

## Characters

WENDY  
 JOHN  
 MICHAEL  
 TOM  
 MRS DARLING  
 MR DARLING  
 DOC GILES  
 PETER  
 TINK  
 TOOTLES  
 NIBS  
 CURLY  
 SLIGHTLY  
 CAPTAIN HOOK  
 SMEE  
 DOC SWAIN  
 KNOCK-BONE JONES  
 FIRST MATE MURT THE BAT  
 SKYLIGHTS  
 MARTIN THE CABIN BOY  
 TIGER LILY  
 THE CROCODILE  
 Plus SHADOWS, PIRATES

*This text went to press before the end of rehearsals and so may differ slightly from the play as performed.*

*John, Michael, Tom, Wendy*

## ACT ONE

## Scene One

*Start*

*1908: the Darling children's nursery – a winter afternoon. We can see the steeples and rooftops of London in the distance. A game of ambush is underway; the troops are in their hiding positions. JOHN, eleven, camouflaged and rather serious, has his target in his sights. MICHAEL, ten, clumsy and conflict-averse, has his hands over his teddy's ears and TOM, six and utterly fearless, teeters on the point of action.*

*JOHN (hushed). Hunker down, chaps, rifles at the ready – 'The beasts are in the undergrowth!'*

MICHAEL. John!?

JOHN (accompanied by selection of ridiculous hand signals).

'The red squirrel is concealing his snout.'

TOM. I'm not sure I understand.

MICHAEL. Mother said we were to be downstairs by five thirty!

JOHN. Get down!

TOM. Michael, I'm not sure I /

MICHAEL. / And it's five twenty-seven and forty-three seconds!

JOHN. On my signal, it's going to be 'Bye-bye, Crimea!'

MICHAEL. Surely we could reach some sort of diplomatic solution before /

JOHN. / Weapons at the ready!

MICHAEL. Why must battles always be so – fighty? Why can't we play at talking it through or agreeing nicely or shaking hands or /

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JOHN *smashes MICHAEL in the face with a pillow.*

That was rather aggressive, John. I'm not sure I liked it.

JOHN. Tom – you're promoted to first brother.

TOM. Wendy said we had to remember to do our homework before we played battles.

JOHN. We're soldiers, we're battling, we have *far* more important things to be thinking about than homework.

MICHAEL. Perhaps the soldiers are doing their homework in preparation for battle? Or... they've just come back and they're all bloody and sweaty and tired and they think 'ooh – maybe I'll have a little rest and do a nice spot of quiet homework'?

JOHN (*booming*). Back to your positions! Rifles at the ready! Target in sights! One two –

As JOHN *inhales ready to give the 'Go!', WENDY – twelve, scruffy-haired and big-hearted – blusters in.*

UGH.

WENDY. John, your rugby kit is getting mouldy by the back door – Tom, come here, that button is falling off – are you playing battles? Can I play?

JOHN. No.

WENDY. What?

JOHN. The answer is no.

WENDY. Why?

JOHN. No girls allowed on the battlefield.

WENDY. I'm not a girl. I am a girl. Can I play? Please can I?

JOHN. Play? This isn't a game, this is an incredibly dangerous /

WENDY. / Please?

JOHN *plonks WENDY in the chair and ties her up roughly.*

JOHN. Men, new objective – save the damsel before scalping the natives.

WENDY. I just need to sew Tom's button on.

JOHN. Wendy, are you a damsel or are you a button-sewer?

WENDY. I'm a damsel but /

JOHN. / Damsels must be very very scared, then very very impressed, then very very grateful. No button-sewing necessary.

TOM. Maybe you could do my button afterwards?

JOHN. Don't reveal your position!

TOM. I wasn't!

MICHAEL *giggles.*

JOHN. Soldiers do not giggle!

TOM *coughs.*

No coughing.

TOM *coughs.*

Insubordination! Insubordination!

WENDY *laughs.*

No giggling!

WENDY (*trying to restrain herself*). Sorry – sorry – very sorry.

JOHN. That's it! You're fired.

MICHAEL (*charging*). Fiiiiire! Fiiiiire!

TOM. Fire!!

