

THE HOME UNDER THE GROUND

WENDY. Silence! Is your mug empty,
Slightly?

SLIGHTLY. Not quite empty, thank
you.

NIBS. Mummy, he has not even begun to drink his
poe-poe.

SLIGHTLY. I complain of
Nibs!

(JOHN holds up his hand.)

WENDY. Well, John?

JOHN. May I sit in Peter's chair as he is not
here?

WENDY. In your father's chair? Certainly
not.

JOHN. He is not really our father. He did not even know how to be a father till I showed
him.

SECOND TWIN. I complain of
John!

TOOTLES. I don't suppose Michael would let me be
baby?

MICHAEL. No, I won't.

TOOTLES. May I be
dunce?

FIRST TWIN. No. It's awfully difficult to be
dunce.

TOOTLES. As I can't be anything important would any of you like to see me do a
trick?

OMNES. No.

TOOTLES. I hadn't really any hope.

NIBS. Slightly is coughing on the table.

CURLY. The twins began with tappa rolls.

SLIGHTLY. I complain of Nibs!

NIBS. I complain of Slightly!

WENDY. Oh dear, I am sure I sometimes think that spinsters are to be envied.

MICHAEL. Wendy, I am too big for a cradle.

WENDY. You are the littlest, and a cradle is such a nice homely thing to have about a house. You others can clear away now. Every heel with a hole in it!

**THE NURSERY –
NIGHT**

WENDY. Boy, why are you crying?

PETER. What is your name?

WENDY. Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What is yours?

PETER. Peter Pan.

WENDY. Is that all?

PETER. Yes.

WENDY. I am so sorry.

PETER. It doesn't matter.

WENDY. Where do you live?

PETER. Second to the right and then straight on till morning.

WENDY. What a funny address!

PETER. No, it isn't.

WENDY. I mean, is that what they put on the letters?

PETER. Don't get any letters.

WENDY. But your mother gets letters?

PETER. Don't have a mother.

WENDY. Peter! No wonder you were crying.

PETER. I wasn't crying. But I can't get my shadow to stick on.

WENDY. It has come off! How awful. Peter, you have been trying to stick it on with soap!

PETER. Well then?

WENDY. It must be sewn on.

PETER. What is 'sewn'?

WENDY. You are dreadfully ignorant.

PETER. No, I 'm not.

WENDY. I will sew it on for you, my little man. But we must have more light. Sit here. I dare say it will hurt a little.

PETER. I never cry.

**THE PIRATE
SHIP**

HOOK. How still the night is; nothing sounds alive. Now is the hour when children in their homes are a-bed; their lips bright-browed with the good-night chocolate, and their tongues drowsily searching for belated crumbs housed insecurely on their shining cheeks. Compare with them the children on this boat about to walk the plank. Split my infinitives, but 'tis my hour of triumph! And yet some disky spirit compels me now to make my dying speech, lest when dying there may be no time for it. All mortals envy me, yet better perhaps for Hook to have had less ambition! O fame, fame, thou glittering bauble, what if the very... No little children love me. I am told they play at Peter Pan, and that the strongest always chooses to be Peter. They would rather be a Twin than Hook; they force the baby to be Hook. The baby! that is where the canker gnaws. 'Tis said they find Smee lovable. But an hour ago I found him letting the youngest of them try on his spectacles. Pathetic Smee, the Nonconformist pirate, a happy smile upon his face because he thinks they fear him! How can I break it to him that they think him lovable? No, bi-carbonate of Soda, no, not even... Quiet, you dogs, or I'll cast anchor in you! Are all the prisoners chained, so that they can't fly away?

JUKES. Ay, ay,
Captain.

HOOK. Then hoist them up.

STARKEY. Tumble up, you ungentlemanly
lubbers.

(The terrified boys are prodded up and tossed about the
deck.)

HOOK (suddenly). So! Now then, you bullies, six of you walk the plank to-night, but I have room for two cabin-boys. Which of you is it to be?

TOOTLES. You see, sir, I don't think my mother would like me to be a pirate. Would your mother like you to be a pirate, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY. I don't think so. Twin, would your mother
like—

HOOK. Stow this gab. (To JOHN) You boy, you look as if you had a little pluck in you. Didst never want to be a pirate, my hearty?

JOHN. When I was at school I—what do you think,
Michael?

MICHAEL. What would you call me if I
joined?

HOOK. Blackbeard Joe.

MICHAEL. John, what do you think?

JOHN. Stop, should we still be respectful subjects of King George?

HOOK. You would have to swear 'Down with King George.'

JOHN. Then I refuse!

MICHAEL. And I refuse.

HOOK. That seals your doom.

THE NURSERY – BEDTIME

MR. DARLING. Mary, it is too bad; just look at this; covered with hairs. Clumsy, clumsy!

MRS. DARLING. Let me brush you, dear.

MR. DARLING. I sometimes think, Mary, that it is a mistake to have a dog for a nurse.

MRS. DARLING. George, Nana is a treasure.

MR. DARLING. No doubt; but I have an uneasy feeling at times that she looks upon the children as puppies.

MRS. DARLING. Oh no, dear one, I am sure she knows they have souls.

MR. DARLING. I wonder, I wonder.

MRS. DARLING. George, we must keep Nana. I will tell you why. My dear, when I came into this room to-night I saw a face at the window.

MR. DARLING. A face at the window, three floors up?

Pooh!

MRS. DARLING. It was the face of a little boy; he was trying to get in. George, this is not the first time I have seen that boy.

