

There's the Davenport children's theater!
There's the balcony! There's Mr. Smee! Bump Heeter.
My God, Mary Ellen Hurlbutt – she looks so pretty!
And in the audience, Mary Fluhrer Nighswander! And
all the men in the lobby are wearing hats!

Peter Pan lands on the stage.

I think I see my father in the audience.
I take a bow.

She takes a bow.

Her father approaches.

With a bouquet of flowers.

Thanks, Dad. Did you grow these yourself?

FATHER. Yep.

You looked great up there.
How 'bout my little girl flying?
Now let's go back to one-eleven. There's a little party
for you. Mother made Chex party mix.
You can change out of those green tights and come
home.

PETER PAN. I can go home?

FATHER. Whaddya mean, of course you can. It's your last
Christmas before you go out east to college.
We're all going to miss you. But it's going to be an
awfully big adventure.

PETER PAN. Do you think so?

FATHER. I know so.

PETER PAN. I'm suddenly afraid.

Did you die?
What was it like?
Your breathing was terrible.
It seemed like you didn't want to go.
Was it awful?

FATHER. Come on now, change your costume.

PETER PAN. I don't want to change costumes.

FATHER. Those green tights can't be too comfortable after a while. Mother's waiting at home.

PETER PAN. Will you come with me?

FATHER. They don't want a father in the dressing room.

PETER PAN. No, I mean will you come with me?

FATHER. 'Course I will. I've been here all along.

PETER PAN. Oh, good! Will you hold my flowers while I change? And my photograph with Mary Martin?
It's my good luck charm.

He nods and takes them.

A moment.

FATHER. I'm very proud of you, Annie.

PETER PAN. Thanks, Dad.

FATHER. All right.

They embrace.

He exits. She watches him go.