVELY!	<u>WENDY</u>
IT'S THRILLING!	<u>MICHAEL</u>
IT'S CHILLING!	<u>WENDY</u>
IT'S TOPPING!	<u>JOHN</u>
I'M GLIDING!	<u>WENDY</u>
I'M DIVING!	<u>JOHN</u>
I'M DARTING	<u>WENDY</u>
I'M DROPPING!	<u>MICHAEL</u>
IT'S RIPPING!	<u>JOHN</u>
IT'S SUPER!	<u>WENDY</u>
IT'S DUPER!	<u>JOHN</u>
IT'S WHIZZY!	<u>MICHAEL</u>
I'M FLYING!	<u>JOHN</u>
I'M SOARING!	<u>WENDY</u>
I'M ROARING!	<u>JOHN</u>

MICHAEL

I'M DIZZY!

THE CHILDREN AND PETER

IT'S A WONDERFUL THING TO FLY
TO FLY IS A WONDERFUL THING
TO FLOAT, TO SPIN, TO DIVE, TO SOAR
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT ALL BEFORE?

IT'S A MARVELOUS THING TO RISE
TO RISE IS A MARVELOUS THING
TO LEAVE THE WORLD BEHIND, BELOW
TO THINK OF THE PLACES I'M BOUND TO GO!

JOHN

I'M ZIPPING!

WENDY

I'M ZOOMING!

JOHN

I'M WINGING!

WENDY

I'M SINGING!
I'M FLOATING!

JOHN

I'M GLOATING!

WENDY

I'M ZINGING!

MICHAEL

I'M CLINGING!

THE CHILDREN AND PETER

IT'S A CURIOUS THING TO FLY
TO FLY IS A CURIOUS THING
A BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM FAR ABOVE
A ROBIN, AN EAGLE, A JAY, A DOVE!

IT'S A WONDERFUL THING TO FLY
TO FLY IS A WONDERFUL THING
TO RISE A FOOT ABOVE THE FLOOR

TO FLY A BIT, TO FLY SOME MORE
TO FLOAT, TO SPIN, TO DIVE, TO SOAR
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT ALL BEFORE?

IT'S A WONDERFUL THING TO FLY-
IT'S A WONDERFUL THING TO FLY

(One after the other they soar out the window into the night, WENDY laughing, JOHN grabbing his hat and MICHAEL clutching his teddy. PETER casts a final triumphant gaze over the nursery and rockets after them.)

(Just then, NANA bounds in the door, trailing a broken leash. SHE makes for the window and barks. SHE is followed by MR. AND MRS. DARLING, who run in, see the empty beds and rush to the window. A BALL OF GOLDEN LIGHT scatters the TINKLING OF BELLS OVER THEIR HEADS and IS GONE. Suddenly the NURSERY FALLS INTO DARKNESS, the DARLINGS and NANA disappear, the STARS BURN WHITE HOT, and the SOUND OF RUSHING WIND RISES.)

(The WALLS OF THE NURSERY FLY AWAY, and we're high above London. The LIGHTS OF THE CITY burn far below. There! – the massive face of the WESTMINSTER CLOCK and the MIGHTY MIDNIGHT TOLLING OF BIG BEN. And across the face of the clock, we see flying a BOY DRESSED IN LEAVES, a YOUNG GIRL IN HER NIGHTGOWN, a BOY IN TOP HAT AND NIGHTSHIRT, and a LITTLE ONE CLUTCHING A TEDDY BEAR.)

MICHAEL

Wait for me!

(LIGHTS OUT.)

ACT I, SCENE III

(We hear WAVES CRASHING AGAINST A SHORE. A golden light rises on a clearing in a mythical forest, dominated by SEVEN THICK TREES. Suddenly there is a SHRILL SHRIEK, and we notice the LARGE GREEN PARROT perched high in one of the trees. The HEAD OF A YOUNG BOY, TOOTLES, appears from a hole in one of the tree trunks. TOOTLES puts a finger to his lips.)

TOOTLES
(To the PARROT)

Shhhh!

(The PARROT chuckles and then is silent. TOOTLES looks about furtively. At the same time, the HEAD OF A MASSIVE LION appears on the other side of TOOTLES'

tree. The LION looks about ponderously, and then of course TOOTLES and the LION are looking in each other's eyes. The LION roars and TOOTLES disappears into the tree.)