TOM *charges. JOHN abandons control and, in a desperate plea for victory, launches himself at the bed – it's joyous, raucous. JOHN knocks a bedside lamp and it comes crashing to the floor. All four children stop and stand, shame-faced.*

END

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DARLING rouses - the fairy grabs PETER and drags him out of the window. With a flurry, the window closes and above the nursery, in the night sky, a new star appears; the smallest, brightest star in the sky. TINK's light darts across the sky, followed by the shadow of PETER PAN.

MRS DARLING rouses.

MRS DARLING. Tom? Tom.

Scene Three

Winter, 1909. The nursery is darker now, more sombre.

WENDY stands at the window.

MICHAEL. Why do you keep staring out of the window?

WENDY. I'm sure I keep seeing a boy, or maybe the shadow of a /

JOHN. / Wendy, you've gone totally gaga.

WENDY. I've seen him - there's a boy, I promise!

JOHN. Lost it, box of frogs. We're going to have to put you in an asylum.

WENDY. Michael, into bed.

MICHAEL. I want Mother to tuck me in.

WENDY. Well, you've got me.

MICHAEL. Can we play pirates? Can I be Captain?

JOHN. I'm reading.

MICHAEL. Can you tell me a story?

JOHN. There was once a boy called John who died from always being asked annoying questions; the end.

MICHAEL. Wendy, John's being /

Mr. Darling & Mrs. Darling  
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WENDY. / John, have you washed behind your ears?

JOHN licks his hand and wipes it behind his ears.

Ugh you're disgusting.

JOHN. I'm meant to be disgusting - I'm a boy.

MICHAEL. Fine, I'll play on my own.

WENDY. Michael - bed!

MICHAEL exits into the bathroom. MRS DARLING is in her house dress about to enter the nursery. MR DARLING catches her. MR DARLING is dressed smartly and now sports an incredibly large and rather ridiculous-looking moustache.

MR DARLING. Why aren't you ready?

MRS DARLING. I don't feel up to it.

MR DARLING. We haven't been to one work function this season; do you know how that looks?

MRS DARLING. I'd imagine it looks like something's wrong.

Beat.

MR DARLING. It's my job, Mary - we need my job, this house needs my job and these parties are part of that job.

MRS DARLING. I can't.

MR DARLING. Mary? It's been a year. How long are we going to /

MRS DARLING. / 'We'? You seem to be perfectly fine.

MR DARLING. I'm just trying to /

MRS DARLING. / I'm going to say goodnight to my children.

MR DARLING exits. MRS DARLING enters the nursery. Wendy leaps up to her feet and leans out of the window.

WENDY. There! There, look! I knew it - look!

MRS DARLING. Wendy, come away from that window!

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Wendy Monologue

Wendy & Peter Pan

Scene Four

In the nursery, WENDY, who has been listening to her parents at the door, takes the nightlight and sets it on the ground.

WENDY (half-whisper, half-prayer). Tom - I - please, please, if it is you out there - tell me how to fix things because I'm trying but it's not working. John is so angry he's broken three trains and Michael gets so nervous that he can't get his words out at school and Mother and Father don't laugh, at all any more - and I just think if you could come back - just for a little while then -

The window flies open, the gust of wind blows WENDY'S candle out. There is a storm brewing, lightning and thunder, the windows clatter and then - in a gust - in tumbles PETER PAN. It is not a glamorous entrance, he trips, he stumbles and he lands in a heap behind one of the beds. Behind him, a ball of light.

(Dashing over.) Tom! Tom!

Start

PETER (still concealed). Ow - my bum.

PETER pops his head up from the bed. WENDY and PETER look eyes for the first time.

(Suddenly love-struck.) Hello. Hi.

WENDY. You're not Tom.

PETER. Bump.

WENDY. What?

PETER. Ow - I bump-ed - nothing to do with my -

WENDY. Bum.

PETER. No.

Suddenly there is a jangling of bells and a bright light zooms past PETER. He catches it and throws it into a jug, trapping it - the jug shakes violently. WENDY grabs a teddy bear and wields it at PETER and the jug as if it's a weapon.

WENDY. Okay, all right - get back - what is that? Who are you?

PETER removes a large dagger from his boot and wields it at WENDY.

Oh - okay, that's fine.

WENDY drops the bear. PETER picks up the bear and offers it to WENDY, gently - who takes it hesitantly and holds it to her.

Thanks.

WENDY goes to touch PETER to see if he is real, but PETER pulls back.

