

Peter Pan
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new version by Rob Evans

Final Draft (7th December 2012)

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Characters

Wendy
Peter
Dad/Hook
Lugs/Smee/Tinker Bell (if shown)
Michael/Tootles/Pirate
John/Nibs/Pirate
Jamie/Curley/Pirate

Settings

The Flat

Flying

Neverland 1

Neverland 2 – These are neutral spaces within Neverland

The Lost Boys' Home - a massive treehouse in the woods.

Below the Lost Boys' Home

The Deck of Hook's Ship

Scene Breakdown

ACT I

1. The Flat – The night before Christmas
2. The Flat – Peter Pan appears and Wendy leaves
3. Flying - Peter and Wendy fly to Neverland

ACT II

1. Neverland 1 – The Lost Boys appear
2. Neverland 1 – Hook appears
3. Long Tom is fired.
4. Neverland 2 – Lost Boys shoot Wendy
5. Neverland 2 – Peter finds Wendy dead
6. The Deck of Hook's Ship – The sabotage of Long Tom is discovered
7. The Treehouse – Wendy wakes in the Lost Boys' home & Montage of time passing in Neverland (The best summer ever)
8. Under the Treehouse – Hook finds the Lost Boys' home
9. The Treehouse – Wendy kisses Peter
10. Under the Treehouse – Wendy joins Hook

ACT III

1. The Deck of Hook's Ship – Wild Wendy the Pirate Blackheart.
2. The Treehouse – Peter banishes the Lost Boys & is trapped by Wendy and Hook.
3. The Deck of Hook's Ship – The poison is released
4. The Deck of Hook's Ship – The Lost Boys free Peter and Wendy
5. The Deck of Hook's Ship – Hook is defeated
6. The Deck of Hook's Ship – Wendy says goodbye
7. The Flat – Peter bars the window
8. The Flat – Wendy is reunited with her family

ACT I

1.

(A flat at the top of a large tower block built in the 1960s. Brown and orange are probably the predominant colours of this flat. We can see a living room, off it are four doors. One is the main door to the flat complete with several locks and a security chain, another which has beads hanging rather than a door leads to a small kitchenette beyond which is the bathroom, another leads to the boys room and has a skull and cross-bones on the door and the final door leads to dad's bedroom. The room has a two bar electric fire in it with a fan that blows ribbons to look like flames. The walls have large print wallpaper from a previous decade. There is an old TV and the whole room is fairly chaotic with bits of Dad's inventions sitting about.)

Michael sits with a woman's silk headscarf on. He breathes in its scent.

John runs screaming from the kitchen. He is waving a bra. He runs across the sofa. Another boy, Jamie, has entered as well. He stands by the kitchen door with his hands in his pockets.)

John: Look what I found in Wendy's room.
Jamie! Jamie! Catch.

*(Jamie shakes his head and keeps a low profile.
Wendy shouts from the kitchen.)*

Wendy: John. Give that back!

(A second later Wendy enters. She is wearing pyjamas. John has jumped on the table. He is holding the bra over his own chest and puffing it out.)

John: Oh, oh, I'm Wendy. Look at me! My first bra.

Jamie: John-

Wendy: Give it here.

John: No way. Not till I've shown it to the other guys. They are going to wet themselves eh, Jamie?

Wendy: You wouldn't.

John: I would. The only thing is, they're all going to want to know what exactly you're planning on filling it with.

(Wendy has tears in her eyes. One of them falls.)

Wendy: Please John, don't.

(She looks up at him)

Jamie: Give it back to her John.

(Beat)

John: Fine. It was only a joke. No need to cry about it.

(John throws the bra at Wendy)

(To Jamie) Come on!

(Jamie looks apologetically at Wendy as they both go to John's room.)

(Wendy hides the bra away. Michael waits till she has calmed.)

Michael: It's okay Wendy.
Will you tell me a story before bed?
Please.

Wendy: Which one?

Michael: Peter Pan.

Wendy: Once upon a time there was a little girl called Catherine.

Michael: Mum.

Wendy: Yes, mum.

Michael: And she was a little girl?

Wendy: Yep.

Michael: How old?

Wendy: My age.

Michael: And she was pretty?

Wendy: Very pretty. Her mouth had one kiss on it that no one could ever get at.

Michael: I remember that.

Wendy: ...

Michael: But one night...

Wendy: But one night when Catherine was all tucked up in bed Peter flew in through her open window. Her mum and dad had gone out and left her alone.

Michael: Idiots.

Wendy: So there he was standing looking at Catherine who had fallen asleep.

Michael: What colour was his hair?

Wendy: Black.

Michael: Yes.

Wendy: And when Catherine woke up she said-

Michael: 'What are you doing boy?'

Wendy: 'Looking.' he said.

Michael: 'At what?'

Wendy: 'At you.'

And they talked and talked the whole night until Peter had to go, but before he left Catherine asked if he would like a kiss. And he said yes and held out his hand.

Michael: He didn't know what a kiss was.

Wendy: No. And Catherine was embarrassed so she took a button from her pyjamas and gave it to him.

Michael: And then he asked if she would like a kiss.

Wendy: Yes.

Michael: 'And so from off his clothes he took a button.' Say it. Like mum.

Wendy: And so from off his clothes he took a button; a silver acorn. And it was magic. You could tell by the way it glowed. And forever after Catherine wore it round her neck to remind her of the night she met Peter Pan.

(Wendy has revealed a necklace she is wearing. It is a silver acorn.)

Michael: And now you've got it.

Wendy: Yes.

Michael: Because mum's dead.

Wendy: Yeah.

Michael: Never mind.
We'll have a nice Christmas.

Wendy: ... yeah.

I'm sorry there's no tree this year Michael.

Michael: S'okay.

Wendy: And I don't think Dad will have got us any presents. Just in case you thought...

Michael: I know. Cashflow problem.

(Just then there is a knock at the door. A voice from outside.)

Dad: *(V.O)* Can someone give me a hand out here?

(John runs through the living room.)

John: Dad!

(John exits out the front door.)

John: Oh my God! Oh my God!
You are joking.

*(John comes back in covered in tinsel and holding a box.
Wendy is confused.)*

Wendy: What is it?

John: It's Christmas. Dad's bought it.

(Michael rushes to the door)

Dad: There you go. Michael, you take that. *(Giving him a christmas tree to carry)*

Wendy: Dad?

Dad: Come on Wendy. There's more stuff to carry.

*(Wendy is taken aback, but then she joins in.
They bring in decorations, a tree and put it all up. It is a bit bling.)*

Wendy: There's no fairy for the top.

Dad: Really? I'm sure I got one.

(Dad searches, but cannot find one. Jamie finds one in an old bag)

Jamie: Here it is.

(Dad takes it off Jamie and looks at it a bit puzzled. It is a strange fairy.)

John: It looks like a bloke.

Michael: He's perfect.

Dad: *(He looks at it puzzled)* Oh well.

(Dad puts it on top of the tree. Finished. They sit down.)

Now. I've got a little surprise.

Tada!

*(Dad pulls out three presents from his coat.
John is amazed. Michael just likes being near his dad.)*

Well?

Happy Christmas.

John, for you.

Michael.

And last but not least. Wendy.

Sorry Jamie, I didn't know you were here or I'd've gotten something for you too.

Jamie: S'alright Mr Darling.

Dad: You didn't think I'd forgotten, did you?

Wendy: But...how?

John: Can we open them?

Dad: Sure.

Michael: It's not Christmas yet.

Dad: That doesn't matter. We can do it our own way.

(John has already ripped open his present. It is expensive. He looks at his dad in amazement.)

John: Really?

Dad: It's what you wanted, isn't it?

John: *(he looks at Jamie)* I told you my dad was the best.

Dad: What about you Michael?

(Michael opens his present. It is a pen with loads of colours in it.)

It's so you can draw anywhere you want. It's got all the colours in it.

Do you like it?

*(Michael looks at Dad and nods. He is a bit shaken by how good it is.
Wendy has opened her present. It is a bottle of perfume.)*

Wendy: Thanks.

Michael: Wendy wanted a notebook, to write down all her stories.

Dad: ...oh.

Wendy: This is lovely.

Dad: It was your mum's favourite.

Wendy: How did you afford all this?

Dad: I'm your dad. You don't need to worry about it.

Wendy: But... I thought we had to be careful. You said-

Dad: It's fine.

...

Look, I sold one of my designs.

Wendy: Which one?

Dad: What? Don't you trust me? People still want my inventions, you know. They haven't forgotten the...

(Picking an invention from a box of several hundred)

All: disposable eye drop funnels.

Wendy: We know.

Dad: Or the...

(Picking out another)

All: battery powered chop-sticks.

Dad: Or the

(Picking another invention up)

All: fully patented pointing stick.

Jamie: That's amazing Mr Darling.

Dad: Thankyou Jamie.

See Wendy, even Jamie thinks I'm good for something. Eh? Eh?

(Wendy smiles)

There she is. My little girl. Haven't seen her in a while.

Right. *(putting his jacket on)* Wendy, you're in charge.

John: Where are you going?

Dad: Just...out for a bit.

Wendy: The pub.

Dad: It's bedtime. For all of you.

Michael: Dad. Can't you put me to bed? Read me a story before you go?

Dad: Not just now Michael.

John: Can Jamie stay?

Dad: Really? On Christmas Eve? Won't your parents miss you?

Jamie: Not really. If it's okay with you Mr Darling.

Dad: Of course.

(John and Jamie go to John's room)

(Michael has unlatched the window.)

What are you doing?

Michael: Opening the window. In case Peter comes again tonight.

Dad: What?

Wendy: He means Peter Pan.

(Dad rolls his eyes and exits to his bedroom)

Michael: He was here last night. Caught his shadow on the window when he left. I called after him, but he was gone.

Tell him it's in the drawer of the sideboard. I folded it up.

Got it?

Wendy: Yes.

(Michael goes to his room. Wendy is left alone.

There is a knock at the door.

The letterbox opens.)

Lugs: Hello!

Hello?

(Wendy opens the door)

Wendy: Hi Mister Porter.

Lugs: Oh Wendy. Hi.
Is you're Dad about?

Wendy: He's just getting ready.

Lugs: Oh right. Yes.

...
Merry Christmas.

(he looks at Wendy and wraps his coat a bit tighter. Shivering)

Wendy: Would you like to come in?

Lugs: Oh yes please. That would be lovely. Charming. Charming. Thankyou.

(he enters, a bit bashful.)

So...
You've grown.

(He sees the tree.)

Nice tree.

Wendy: Dad brought it back.

Lugs: Yes. Yes. Shame really, but you know, worth it.

Wendy: What?

Lugs: Well, I mean it's just a shame, isn't it? Your mum's...
But...
You know...
Happy Christmas.

Wendy: What are you talking about?

Lugs: You mean you...?

Wendy: What?

Lugs: Nothing.

Wendy: No go on.

Lugs: I'm sure your dad will explain...it.

Wendy: Explain what?

Lugs: I...
I'm not really sure.

Wendy: Yes.

Lugs: Well, you know, having to sell your mum's stuff. For the tree and everything.

Wendy: What?

