

Practically Peter Pan

Act I

Scene 1 - Aboard The Jolly Roger

SOUND CUE #1 (Introduction) - In

During introduction music, the Pirates enters to quickly set the stage - they carry Hook's "chair & side table" - stage blocks - DR. A small vase with single long-stem rose is set on the table. Hook enters, sits as if to pose for an oil portrait. As music is ending, Pirates assume "deck cleaning" postures, some down on their knees scrubbing with rags, others elsewhere. Some might be singing "Sixteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest". Smee paces authoritatively. One Pirate kneels DL of Hook, holding a mirror in which Hook preens himself while Smee barks orders.

SOUND CUE #1 - Out

- Smee** *(supervising the crew)* I can spy the dust on yon railing from twenty feet afar, Crum! Thee and Scab shall wax it down again - *(as they move, grumbling, to the task)* and this time do it right! *(Crum & Scab ad lib "Aye, aye.")* Snipe! Toad! Crow!
- S, T & C** *(standing to attention from their positions on the floor- extremely nervous)* Yes, Mr. Smee!
- Smee** *(to Snipe)* Have ye polished up the anchor?
- Snipe** *(smiling proudly)* Polished up the anchor to a fare-thee-well, Mr. Smee!
- Smee** *(to Toad)* Have ye scraped the barnacles from the bow?
- Toad** *(also proud)* Aye, Mr. Smee - and gave 'em a good talkin' to besides!
- Smee** Crow! Where be the Captain's tea?
- Crow** *(quite fearful)* I have not gone to fetch it yet, Mr. Smee!
- Smee** The noonday sun above us be, and yet the Captain has no tea?
- Crow** *(head down)* No, Mr. Smee.
- Smee** Then get below and fetch it, man! *(Snipe exits quickly ... satisfied, Smee crosses D to Hook's side)* Everything is ship-shape, Captain Hook - and a fair wind's behind us to boot.
- Hook** *(still preening, not paying much attention to Smee or anything else)* Fine, fine, Mr. Smee. *(somewhat sarcastically)* I don't suppose you'd care to join me in a game of chess?
- Smee** *(laughs heartily at what he perceives as a joke)* Chess, indeed, Captain! If I could read or count to ten, mayhaps I'd join thee, but no, Captain. Thank ye, just the same. Might I interest the Captain in a friendly round of spit-in-the-bucket?
- Hook** *(scarcely concealing his disgust)* Perhaps some other time, Smee. Thank you. Carry on.
- Smee** *(proudly, oblivious to what a disappointment he is)* Aye, Aye, Captain! *(quietly continues ordering crew around as Hook speaks)*
- Hook** *(briefly surveys the crew, sighs)* There was a time when I had attractive friends, people of substance. People who said "pardon me" and "pleasant day". But no more. *(takes mirror from mirror holder, gazes at himself)* So much promise, so much potential. Wasted ... on this ... pirate ship. What ever became of you, James Hook, you happy, gentle man? *(notices mirror holder staring at him, makes as if to strike mirror holder who scurries to his place as Hook sings to himself)*

SOUND CUE #2 - In

Musical No. 1 - Hook's Lament

MY SUBJECTS AND MY VERBS ALWAYS AGREE.
NO MATTER WHAT THE CIRCUMSTANCE,

EACH DAY AT NOON I PAUSE (*Crow has entered, pours a cup of tea*)... FOR TEA.
(*Crow exits*)
WITH FRENCH ASIDES ... I SPRINKLE ...
CONVERSA ... TIONS LIB'RALLY
JE NE SAIS QUA.

Pirates (*gruffly from their positions*) JE NE SAIS QUA

Hook PATE DE FOIE (pronounced "pah-tay' duh fwah")

Pirates PATE DE FOIE

Hook GRAS (pronounced "grah",rolling the "r")

Pirates GARRRRGH!

Hook Right! (*out*) Yet pirate I am and pirate I shall remain.

MY DECKS ARE POLISHED TO A BLINDING GLOSS
YET ALWAYS IN MY OWN REFLECTION
THERE I SEE AN AL ... BATROSS.
THAT SCREECHES, "PAN ... ELUDES YOU ...
CAPITAN HOOK ... MAINLY BECAUSE
(*rising from chair*) YOU CANNOT FLY!

Pirates HE CANNOT FLY!

Hook AND THAT IS WHY

Pirates AND THAT IS WHY

Hook PAN

Pirates PAN

Hook Lives!" (*to sky*) Come down here and fight like a man! (*slumps into chair as singing continues*)

Crum (*conspiratorially to audience, moving downstage*)
PETER PAN, ONLY TEN YEARS OLD,
IS MORE THAN WE COULD HANDLE ON OUR VERY BEST DAY.

Scab PETER PAN, IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD.

Toad IS QUITE A VERY FORMIDABLE ADVERSAR - AY

Smee (*false bluster*)
DO YOU THINK WE COULD WREAK HAVOC FROM HONG KONG TO BORA-BORA,

Scab ENGAGE IN BLOODY BATTLES, HARDLY WORKING UP A SWEAT,

Toad DO YOU THINK WE COULD BE SO UNCOOUTH OUR MOTHERS FLEE IN HORRA,

Smee AND BE BESTED BY THE LIKES OF PETER PAN?

Pirates YOU BET!

Snipe HE'S AS FRIGHT'NIN' AS A LITTLE BOY CAN GET!

Pirates YOU BET!

PETER PAN, ONLY TEN YEARS OLD,
IS MORE THAN WE COULD HANDLE ON OUR VERY BEST DAY.
PETER PAN, IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD,
IS QUITE A VERY FORMIDABLE ADVERSAR - AY.

Snipe QUITE A VERY HORRIFYING

Croup QUITE A VERY TERRIFYING

Toad QUITE A VERY SCARYFYING

Hook What kind of pirates *are* you?

Pirates QUITE A VERY FORMIDABLE ADVERSAR - AY

SOUND CUE #2 - Out

Smee *(to Hook)* Does the Captain figger it's possible that Pan is in this vicinity, mayhaps lookin' for a fight?

Hook I should be surprised if he were looking for a playmate, Smee.

Smee All in favor of hiding below, say "Aye!"

Pirates *Aye! (Pirates all run off R, striking teacup, kettle & vase with rose as they go)*

Hook Sorriest drift of seagoing swine I ever saw.

Crow *(running on L)* Captain!

Hook *(startled, wheels around)* What is it, Crow?

Crow Terrible news, Captain. Dreadful, terrible news!

Hook Spare me the commentary, Crow - what is the *substance* of your message?

Crow Sir?

Hook The point, Crow! Get to the point!

Crow It's Pan, sir. He's ... he's ...

Hook He's what?

Crow He's broken through.

Hook Broken through?

Crow To the other side.

Hook To the other side of what?

Crow Of ... of ... *(points up over audience)* out!

Hook Out of *what*, Crow? *(looks out ... understands, eyes widening)* Oh, my. Out of *Neverland*.

Crow Are you going after him?

Hook *(with biting irony)* How do you propose that I go after him, Crow? I haven't the vaguest idea how he broke through in the first place.

Crow *(hopefully)* Does this mean he won't come back?

Hook No one has ever *done* this before! I don't know *what* it means!

Crow Mayhaps I should hide below with the others.

Hook Splendid idea! Why *don't* you hide below ... *(nose to nose in a low, threatening voice)* Crow?

