But that would be too scary!
Let's just leave that one alone!
Decisions, decisions,
Which way shall it be? *(Feels something in his pocket.)*
(Speaks in rhythm.) Oh, wait, I've got the very thing!
(Sings.) Oh, silly little me! *(Speaks.)* I've been keeping this poison for just such a moment as this! *(TINK flies IN.)* Get out of here, you nasty firefly! *(TINK flies near.)* Be gone! *(Hits TINK, who spirals down to the floor.)* Now what can I put this in that he'll be likely to drink? *(Spies the medicine bottle, picks it up and reads.)* For Peter Pan, to be taken whenever Wendy says. *(Laughs.)* So our new mother will be Peter's own angel of death! Ha-ha-ha-ha! *(Realizes he's again talking too loudly and quiets down.)* A few drops in here, and Peter Pan will breathe no more! *(Puts poison in the medicine bottle, then sets the bottie back on the table.)* This is too delicious for words!
(Sings.) Well, I've made the perfect choice
With only one regret...
I won't be here to see it, but
He'll soon be dead, I bet!
Decisions, decisions,
It all worked out, you see?
And I rejoice! The perfect choice!
Oh, clever, clever me! *(Laughs.)* Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! *(MUSIC OUT. Races OFF LEFT.)*

PETER: *(Stirs himself awake.)* Hello? Who's there? *(Sits up.)* Wendy? Is it you? If it is, I'm awfully sorry. I mean it. *(MUSIC CUE 11a: "Tinker Bell Saves Peter." TINK'S light begins to fly about slowly.)* Tink? What are you doing here? You're supposed to be guiding Wendy and the boys back to her home! *(TINK replies.)* They've what? Wendy and the boys have been captured and taken to the pirate ship? *(TINK replies.)* No, Tink! It doesn't serve her right! They need to be rescued! And I'm the only one who can rescue them! *(Moves LEFT, then stops.)* But wait. I never took my medicine. Wendy will be proud of me if I remember it on my own. *(TINK'S light flies about wildly.)* Leave me alone, Tink! I know what I'm doing! *(Pours medicine into the spoon. TINK responds.)* What are you talking about? Hook was never here! He couldn't have found our cave! *(Raises the medicine to his lips. TINK'S light zooms around his head.)* Stop it! Let me take my medicine! *(Just as he's about to drink his medicine, TINK'S light descends on the spoon.)* Don't drink that! It's for me! Tink! *(Lays the spoon down. TINK'S light begins to spiral downward slowly.)* Tink? What's wrong? Don't you feel well?

(TINK replies. MUSIC OUT.) Poison? Hook poisoned the medicine? Oh, Tink! Oh, my friend! Tink! You drank it yourself to save me! *(Scoops TINK up into his cupped hand.)* You can't be dead! You can't be! *(Has a thought.)* Wait a second! Wait a second! Fairies die when someone stops believing in them! *(To the AUDIENCE.)* So if everyone believes, Tink will breathe again! But everyone here has to believe in Tink! You've got to! If you believe in Tink, clap your hands. Clap your hands! Don't be afraid! Don't be shy! Clap your hands if you believe! That's right! Keep clapping! *(TINK'S light is seen in PETER'S hands.)* Yes! That's it! Tink, are you all right? *(MUSIC CUE 11b: "Tinker Bell Is Revived.")* Tink thanks you all! And now we'll make Hook pay, Tink! *(TINK replies.)* You bet we will! Lead on! *(TINK'S light flies OFF LEFT.)* Get ready, Hook! You're about to face Peter Pan! *(MUSIC CUE 11c: "Scene Change." Runs OFF LEFT as the CURTAIN FALLS.)*

End of Scene One

ACT TWO

Scene Two

CURTAIN UP: The pirate ship, a short time later. JOHN, MICHAEL, TOOTLES, NIBS, SLIGHTLY, CURLEY, POTS, and PANS are tied to the railing UPSTAGE. Their wrists are tied in front of them, and the rope is then tied to the railing. WENDY is tied to the mast, large ropes around her middle. SMEE sits on a crate DOWN RIGHT, mending a sail with needle and thread. CAPTAIN HOOK stands DOWN LEFT. PIRATES are gathered around him. MUSIC CUE 11d: "Yo-Ho!—Reprise."

PIRATES: *(Holding mugs, sing joyously.)*

Cutthroats and pirates are we! *(Shout.)* Yo-ho!
(Sing.) Scurvy as scurvy can be! *(Shout.)* Yo-ho!
(Sing.) Cheers to the old Jolly Roger
And all the ship's company! *(Shout.)* Yo-ho! Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

CAPTAIN HOOK: *(Sings.)* I've got a sweet bit of news,
Certain to cure any blues.
Peter Pan is departed.
He's dead. We win! You lose!

WENDY: *(Shouts.)* No! No!

PIRATES: *(Sing.)* Yo-ho! Yo-ho! Yo— *(MUSIC OUT.)*

CAPTAIN HOOK: Quiet, you swabs! The lady wishes to speak! *(The PIRATES clam up.)* Now, my dear, what was that?

WENDY: Peter can't be—

CAPTAIN HOOK: Dead? But he is! Smee, have you got that sail mended yet?

SMEE: Almost, Cap'n!