(At that moment Dad returns carrying something under his arm, a box.)

Dad?

Dad: Wendy.

Wendy: What's that?

Dad: Nothing. Just...

(Wendy has run to her dad and tried to pull the box from him.)

Wendy stop it. Wendy!

Wendy: What. Is. It.

*(The box falls. Jewelry spills out.
Dad quickly kneels and collects it all again)*

That's mum's jewelry.

Dad: I know.

Wendy: So, what are you doing with it?

(Dad stands. He looks at Wendy)

Dad: We've got nothing else.

(Wendy is shaking her head. Softly chanting.)

Wendy: No. No no no no no. Give it back!

(She makes a lunge for the box)

Wendy. Stop it!

Wendy: Please. Please. Don't Dad. We can take all this back. We don't need any of it.

Dad: Stop it. You hear me.
I want us to have a good Christmas. Together.

Wendy: Don't.

Dad: Enough!

Now I'm selling these things. And I'm sorry you had to find out like this.
I am.

But you have to grow up now.

We all do.

And sometimes that means letting go.

Moving on.

Together.

Can't you see? I've got no choice Wendy. We need to pay the rent. Food. We've got nothing.

(Dad goes to put his jacket on)

SONG: Never Never

**Wendy: I was once your little girl
When you held me, felt I'd never
Touch the ground.**

Dad: I'm sorry.

(Dad and Lugs leave.)

Wendy: Dad. DAD!

**How the world shone in your eyes
You were perfect.
Never thought you'd
Let me down.**

(John comes out of his room with his coat on. Jamie following.)

Jamie: Are you okay Wendy?

Wendy: Where are you going?

John: None of your business. We're going out with the lads.

Wendy: It's bedtime.

John: 'It's bedtime. It's bedtime.' You're not my mum.

Wendy: It's Christmas Eve.

John: Mum's gone. We're not a family anymore. Not like that.

(To Jamie) Come on.

(Jamie looks uncertain and finally exits after John.)

You tell me I'll understand

**I'll make sense of all your plans
When I grow**

**All will be perfectly clear
As if it's easy, to forget her,
Just let go.**

**But right now I really can't see
How growing up could ever be
The answer to
These feelings I
Have about you**

**You've taught us always to trust
in the facts. If you look there's an answer
Why why why?**

**But you don't ever ask why
You can't say what the stars in the sky mean or why good things have to die
I won't trust those who just put up and shut up.
When it seems what it means for me to grow up is**

**Close right down
I can feel we're drowning
I'm not ready yet to move along
Let her go
Walk right on**

**I will never never change my mind
If growing up means leaving her behind.**

(Wendy sits on the sofa. She finds her mum's headscarf and holds it to her as she falls asleep exhausted.)

2.

(The lights of the christmas tree flicker and come on again. Then all the lights flicker in the flat and go out one by one, until with a small noise the final lights pop and we are all in darkness. All except for the light of Tinkerbell. S/he bears a resemblance to the fairy from the tree. It's difficult to tell what gender Tinkerbell is as fairies don't quite follow the regular rules. But one thing's for sure, S/he likes glitter. Sometimes Tink appears as a light and sometimes she takes a larger form like we see him/her now. Tink is disorientated for a bit then s/he sees Wendy. S/he goes up to Wendy and growls at her, it is a strangely camp fairy growl, half cat, half child, half something else. Tink then starts searching the flat. She disappears into Michael's room.

In the half dark the window is blown open by the breathing of a thousand stars and as the curtains are blown back Peter is revealed, standing there.)

Peter: Tink! Where are you?

(Tinkerbell appears as a light)

Have you found it?

(Tinkerbell speaks in fairy language. It's a bit like Polari.)

Where? Here?

(Peter goes over to the sideboard. He searches through the drawer and pulls out his shadow. He closes the drawer on Tinkerbell. He sits on the floor and tries to put the shadow back on. It doesn't work. Wendy moves. Peter is scared, for the first time he flies, a quick move up and back until he crouches frozen on the sideboard. He waits, but Wendy doesn't wake so he flies over to her and examines her closely. Wendy moves and he sees the necklace she has in her hand. He recognises it.)

Peter: Mine.

(He pulls at the necklace, which wakes Wendy. She sees him then shouts and jumps from the couch. She grabs something to point at Peter, it is one of Michael's paintbrushes. She looks at it and perhaps has second thoughts.)

Wendy: Who are you?

Peter: Who are you?

Wendy: What are you doing?

Peter: What are you doing?

Wendy: How did you get in here?

Peter: Window.

Wendy: Ha ha.

Peter: Ha Ha!
Ha Ha Ha Ha!

Wendy: This is John, isn't it? You're one of his pals. Very funny. But I've had enough tonight, got it?! You can get lost.

Peter: Who's John?

Wendy: My brother.

Peter: Oh. I hate brothers.

Wendy: What do you want?

Peter: I came to get my thing back. My thing. In the drawer. My shadow. But it won't stick back on.

(he smiles at her)

Wendy: *(talking to the flat in general)* Look. John. You can come out now. It's not very funny.

(Peter is trying in vain to get his shadow to go back on, but it won't. He slumps to the floor.)

Peter: Why won't it go back on? What am I meant to do without a shadow? How will I know if the sun's come up?

Wendy: Look. I don't care. Just get out.

(Peter looks at her.)

Peter: Fine.

(He gets up. Walks to the window. Looks back at her.)

You shouldn't've stolen that, you know. I would've given it to you.

Wendy: What?

Peter: That kiss.

(Peter opens the window.)

Wendy: What's your name?

Peter: Peter

Wendy: Peter what?

Peter: Peter Pan.

(with this he flies up onto the window ledge and is about to fly off.)

Wendy: Wait!

(Peter stops)

You're Peter Pan?

Peter: I know.

Wendy: You knew my mum. You gave this to her. You said it was a kiss.

Peter: It is a kiss.

Wendy: She taught you that.

Peter: I doubt it. I probably taught her. If it's all the same to you I should be going.

Wendy: Wait! *(indicating his shadow)* I can stick that back on if you like.

Peter: Really?

Wendy: Course. Wait there.

(Wendy runs out and comes back in with a stapler. She has to coax Peter to get the stapler near him.)

Peter: What is it?

Wendy: A stapler.

Peter: 'Stay-pler'

Wendy: Should probably sew it on, but this'll do. This might hurt.

Peter: I doubt it.

(She staples his shadow back on. It obviously hurts, but Peter doesn't want to let it show.)

Wendy: There!

Peter: That's brilliant. Look at that.

(He does a dance. His shadow is a bit slow at first, but then catches up and comes back into line. He flies up into the air and spins about.)

Did you see? I fixed it. Bam! Stapled. Bam! Oh the cleverness of me.

Wendy: You?

Peter: Well, you helped a bit, but it was mainly my idea.

Wendy: Oh right.

Peter: Sorry. I can't help crowing. *(He comes back down to Wendy. Charming.)* Thankyou very much for putting my shadow back on.

Wendy: You're welcome.

(Peter makes to go. Just then there is a noise. A high pitched screaming and a thumping coming from the sideboard.)

Wendy: What's that?

Peter: I don't know. It's coming from over here.

(He is looking at exactly the same drawer he locked Tink in. He opens it. Tink rushes out. Furious.)

Peter: Someone locked Tink in the drawer.
Who was it Tink?

(Tink speaks)

She says it was you.

Wendy: It was not.

(Something pinches Wendy.)

Ow!

Peter: Sorry.
Tink, stop it! She's only trying to help.

(Tink speaks)

Language!

Wendy: What is it?

Peter: Tinker Bell. My fairy. She's a bit common, but...

(listening to Tinker Bell)

Well, you are.

Wendy: Can I see her?

Peter: Tink's not really a her.

Wendy: Him then.

Peter: Hmmmm, not really that either. No one knows what fairies are, neither do they.

Wendy: I didn't think they existed.

(Tink explodes)

Peter: Shhhh. Don't say that.
(to Tink) She didn't mean it.
Did you?

(Wendy shakes her head)

Peter: You see there's a fairy for every boy and girl in the world, but whenever someone says "I don't believe in fairies" then one of them drops down dead. It's horrible.

(Tink is still buzzing around)

Tink, show yourself. *(to Wendy)* They're so fast you can't really see them unless they want you to.

Tink!

(Tink whispers in Peter's ear)

Peter: I'm sorry. Tink says she doesn't want to show himself to anyone as fat as you. *(Tink speaks some more)* And she's worried she might catch something. *(Tink speaks again)*
And-

Wendy: Yes. Okay. I get it.

Peter: I think it's because you locked her in the drawer.

Wendy: I didn't.

Peter: Right. We have to go. Tink's got a wedding to go to.

(Tink speaks)

Peter: Civil partnership.

Wendy: I would've loved to have seen a fairy.
They were always in the stories my mum told.
I thought she was making them up.

Peter: Stories?

(Wendy nods)

Like what?

Wendy: All sorts.

Peter: Were there heroes?

Wendy: Yes.

Peter: And villains.

Wendy: Yes.

Peter: And she'd tell them until you were fast asleep.

Wendy: Yes, and I wouldn't remember her leaving.

(Peter has developed a hungry look. It is strange.)

Peter: I don't know any stories. They don't stay in.

(Wendy is caught by his look.)

Wendy: I could tell you some. If you want.

Ow!

Peter: Tink. Stop it!
(to Wendy) I've never known her so naughty.

(Tink is screaming. Peter flies about trying to catch her.)

Wendy: What does she say?

Peter: She says I'm a silly ass. And she hopes we'll be happy together.
What's she talking about?

(Wendy shrugs. A bit embarrassed.)

Peter: Tink! Say sorry to Catherine at once.

Wendy: What did you call me?

Peter: Catherine.

Wendy: That's my mum's name.

Peter: So what's your name?

Wendy: Wendy.

Peter: Bye bye Catherine. Hello Wendy.

Wendy: What's it like, to fly?

Peter: I can teach you if you want.

Wendy: Really?

Peter: Course. It's easy. You just think of something lovely and it lifts you up.

(He makes her stand on the sofa.)

There. Now concentrate. Think of something lovely.

(Wendy closes her eyes)

Have you got it?

(Wendy nods. She jumps and falls on the ground. Peter laughs)

Takes practice.

Try again. There. Have you thought of something?
Let it fill you up.

*(Wendy opens her eyes and looks at Peter.
She looks down and sees they have flown off the ground.
She wobbles.
Peter grabs her hand and pulls her towards the window)*

Wendy: What are you doing?

Peter: Come with me Wendy. Back to Neverland. Meet the lost boys. They'd love you.

Wendy: Who?

Peter: The Lost Boys. My gang. They're the kids that fall out of their prams or get left behind in shops. If no one claims them within seven days they get sent to Never Land. I'm Captain. But we've been looking for someone like you to tell us stories. Would you do that?

Wendy: I can't.

Peter: Why not?

(Wendy sinks to the floor.)

Wendy: I have to stay here. Look after my brothers.

Peter: They can look after themselves for a bit can't they?

