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Peter Pan

*Adapted from the novel by J. M. Barrie
by Scott Hunter*

THE DARLINGS

*Mr. Darling
Mrs. Darling
Nana, the dog
John
Michael
Wendy
Jane*

THE LOST BOYS

*Peter Pan
Tinker Bell
Slightly
Toodles
Nibs
Curly
First Twin
Second Twin
Pram
Corn
Pippin
The Shadow*

THE MERMAIDS

*Coral
Foam
Ariel
Shelly*

THE PIRATES

*Captain Hook
Smee
Cecco
Bill Jukes
Cookson
Starkey
Skylights
Noodles
Mini Smee
Mumbles
Barbeque
Kyle, the Pirate
The Crocodile
Steve, The Croc Hunter
Steve's Wife*

THE INDIANS

*Tiger Lily
Chief Panther
Dances with Corn Dogs
Running Nose
Little Toaster*

PETER PAN

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SETTING: a unit set with several acting levels and platforms that stretch the length of the stage. Stage right, behind the platforms, is a ship, the Jolly Roger. The back of platform serves as the side of the ship when the scene is on the Jolly Roger and the ocean is behind it. The sails of the Jolly Roger can be changed to display the scene names. Stage left is a taller platform with a trap door, the entrance to Peter's underground hideout. Center stage is a tall map of Neverland. Along the back of the platform, below the map, are Indian teepees painted with cartoonish, stereotypical Native American logos. At the front of a two and a half foot high platform stage right is the frame of a window. This frame can open or close to allow Peter to come in and is removable for scenes in Neverland.

AT RISE: the stage is empty. CURLY, a small Lost Boy played by a girl, marches to the center of the stage.

CURLY

Ladies and gentlemen, the one, the only... Tinker Bell.

(The LOST BOYS enter. They carry TINKERBELL over their heads, flying.)

TINK

Welcome to the Never Land Community Theater's production of *The True Story of Peter Pan*. Tonight's production stars Tinker Bell, me, and the Lost boys who ...

(The LOST BOYS interrupt with a shout.)

LOST BOYS

Aye!

TINK

The Lost Boys who ...

(The LOST BOYS interrupt with a shout.)

BOYS

Aye!

TINK

The ...

(The LOST BOYS start to interrupt)

TINK

They'll be playing an assortment of parts.

NIBS

(aside to TINKERBELL)

That thing we talked about.

TINK

What?

NIBS

You know.

(NIBS whispers in TINK'S ear. TINK nods and addresses the audience.)

TINK

I am reminded that although these are the "Lost Boys."

BOYS

Aye!

TINK

Some of them may be girls. We *think* they're all boys, but we're not sure...

PIPPIN

And we're too young to look.

TINK

In Shakespearean tradition, you will notice some of the boys will have to play girls in our play. On that note, we have a change in your program. At tonight's performance, the part of Wendy will be played by George Lovejoy.

(GEORGE enters. He is a typical egotistical actor, wearing a robe and boxer shorts. He waves to the crowd.)

GEORGE

Thank you. You probably remember my performance as Maria Von Trapp in last year's musical.

TINK

George, why aren't you in costume...

(GEORGE becomes aware he is undressed.)

GEORGE

Oh, my.

TINK

Well, you'd better hurry ...

(GEORGE runs off.)

Don't worry, folks. Once he's in make up, you won't recognize him. Could I have some mood music please?

(Music starts)

This is our island, Never Land.

(TINKEBELL goes to the maps and points at the island. CORN steps forward and speaks to the audience.)

CORN

We call it Never Land because we're never going to change the set.

PRAM

See, that's a joke We don't change the set Never.

(TINKER BELL has come up behind them and is giving them menacing looks.)

PRAM

I'll step over here.

TINK

The main inhabitants of our island are The Lost Boys.

BOYS

Aye!

(SLIGHTLY raises his hand as if in school. TINKER BELL calls on him.)

SLIGHTLY

Actually, I was not lost, I was more or less... *misplaced*.

TWIN 1

There he goes again.

TWIN 2

We apologize for the lost boy named Slightly in advance.