PETER. You've got a lovely discolored face. What? I'm going to go now.

PETER hurries to go - embarrassed.

WENDY. No, wait - I'm Wendy - Wendy Moira Angela

Dating.

WENDY steps towards PETER and PETER steps back.

PETER. Hello, Wendy.

WENDY. And you are?

WENDY steps forward for her hand to be shaken - PETER steps back.

PETER. No one touches me, not ever.

WENDY. Why? Are you afraid of girls?

PETER. No. I'm not afraid of anything.

He steps forward boldly. WENDY steps back.

Are you afraid of boys?

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WENDY. No - no, not normally - but you -

PETER. Are particularly terrifying?

WENDY. No.

PETER. Very savage?

WENDY. No.

PETER. Incredibly brave?

WENDY. You've broken into my bedroom in the middle of the night. It's creepy.

PETER. I didn't break in - I fell.

WENDY. What were you doing outside?

PETER. Looking.

WENDY. Still creepy. Creepier - in fact.

PETER. I was looking for my shadow. It's come unstuck and I think he's in here.

WENDY. Why would it be in here if you haven't been in here?

PETER. You ask too many questions.

WENDY. You can't leave your shadow - shadows stay stuck.

PETER. Only if you're boring.

WENDY. I am not boring!

PETER. If you were a Lost Boy then you'd know about shadows /

WENDY. / A what?

*Beat. PETER realises he's let something slip - he panics. The jug on the side starts to shake violently. Out of the jug explodes a bright white light - PETER catches it in his hands as it zooms across the room and successfully stuffs it into a toy box, which he then sits on. It rattles.*  
Is that a lost boy?

**End**

PETER. No.

WENDY. Is it a shadow?

PETER. No.

WENDY. Then what is it?

PETER. A shadow is a good-for-nothing, disloyal, un-sticky, pain in the /

WENDY. / But you said lost boy? How do you know that we lost a boy?

PETER. I really do need to go now.

WENDY. Look - you can't just bowl in here and /

*PETER's shadow tries to creep out from under one of the beds. PETER sees it and leaps over to it - catches it.*

PETER. / Ha! Got you!

WENDY. How is that possible? He's completely separate and still all shadowy - that's /

PETER. / Pretty impressive, right?

WENDY. (*faux-nonchalant*). Well, I don't know, not really - we've all got shadows after all.

PETER. Yeah - but how many have you got?

WENDY. One, obviously.

*PETER plays his harmonica. In through the window bowls a very cool team of SHADOWS.*

WHOA!

PETER. Thanks.

WENDY. Who - what - are you?

*The SHADOWS all point to themselves.*

PETER. Me? O-?

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*Peter, Wendy, Tink, John, Michael*

'talking' to my sister, but unless you leave in two seconds, I'll -

JOHN *draws his toy sword on PETER. PETER plays something sultry on his harmonica - he somersaults majestically and lands on the end of JOHN'S bed and crows.*

*Start* WENDY *(dreamily, enchanted).* John, this is Peter Pan.

JOHN. I don't like him.

WENDY. He's going to take us to Neverland and we're going to find Tom. Come on, Michael - wake up!

TINK. Flaming Nora! No he is not!

MICHAEL *(climbing out of bed, putting on his glasses and being very polite).* Good evening, Flaming Nora, it is a pleasure to meet you. Your dress appears to be a leaf of the genus Quercus, would you mind awfully if I /

TINK. / Keep your genus and your Quercus to yourself, mate.

JOHN. Look, I'm not going on any more of Wendy's 'adventures'. I've taken all the crochet and cake-making and hair-brushing one brother can take, okay? So 'Neverland' with its pretty pink ponies can do one - as can you, young man.

PETER. Ponies? No. Mermaids - yeah.

MICHAEL. Mermaids! Mermaaaais!

PETER. Pirates and Never Wolves and fairy orgies and /

JOHN. / Pirates?

PETER. Most evil pirate in the world lives on Neverland. *(Something comes over PETER, a little like a trance.)* Black heart, red eyes, foulest barnacled buccaneer you've ever smelt. Picks the flesh of children out from between his teeth with his... hook.

JOHN. H-h-hook? You know Captain Hook?

MICHAEL. You've seen him?

PETER. Who do you think sliced off his hand and fed it to the crocodile?

MICHAEL. Nooooo?