(Wendy hesitates)

Peter: You'd rather stay here when you could be up there with me, talking to the stars. Jumping on the wind's back and just... *(he crows)*

SONG: Letting Go

**Come fly away and soar up high
Explode across the aching sky
And taste the clouds
Before they thunder**

**To flaberdash and fly and
scream out as the sun streams in
Release yourself from
what you know
And breathe in once and just let go!**

Peter: I'll bring you back whenever you want.

Wendy: Promise?

*(Wendy has climbed onto the window ledge with Peter. She holds his hand.
Peter turns around so him and Wendy are facing in.
At that moment Michael comes in.)*

His face lights up to see Peter.)

Michael: Peter!

Peter: Bye kiddo.

(With that Peter and Wendy fall backwards off the window.

Michael runs to it and watches them go.

We see the whole towerblock in silhouette and two figures fall, fall, fall until they finally swoop up just in time.)

3. Flying

(In the darkness we hear voices from Wendy's mind. Her mum telling a story. Then in voice over.)

Wendy: (V.O.) How far is Neverland?

Peter: (V.O.) I don't know. A bit.

Wendy: (V.O.) How do we get there?

Peter: (V.O.) Second to the right and straight on till morning.

Wendy: (V.O.) You're ridiculous.

Peter: (V.O.) Up to the left and down past tomorrow.

Through from the back and just round the corner.

(Then we hear the rush of wind, then the approach of a screaming banshee. It is Peter. We hear the effort of Wendy as she struggles to keep up with Peter.)

Wendy: Wait. Peter. I'm still learning.

Peter: Come on Wendy. There's so much to see.
Just breathe deep. There. Breathe. See. Breathe. Now up we go.

(We hear Wendy laugh. She can't help it. Peter has taken her in a vertical upward swoop. The air around them starts to glow with the ozone in the air)

Wendy: What's that?

Peter: The stratosphere.

Wendy: Is it?

Peter: You can hear it humming, see. Like a fridge. Come on! Up up up until...

*(There is total peace except for the eternal ching of millions and millions of stars. Each one crystal clear. Like nothing you've ever heard before.
When Wendy speaks her voice is only in their heads.)*

Wendy: (V.O.) Why can't you hear me?

Peter: (V.O.) It's space Wendy. There's no sound out here. Only the call of stars. See?

(Wendy listens. It is beautiful.)

Wendy: (V.O.) Look at it Peter.
I want to fly forever.

Peter: (V.O.) You can.

Wendy: (V.O.) Really?

Peter: (V.O.) Of course.

Wendy: (V.O.) Won't it stop?

Peter: (V.O.) Only if you grow up.

Wendy: (V.O.) Then I'll never grow up.

Peter: (V.O.) Exactly!

(Peter takes Wendy's hand and pulls her down, laughing.)

Peter: Faster. Go faster.

Wendy: How?

Peter: Make yourself smaller. Like a bullet.

(They gather momentum. They hear strange sounds zoom past either side of them as they weave through the air.)

Wendy: What's that?

Peter: Cows.

Wendy: What?

Peter: Cows. Look!

(He launches them up and to a standstill. We see the cows in the darkness far below.)

Peter: Mooooooooo!

Wendy: Mooooo!

Peter: Moooooooooooo!

Wendy: Come on.

(They race out over the water.)

Peter: Dare you.

Wendy: Dare you.

(Peter smiles and together they dip their feet in the waves.)

Peter: Look. Whales!

Wendy: Watch out!

(They just miss a jet of water from a whale's blowhole)

Look Peter.

...

Icebergs.

Peter: 'Ice Bergs'?

Ha! I never knew what to call them.

See Wendy, we need you in Neverland. You give us all the right words.

Wendy: Are we close? I'm tired.

Peter: Neverland floats around. Like an 'Ice Berg'. You can never find it if you look. You have to pretend not to be looking and then it floats up. Just when you least expect it. Just when you're nodding off you can see it. Flapping up to you and saying 'Come home', 'Come home'.

(Wendy has nodded off herself a bit. The lights start to fade as her consciousness slips.)

Wendy?

Look Tink. We're home.

ACT II

1. The Lost Boys

(On stage run the Lost Boys. Nibs comes first. He hides. Then come Curley and Tootles. Curley is hyper. Tootles is a bit out of breath.)

Curley: Did you see me get them? Wham bam. *(He woops)* I swear I spiked one of the pirates right in the bum.

Tootles: *(trying to quiet Curley)* Maybe we should... *(breathless)* They might be following us.

Curley: Where's Nibs?

Tootles: I don't know. I didn't see him escape.

Curley: He escaped alright. He was the first to run off. He took my sword with him.

(They hear a chattering. Curley uncovers Nibs. He is crouched, curled up and hasn't noticed that he has been revealed.)

Nibs: 'Our Mummy who art in heaven hallowed be thy name thy kingdom come thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven save me save me save me.'

(Curley covers Nibs back up and tiptoes back over to Tootles.)

Curley: Here Tootles, do your impression of Hook again.

Tootles: Curley, is this really the time to be indulging in playacting?

Curley: Go on. Just do it. It's really good.

Tootles: *(impersonating Hook)* 'Well shiver me timbers if it isn't one of those horrible little Lost Boys again.'

(We hear a squeal from where Nibs is hiding. Curley can barely suppress his laughter)

Curley: Go on. Do some more.

Tootles: Shouldn't we get back to the den?

Curley: Please.

Tootles: 'Fee Fi Fo Fum. I smell the blood of a little one.'

(Again Nibs squeals)

Curley: Once more.

Tootles: 'I'm going to get you little one. And stab you till you squeal like a little piggy wiggy woo.'

(On this Curley pulls the cover from Nibs and frightens him. Nibs squeals and rolls onto his back.)

Nibs: No. Please. Please. Take them. Take them.

Curley: Who?

(Nibs opens his eyes. He sees he has been tricked.)

Nibs: ...

Curley: Us? Is that who you mean?

(Curley pounces on Nibs and they fight.)

Nibs: Idiot.

Curley: Coward.

Nibs: I. Am. Not.

Tootles: Guys.

Guys.

(with a voice we have not heard yet) Guys!

Remember what Peter said.

We have to stick together.

Nibs: What would you know Tootles? You're never around.

Tootles: What do you mean?

Nibs: During the fight. I had at least seven...teen pirates on me, and when I looked around you were gone.

Tootles: I had to clean my glasses. And I always have to sit down when I clean my glasses so I went to find a seat.

(Nibs is dismissive)

Tootles: I did. And then when I put them back on I saw that I was sitting on that big gun Hook has built.

Nibs: Long Tom?

Tootles: That's the one. I think I broke a bit of it sitting down so it took me a while to fix it.

Nibs: You were sitting on Long Tom?
Why didn't you do something?

Tootles: Like what?

Nibs: Blow it up. Anything.
You fixed it?

Tootles: Well, I'm not sure I really did actually.

Nibs: Idiot!

Curley: Nibs! Tootles is right. We need to stick together till Peter gets back.

Nibs: If he ever does get back. He's probably forgotten about us.

Curley: He'd never do that.

Tootles: *(singing a cappella)* 'For youth,'

Curley: 'For Joy'

Nibs: 'We'll always be the Lost Boys.'

SONG The Lost Boys

Tootles, Curley, and Nibs

Tootles, Curley, and Nibs

We're the lost boys, the lostest of boys we lost our way from our cribs

Curley, Tootles and...

No!

Tootles, Curley and Nibs

Don't confuse us or you might lose us

Just like our mothers did

I got my name I think when my mum said Toot-le pip.

I can't remember how I got my name

or where I came from

I can't remember life before the Lost Boys

We are as lost as a needle in a haystack

Lost as a ship without a sea

Lost as a sky without a sun

Lost as a boy without a mum

We are the lost boys

Tootles, Curley and Nibs

Tootles, Curley and Nibs

For youth, for Joy, we'll always be the Lost Boys

For truth, for Joy, we'll always be the Lost Boys

Tootles, Curley and Nibs.

(Then there is a noise in the sky. Like a sonic boom. Then the call of Peter.

All the boys look up.)

Tootles: Peter!

He's back.

Nibs: There. Look. That's Tinkerbell's light.

Tootles: He's back. He's back. Ha! Hook doesn't stand a chance now.

Curley: What's that with them? The white thing. Flapping.

Tootles: Maybe it's a surprise.

(Just then there is a poisonous sound. Danger approaching.

The three boys are startled. They look at each other.)

Together: Hook!

(They scarper...then Tootles runs back and picks up his glasses before running.)

2. Captain Hook

(Smee runs in first. He aims his pistol at where Tootles has run. Before he can shoot a lasso wraps round his leg from offstage and pulls him over. Hook walks on stage holding the lasso.)

Smee: I could've got him Captain. It was the little one with the glasses.

Hook: Silence.

Smee: But-

Hook: *(gripping Smee with his hook. Pulling him up, but not even looking at him)* I said Silence!

(Smee is silent. He lets out a fart. Hook looks at him. Smee raises his eyebrows and mouths 'Sorry')

Hook: I don't care about those little runts. It's Peter I want.

(Hook listens to the night air. He sniffs the air.)

He's back.

(Hook drops Smee to the floor. He looks at Smee.)

Hook: Well?

(Smee indicated he is not able to talk)

Hook: You can speak now, imbecile.

Smee: How do you know, Sir?

Hook: Listen. There. Can't you hear it?
A thousand little stars crying out "Peter. Oh Peter." They love him so.

Smee: He is very...

Hook: What?

Smee: Nothing Captain.

Hook: No, pray, do tell Smee. I insist.

Smee: Well you must admit. He's got something.

Hook: *(lightly)* Has he?

Smee: A sort of... boyish charm.

Hook: Maybe you'd like to join him and his little gang of Lost Boys.

Smee: No sir. They make me sick sir.

Hook: How sick?

Smee: Sick to my stomach sir. They make me want to sick out my eyeballs. And my hair.

Hook: Exactly. Following Peter about like fools. Well not for long. Not when I blow him into little pieces with Long Tom.

Smee: Why is it you hate him so much, Sir?

Hook: I have my reasons.

Smee: The men say it was him that cut off your hand?

(Pulling Smee close and threatening him with his hook)

Hook: Do they Smee? And what of it?

Smee: Nothing sir. Only, it's a very good hook...*(realising his mistake as Hook twitches)* hand! Hand you have now sir.

Hook: It has it's uses. And do the men say what he did with my hand?

Smee: It's said he threw it to a crocodile that was lying in the marshes.

Hook: Bravo. Bravo. Quite correct.

Luckily the crocodile swallowed a clock which goes tick tick tick inside it, and so before it can reach me I hear the tick and run.

Smee: What is it captain?

Hook: It is an old fear Smee. That one day the clock will run down and that crocodile will have me.

Smee: You'd be eaten alive. Ground down inside its mouth. The pain...euh. *(Smee shudders, lost in imaging it.)*

Hook: Pain? Pain is not the problem.
My fear is that I won't have killed Peter Pan before it happens.

***SONG I've Tried**

I've tried therapy, hypnosis
I've been to several Swedish clinics to relieve this dire prognosis.
Tried pilates, meditation.
But I found it such a slog getting into Downward Dog.