Crow Aye, aye! *(Crow exits hastily R)*

SOUND CUE #3 (tag) - In

Hook I MUST ADMIT THAT IF THE NEWS IS TRUE,
THAT PETER PAN HAS SOMEHOW FOUND,
A PASSAGE WELL AND TRU ... LY THROUGH,
I'M AT A DIS ... ADVANTAGE ...
A FACT THAT ... MY WORTHLESS CREW
CANNOT UNDO
(looks in hand mirror)
IT'S UP TO YOU,
(looks at hook)
CAPTAIN

Hook. *(calls out to Pan over audience, shaking fist)* You'll be back, Pan! Wherever you've gone, you'll be back ... and, when you return, I will be here to greet you *(spreading arms)* with

open arms. *(slashes air with hook, laughs as he exits L)*

Sound Cue #3 continues for scene change, during which Wendy, John and Michael enter - Wendy, carrying a story book, crosses to the "chair block" left DC by Hook and begins to read aloud as John moves "table block" DR where it becomes a window seat - he sits and stares out the window as Michael stands behind Wendy reading over her shoulder (seated at her feet if house is raked)

SOUND CUE #3 - Out

Scene 2 - The Children's Room

- Wendy** *(reading)* And for anything I know, he may be living there still upon the island. He grew fatter and fatter and more fatterer; and the ship's cook never found him. The End.
- Michael** What a wonderful story!
- John** *(barely moving gaze from the window)* I find it hard to believe that a pig could get away from so many people bound and determined to catch him and eat him.
- Wendy** Oh, John, why must you always try to be so grown up? Children's stories must have happy endings, otherwise no one would want to read them.
- John** *(leaves window, crosses to Wendy)* Are you sure that Little Pig Robinson was a pig? Perhaps he was a little boy *disguised* as a pig.
- Wendy** And perhaps *you* are little *pig* disguised as a *boy*. Now go to bed before you make me cross.
- Michael** Little Pig Jonathon! Little Pig Jonathon!
- Wendy** Leave John, alone, Michael, he's far too grown up for us to tease him so.
- John** We should *all* go to bed before Mother and Father come up to ask us what's the matter.
- Wendy** You are quite right, John, we should all ...
- Pan** *(calling from back of house)* Tell me a story, Wendy!

SOUND CUE #4 (Pan entrance) - In/Out (fades over next several lines)

- Wendy** Who was that?
- John** It sounded like it came from the window.
- Wendy** That's impossible - we're five stories up.
- Michael** It was a bird!
- John** Be serious, Michael, birds don't care if you tell them stories.
- Pan** *(calling again more emphatically, possibly from another back of house location, then proceeds to walk to stage)* Tell me a story, Wendy!
- Wendy** It *did* come from the window! *(rushes with Michael DR to "window" and looks out - both gasp in astonishment)* It's a boy - walking on thin air!
- John** *(moving toward "window")* It must be a trick!
- Wendy** I know that boy!
- Michael** So do I!
- John** *(seeing Pan for the first time)* It's Peter Pan! *(Wendy & Michael look at John in astonishment)* He's the boy who fights the pirates ... in my dreams.
- Michael** *(backing up a little with others as Pan gets closer)* In my dreams he leads the Indians to battle.
- Wendy** *(still backing up, Pan still closer)* And in mine, he talks to mermaids who will have no other company but him.
- Pan** *(stepping through "window", speaks more calmly)* Tell me a story, Wendy ... please.
- Wendy** I would be delighted to tell you a story, Peter, but first I believe we should be introduced - even

though we all seem to know each other already. And we should also like you to tell us how you escaped from our dreams.

Pan *(shaking each one's hand in turn like old friends)* Hello young Michael, old John, and hello especially to you, lovely Wendy lady *(kisses Wendy's hand)*.

Wendy Despite your odd appearance and the fact that you walk on air, you have excellent manners, Peter.

Pan Thank you. And as for how I got here, I'm not sure, unless of course you all dreamed of me at the same time. Sometimes, when many people dream the same dream, it comes true.

Michael Teach us to walk on the air, Peter, teach us to fly!

Pan I would be delighted ...

Wendy We shall do no such thing!

Michael Why not?

John Why not?

Pan Yes, why not? *(all three stare at Wendy)*

Wendy Because mother and father wouldn't approve of us flying after bedtime.

Pan How do you know?

Wendy I *don't* know exactly, but ...

Pan Did either of them ever expressly forbid you to fly after bedtime?

Wendy Not in so many words.

Pan Then I see no reason why we shouldn't all fly right out the window right now. *(to John & Michael)* Do you?

J&M No!

Pan Wendy?

Wendy Well ... I suppose that if we haven't been *expressly* forbidden to do something ... there's no point allowing common sense to get in our way.

Pan Who shall be first?

Michael Me!

Pan Done!

SOUND CUE #5 (magic) - In/Out (fades out over next several lines)

(opens pouch he carries at his side, reaches in and takes out a sprinkle of magic dust, he sprinkles it on Michael as he continues speaking) All you have to do is believe, Michael ... believe that you can walk on air.

Michael *(his eyes closed, concentrating, arms spread out, smiling)* I believe! Am I flying yet?

Pan You will be if you step through the window. *(Michael opens eyes, hesitates at the "window")* Believe, Michael. *(Michael steps through)*

Michael *(on the other side)* It's true! Wendy, John, I'm walking on the air!

John Me next, Peter.

Pan Do you believe?

John Yes, yes!

Pan Then out you go. *(Pan sprinkles dust on John)*

John *(stepping through)* Look, Wendy, I can do it!

Pan Would you like to fly, too, Wendy ?

Wendy I suppose I would, but I thought that you wanted me to tell you a story. *(John & Michael)*

alternately ad libbing "Come on!, etc." to Wendy and quietly pointing at the "sights" - members of the audience - in the "sky")

Pan I do, but there are others who would like you to tell them a story also. Come with me and I'll introduce you to them.

Wendy Where are they?

Pan *(pointing out over audience)* Second star to the right and then straight on till morning.

Wendy What a funny address. Who are the others?

Pan Lost children - motherless, just like me.

Wendy *(full of pity)* You mean that they haven't any mothers to tell them stories at bedtime?

Pan Only you, if you'll come away with me to meet them. I've told them all about you.

Wendy I certainly wouldn't sleep a wink knowing that there are children somewhere without mothers to tell them bedtime stories. Lead away, Peter, there is important work to be done!

Pan sprinkles Wendy with dust and leads her by the hand through the "window". She ad libs "Oh, my!" as dialogue continues

Michael Look, Wendy, look at all the birds up here *(indicating members of the audience)*. There's a woodpecker ... and there's an old buzzard flying home with a sausage in his beak.

Wendy Everything looks so wonderful from up here! *(beat, notices buzzard)* Except the old buzzard.

Pan Not half as wonderful as Neverland!

SOUND CUE #6 - In

Musical No. 2 - *If You Just Believe*

BROOKS THAT BABBLE BACKWARDS,
FULL OF FIDDLE-PLAYING FISHES
THAT SERVE THEMSELVES ON DISHES
MADE OF PUMPERNICKEL BREAD

FILL EV'RY NOOK AND CRANNY
WITH A MUSIC MOST UNCANNY
THAT EVEN DURING INTERMISHES
YOU CAN HEAR INSIDE YOUR HEAD.

AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR,
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.

All AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR,
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.

John ARE THERE PIRATES IN THE HARBOR?

Pan PIRATES PIRATING APLENTY!
EACH A HUNDRED TEN PERCENTY
JOLLY ROGER. EV'RY ONE
BURYING HIS STOLEN TREASURE
AND FOR EXTRA PIRATE MEASURE,
SUCKING UP HIS SODA
THROUGH THE BARREL OF A GUN.

All AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND

IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.

Michael ARE THERE INDIANS ON HORSES?

Pan HORSES, BUFFALOS AND POLAR BEARS!
ATTENDING INDIAN AFFAIRS
IN EAGLE FEATHER CAPS.
ALWAYS RIDING INTO BATTLE
THROUGH A SEA OF SCREAMING CATTLE,
CARRYING THEIR BONFIRES
AND THEIR TEEPEES IN THEIR LAPS!

All AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE

Wendy ARE THERE MERMAIDS, SINGING SWEETLY?

Pan SINGING OFFENBACH AND BRAHMS
WHILE THE WALRUSES AND CLAMS
PARTICIPATE PERCUSSIVELY.
AND SINCE THEY WEAR THEIR SCALES
ON THEIR VERY TUNEFUL TAILS,
IN NEVERLAND THE MERMAIDS
HARDLY EVER SING OFF-KEY.

All AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR,
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.

AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR,
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.

*(last verse is sung as the players exit UR so that, by the end of the song, the stage is empty,
transition music tag ends the tape as Holy Cow, Leapin' Lizard, Prarie Chicken and Chief Chili
Dog enter with other indians from UL)*

SOUND CUE #6 - Out

Scene 3 - Neverland

Holy *(crossing to DC block w/ others, points up)* There, above this rock. *(others gather round the spot, staring up, others look down, some getting on their knees to search for clues)*

Leapin' No sign of her now, Holy Cow.

Chili Let Holy Cow explain again the way the lady got away.

Leapin' She did not *get away*. I never had her to begin with. She was flying through the air with Pan Man and two others.

Holy She might have been our mother, Leapin Lizard.

Leapin' She might have been *their* mother, Holy Cow. What was I supposed to do?

Prarie You should have tied her up and brought her to the camp.

Leapin' Tie up someone's mother and drag her through the dust? Prarie Chicken, you have ridden too long in the sun.

Chili Enough! If she is our mother she will come back to us. If she is not our mother, then where she goes does not matter.

Holy Chief Chilly Dog has spoken.

All *(pulling in the right fist while lifting the right knee and bending torso slightly over - similar to the gesture that usually accompanies "Yes!" as spoken by 13-year-olds when something really good happens)* Huh!

Prarie *(pause)* Chief Chilly Dog?

Chili Yes, Prarie Chicken?

Leapin' Maybe she was *searching* for her children, maybe she has *forgotten* where she left them.

Prarie If that is the case, we should tie her up until her memory returns.

Chili Be still, Prarie Chicken. Leapin' Lizard, you might be right. The lady could belong to any one of us and might not know it. Let us go up to the hills and try to spot her. Prarie Chicken, you stay where I can see you.

Holy Chief Chilly Dog has spoken!

All Huh! *(all exit R as directed silently by Chief Chilly Dog)*

SOUND CUE #7 (Indian exit/transition) - In/Fade Out over next entrance

Hook *(storming on from L with pirates)* He's back! I can feel it in my bones. Smee, any word from the lookout?

Smee *(calling off)* Toad! *(toad jogs wearily on)* Report, Toad!

Toad I ain't seen nothin', Mr. Smee, but a flock of Indians runnin' up the hill.

Hook Very likely fleeing from your grammar, Mr. Toad.

Toad Pardon, Captain?

Hook Smee, send Mr. Toad back to his lookout. *(Smee does so with a gesture)* Crow, you stay here and the rest of you come with me.

Crow What if Pan shows up, Captain?

Hook Then you *capture* him, Crow, and you bring him back to the *ship*. *(exits R with pirates)*

Smee *(confidentially to Crow as he passes by)* Better thee than me, old boy! *(exits laughing)*

Crow *(pauses - he is alone, frightened - looks around, hears something)* What was that?! *(brandishing sword with obvious uncertainty)* Peter Pan, is that you? Come out where I can see ya! Come out, I say or I'm comin' in! All right, have it your way. *(exits, sword held ahead, R)*

(Pan, Wendy, John & Michael enter from back of house)

Pan The magic dust that makes you fly lasts for only a single journey and a journey lasts for only as long as you stay in the air. *(they arrive at the stage and "land")* Or until you stop believing.

John When can we do it again, Peter?

Pan Maybe later. *(crossing away, John's question forgotten)* How do you like it?

Wendy It's *beautiful*, Peter! Neverland is more beautiful than I ever imagined.

Pan This is the part of the island I call "Dead Man's Cove" - that rock is where the pirates leave their prisoners for the crocodile.

Wendy Is there a crocodile in Neverland?

Pan Yes, but only one and he only eats pirates.

John Why is that?

Pan Because there's one pirate in particular he wants to eat most of all.

Wendy Which one?

Pan Captain James Hook.

Michael Why does he want to eat Captain Hook?

Pan Actually, he wants to *finish* eating Captain Hook. He got a *taste* of him years ago and *that* was thanks to *me*. (*others stare at him with great interest*) You see, (*recounts the story with enthusiasm*) one day a long time ago, for lack of any other clever games to play, I attacked the Jolly Roger. And while I was defeating half a dozen pirates or so, Captain Hook came storming out of the galley where he had been trying to teach Mr. Smee to bake scones. Flintlock blasting and cutlass slashing, he charged me shouting "Today I rid the world of Peter Pan!" and up I flew into the rigging so that the sun behind me *blinded* him.

J & M (*severally*) Yes? Yes? And then what happened?

Pan *Down* I swooped while Hook stood blinking like a bat and, with one perfect stroke, I sliced his scurvy hand clean off at the wrist, flintlock and all. It dropped into the ocean where a crocodile leapt up and swallowed the bloody thing whole.

Wendy Oh, Peter, such a story!

Pan I was magnificent!

John What happened to the crocodile?

Pan Later that same day, the crocodile swallowed a clock, which ticks so loudly that, to this day, it is impossible for him to sneak up on Hook from any angle.

Michael What will happen when the clock runs down?

Pan Hook will be eaten. Crocodiles are very quiet you know, when they don't have any clocks inside them. Anyway, the crocodile chases Hook and Hook chases me, except when he is battling the Indians, who sometimes chase the mermaids ... but the Indians can't swim, so nothing ever comes of that. It keeps us occupied.

Wendy It's no wonder Hook dislikes you so, Peter. I dare say that if you were to cut off *my* hand, I would never speak to you again.

Pan I would never harm you, Wendy. But Hook has always hated me - me and everyone else in Neverland.

Wendy Well, enough of this disturbing talk. You promised to introduce us to the other ... "lost children" did you call them?

Pan Yes. (*strangely proud, he takes the stage as if he were introducing a circus act*) We are all lost children here in Neverland, as all of us were somehow seperated from our mothers - many fallen out of swingsets or forgotten at the marketplace. Neverland is where the children go whose mothers don't look after them. Some become pirates, some become Indians, and others - like me - always stay the same.

Wendy How sad.

John Sounds great to me!

Michael Me, too!

Pan Indeed it is! Except that we have no one here to tell us stories. Not until today, Wendy. Now we shall want for nothing.

Boomer (*dragging on Crow from R with the help of Albert, Elmer, Harry and the others*) Peter! Look! A Pirate! We caught a Pirate!

Pan Excellent, Boomer! Put him down here (*indicating "stump"*) while I question him and then we'll leave him for the crocodile.

