

**PETER**

*(In a whisper)*

Tinker Bell! Tink! Tink!

*(NANA barks offstage [Bar 32], and in fright PETER hides behind the drapes UR)*

*[NB – It is at this point that PETER's flying wire is detached]*

#7 – Tink Finds the Shadow

*(PETER comes from behind drapes)*

Tinker Bell! Tink! Where are you?

*(Light appears in the jug on the mantel. PETER runs to the fireplace)*

There you are! Tink, do come out of that jug.

*(TINK answers)*

Tink, do you know where they put it?

*(TINK flashes once in the jug and darts to the dresser, R.)*

Over there?

*(Examines drawers of dressers)*

But which drawer?

*(TINK replies, and jumps to the top drawer)*

Ah!

*(PETER pulls drawers open, seizes his shadow and closes the drawer unknowingly with TINKER BELL inside of it)*

Oh, my shadow, I'll stick you on with soap.

*(Picks up large bar of soap from the dresser and goes DC. HE soaps the shadow's head and tries to paste it to his forehead – it falls. HE then soaps his backside and lies on it and wiggles. This failing, HE motions the prone shadow to return – this fails and he loses hope and sits sobbing audibly)*

Oh, my shadow! What's the matter with you?

*(This wakens WENDY, who sits up, and is pleasantly interested to see a stranger)*

**WENDY**

*(Courteously)*

Boy, why are you crying?

*(He jumps up, and crossing to the foot of the bed bows to her in the fairy way.*

*WENDY, impressed, bows to him from the bed.)*

What's your name?

PETER

*(Well satisfied)*

Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's your name?

WENDY

Peter Pan.

PETER

Is that all?

WENDY

*(Ashamed)*

Yes.

PETER

*(Kindly)*

I'm so sorry.

WENDY

*(Bravely, stifling shame)*

It doesn't matter.

PETER

Where do you live?

WENDY

Second to the right and straight on till morning.

PETER

What a funny address!

WENDY

No, it isn't.

PETER

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

WENDY

Don't get any letters.

PETER

But your mother gets letters?

WENDY

Don't have a mother.

PETER

WENDY

Oh, Peter!

*(She leaps out of bed to put her arms round him, but he draws back; he does not know why, but he knows he must draw back)*

PETER

You mustn't touch me.

WENDY

Why?

PETER

No one must ever touch me.

WENDY

Why not?

PETER

I don't know.

WENDY

No wonder you were crying.

PETER

I wasn't crying about that—but I can't get my shadow to stick on.

WENDY

It has come off? How awful. Why—

*(Looking at the spot where he had lain)*

Peter, you've been trying to stick it on with soap!

PETER

*(Snappily)*

Well then?

WENDY

It must be sewn on.

PETER

What is "sewn"?

WENDY

You're dreadfully ignorant.

PETER

No, I'm not.

WENDY

I shall [have to] sew it on for you, my little man.

*(WENDY goes to the dresser for the sewing box)*

Thank you.

I dare say it will hurt a little.

*(A recent remark of hers rankling)*

I never cry.

*(She seems to attach the shadow)*

There.

*(He tests the combination)*

It isn't quite itself yet.

Perhaps I should have ironed it.

*(The SHADOW awakes. The footlights throw the SHADOW against the shutters and PETER views it with joy)*

### #8 - I Gotta Crow

Wendy, look!! My shadow! My very own shadow!

But, it's only a shadow!

Yes, but it's all mine. Oh, I'm clever! Oh, the cleverness of me!

Of course, I did nothing. You're conceited.

CONCEITED? NOT ME!  
IT'S JUST THAT I AM WHAT I AM,  
AND I'M ME!  
WHEN I LOOK AT MYSELF  
AND I SEE IN MYSELF