(The BOYS take aim, but just then a MIGHTY ARROW pierces the air and twangs into the tree-trunk by the LION'S HEAD. The LION disappears into the undergrowth. The BOYS disappear into their tree-trunks, all but TOOTLES, who has re-emerged from his tree late, as usual. TIGER LILY and her BROTHERS, BIG PANTHER and LITTLE BIG PANTER, spring out of the foliage.)

TIGER LILY

Capture Lion! Tell him I want words with him!

(The BROTHERS disappear after the LION, chasing HIM.)

TOOTLES

Tiger Lily!

(TIGER LILY spins on TOOTLES, hissing like a cat.)

TOOTLES

(With the hopeless passion of a 12-year-old)

I love you, Tiger Lily.

TIGER LILY

I am a Tiger, you are a Boy.

(TIGER LILY puts one paw to TOOTLE'S cheek and then springs into the forest. The PARROT cackles with laughter, then hushes suddenly, watching.)

PARROT

UH-OH

(TOOTLES is wondering where everybody went. And then we hear ominous SINGING.)

PIRATES

YO HO, YO HE, THE PIRATE LIFE
THE FLAG OF SKULL AND BONES
WE SEND THEM ALL ALONG THE PLANK
AND DOWN TO DAVY JONES

(TOOTLES makes a dash for a TREE: The "door" is closed. HE tries another TREE: locked.)

PARROT

OH-NO.

(TOOTLES hides behind a trunk as the FIRST OF THE PIRATES come into view.)

PIRATES

OH YES, YOU KNOW, THE PIRATE LIFE
IT ENDS WITH HANGMAN'S ROPE
BUT IF YOU MEET US ON THE WAY
ABANDON YE ALL HOPE

(The PIRATES: the handsome Italian CECCO, with his great arms bare and pieces of eight in his ears; BILL JUKES, every inch of him tattooed; GENTLEMAN STARKEY, once an English schoolteacher and still dainty in his ways of killing; the Irish bo-sun SMEE, an oddly genial man who stabs, so to speak, without offense.)

(SKYLIGHTS and NOODLER bring up the rear, bearing a litter containing their CAPTAIN, JAMES HOOK. HOOK is cadaverous, his hair dressed in long curls, his eyes forget-me-not blue, his right hand an iron hook. In his left he has a two-cigar holder, and overall he bears an air of good-natured melancholy.)

HOOK

They're here, Smee. I know it, I feel it.

SMEE

You are a sensitive soul, Captain.

HOOK

I am. I feel things deeply, I'm deep.

(The PARROT cackles with laughter, HOOK puts his cigar-holder in his mouth, raises a pistol and shoots the PARROT.)

PARROT

AWK!

(The PARROT disappears, his tail feathers fluttering to the ground. TOOTLES impulsively rushes out.)

TOOTLES

Parrot!

(STARKEY raises his pistol and takes aim.)

STARKEY

He's mine!

(HOOK grabs STARKEY'S arm with his hook and TOOTLES takes off into the underbrush.)

STARKEY

Captain, please!

HOOK

Put back that pistol, Starkey.

STARKEY

It was one of those boys you hate, I could have shot him dead!

HOOK

Starkey, you dolt. He is only one boy – I want to mischief all seven.

STARKEY

Pardon, Captain Hook, but you're tearing my flesh.

HOOK

Oh dear, am I? And who was it cut off my hand?

STARKEY

Pan did, Captain – Peter Pan.

HOOK

(To SMEE)

And who flung my hand to a passing crocodile?

SMEE

Peter did, sir. Surely you remember, you were there. You were trying to beat him to death with that alarm clock.

HOOK

I was merely winding it!

SMEE

Well, I suppose in a way you were.

HOOK

And the crocodile gobbled it up, my hand?

SMEE

Your hand still clutching the clock, yes, Sir, he did.

HOOK

And did he like the taste so much that he hunts me still? From sea to sea, from land to land, licking his crocodile lips for another taste of me?

SMEE

In a way, sir, it is a sort of compliment.

(HOOK releases STARKEY and grabs SMEE with his hook.)

HOOK

Compliment!

SMEE

And in another way, sir, it isn't.

HOOK

That clock still ticks in the crocodile's belly, it's my only warning, I hear that ticking in my dreams.

SMEE

Some day that clock will run down, and then I imagine he'll gobble up the rest of you.

(HOOK wraps his hook around SMEE'S neck.)

SMEE

Oh dear!

