

## ACT I

### Music 1: Overture

*As the House Lights dim, introductory music begins and eventually swells as the CURTAIN rises*

### SCENE I

*The children's bedroom in the Darling household*

*It is a very pleasant, cosy children's bedroom of the late Victorian era. There is colourful wallpaper and a warm glow from the gas lamps. In the room are three beds, a chest of drawers, a dog's kennel and a mantelpiece over the fireplace, together with other dressing. A door UL leads to the bathroom, there is a large window in the back wall and a door L leads to the rest of the house*

*Wendy, aged thirteen or fourteen, and John, aged twelve, are playing "he" and giggling, R. They are dressed in night attire*

*Nana, a large dog – usually a St Bernard – and the children's nursemaid, enters with seven-year-old Michael, also in night attire, on her back. They make for the bathroom*

**Michael** (*protesting*) I won't go to bed. I won't, I won't, Nana. It isn't six o'clock yet. Two more minutes, please? One minute more? Oh dear, oh dear. I shan't love you any more, Nana. I tell you I won't be bathed, I won't, I won't!

*Mrs Darling enters. She is wearing an evening dress and is looking quite beautiful*

**Mrs Darling** Goodness me, Michael! What a lot of fuss you're making. Now be a good boy and do what Nana tells you. (*she turns to Wendy and John*) Come on, you two. Get ready for bed. Oh deary me. I wish I wasn't going out tonight. I really do.

*Michael and Nana disappear into the bathroom*

*Mr Darling enters like a tornado. He is in evening dress but is carrying his white bow tie*

**Mr Darling** That is it; that is the last straw! I have had enough! (*he sits down crossly on a bed*)

**Wendy** Why, what is the matter, Father dear?

**Mr Darling** Matter! The matter! This tie is the matter! IT WILL NOT TIE! Not round my neck! Round the bedpost, oh yes! Twenty times have I made it up round the bedpost, but round my neck, no! Oh dear no, begs to be excused!

*Mrs Darling stifles a laugh*

I warn you of this, Mary, that unless this tie is round my neck we don't go out to dinner tonight, and if I don't go out to dinner tonight, I never go to the office again,

and if I don't go to the office again you and I starve, and our children will be flung into the streets.

*Everyone laughs at Mr Darling – he is being over-dramatic again. The orchestra plays the introduction to Music 2 – “The Darlings”*

*Nana enters from the bathroom with Michael on her back*

## **Music 2: The Darlings**

**Mr Darling** (*speaking*)

The situation is becoming quite desperate

I'm completely at my wits end

However hard I try

I can't tie this wretched tie

(*singing*) And it's sending me quietly round the bend.

My dearest, there's something I will promise

Though I don't give in without a fight

But unless it's round my neck

In less than half a sec

We DON'T go out to dinner tonight!

**Wendy** Oh Father ...

**Mrs Darling** We are the Darlings

**Children** Everyone a Darling

It's the title of our family,

And it's hard to ascertain

Quite where we got the name

**Wendy** I'm just a Darling! That's me.

**All except** Yes we are the Darlings

**Mr Darling** Remember we're the Darlings

(*to Mrs Darling*)

But there's no cause to make a fuss

For as people walk our way

We are very proud to say

We're the Darlings: that's us!

*The orchestra continues playing*

**Mrs Darling** (*speaking*) George dear, you're getting all upset: you know it's not good for you. Now calm down.

*Mrs Darling continues as Mr Darling paces about the room, crossly*

(*speaking*) If you take life just a bit slower

Don't get excited; try to stand still.

If you slowly count to three

You very soon will see

(*singing*) Your mountain problem is just a molehill.

My dearest, if you hand me your tie.

*He does so*

I promise the battle will be won.

*Musical interlude as she ties it*

There's no need to stamp and shout  
We'll enjoy our evening out  
(speaking) There you are, no sooner said than done.  
*Chorus*

**Children** Oh we are the Darlings

**Mrs Darling** Everyone a Darling

It's the title of our family

And it's hard to ascertain

Quite where we got the name.

