Acting Edition

Peter Pan and Wendy: A New Old Adventure

by Lauren M. Gunderson

Adapted from the Play by
J. M. Barrie

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SAMUEL FRENCH

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ISBN 978-0-573-71087-2

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PETER PAN AND WENDY was commissioned by Shakespeare Theatre Company and received its world premiere at Harman Hall in Washington, DC, on December 9, 2019, under Artistic Director Simon Godwin and Executive Director Chris Jennings. The production was directed by Alan Paul with original music by Jenny Giering, sets by Jason Sherwood, costumes by Loren Shaw, lighting by Isabella Byrd, sound by John Gromada, projections by Jared Mezzocchi, puppets by James Ortiz, flying sequence choreography by Paul Rubin, fight choreography by David Leong, choreography by Katie Spelman, animal coordination by William Berloni, and special effects by Jeremy Chernick. The production was stage managed by Joseph Smelser. The cast was as follows:

WENDY DARLING . . . . . Sinclair Daniel
MRS. DARLING/TINKERBELL . . . . . Jenni Barber
JOHN DARLING . . . . . Christopher Flaim
MICHAEL DARLING . . . . . Chauncey Chestnut
MR. DARLING/CAPTAIN HOOK . . . . . Derek Smith
PETER PAN . . . . . Justin Mark
TIGER LILY . . . . . Isabella Star LaBlanc
TOOTLES . . . . . Francisco González
CURLY . . . . . Ronen Lewis
SLIGHTLY . . . . . Joriah Kwame
TWINS . . . . . Darren Alford, Tendo Nsubuga
SMEE . . . . . Tom Story
STARKEY . . . . . Gregory Wooddell
JUKES . . . . . Michael Glenn
NOODLER . . . . . Calvin McCullough
ENSEMBLE . . . . . Oliver Archibald, Megan Huynh, Joseph Respicio
UNDERSTUDIES . . . . . Angeleaza Anderson, Damondre Green, Malcolm Fuller
NANA . . . . . Bailey (trained by William Berloni)

CHARACTERS

Real World: All British

WENDY DARLING – fourteen, precocious, smart, ambitious girl

MRS. DARLING – her mother, kind but hurried

(Can double as **TINKERBELL)**

JOHN DARLING – twelve, middle son, anxious

MICHAEL DARLING – nine, youngest son, adventurous

MR. DARLING – their father, pompous and unthinking

(Can double as **CAPTAIN HOOK**)

NANA – the family dog

Neverland:

PETER PAN – both fifteen and ageless, a rebellious, confident, excitable boy, also American.

TINKERBELL – a spunky fairy with mean girl vibes

TIGER LILY – fifteen, proud, smart, wisecracking Indigenous girl

TOOTLES – Lost Boy

CURLY – Lost Boy

SLIGHTLY – Lost Boy

SHADOW – Peter's mischievous shadow

JEROME THE CROCODILE – a very large crocodile with a clock in its belly

Pirates:

CAPTAIN HOOK – the one and only, mean, strong, determined

SMEE – Pirate, his second in command and a certifiable "yes man"

STARKEY – Pirate

JUKES – Pirate

NOODLER – Pirate

Casting Note

Lost Boys and Pirates can be played by any gender.

SETTING

Edwardian London, The Sky, Neverland.

TIME

1903 and Always.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Formatting Notes

Lines that are **bolded** should be the lines that are most clearly heard in synchronous dialogue.

Lines that end with en dashes (–) are meant to be cut off by the subsequent line.

Lines that end in (or include) ellipses (...) indicate hesitation. The speaker doesn't know what or how to say what they need to say next. Please don't adlib, rather embrace the pause.

Stair

Step

Lines are to indicate fast cue pick up and slight overlap.

Character Note

Nana has been successfully played by a live dog as well as a puppet. Peter's Shadow has been successfully portrayed as a digital or real shadow as well as an actor (or two). Jerome is an opportunity for great puppetry or other special effects. Tinkerbell's Fairy Friends in Act Two have been successfully produced as toy glow balls manipulated by the ensemble. You are welcome to add a non-speaking mermaid to the top of Act Two if you like: one was beautifully accomplished before and was quite magical and memorable.