JOHN. For God's sake, Wendy, stop fawning; Peter's waiting. She's so slow, Peter, it's a nightmare.

TINK. Peter, a word.

WENDY. There's no time for chatting, we have to leave!

TINK. Keep ya beak out, Mandy.

WENDY. It's Wendy and I thought, 'no one could touch him - not ever'?

TINK. I'm a fairy - it's different. Peter - if she tells her family - they'll put me in a jar or a box or worse - stick a tree up my /

PETER. / Tink! She won't be able to tell them because she'll be in Neverland.

WENDY. We're ready, Peter.

TINK. Don't do this.

WENDY *smiles persuasively at PETER.*

PETER. You can't bring bags - you'll need your arms for flying.

TINK. Oh, for - *(Flips out - storms off.)*

MICHAEL. Fly? We can't fly.

TINK. Oh dear, *quel dommage* - Prissy, Dippy and Dopey won't be going after all.

JOHN. Flying? Pff - piece of cake - just show me how, picked up ruggers in a jiffy.

PETER. You just have to think one happy thought. One completely happy thought - think it till it fills up your whole head and your feet will just lift right up off the ground.

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PETER soars easily into the air. The Darling children try – very hard – but can't seem to do it.

MICHAEL. I can't find one.

WENDY. It's been a long year.

JOHN (sulking). I don't see why I need to have a happy thought to scalp a pirate.

PETER. Tink, you'll have to give them fairy dust.

TINK. No – no, no way, not in a month of –

JOHN steals the fairy dust and throws some on himself – TINK charges off after him. JOHN sprays MICHAEL.

Oh! You little –!

MICHAEL. Me! Me too!

WENDY. Me, me – do me!

PETER. Tink?

JOHN. Can't feel a thing.

TINK throws fairy dust aggressively in WENDY's face.

MICHAEL. Oh, I feel very odd – very odd – my face is all tingly.

JOHN. Your face is always tingly –

MICHAEL. No it is not!

JOHN (mocking). 'Oh, my face is all tingly, my legs are all wobbly, my personality is all SOGGY.'

MICHAEL. My personality is not all /

JOHN. / It's not doing a-a-nything...

JOHN, MICHAEL and WENDY start lifting up into the air.

Oh – oh!

WENDY. No – I – really, it's silly, actually. All this is... very immature – Peter!

JOHN. Mummy! Mummy! I mean, funny – ha – feels awfully funny!

MICHAEL. The ground is getting very far away!

PETER. Tink – lead the way!

JOHN. I'll navigate – Chief Scout – got my toggle in no time! Peter, throw me a bearing, old chap!

PETER. Second on the right and straight on till morning!

JOHN. I think you'll find that's actually /

TINK. / If you're coming – follow me!

WENDY. I'm going to find Tom! I'm going to find Tom!

PETER. Hold on!

*END*

PETER grabs WENDY's hand and together they soar up – up into the night sky. He grins at her – he's got her. She grins back. The ceiling of the bedroom pulls away and the children are exposed to the night sky, full of stars and speckled with snow – the five voyagers zoom upwards, circling the nursery in the night sky above – as if they are a five-figure mobile. Their nightlights become beacons, throwing animals and landscapes up and round the walls. As the children circle, the nursery transforms... The four-poster beds grow up into trunks and sprout leaves – the canopies above the beds stretch out to become a starry night sky, the rocking horse gallops off into the undergrowth, the chandelier grows vines, dropping down and sprouting the most amazing coloured flowers, creeping its way through the forest.

The children exit.

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Lost Boys (Nibs curly slightly Tootles)

Start

ACT TWO

Scene One

Neverland, a game of bubble ball, and then a gaggle of LOST BOYS, bursts into a clearing in the Neverland forest. They're all shouting and running. NIBS, nimble and official Second Captain, CURLY, loveable and very much into his custard, SLIGHTLY, nothing if not trying to be proper, and TOOTLES, little Tootles - would give anything to be brave.

NIBS. To me, to me, Slightly! Slightly!

SLIGHTLY gets the ball to NIBS, who receives it and starts winding it through the other LOST BOYS. TOOTLES tries to catch him.

CURLY (faux-commentator). He ducks, he dives - he's quicker than lightning - Nibs dribbles dribbler than the niftiest dribblest dribbler in all Neverland!

NIBS stops a second, face to face with TOOTLES.