MR. DARLING. Oho!

MRS. DARLING. The first time was a week ago. It was Nana's night out, and I had been drowsing here by the fire when suddenly I felt a draught, as if the window were open. I looked round and I saw that boy—in the room.

MR. DARLING. In the room?

MRS. DARLING. I screamed. Just then Nana came back and she at once sprang at him. The boy leapt for the window. She pulled down the sash quickly, but was too late to catch him.

MR. DARLING. I thought so!

MRS. DARLING. Wait. The boy escaped, but his shadow had not time to get out; down came the window and cut it clean off.

MR. DARLING. Mary, Mary, why didn't you keep that shadow?

MRS. DARLING. I did. I rolled it up, George; and here it is.

(She produces it from a drawer)

MR. DARLING. It is nobody I know, but he does look a scoundrel.

MRS. DARLING. I think he comes back to get his shadow, George.

MR. DARLING. I dare say. There is money in this, my love. I shall take it to the British Museum to-morrow and have it priced.

NEVER LAND

(Enter the LOST BOYS)

TOOTLES. Has Peter come back yet, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY. No, Tootles,

no.

CURLY. I do wish he would come back.

TOOTLES. I am always afraid of the pirates when Peter is not here to protect us.

SLIGHTLY. I am not afraid of pirates. Nothing frightens me. But I do wish Peter would come back and tell us whether he has heard anything more about Cinderella.

SECOND TWIN. Slightly, I dreamt last night that the prince found Cinderella.

FIRST TWIN. Twin, I think you should not have dreamt that, for I didn't, and Peter may say we oughtn't to dream differently, being twins, you know.

TOOTLES. I am awfully anxious about Cinderella. You see, not knowing anything about my own mother I am fond of thinking that she was rather like Cinderella.

(derision)

NIBS. All I remember about my mother is that she often said to father, 'Oh how I wish I had a cheque book of my own.' I don't know what a cheque book is, but I should just love to give my mother one.

SLIGHTLY. My mother was fonder of me than your mothers were of you. Oh yes, she was. Peter had to make up names for you, but my mother had wrote my name on the pinafore I was lost in. 'Slightly Soiled'; that's my name.

THE NURSERY - PLAYTIME

MRS. DARLING. No one there. And yet I feel sure I saw a face. My children!

JOHN. We are doing an act; we are playing at being you and father. A little less noise there.

WENDY. Now let us pretend we have a baby.

JOHN. I am happy to inform you, Mrs. Darling, that you are now a mother. You have missed the chief thing; you haven't asked, 'boy or girl?'

WENDY. I am so glad to have one at all, I don't care which it is.

JOHN. That is just the difference between gentlemen and ladies. Now you tell me.

WENDY. I am happy to acquaint you, Mr. Darling, you are now a father.

JOHN. Boy or girl?

WENDY. Girl.

JOHN. Tuts.

WENDY. You horrid.

JOHN. Go on.

WENDY. I am happy to acquaint you, Mr. Darling, you are again a father.

JOHN. Boy or girl?

WENDY. Boy. (JOHN beams.) Mummy, it's hateful of him.

(enter MICHAEL)

MICHAEL. Now, John, have me.

JOHN. We don't want any more.

MICHAEL. Am I not to be born at all?

JOHN. Two is enough.

MICHAEL. Come, John; boy, John. Nobody wants me!

MRS. DARLING. I do.

MICHAEL. Boy or girl?

MRS. DARLING. Boy.

HOOK AND SMEE

HOOK. Most of all I want their captain, Peter Pan. 'Twas he cut off my arm. I have waited long to shake his hand with this. Oh, I 'll tear him!

SMEE. Yet I have oft heard you say your hook was worth a score of hands, for combing the hair and other homely uses.

HOOK. If I was a mother I would pray to have my children born with this instead of that. Smee, Pan flung my arm to a crocodile that happened to be passing by.

SMEE. I have often noticed your strange dread of crocodiles.

HOOK. Not of crocodiles but of that one crocodile. The brute liked my arm so much, Smee, that he has followed me ever since, from sea to sea, and from land to land, licking his lips for the rest of me.

SMEE. In a way it is a sort of compliment.

HOOK. I want no such compliments; I want Peter Pan, who first gave the brute his taste for me. Smee, that crocodile would have had me before now, but by a lucky chance he swallowed a clock, and it goes tick, tick, tick, tick inside him; and so before he can reach me I hear the tick and bolt. Once I heard it strike six within him.

SMEE. Someday the clock will run down, and then he'll get you.

(HOOK is by now sitting on entrance)

HOOK. Ay, that is the fear that haunts me. Smee, this seat is hot; odds, bobs, hammer and tongs, I am burning.

SMEE. A chimney!

HOOK. Listen! Smee, 'tis plain they live here, beneath the ground.

SMEE. Unrip your plan, Captain.

HOOK. To return to the boat and cook a large rich cake of jolly thickness with sugar on it, green sugar. There can be but one room below, for there is but one chimney. The silly moles had not the sense to see that they did not need a door apiece. We must leave the cake on the shore of the mermaids' lagoon. These boys are always swimming about there, trying to catch the mermaids. They will find the cake and gobble it up, because, having no mother, they don't

know how dangerous 'tis to eat rich damp cake. They will die!

SMEE. It is the wickedest, prettiest policy ever I heard of,

HOOK. Shake hands on 't.

SMEE. No, Captain, no.