**Mr Darling** I'm just a Darling! That's me!

**All** Oh we are the Darlings

Just remember we're the Darlings

So there's no cause to make a fuss

And as people walk our way

We're very proud to say

We're the Darlings; that's us!

*They all sing "Oh" in harmony, the sound building. Nana howls in tune ... almost.  
They repeat the chorus*

*Chorus*

**Children** Oh we are the Darlings

**Mrs Darling** Everyone a Darling

It's the title of our family

And it's hard to ascertain

Quite where we got the name.

**Michael** I'm just a Darling! That's me!

**All** Oh we are the Darlings

Just remember we're the Darlings

So there's no cause to make a fuss

And as people walk our way

We're very proud to say

We're the Darlings; that's us!

*In the excitement of the final chorus, Mr Darling collides with Nana on the final chord and falls over her. He is immediately cross again. The children roar with laughter which infuriates their father even more*

**Mr Darling** That's it! That's the last straw! I've always said we shouldn't have a dog for a nurse. She's covered me with hairs.

*Mr Darling begins to brush himself down. Mrs Darling helps him. Nana takes Michael over to his bed on her back*

**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. It is about time that we reviewed the whole situation.

**Mrs Darling** Oh no, dearest, I feel sure she knows they have souls ... and without Nana there would be no-one to protect my children.

**Mr Darling** Protect ... ? Protect? (*proudly*) You have a husband, my dear, to see his family is well provided for and comes to no harm!

*Wendy and John disappear into the bathroom*

*Nana attends to Michael*

*Mrs Darling takes her husband aside*

**Mrs Darling** I know, my love, but I am a little bit worried. I know it sounds silly ... but I thought I saw a face at the window earlier this evening.

**Mr Darling** How could that possibly be? We're three floors up!

**Mrs Darling** Yes, I know, but it was the face of a little boy; he was trying to get in, George, and it is not the first time I have seen that boy.

**Mr Darling** Oh, no?

**Mrs Darling** (*making sure that Michael does not hear*) 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 it was too late to catch him.

**Mr Darling** I see ... Well, next time you should—

**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** (*heavily*) Mary, Mary. Why didn't you keep that shadow?

**Mrs Darling** I did. I rolled it up, George, and here it is.

*She produces the shadow from the chest of drawers. It is made from flimsy dark netting material and is of human shape*

## **Music 2A: Instrumental**

**Mr Darling** Let me see that. Well it's nobody I know, but he does look a scoundrel.

*Mrs Darling returns the shadow to the drawer*

**Mrs Darling** Oh, George dear, do be serious. Recently, too, Wendy has been, well, telling me stories of a little boy called ... er ... Peter, who sometimes sits at the foot of her bed and plays music to her.

**Mr Darling** (*grinning*) And what music does he play!

**Mrs Darling** She says she's never awake. She just knows he's there.

**Mr Darling** Dreams, my love. You've always said our Wendy has a vivid imagination. Just dreams.

*Mrs Darling sighs*

*Michael's raised voice is heard. Nana is trying to give him his medicine*

**Michael** No, shan't! Won't! Will NOT! I WON'T have the horrible stuff. Take it away, Nana.

*Wendy and John enter from the bathroom*

**Mrs Darling** What is that, Nana? Ah, of course, Michael, it is your medicine.

**Michael** (*promptly*) Won't take it.

**Mrs Darling** Let's get him his chocolate, Nana.

*Mrs Darling exits to get Michael a chocolate. Nana follows*

**Mr Darling** (*calling after her*) Mother, don't pamper him. Come on, Michael, be a man. When I was your age I took my medicine without a murmur. I said, "Thank you, kind parents, for giving me bottles to make me well."