TOOTLES. This time, this time, Nibs, I'm going to /

CURLY. And - he - scores!

NIBS kicks the ball through his legs and scores.

SLIGHTLY (taking over the commenting). No way, José, he's done it again! Tootles is left for dead, eating his dust, see ya later, alligator, you snooze you lose!

TOOTLES. Yes, all right, Slightly!

NIBS dunks the ball offstage. CURLY, still on stage watches him.

NIBS (from off). Hurry up, will you, the mermaids are going to go in goal - we'll have a proper match.

TOOTLES. That was a proper match.

SLIGHTLY. I'll be Captain.

CURLY. I'll be Captain.

SLIGHTLY. I'll be Captain.

CURLY. I'll be Captain.

SLIGHTLY. I'll be Captain.

NIBS enters with the ball.

NIBS. I'm Captain.

SLIGHTLY. Righto.

CURLY. Course.

TOOTLES. No one even considers the idea that I might be Captain.

NIBS. To the lagoon! (Freezes.) Stop.

CURLY. What?

NIBS. Shh! Shh.

They listen - alert.

TOOTLES. W-w-what is it? Nibs?

NIBS. Hunker down, chaps - weapons at the ready; pirates in the undergrowth.

CURLY. Hunting Lost Boys.

NIBS. Weapons at the ready.

TOOTLES. No, no.

TOOTLES panics.

SLIGHTLY. What?

NIBS. We'll head them off at the gully but we need to get onto high ground.

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TOOTLES. Wait.

NIBS. There's no time.

TOOTLES. I've left my bow and arrow - I'll catch you up, two seconds - promise.

CURLY. Careful, Tootles.

NIBS. We can't wait.

TOOTLES. I'll catch you up, I swear.

SLIGHTLY. Hurry! Hurry!

NIBS. This way!

NIBS, CURLY and SLIGHTLY exit in one direction, TOOTLES in the other.

End

*Handwritten:* Pirates (Murt, Jones, Doc Hook, Skylights, Martin Swain)

Scene Two  
PIRATES enter - a grim and dastardly pack: MURT THE BAT, KNOCK-BONE JONES, SKYLIGHTS and DOC SWAIN. They're hunting, almost salivating - they're on the scent of *Lost Boy*.

JONES. Hunker down, rats - there are pipsqueaks in the undergrowth. Shh!

MURT. Come here, little boys - come to Uncle Murt.

DOC SWAIN. It's time for a visit to the doctor.

SKYLIGHTS. Shh! There - listen!

*The PIRATES all freeze - alert - ready for combat.*

MARTIN enters and sneezes violently.

MARTIN. AAAAAACCHOOOOOO!

SKYLIGHTS. Martin!

MARTIN. Anyone got a hanky?

SKYLIGHTS. Can we kill the cabin boy yet?

MARTIN. I'm sorry - I'm so sorry, it's my hay fever. It's terrible with all this skulking, we're so close to the grass - the pollen is an absolute nightmare.

*Beat. The PIRATES turn on him, irate.*

SKYLIGHTS. I think you've caught the sun a little bit, lollipop.

MARTIN. No?! Have I? Where? Tch - I used factor fifty all over.

SKYLIGHTS (*grabs MARTIN by the scruff of the neck*). I've had about enough of you.

JONES. Leave him - you'll make a ruckus and they're close; I can smell them.

DOC SWAIN *sniffs his armpit and looks a little guilty*.

DOC SWAIN. That's not necessarily them.

MARTIN. What if we don't get them?

SKYLIGHTS (*trigh in MARTIN's face*). If we don't get them?

MARTIN. Just asking. Just wondering if there's some sort of contingency. Plan B?

SKYLIGHTS. If we don't get them then I tell Captain it's your foghorn that's blown our cover over and over again.

MARTIN. I - I'm sorry, I can't help my sinuses - I really can't - but as it happens I do actually think some sort of feedback on our process might be quite useful as a means of improvement, perhaps.

DOC SWAIN. Skylights, we ain't got the time for this, they're getting away.

SKYLIGHTS. Feedback? I'd like to see you tell the red-eyed, yellow-toothed, evil old -

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*Lightning and thunder strikes, the ghastly, deadly sound of a sharpened hook being pulled from its scabbard – and, flash! The figure of CAPTAIN HOOK is among us.*

HOOK. Did someone say old?