Crow No, Pan, please! I'll tell you whatever you want, I'll do whatever you want, but don't leave me for the crocodile!

Wendy For heaven's sake, Peter, let him go! He seems perfectly harmless.

Crow She's right! I'm harmless! Let me go!

Pan I'll let you go for Wendy's sake, provided you perform a service.

Crow Anything! Anything!

Pan Tell Hook that we have a mother now - to tell us stories and tuck us in and to tell us when our shirts are inside out. Tell him *that* and you can go.

Crow I'll tell him!

Pan Let him up. (*Boomer and the others let Crow up - Crow looks around briefly to make sure that no one is about to stomp on him - and then bolts off R - all laugh*) My friends, allow me to introduce John (*John bows*) and Michael (*waves*) and our new mother, Wendy (*curtsies*).

Wendy Peter, there are so many here I don't see how I could be mother to them all.

Pan Oh, we'll promise to always do as we are told. (*all ad lib agreement*) And always be in bed by eight. (*agreement*) And we'll eat whatever we are given. (*agreement*) Just be our mother, Wendy.

Musical No. 3 - *A Hymn To Her/Ramalama/The Trap*

SOUND CUE #8 (MUSICAL NO. 3a) - In

Wendy I'M GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE THAT THIS IS QUITE THE WAY THAT MOTHERHOOD SHOULD BE. MOTHERS CHOOSE THEIR CHILDREN, NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND, AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT MY MOTHER TOLD ME.

Albert (*spoken*) Seems mighty silly!

Harry WE HAVE IT HERE ON GOOD AUTHORITY.

Pan IT ISN'T OUR INTENTION TO BREAK ANYBODY'S RULES, BUT IF RULES ARE WHAT YOU THINK WE CHIEFLY NEED, JUST WRITE THEM DOWN AND WE'LL COMMIT THEM ALL TO MEMORY,

Elmer AND SHE CAN START BY TEACHING US TO READ.

Albert (*spoken*) No way around it!

Harry SOMEBODY HAS TO TEACH US HOW TO READ.

Pan WE SOMETIMES GO FOR DAYS NOT EATING VEGETABLES AND, IN THE WINTER, WHEN IT'S REALLY FREEZIN', WE GO OUT HATLESS!

Elmer COATLESS!

Harry EVEN BAREFOOT!

Pan THEN ... GET DREADFUL SICK AND NEVER KNOW THE REASON.

Albert (*spoken*) Ain't it awful?

Harry WE GOT NOBODY TO DRESS US FOR THE SEASON.

All OH, WENDY LADY, WE'RE MIGHTY SORRY WE GOT NO MANNERS AND WE NEVER WASH BEHIND OUR EARS. OH, WENDY LADY, YOU GOTTA HELP US OR WE MIGHT NOT SEE A BAR OF SOAP FOR YEARS AND YEARS! (*all around her, looking as pathetic as they can*) WENDY ... WENDY ... PLEASE STAY.

Wendy THE WAY YOU ALL LOOK UP AT ME WITH HAPPY HOPEFUL EYES, YOUR SHIRTS ON INSIDE OUT AND HAIR ASKEW, CONVINCES ME THAT SOMEONE MUST ADOPT YOU AND SINCE I'M THE ONLY MOTHER HERE, I'LL HAVE TO DO.

Albert *(spoken)* You'll be our mother?!

Wendy IF YOU'LL HAVE ME, I'LL ATTEMPT TO MUDDLE THROUGH.

All LET THE INDIANS RIDE BUFFALOS AND PO-LAR BEAR
LET THE PIRATES LOOT FROM HERE TO TIMBUKTU
LET THE MERMAIDS HAVE THEIR DOLPHINS AND WEAR SEAWEED IN THEIR HAIR

Pan THEY DON'T HAVE WENDY

All THEY DON'T HAVE WENDY

Pan THEY DON'T HAVE WENDY

All THEY DON'T HAVE WENDY
AND WE DO!

Albert *(spoken)* To make us cookies!

All AND WE DO!

D & C *(spoken)* And sew our buttons on!

All AND WE DO!

Pan Tell us a story, Wendy

Wendy *(smiles at Pan, then at the others, then begins to tell the story as she exits R, all following - transition music plays under)* Once upon there was a little boy named Peter Pan who lived on the Island of Neverland with Elmer (*Elmer ad libs "That's me!"*) and Harry (*"That's me!"*) and too many other children to mention (*Albert looks despondent - she puts her arm around him*) except Albert, who always got mentioned because he was the littlest. (*Wendy, Pan & children have exited*)

SOUND CUE #9 (MUSICAL NO. 3b) - In

Indians begin to creep/dance on L as the last child exits right - Chief leads.

Chili I SAY, RAMALAMALANG.

Indians RAMALAMALANG.

Chili RAMALAMA-CHILI DOG!

Indians RAMALAMA-CHILI DOG!

Chili UH, HUH.

Indians UH, HUH.

Chili PAN MAN'S GOT HIM A ... A NEW MOMMA
SAW HIM WALKIN' WITH HIS MOMMA THIS VERY DAY
HOPPED ON A PONY AND I RODE RIGHT DOWN.
PAN MAN DONE GONE GOT AWAY.
I SAY, RAMALAMALANG.

Indians RAMALAMALANG

Chili RAMALAMA-DOGGONE!

Indians RAMALAMA-DOGGONE!

Chili UH, HUH.

Indians UH, HUH.

Chili ONE BANNANA, TWO BANANA, THREE BANNANA, FOUR
GONNA GO KNOCKIN' ON PAN MAN'S DOOR
GONNA SAY PAN MAN, "WHATCHA KNOW GOOD? -
MAYBE I SHOULDN'T AND MAYBE I SHOULD

TAKE HER ON A FREE RIDE.

Indians TAKE HER ON A FREE RIDE.

Chili GIVIN' YOU THE SLIP-SLIDE.

Indians GIVIN' YOU THE SLIP-SLIDE..”

Chili UH, HUH.

Indians UH, HUH.

Chili *(spoken)* Do that slip-slide one time! *(instrumental break - they do jazzy Indian dance - song resumes as Chili-Dog leads Indians off R)*
CHILI-DOG'S LOOKIN' FOR PAN MAN.
PAN MAN BETTER WATCH OUT.

Indians HUH!

All *(many have exited)*
CHILI-DOG'S LOOKIN' FOR PAN MAN.
PAN MAN BETTER WATCH OUT.
HUH!
(most of Indians are gone)
CHILI-DOG'S LOOKIN' FOR PAN MAN.
PAN MAN BETTER WATCH OUT. *(all have exited)*
(from off) HUH!

transition music continues as pirates enter from L

Crow *(entering with Hook - other pirates behind)*
Honest, Captain, he was good as caught ... *(general laughter)* He was! He was pleadin' for mercy and then I tripped ... on a root I think it was ... and he got away. Otherwise I'd have ...

SOUND CUE #10 (MUSICAL NO. 3c) - In

Hook *(cutting him off)*
CROW, I'M NOT IN'TRESTED IN YOUR EXCUSES,
CONCERNING YOUR LACK OF PIRATICAL STYLE
FAR MORE INTRIGUING IS NEWS OF PAN'S "MOTHER"
AND HOW... SHE MIGHT ... BETRAY ... HER CHILD

IF PETER PAN IS AS FOND OF THIS WENDY
AS YOU'VE INDICATED, MY MISSION IS CLEAR.
I WILL ABDUCT HER AND NEWS OF HER PERIL
WILL DRAW PETER PAN IRRESISTABLY HERE.

