CURLEY: Please?! We like your stories so much! *(MUSIC CUE 7c: "Tinker Bell's Question." TINK'S light flashes about.)*

PETER: I don't know, Tink. They're all growing lazy, I think. *(TINK responds.)* I know you'll go with me, but... it's more fun with everyone! *(MUSIC OUT.)*

POTS: I'm too tired!

PANS: That pie for lunch was sooo good, I still can't move!

TOOTLES: You're such a good cook, Wendy.

NIBS: You'll stay with us always, won't you?

JOHN: That's a very, very long time, Nibs.

MICHAEL: But it feels like we've always been here.

WENDY: I'll tell you one more story before you must go out to play. Does that suit you, Peter?

PETER: As long as it's a short one!

WENDY: Very well. Once upon a time, there was a family—a mother, a father, and their three darling children.

MICHAEL: This does sound a bit familiar.

WENDY: And they had a very faithful nurse, Nana.

SLIGHTLY: So far it's a wonderful story, Wendy.

WENDY: It is, isn't it? They lived in a large house and had a splendid nursery with a large window that opened at night so the moonlight could come in.

POTS: Are they there now?

WENDY: Oh, no! They flew away one night.

JOHN: That's silly! Children can't fly.

WENDY: But they did! They landed on a wonderful island and had many adventures. There were pirates and Indians and all sorts of creatures in the forest. But one day, the children began to miss their mother and their father.

MICHAEL: Do I have a mother and a father?

JOHN: Of course not. That's why you're a Lost Boy!

SLIGHTLY: What happened to the children, Wendy?

WENDY: They decided that they wanted to fly back to their nursery.

CURLEY: But what if the window was closed and locked?

TOOTLES: *(Crying.)* That would be awful!

NIBS: They wouldn't be able to get in!

WENDY: But their mother would always leave the window open... *(MUSIC CUE 8: "Home, Sweet Home." Speaks.)* ...for she knew in her heart that one day her children would return. *(PETER lies on his*

bed, as if in pain. Sings.) Home, sweet home.
It's calling to me.
Home, sweet home,
Where I ought to be,
Back in the world that I know.
Home is where I want to go. *(Speaks.)* John and Michael, can't you just picture our mother?
(Sings.) Mother's been there waiting.
She's hoping for the day
We'll be home all snuggled and warm.

PETER: *(Sings.)* I'd rather fly away!

WENDY: *(Sings.)* She will kiss and hug us
And say how much we've grown,
Glad we're all together at last.

PETER: *(Sings.)* I'd rather be alone!

PANS: *(Speaks.)* I wonder if there's an open window waiting for me?

PETER: *(Speaks.)* Stuff and nonsense! I thought that my mother would leave a window open, too. But when I flew back, the window was shut and locked! And there was another little boy sleeping in my bed! *(Sings.)* You're wrong about mothers!
You're wrong about mothers,
And let me tell you why.
They've forgotten all about you.
They're happier without you.
It's all a stupid lie!

SLIGHTLY: *(Speaks.)* Are you sure mothers are like that?

PETER: *(Speaks.)* Cross my heart and hope to die!

WENDY: *(Speaks.)* John and Michael, you know you're not really Lost Boys. Try to remember our home.
(Sings.) Mother and Father loved us.
Not make-believe, but real!
But we just flew away one night.
Imagine how they feel. *(Speaks.)* Don't you remember?
(Sings.) Our mother's smile,
Her warm sweet embrace,
Weeping with joy,
Caressing your face.
We've been away much too long.

DARLING CHILDREN: *(Sing.)* Home, sweet home.

JOHN: *(Sings.)* We're long overdue.

DARLING CHILDREN: *(Sing.)* Home, sweet home.

MICHAEL: *(Sings.)* It's calling me, too.

DARLING CHILDREN: *(Sing.)* We went away, and it's wrong.
Let's go back home where we belong!
Home, sweet home! *(MUSIC OUT.)*

JOHN: Wendy! Let's go home now!

MICHAEL: I want to go, too! *(He and JOHN hug WENDY tightly.)*

WENDY: Yes, we will!

PETER: *(Jumps up.)* Not tonight!

WENDY: We'll leave at once. Mother is probably sure we're never coming back by now! Peter, will you make the necessary arrangements, please?

PETER: *(Cool.)* If you wish. *(MUSIC CUE 8a: "Happy Tinker Bell." TINK'S light flies around the room joyously.)* What are you so happy about, Tink? *(TINK responds.)* Oh, stop it! *(MUSIC OUT. EXITS.)*

TOOTLES: But… but you can't go, Wendy!

NIBS: It'll be so much worse than before you came!

CURLEY: Now that we know what it is like to have a mother.

SLIGHTLY: Please don't leave us.

POTS: Who will tell us stories?

PANS: Who will bake us pies?

NIBS: *(Crying.)* You can't go, Wendy!

TOOTLES: *(Crying.)* Please don't!

WENDY: I have an idea. Let's bring the Lost Boys with us!

JOHN: Smashing idea!

MICHAEL: That would be great fun! *(PETER ENTERS.)*

WENDY: I'm sure we can find a mother and father to adopt you.

CURLEY: Our very own mother and father?

PETER: You don't need them!

NIBS: But it would be nice to have someone tuck us in at night.

SLIGHTLY: And leave the window open for us.

TOOTLES: What say you, boys? *(LOST BOYS all shout in agreement.)*

PETER: All right! Have it your way! The Indians have agreed to guide you to the shore. Go with Wendy and find a mother and father. But don't come crawling back to me when you want an adventure or two!

WENDY: *(Picks up a medicine bottle.)* Now, Peter, before we go, I want you to take your medicine.

PETER: *(Turns his back on her and folds his arms.)* I don't have to do what you say. You're not my mother.