*The men cower – terrified of their captain. HOOK approaches with his loyal bosun, SMEE, scurrying after him.*

SKYLIGHTS. N-n-n-no, I said – um – c-cold and cruel – is what I said – i-in the best possible w-way, mind.

HOOK. Tell me, Skylights. How do you know when a captain is past it? Hm?

SKYLIGHTS. His – um – uh – maybe a bit slower – maybe and – you know – take their eye off the ball – nothing – nothing that anyone could accuse you of, sir, Captain, sir.

HOOK. I've often heard of buccaners in their latter years starting to feel compassion for the plight of their fellow man. Have you heard that?

SKYLIGHTS. Y-yes?

HOOK. After all that time at sea – with their men by their side – they come to an understanding of basic human weakness. We're all fallible after all – aren't we, Skylights?

SKYLIGHTS. Yes.

HOOK. So as one ages one must become more forgiving – of little slips – of tiny little lapses in loyalty – mustn't one?

HOOK gives SKYLIGHTS a compassionate nudge on the chin.

SKYLIGHTS. Oh yes! Yes!

HOOK. Shame I'm still so young.

HOOK turns SKYLIGHTS upstage and draws his hook across his throat. SKYLIGHTS falls to the floor dead. Beat. SMEE comes and wipes HOOK's hook clean for him.

End

SMEE. Oh, well done, Captain – lovely work, expert.

HOOK. Now, Martin – what was it that you were saying about feedback?

MARTIN. N-n-n-nothing.

HOOK. Come come, I'm all ears. I for one would love to know why my pack of pirates is so horribly incompetent.

MARTIN. Maybe we could do a questionnaire?

HOOK stamps and lets out guttural shout at MARTIN. MARTIN squeals and falls back onto the dead body of SKYLIGHTS, which makes him scream again.

HOOK. Where are the heads of Lost Boys that you promised me? They are children – you are pirates.

MURT. It's like they're invisible, Captain.

HOOK. It might be 'like' they are invisible, Murt – but crucially they are not invisible. They are fully fleshed little human children that should be very easy for anyone with half a brain to catch.

MARTIN. Maybe they're just very good at hiding.

MARTIN sneezes and HOOK turns on him – grabs him – and is about to strike him.

We're going to find them – we are.

HOOK. THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING STANDING AROUND GOSSIPING LIKE OLD LADIES?

HOOK throws MARTIN to the floor.

FIND ME PETER PAN!

PIRATES exit. SMEE quickly scuttles to his master's aid.

SMEE. Good show, Captain, very leadery leadering there I thought.

HOOK. It's almost dusk.

Hook & Smee

Start

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SMEE. Aye, Captain.

HOOK. Look at me, Smee.

SMEE. I'm always looking at you, Captain.

HOOK. I'm the greatest pirate the world has ever seen.

SMEE. Oh yes, oh yes.

HOOK. So why don't I have Peter Pan's head on a spike?

SMEE. Oh, we will - we will and we'll have a little party,

Captain. You know - shabby-chic, erect a yurt.

HOOK. A what?

SMEE. A yurt. Jam jars and gin and tonics. Mint juleps. I tell a lie - how about strawberry daiquiris? Little umbrellas - maybe with Pan's face on them - (*Imitates.*) now he's there - now he's gone. Now you see him, now you don't. Something summery. What do you think?

HOOK *slaps SMEE across the face.*

Lovely, Captain. Lovely.

HOOK. I'm going to kill you, Peter Pan - and when I do, people will remember my name: Captain James Hook - the pirate that killed childhood. And you - Peter - Peter who? No one will love you, Peter, no one will care - no one will whisper your name in their prayers.

No one will tell your story ever again.

HOOK *laughs, delighted, then stops - spotting the children in the audience. He eyeballs them.*

I can see you, out there - the whites of your eyes sparkling in the dark. I can hear you breathing... well, here I come, children... here I come - Captain Hook is going to get you.

*The CROCODILE enters.*

SMEE. Captain? Captain - the - the c-crocodile. Captain? Come on!

SMEE *exits.*

HOOK *turns to face the CROCODILE.*

HOOK. Back for the rest of me?

*The CROCODILE creaks and bends and snaps its jaws and goes chasing after HOOK.*

Not this time - not ever!