BRING ME THE WENDY,
SWEET BUTTERCUP,
AND TIE HER UP

Pirates BRING HIM THE WENDY,
SWEET BUTTERCUP,
AND TIE HER UP.

(spoken) And take care ... the knots ... are tight!

Hook YEARS I HAVE YEARNED FOR A CHANCE ... TO PROPERLY
(holding up hook)
THIS ... GIFT ... OF PAN'S RECOGNIZE.
CUSTOM INSISTS I RESPOND AND I DO SO
LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING THE LOOK IN HIS EYES

AS I DANGLE HIM ... AND HIS WENDYKINS
INCHES ABOVE ... THE JAWS OF THE CROC
INTO WHOSE BELLY I WOULD HAVE GONE LONG AGO
WERE IT NOT FOR ... THE TICK OF THE CLOCK.

(hears the sound of the clock alarm going off, reacts in terror)

Crocodile! Back to the ship and every man for himself! *(all exit hastily whence they came - L)*

SOUND CUE #10 - Out

End of Act One

INTERMISSION AND/OR TRANSITION TO ACT II

If intermission IS NOT taken, Sound Cue #10 should be allowed to roll through transition tag at end of tape during which stage blocks are to be moved far DL & DR by two of the Lost Children. A very small player dressed in a suggestive crocodile costume might carry on the intermission sign.

If intermission IS TAKEN, Sound Cue #10 should be stopped at the end of Musical No. 3 and the intermission tape should be played. Stage blocks should be moved in this event also.

Act II

Scene 1 - Later ... At Pan's Place

- Pan** *(entering w/ Wendy)* And this can be your room. If you like, the others and I will build a house around you while you sleep. *(walks downstage envisioning the house interior)*
- Wendy** No, Peter. You're very sweet to offer, but I already have a house.
- Pan** *(to interested in his plans for her to hear what she has to say)* Flower petals for window shades over here at the window...
- Wendy** Peter ...
- Pan** ... and a turtle shell over there for you to use as a desk ...
- Wendy** Peter ...
- Pan** ... and bright green moss for carpet.
- Wendy** Peter!
- Pan** Would you prefer gray moss?
- Wendy** No, Peter, listen to me. *(being conciliatory, knowing this is going to hurt Pan's feelings)* John and Michael and I live in a house near Kensington Gardens, Peter dear. It is our home.
- Pan** What do you mean?
- Wendy** I mean that we cannot stay here forever.
- Pan** Why not?
- Wendy** Well ... To begin with, we couldn't leave our parents. They would miss us terribly on our birthdays and at Christmas. And we would fall behind in school, as I doubt that there is a school here.
- Pan** Certainly not!
- Wendy** And none of us brought a change of clothes. Soon we would all be as rumpled and as dirty as ... as ...
- Pan** As who?
- Wendy** Peter, you are a most charming little man ... and Neverland is a most exciting little island but it is not our home.
- Pan** John and Michael want to stay. They told me so themselves.
- Wendy** Michael is too young to decide where he should be and John is simply too much a boy.
-

Pan And what is *that* supposed to mean?

Wendy Like you, Peter, he is too easily influenced by the prospect of adventure - it clouds his judgement.

Pan I see. (*arms folded tight against his chest, he turns his back to Wendy*) So you won't be our mother, after all?

Wendy (*moving slightly toward him*) Oh, Peter. It isn't that I wouldn't like to be your mother. I consider myself to be a very motherly person indeed. It's just that I have very little experience and there are so *many* of you ... and you seem to *thrive* on *danger*, which I believe to be a most unreasonable way to behave.

Peter I see.

Wendy ... and I do miss my own parents ... and my own home. (*beat*) Peter?

Pan (*back still to Wendy - he is pouting*) What?

Wendy Would you like me to tell you another story?

Pan (*whirling upon her*) I haven't got time for stories, Wendy. Not today or tomorrow either, I think. In fact, I'm certain that I shall be very busy hunting pirates for the next several *years*, so perhaps you and your brothers should leave *as soon as possible!* (*storms off R as Chili Dog sneaks on with other Indians from L*)

Wendy Peter! Peter, come back! (*giving up*) Oh, bother! I should have *known* that no good would come of flying out the window! I should have ... (*sees Indians assembled before her*)

Chili (*hand raised ceremoniously*) Howwwdy

Wendy I beg your pardon?

Chili I am Chief Chili Dog of the Wienerbuns. This is Prarie Chicken, this is Leapin' Lizard, and this is Holy Cow. (*indicating the rest*) Everybody else has names, too, but there is no time to introduce them. (*others wave with dignity*)

Wendy I see. (*awkward pause*) Is there something that I can do for you?

Chili (*stating a foregone conclusion*) You can be our mother.

Indians Huh!

Wendy Be your ... (*thinking she's caught on*) Did Peter Pan send you to ask me that? (*speaking R in the direction of Pan's exit*) Send whomever you will, young man, my answer remains the same.

Leapin' (*to Chili Dog*) Why does she speak in that direction? We are over here.

Chili Maybe she is hard of hearing. We will move closer. (*Indians crowd around Wendy, Chili Dog speaks only inches from Wendy's face, only slightly louder than before - actor should eat breath mint prior to this scene*) Me Chief Chili Dog of the Wienerbuns. This is...

Wendy Yes, yes, you've told me your names - (*tries unsuccessfully to curtsy*) how do you do - but now you are making it difficult for me to breathe. Please... (*gestures that they should move back - Indians look at Chili Dog, he nods and all step back one giant step in unison*) Thank you.

Prarie (*Into his job*) Will you come peacefully, or should we tie you up and drag you back to our camp in a sack? (*Chili Dog turns to Prarie Chicken, staring at him in disbelief*) I will be quiet now.

Chili (*to Wendy*) We apologize for Prarie Chicken. He is high-strung.

Wendy I accept your apology.

Chili Now we leave.

Wendy Excuse me, Mr. Chili Dog, ...

Chili *Chief* Chili Dog.

Wendy *Chief* Chili Dog, but I am very tired and would like to go to bed. Perhaps we could discuss this tomorrow.

Chili Tomorrow we hunt buffalo. Today we get mother. You come with us. (*they start to take her away*)

Wendy (*as she's being pushed toward L wing*) If this is the way that mothers are treated in Neverland, it's no wonder they've all gone away.

Chili (*stops and everyone else stops immediately*) Explain.

Wendy If you really want me to be your mother, first you must let go of my arms. It is impolite to hold a lady's arms against her will. (*somewhat confused, they let her go*) Then you must say, "Dear Lady, ..."

Indians (*a moment's hesitation*) Dear Lady, ...

Wendy ... we would be very pleased ...

Indians ... we would be very pleased ...

Wendy ... if you would do us the honor ...

Indians ... if you would do us the honor ...

Wendy ... of being our mother.

Indians ... of being our mother.

Chili (*after brief pause*) Well?

Wendy I'll think about it *tomorrow*.

Chili You think about it *tonight* ... in a teepee! Bring her now! (*others grab her arms as they exit L, Wendy struggling to get away*)

Hook (*stage is empty for a moment, then Hook leaps on from R*) Ah ha! (*sees there is no one in front of him to surprise, whirls upstage with same energy as before*) Ah ha! (*looks downstage, looks left, looks up*) Blast! (*abandons attack posture, straightens clothing, again the polished gentleman - calls off R*) Bring them here. (*Pirates enter, roughly handling John and Michael who've been gagged with black cloths, their hands tied behind their backs*) Perhaps you misunderstood the question, children. Once again ... (*nose to nose with John*) Where ... is ... the girl?