SLIGHTLY

What? I wasn't lost.

PIPPIN

He's really untrainable!

TWINS

Heaven knows we've tried.

(The LOST BOYS break into noisy chatter about SLIGHTLY. To get their attention, TINKER BELL yells.)

Lost Boys!
Aye!

TINK

BOYS *(posing)*

We'll meet you again, later....
Go!
The next inhabitants of our island are the pirates!

TINK

(The LOST BOYS look around confused.)

(They exit grumbling.)

Arrr!

PIRATES *(off stage)*

(The PIRATES enter singing a Pirate song. When they get center stage they freeze and pose.)

Arrr!

PIRATES

The Pirates of Never Land. A more villainous-looking lot never hung in a row on Execution dock. First to introduce himself is the handsome Italian, Cecco,

(CECCO steps down stage to address the audience. Each pirate in turn does the same.)

I cut me name in blood on the back of the warden at Devil's Island.

CECCO

Arrr!

ALL

I like blood. Here is Bill Jukes,

CECCO

Every inch of me tattooed, and none of the tattoos say... MOM.

JUKES

Arrr!

ALL

JUKES

All right, one of the tattoos says, “peace baby,” but I was very drunk when I got it. Here’s Cookson, the prevaricator.

COOKSON

I’m Captain Bluebeard’s brother....

(The pirates react skeptically.)

COOKSON

Well, half brother, really... on my Aunt’s side.

(The pirates react skeptically.)

JUKES

This was never proved!

COOKSON

You can ask anybody.

(The pirates react skeptically.)

COOKSON

Arrr!

ALL

Arrr!

COOKSON

Meet the pirate known as Gentleman Starkey,

STARKEY

I was once a teacher in a public High school, and thus I am still dainty in the ways of killing;

ALL

Arrr!

STARKEY

But I have a list of former students, and I’m willing to practice. Here’s Skylights, the Younger

SKYLIGHTS

Shiver me timbers! I keel haul any lubber in the yard arm on the starboard tack....

(None of the other pirates understand what he said.)

STARKEY

In other words... Arrr!

ALL

Arrrr?

SKYLIGHTS

Be yee alive or be ye dead? It matters not to Noodles the surgeon.

(NOODLES steps forward. Some time in the past he has clearly sewn one his hands on backwards.)

NOODLES

I'm the ship's doctor.

ALL

Arrr!

NOODLES

It's my job to sew them up and send them out to die again. The Terminator.

MINI SMEE

They call me ... The Terminator.

(MINI SMEE, aka THE TERMINATOR, is the smallest of the pirates. He notices someone in the audience laughing at him and stops.)

What're you laughin' at?

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Me? I was just ...

MINI SMEE

Is something funny to you?

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Yes ... I mean no ... Well, yes, actually.

(MINI SMEE leaps off the stage and attacks. He smashes the large AUDIENCE MEMBER'S head into the stage floor and chases him out the back isle.)

ALL

Arrr!

TINK

Meet the Irish bo'sun Smee, the only Non-conformist in Hook's crew,

SMEE

I speak for everyone, we don't enjoy killing and maiming; spreading mayhem to innocent young boys, carving their hearts out and hoisting their severed heads on spikes ... but it's a living.

ALL

ARRR!

SMEE

There are others. Robert Mumbles and Alf Barbeque and many another ruffian long known and feared on the Spanish Main. But our time...

(MUMBLES Interrupts SMEE.)

MUMBLES

Don't we get our own lines of introduction?

BARBEQUE

Yeah, what about the rest of us?

KYLE

I say "Arrr" to that.

ALL

Arrr!

SMEE

Well, go ahead. But do it quickly.

(The rest of the un-introduced pirates step forward as if they are going to speak. They suddenly seem to forget what they were going to say and look confused.)

MUMBLES

You go first, Kyle, the Pirate,

KYLE

Can't think of anything to say.

BARBEQUE

Truth be known, we're not that interesting. But we know how to say Arrr!

ALL

Arrr!

TINK

In the midst of them, the meanest, the foulest, the vilest beyond vilest, Captain James Hook!