HOOK *exits, pursued by CROCODILE.*

*End*

*Scene Three*

TOOTLES *enters, carrying his bow and arrow - desperately chasing after the CROCODILE.*

TOOTLES (*with his eyes closed*). I can shoot the crocodile - I know I can if only I'm - (*Opens his eyes and the CROCODILE has gone. Gives up, downcast.*) brave. (*Stops suddenly and stares at the forest floor, where SKYLIGHTS has been despatched.*) There's... (*Tests it.*) blood on the ground. Boys? Boys! What if they've been taken - what if it's my fault - what if -

TINK *appears - as a small, bright light.*

TINK! You're back! Have you seen the boys? Did you see what happened - there's blood! Look - there's - a bird? No - listen - Peter wants me to shoot a bird? Where? It's a very big white bird. No, but really I have to find the boys - brave? Peter said I was brave? I have to shoot it because I'm the bravest? Me?

TOOTLES *looks up - then aims his bow and arrow up at TINK.*

You're right - you're right, Tink. If Peter wants it doing then I'm the man for the job.

(11)

PETER. What?

TINK. Fairy grapevine report is - Hook is going about saying 'If only I'd known that all it took to defeat Peter Pan was some dipstick in a nightie - what a wimp.'

PETER. Defeat? He hasn't defeated anything. What's he talking about?

TINK. Well, sitting here on your bum doing the old - (*Imitates a baby crying 'she hates me'*)

PETER. Get me my sword.

TINK. Your what?

PETER. MY SWORD.

TINK. My pleasure.

PETER. Tell the boys to meet me at Marooner's Rock.

TINK. That's my boy.

PETER. Tell them Pan is leading an attack.

TINK gives PETER his sword.

TINK. Oh but Peter, what about Mandy out there on her lonesome?

PETER. He's going to die this time. Captain Hook is going to die!

PETER exits.

TINK (*to audience*). Oh, come on - it was just a smidgy little white lie. (*Shouting off*) Laaads! Up and at 'em - we're going into battle!

*Wendy & Tiger Lily*

Scene Six *Start*

WENDY walks alone in the Never Forest. The night draws in.

WENDY. Oh, please don't get dark, not now. Come on, Wendy, be brave.

*A twig cracks.*

What was that? Who's there?

*An arrow shoots out over her head - she ducks. A hooded figure - TIGER LILY - appears and holds her bow up at WENDY.*

Stop - please - please don't shoot. I've already been shot once today and I'm - quite tired.

TIGER LILY lowers her bow.

Thank you. Who are you? It's you - you're the one who saved me earlier!

TIGER LILY raises her bow in WENDY's face.

Look, if you're going to shoot me just get on and do it and if you aren't then have the manners to stop pointing that thing at me.

TIGER LILY. Kid's got courage.

TIGER LILY drops the arrow and drops the hood of the cape. She's wearing a hoody with jeans, hi-tops, her hair is braided. She's young, early teens, black with a vibe of impossible cool. She has the look of someone ready to move. She has a hand-axe slung through her belt and an amazing bow and quiver slung across her body with 'TIGER' etched on the side.

WENDY. No way! You're a - girl?

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TIGER LILY. And?

WENDY. I'm a girl.

TIGER LILY. No? Really?

WENDY. Yes, yes I am – and I'll tell you what – there aren't any others – except Tink – who's hardly friendly – we should team up – we should /

TIGER LILY. / Let's have a sleepover!

WENDY. Yes!

TIGER LILY. No.

WENDY. Oh.

TIGER LILY. Now get lost. It's not safe out here. Pirates are on the prowl.

WENDY. No – wait – just, listen to me – you might be able to help me – I'm looking for a lost boy – he's about this tall with a big smile, he's six – no, wait, he'd be seven by now – and I think he's in the forest or the pirates might have him or /

TIGER LILY. / All the Lost Boys live with Pan.

WENDY. The boy I lost was my brother, I need to get him back. I need to fix my family. Please.

TIGER LILY *stops and turns back to WENDY. Something has moved her, changed her.*

TIGER LILY. I'm sorry; I haven't seen your brother.

WENDY. I'm Wendy, Wendy Moira Angela Da – *(Stops herself, tries to be cool.)* Just call me Wendy. Or Wen. Or W.