A Note on Tiger Lily's Music

When producing *Peter Pan and Wendy*, productions should be careful not to use actual Indigenous songs as they are deeply significant to their particular tribes and should not be repurposed.

A DEEP THANK YOU

To our Indigenous cultural consultants Anthony Hudson and Anonymous, as well as our actor Isabella Star LeBlanc who premiered the role of Tiger Lily.

Thank you to Kansas City Repertory Theatre under the leadership of Artistic Director Stuart Carden for the finishing commission and for the beautiful second production.

THE MYTH OF NEVERLAND

In my reimagining of the Peter Pan myth, Neverland has been born entirely from Peter Pan himself. When Peter was a very small boy in the very real world, he heard his first story about a mystical world of fairies and magical creatures, heroes and villains, adventure and triumph. Young Peter decided in that very moment that he wanted to live where the story never stops, nor the characters ever grow up. He wanted to live *in* a story of his own. And so he did. The fairy, Tinkerbell, appeared from his imagination and took him toward the second star to the right and straight on till morning, and Peter found himself in Neverland, a perfect world for a little boy's dreams of fearless valor. But little boys are restless and quickly bored, so Peter continued to add to Neverland by flying back to the real world of Edwardian England, listening to any story he could, and bringing back parts of those stories he most enjoyed in order to continue growing his perfect fantastical wonderland.

Of course, what Peter doesn't know he's doing is only bringing back the stories that interest *him*, the ones that make *him* the hero, the one where heroism looks and acts one particular way. Like anyone on earth who listens to only one kind of story, that means that lots of other stories and lots of other kinds of heroes are left out. Is Neverland a place for everyone, or just for Peter Pan? This is the lesson Peter will learn in the play you're about to read...

REACTIONARY DIALOGUE FOR PIRATES AND KIDS TO USE DURING FIGHTS

To fill in the world of the play, ensemble members should not be quiet, but rather can employ any of the following phrases or exclamations when Peter and Hook are battling. We don't want a silent fight now do we. Enjoy!

KIDS.

(To cheer on **PETER.***)*

Keep on him, Peter!

Get him, Pan!
Show him Peter! Shut him up!
Watch out! Look out! Look up!

At your back/side/top!
He's coming back!
Duck! Strike! You can do it!
GoGoGo! He's coming for you!
Move! Hurry! Fly! Run!
Get out of the way!
Look behind you!
Hit him again!
Watch your back!
Watch your sword!
Nonono! He's still up!
Be careful, Peter!
Take him down, Peter!

PIRATES.

(To cheer on **HOOK.***)*

Straight through the heart, Captain!
Gut him! Slice him up!
Strike him down!
Blow the man down! *(i.e. Kill him!)*
Blimey, Captain!
Slay him, Buccaneer!
Come about, Captain!
You got him now!
Show him the steel!
Take the boy out!
On your left/right/back!
A palpable hit, Captain!
End them all! Send 'em!

(To antagonize **HOOK** *or* **PIRATES**.*)*

Back off Hook! Back off, you big oaf!

You dumb pirate!

You bigheaded ass!

KIDS.

You're not so tough/stong/scary /big!

Peter'll beat you like he always does!

You can't stop Pan/us!

No one can stop us!

Think you're faster than us?

Get ready to lose!

Can't catch me!

(To antagonize **LOST BOYS**.*)*

Come here, you little twit!

You little ninny!

You lily-livered rascal!

PIRATES.

You stupid little rat!

Get lost, Lost Boy!

Avast there, you scourge!

Fight like a man!

Stand still! Give up!

Shut up!

You can do better than that.

Try again, you whiny brat!

Why don't you just die!

We'll send you to the deep!

ACT ONE

Scene One

The Nursery

(This is the same Edwardian nursery you're expecting. Three beds for three kids. Toys and books all over the room. Chests of drawers, armoire, book cases, lamps of all sizes. A large bay window is open with a breeze tossing the curtains by our **WENDY***, who looks through a small telescope at the night sky.)*

*(***WENDY** *is in her nightgown and sweater but is studious in her astronomy.)*

(Suddenly she sees something in the night sky and stops.)

WENDY. What on earth is that? Or to be more accurate, what in the northwest quadrant of the celestial sphere is that?