John (*talking excitedly through the gag*) Thph if whmph Pf sph shm whmph spfifm ...

Hook Take that blasted gag off of him so that I can understand what he's saying! (*Crow does so*)

John You can't make us tell you anything!

Hook Oh can't I? (*walks away chuckling - stops, eyes widening, breathes in deeply*) She was here, wasn't she? A certain hint of motherhood lingering in the air. ... (*sees something on floor*) And what do I spy with my little eye? (*picks it up*) A sapphire blue eagle feather. Just the sort of thing I'd expect to find (*thinking*) ... in a room ... where a *Wienerbun Indian* had just been!

Smee (*eyes widening at the realizaton*) Chief Chili Dog!

Hook Bravo, Smee.

Smee Thank you, Captain.

Hook Smee!

Smee (*snapping fearfully to attention*) Aye, sir!

Hook Where were the Wienerbuns spotted last?

Smee Toad! (*Toad steps forward*) Report, Toad!

Toad As of first light, the Weinerbun camp was located two furlongs east-noreast of Deadman's Cove.

Hook Fine. We'll take these two (*referring to John & Michael*) back to the quay and wait to see what sort of flies they attract.

Michael Mmmph!

Hook What is he trying to say? (*one of the Pirates removes Michael's gag*)
Michael I would like a glass of water, if you please, sir.
Hook (*laughs*) Gag them, Smee, and let us try to find them both a very large container of water! (*exits R as others follow with John & Michael, pirates laughing*)

SOUND CUE #11 (Transition) - In/Out

(*Two Indians enter, move stage blocks together DL to form "log".*)

Scene 2 - The Wienerbun Camp

Wendy (*entering from L with Indians - C.D., P.C., H.C. & L.L. sit on "log" - all Indians look very tired*) ... and I don't approve of the way you treat the buffalo, chasing them about at all hours of the day and night. When are the poor creatures supposed to sleep? And while I'm on the subject of sleep ...
Prarie (*aside to Leapin' Lizard*) Our new mother has mouth like thundercloud. (*conspiratorial chuckle*)
Wendy I beg your pardon, Prarie Chicken? Is there something that you and Leaping Lizard would like to share with the rest of the tribe?
Prarie (*head down*) No, mother.
Wendy Leaping Lizard?
Leapin (*head down*) No, mother.
Wendy I'm glad to hear it. Where is Chili Dog?
Holy You made him go to the back of the war party because he would not take off his hat.
Wendy Ah, yes. (*calling off L*) Chili Dog? Come here, Chili Dog! (*Chili Dog enters from L, hat in hand, head down, very humble*) I see that you have learned your lesson, have you not? (*Chili Dog nods, head still down*) Very good. And what is it we say when we have done a bad thing?
Chili Chili Dog is sorry.
Wendy Now give us a kiss. (*holds her cheek out to him, tapping her cheek with her forefinger - Chili Dog looks around at stares of others - he kisses her reluctantly*) There now.

SOUND CUE #12 - In

Musical No. 4 - Completely Civilized

(*spoken to others over introductory measures*) Chili Dog has learned an important lesson today and he shall be a better Indian for it!

EV'RY DAY WE SPEND TOGETHER, I SHALL UNDERTAKE
TO TEACH YOU EACH A LESSON OR A NAUGHTY HABIT BREAK,
AND WHEN YOU'RE OLDER YOU'LL BE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED
TO FIND YOU'RE GENTLEMEN, COMPLETELY CIVILIZED.

(*spoken*) Now line up, children, while I make you more presentable.

Chili (*singing R over audience as Wendy, oblivious to song, preens the Indians*)
CHILI DOG'S GOT HIM A ... A NEW MOMMA.
GOT HIM A NEW MOMMA THIS VERY DAY.
NOW PO' CHILI GOT HEAP BIG TROUBLE,
CHILI DOG JUS' WANNA ... GET AWAY.
SAY RAMALAMALANG!

Indians RAMALAMALANG!

Chili RAMALAMA - HANG DOG!

Indians RAMALAMA - HANG DOG!

Chili UH-HUH!

Indians UH-HUH!

Wendy THE BUFFALO WILL ROAM THE FRUITED PLAIN UNINTERRUPTED
BECAUSE BY BASER INSTINCTS YOU'LL REFUSE TO BE CORRUPTED.
AND WHEN, ON HOLIDAY, ... YOU MEET A BUFFALO,
INSTEAD OF SHOOTING ARROWS AT HIM,
YOU WILL SIMPLY SAY ... "HELLO."

Indians OH, NO!
CHILI DOG GOT HIM A ... A NEW MOMMA.
GOT HIM A NEW MOMMA THIS VERY DAY.
NOW PO' CHILI GOT HEAP BIG TROUBLE,
CHILI DOG JUS' WANNA ... GET AWAY.
CHILI DOG GOT HIM A ... A NEW MOMMA.
GOT HIM A NEW MOMMA THIS VERY DAY.
NOW PO' CHILI GOT HEAP BIG TROUBLE,
CHILI DOG JUS' WANNA ... GET AWAY.
SAY RAMALAMALANG!

Wendy (*spoken*) We'll have such fun!

Indians RAMALAMA - GET AWAY!

Wendy (*spoken*) Oh, and Chili Dog?

Chili UH HUH?

Wendy (*spoken*) I think that you should start wearing a tie.

SOUND CUE #12 - Out

Pan (*running on*) Wendy, are you all right? I was certain that Hook had gotten you, too.

Wendy (*a big of the cold shoulder*) I believe that I am as well as could be expected. Chili Dog and I were about to discuss his new wardrobe.

Chili Maybe Chili Dog has been hasty.

Wendy (*to Peter, ignoring Chili Dog*) What did you mean when you said you were afraid that Hook had gotten me *too*?

Chili Maybe Wienerbun tribe better off *without* mother.

Pan I have some bad news, Wendy.

Wendy (*concerned*) What is it?

Chili Maybe Wienerbuns go camp out in mountains.

Holy Chief Chili Dog has spoken!

Indians Huh! (*Indians start to leave*)

Pan Wait, Chili Dog (*Indians stop*) - we may need your help. Wendy ... John and Michael have been taken by Hook.

Wendy What?

Pan I sent the others to wait for me on a cliff that overlooks the harbor. That's where he took them but, so far as we can tell, no harm has come to them ... yet.

Wendy (*almost in tears*) Oh, Peter, what shall we do?

Pan We have no choice - we must rescue them.

Wendy How?

Indians *(hands raised to Wendy in greeting)* How.

Pan *(brief take, then continues)* Hook will be expecting me ... He may even be expecting you, Wendy ... or you, Chili Dog ... but there's one thing he *won't* be expecting and that is to our advantage.

Wendy What are you talking about?

Pan I'll explain on the way. Come on, Chili Dog - whatever happens, there's strength in numbers.

Chili But we were going to go camp out in the mountains.

Wendy *(the stern mother again, fists on hips)* Chili Dog?

Chili *(head bowed)* Yes ... ma'am. *(all exit R)*

SOUND CUE #13 (Transition to quay) - In/Out

(Two pirates enter, move blocks DC for "sea chest".)

Scene 3- The Quay

Hook *(leading on pirates, John & Michael)* Place them on that chest where Pan can see them. *(Pirates roughly put John & Michael on blocks DC)* And remove their gags so that Pan will be able to hear their screams. *(gags are removed)* Are you comfortable, children?

J & M No!

