

CURLEY

Out of the way! I'll shoot it! I'll shoot it!

(CURLEY shoots and BOYS cheer. WENDY flies in with an arrow in her heart. THEY put her down)

I've killed it! Peter will be so pleased with me!

(PETER's crow is heard off)

BOYS

It's Peter!

2ND TWIN

Let's surprise him!

#22 - Peter's March

(THEY line up in front of WENDY as PETER and procession enter. PETER rides pick-a-back on the LION, the OSTRICH carries Peter Pan flag, the KANGAROO precedes them throwing confetti. JOHN, in silk hat, MICHAEL, with teddy bear, follows them on)

PETER

Greetings, boys! I'm back! And I have a great surprise.

SLIGHTLY

So have we!

CURLEY

We killed a big white bird.

ALL

And look!

(THEY stand aside. PETER sees WENDY)

PETER

Wendy! With an arrow in her heart! This isn't a bird—it's a lady!

BOYS

(Dismayed)

A lady!

PETER

I was bringing her here to be our mother—and you have killed her. Whose arrow?

CURLEY

Mine, Peter.

PETER

(Raises arrow like a dagger)

Oh dastard hand!

(WENDY's arm comes up and grasps PETER's free arm)

I cannot strike. Something stops me.

NIBS

Look at her arm.

PETER

(Investigating)

She lives!

(BOYS cheer)

See—the arrow struck against this. It's a kiss I gave her.

TOOTLES

I remember kisses. Let me see—aye, that's a kiss.

PETER

Are you asleep, Wendy?

(WENDY sits up and nods, lies down again. PETER gets pillow from KANGAROO for her head)

(To KANGAROO)

Thank you.

(To WENDY)

Don't you want to get up and play?

(WENDY shakes here head, turns over on side—settling comfortably and happily)

TOOTLES

What shall we do with Wendy?

SLIGHTLY

Let's carry her down into the house.

PETER

No, no! You mustn't touch her. That wouldn't be sufficiently respectful.

(BOYS jump back)

I know—we'll build a house around her!

BOYS

A house!

PETER

I have a plan—

(KANGAROO, LION and OSTRICH exit UR)

#23 - Wendy

WE'LL NEED LOTS OF WOOD,
NEED LOTS OF LEAVES,
NEED LOTS OF PAINT,
BUT HUSH, HUSH, HUSH, HUSH, HUSH!

LET'S BE QUIET AS A MOUSE
AND BUILD A LITTLE HOUSE FOR WENDY,
ALL FOR WENDY—SHE'S COME TO STAY.

BOYS

AND BE OUR MOTHER!
AT LAST WE HAVE A MOTHER!

PETER

"HOME SWEET HOME" UPON THE WALL,
A WELCOME MAT DOWN IN THE HALL FOR WENDY,
SO THAT WENDY WON'T GO AWAY.

BOYS

WE HAVE A MOTHER!
AT LAST WE HAVE A MOTHER!

PETER

OH, WHAT PLEASURE SHE'LL BRING TO US,
MAKE US POCKETS AND SING TO US,
TELL US STORIES WE'VE BEEN LONGING TO HEAR
OVER AND OVER!

SHE'LL BE WAITING AT THE DOOR,
WE WON'T BE LONELY ANYMORE
SINCE WENDY, LOVELY WENDY'S HERE TO STAY.

BOYS

WE HAVE A MOTHER!
AT LAST WE HAVE A MOTHER!

HOOK worms his way upwards, and winding his cloak around him, as if to conceal his person from the night of which he is the blackest part, he stalks moodily toward the lagoon.

A dot of light flashes past him and darts down the nearest tree, looking for PETER, only for PETER, quite indifferent about the others when she finds him safe.)

#43 - Tink's Sacrifice

PETER

(Stirring)

Who is that?

(Sits up)

Is anyone there?

(TINK has to tell her tale, in one long ungrammatical sentence)

What? The redskins were defeated? And Wendy and the boys have been captured by the pirates? I'll rescue her! I'll rescue her!

(He leaps first at his dagger, and then at his grindstone, to sharpen it. TINK alights near the glass, and rings out a warning cry)

What? Oh, that's just my medicine.

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

Poisoned? Nonsense! Who could have poisoned it? I promised Wendy to take it, and I'm going to, just as soon as I've sharpened my dagger.

(TINK, who sees its red colour and remembers the red in the pirate's eye, nobly swallows the draught as PETER's hand is reaching for it)

Why, Tink, you have drunk my medicine!

(SHE flutters strangely about the room, answering him now in a very thin tinkle)

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

What's the matter with you?

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

It was poisoned and you drank it to save my life! Tink, dear Tink, you're dying?

TINK

(Celeste)

(He has never called her "dear Tink" before, and for a moment she is gay; she alights on his shoulder, gives his chin a loving bite, whispers 'You silly ass' and falls on her tiny bed. The boudoir, which is lit by her, flickers ominously. He is on his knees by the opening.)

PETER

Your light is growing faint, and if it goes out, that means you're dead! Your voice is so low I can scarcely hear what you're saying.

TINK

(Celeste)

You say—

PETER

TINK

(Celeste)

You think you could get well if—

PETER

TINK

(Celeste)

If ...

PETER

TINK

(Celeste)

(He is sobbing now)

If what, Tink?

PETER

TINK

(Celeste)

... if children believed in fairies.

PETER

(He rises and throws out his arms he knows not to whom, perhaps to the boys and girls of whom he is not one)

(PETER)

Do you believe? Oh please, please believe! If you believe, wherever you are, clap your hands and she'll hear you!

#44 - Tink's Recovery

(Many clap, some don't, a few hiss. Then perhaps there is a rush of NANA's to the nurseries to see what on earth is happening. But TINK is saved)

Clap! Clap! Don't let Tink die! Clap! She's betting better! Her light's getting stronger! Oh, she's all right now! Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!

(TINK thanks the audience by bouncing down to the footlights and flashing dizzily all over the auditorium like a skyrocket burst. PETER follows her downstage. TINK returns to the stage)

Come on, Tink! Let's rescue Wendy!

(PETER ascends his tree as if he were shot up it. What he is feeling is "Hook or me this time!" He is frightfully happy)

CURTAIN