(She gets out her astronomy book to consult.)

Yes, that star is most certainly out of place. Which begs the question: Do stars get lost? Hm. I suppose everyone does at some point in their lives. And stars have very long lives. Perhaps I should alert the Royal Society to the fact that all of astronomy is now in question –

(But while her back was turned a small **BALL OF LIGHT** *[otherwise known as* **TINKERBELL***] has rushed into the nursery through the window and hid in a drawer.)*

*(***WENDY** *hears the drawer slam and looks around the room but sees nothing. Then she looks back through the telescope. The stray star is gone.)*

WENDY. Well look at that. The star must've righted itself. What a well-behaved ball of gas. Astronomy is safe again I suppose. Goodnight then, stars. The well-behaved ones and the mischievous.

*(***WENDY** *goes to close the window when the drawer rattles to stop her.* **WENDY** *stops. Then closes the window – the draw rattles –* **WENDY** *stops.)*

*(***WENDY** *goes to the drawer and opens it, hesitant, curious... The* **BALL OF LIGHT** *flies out of the drawer and to the window, trying to get out like a trapped fly.)*

OH MY WORD! What is this? What are you?! Some tiny sun in my room that – OW – pinches!? Get out! Out! What is happening? This is quite incorrect astronomy!

(The **BALL OF LIGHT** *flies around the room angrily until* **WENDY** *traps it in the armoire just as...)*

(Her mother, **MRS. DARLING** *enters. Of course* **WENDY** *is now in a disheveled state and* **MRS. DARLING** *goes right to primping her.)*

MRS. DARLING. Wendy Wendy Wendy, what is this fuss?

WENDY. A light, Mother! There's a light in my room.

MRS. DARLING. Well yes, there are several. Why are you not in bed?

WENDY. No a *ball* of light! A little star! And it flew around with such haste!

MRS. DARLING. Then it must've been late for something. *(Calling out.)* Boys! *(To* **WENDY**.*)* Why must you look so very mussed come bedtime. It's neither good for the hair, nor the face, nor the stress of your mother. *Boys!*

WENDY. I'm mussed because I was chasing a ball of pinchy light around the room!

MRS. DARLING. *Wendy*. These stories are not a welcome amusement for a girl your age. We must begin to turn you into a lady, and ladies do not miss their bedtimes, nor stare at the stars all night, nor engage in such childish nonsense.

WENDY. But Mother –

MRS. DARLING. Which is why you'll be moving to your own room next week.

WENDY. What?

MRS. DARLING. Wendy –

WENDY. A *new* room. But this *is* my room. I'm the eldest, I was here first.

MRS. DARLING. And you must be the first to grow up. I've prepared a beautiful place for you upstairs, much more private and appropriate for a young lady.

WENDY. I don't want to be a young lady.

MRS. DARLING. Which is why you're going to Finishing School.

WENDY. Finishing school?! No I shan't! Why would anyone want a school that *finishes their children*.

MRS. DARLING. *(Exasperated.)* Wendy.

WENDY. I've barely started!

MRS. DARLING. Finishing School will prepare you to become the warm wife and doting mother you are destined to be.

WENDY. But what if I'm destined to be like Marie Curie. She's a mother of two and just won a Nobel Prize in Physics!

MRS. DARLING. And does not look very warm in any picture I've seen.

WENDY. Who cares how she looks, she changed the world! And her husband was supposed to get the prize but he insisted *she* get the prize as well, because he believes in her, and I certainly hope that my future "husbandperson" would do the same.

MRS. DARLING. That's lovely.

WENDY. Thank you.

MRS. DARLING. But not likely.

WENDY. *Mother!*

MRS. DARLING. This Curie woman is an exception, my love, and you cannot aspire to that or else everyone would and then no one would be exceptional at all now would they. The only certain thing in life…is growing up.

And going to bed at a reasonable hour.

Michael! John! It's bedtime! You cannot argue with a clock!

*(***MICHAEL** *with a stuffed crocodile, and* **JOHN** *with a toy sword run on with* **NANA**, *their dog.)*

MICHAEL. No no no. I won't go to bed! I refuse!

JOHN. No bed, no bath, no matter what Nana says.