Hook Good. Report, Toad.

Toad Children gathering on the cliff above us, Captain. Pan traveling in with the Wienerbuns from the west.

Hook Do you hear that, children? Pan has accepted my invitation to our party - and he is bringing guests.

John When Pan gets here, you'll be sorry.

Hook If Pan *doesn't* get here, I'll be much, much sorrier. Smee, take the men into the underbrush and prepare to welcome our visitors. Children, please try to be as pathetic as possible. *(exits w/ others leaving J & M alone on stage)*

Michael *(looks around, then)* John?

John Yes, Michael?

Michael Why don't we just run away?

John Because the pirates have longer legs than we do.

Michael Will Peter rescue us?

John Maybe.

Michael And will he make the pirates go away?

John Maybe.

Michael What if the pirates make *him* go away?

John I don't know.

Michael *(pause)* John?

John Yes, Michael?

Michael Is Wendy all right?

John I don't know that either. *(pause)* Michael, I ... *(hesitates)*

Micheal Yes, John?
John In case we don't ... you know ... make it out of this alive, I want you to know that I'm sorry about never letting you play with my beetle collection.
Michael That's all right.
John And I'm sorry about all the times I locked you in the linen closet.
Michael No harm done.
John As little brothers go, I believe that you've been well above average.
Michael Thanks.
John *(pause)* I'll miss you.
Michael I'll miss you, too.

SOUND CUE #14 - In

Musical No. 5 - *How Very Grim*

John HOW VERY GRIM
Michael HOW VERY SAD
Both PERHAPS THE MOST UNPLEASANT DAY WE'VE ... EVER HAD
John AND KNOWING THAT WE
Michael KNOW HOW TO FLY
Both IS LITTLE CONSOLATION NOW THAT WE'RE ABOUT TO DIE.
John OH, PETER PAN
Michael WE DON'T BELONG IN NEVERLAND
Both WE THINK THAT STAYING UP LATE
John AND LAYING OUT OF SCHOOL IS GREAT
Michael BUT PETER PAN
Both WE MUST ADMIT THAT ON THE OTHER HAND
John THOUGH PIRATES ARE EXCITING,
Michael WE WOULD BET THAT AS A RULE
Both NOBODY EVER *DIED* OF BEING BORED IN SCHOOL.
Michael HOW CATASTROPHIC!
John OH BITTER PILL!
Both WE WERE CONVINCED THAT WE WOULD NEVER WANT TO LEAVE UNTIL
Michael WE MET THE PIRATES
John AND NOW WE KNOW
Both WE WOULD BE EVER SO GRATEFUL
FOR THE CHANCE TO GO.
... TO GO HOME
... NO MORE TO ROAM.

music segues into low drum beat that gradually intensifies.
Michael John?
John Yes, Michael?

Michael I have a confession to make.

John What is it?

Michael When you told me that I couldn't play with your beetle collection, I stole a few of them anyway and ground them up ... and put them in your pudding.

John You mean I ate my own beetles?

Michael Yes.

John (*considers*) Well, I didn't get sick did I?

Michael Not that I could tell.

John Then I don't suppose that any harm was done. I forgive ... (*hears the drums*) Wait. Do you hear that?

Michael It sounds like drums. *Indian* drums!

John Oh, excellent! Not only are we about to be killed by pirates, now it looks as though we'll then be killed *a second* time by Indians. (*drums stop*) They stopped.

SOUND CUE #14 - Out

(Both boys peer about the silent stage from their static position DC - they are frightened - Chili Dog, Leapin' Lizard, Holy Cow, Prarie Chicken & other Indians appear from L - they sneak quickly to J&M who cling to each other in anticipation of the worst)

Leapin' (*to Chili Dog*) Things are looking pretty bad for paleface boys.

Michael (*to John*) I think he's talking about us.

Chili Pirates must be looking for Pan Man. When they find Pan Man, battle begin. Many arrows.

John (*head bowed, ready for execution*) Please just do it and get it over with. Michael, close your eyes. (*Michael does so, as does John - beat - Chili Dog taps John on his head*) Yes, yes, we are ready - please be quick about it.

Chili Maybe we kill you some other day - right now, we save you.

J&M (*looking up*) Really?!

Chili Yes. Holy Cow, Prarie Chicken - untie pale faces. Pan Man catch up with us any moment now.

Hook (*entering from R with pirates behind*) And not a moment too soon at that. (*sarcastically to pirates*) Look men, the Wienerbuns are here, and aren't they a *frightening* lot of savages. (*crew chuckles*) I must say, the sight of them is enough to make a man fear for his very life. (*crew laughs, Hook signals Smee to give the order*)

Smee All right men, one man to a Wienerbun - let's get this over with. (*pirates begin to advance on Indians*)

Pan (*appearing with other children from R behind pirates*) Captain Hook! (*pirates turn to face children*)

John Peter!

Michael (*as Wendy appears*) Wendy!

Wendy (*running toward them*) Oh, Michael, if these pirates have harmed you or John in any way... (*Pan holds her back as Hook interrupts*)

Hook If these pirates *have* harmed the boys, I'm sure they'd be happy to do the same to you, young lady. (*pirates growl at Wendy, she recoils as Hook speaks to Pan*) So, Pan, was this the best that you could find beyond the stars? All that "breaking through" and only three more children to show for for your trouble?

Pan You are surrounded, Hook - tell your men to throw down their weapons.

Hook Indeed I *am* surrounded, Pan. Surrounded by children and Wienerbuns! (*laughs, as do the*

pirates) Lay on, I say, and may the best villains win! (*moves with pirates toward Pan*)

Pan I will not fight you, Hook!

Hook Hold! (*pirates stop at Hook's command - Hook speaks, smiling*) Would you care to repeat that?

Pan I will not fight you.

Hook Oh, really? (*to crew*) Is this the fearsome adversary you were so anxious to avoid? Without the odds in his favor, he seems remarkably peace-loving.

Pan (*speaking mainly for the benefit of Hook's crew*) I'll not fight you, Hook, but I will engage your crew.

Smee What's he mean by *that*, Captain?

Pan I mean simply this. While the Wienerbuns rain arrows down upon you (*some pirates chuckle*) and the children attack you from below (*more chuckling*) kicking your shins (*laughter*) and pelting you with stones (*guffaws - Pan raises his voice above the din*), I will fly among you with my blade (*unsheathes blade, laughter stops abruptly - Pan speaks to half of pirates*) removing ears (*those pirates cover their ears, Pan speaks to other half*) and noses (*pirates cover their noses, Pan speaks to pirates in general*) and certainly a scalp or two (*all pirates cover their heads*) ... for the Wienerbuns, you know.

Indians (*with the usual gesture*) Huh!

Hook Empty threats!

Pan Not half as empty as the hand you lost to me on a day very like today, as I recall. (*to crew*) A good day for a trim, wouldn't you say, Mr. Smee? (*Smee backs away*) Crow? (*Crow backs away*) Is there any one among you who feels he could stand to lose a pound or two? (*pirates are skittish*)

Hook I've had enough of this. Mr. Smee, commence the attack. (*Smee looks at pirates, who look at him - no one moves*) Mr. Smee! You will commence the attack or you will all stand accused of mutiny!

Smee (*ashamed*) We fear him, Captain. We want to remain in one piece.

Hook Cowards! (*raising sword as if to strike them - pirates back away, heads bowed - Hook composes himself quickly*) Very well, men. Stand down if you wish. (*turns to Pan & the others, sword out*) It is a delicate task clipping such a dangerous boy's wings - a task best performed by a master. (*en garde*)

Pan I'm not alone, Hook.