**Wendy** (*encouraging Michael*) That medicine you sometimes take, Father, is much nastier, isn't it?

**Mr Darling** (*bravely*) Ever so much nastier, and I would take it now as an example to you, Michael, if I hadn't lost the bottle.

**Wendy** (*helpfully*) It's not lost, Father. It's in the bathroom. I'll get it.

*Wendy goes to the bathroom before Mr Darling can stop her*

**Mr Darling** Wendy, don't!

*John giggles*

John, it's mostly beastly stuff. It's that nasty, sticky, sweet kind.

**John** (*grinning*) It will soon be over, Father.

*Wendy rushes back with the medicine in a glass*

**Wendy** I've been as quick as I could.

**Mr Darling** You have been wonderfully quick, precious quick!

*Wendy hands the medicine to her father*

Michael first.

**Michael** Father first.

**Mr Darling** I shall be sick, you know.

**John** Come on, Father.

**Mr Darling** Hold your tongue, John.

**Wendy** I thought you took it quite easily, Father, saying, "Thank you, kind parents—"

**Mr Darling** That is not the point. The point is that there is more in my glass than in Michael's spoon. And it just isn't fair.

**Michael** (*coldly*) Father, I am waiting.

**Mr Darling** It's all very well to say you are waiting; so am I waiting.

**Michael** Father's a cowardly custard.

**Mr Darling** So are you a cowardly custard.

**Michael** I'm not frightened.

**Mr Darling** Neither am I frightened.

**Michael** Well then, take it.

**Mr Darling** Well then, you take it.

**Wendy** Why not both take it at the same time?

**Mr Darling** Certainly, are you ready Michael?

**Wendy** One, two, three, go!

*Michael takes his medicine but Mr Darling slips his behind his back*

**John** Father hasn't taken his!

**Michael** (*furiously*) Heh! That's not fair! (*he begins to sob*)

**Wendy** Oh, Father!

**Mr Darling** What do you mean by "Oh, Father"? Stop that row, Michael, I meant to take mine, but I — I missed it.

*They all look at him doubtfully*

Look here, all of you; I have just thought of a splendid joke. I shall pour my medicine into Nana's bowl and she will drink it, thinking it is milk! What fun!

**Wendy** No, Father, NO!

*Mr Darling pays no attention*

*Mrs Darling enters, followed by Nana. She gives Michael a chocolate*

**Mr Darling** Nana, there's a good dog. I have put a little milk into your bowl, Nana.

*Nana wags her tail and rushes to her bowl. She begins to lap at it, stops and looks reproachfully at Mr Darling. Her tail stops wagging and she creeps into her kennel*

**Mrs Darling** (*smelling the bowl*) Oh, George, it's your medicine.

*Wendy comforts Nana*

**Mr Darling** It was a joke. Much good my wearing myself to the bone trying to be funny in this house.

**Wendy** (*cuddling Nana*) Poor Nana, poor Nana. Father, Nana is crying.

**Mr Darling** That's right! Cuddle her! Nobody cuddles me! Oh dear no! I am only the breadwinner. Why should I be cuddled, why, why, WHY!

**Mrs Darling** George, not so loud. The servants will hear you.

**Mr Darling** (*angrily*) Let them; bring in the whole world. But I refuse to allow that dog to lord it in my nursery for an hour longer. Out! Out! Out!

**Children** Father, no, please don't!

**Mr Darling** In vain, in vain. The proper place for dogs is the yard and there you go to be tied up this instant.

**Mrs Darling** George, George. Remember what I told you about the face at the window. Nana must stay to guard my children.

**Mr Darling** I have made up my mind and that is that! Am I master in this house or is this wretched animal? Come along.