TIGER LILY. Tiger Lily. You can call me Tiger Lily. Good luck.

TIGER LILY *turns to go.*

WENDY. No wait – please – you look like you can fight and /

TIGER LILY. / Rahl!

WENDY *jumps. TIGER LILY laughs.*

WENDY. I can be – I'm quite – I was actually fourth in hopscotch championship at school. Fourth.

TIGER LILY. Oooh – easy now, homeslice.

WENDY. If you're not a Lost Boy or a pirate or a fairy then what are you?

TIGER LILY. I'm a Picin.

WENDY. What's a Picin?

TIGER LILY. A tribe – good people, proud people from the most beautiful part of the island.

WENDY. Will you show me? Maybe the Picins might know something about /

TIGER LILY. / *They're gone. They're all gone. I'm the only one left.* **END**

WENDY. What happened?

TIGER LILY. Hook happened.

WENDY. Oh, Tiger Lily – I'm so sorry that's – that's –

WENDY *tries to hug TIGER LILY. TIGER LILY steps back.*

TIGER LILY. Tch – relax – don't get all fluffy on me.

WENDY. Sorry. Sorry.

TIGER LILY. I got to go and make some pirates un-alive – you should find somewhere to hide. They're baying for blood tonight.

TIGER LILY *turns to go.*

WENDY. No, wait – I was just trying to be cool with the hopscotch thing – I've never really fought anyone and I don't know where I am and I'm – I'm a bit scared. I need some help. And I know you already saved me once and I shouldn't push my luck – but we could maybe fight together – I could return the favour – I could be your friend, Wendy. Fwendy.

TINK. She looked... happy.

PETER *charges for the door, TINK steps in his way.*

No, don't, Pete - you'll make a monkey of yourself - you turn up there and she don't want saving and Hook's going to laugh right in your face.

PETER. She was dancing... with Hook?

TINK. No - you'll look like a 'naana.

PETER. Move, Tink.

TINK. I'm saving you from yourself.

PETER. Get out of my way -

TINK. Pete, no!

*TINK throws a lot of fairy dust in PETER's face. He stumbles, he swoons - he falls down. TINK kneels next to him, putting down the medicine bottle by his side.*

Uh-oh - I think I used a bit much - Pete? Come on - wakey wakey - it's just a bit of fairy dust - I'm sorry - I - oh bum, he's out cold. Pete? Pete? Oh, what have I done? Come on, Pete?

*There's a noise in one of the entrance trees. TINK dashes over.*

Oh no, it's the boys - now, Nibs, it's going to look bad but - *(Freezes)* that don't sound like Nibs... that sounds like... *(Dashes back over to PETER.)* Peter - you got to wake up, you hear me? You got to wake up now, Peter! Oh no - I'm so sorry - *(Looks around her desperately, there's someone at door.)* Go small, Tink - go small - I can't I'm too full of 'traid. Oh, bum.

TINK *exits. HOOK enters, cautiously, his sword raised. He sees PETER.*

HOOK. Look, he sleeps - his precious medicine from Mummy right by his side.

HOOK *raises his hook ready to swipe at him but can't somehow. He stops. Bends down close to PETER instead.*

What lurks in that empty-seeming head? Are you still so much a boy that you can sleep soundly? Even when the night-time comes - when all is quiet - you are not yet plagued by worry?

Is your mind still kind to you?

PETER *murmurs.*

Or no, listen - is there some anguish here?

I don't want your life, Peter - I don't want your charm - I don't even want your youth. I want your time. Give me your time. Time again - time to make mistakes, time to be unsure - a time when errors were lessons and not failures. When things could still turn out all right; when hope was not so foolish - oh, Peter - you lucky thing - take me back to endlessness... take me back to a time before I was aware of time.

HOOK *lifts the medicine bottle.*

Three drops of poison and he'll never wake again. Dream, Peter, dream.

HOOK *puts the poison into the bottle, leaves it by PETER's side and exits.*

PETER *sits bolt upright, a little woozy. He reaches for the medicine and goes to plug it.*

PETER. Wendy.

TINK *bursts out of the cupboard and knocks the medicine from his hand, they both go tumbling.*

Stop it! Tink! Give me the medicine! It's not a game!

PETER *grabs it back and goes to drink it. TINK grabs it.*

TINK. No, Peter!

*Start*

*Hook Mordley*

*\**

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