Hook That I can bloody well see, boy! Raise your weapon.

Pan (*sheathing his knife, standing with his hands at his sides*) My weapon is raised, Hook.

Hook What the devil are you talking about?

Pan Listen.

SOUND CUE #15 - In

(the sound of a clock's ticking is heard in the distance - gradually increases)

Crow The crocodile! Back to the ship! (*pirates begin to leave*)

Hook Stop! (*pirates stop*) The crocodile has cut us off, you idiots! Trying to get back to the ship now would be suicide. (*pirates look around - drop to the ground with their hands over their heads*)

Pan That's right, Hook ... Go or stay, you're done for ... Try to get through us and you might take down one or two, but you won't have time to kill us all before ...

Hook What do you want?

Pan A promise.

Hook What kind of promise?

Pan That you'll release John and Michael.

Hook *(hurriedly untying their knots)* Done. *(they run to Wendy)*

Pan And that you'll never bother them or Wendy again.

Hook Done.

Pan Pirate's honor?

Hook *(performing a quick "honor signal")* Pirate's honor. Satisfied?
(Chief Chili Dog clears his throat - Pan understands)

Pan No.

Hook *(very impatient now, clock sound is getting louder)* What more, Pan? What more?

Pan Leave the Wienerbuns alone.

Hook Agreed! *(beat)* Pirate's honor!

Pan *(as Elmer is tugging his sleeve)* And the children.

Hook Agreed, pirate's honor, now may I *please* be excused?

Pan Not yet.

Hook What more would you have of me, boy? I've virtually renounced my profession already!

Pan One last thing.

Hook *(ticking louder, nervousness turning to terror)* What?!

Pan *(to Wendy)* This is for you, Wendy. *(extending his hand to Hook)* Give me your hand.

Hook Are you insane? I have only one hand left and I intend to keep it!

Pan In truce.

Wendy *(delighted)* Oh, Peter!

Hook I would rather die.

Pan *(arms folded, ready to wait)* Then die you shall.

Hook *(ticking louder still - Hook glances back, beat, makes decision)* Blast it all! *(extending his good hand)* There! *(Pan does not move)* Pirate's honor! *(Pan takes his hand - all on stage cheer, Pan indicates that Hook may leave and a way parts in the crowd)*

Pan Go in peace, Captain Hook.

Hook This shall be remembered as piracy's darkest hour! *(exits, pirates remain looking uncertain)*

Pan And now, my friends, please say hello to the crocodile *(indicates UC, all on stage recoil)*

SOUND CUE #15 - Out

(ticking sound ends, there is a brief pause - Elmer enters with two woodblocks which he taps to make the "tick-tock" sound heard earlier- all cheer, Elmer bows)

Well done, Elmer!

Elmer Thank you.

Michael We tricked him! We tricked Captain Hook!

Wendy You were magnificent, Peter.

Pan Yes, I suppose I was at that.

John What do we do now?

Chili Build campfire! Do victory dance!

Indians Huh!

Pan No, Chili Dog. We do goodbye dance (*beat*) ... isn't that right, Wendy?

Wendy I shall miss you, Peter.

Michael Why do we have to go home?

Pan (*looking at Wendy*) Because home is where you belong. And this is where I belong.

Wendy Peter?

Pan I know, Wendy. I'll miss you, too. We'll all miss you.

Boomer Will you visit us sometimes?

Wendy Of course we will.

Pan You're always welcome, you know.

Wendy Yes, I know.

Pan Well, then, all that needs to be done is a quick dusting (*withdrawing pouch of magic powder*) and you're off (*pointing over audience*) ... second star to the left and straight on till evening! (*starts to sprinkle them*)

Smee Uh, excuse me Mr. Pan.

Pan What are you still doing here?

Smee Well, with Hook out of business, we got nowhere to go. We were thinkin' maybe you'd give us a little sprinkle, too and let us be on our way. Piratin' ain't been too profitable here for quite some time. (*other pirates nod agreement*)

Pan That would be up to Wendy, Mr. Smee. Where you'd be going is out of my jurisdiction. Wendy?

Wendy You'd all have to promise to give up pirating.

Smee Fine with us, Miss Wendy (*to other pirates*) What say ye?

Pirates Aye!

Wendy You all promise to abandon pirating *entirely*?

Pirates (*raising their hands*) Pirate's honor.

Wendy Then you are welcome.

Pirates (*variously - they're a rough bunch*) Hooray! Arghhh! Aye! Shiver me timbers! etc.

Pan Very well, there's plenty for all. (*sprinkling the pirates, Wendy, J&M - all of whom begin to move into the audience*) Remember, second star to the left and straight on till evening.

Wendy (*into the audience with the others*) We won't lose our way. (*all on stage are waving goodbye*)

Pan (*not waving*) And don't forget me, Wendy.

Wendy I couldn't forget you, Peter. None of us could. Not if we live to be a thousand. (*Pan waves*)

SOUND CUE #16 - In

Musical No. 6 - *If You Just Believe* (Reprise/Finale)

BROOKS THAT BABBLE BACKWARDS,
 FULL OF FIDDLE-PLAYING FISHES
 THAT SERVE THEMSELVES ON DISHES
 MADE OF PUMPERNICKEL BREAD

Pan FILL EV'RY NOOK AND CRANNY
 WITH A MUSIC MOST UNCANNY
 THAT EVEN DURING INTERMISHES

YOU CAN HEAR INSIDE YOUR HEAD.

- Wendy** AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR,
- Pan** YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.
- All** AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR,
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.
- Smee** ARE THERE PIRATES IN THE HARBOR?
- John** PIRATES PIRATING APLENTY!
EACH A HUNDRED TEN PERCENTY
JOLLY ROGER. EV'RY ONE
- Crow** BURYING HIS STOLEN TREASURE
- Toad** AND FOR EXTRA PIRATE MEASURE,
- Smee** SUCKING UP HIS SODA
THROUGH THE BARREL OF A GUN.
- All** AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.
- Chili** ARE THERE INDIANS ON HORSES?
- Michael** HORSES, BUFFALOS AND POLAR BEARS!
ATTENDING INDIAN AFFAIRS
IN EAGLE FEATHER CAPS.
- Leapin'** ALWAYS RIDING INTO BATTLE
- Prarie** THROUGH A SEA OF SCREAMING CATTLE,
- Holy** CARRYING THEIR BONFIRES
AND THEIR TEEPEES IN THEIR LAPS!
- All** AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE
- Wendy** ARE THERE MERMAIDS, SINGING SWEETLY?
- Pan** SINGING OFFENBACH AND BRAHMS
WHILE THE WALRUSES AND CLAMS
PARTICIPATE PERCUSSIVELY.
- Both** AND SINCE THEY WEAR THEIR SCALES
ON THEIR VERY TUNEFUL TAILS,
IN NEVERLAND THE MERMAIDS
HARDLY EVER SING OFF-KEY.
- All** AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE
THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR,
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.

(all who are "flying" have exited by this time, as have the waving indians and the children on stage - Pan is left alone to hear the last verse sung from off)

AND IF YOU JUST BELIEVE

THAT YOU CAN WALK ON AIR,
YOU'LL FIND THAT NEVERLAND
IS EV'RY MOMENT EV'RY WHERE.

Pan *(music stops - Pan speaks to audience and to those who've left) Think of me sometimes. (music continues as Pan exits)*

SOUND CUE #14 - Out

End of Play