(The crowd parts to reveal HOOK. He turns around to face the audience.)

HOOK

What? You were expecting maybe an ill tempered, mutated sea monkey?

(He laughs. They all laugh.)

All right, that's enough.

(The pirates hear a tick-toc. They panic and run out. CROC, a crocodile, enters. He saunters across the stage, as if he has little interest in his job.)

CROC

Tick. Toc. Tick. Toc. Tick. Toc. Tick. Toc...

(sarcastically)

Thanks for the great part, Tink.

TINK

No problem.

(The CROC exits.)

If you were to travel to Mermaid Bay you might see, frolicking as the waves break around them, mermaids such as these!

(The four MERMAIDS enter to music and walk as if on the runway. They are the supermodels of the island and know how to work the catwalk. When their fashion show is over they pose for the audience.)

TINK

The Mermaids will return later and we might even let them speak.

(The MERMAIDS strut off.)

Lastly there are the Indians.

(There is the sound of drums. TOODLES, NIBS, and CURLY hurry onto the stage in a panic and interrupt TINKER BELL. the TWINS are with them. TOODLES whispers in TINK'S ear.)

TINK

A disclaimer before the Indians appear. Go ahead.

(TOODLES, NIBS and CURL SPEAK directly to the audience. The TWINS sign for the hearing impaired in the audience, one on each side.)

TOODLES

When James Matthew Barrie wrote the book Peter Pan in 1911, the world was much less sensitive to the feelings of our Indian brothers.

NIBS

The portrayal of Indian in the book is full of stereotype and gross caricatures.

CURLY

Since we have attempted to be as faithful as possible to the original material, many of these caricatures have seeped into our production.

NIBS

Though this now appears politically incorrect, at the time, 1911, the portrayal of the proud, honest and brave Redskins ...

TOODLES

He means Native Americans.

NIBS

Native Americans ... was considered very progressive.

TOODLES

It is hoped that by facing every type of Indian stereotype at the beginning, no matter how insensitive, we will be able to overcome their influence.

CURLY

We hope this glimpse into the past can be educational.

TOODLES

And we will all become better, more tolerant people.

NIBS

Our intentions are harmless,

ALL THREE

We apologize in advance.

NIBS

But if you are squeamish or easily offended, you may want to leave the theater now.

(They wait for anyone to leave.)

CURLY

All right. We warned you.

TINK

Thank you. Good job, Twins.

(They exit.)

And now, the politically incorrect Indians.

(The INDIANS enter. They march like they are in a parade, and they carry a marching band banner that reads, "Pride of the Braves." CHIEF PANTHER leads the way, blowing a whistle like a drum major. He signals the "all stop.")

TINK

Strung around their belts are scalps.

LITTLE TOASTER

Scalps of unlucky lost boys.

RUNNING NOSE

As well as unlucky pirates.

CHIEF PANTHER

For we are the Piccaninny tribe, and not to be confused with the softer-hearted Apaches.

TINK

Leading the way is their chief, Great Big Little Panther and his lieutenants, Running Nose and Little Toaster.

CHIEF PANTHER

How.

LITTLE TOASTER

How?

RUNNING NOSE

How.

ALL

Ugh.

CHIEF PANTHER

Here come heep big daughter, Tiger Lily.

(TIGER LILY prances on stage and begins to sing a stereotypical Indian song. She is a stereotypical Indian princess, slim beautiful and scantily clad.)

TIGER LILY

What I love most about Indians is, / Indians get to talk to trees./ And when we do nobody thinks we're crazy.

INDIANS

Crazy!

TINK

Thank you, Tiger Lily.

TIGER LILY

What?

TINK

Tiger! This is just the introductions.

TIGER LILY

What is introduction?

TINK
We are meeting everyone.

TIGER LILY
Oh?

ALL
Ugh.

TIGER LILY
Does Tiger Lily get to sing?

TINK
You can sing later. I know we want to debunk all the false stereotypes of Indians, but we can save some for other scenes.

TIGER LILY
Tiger Lily very disappointed.

TINK
It's just for a few minutes.

TIGER LILY
Then Tiger Lily go. But I sing later.