HOOK

Your problem, Smee, is you don't know how to enjoy life, you never did.

SMEE

No, sir, I hardly enjoy life at all.

HOOK

What a pity, what a waste.

SONG: SOME OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE LIVING WORTHWHILE

HOOK

A COASTLINE TO PLUNDER, A BODY TO CARVE
A VILLAGE TO PILLAGE, A WIDOW TO STARVE
A STRONG STURDY HANDSHAKE, A FRANK OPEN SMILE
JUST SOME OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE LIVING WORTHWHILE

WHEN FRIENDS ALL FORSAKE YOU, WHEN YOU'RE ALL FORSOOK
JUST PROMISE TO GET THEM BY CROOK OR BY HOOK
AND THEN WHEN YOU'VE GOT THEM, THEY'RE WALKING THE PLANK
REMEMBER THAT I'M THE OLD CAPTAIN TO THANK

SMEE & PIRATES

THANK YOU, SIR, THANKS VERY MUCH.

HOOK

I'M AN OLD CRUSTY CAPTAIN
I'M SET IN MY WAYS
IF YOU TRY TO DEFY ME
I'LL SHORTEN YOUR DAYS

PIRATES

HE'S AN OLD CRUSTY CAPTAIN
WITH OLD CRUSTY WAYS
ANYBODY DEFIES HIM
HE'LL NUMBER THEIR DAYS

HOOK

A BOY HERE NAME PETER I'D LIKE TO BEFRIEND
I'D LIKE HIM TO MIX MORE, I'D LIKE HIM TO BLEND
I'LL SEARCH FOR HIM EARNESTLY, CRANNY AND NOOK
UNTIL HE'S RIGHT HERE ON THE END OF MY HOOK

A SCOUNDREL NAMED PETER, A GANG OF LOST BOYS
OH! THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE TOYS
A HANDSHAKE WITH PETER, THE BOYS SINGLE FILE
JUST SOME OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE LIVING WORTHWHILE

PIRATES

HE'S AN OLD CRUSTY CAPTAIN
WITH OLD CRUSTY WAYS
ANYBODY DEFIES HIM
HE'LL NUMBER THEIR DAYS

HOOK

JUST A COMFY OLD SAILOR
PURSUING MY QUEST
ANYBODY ANNOYS ME
OH, FILL IN THE REST

PIRATES

YOU'RE NOTHING UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO

HOOK & PIRATES

A GOAL AND A PURPOSE, A DREAM TO COME TRUE

HOOK

A DOZEN BOY CARCASSES STACKED IN A PILE

HOOK & PIRATES

JUST SOME OF THE THINGS...

A FEW OF THE THINGS...

ONE OR TWO OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE LIVING WORTHWHILE!

(HOOK ends up sitting on a large mushroom.)

HOOK

Now, lads, scatter! Find their home, find the Lost Boys' hideaway. Scoot!

(And the PIRATES scoot, two of them taking Hook's litter.)

HOOK

(continuing)

Not you, Smee, come. (SMEE approaches.) Sit. (SMEE sits.) Speak. Beg. Roll over. Oh, never mind. I do enjoy life. A tasteful jest makes me feel warm, inside and out.

SMEE

Yes, sir.

HOOK

So warm. So very warm. SO extraordinarily warm!

(HOOK springs up, clutching the seat of his pantaloons.)

HOOK

I'm on fire, this mushroom is burning hot!

(HOOK bends over, parts his tailcoat, SMEE fans HOOK'S fanny.)

HOOK

What makes this mushroom so hot, Smee?

SMEE

Couldn't say, sir.

HOOK

No, you've no imagination, have you. Pull up this mushroom.

SMEE

But it's hot, sir.

HOOK

I know it's hot, you don't have to tell me it's hot! Pull it up!

(SMEE gingerly tugs at the mushroom, burning his fingers.)

SMEE

Ooooh! Ahhhhh! Eeeech! Wo-wo-wo-wo-wo. Aieeee!

(SMEE uproots the mushroom, revealing a blackened tin chimney flue poking up from the earth, smoking away!)

HOOK

A chimney. A chimney. My kingdom for a chimney.

SMEE

Sir?

HOOK

(R.E. Smee's obtuseness)

Oh, sometimes I feel so all alone. What sits on top of a house, Smee? Anyone? *(To all the heavens)* Anyone at all?

SMEE

A chimney?