Met a doc-a-tor, called Klaus von Prock-a-tor
Who said 'to deal with ze pain vee must cut away ze brain.'
I said 'I warn you, I've got a short fuse.'
He went to look inside my head
But he got my hook instead.

I tried diets, cutting dairy
But with all those pulses let's just say my pants got rather airy.
I've tried puppies. Tried stroking kittens,
but unlike Julie Andrews I preferred them worn as mittens.
I thought religion might be the answer.
But after my confessional the priest asked for a transfer.
I tried Buddha, thoughts of Nirvana
But it was only after slicing several monks I felt much Karma.

So now what's left to heal me
I've tried dealing with my feelings and it's practically killed me
I'm still sick, he still offends, he's my beginning and my end
He is always there to spite us my disease? Peter Pan...

itis.

I can see him everywhere. A weak man, I can't cope right now. I can't ameliorate my situation. Pan is peering everywhere and truth be told I can't pretend how angry he makes me. You must understand I would like to pan the life from him. Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow him away. And I'll never no I'll never rest until he's dead and I've had my way.

(We hear the call of Peter. It electrifies Hook.)

To the ship. Prepare Long Tom. I'm going to kill him this time. And nothing is going to get in my way.

(They exit. A tick tock is heard as the crocodile comes slithering after.)

3. Long Tom Fires

*(We hear the burning of a fuse and the Neverbirds crying out 'Hook!' 'Hook!'
There is a loud explosion.)*

4. Tootles shoots Wendy

(The Lost Boys enter.)

Curley: Did you hear that?

Nibs: They fired Long Tom.

Curley: Peter must be near.

Nibs: Do you think they hit him?

Curley: Never.

(Tootles stumbles into the clearing, cleaning his glasses.)

Tootles: Did you hear it? They fired-

Nibs: Long Tom, yes we know.
Where have you been?

Tootles: I just... I had to go [to the toilet]. It's that Smee. Whenever he looks at me I just...have to go.

Curley: Let's go and meet Peter.

Nibs: What's that?

(They all look into the sky. Tootles puts his glasses on.)

Tootles: It's that white thing we saw earlier. It's all alone now.

Curley: No it's not. Look, there's Tinkerbell. She's prodding it.

(We can hear Wendy's shouts of 'Ow!' 'Ow!' 'Get off me')

Curley: Is it a bird?

Tootles: Look. Tinkerbell's seen us. He's coming.

(Tinkerbell arrives.)

Curley: What is it Tinkerbell?

(Tink talks)

He says it's a Wendy.

Nibs: Oh yes. I've heard about Wendies. They're very tame.

Curley: Tink says it's vicious.

Nibs: Yes. Vicious. That's right.

Curley: She says we've to shoot it. Peter wants it dead.

Tootles: Dead?

Curley: Who's got a slingshot?

(They look about them. Nibs realises he does.)

Nibs: Me.

Curley: Then shoot.

Nibs: Really?

Tootles: It's getting closer.

Curley: Do you want me to do it?

(Tink screams)

Curley: She says to hurry. Peter will be so pleased.

(Nibs shoots.

They watch the arrow go. A thud as Wendy hits the ground.)

You did it.

(Tinkerbell screams with delight.)

Nibs: I did it. Peter will be pleased with me. Won't he?

(The boys drag Wendy's body on stage.

They all stare at her)

Tootles: I don't think it's a bird.

5. Peter finds Wendy Dead

(A cry is heard which breaks the silence of the boys.)

Curley: Peter.

(Tootles and Curley look at Nibs slowly. Nibs has broken into a sweat. They instinctively line up to hide the body as Peter lands.)

Peter: Hello lads.

Well?

I'm back.

Hello?

Curley: It's good to see you Peter.

Peter: That's it? That's all you have to say to me? How long have I been away?

Tootles: Ages.

Peter: Good news lads. I've found someone to take care of us.

Curley: Really? Who?

Peter: A girl. She tells stories like nobody else. Her name is...

Nibs: Wendy?

Peter: That's it! Well done Nibs.

We need to find her.

Hook's stupid cannon ball split us all up, but I saw her fly this way with Tinker Bell.

Well? Have you seen her?

(They nod)

And...?

(Pause)

Curley: She's here Peter.

(They stand aside.

Peter is confused. He comes forward and looks at Wendy. He pulls her foot and shakes it a bit.)

Peter: Wendy. Wendy. We're here. Wake up.

Wendy?

(He looks up. Confused and with an embarrassed smile.)

She's dead.

(Then he sees something next to her. It is the slingshot. He picks it up.)

Who did this?

Nibs: It was me. I killed her.

I dreamed for so long, someone to take care of us and then, when she really came, I shot her.

I'm sorry.

Peter: That's not good enough.

Nibs: I know.

*(Nibs kneels in front of Peter.
Peter raises the arrow to kill Nibs.
They all close their eyes.)*

Nibs: Do it! Do it!

Peter: I can't.

Nibs: You can.

Peter: No. I can't. Something's stopping me.

Nibs: What?

Peter: Wendy is.

*(To Wendy who has recovered enough to hold Peter's hand and stop him killing Tootles.)
Wendy! You're alive!*

(Wendy whispers into Peter's ear.)

It's the kiss you're wearing.
The shot must have bounced off it.
You're not dead Wendy.

(Peter hugs Wendy. She faints. The boys celebrate. Tootles notices Nibs is still kneeling.)

Tootles: Nibs. It's okay. Wendy's not dead.

Nibs: Really?

Tootles: We've got a Wendy.

Nibs: So...?

Tootles: Exactly.

Nibs: She'll look after us?

Tootles: She'll be everything that Peter said.

Nibs: Read us stories?

Tootles: Yep.

Nibs: Tuck us in?

Tootles: Of course.

Nibs: *(Nibs is overwhelmed)*

Tootles: A mother Nibs. We've got a mother.

(The celebrations die down and a moaning can be heard)

Peter: What's that?

Curley: It's Tink. She's crying because her plan didn't work.

Peter: What plan?

Curley: It was her that told us to kill the... to kill Wendy.

Peter: Is this true Tink?

(Tink goes silent)

You wanted to kill her?

Why?

(He listens to Tink. She says "Because you're mine")

Peter: You're not my fairy.

You're not even my friend.

Got it?

No.

It's too late.

Get out of my sight.

I don't want to see you ever again.

(Tink whimpers.)

Peter: Begone!

(S/he leaves, sobbing his/her heart out.)

(To the Lost Boys)

Well? What are you all staring at.

We need to get Wendy inside.

6. Tootles rag is discovered.

(Hook's ship. Hook and Smee are black with smoke. Hook's hair is standing up on end, smoking.)

Hook: What happened?

Smee: I don't know sir.

Hook: How did you miss?
I designed it perfectly. Accurate to within a millimetre.

Smee: The viewfinder. It was wonky.

Hook: How could that happen?

Smee: From the look of the footprints we found I'd say someone small (*reenacting the scene*) walked over to the gun, turned around and sat on it.

Hook: Sat on it?

Smee: Then they cleaned their glasses.

Hook: How do you know?

Smee: They left their rag stuffed in it. That's what made it backfire. Oh look. Isn't that sweet? It's got a teddy bear on it.

Hook: Give me that.

(Hook examines the rag. He goes red like he's about to explode and makes a sound like a pressure cooker whistling, then he smacks Smee)

Hook: Get out of my sight! You idiot. Nincompoop. IMBECILE!

7. The Lost Boys Home. A treehouse in the woods.

(Curley, Peter and Nibs are playing cards. Tootles is using the toilet. He flushes it and we see that the waste water comes out of a flap in the tree trunk. He comes back and sits beside the only bed in the room. Wendy wakes up. Tootles is looking down at her.)

Wendy: Michael?

*(Tootles is lost for words.
He goes over to Nibs and tugs at his sleeve. Nibs is too involved in the card game.
He goes to Curley and tugs at his sleeve. Curley also ignores him.
He goes to Peter and tugs at his sleeve.)*

Peter: Yes Tootles?

Tootles: She's awake.

Peter: Who?

Tootles: Wendy.

(A moment and then all three drop their cards and they crowd round her bed. Wendy is a bit overwhelmed.)

She said 'Michael'.

Nibs: Michael? What's a Michael?

Wendy: My brother. You look just like him.

Tootles: I'm Tootles.

Wendy: And you look just like John.

Nibs: Nibs.

Curley: Curley.

Wendy: Curley?

Hello.

Lost Boys: Hello

Wendy: How long have I been asleep?

(Peter looks lost. He looks at Curley)

Curley: Ages.

Peter: Ages Wendy.

Wendy: Where are we?

Peter: At home.

Do you need anything?

Wendy: I don't think so.

A glass of water?

Peter: *(To Curley)* A glass of water.

Curley: *(To Nibs)* A glass of water.

Nibs: *(To Tootles)* A glass of water.

(Tootles looks about. He fills an imaginary glass with imaginary water and hands it to Wendy. She takes it a bit puzzled.)

Wendy: Thanks.

(They are all staring at her)

Wendy: Is there something...?

Peter: They've never seen a lady before.

Wendy: A lady?

Peter: A girl.

Tootles: Can I touch your hair?

(Wendy nods)

It's soft.

(The other two shyly touch Wendy's hair as well.)

Wendy: *(seeing a cut on Tootles' finger)* You've cut your finger?

Tootles: I did it fighting Hook.

Wendy: We can bandage it if you want.

Tootles: Okay.

(Wendy sees Tootles has no idea what she's talking about)

Wendy: Here.

(She rips a bit of her own pyjama top. The Lost Boys are all fascinated as she wraps up Tootles' finger)

Wendy: There.

Tootles: Will you stay?

Nibs: Tootles!

Wendy: I don't know.

Curley: There's loads to do here. There's caves in the mountains, the misty forest and a lagoon that you can swim in with mermaids and everything.

Wendy: Really?

Nibs: I've got a collection of seaweed.

Tootles: You could bandage my other finger?

Wendy: There's nothing wrong with it.

Tootles: Oh.
What about my head?

Wendy: You want me to bandage your head?

(Tootles nods)

Curley: And me.

Nibs: And me.

(They clamour for Wendy's attention)

Peter: Boys!
I'm sorry Wendy.
They're not used to someone taking care of them.
You see they've never had any proper mothers.

Wendy: Really?

You've never had a mum?

(They shake their heads)

I'm sorry.

Tootles: We were wondering...

Wendy: Yes.

Tootles: If you would be like our mother. Look after us.

Wendy: Me?

Tootles: Just pretend.

(They look at her)

Wendy: I can't.

Nibs: Why not?

Wendy: I wouldn't be any good at it.

Curley: You've already bandaged Tootles. That was good. He might've died otherwise.

Tootles: I might've.

Nibs: We'd do anything you said.

Wendy: I'm sure you would, but I can't.

Nibs: Is it the house? You don't like it.

Wendy: It's not that.

Curley: Us then? you don't like us?

Wendy: No.
I like you very much.
It's just...
I don't remember what a mum is like.

Tootles: That's okay, neither do we.

Nibs: I think I remember. A little bit.

All: Really?

