

PETER

(In a whisper)

Tinker Bell! Tink! Tink!

(NANA barks offstage [Bar 32], and in fright PETER hides behind the drapes UR)

[NB - It is at this point that PETER's flying wire is detached]

#7 - Tink Finds the Shadow

(PETER comes from behind drapes)

Tinker Bell! Tink! Where are you?

(Light appears in the jug on the mantel. PETER runs to the fireplace)

There you are! Tink, do come out of that jug.

(TINK answers)

Tink, do you know where they put it?

(TINK flashes once in the jug and darts to the dresser, R.)

Over there?

(Examines drawers of dressers)

But which drawer?

(TINK replies, and jumps to the top drawer)

Ah!

(PETER pulls drawers open, seizes his shadow and closes the drawer unknowingly with TINKER BELL inside of it)

Oh, my shadow, I'll stick you on with soap.

(Picks up large bar of soap from the dresser and goes DC. HE soaps the shadow's head and tries to paste it to his forehead - it falls. HE then soaps his backside and lies on it and wiggles. This failing, HE motions the prone shadow to return - this fails and he loses hope and sits sobbing audibly)

Oh, my shadow! What's the matter with you?

(This wakens WENDY, who sits up, and is pleasantly interested to see a stranger)

WENDY

(Courteously)

Boy, why are you crying?

(He jumps up, and crossing to the foot of the bed bows to her in the fairy way. WENDY, impressed, bows to him from the bed.)

PETER

What's your name?

WENDY

(Well satisfied)

Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's your name?

PETER

Peter Pan.

WENDY

Is that all?

PETER

(Ashamed)

Yes.

WENDY

(Kindly)

I'm so sorry.

PETER

(Bravely, stifling shame)

It doesn't matter.

WENDY

Where do you live?

PETER

Second to the right and straight on till morning.

WENDY

What a funny address!

PETER

No, it isn't.

WENDY

I mean, is that what they put on your letters?

PETER,

Don't get any letters.

WENDY

But your mother gets letters?

PETER

Don't have a mother.

WENDY

Oh, Peter!

(She leaps out of bed to put her arms round him, but he draws back; he does not know why, but he knows he must draw back)

PETER

You mustn't touch me.

WENDY

Why?

PETER

No one must ever touch me.

WENDY

Why not?

PETER

I don't know.

WENDY

No wonder you were crying.

PETER

I wasn't crying about that—but I can't get my shadow to stick on.

WENDY

It has come off? How awful. Why—

(Looking at the spot where he had lain)

Peter, you've been trying to stick it on with soap!

PETER

(Snappily)

Well then?

WENDY

It must be sewn on.

PETER

What is "sewn"?

WENDY

You're dreadfully ignorant.

PETER

No, I'm not.

WENDY

I shall [have to] sew it on for you, my little man.

(WENDY goes to the dresser for the sewing box)

PETER

Thank you.

WENDY

I dare say it will hurt a little.

PETER

(A recent remark of hers rankling)

I never cry.

(She seems to attach the shadow)

WENDY

There.

PETER

(He tests the combination)

It isn't quite itself yet.

WENDY

Perhaps I should have ironed it.

(The SHADOW awakes. The footlights throw the SHADOW against the shutters and PETER views it with joy)

#8 - I Gotta Crow

PETER

Wendy, look!! My shadow! My very own shadow!

WENDY

But, it's only a shadow!

PETER

Yes, but it's all mine. Oh, I'm clever! Oh, the cleverness of me!

WENDY

Of course, I did nothing. You're conceited.

PETER

CONCEITED? NOT ME!

IT'S JUST THAT I AM WHAT I AM,

AND I'M ME!

WHEN I LOOK AT MYSELF

AND I SEE IN MYSELF