HOOK

Oh, good! So very clever! A gold star for you! A chimney sits atop a house. This is a chimney. Thus? Hence? Ergo? Oh, I am so very alone. Ergo, a house lies beneath this chimney, beneath the earth! I've found it! I've found the home of Peter Pan and his wretched Lost Boys! But how do they get in? We'll post a lookout, we'll plant a spy. Come, Smee! It's time to make a plan! Oh! Life! Is! Worth! Living!

(But just then we become aware of an ominous sound: Tick, tock, tick, tock.)

HOOK

Smee?

SMEE

Sir?

HOOK

Smee, do you hear something?

SMEE

Just the ticking of an old alarm clock, Captain.

HOOK

(He can barely speak)

Run. Smee. Run!

(HOOK trembles, then quivers, then leaves, fast, followed by SMEE, just as a massive CROCODILIAN SHAPE appears, oozing its inexorable way through the foliage.)

HOOK
(Hissing from off.)

Put it back! Go on and put it back!

(SMEE runs back on, puts the mushroom back on top of the chimney, looks up into the very jaws of the CROCODILE. The CROC'S JAWS open very wide.)

SMEE
Oh, gracious.

(The CROC'S JAWS snap shut and SMEE flees. The CROCODILE slithers after him. And TOOTLES reappears in time to see the massive tail flash out of sight.)

TOOTLES
I do wish Peter would come home.

(One by one, the LOST BOYS emerge from the tree-trunks.)

TOOTLES
There you are, slightly. You'll never guess...

SLIGHTLY
You missed it, Tootles. I nearly killed the lion!

CURLY
Tiger Lily is hunting him now.

ONE TWIN
It was all quite exciting.

TWO TWIN
Quite exciting.

TOOTLES
But Slightly...

NIBS
Where were you, Tootles?

TOOTLES
The Pirates, and Captain Hook, and then Crocodile, and they shot Parrot but I think he got away, and the Captain, he found out where we...

SLIGHTLY

Yes, yes, Tootles...

TOOTLES

But now Captain Hook knows where we...

NIBS

Poor Tootles, he never does anything exciting.

SLIGHTLY

Don't make things up, Tootles, it's not attractive.

TOOTLES

(with a sigh)

I do wish Peter would come back.

ONE TWIN

Perhaps the story of Cinderella is a very long one, and that's why.

TWO TWIN

That's why it's taking PETER such a long time to find it out.

ONE TWIN

To find it out.

SLIGHTLY

My mother was very like Cinderella.

CURLY

You really remember her, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY

Slightly.

NIBS

I wish I remembered mine.

CURLY

What's that great bird up there?

TOOTLES

What bird? Where?

SLIGHTLY

There's Tinker Bell!

NIBS

Hello, Tink!

TOOTLES

Tink, is Peter come back?

CURLY

What's that big white bird, Tink?

(We hear a TINKLING OF BELLS.)

TWO TWIN

A "Wendy-bird"

SLIGHTLY

I remember, there were Wendybirds back home.

TOOTLES

She says "Peter's back and he wants us to shoot the Wendy."

ONE TWIN

Peter's back! Shoot the Wendy!

TWO TWIN

The Wendy!

SLIGHTLY

Bows and arrows, boys! Shoot the Wendy!

(The BOYS disappear into the treetrunks, all but TOOTLES, whose bow is slung over his back.)

(TOOTLES takes an arrow from his quiver, fits it to his bow.)

TOOTLES

It seems a pretty thing to shoot.

(We hear another TINKLING OF BELLS.)

TOOTLES

Out of the way, Tink!

(TOOTLES lets fly an arrow, and from the sky WENDY flutters to the earth with the arrow in her breast.)

(The OTHER BOYS spring armed from the treetunks; TOOTLES stands triumphant over WENDY'S body.)

TOOTLES

You're too late, I have shot the Wendybird. Won't Peter be proud of me, won't he just!

(TINKER BELL laughs. The BOYS crowd around WENDY, and a terrible silence falls upon the wood.)

SLIGHTLY

I don't think this is a bird. I think it must be a lady.

NIBS

And you killed her.

(The BOYS all whip off their caps, those that have caps.)

TWO TWIN

Didn't Peter say he might bring us a lady?

ONE TWIN

A lady to take care of us at last.

TWO TWIN

And you killed her.

(the OTHER BOYS draw away from TOOTLES. His face is very white, but there is a dignity about TOOTLES now that was never there before.)