MRS. DARLING. Nana knows best, boys.

JOHN. Nana eats from a bowl on the floor. I refuse to take orders from a dog!

*(**NANA** barks, the **BOYS** immediately straighten up.)*

MICHAEL. Yes Nana.

JOHN. My apologies.

MRS. DARLING. Thank you Nana. Into bed, all of you!

MICHAEL. But Mother, Mother, why must we go to bed *every single day?!*

JOHN. Yes indeed, it's high time we deserved a break.

WENDY. That's what sleeping is, John. It's a break.

MICHAEL. But closing one's eyes for *hours* is terribly exhausting.

WENDY. So is trying to herd all of you into the exact same routine we somehow accomplish every night. Into bed this instant!

MICHAEL.
Yes Wendy.

JOHN.
Yes Wendy.

(They go.)

MRS. DARLING. You see my dear. The way you manage your brothers. You'll be such a good mother one day.

WENDY. Not that anyone bothered to ask if I wanted to.

MRS. DARLING. What was that?

WENDY. Just that…I don't want to think about being a mother, Mother, I want to think about big things like the stars!

MRS. DARLING. *(Trying to mask how much that hurt.)* You don't want to be…like me?

WENDY. Well…I'd just…rather be like *me.*

*(***MR. DARLING** *enters in a fuss, holding an untied shiny white necktie.)*

MR. DARLING. Mary, we *cannot* be late to this party, which I only mention because *we are currently very late to this party.*

MRS. DARLING. I'm coming darling.

MR. DARLING. And this tie simply will not tie! Around the bedpost it will but not around my neck which is rather the ambition of a necktie.

MRS. DARLING. Let me, darling.

(She starts to tie his tie.)

MR. DARLING. We must make a prompt and proud impression or else the retiring chief executive will never promote *me* to chief executive, and what is life but the continual effort to become someone's chief executive!?

JOHN. Hear hear, Father!

MR. DARLING. Thank you very much.

(Just noticing his offspring.) Oh hello, children.

MICHAEL & JOHN. Good evening Papa!

WENDY. Good evening Father.

MR. DARLING. *(Then instantly scolding.)* Good gracious, what are you still doing awake?! I told you Mary, I told you it was a rough idea to have a dog for a nanny.

*(***NANA** *barks.)*

(To **NANA***.)* Present canines excluded, of course.

MRS. DARLING. Say goodnight to your father children!

JOHN. Father! I've been working on my bravado, like we discussed.

MR. DARLING. Good boy, hurry up, let's see it.

MRS. DARLING. George, you're exciting them.

MR. DARLING. The boy wants to express his bravado, Mary, this is what fathers are for. Go on then, son.

*(***JOHN** *strikes a "very manly" pose.)*

JOHN. I do wonder if it's not too intimidating.

WENDY. **It's not.**

MICHAEL. I mean...

MR. DARLING. Much improved, John. A bit more with the shoulders, wider legs and I'd experiment with a severe arch in the brow, it's always worked for me. *Let's go, Mary!*

MRS. DARLING. Yes, darling.

MICHAEL. Mother, Mother!

MRS. DARLING. Yes, Michael.

MICHAEL. I have an urgent question. What were my first words?

MRS. DARLING. I think you are trying to stall our departure, but your first words were "mama" and "papa."

WENDY. Everyone's first words are "mama" and "papa."

MRS. DARLING. Hush dear. He's being adorable.

MICHAEL. I'm being adorable! What were my next words, Mother?

MRS. DARLING. Your next was probably "chocolate."

MR. DARLING. And the next was "inheritance" which is why we cannot be late for this party.

MRS. DARLING. Oh George.

(To the children.) Bed, children.

MRS. DARLING. *(To her husband.)* Tie, husband. Don't fiddle with it now that I've fixed it.

MR. DARLING. Oh please, I don't fiddle.

MRS. DARLING.
Yes you do.
You're as bad as John.

WENDY.
Yes you do.

MR. DARLING. *(Striking the identical pose of incredulity.)* I am not as bad as him.

JOHN. He is not as bad as I.

WENDY. Perhaps I do want my own room.

MICHAEL. Your own room?

JOHN. What do you mean, Wendy?

