

(MR. DARLING)

Oh, Mother, look here! Hair all over my trousers!!

(To NANA)

Clumsy! Clumsy!

(NANA goes, a drooping figure)

MRS. DARLING

I'll brush you off, Father dear.

MR. DARLING

Thank you. You know, Mother, sometimes I think it's a mistake to have a dog for a nurse.

MRS. DARLING

Why George, Nana is a treasure.

MR. DARLING

No doubt; but at times I have an uneasy feeling that she looks upon the children as her puppies.

MRS. DARLING

George, we must keep Nana. I will tell you why.

(Her seriousness impresses him)

My dear, when I came into this room tonight I saw a face at the window.

MR. DARLING

(Incredulous)

A face at the window, two floors up?

MRS. DARLING

It was the face of a little boy; he was trying to get in.

MR. DARLING

Impossible.

MRS. DARLING

It's not the first time I've seen that boy.

MR. DARLING

(Beginning to think that this may be a man's job)

O-ho?

MRS. DARLING

(Making sure that MICHAEL does not hear)

The first time was a week ago—I remember, because it was Nana's night off.

#3 - *The Boy at the Window (Optional)*

(MRS. DARLING)

I was sitting there by the fire, and suddenly I felt a draught, as though the window were open. I looked round and I saw that boy—in the room. I screamed. Just then Nana came back and sprang at him at once. The boy leapt for the window. Nana closed it quickly, but it was too late to catch him.

MR. DARLING

*(Who knows he would not have been too late)*

I thought so!

MRS. DARLING

But wait. The boy escaped, but his shadow hadn't time to get out. I hid it! I rolled it up and here it is!

*(SHE produces it from a drawer. THEY unroll and examine the flimsy thing, which is not more material than a puff of smoke, and if let go would probably float into the ceiling without discolouring it. Yet it has human shape. As THEY nod their heads over it they present the most satisfying picture on earth, two happy parents conspiring cosily by the fire for the good of their children)*

MR. DARLING

A-ha! Well, I don't think it's anyone we know, though he does look a scoundrel!

MRS. DARLING

You know, I think he comes back trying to get his shadow.

MR. DARLING

*(Meaning that the miscreant has now a father to deal with)*

I dare say.

*(The shadow is rolled up and replaced in the drawer)*

MRS. DARLING

But wait—I haven't told you all. The boy was not quite alone. He was accompanied by—I don't know how to describe it—by a ball of light no bigger than my fist, that darted about the room like a living thing!

MR. DARLING

*(Though open-minded)*

That is very unusual!

MRS. DARLING

*(Sliding her hand into his)*

George, what can all this mean?

## MR. DARLING

*(Ever ready)*

What indeed!

*(This intimate scene is broken by the return of NANA with a large spoon in her mouth)*

## MRS. DARLING

Oh, what have we there, Nana? Oh—the medicine spoon, of course.

## MICHAEL

*(Promptly)*

Won't take it—oh no—boo-oo-oo!

## MR. DARLING

*(Recalling his youth)*

Now then, Michael, be a man.

## MICHAEL

Won't, won't!

## MRS. DARLING

I'll give you a lovely stick of candy to take after it.

*(SHE leaves the room, though her husband calls after her)*

## MR. DARLING

Mother, don't pamper him. Michael—Michael, when I was your age, I used to take my medicine without a murmur. Used to say "Thank you, kind parents, for giving me medicine to make me well."

*(WENDY hears this and believes)*

And as an example to you, Michael, I would take my medicine now—only I've lost the bottle.

## WENDY

*(Always glad to be of service)*

I know where it is, Father. I'll bring it!

*(SHE is gone before HE can stop her. HE turns for help to JOHN, who has come from the bathroom drying his hair)*

## MR. DARLING

Wendy! John! It's that horrid stuff. The sticky sweet kind.

## JOHN

*(Who is perhaps still playing at parents)*

It will soon be over, Father.

*(A spasm of ill-will to JOHN cuts through MR. DARLING, and is gone. WENDY returns panting)*

WENDY

I've been as quick as I could.

MR. DARLING

*(With a sarcasm that is completely thrown away on her)*

Oh yes, you have been wonderfully quick, precious quick!

*(HE is now at the foot of MICHAEL's bed; NANA is by its side, holding the spoon insinuatingly in her mouth.)*

WENDY

*(Proudly, as she pours out MR. DARLING's medicine)*

Michael, you will see how Father takes it.