Nibs: Yeah. She had a sort of mole here. And she was big and sat like this. She said I was a pain.

All: A pain?

Wendy: They all say that.

(Curley smiles at Wendy)

Nibs: What was yours like Wendy?

Wendy: Mine?

Curley: Did she lose you?

Wendy: No.

She...

***SONG She**

Wendy: She was tall. Taller than my dad. With wavy blonde hair. From a bottle.

(they all nod as if they know what she's talking about)

And the best thing of all was when she picked you up.

Tootles: Do it to me.

(Wendy picks up Tootles and spins him about)

Wendy: And dinner was always on time. Every night. You got told off if you missed it.

Curley: Tell us off!

Wendy: 'Your dinner's ready. Get down here now.'

(They are all delighted by this.)

Tootles: More! More!

Nibs: What else?

Wendy: 'If you don't tidy your room RIGHT NOW. I'm going to tell your father.'

(They squeal with delight and start tidying. Peter puts a pipe in his mouth and pretends to be father.)

Peter: What's going on here?

Boys: Dad!

CHORUS

All: **Who will look after us?**

Who will look after us?

Who will tell us off?

Who's going to make a fuss?

She will make sure you're always right.

Just by hugging you tight!

And will she tuck us in?

I hope she'll tuck us in.

Then she'll fight all the monsters our dreams let in

She'll be the one that we'll go to when we're scared in the night.

She will

She will

She will make sure you're alright

Just by hugging you tight.

(THE SONG TAKES US THROUGH A MONTAGE OF A YEAR IN NEVERLAND. WENDY DOES THINGS LIKE PUT THE BOYS GLOVES AND SCARVES ON. TELLS THEM NOT TO GO TOO FAR. THEY BECOME A FAMILY AS WENDY SLOWLY STOPS SINGING ABOUT HER MUM AND BECOMES A MOTHER HERSELF. PETER IS ALWAYS TRYING TO BE THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION DURING THE SONG. ALWAYS TOPPING THE OTHERS. DURING THE SONG HOOK AND SMEE COME ON LOOKING FOR THEM. HOOK FINDS SOMETHING LEFT BEHIND BY WENDY.)

Hook: Well well. It looks like Peter's found a mother.

Smee: *(longingly)* A mummy?

Hook: Where are they?

Wendy: **She'll comfort you**

When you need rest she'll take your head and lay you gently to sleep

You'll lie there safe upon her breast

She'll comfort you because her love runs so deep.

(The song ends with the boys all being put to bed.)

Tootles: Mother.

Wendy: Yes?

Tootles: I love you.

Wendy: Night Tootles.

Tootles: Goodnight.

8. Hook finds the Lost Boys Home

(Hook stands below the Lost Boys home. Smee enters.)

Hook: Well?

Smee: Nothing sir.

Hook: Where are they?

Smee: Begging your pardon sir, but I think they must be hiding Sir.

Hook: Oh bravo. Bravo Smee. I hadn't thought of that. Gosh. Here's me thinking they must've been eaten by the giant Roly Poly Pudding Monster.

Smee: Really Sir? I knew it wasn't just made up.

Hook: No, you idiot!
They must have a hideout somewhere.
You've searched the Misty Mountains?

Smee: Sir.

Hook: The Endless Forest?

Smee: Sir.

Hook: What about the Fairy Fortress?

Smee: Not a peep. Lovely views though.

Hook: What are they doing?

Smee: Maybe sir... Maybe they're playing.

Hook: What?

Smee: Now they have a mother. I expect they're playing all safe and warm. Why would they come out? If I had a mother I'd never come out again. I'd sit inside, play with my toys and-

Hook: Enough! Let me think. They must be living somewhere. A hideout. Somewhere we would never suspect.

(Just then we see Tootles flush the toilet in the treehouse. The water comes out of the trunk and sprays over Hook.)

It's rather damp tonight Smee, don't you think? I thought you said it wasn't going to rain.

Smee: Sir?

Hook: Idiot. It plays havoc with the velour.

Smee: It's not raining, sir. At least, not over here.

Hook: What? Nonsense. I hardly think it would be raining here and not-

(Hook realises he was sitting under the spray.)

Hook: It's coming from the tree.

Smee: It's a leaky tree sir. I've heard about them. You're best to leave them alone.

Hook: That's an old wives tale Smee.

Smee: Suit yourself sir, if you want to have giant hands-
...a giant hand for the rest of your life.

(Hook notices the flap in the tree trunk.)

Hook: How devious. How delicious.

Smee: What is it sir?

Hook: Shhhh

(They are silent. The sounds of the Lost Boys snoring and Wendy singing can be heard coming down from the treehouse.)

Divine.

(Smee drops to his knees.)

Hook: What are you doing?

Smee: The tree sir, It's speaking.

Hook: Idiot.

It's them. All the way up there. Like little birds in a nest, waiting to be squished.

9.

(Wendy sits with Peter in a chair by the fire. The image of a settled couple. But Peter can't sit still. Wendy has some sewing she is doing. Peter starts to make a noise.)

Wendy: Peter stop that. The boys are trying to sleep.

(holding up the trousers she is sewing) Look at that. Another hole. The boys will all need new trousers soon. They just keep growing.

Peter: Wendy. Let's go out tomorrow. Have fun.

Wendy: Out? I've got too much to do.

Peter: Leave it. We could go to the lagoon. Camp overnight. Sleep under the stars. We haven't done anything like that for ages.

Wendy: There's a load of washing. And I want to start painting in the spare room.

Peter: We don't have a spare room.

Wendy: We will do.
We need a spare room.

Peter: What for?

Wendy: Well...first you use it as a study and then you clear it out and use it for babies, I think.

Peter: Babies?

Wendy: Pretend ones.

(She sees Peter looking at her, strange.)

What's wrong?

Peter: Wendy...
It is only pretend, isn't it?

Wendy: What?

Peter: All this. I'm not really the boys' father, am I?

Wendy: Don't you like it?

Peter: It's not that. It's just if I was their real father then it would mean I was a grown up.

Wendy: Then you're not.
Not if you don't want to be.

Peter: And if you were really their mother then you'd leave.

Wendy: That's not true!

Peter: It is. The boys all think their mothers loved them, lost them by accident, but they're the boys that weren't wanted. They come here because their mums wanted to get rid of them.

Wendy: How do you know?

Peter: Because it happened to me once.

I came to Never Land because I thought I could always fly home. That my mum would keep the window open for me. So I stayed away for moons and moons and when I flew back the window was locked. I couldn't get in. I battered on the glass and then I saw my mother was there, reading a story to another little boy that was in my bed. She'd forgotten all about me.

Wendy: That's terrible.

Peter: I don't care.

I just flew back here. Neverland always welcomes you back.

Wendy: Is that why you cry sometimes? In your sleep.

Peter: It's my dreams. They hurt. And then I wake up. And you're there. Keeping me safe. You won't leave us, will you?

Wendy: Peter.

...

What exactly are your feelings for me?

Peter: How do you mean?

Wendy: I just wondered. You like me?

Peter: Of course.

Wendy: Really?

Peter: Wendy, you're the best person I've ever met.

(She goes to kiss him. He breaks off.)

What are you doing?

Wendy: Giving you a kiss

Peter: *(pointing to her necklace)* You've got your kiss there.

(She takes the necklace off. Puts it in his hands)

Wendy: Then I won't call it a kiss. I'll call it a button.

(She goes to kiss him again)

Peter: What are you doing?

Wendy: I thought...

Peter: What?

Stop looking at me like that.

Like Tink used to sometimes, or the other mothers. Always looking at me strange. Makes my skin crawl. Like they wanted something. What!?

(She stares at him.)

Wendy: Don't you ever want to grow up?

Peter: No. Never. I want always to stay like this. Be a boy and fly and have fun.

(He looks at Wendy)

I haven't got room for anything else Wendy. Do you understand? Sometimes with all the things inside I think I'll burst. And one more would probably do it. It just won't fit. Got it!

Wendy: ...sorry.

Peter: It's fine. We'll forget about it. Pretend it never happened. Right? Right?

(she nods)

Good.

Goodnight Wendy.

(Peter kisses her on the cheek then goes to his bed. Alone, Wendy hears the call of a Neverbird. She leaves the treehouse and goes down to the forest floor, wanting to be alone.)

10. Hook tempts Wendy

(Wendy is outside the Home Under the Ground. The crack of a branch. Hook emerges from the dark. Wendy picks up a stick, ready to fight.)

Hook: *(He makes a coaxing noise)* Shhh. It's okay. You can put that down. I'm unarmed. See?

Wendy: What do you want?

Hook: I don't believe we've met. Captain James Hook. At your service.

Wendy: I know who you are.

Hook: No doubt Peter's told you everything about me.

Well, I just wanted to check you were okay.

You look just like her.

(Hook goes to leave)

Wendy: Who?

Hook: Your mother.

Wendy: You knew her?

Hook: Didn't Peter tell you?

...

Yes. I knew her.

She came here a long time ago.

Back when I was a Lost Boy.

Wendy: You're lying.

Hook: It's hard to believe, I know.

Poisonous old Hook. Hideous old Hook.

But once upon a time I was Peter's favourite. His right hand man.

We fought back to back. Pirate after pirate killed.

Then one day I looked in the mirror. My eyes were bloodshot and there on my lip, a sort of a dusting.

I didn't know it then, but that was the start of my very first mustache.

I was horrified.

And in the mirror I saw Peter. He'd been watching the whole time. This smile on his face like... *(Hook shudders)* Said I had to get out. I was changing. Turning into one of them.

I tried to plead with him. Begged him to let me stay.

'Begone!' That's all he said. 'Begone'

And when I tried to get past him, go back... he cut off my hand.

Wendy: It's not true.

Hook: 'For Youth, For Joy.'

Wendy: 'I'll always be a lost boy.'

Hook: That's what he does.

He draws you in, but he'll never love you. Not the way you want him to.

...

Well, I should go.

I just wanted to let you know, if you ever need somewhere...

Then there's a place for you.

Wendy: *(disgusted)* With you?

Hook: *(close to Wendy)* Haven't you ever felt it Wendy? That thing inside? The beating of your heart. The pulse of it all. The need to tear everything up. Go wild. Be yourself.

(seeing it in her)...yes.

Well you can.

You just have to choose what you want to be.

I chose Pirate. Are you going to hang around waiting for Peter for the rest of your life?

SONG * Lost In The Forest

**All the stories start once upon a time
And all the endings usually turn out fine
Hansel, Gretel, Little Red
Lost their way at night
But their courage led them home and out into the light
But now this is my story
Seems I'm on my own
If I had the courage I wouldn't go back home
I'm drawn to the darkness
I'm drawn off the path
I have to find what's causing
My heart to pulse my skin to tingle senses stirred by everything
I want to get lost in the forest
I want to be numbed by my fear
To stumble and fumble on blindly
Till I find out what's there
I want to lie deep in the shadows
I want to know how it feels to be free
I want to get lost in the forest
'til nothing's left of me.**

Hook puts out his hand.

Wendy takes it.

Wendy exits.

Smee appears from the Shadows. Hook smiles a poisonous smile.)