*He drags Nana out of her kennel and exits with her*

*The children climb into bed silently and Mrs Darling turns down the gas lamps. Nana's bark can be heard in the distance*

**John** Listen to her; that is because he is chaining her up in the yard. She's awfully unhappy.

**Wendy** That is not Nana's unhappy bark; that is her bark when she smells danger.

**Mrs Darling** Danger! Are you sure, Wendy?

**Wendy** Oh yes.

### **Music 3: Instrumental**

*Suddenly and violently the window blows open*

*Wendy gives a cry*

*Mrs Darling turns, startled*

**John** Is anything there?

**Mrs Darling** (*looking out of the window*) All quite quiet and still. Oh, how I wish I was not going out to dinner tonight. (*she closes the window*)

**Michael** (*sleepily*) Can anything harm us, Mother?

**Mrs Darling** No, my precious. (*she kisses her children in turn*) Goodnight, my little ones.

*Mrs Darling exits*

*There is a short pause, then Wendy slowly sits up*

**Wendy** Michael ... ? John?

*There is no answer. They are both asleep*

*Wendy gets out of bed, goes over to the window and unfastens the catch. The orchestra plays the introduction to music 4*

### **Music 4: Peter**

**Wendy** (*speaking*)

*(singing)* Peter, Peter,  
Are you, are you there?

*(speaking)* Peter, Peter,  
*(singing)* If so, tell me where.  
Peter, Peter,  
Is it, is it true?  
Peter, Peter.  
What I, what I know about you?

*Chorus*

You fly, fly through my dreams  
So high, high that it seems  
Your star is shining up there  
Wait for me, Peter.  
Peter, Peter,  
Someday you'll see  
I know you have to be free  
But I think of how it would be  
If you took me.

I've seen you, I've seen you  
When Mother comes saying "Good-night",  
You wait there at the window  
For her to turn down the light  
I've heard you, I've heard you  
When the leaves rustle I know  
You're out there but you're leaving  
So where, oh where do you go?

*Repeat chorus*

*After her song Wendy goes back under the blankets and falls asleep*

*A small beam of light — Tinker Bell — dances through the window and the soft jingling of bells can be heard. The fairy dashes round the room and then disappears into a jug on the mantelpiece*

**Music 5: Instrumental**

*The windows open and Peter Pan flies into the room*

**Peter** Tinker Bell. Tink, where are you? Oh, do come out of that jug and tell me, do you know where they put my shadow?

*Tink comes out of the jug and jingles*

*Peter jumps at the chest of drawers and scatters the contents around looking for his shadow. He finds the shadow in one drawer*

**Music 5A: Instrumental**

*He shuts the drawer trapping Tink inside. He sits down and tries to put his shadow on but finds he cannot*

*Peter goes into the bathroom and returns with some soap*

*Peter tries to “soap” his shadow on. He cannot. He is cross and begins to cry. Wendy wakes up, sits up and looks at him.*

**Wendy** Boy, why are you crying?

*Peter gets up and makes a small bow which Wendy returns*

**Peter** What’s your name?

**Wendy** Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

**Peter** Mine’s Peter Pan.

**Wendy** Is that all?

**Peter** Yes.

**Wendy** I’m so sorry.

**Peter** It doesn’t matter.

**Wendy** Where do you live?

**Peter** Second star to the right and straight on till morning!

**Wendy** What a funny address!

**Peter** No, it isn’t.

**Wendy** I mean, is that what they put on your letters?

**Peter** Don’t get any letters.

**Wendy** But your mother gets letters?

**Peter** Don’t have a mother.

**Wendy** Oh, Peter, no wonder you were crying.

*Wendy gets out of bed and goes to him. Peter backs away*

**Peter** I wasn’t crying about mothers. I was crying because I can’t get my shadow to stick on. Besides, I wasn’t crying.

**Wendy** It has come off?

**Peter** Yes.

**Wendy** How awful! *(she picks up the soap)* And you’ve been trying to stick it on with soap. *(she stifles a giggle)* Peter, it must be sewn on.