TOOTLES

When ladies used to come to mein dreams I was so happy, I called them "mother." But when she really came at last, I shot her.

(TOOTLES moves slowly away.)

SLIGHTLY

I say, old man, it was Tinker Bell, you know. Don't go.

TOOTLES

I must.

PETER

(from high above)

Cock-a-doodle-do!

LOST BOYS

Peter! It's Peter!

SLIGHTLY

Hide her, quick!

(The BOYS gather around WENDY, hiding her from view, but TOOTLES stands apart.)

(And PETER run on exuberantly, followed by JOHN and MICHAEL, who totter on, exhausted by their journey.)

PETER

Greetings, boys! Meet John, meet Michael, greet me!

LOST BOYS

(a mumble)

Hello, Peter.

PETER

What! That's all the welcome I get? Boys, I did it! I have brought at last a mother for us all!

(No sound from the BOYS. TOOTLES drops to his knees, biting his lip.)

PETER

Haven't you seen her? She flew this way with Tink.

TWO TWIN

Alas.

ONE TWIN

Alas.

TWO TWIN

Alas, alas.

PETER

What's wrong? Why are you solemn? It's not allowed to be solemn in Neverland.

TOOTLES

Peter, look.

(TOOTLES rises and goes to the OTHER BOYS.)

TOOTLES

Stand back, Twins, let Peter see.

(The BOYS draw back, revealing WENDY, very still, with the arrow hanging from her breast.)

JOHN

Wendy!

MICHAEL

Wendy!

(Peter drops to his knees beside WENDY.)

PETER

She's dead. I hope she's not frightened. I am.

TOOTLES

I'm sorry Peter.

PETER

Whose arrow?

TOOTLES

Mine.

(Peter rises and draws his dagger from his belt.)

PETER

I can't. Something holds me back.

JOHN

It's Wendy, Peter. She wouldn't like it. At home, whenever I kill Michael, Wendy always makes him better.

MICHAEL

I wish we'd stayed at home.

SLIGHTLY

It was Tink, Peter. Tink told us you wanted her shot.

PETER

Is it true! Listen, Tink! I am your friend no more! Begone from me forever!

(A TINKLING OF BELLS, MOURNFUL, PLEADING.)

PETER

I can't do it, I can't banish Tink, something holds me back.

JOHN

It's Wendy, she wouldn't like it.

(PETER falls again to his knees beside WENDY.)

PETER

I'm sorry, Wendy. We'll remember you. A house – I shall build you a house, Wendy, to live in forever.

SONG: WE'LL BUILD YOU A HOUSE

BOYS

WE'LL BUILD YOU A HOUSE

PETER

I'LL BUILD IT FOR YOU

BOYS

A LITTLE GREEN HOUSE

PETER

A WINDOW, A VIEW

BOYS

OF BRANCHES AND BLOSSOMS, THE LEAST WE CAN DO

PETER

A HOUSE FOR THE MOTHER THAT I NEVER KNEW

BOYS

WE WISH YOU COULD STAY

PETER

I WANTED YOU HERE

BOYS

IF WE HAD OUR WAY

PETER

BUT ONE THING IS CLEAR

BOYS

YOU'RE ALWAYS BESIDE US, FOREVER YOU'RE NEAR

PETER

YOU'RE ALWAYS BESIDE ME, YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT HERE.

(And now, during the INSTRUMENTAL SECTION of the song, the BOYS build a MAGICAL HOUSE around WENDY, with the reverence of all children when laying out a grave and putting up a marker for some beloved pet.)

(And when THEY are finished, THEY SING again.)

PETER & BOYS

WE BUILT YOU A HOUSE
WE BUILT IT FOR YOU
A LITTLE GREEN HOUSE
A WINDOW, A VIEW
OF BRANCHES AND BLOSSOMS, THE LEAST WE COULD DO
A HOUSE FOR THE MOTHER THAT WE NEVER KNEW

(The BOYS bow their heads. Silence. And then the door of the little green house opens and WENDY is standing in it, holding the ARROW!)

PETER

Wendy?

MICHAEL

Wendy?

JOHN

Wendy?

TOOTLES

Mother?

(The LOST BOYS execute their very best sort of awestruck bow, JOHN and MICHAEL cling to their sister.)

WENDY

Hello.

PETER

Wendy – you're not dead.

WENDY

(holding the LOCKET AROUND HER NECK)

Peter. Do you remember this? You gave it to me and I put it on the chain around my neck.