SONG *Refrain of Panitis

**Both: Peter Pan Peter Pan Peter Peter Peter Pan
Peter Pan Peter Pan now we've got ourselves a plan
Peter Pan Peter Pan going to kill him while we can
Peter Pan Peter Pan cause he'll never be a man
Peter PAN!**

(Interval)

ACT III

1. Pirate Blackheart

(The deck of Captain Hook's ship. Drums beat. Smee and the other pirates are crowded round a table. Two pirates are playing cards. One with his back to us and a hood up. Gold piled in between. The pirate facing us is sweating, mean. He has one card left. The tension is palpable. Finally he puts it down.)

Wendy: Snap!

(The winner pulls their hood off. It is Wendy. The other pirate has put his hand down too late. But he won't let go. The two of them have a face off, turning around the table, all the other pirates spin around the table as well, singing.

The losing pirate pulls a knife. Straight away there is a fight the pirates all go mental, hitting chairs off each other and singing.

Wendy has a megaphone and is like a rock star, screaming at the crowd.)

We Like it Rough

**I got the sword
Got the hat
You could strip me bare
I'd still be where it's at.**

**I looked inside
Guess what I saw
You can dig, but I'm a pirate to the core.**

Chorus

**Some people are gold
Some people got sheen
Some people are tattoo
Thinking they mean.
But a pirate for real
Like a fist in silk gloves
They might look real smooth
But they like it rough.**

**Don't like the dark?
You should turn back
Cause all the light in your heart
It will turn black**

**Don't need love
Don't need no friends
Your family will be Pirate to the end.**

Chorus

**We like to rip
We like to roar
And when the bloodlust comes
A pirate soars
Scream at the moon
The stars above
There's a pirate in me**

And it likes it ROUGH.

(As the song ends, Wendy is triumphant. Hook appears applauding slowly.)

Hook: Very good. Very good Wendy.

Wendy: Don't call me that. I'm Blackheart now.

Hook: Of course...Blackheart.

(To the other men)

To bed all of you. I want to speak to Blackheart alone.

(the men don't move)

NOW!

(Hook and Wendy are left alone.)

I thought I ordered all men to bed with no dinner?

Wendy: You did.

Hook: And?

Wendy: I'm not a man, am I?

(Putting his hand on her shoulder.)

Hook: I am still your Captain Wendy.

(Wendy spins at his touch and has her knife at his throat.)

Wendy: I said don't call me that.

Hook: Sorry.

Wendy: *(putting her knife away)* You're too slow Hook.

Hook: And you're too wild.

Wendy: I like being wild. *(She howls at the moon).*

Hook: And maybe one day you'll be a great pirate.

Wendy: One day?

Hook: Yes. One day you could even replace me.

Wendy: Perhaps sooner than you think.
Maybe I'll slit open your throat tonight.

Or cut a hole in your chest. Put my hand in. See what's in there.

Hook: Just my heart.

Wendy: Are you sure you've got one.

Hook: Oh yes. It's there. I can feel it beating whenever Peter Pan is around.

You see to be a real leader you need control. Not just of the men, but of yourself. I'm not sure you've learned that yet.

(Wendy looks away.)

It's funny. Today on the lagoon. I swore you had him in your sights. Right there. But you missed.

Wendy: I slipped. It was that idiot Smee. He rocked the boat.

Hook: I see.

...

So you haven't still got...feelings for Peter?

(Wendy furiously pulls her knife.)

Wendy: Don't you ever mention 'feelings' again.

Hook: Of course. Of course.

It's just a shame

I suppose it would take a truly great pirate to beat him.

There's no man I know can do it.

(There is suddenly a loud bird call in the air.)

Wendy: What was that?

Hook: Just a Neverbird. Look. It's a young one. Must've lost its mother.

(We hear the plaintive call of the Neverbird)

Wendy: Will it be okay?

Hook: Listen?

(Another call. More mature)

There. That's its mother. It'll just follow her call until it's home. The little ones can't resist the call of their mothers.

(Wendy has an idea)

Wendy: That's it.

Hook: Sorry?

Wendy: I know how to trap Peter.

Hook: Really?

Wendy: We have to hurry.

*(Wendy exits.
Smee comes from the shadows.)*

Hook: Did you get the ingredients I asked for? The black flower of the night? The deadly lampshade?

Smee: Everything you said sir.

Hook: Good. Boil it all up in my cabin. And make sure 'Blackheart' doesn't see you.

2. Peter banishes the Lost Boys

(The Treehouse. It is vastly changed. It has crumbled away to a much smaller platform. The leaves and flowers have died and vines have grown down into it and cobwebs are everywhere. The table is upturned and the bedsheets are filthy and ruttled. Tootles stands in the centre. He has something wrapped round his head like a headscarf. It is the same material as Wendy's pyjamas were made from. His vacuum is now a bit battered, but he persists. Hoovering a small spot that he has cleared in the centre.

Suddenly Nibs, Curley and Peter fly in. All three are panting. They drop to the floor, exhausted. They are dirty and their clothes are rags. Peter still manages to look himself, though perhaps slightly faded. For a second it looks more like a bunker than a treehouse.)

Nibs: Did they follow us?

Peter: Shhh

(They listen. Nothing. They relax a bit.)

Curley: They nearly had us this time.

Peter: They were nowhere near.

Tootles: What happened?

Curley: We were out at Mermaid's Lagoon.

Nibs: Trying to find food.

Tootles: Did you?

Nibs: The whole lagoon's empty. Not a fish in sight. Even the sky's gone quiet.

Tootles: Where are the mermaids?

(Nibs shrugs)

Peter: They'll just be off somewhere. They go off sometimes.

Curley: I'm not so sure.

Nibs: It's ever since Wendy left.

Tootles: What happened?

Curley: We were attacked.

Nibs: Surprised.

Tootles: How?

Peter: Hook cheated. He didn't give us any warning.

Tootles: No warning?

Nibs: We were just treading water, trying to stab imaginary fish. When this net landed on us.

Tootles: A net?

Curley: The pirates had sneaked up on us in their boat.

Tootles: Didn't they even squeak the oars? Or make a pirate noise?

Nibs: Nothing.

Curley: *(upset)* It was so heavy Tootles. It pulled us down.

Nibs: I could feel the water going in. *(looking down at his own chest.)* Cold.

Peter: It wasn't that bad.
We were soon out of it.
I cut a hole and we swam up.

Curley: And then they fired at us, with real bullets, without even giving us a chance to escape. They always used to give us at least a chance.

Nibs: Look. *(Nibs reveals his finger. It is cut.)*

Tootles: I'll bandage it.

Nibs: Thanks.
It's ever since that new one arrived. What's his name?

Curley: Blackheart. *(Nibs shivers)* It's strange. He had us right in his sights. Blackheart. I saw him. He could've had us.

Peter: They're no match for us.

Tootles: What will we do?

Peter: We'll get them back, that's what. Tomorrow.

(No one says anything)

What?

Curley: It's getting worse Peter.

Nibs: Hook's getting stronger and stronger.

Peter: Rubbish.

Nibs: Even the fairies are afraid of him now. I saw them all leaving the fairy village. They were trundling those little suitcases along. The ones with wheels.

Peter: Nonsense.

Nibs: They said they couldn't be sure Hook wouldn't attack them.

Peter: I'd protect them.

(silence.)

Tootles: And the Never Birds are swarming.

Peter: Enough.

Dinner.

(They all sit on the floor and put their hands out.

Tootles looks about and grabs an imaginary pan from the junk. And a ladle. He slops stuff into their imaginary bowls.)

Peter: Careful.

Curley: What is it today Tootles?

Tootles: Stuff.

Peter: Delicious.

Tootles: It's not. It's horrible.

Peter: Where were you today, anyway Tootles?

Tootles: I couldn't come out. I was poorly.

Peter: Did you take your medicine?

Tootles: We've run out.

Peter: So get some more.

Tootles: I don't know where. Wendy used to make it. It was delicious.

Peter: Then imagine.

Nibs: He wasn't ill. He's scared.

Peter: Are you?

Tootles: No.

Nibs: Then why don't you ever come out anymore?

Tootles: I do.

Nibs: He just sits here and remembers Wendy.

Peter: Is that true?

Tootles: *(Tootles tries to shake his head)*

Peter: I've told you. Wendy's gone. You have to forget her.

Tootles: *(mumbling)* I don't want to.

Peter: What was that?

Tootles: I said I don't want to.

(Peter looks at Tootles. He rips his headscarf off)

Peter: You will do as I say.
Starting with this.
No more of Wendy's stuff here. Got it?
Burn it. Now.

Tootles: What?

Peter: Burn it.

Tootles: But...

(Peter stares at Tootles until Tootles slowly takes the scarf to the candle flame. He can't do it.)

Tootles: No. I won't.

Peter: Disobedience?

Tootles: You just don't care. You don't care about any of us. You just want to play around forever. Well I want real food. I miss Wendy. I want her back.

Peter: She's gone.

Tootles: Then look for her.

Peter: Nibs. Burn it.

(Nibs sits silent)

Peter: Curley?

(Curley won't look at Peter)

Peter: So, you all miss Wendy do you?
Well let me tell you she doesn't miss you. That's what mothers do. They all leave.

Tootles: She wouldn't have left without saying goodbye.

Peter: Fine.

Go and look for her if you want.

Curley: We could all go.

Peter: Not me. I'll have nothing to do with you. Any of you, you hear?
I've looked after you all this time. Since you were little.
But you think Wendy can give you more. Fine. Go look for her.

But know this. From now on, we are enemies.

Curley: Peter!

Peter: All of you.
Get out.
You hear me?
Begone!

(The Lost Boys leave)

***SONG* Pirates, Lost Boys and Fairies**

**Peter: You probably think I'll miss you, but I don't
You probably think I'll hide my hurt inside, but I won't.
So many people come and go I find it best to let them go as soon as they're gone.
Remembering's only there to make you sad
They say it hurts your insides when you miss the things you've had
Well I don't cry 'cause I have nothing inside me**

I'm footloose, no memories tie me down I'm free

So go I'll be quite happy all alone

I think I've always been that way I think I've always known

That friends are only friends until they drift away, you cut them loose, like ships in the night.

People never stay when things go wrong.

Better never to have loved than to miss them when they're gone.

Well I don't cry 'cause I have no love inside me

I'm footloose, no memories tie me down I'm free,

But sometimes I wonder

what happened to those with whom I shared adventures;

those Pirates and Lost Boys and Fairies

And sometimes those wonderings

they give me the strangest of feelings

Fleeting moments in my mind

of those once upon a times long ago.

Oh!

Where did all the Lost Boys go?

Somewhere I'll never know.

Those Pirates and Lost Boys and Fairies...

...And Wendy.

(A wind whistles through the treehouse. It stirs the curtains. Peter is brought out of his trance. There is a strange haunting noise. It is the sound of laughter far away. Peter pulls out his knife and crouches. He is a sad sight really.)

Peter: Who's there?

(A ghostly voice floats up to the treehouse. It sounds just like a mother)

Wendy: It's me Peter.

Peter: Who is 'me'?