INDIANS
We go, too.
(to audience.)
We return now, to proud land of our ancestors.

LITTLE TOASTER
And where is that land.

RUNNING NOSE
Is it just down the street?

LITTLE TOASTER
No!

RUNNING NOSE
Is it just around the corner?

LITTLE TOASTER
No!

CHIEF PANTHER
Then tell us, where is it?

TIGER LILY

Just beyond the slot machines, waiting just beyond ...

(DANCES WITH CORN DOG, the Indian from India, runs on. He has a long beard and speaks with a highly improbable Indian accent.)

CORN DOG

Sorry I am late.

(The INDIANS see CORN DOG and run off stage in fear. TINK stops CORN DOG.)

TINK

Whoa!

CORN DOG

Can I help you, yes?

TINK

Who are you what's your part?

CORN DOG

My part, thank you.

TINK

Yeah. You're part in the play?

CORN DOG

I am Indian. They call me, Dances with Corn Dog.

TINK

Wait, is that you, Stan?

(CORN DOG pulls down his beard to show his real face. He drops his accent and sounds like a skater dude.)

CORN DOG

Yeah.

TINK

What are you doing?

CORN DOG

I'm playing an Indian.

TINK

No.

CORN DOG

You just made a disclaimer.

TINK

You can't play an Indian.

CORN DOG

You said I could play an Indian. And you just said we should show all the stereotypes of Indians. That's what you said.

TINK

No these are, you know, Indians. Not Indians.

CORN DOG

Are you trying to confuse me?

TINK

Indians with tomahawk, bow and arrow, teepee.

CORN DOG (Indian accent again)

We got Teepee.

(He pulls out a roll of toilet paper.)

T-PEE. \$2.95 a roll.

TINK

Stop, Stan. I'm sorry you didn't get the memo about the Indians, but you're going to have to find some other part to play.

CORN DOG

I see. We can make a parody of, like, mermaids?

TINK

Yes.

CORN DOG

And pirates?

TINK

Yes.

CORN DOG

And, like, skater dudes?

TINK

Of course.

CORN DOG

We can even make fun of American Indians?

TINK

We're not making fun of them. We're just pointing out the existence of gross stereotypes.

CORN DOG

Whatever, dude, but we can't portray gross caricatures of Indians from m India?

TINK

That's right.

CORN DOG

Why?

TINK

Because there are about a billion people who live in India, and they're all mad at you right now.

(CORN DOG looks sad and turns to leave. He stops and looks at tee pee, then holds it up for acceptance.)

CORN DOG

Teepee?

TINK

Well, you do have Tee Pee. But you can't use the accent.

CORN DOG (skater accent)

I won't.

TINK

I think if you hurry, you can catch up with them.

CORN DOG (Indian accent again)

Catsup? We have catsup in the condiments by the corn dog.

TINK

Go.

CORN DOG

Thank you. We go.

(CORN DOG runs off.)

TINK

There are only a few characters left to introduce and to do that we'll have to start at the beginning. Mr. And Mrs. Darling.

(The DARLINGS enter, two love birds. The LOST BOYS set the stage for a nursery. They bring out a banner that reads "The Darling Nursery." They also push on three small beds. WNEDY'S is in the middle. It has a high back so that someone might hide behind it.)

TINK

The way Mr. Darling won Mrs. Darling's love was this, the many, 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 taxi and arrived first. A year after they were married, Wendy was born.

(MRS. DARLING pulls a baby doll out from behind her back.)

MRS. DARLING

For a week or two after she came it was doubtful whether we would be able to afford another mouth to feed.

(MR. DARLING figures on a calculator. MR. DARLING has a frantic, angry, Lewis Black kind of personality.)

MRS. DARLING

Dear...

MR. DARLING

Don't interrupt. Now I have to start over.

MRS. DARLING

Yes, Dear.

MR. DARLING

I can cut off my coffee at the office, say ten dollars, making two nine and six, and three makes three nine seven, with five naught, naught in my cheque-book makes eight nine seven.

TINK

Mr. Darling was one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares, and he often said stocks were up and shares were down in a way that would have made any woman respect him.

