

HOOK

I hear him ticking. Protect me, Smee! Protect me! Oooo!

(HOOK faints into the arms of the two nearest PIRATES and is dragged off R)

SMEE

(Following)

Don't leave me, Captain! Don't leave me!

(A huge CROCODILE, of one thought compact, passes across, ticking, and oozes after them. The wood is now so silent that you may be sure it is full of redskins. The BOYS stick their heads out [from tree] and then emerge)

SLIGHTLY

They're gone.

2ND TWIN

(Almost losing confidence in himself)

I do wish Peter were here!

1ST TWIN

What's that?

CURLEY

It's so quiet!

(Four flaming arrows shoot right to left over them)

BOYS

Indians!

#19 – Scurry Music

(Again they disappear)

#20 – Indian Dance

(INDIANS enter)

(TIGER LILY comes first. She is the belle of the Henny Penny tribe, whose braves would all have her to wife, but she wards them off with a hatchet. She puts her ear to the ground and listens, then beckons and the INDIANS are around her, carpeting the ground. Far away someone treads on a dry leaf)

TIGER LILY

Ssshh! Makum too much noise. Listen to Tiger Lily – when on War Path – Sssshhhh!

(INDIAN DANCE)

(INDIANS have exited at end of dance. TOOTLES emerges from hiding)

TOOTLES

They're gone!

#21 – *The Wendy Bird*

(INDIANS re-enter and grab TOOTLES. The other LOST BOYS grab him from other side – a tug of war. Suddenly CURLEY looks up)

CURLEY

Look! A bird!

(ALL look up, stopping tug of war)

ALL

A bird!

WENDY

(From off – voice amplified)

Poor Wendy! Poor Wendy!

SLIGHTLY

It's a Wendy Bird!

NIBS

How white it is!

TIGER LILY

Bird must be omen.

1ST BRAVE

Good or bad omen?

TIGER LILY

(Shrugs)

Famous Indian proverb: when in doubt – run!

(THEY do)

CURLEY

Here, boys! Let's shoot the Wendy!

SLIGHTLY

Aye – shoot it quick! Bows and arrows!

(BOYS scurry for weapons)