MICHAEL. This *is* your room.

WENDY. Not for long. Mother and Father are moving me out.

JOHN. But where will you go?!

WENDY. Upstairs, apparently.

MICHAEL. *To the roof?!*

MRS. DARLING. No no no. To a private room that is appropriate for a young lady.

JOHN. She's not a young lady, she's a young Wendy.

MICHAEL. But who will tell us stories? I need her stories!

WENDY. I will still tell you stories, and I won't be far away. We'll all simply have to grow up...a bit more on our own.

JOHN. Then it's a very good thing I finalized my defensive posture. Don't worry Father, soon enough I'll be a chief executive and we shall both defend this family on every front.

MR. DARLING. What is it you think I do, my boy?

JOHN. Some form of financial warfare.

MR. DARLING. Dear god, no more upsetting stories for the children, only sobering history.

MICHAEL. WHAT?!

WENDY. NO!!!

JOHN. PAPA!!!

MRS. DARLING. *(To* **MR. DARLING**.*)* You think British history is *less* upsetting? Talk to your daughter.

MR. DARLING. How many words for *late* must I employ?

MRS. DARLING. She's in a rebellion about school. *Now, talk to her, now.*

*(***NANA** *has smelled* **TINKERBELL** *in the armoire and is scratching at the door.)*

MR. DARLING. Yes yes yes.

(To **WENDY**.*)* Wendy dear I'm sure Mother has told you about your new Finishing School for young women.

WENDY. *(Not excited.)* Yes, Father.

MR. DARLING. A school that should quite excite you.

WENDY. *(Not excited.)* Yes, Father.

MR. DARLING. A school that you should *try and convince me* excites you because it's very expensive.

WENDY. Then perhaps you could transfer the money to a school for the sciences that would actually excite me.

MR. DARLING. *(Horrified.)* **Did she say "the sciences?"**

MRS. DARLING. Oh my goodness.

WENDY. Father, have **you heard of Madame Curie?**

MRS. DARLING. *Wendy, quiet. Father, exit.* Nana and I must give our goodnights to the children, so we can accelerate the evening.

*(***NANA** *has been harassing and pawing at* **MR. DARLING** *all night and he's fed up.)*

MR. DARLING. *Good gracious!* I think Nana is the source of our late departure and she is spending the night outside.

WENDY.	**JOHN**.	**MICHAEL**.
Outside?!	*No! Why?*	*Father no!*

MR. DARLING. She's made us late, she's ruining the furniture, and I will not have my boys evermore dependent on a dog for comfort, I'm putting my foot down.

(All of the **CHILDREN** *scream.)*

Not on the *dog*, on the *matter* – good lord.

MRS. DARLING. George is that necessary?

MR. DARLING. We're going to miss the event, the children are screeching. Nana and I are leaving!

*(***MR. DARLING** *takes* **NANA** *from the armoire and starts to exit with her while* **NANA** *barks or wiggles or tries to escape his grasp.)*

WENDY.	**JOHN**.	**MICHAEL**.
Father, let her go!	She's only watching over us!	**I can't sleep without Nana!**

MRS. DARLING. George really! *George!*

(But he is gone with **NANA** *who barks and barks.)*

MICHAEL. We didn't even get to say goodnight to Nana. We always say goodnight to Nana!

JOHN. Oh Mother, that is not her happy bark.

*(***WENDY** *whips out a notebook and checks it.)*

WENDY. Yes, according to my informal exhaustive survey of Nana's nonverbal communication that is her "intruders are nearby" bark.

MICHAEL. What will we do!?

JOHN. Oh my goodness.

MRS. DARLING. Don't fret, boys. All is quiet and still and safe outside and in.

JOHN. But perhaps we can keep the night lights on tonight? For Michael's sake.

MRS. DARLING. That's a good solution, John. You may relax your posture.

*(***JOHN** *stops standing like a crazy person.)*

Everyone to bed this instant, no more dillydallying.

WENDY. Mother, I hope we can further discuss Finishing School. I don't think it is the right place for me –

MRS. DARLING. *(Putting an end to it.)* Wendy. Your job is to grow, my job is to help you. Trust me. And get in bed.