It's my kiss! PETER

It stopped the arrow, Peter. WENDY

My Kiss saved your life! Your life, your life, I saved your life! Oh, the wonderfulness of me! PETER

You are a very conceited boy. WENDY

Thank you. PETER

Wendy lady, for you we built this house. SLIGHTLY

It's a lovely house. WENDY

And we are your children? ONE TWIN

Oh, Wendy lady, I love you. TOOTLES

Oh, my! WENDY

Be our mother! TOOTLES

Should I? I have no real experience. WENDY

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

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

It is, it is, it is! BOYS

PETER

All right, that's settled. Now do you want an adventure first, kill a pirate or two and wrestle a tiger, or do you want tea?

WENDY

Tea, of course! Come inside at once, you naughty children. I'm sure your feet are damp. And before I put you to bed I just have time to finish the story of Cinderella.

(The BOYS all CHEER and troop into the tiny house.)

WENDY

Tinker Bell, are you here?

(A SHEEPISH TINKLING OF BELLS.)

WENDY

Do come in.

(A JOYOUS TINKLING OF BELLS, and a BALL of GOLDEN LIGHT flies in the door.)

WENDY

Peter, stop!

PETER

What?

WENDY

Do wipe your feet!

(And this PETER does. HE ushers WENDY into the house, looks about happily, and goes in after HER and SMOKE MAGICALLY COMES POURING OUT OF JOHN'S HAT, WHICH PETER HAS USED FOR THE CHIMNEY.)

(And STARKEY the pirate drops down from a tree. And CECCO drops down from another. The TWO OF THEM laugh horribly and disappear into the wood. From another tree, the PARROT comments.)

PARROT

Uh-Oh!

(And TIGER LILY emerges from hiding looking troubled.)

TIGER LILY

Panther Brother!

(BIG PANTHER springs to her side.)

Panther Brother!
(LITTLE BIG PANTHER leaps to her.)
I will become to fish, and swim to the ship. Go!

BIG PANTHER

Gone!

LITTLE BIG PANTHER

Gone!

(BIG PANTHER and LITTLE BIG PANTHER disappear into the wood, while TIGER LILY goes off after the PIRATES.)

PARROT

Oh?

(And the CROCODILE oozes off after the PIRATES and TIGER LILY, snapping its jaws.)

PARROT

OH MY!

(The LIGHTS FADE.)

ACT I, SCENE IV

(Out of a swirling sea-born mist, the stern of a PIRATE SHIP becomes visible. CAPTAIN HOOK is seated in stae, with SMEE and the OTHER PIRATES in attendance, listening to the report of the spies, STARKEY and CECCO.)

STARKEY

“Do wipe yer feet,” she says to him. And he does!

HOOK

So Peter Pan has got himself a mother! What would anyone want with a mother?

(THE OTHER PIRATES gather around, muttering in PIRATE.)

SONG: THE LAST THING WE NEED IS A MOTHER

HOOK

IF YOU'RE SICK
SHE'LL BE THERE
WITH SOME BROTH

AND A PRAYER –
IT'S DEPLORABLE

SITTING UP
THROUGH THE NIGH
MAKING SURE
YOU COME RIGHT –
OH IT'S HORRIBLE

SAY YOU TRIPPED
DOWN YOU FELL
HERE SHE COMES
KISS IT WELL –

SREE

INDEFENSIBLE!

HAVE A DREAM
TAKE A FRIGHT
OH GUESSWHO
WITH A LIGHT –

PIRATES

REPREHENSIBLE!

HOOK AND THE PIRATES

THE LAST THING WE NEED IS A MOTHER
THEY HUG YOU AND CUDDLE AND HOVER
THEY TUCK YOU IN BED AND THEY READ YOU A TALE
AND SOMETIMES THEY READ YOU ANOTHER!
YO HO!

HOOK

HAVE MORE FOOD
EAT SOME STEW
MAKING SURE
THAT YOU CHEW –
IT'S DETESTABLE

SREE

GO TO SCHOOL

JUKES

READ A BOOK

CECCO

SIT THROUGH CHURCH

PIRATES & HOOK

LEARN TO COOK –
INDIGESTIBLE!

HOOK & PIRATES

I'VE SIMPLY NO USE FOR A MOTHER
OR FATHER OR SISTER OR BROTHER
THE TROUBLE WITH FAM'LY, THE SAME WITH A PET
IT'S ALWAYS ONE THING OR ANOTHER!
HEAVE HO!