MR. DARLING

– who is that talking? –

(He looks at TINK. She backs down.)

Eight nine seven, dot and carry seven – Don't speak!-- dot and carry the child -- Nine nine seven!? Yes, I said nine nine seven; the question is, is it possible we try it for a year on nine nine seven?"

MRS. DARLING

Of course it is, George.

DARLING

Well then ... you can keep her.

TINK

There was the same excitement over John, and Michael;

(MRS. DARLING pulls out two more babies. Her husband ignores her and frantically figures.)

But both were kept. Mrs. Darling loved to have everything just so, and Mr. Darling had a passion for being exactly like his neighbors; so, of course, they had a nurse. As they were poor, this nurse was a dog, called Nana.

(NANA, the dog, enters with a suitcase)

NANA

I need Fridays off, I don't do windows, but I make a great tuna casserole. I mean ... woof.

TINK

We'll jump ahead a few years.

(TINK takes the babies and tosses them off stage.)

Fetch!

(NANA runs after the babes. TINK gives MR. DARLING a necktie.)

TINK

Wendy is about twelve, and Mr. And Mrs. Darling are getting ready to go to out for a dinner with Mr. Darling's boss.

MR. DARLING

This tie, it will not tie!

MRS. DARLING

What is the matter, George, dear?

MR. DARLING

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

(NANA drags in MICHAEL. The other children, WENDY and JOHN follow. NANA carries a bottle of medicine and a spoon.)

MICHAEL

I won't take medicine! Don't think it!

MR. DARLING

Oh, won't you?

MICHAEL

Won't. Won't!

MR. DARLING

Be a man, Michael. When I was your age I took medicine without a murmur. I said, 'Thank you, kind parents, for giving me bottles to make me well. I would take my own medicine now as an example to you if we had not lost the bottle ...

WENDY

I know where it is. I'll fetch it. Someone hid it outside the window.

(WENDY fetches it)

MR. DARLING

Who would do that Oops, I have no spoon.

NANA

Woof!

(NANA gives him an extra spoon)

MR. DARLING

Sometimes I think we shouldn't have a dog as a nurse maid!

(WENDY pours the medicine for MR. DARLING.)

MR. DARLING

Michael first.

MICHAEL

Father first.

MR. DARLING

I shall be sick, you know and throw up on my new clothes.

JOHN

Come on, father.

MR. DARLING

Hold your tongue, John.

WENDY

I thought you took it quite easily, father.

MR. DARLING

That is not the point. The point is, that there is more in my spoon than in Michael's.

MRS. DARLING

Take your medicine at the same time.

MR. DARLING

Certainly... ready, Michael.

WENDY

One. Two. Three.

(MICHAEL takes his medicine. MR. DARLING throws his over his shoulder.)

WENDY

Father!

MR. DARLING

I meant to take it, but I missed.

(He turns and trips over NANA, falling to the ground.)

MR. DARLING

I've just thought of a good joke! I'll feed my medicine to NANA!

WENDY

No!

(The children hug NANA.)

MR. DARLING

That's right. Coddle her! Nobody cuddles me. Oh, dear no! I am only the breadwinner, why should I be coddled--why, why, why?!"

MRS. DARLING

George, not so loud! The servants will hear you."

MR. DARLING

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

(He trips over the dog, again hitting the deck.)

MR. DARLING

That's it! I'm tying you up.

JOHN

No, Father.

MICHAEL

Let Nana go!

WENDY

Stay away.

NANA

Ruff!

MR. DARLING

I am the papa! The rest of you to bed in three, two, one!

(All scramble to bed.)

MRS. DARLING

George...

MR. DARLING

Now that, Mother, is the way to run a household.

(He trips over the dog. MR. DARLING chases NANA around the nursery.)

MRS. DARLING

George, We must keep Nana in the children's room tonight.

MR. DARLING

Over my dead body!

MRS. DARLING

George! When I came into the room tonight, I saw a face at the window.

MR. DARLING

A face at the window?

MRS. DARLING

Yes.

MR. DARLING

Three stories up?

MRS. DARLING

Yes!