(All the **CHILDREN** *jump under their covers.)*

*(***WENDY** *takes a magnifying glass to bed, like other girls would take a doll.* **MICHAEL** *takes a great number of teddy bears and one stuffed crocodile to bed.* **JOHN** *takes a toy sword to bed.)*

Goodnight my darling Darlings. Nightlights protect my sleeping children.

*(**MRS. DARLING** finishes tucking them in, singing this simple lullaby.)*

(But perhaps she senses a strangeness in the air. She checks the area again, opens the window, closes it but it's not secured.)

[MUSIC NO. 01 – MOTHER'S LULLABY]

MRS. DARLING. *(Sung.)*

NIGHT LIGHT
BURN BRIGHT
WARM THE ROOM, SLEEPING SOON
NIGHT LIGHT.
STEADFAST
AT LAST.
TIRED EYES, FIRELIGHT
STEADFAST.
PROTECT MY LITTLE ONES, AS THEY DREAM FREE.
BURN BRIGHT, AS THEY GROW UP, ENLIGHTENED BE
MY LOVE
PROUD OF
ALL MY HEART, NEVER PART
MY LOVE.

*(**MRS. DARLING** exits, closing the door after her. **WENDY** utters her own ode.)*

WENDY. *(Determined.)* Nightlights burn bright, and never, never, let us grow up.

*(The **CHILDREN** sleep.)*

*(**JOHN** dreams of being a big brave man. **MICHAEL** dreams of animals. **WENDY** dreams of...freedom.)*

(Then the window blows open and **PETER PAN** *flies in landing on the window ledge. He looks in and around, then whispers.)*

PETER. Tink? *Tink? Are you here?*

(The armoire rattles. This wakes **WENDY***, who opens her eyes but doesn't move, overhearing this intrusion but trying to look asleep. She responds to everything they say with incredulity.)*

I said stay away from drawers, didn't I. It's not my fault you're always getting locked in something. Did you find my shadow?

(The armoire rattles and rattles.)

Well hold on. I'm trying, do you think I want you living your life in a cabinet?

(He opens it and the **BALL OF LIGHT** *flies out and around the room. Illuminating lamps, vases, dollhouses, a toy pirate ship and any other thing a* **BALL OF LIGHT** *can fit into.* **TINKERBELL** *flies near* **WENDY** *who gasps or stifles a squeal.)*

*(***PETER** *freezes and flies to the ceiling at the sound of her. She pretends to snore which relaxes him. He flies over the* **CHILDREN** *and investigates them.)*

Very curious.

(Hovering over **JOHN***.)* This one is dreaming of swordfights even though he's made very nervous by swords…and fights.

(Hovering over **MICHAEL***.)* This one is dreaming of crocodiles and other creatures with unfriendly smiles.

PETER. *(Hovering over* **WENDY**.*)* And this one is…odd. I can't tell what she's dreaming. Stars and flying lights and…things that glow.

> *(***TINKERBELL** *squeaks alerting him to the drawer where his shadow is kept.)*

You found it?! Locked in the drawer? What a terrible thing to do to a shadow. A drawer is nothing but shadows, it must be so crowded.

> *(***TINKERBELL** *tinkles like a little bell in agreement.)*

On my mark. One….two…three open catch him! Shadow! Come here! *Shadow!*

> *(He opens the drawer and out zooms his very own* **SHADOW***! The* **SHADOW** *is wild about the room. It becomes all different shapes until* **PETER** *grabs it by the foot and it returns to* **PETER***'s form. It wiggles and flails as* **PETER** *tries to jam, tie or stick his* **SHADOW** *onto his foot.)*

Shadow! Yes I'm talking to you. We're supposed to stick together, you and I and you are very much *not sticking*.

(To **TINKERBELL**.*)* Help me, Tink.

> *(***TINKERBELL** *tries to help but* **PETER** *accidentally elbows her back in the armoire, which shuts and locks her in again.)*

(To **SHADOW**.*)* I said *stick*, you're a shadow, and you're mine, and you can be no one else's shadow but mine and – and –

(Less angry and more sad.) You *have* to stay with me. You're the only thing I still have that I was born with. And if I don't have you, I'll be…alone. And I won't be made to be anything I don't want to be… SO *STICK*!

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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