

(PETER lies on the floor and the shadow of his right hand becomes a bird, the fingers of his left hand a tasty meal. After eating the fingers and thumb, the bird dispatches the stump by pushing it down out of sight. Then the bird looks to the right and turns back and confronts, face to face, another bird. Both gasp with surprise, one makes affectionate overtures to the other, ending in a pecking fight)

(PETER)

I'M REALLY A RARE THING,
SUCH A FAIR THING,
I CAN'T KEEP STILL.
I'M BURSTING WITH PRIDE,
AND I JUST COULDN'T KEEP IT INSIDE,
IF I TRIED,
SO—

NATURALLY
WHEN I DISCOVER THE CLEVERNESS OF A
REMARKABLE ME,
HOW CAN I HIDE IT
WHEN DEEP DOWN INSIDE IT
JUST TICKLES ME SO
THAT I GOTTA LET GO
AND CROW!

(After applause the PLAYOUT begins [Bar 276], which fades out under the following dialogue)

WENDY

Oh, Peter, you are so clever! Shall I give you a kiss?

PETER

Thank you.

(He holds out his hand)

WENDY

(Aghast)

Don't you know what a kiss is?

PETER

I shall know when you give it me.

(Not to hurt his feelings she gives him her thimble)

Now shall I give you a kiss?

WENDY

(Primly)

If you please.

(HE pulls an acorn button off his person and bestows it on her. She is shocked but considerate)

A button! Why, Peter, I will wear it on this chain round my neck. Peter, how old are you?

PETER

(Blithely)

I don't know. I ran away from home the day I was born.

WENDY

Ran away. Why?

PETER

Because I heard Father and Mother talking of what I was to be when I became a man. I want always to be a little boy and to have fun; so I ran away and I've lived a long time among the fairies.

WENDY

(With great eyes)

Peter! You really know fairies?!

PETER

(Surprised that this should be a recommendation)

Yes, but they are nearly all dead now.

WENDY

Why?

PETER

You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thousand pieces—and they all went skipping about—and that was the beginning of fairies. And now when every new baby is born its first laugh becomes a fairy. So there ought to be a fairy for every boy or girl.

WENDY

(Breathlessly)

Ought to be? Isn't there?

PETER

Oh, no. Children know such a lot now. Soon they don't believe, and every time a child says "I don't believe in fairies" there is a fairy somewhere that falls down dead.

Poor things!

WENDY

PETER

(To whom this statement recalls a forgotten friend)

I can't think where she has gone to. Tinker Bell, Tink!

WENDY

(Thrilling)

Peter, you don't mean to tell me that there is a real live fairy right here in this room!

PETER

(Flitting about in search)

She came with me.

#9 – Locked in the Drawer

(The dresser drawer rattles furiously)

(With shameless glee)

Wendy, I believe I shut her up in that drawer!

(He releases TINK who darts about in a fury using language it is perhaps as well we don't understand)

Well, you needn't say that.

(Listens)

Well, I'm very sorry.

(Listens)

Well, how could I know you were in that drawer?

(More rough language from TINK, who is now back in the jug)

Tink! This lady wishes you were *her* fairy.

(The answer comes immediately)

WENDY

What does she say?

PETER

She's not very polite. She says you're a great ugly girl, and she's mine.

(Back to TINK)

Tink! You know you can't be my fairy because I am a gentleman and you're a lady.

[TINK replies in the rudest language yet]

WENDY

What did she say?

PETER

She said "You silly ass." She's quite a common girl, you know.

(NANA barks offstage – PETER ducks behind stool)

WENDY

It's all right—she's chained up. Peter, where do you live?

PETER

[Rushing to the window, which flies open at his gesture]

Way out there.

WENDY

How do you find your way home?

#10 – *Neverland*

PETER

You just follow all the golden arrows.

WENDY

Where do they lead you?

PETER

It's a secret place.

WENDY

Please tell me!

PETER

Would you believe me if I told you?

WENDY

I promise.

PETER

For sure?

WENDY

For sure!

PETER

(Sings)

I HAVE A PLACE WHERE DREAMS ARE BORN,
AND TIME IS NEVER PLANNED;