MR. DARLING

Pooh.

(He starts for NANA. MRS. DARLING stops him.)

MRS. DARLING

It was the face of a little boy. He was trying to get in. George, this was not the first time I had seen the boy.

MR. DARLING

Oh?

MRS. DARLING

The first time was a week ago. It was Nana's night out, I had been dosing by the fire when suddenly I felt a draft, like the window was open. I looked around and saw a boy.

MR. DARLING

In the room?

MRS. DARLING

I screamed. Just then Nana came back and sprang into action.

NANA

Arf!

MRS. DARLING

The boy leapt for the window. Nana pulled down the sash quickly, but was too late to catch him.

MR. DARLING

You didn't catch him?

MRS. DARLING

He was too quick.

MR. DARLING

I thought so!

MRS. DARLING

Wait. The boy escaped, but his shadow did not. Down came the window and cut it clean off.

MR. DARLING

Do you take me for an idiot!

(NANA barks, "yes.")

I suppose you kept the shadow?

MRS. DARLING

I did. I rolled it up. Here it is.

(NANA retrieves the shadow from behind WENDY'S bed and brings it to MRS. DARLING. She unrolls it. MR. DARLING inspects the shadow. It is the shape of PETER PAN crowing.)

MR. DARLING

Well...

MRS. DARLING

Well?

MR. DARLING

Well, it's nobody I know....

MRS. DARLING

Now you're making fun of me. And there's more to tell. And it's very unusual.

MR. DARLING

Tell me?

MRS. DARLING

No.

MR. DARLING

Please?

(NANA begs.)

MRS. DARLING

Alright. The boy was not alone. He was accompanied by... how to describe it... by a ball of light.

MR. DARLING

A ball of light?

NANA

A ball of light!

(MR. DARLING chases down NANA and uses his tie as a leash on the dog.)

MRS. DARLING

A ball of light! It darted about the room tinkling, tinkling, tinkling away.

MR. DARLING

That is very unusual.

MRS. DARLING

What should we do?

MR. DARLING

Let's see... A stranger, carrying a knife, by the look of his shadow, comes to our children's room, accompanied by an even stranger force, a ball of light. We have every reason to believe he is back tonight and is up for mischief. I have just tied up our dog, Nana, the only defense our poor sleeping children have

MRS. DARLING

Well?

MR. DARLING

Well?

MRS. DARLING

Well?

MR. DARLING

Well, there is only one thing to do... Let's open the window to let in some fresh air, put the shadow back behind the bed, and then go to dinner as we have planned. It's best not to worry.

MRS. DARLING

Oh, George. You always know just what to do.

(They open the window, return the shadow, and leave with NANA.)

TINK

Sometimes the Darlings did not make the best decisions when it came to parenting, and this was one of those times. For months to come they would question their wisdom in leaving the children alone, for at the very moment they were gone, the ball of tinkling light, oh, that's me, returned followed by the boy.

(TINKER BELL flits about, he bells jingling and PETER follows through the window.)

PETER

Tinker Bell? Tink, are you here? Where did they put it?

(PETER searches around the room, his SHADOW, an actor dressed all in black sneaks out, from behind WENDY'S bed. The SHADOW mimics PETER'S every move. PETER turns to find himself face to face with his shadow. They do mirror exercise. PETER spins around quickly to try and catch the shadow in a goof. The SHADOW does spin, just waits for PETER to get back around. PETER reaches out to touch the SHADOW. The SHADOW slaps his hand away. PETER jumps into action and chases the shadow around the room. He catches it and wrestles it to the ground.)

PETER

Tink! Get soap from the bathroom....

(TINKER BELL shakes her bells "No." TINKERBELL only speaks with her bells unless she is narrating.)

Get soap. Soap is sticky. We can stick it to me.

(TINKER BELL exits for the bathroom off stage. The SHADOW escapes and runs behind WENDY'S bed. PETER dives for it there, bumping the bed and waking WENDY. She sees PETER and takes a fighting stance.)

WENDY

Who are you? Stay away from me! I can defend myself My goodness you're little.

PETER

What's your name?