**Peter** What’s sewn?

**Wendy** You’re dreadfully ignorant.

**Peter** No I’m not.

**Wendy** I shall sew it on for you. I dare say it will hurt a little.

*She collects a needle, thimble and thread from her sewing basket on the chest of drawers*

**Peter** Oh, I shan’t cry, because I’m brave and OH!

*Wendy sews on the shadow*

*The lights change*

## Music 6: Instrumental

*A large shadow is outlined against the wall. Peter dances with joy*

**Wendy** Perhaps I should have ironed it.

*Peter crows triumphantly*

Peter!

*Peter crows again*

**Peter** (*crowing*) How clever I am! Oh, the cleverness of me! Wendy, look, look!

**Wendy** (*crossly*) Well, I ... of course, I did nothing.

**Peter** You did a little. (*he crows again*)

**Wendy** A little! Well if I am no use and all you can do is make that ridiculous noise I shall go back to bed. (*she springs into her bed and covers her face with the blanket*)

**Peter** Wendy, don't go away. I always crow when I'm pleased with myself.

*Wendy does not move*

Wendy ... Wendy, one girl is more use than twenty boys.

**Wendy** Do you really think so, Peter?

**Peter** Yes, I do.

**Wendy** Well I think it's perfectly sweet of you and I'll get up again and I'll give you a kiss if you like.

**Peter** (*holding out his hand expectantly*) Thank you.

**Wendy** Surely you know what a kiss is?

**Peter** I shall know when you give it to me.

*Wendy is about to kiss Peter when she thinks better of it and instead gives him the thimble she used in the sewing-on of his shadow*

**Peter** (*looking at the thimble*) Now, shall I give you a kiss?

**Wendy** If you please.

*Peter drops an acorn button into her hand*

Oh ... I shall wear your kiss on a chain round my neck.

**Peter** (*shrugging*) As you please.

**Wendy** Peter, how old are you?

**Peter** (*uneasily*) I don't know, but I am quite young. Wendy, I ran away the day I was born.

**Wendy** What!

**Peter** It was because I heard Father and Mother talking about what I was to be when I became a man. (*he becomes agitated*) I don't want ever to be a man. I want always to be a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived a long time among the fairies.

**Wendy** But Peter, just think of all the wonderful things you'll miss: having a family,  
and a career, becoming rich and—  
**Peter** No, Wendy. Listen ...

**Music 7: What Happens (When You're Grown Up?)**

*(singing)* What happens when you are grown up?  
What happens when you are tall?  
Shadows can no longer be sewn up  
And your childhood things are too small.  
Wendy, I'm sure adult life is a bore  
Becoming thirteen is no joy  
So instead of school and then "studying law"  
I decided to stay as a boy.

*Musical reprise if the first four lines during which ...*

**Wendy** *(speaking)* But Peter, you can't just stay as a boy all your life. Just think how  
exciting it would be to be a man ... and a father. Peter, wouldn't you like to be ...  
married?

**Peter** *(singing)* Wendy, I'm sure adult life is a bore  
Becoming thirteen is no joy  
So instead of school and then "studying law"  
I decided to stay as a boy.

*The song takes on an "up-tempo" and Peter struts about the stage*

I ran away from home the day that I was born  
And I went to Kensington Gardens.  
I don't care to wash my face, speaking when I'm spoken to  
For me there is no begging of pardons  
Wendy, you must understand  
Your parents' life is hard  
When they're dressed up fine and looking grand  
It's only a façade  
Too much responsibility  
Involved in being a man  
There's one little boy who won't grow up  
That's Peter Pan!

*Musical reprise. Peter dances*

Wendy, you must understand  
A parents' life is hard  
When they're dressed up fine and looking grand  
It's only a façade  
Too much responsibility  
Involved in being a man  
**Peter** There's one little boy who won't grow up  
**Wendy** One little boy who can't grow up

**Both** This one little boy will not grow up  
That's Peter Pan!

*(speaking)* Talking if living with fairies, I wonder where Tinker Bell has gone to.

