

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.

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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

WENDY

I see a pool of lovely, pale colors—

PETER

Squeeze them tighter—

WENDY

Yes!

PETER

And the pool will take on different shapes—and the colors become brighter.

WENDY

Yes!

PETER

So bright that in a moment they'll go on fire—and in that moment—just before they do—

WENDY

I see it! I see it!

PETER

That's it, Wendy! That's my island!

(Sings)

YOU'LL HAVE A TREASURE IF YOU STAY THERE,
MORE PRECIOUS FAR THAN GOLD,
FOR ONCE YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR WAY THERE
YOU CAN NEVER, NEVER GROW OLD.

AND THAT'S MY HOME WHERE DREAMS ARE BORN
AND TIME IS NEVER PLANNED
JUST THINK OF LOVELY THINGS
AND YOUR HEART WILL FLY ON WINGS
FOREVER
IN NEVER NEVER LAND!

WENDY

Oh, it sounds lovely—Neverland! Who else lives there, Peter?

PETER

The Lost Boys.

WENDY

Who are they?

PETER

They are the children who fall out of their prams when the nurse is looking the other way. If they aren't claimed in seven days they're sent far away to Never Land.
I'm Captain.

WENDY

What fun it must be.

PETER

(Craftily)

Yes, but we're rather lonely. You see, Wendy, we have no female companionship.

WENDY

Are none of the others girls?

PETER

Oh, no. Girls, you know, are much too clever to fall out of their prams.

WENDY

Peter, it is perfectly lovely the way you talk about girls. You may give me a kiss.

PETER

(Cynically)

I thought you would want it back.

(He offers her the thimble.)

WENDY

(Artfully)

No, Peter, I didn't mean a kiss...I meant--a thimble.

PETER

(Only half placated)

What is that?

WENDY

It's like this.

(She leans forward to give a demonstration, but something prevents the meeting of their faces. Before he can even draw near, WENDY screams)

Ow!

PETER

What is it?

WENDY

It was exactly as if some one were pulling my hair!

PETER

That's Tink. I never knew her so naughty before.

(TINK speaks. She is in the jug again)

#11 - Hair Pulling

WENDY

What did she say?

PETER

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

WENDY

But why?

PETER

(Equally nonplussed)

Why, Tink?

(He has to translate the answer)

She said "You silly ass" again.

WENDY

She is very impertinent.

(They are sitting on the floor now)

Peter, why did you come to our nursery window?

PETER

To hear the stories. None of us knows any stories.

WENDY

How perfectly awful!

PETER

Oh, Wendy, your mother was telling you such a lovely story.

WENDY

Oh? Which story was it?

PETER

It was about the Prince, and he couldn't find the lady who wore the glass slipper.

WENDY

Oh, that's Cinderella. Peter, he found her and they were happy ever after.

PETER

I'm glad!

(They have worked their way along the floor close to each other, but he now jumps up.)

WENDY

Where are you going?

PETER

(Already on his way to the window)

To tell the other boys.

WENDY

Don't go, Peter. I know lots of stories.

(She ought not to have said this)

PETER

(Turning)

Do you?

WENDY

Oh Peter, the stories I could tell the boys!

PETER

(Gleaming)

Come on! We'll fly!

WENDY

Fly? You can fly!

(How he would like to rip those stories out of her — he is dangerous now.)

PETER

Wendy, come with me — how we should all respect you. You could tuck us in at night and make pockets for us. None of us has any pockets.

WENDY

It's awfully fascinating! Would you teach John and Michael to fly too?

PETER

(Indifferently)

If you like.

WENDY

(Playing rum-tum on JOHN)

John, Michael, wake up — there's a boy here who is going to teach us to fly.

MICHAEL

There is?