WENDY

Wendy Moria Angela Darling. What's yours.

PETER

Peter Pan!

(He crows.)

WENDY

Is that all?

PETER

Yes.

WENDY

Where do you live?

PETER

Second to the right and then straight on till morning.

WENDY

That's the silliest address I've ever heard. You'll have to be more specific if you want to get back home to your mother.

PETER

I haven't got a mother. No father neither. And you'd do well to stay away from me, for I can be fierce if I have a mind to.

(He crows.)

WENDY

You? I have dress up dolls that are scarier than you are. See.

(She shows him a doll. Peter jumps in fear.)

PETER

Aw... Just let me say, there are pirates and Indians and wild beasts who tremble when my name is mentioned. Peter Pan.

(He crows.)

WENDY

Well I'm not one of them, so you can stop. Why are you here.

PETER

To get my shadow.

(He retrieves his shadow from behind the bed. This time it is the piece of cloth MS. DARLING left behind.)

I'm going to stick it on with soap. Pretty smart, eh?

WENDY

Soap won't work. It must be sewn on.

PETER

I knew that. What is sewn?

WENDY

My, you are ignorant.

PETER

Am not.

(WENDY takes out needle. PETER pulls out his knife to protect himself.)

WENDY

Sit down. I'll sew it on for you. This may hurt.

PETER

Well, I won't cry. I never cry.

(She begins sewing on the shadow.)

WENDY

Everybody cries.

PETER

Not Peter Pan.

(He crows. She stabs him with the needle. He cries. She continues to sew on the shadow.)

WENDY

You are conceited, aren't you.

PETER

(happy again.)

Thanks.

WENDY

If you have no Mother, and by your actions I have no reason to believe you do, who tucks you in and tells you a story?

PETER

Nobody. I ran away from home the day I was born.

WENDY

Why?

PETER

I heard my parents talking about what I would be when I grew up. I always want to be a little boy and have fun. So I ran away to live with the fairies.

WENDY

I don't believe you.

PETER

Don't tell me that.

(PETER steps forward and speaks to the audience like he's in a soap opera.)

You know, every time a child says "I don't believe in fairies" there is fairy somewhere that falls down dead.

WENDY

Well I don't believe in...

(TINKER BELL returns with the soap in time to hear her. She jingles her bells. WENDY cannot see her.)

What's that?

PETER

She came with me. Tinker Bell. That sound is the fairy language.

(TINKER BELL rings her bells angrily.)

WENDY

What does she say?

PETER

She says you are a great ugly girl, and that she is my fairy.

(TINKER BELL rings her bells angrily.)

WENDY

What did she say?

PETER

She said, "You silly donkey."

(TINK throws a bar of soap at WENDY.)

PETER

And then she threw a bar of soap at you. Tink, take the soap back to the bathroom. Tink.

(TINK does so reluctantly.)

WENDY

You live with fairies?

PETER

Not any more. I live with the lost boys.

WENDY

Who are they?

PETER

Boys who fall out of their strollers when their mothers aren't looking. If they're not claimed in seven days, off they're sent to Never Land.

WENDY

And they are all boys.

PETER

Girls are much too clever to fall out of their strollers.

WENDY

I like the way you talk about girls. John there just despises us.

PETER

One girl is worth twenty boys.

WENDY

How charming. I think I shall give you a friendly kiss for that.

PETER

Okay.

(He puts out his hand.)

WENDY

You don't know what a kiss is, do you?

PETER

I do....

(He puts out his hand farther. WENDY gives him her thimble.)

WENDY

There's a kiss then.

PETER

And I shall give you a kiss.

(He gives her a button. TINK reenters and watches.)

WENDY

Good. Now let me give you a *thimble*.

PETER

What's a thimble.

WENDY

It goes like this.

(WENDY starts to kiss PETER when TINK jealously grabs her hair and drags her away from PETER.)

WENDY

That felt exactly like someone was pulling my hair.

PETER

Tink! Naughty.

(TINK rings her bells.)

WENDY

What does she say?

PETER

She says that she will do that every time you give me a thimble. And....

(TINKER BELL rings her bells angrily.)