JUKES

THE LAST THING WE NEED IS A MOTHER
SHE LOVES YOU AND WANTS YOU TO LOVE HER
SHE LISTENS TO PROBLEMS, SHE ALWAYS HAS TIME
OH WHAT WOULD WE WANT WITH A MOTHER!
POOH POOH!

PIRATES

OH WHAT EARTHLY GOOD IS A MOTHER
THEY HUG YOU AND CUDDLE AND HOVER
THEY TUCK YOU IN BED AND THEY READ YOU A TALE –
YOU'RE HEARING THE STORY OF JACK AND HIS PAIL –
AND THEN IF YOU'RE GOOD...
IF YOU'RE SPECIALLY NICE...
IF YOU'RE WONDER'FLY SWEET...
THEY OFTEN WILL READ YOU ANOTHER!
YO HO!

(By this time SMEE and the OTHER PIRATES are crying openly.)

HOOK

Smee, a hankie, Smee!

(SMEE fishes out a handkerchief, blows his nose on it and give it to HOOK. HOOK applies it delicately to each eye.)

HOOK

My own mother, well, she didn't do any of those things. But that's how I picture it. She was a sheep-stealer, Mother. Top-notch. And a grand old gal.

(HOOK sobs briefly, then it's back to business.)

HOOK

I propose, gentlemen...*(to the OTHER PIRATES)* You others run along, look lively! As if they could. *(The OTHER PIRATES leave; to SMEE, CECCO and STARKEY)* I

propose gentlemen that we steal this Wendy and make the boys walk the plank. That way we'll have a mother of our own.

SMEE

Splendid, Captain!

STARKEY

I'm with you, Captain!

CECCO

O, si, si, si!

HOOK

So, Starkey. Cecco. Where is the secret entrance to Peter Pan's underground home?

STARKEY

Sir?

CECCO

Signore?

HOOK

The entrance to the Lost Boys' home, where is it, what is it?

CECCO

Ma di che parla? Che porta? Che casa?

STARKEY

We didn't actually see it, sir, not the door to the big home underground.

HOOK

You didn't actually see it. They didn't actually see it, Smee. I'm getting that all-alone feeling again. Well, one of you will simply have to go.

STARKEY

Go back, Captain?

HOOK

No, over.

(And with a single motion HOOK uses his hook to tip CECCO overboard. A CRY, a SPLASH, a GURGLE and SILENCE.)

HOOK

Oh, the burdens of leadership.

(HOOK leans over the gunwale reflectively.)

STARKEY

We know where the Little House is, sir.

HOOK

Is that the buzzing of a fly I hear? Oh, forgive me, you spoke. For Peter Pan, things last as long as they hold his interest, which is not long. The little house that was to last forever will be forgotten in an hour. We're back where we started. *(peering over the side of the ship)* Oh, not quite, not quite. What's this? I spy a spy. Smee, Starkey.

(SMEE and STARKEY spring to the gunwale and haul TIGER LILY up and over and onto the deck, dripping wet with a knife clenched between her teeth.)

HOOK

Now this is precisely how household accidents occur.

(HOOK takes the knife from TIGER LILY'S teeth.)

HOOK

The ever-charming TIGER LILY. We should be friends, not foes.

TIGER LILY

(HISSES like a GREAT CAT)

HOOK

Oh, dear. We would be friends, if you were to tell me how to get into Pan's Hideaway.

TIGER LILY

My teeth are sharp, they'll crunch your bones.

HOOK

Ah, conversational skills in a young woman, I admire it. you remind me of Mother. Alas, she was hanged.

TIGER LILY

I am swift and silent, you are loud and clumsy.

HOOK

Admiration has its limits. You and your people, you're always fighting with Peter, stabbing each other, shooting one another with arrows.

TIGER LILY

That's play, I love to play. You don't know how to do that, do you.

(This strikes home with HOOK; HE is seriously angry.)

HOOK

Lost boys, lost tribes, this island is too full of them. (To the PIRATES) We'll keep her below for a month of two, bread and water. If she doesn't tell us by then, we'll tie her to Marooner's Rock and let the tide play with her. She'll make the perfect bait with which to catch a Peter Pan. Bind her. Quickly, I'm in a mood.

(And HOOK aims the GREAT CANNON directly at the audience and sets it off; BOOM!)

(Lights out. HOUSE LIGHTS UP.)

END ACT I