Wendy: I've come such a long way to find you. Don't you remember me?

Peter: No.

Wendy: Oh my poor boy. I'm so sorry.

Peter: What for?

Wendy: I closed the window on you.

Peter: Mother.

Wendy: Yes darling. It's me.

Peter: Really?

Wendy: Yes.

Peter: How did you get here?

Wendy: The birds flew me here.

Peter: Why did you lock me out?

Wendy: I thought you weren't coming back.

Peter: I said I would.

Wendy: I know. I'm sorry. Won't you give me another chance?

Peter: I can't be your boy any more.

Wendy: Why not?

Peter: I don't want to. I like it here.

Wendy: Can't I just see you?

Peter: What for?

Wendy: To see what you've become.

Peter: I've become nothing. I'm just the same as when I left.

Wendy: I'll tell you a story.

(Peter is tempted)

Peter: What kind of story?

Wendy: One that starts 'Once upon a time...'

Peter: Will it have villains and heroes and a happy ending.

Wendy: ...

Yes.

Peter: Okay then I'll come down. But I won't come back with you. You'd make me grow up and get a job and I don't want to. I want to stay here and always be a little boy and have fun.

Wendy: Very well.

(Peter goes to leave the treehouse.)

Peter: Very well.

(Peter takes a deep breath and leaves. He has a smile on his face.)

*Down on the ground it is dark.
Peter looks about. Confused.)*

Mum?

Wendy: Over here Peter.

(Peter goes towards the voice. There is a shape there that does look just like his mother in a shawl.)

That's my boy.

(At that moment Peter is scooped up into a trap. The hooded figure takes down her hood. It is Wendy. She looks at Peter.)

Peter: Wendy?

Wendy: Not anymore.

Peter: I don't understand.

(Hook walks out of the shadows, Smee behind him.)

Hook: Oh dear. You really don't, do you?
Bravo. Bravo Wendy.

Wendy: Blackheart.

Hook: Yes, of course. What a marvelous performance.
Almost too good.

Peter: You'll die for this Hook.

Hook: Probably, but not until I've done with you.

*(They exit.
From out of the shadows come the Lost Boys.)*

Tootles: Did you see that?
Wendy.
She's a pirate.

Curley: We should've done something.
Come on. We'll go after them. Free Peter.

Nibs: How?

Curley: I don't know.

(Nibs doesn't move.)

What?

Nibs: Wendy's gone over to them.

Curley: So?

Nibs: They outnumber us.

Curley: And?

Nibs: ...

Curley: You're going to let Peter die?

Tootles: He's scared Curley.
Shhh. It's okay Nibs. I'm scared too.
So's Curley probably.

(Nibs looks at Tootles)

But we have to help Peter, don't we? After all the times he's saved us. Remember when he saved you from that Hippo?

(Nibs can't help but laugh at the memory)

Or when those mermaids ganged up on Curley and he was nearly flipped to death.

Or all those times he's beaten Hook.

(Nibs nods)

And besides, it's what Wendy would've wanted. The old Wendy. And who knows. Maybe we can still save her.

'For Youth.'

Curley: 'For Joy.'

Tootles: Nibs?

Nibs: 'We'll always be the Lost Boys!
Tootles, Curley and... Nibs!

(They exit. Finally as the lights fade we see a light appear and Tinker Bell flies off after the boys.)

3.

(The deck of Hook's ship.

Peter is in a container. It is a see-through box. On top is a tank with bubbling liquid in it. It glows a sinister colour.)

Wendy: What is it?

Hook: My latest invention.
Completely airtight.
The most delicately balanced atmosphere.
Hydrogen, Oxygen, and...

(Hook nods to Smee who turns a valve on the cage. A fine steam enters the box.)

Just the teeny weeniest bit of poison.

(Peter starts choking and falls.)

Wendy: You said you were just going to keep him locked up.

Hook: Did I?
Well, you know what they say...never trust a pirate.

Why?

Is there a problem?

(Peter is unable to fly. He is climbing the walls of the cage and falling back onto the floor.)

Don't worry there's plenty of time to say goodbye. It's slow acting. There's just enough to kill him...oooooooooh, by first light.

(Hook kisses his hand and touches it against the glass.)

Hook: *(softly)* 'Rock a bye baby, on the tree top...'
(To Wendy) Guard him well.

(Hook and Smee exit.

Wendy stands.

Peter is still on the floor. He turns slowly and sees Wendy.)

Peter: Wendy?

(She ignores him)

Wendy.

...

Wendy!

Wendy: I'm not Wendy anymore. You didn't have room for her, remember?

Peter: You look like her.

Wendy: She's gone.

Peter: Oh...
That's a shame.
I wanted to give her this.

(He holds out his hand. In it is the 'kiss' necklace. Wendy see it and stops.)

It was her mum's.
She loved her mum.
I thought that was nice.
She was lucky.

(He collapses)

Wendy: Peter.
Peter.
Peter I'm sorry.
Wait. Hold on.

*(Wendy furiously tries to open the door.
Hook silently enters and watches her.)*

Hook: Having trouble Wendy?

(holding up the key)

Maybe this is what you're looking for.
Grab her.

(Wendy is grabbed from behind by Smee.)

Shame.
I had such high hopes for you.

(Wendy struggles uselessly. She stares with hatred at Hook)

You want to spit in my face now, don't you?
Go on.
I'll let you.

(Wendy stops struggling. Hook looks at her with contempt.)

You'll never be a pirate.

(To Smee) Throw her in.

(Smee throws Wendy in the cage. Hook locks it. Then gives the key to Smee.)

Keep watch.

Toodlepip. Enjoy you're last night together.

(He exits. Smee sits in the dark.)

Wendy: Peter.
Peter.

(Peter turns over. He sees Wendy. It gives him new strength.)

Peter: Wendy.

(He goes to brush away a tear. She looks away.)

What is it?

Wendy: This. It's all my fault.
You must hate me.

Peter: I don't hate you.
You're the best person I ever met.

Wendy: Really?

Peter: Course.

Remember when I first found you? All alone with those things on.

Wendy: Pyjamas.

Peter: Yes.
And flying to Neverland. Those things...

Wendy: Icebergs.

Peter: Icebergs. Yes. Brilliant.

Wendy: And the lagoon that first day.

Peter: And all the times you bandaged up Tootles.

(She laughs.)

We can still win.

(Wendy feels pain.)

What's wrong?

Wendy: We're dying.

Peter: Are we?
Then we'll win at that.

Wendy: How?

Peter: To die will be the biggest adventure of all.

Wendy: Maybe there'll be mermaids.

Peter: And Neverbirds.

Wendy: And maybe I'll see my mum. Do you think?

(Peter smiles.)

Peter: Yes, they always leave you.

Wendy?

Wendy?

(He shakes her.)

Now you've left too.

Just poor poor Peter. Peter all alone.

(Just then we hear a buzzing. It gets closer and closer until Tinkerbell tumbles into the scene. He pants to get his breath. Sees Peter and flies through the bars of the cage. He kisses Peter.)

Peter: Tink.

Tinker Bell. It is you.

Where have you been?

(Tink speaks.)

Did I?

I'm sorry.

I didn't mean it.

(Tink speaks)

I can't come with you.

I'm dying.

But it's so nice to see you.

I thought I was all alone.

Now you're here.

My fairy. For always.

(Peter is finding it hard to breathe. The light starts to fade on the cage. But we see Tinker Bell's light travel up from Peter to where the poison is bubbling away in its tank. Then the poison turns the same colour as Tinker Bell's light. The level in the tank goes down and down until the fine spray entering the cage eventually stops. The light dies.)

4.

(In the dark we hear the lapping of water, then scuffling sounds.)

Nibs: You're standing on my foot.

Tootles: I can't help it. Just climb over the rail.

Curley: Quiet. Both of you.

(The clink of metal.)

Smee: *(waking and seeing the boys)* Oi!

(Smee chases the Lost Boys, but ends up knocking himself out. The boys take the key and open the container.)

Nibs: Hurry up. Hurry up.

Curley: Alright.

(The door opens. Peter and Wendy are coming round.)

Tootles: Hands up.

I said hands up.

(Wendy puts her hands up.)

Wendy: Tootles?

Tootles: Wendy?

Wendy: It's me.

Tootles: Are you still...? A Pirate.

Wendy: No Tootles.

Nibs.

Curley.

(Curley puts his finger to his lips 'shh')

Curley: There's pirates everywhere.

Wendy: *(amazed)* Peter. I thought we were dying. How...?

Peter: I don't know. One minute I was talking to Tink and the next I was here.

I must be too clever. I must be too clever to die.

That's good, isn't it?

(But Tootles has found something.)

Tootles: Look.

(There is something lying on the ground.)

Nibs: It's Tinker Bell.

Peter: Tink?

(Peter picks her up. There is a faint flicker of light still.)

Come on Tink. Get up.

What's wrong?

Wendy: It's the poison. Tink must have taken it.

Peter: But why?

(Tink's light flashes low.)

To save me?

Tink.

You silly ass.

No Tink.

Don't go.

(They all stand as Tink's light goes out)

Peter: She's dead.

Wendy: There must be something we can do.

Peter.

(she has an idea)

You said that when someone stops believing in fairies then they drop down dead.

Well I still believe in them.

Do you?

(Peter is lost)

Do you Tootles?

(Tootles nods)

And you Nibs, Curley?

(Nibs nods)

And you Peter. Do you believe?

(Peter looks up at Wendy)

Peter: Yes.

...

You're right.

We just have to believe. We have to get everyone here to believe and Tink will get better.

(To audience) Do you believe?

Say you believe?

Clap your hands if you believe.

Clap.

Don't let Tink die.

(the audience clap.

There is a flicker of Tink's light)

Tootles: It's working.

Peter: Louder. Come on Wendy. Clap.

Clap.

(Everyone claps louder.)

Wendy: I can hear. It's working.

(Suddenly like a small lawnmower engine Tink coughs, then comes to life. She flies up and explodes like a firework in the air.)

Peter: It worked.

(to audience)

Thankyou.

Thankyou.

Wendy: We should go. This way. I know how to get out.

(They go to exit.)

Peter: Wait!

We can't.

...

It's Hook or me this time.

(We hear the 'tick tick' and see glowing eyes of the crocodile as it swims past. Suddenly the ticking winds down and stops. The crocodile shows its teeth and dives.)

I've got a better idea.

5.

(Hook stands on deck. The first rays of the sun appear. Hook squints into it. In the cage lie a crumpled Wendy and a shape that looks like Peter. They are both lying so we can't see their faces.)

Hook: A new day. At last.

(He notices Smee is asleep.)

Get up.

(Smee wakes lashing out.)

Smee: Get off. Get off!

(sees Hook)

Captain. Where are they?

Hook: Who?

Smee: I thought...

Hook: Have you been drinking my medicine again Smee?

(Smee shakes his head. Hook goes to the cage.)

Open it.

(Two pirates appear, cloaked or masked, one of them has glasses on over his mask and is a bit short. One of the pirates opens the cage, goes in and checks them.)

Hook: Well?

(The pirate shakes his head)

Hook: He's dead.