**Wendy** Peter! *(She clutches him)* Do you mean to tell me there is a fairy in this room?

**Peter** Yes, she's my fairy. You know, there ought to be one fairy for every boy and girl.

**Wendy** Ought to be? Isn't there?

**Peter** No, you see children know such a lot now, they soon don't believe in fairies, and every time a child says, "I don't believe in fairies", there is a fairy somewhere that falls down dead.

**Wendy** Oh how awful! ... but your fairy is here ... with you?

**Peter** Well, she was just now. You can't hear her, can you?

*They both listen and Tink's muffled jingle can be heard*

**Wendy** The only sound I hear is like a tinkle of bells.

**Peter** Well, that's Tink. That's the fairy language. I think I hear her too. Wendy, I do believe I shut her up in the big box!

**Wendy** The big box? Oh, you mean the chest of drawers!

*Peter opens a drawer. Tink flies out and about the room jingling madly*

**Peter** Well, really, Tinker Bell, you shouldn't say such things.

*Tink jingles*

Of course I'm very sorry, but how could I know you were in there?

*Tink jingles*

And you're a silly ass too.

**Wendy** Oh, Peter, if only she would stand still and let me see her.

**Peter** They hardly ever stand still.

*Tink disappears into the bathroom*

**Wendy** *(sitting on her bed)* Peter, where do you live now?

**Peter** With the Lost Boys.

**Wendy** Who are they?

**Peter** They are the children who fall out of their prams when the nurse is looking the other way. If they are not claimed within seven days they are sent far away to Neverland. *(proudly)* I'm their captain.

**Wendy** What fun it must be!

**Peter** Yes, but we are rather lonely. We haven't got a mother.

**Wendy** Are none of the other children girls?

**Peter** *(cunningly)* Oh, no; girls, you know, are much too clever to fall out of their prams.

**Wendy** I think it is perfectly lovely the way you talk about girls. You may give me a kiss if you like.

**Peter** Yes, I thought you would want it back. *(he offers Wendy the thimble)*

**Wendy** Oh dear, I don't mean a kiss, I mean a thimble.

**Peter** What's that?

**Wendy** It's like this. *(she kisses Peter)*

**Peter** Funny! Now shall I give you a thimble?

*Tink enters from the bathroom and dances over to Wendy*

*Before Peter can even draw near to Wendy, she screams*

**Peter** What is it?

**Wendy** It was exactly as if someone were pulling my hair!

**Peter** That must have been Tink. I never knew her so naughty before.

*Tink jingles*

**Wendy** What does she say?

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

**Wendy** But why?

**Peter** Why, Tink?

*Tink jingles*

**Peter** She says, "You silly ass."

**Wendy** She is very impertinent and I shall therefore ignore her. Come, Peter, let us sit over here.

**Peter** If you like.

*They sit*

**Wendy** Peter, why have you come to our nursery window so often? I've always sort of known you've been there.

**Peter** To hear the stories your mother tells you. None of us know any stories.

**Wendy** How perfectly awful!

**Peter** Wendy, the other night your mother was telling you a lovely story.

**Wendy** Which story was it?

**Peter** About the Prince and he couldn't find the lady who wore the glass slipper.

**Wendy** Peter! That was Cinderella and he found her and they lived happily ever after.

**Peter** Hooray! *(he goes to the window)*

**Wendy** *(concerned)* Where are you going?

**Peter** To tell the lost boys.

**Wendy** Oh, don't go, Peter; I know lots of stories. Oh, just think of the stories I could tell the boys!

**Peter** *(immediately excited)* Oh yes! Wendy, do come with me and tell the other boys.

**Wendy** Oh dear, I can't. Think of Mother. Besides I can't fly.

**Peter** I'll teach you!

**Wendy** What!

**Peter** I'll teach you to fly.

**Wendy** *(clapping her hands)* Oh how lovely to fly!

**Peter** I'll teach you how to jump on the wind's back and then away we go!