You're indistinguishable from the hind end of a monkey. There's more.

(TINKER BELL rings her bells angrily.)

And you smell like an egg the weasel forgot to eat. Wow, that's weird.

WENDY

She is very impertinent.

(TINK attacks WENDY.)

PETER

Now, Tink.

WENDY

She seems to be trying to hurt me.

PETER

I'll ask her. Are you trying to hurt Wendy.

(TINKER bell rings her bells for a long time.)

WENDY

What did she say?

PETER

Yes.... Stop it Tink.

(PETER separates the two. TINKER BELL shrugs.)

WENDY

Well, why did you come to our nursery window in the first place?

PETER

The bedtime stories. None of us know any stories. We got no mothers, see. I was flying by your open window, and your mother was telling you such a lovely story.

WENDY

Which one?

PETER

About the prince, and he couldn't find the lady who wore the glass slipper.

WENDY

Cinderella.

PETER

You know it? How does it end? I was chased away before your mother finished.

WENDY

He found her, and they lived happily ever after. I actually know a lot of stories.

PETER

Wait. You could come with me. You could be... my mother.

WENDY

I do love to play house, but ...

PETER

Come on! Let's fly.

WENDY

Fly? You can fly?

PETER

I'll teach you. We'll jump on the wind's back. Why sleep in your silly old bed when you could be flying with me, saying funny things to the stars. There are mermaids.

WENDY

Would you teach John and Michael to fly too?

PETER

If you like.

(WENDY wakes her brothers.)

WENDY

Wake up. There's a boy going to teach us how to fly. Get up, Michael. John, open your eyes. This is Peter Pan. He's going to teach us to fly.

JOHN

Right. Sure he is.

MICHAEL

Pardon me. Do you mean, like, flap our wings.

PETER

Just think of lovely thoughts and they lift you up in the air. Watch. Hot fudge sundaes. Bedtime stories. Having a mother.

(Two LOST BOYS, or perhaps PIRATES if they are stronger, run on stage and hoist PETER up in the air. They stand on either side of him and cup their hands, holding PETER by the bottom of his feet. When they stand up straight, PETER appears to fly.)

MICHAEL

That's bully.

PETER

Nothing to it really. Now your turn.

(PETER sprinkles Pixy Dust around.)

WENDY

What's that?

PETER

Pixy Dust. You need Pixy Dust to fly.

(They try, jumping in the air. No flying.)

JOHN

You went a little fast. Couldn't you do it slowly until we get the hang of it.

(TINKER BELL rings her bells as if to say, "What idiots". The LOST BOY set PETER down.)

PETER

You're telling me, Tink. All right. Once more, very slowly.

(Speaking and flying in super slow motion.)

Hot fudge sundaes. Bedtime stories. Having a mother.

(The lost boys hoist him up.)

Now you try.

WENDY

Warm puppies.... um Pizza. Playing house.

(More LOST BOYS run on and hoist WENDY up.)

PETER

Now you're cooking.

JOHN

Baseball.

MICHAEL

Pie

JOHN

GI Joe.

MICHAEL

Pie

JOHN

Ice cream cake.

MICHAEL

Pie

JOHN

Swimming.

MICHAEL

Theme Parks hosted by mice.

(LOST BOYS run on and hoist MICHAEL into the air. JOHN is a little too heavy.)

LOST BOY FX #1

We're gonna need more pixy dust for this one.

(Three more LOST BOYS run on and lift JOHN.)

WENDY

Oh, Lovely

JOHN

I flew!

MICHAEL

I do like it.

JOHN

Let me get my hat.

TINK

And so we were off to Never Land.

PETER

Second to the right, and straight on till morning.

(They fly out with the LOST BOY carriers grunting and groans..)

TINK

Peter told Wendy, that was the way to the Never Land; but even birds, carrying maps, could not have found their way with these instructions. Peter, you see, just said anything that came into his head. Let's have a big hand for the special effects.

(The LOST BOYS come out and take a bow. TINK gives them chocolate treats.)

You deserve it.

(They take their treats and scamper off.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we now present a film entitled, "Flying to Neverland."