Peter Pan.

Dead.

(He looks a bit confused. A tear rolls down his cheek. He wipes it and examines it.)

Hook is alone.

No little children love him.

No little children wish to be Hook.

They play at Peter Pan calling "I'll be Peter. I'll be Peter". Only the baby is left to be Hook.

Or no one at all.

(He goes in the cage, kneels down and holds Peter to him.

Just then there is a ticking sound.

Hook drops Peter in fright.

He is weak and cannot move.)

Hook: Smee!

Smee!

Help me.

(Smee runs to Hook and helps him up.)

Hook: Get me away Smee. Away from here.

*(Smee drags Hook towards the cabin.
The ticking stops.
Hook is immediately upright.)*

Get your hands off me.
Leave me.
Imbecile. You think I cannot look after myself.
You think I need your help.

Smee: Captain.

(A crowing comes from somewhere.)

Hook: What was that?

Smee: Sounded like a crowing sir.

Hook: Yes. I know that. But where.

Curley: *(Looking down at a trapdoor)* I think it came from here Sir.

(The crowing is heard again.)

Hook: Well, what are you waiting for?

Curley: You mean?

Hook: Go and find out what it is.

Curley: Really?

Hook: Really SIR!
What's your name Pirate?

Curley: Red...bush, Sir.

Hook: Redbush?

Curley: Redbush the Executioner.

Hook: Better. Now get down there and see what's going on.

(Curley goes down the hatch. There is a bloodcurdling scream and Redbush's hat is thrown out. It lands on deck.

Hook is shocked.

A pause.

Another crowing.)

Smee: It's a ghost sir. We're haunted.

Hook: Nonsense. *(indicating Tootles dressed as a Pirate)* You. What's your name?

Tootles: *(high voice)* Me?

(low voice) I mean 'Me?'

Hook: Yes you idiot.

Tootles: Too-

Too-loo-la.

Hook: Talula?

Tootles: Talula the big man. Pirate. Talula Pirate. Talula the killer face. Killer Talula Scum Killer.

Hook: What strange names you all choose. Talula. Redbush. *(to Smee)* The other day I met a pirate called Rainbow Starface. Standards are definitely slipping.

(suddenly screaming at Tootles) Get down there.

NOW!

(Tootles goes down. Again a scream and a hat lands on deck)

Smee: Oh Sir, we're definitely haunted. I read all about this once. In a book. There was this whole ship of ghosts and they attacked other ships and slowly ate all the people on board.

Hook: Really?

(To Wendy)

Then maybe you should go and sort it out.

Smee: Me sir?

Hook: Yes. *(slicing the air close to Smee with his hook)* Or would you rather shake hands with Hook?

...

What?

...

Did you think we were friends?

Smee. You know me better than that.

(Smee approaches the trapdoor.)

Smee: *(shaking)* Who's there?

Peter: One who beats even death.

Hook: It can't be.

(pushing Smee out of the way)

Who are you?

Peter: Guess.

Hook: Vegetable?

Peter: No.

Hook: Mineral?

Peter: No.

Hook: Boy?

Peter: Yes.

Hook: Ordinary boy?

Peter: No.

Hook: Wonderful boy?

Peter: Yes.

Hook: Are you there?

Peter: No.

Hook: Are you here?

Peter: Yes.

...
Give in? Give in?

Hook: Yes.

(Suddenly out of the trap springs Peter. He is magnificent, if a bit scary.)

Peter: It's Peter. Peter Pan. I've come for the other hand, James.

(Peter launches his attack. Suddenly Wendy and the dead Peter rise, it is Nibs disguised. From the cabin spring Curley and Tootles.

They fight.

*Peter and Wendy fight Hook, who is furious.
Curley, Tootles and Nibs fight Smee.*

They soon have Smee defeated. They turn to watch the fight going on in the rigging.

Wendy is stopped by Peter.)

Peter: You must leave him to me.

*(Wendy is puzzled, but leaves Peter to fight Hook.
The fight is furious. Hook gets Peter at one point, but Peter comes back twice as strong.)*

Hook: What are you?

Peter: I am youth. I'm joy. And you'll never beat me.

(Peter cuts Hook's good arm so his sword falls. Hook holds his arm, we cannot see if he still has a hand.)

Hook: My hand.

(Hook looks to Wendy)

See!

(Peter is about to finish Hook)

Wendy: Wait!
Stop Peter.
Don't.

He's all alone.
Aren't you?

*(Hook looks at Wendy. Then smiles.
He claws at Peter and cuts him. Peter falls to the deck.
As Hook is about to finish him, Peter stabs Hook with his dagger.
Hook staggers.
He looks down and sees the crocodile.
It is waiting below him.)*

Hook: The clock.
Has stopped.

(Hook falls or jumps into the crocodile's mouth where he ends.)

6.
(The ship's deck. Smee has been tied up and gagged. The boys have crowded around Peter.)

Curley: Are you okay?

Peter: I'm fine. It's just a scratch.

(But he is bleeding)

We'll go back home, Wendy can bandage me up and then we'll have dinner.

(the Lost Boys smile)

Wendy: Tootles can do it.

Peter: What?

Wendy: Can't you Tootles? You know how to bandage.

(Tootles nods.)

Peter: What do you mean? Come on. We'll go now.

(They make to fly off.)

Wendy: Peter.
I can't fly.

Peter: Yes you can. I showed you.

Wendy: No.
I don't know how anymore.
I don't want to.

I want to go home.

Peter: Exactly. Look. Just this once, Nibs, Curley, you carry Wendy until she learns it again.

Wendy: No Peter.
I won't be able to.
I'm...
I'm growing up.

Peter: No.

Wendy: It's true.
I have to go back home.
My real home.
I don't belong here anymore.

Peter: Fine.
Go.

Wendy: How?

Peter: *(He shrugs)*

Wendy: Please Peter. You have to help me.

(Peter looks at Wendy)

Peter: Tink. You show Wendy 'home'.

(Tink goes to protest)

Do it!

Come on boys.

(The Lost Boys are a bit Lost. They don't know what to do, but they feel sure that Peter is their leader once more.)

Wendy: Is that it?

Peter: What? What did you expect?
People leave you. They always do. It's no big surprise.

Wendy: That doesn't mean you shouldn't say goodbye. Or love them.
Or remember them. Sometimes people don't want to leave. They just have to go.
I know that now.

...

If you wanted, you could come too.
And you boys.
We could all go. My dad wouldn't mind. We could all grow up together.

(The boys look hopeful. They look to Peter.)

Peter: Would I have to go to school?

Wendy: Maybe.

Peter: And wear a uniform? And get a suit and grow old working in the same office every day until I die?

Wendy: I don't know.

Peter: I'd rather stay here and be a boy and have fun.

(seeing Lost Boys)

You do what you want. I don't care.

Curley: Goodbye Wendy.

Wendy: Bye Curley. Thankyou.
And you Nibs.
And Tootles. I'll never forget you.

Tootles: Wendy.

Wendy: Yes.

Tootles: I would've liked to have been a doctor. You'll write that, won't you? In our story?

(Wendy nods)

Tootles: I hope you get home. And that no one's locked the window.

Wendy: Thanks Tootles.

Come on Tink.
Let's go.

(Tink makes a noise)

Sorry.
After you.

*(Wendy flies off with Tink
The boys are about to fly off home when they hear Smee.)*

Smee: Wait!
Can I come?

Curley: What?

Smee: Can I come with you?
I always wanted to be a Lost Boy, but Hook would never let me.

Peter: Of course.

Smee: Really?
And can we play Hide and Seek?

Peter: Sure.

Smee: And Pin the Tail on the Pig?

Nibs: If you want.

Smee: And Big Sausage Little Sausage?

Nibs: I'm not sure about that.

(they all fly off)

EPILOGUE

7.

(The flat. Wendy appears with Tink at the window. Tink drops her in the living room and rushes back towards the window.)

Wendy: Tink. Thankyou.

(Tink makes a huffy sound and leaves. Wendy goes to the window and watches her fly off. A shooting star in the night. She closes the window and sags. She is tired.)

*She looks about.
Nothing has changed.
She looks at the sofa and collapses on it. Falls almost unconscious with exhaustion.)*

Michael: Goodnight Dad.

*(Wendy's dad comes back in. He closes the boys' door quietly.
He sees the window is closed.
He goes to open it again.)*

Wendy: Dad. Don't. It's cold.

Dad: I know, but I have to in case...

(He sees Wendy)

Wendy?

(Wendy looks at him)

Oh Wendy.

OH Wendy.

It's you.

Is it you?

(Wendy nods.)

Wendy: I'm sorry Dad.

Dad: Shhh ShhhhSHHHH

It's me who should be sorry.

I'm so so sorry.

Michael told me all about it.

Is it true? Did you really go with Peter Pan?

Wendy: I had to.

Dad: Yes.

Wendy: How long have I been away?

Dad: A year.

Wendy: A year?

Dad: Exactly.

Wendy: Then...

Dad: I didn't change anything.

Since you left.

I couldn't.

Except I bought it all back.
All your mum's things.

Wendy: How?

Dad: I sold a design.
I thought to myself that maybe if I sorted things out you'd come back.
So I worked at it.
Threw away all my stupid inventions and really worked at it.

Wendy: What did you invent?

Dad: The dog house.
Look.

(He unveils a small kennel/house with 'Mum & Dad' written above the door.)

It's for parents to go to when they've done something stupid.
It's sold everywhere. All round the world. There's even a Swedish version 'DogHaus'.

(Wendy laughs)

Wendy.
If you have to leave again. I just want you to tell me. Okay?

(Wendy nods her head.)

Wendy: Dad?

Dad: Yes.

Wendy: I missed you.

Dad: Did you?

(Dad hugs her. They hear the chime of the bells.)

Wendy: Merry Christmas Dad.

Dad: Merry Christmas.

Oh. I got you something. Just in case...
And now...

(Choked up a bit he holds out a present. She unwraps it. It is a notepad)

For your stories.

Wendy: Thanks Dad.

Dad: Do you know what you're going to write?

Wendy: Oh yeah.

(Michael, John and Jamie run from the bedroom.)

Michael: Wendy!

John: You're back.

Jamie: Hi Wendy.

Michael: What was it like? What was it like?

Wendy: Neverland?

...It was everything and everywhere you've ever wanted to go.

SONG * Neverland

(The music begins.)

John: Is it true you flew there?

Michael: How do you do it?

Wendy: It's easy. All you have to do is think of something lovely and it lifts you up.

Michael: Like this?

(Michael launches himself off the sofa)

Wendy: Exactly...Tootles.

Michael: What?

Wendy: Never mind.

(There is a knock on the door. Lugs enters saying 'Merry Christmas'. They welcome him.)

Lugs: *(shocked)* Wendy.

John: Why did you come home? I wouldn't.

Wendy: I suppose I missed you all.
Even you John.

Wendy: **Who'd comfort me when I need rest.
Who'd take my head and lay me gently to sleep.
Who'd trash my room and make a mess
I came back home to where the love runs so deep.**

**Went to Neverland and changed my mind.
I may grow up, but won't leave you behind.**