MR. DARLING

*(Hedging)*

Michael first.

MICHAEL

*(Full of unworthy suspicions)*

Father first.

MR. DARLING

It will make me sick, you know.

WENDY

*(Disturbed)*

I thought you took it quite easily, Father.

MR. DARLING

That's not the point; the point is that there is much more in my glass than there is in Michael's spoon and it isn't fair.

JOHN

Come on, Father!

MR. DARLING

A little less noise there.

MICHAEL

*(Coldly)*

Father, I'm waiting.

**HOOK**

*(Kicking 1st PIRATE)*

Clumsy!

*(Clawing 2nd PIRATE, who screams)*

Butterfingers!

*(TOOTLES runs from his tree and is seen for a moment, and NOODLER's pistol is at once up-raised. HOOK twists his hook in him)*

**NOODLER**

Oow! No, Captain, no!

**HOOK**

Drop that pistol first!

**NOODLER**

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

**HOOK**

Aye, and the first crack would bring Tiger Lily's Indians upon us!

*(The PIRATES cringe and shake at the word "Indians")*

D'you want to lose your scalps?

**SMEE**

*(Wriggling his cutlass pleasantly)*

That is true. Shall I after him, Captain, and tickle him with Johnny Corkscrew? Johnny's a silent fellow!

**HOOK**

Not now, Smeel!

*(HE slaps SMEE's bared head)*

He's only one—and I want to mischief all the seven. They must live 'round here somewhere. Scatter and look for them.

*(The BOATSWAIN whistles his instructions, and the MEN disperse on their frightful errand. With none to hear save SMEE, HOOK becomes confidential)*

Most of all I want their captain, Peter Pan. 'Twas he cut off me arm. Oh, I have waited long to shake hands with him with this.

*(Luxuriating)*

Oh, I'll tear him!

**SMEE**

*(Always ready for a chat)*

Yet I have oft heard you say your hook was worth a score of hands—for combing the hair, and other homely uses.

## HOOK

Aye, Smee, if I were a mother, I would pray that me children be born with this ...

*(Indicating the hook)*

... instead of that.

*(His left arm creeps nervously behind him. He has a galling remembrance)*

But Pan flung me hand to a crocodile that happened to be passing by.

## SMEE

I have often noticed your strange dread of crocodiles.

## HOOK

*(Pettishly)*

Not of crocodiles, but of that one crocodile.

*(He lays bare a lacerated heart)*

He liked me hand so much, that he has followed me ever since —

*(as if reciting poetry)*

— from land to land, from sea to sea, he follows the ship, licking his lips for the rest of me.

## SMEE

*(Looking for the bright side)*

In a way it is a sort of compliment.

*(SMEE removes his hat)*

## HOOK

Well, I want no such compliments!

*(Slaps SMEE's pate)*

I want Peter Pan, who first gave the brute his taste for me. Smee, that crocodile would have got me long ere this if he could have crept upon me unawares. But by some lucky chance he swallowed a clock —

## SMEE

A clock!

## HOOK

And it goes on — tick, tock, tick — within him; and so, before he can reach me I hear the tick and bolt.

*(He emits a hollow rumble)*

Once I heard it strike six inside of him.

SMEE

*(Somberly)*

Some day the clock will run down, and then he'll get you.

HOOK

*(A broken man)*

Ay, that is the fear that haunts me.

*(Suddenly he rises)*

Oh!

SMEE

What's the matter, Captain?

HOOK

Smee, this seat's hot. Oh! It's very hot!

*(SMEE turns on smoke unit)*

Odds, bobs, hammer and tongs, I'm burning!

*[Indicating the mushroom]*

Smee—help me!

*(He has been sitting, he thinks, on one of the island mushrooms, which are of enormous size. But this is a hand-painted one placed here in times of danger to conceal a chimney. They remove it, and tell-tale smoke issues; also, alas, the sound of children's voices)*

A chimney! Peter and boys must be living underground!

*(HE laughs)*

SMEE

*(As HE turns off smoke unit)*

Listen!

HOOK

They say that Peter Pan's away from home.

*(HE replaces the mushroom. His brain works tortuously)*

Call back the band!

*(SMEE whistles on bosun's whistle.. PIRATES return)*

I must think! Inspire me! Play, you dogs!

SMEE

What tempo, Captain?

HOOK

*(Thinks)*

Tempo, tempo, tempo—a tango!