Off to the island of dreams.
A twinkling star leads the way.
Then Mother will come and find you
At break of day.
The island of dreams is waiting.
Now sail away. *(Speaks.)* That's right, close your eyes, my babies... and sleep. *(Looks at the picture on the paper.)* And Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up... I hope you're safely tucked in where your mother can keep her eye on you!

MR. DARLING: *(Voice from OFF RIGHT. Speaks.)* Mother! We can't be late!

MRS. DARLING: *(Speaks.)* Take care, my darlings! Good night, Liza. Watch them safely. *(EXITS RIGHT. MUSIC OUT.)*

LIZA: I've got to finish in the kitchen, so you're in charge, Nana. *(NANA barks. LIZA EXITS RIGHT.)*

MICHAEL: We don't have to go to sleep right away, do we, Wendy?

WENDY: Well, I'm not sure.

JOHN: It's just dark. We've time for you to tell us a story.

MICHAEL: Yes! Tell us one with pirates!

WENDY: But pirates are so wicked.

MICHAEL: That's why I like them!

JOHN: They tie your hands behind your back and make you walk the plank! You drop into the sea, and then the sharks come and have you for supper.

MICHAEL: Do they really do that, Wendy?

WENDY: They really do! And sometimes they tie you to a cannonball and stuff you down the cannon and then blast you through the sky!

PETER: *(From OFF, behind the window.)* Never seen a pirate do that!

WENDY: Who... who's there? *(PETER APPEARS, stepping onto the ledge. NANA begins to bark furiously. PETER steps back OFF so he is unseen.)*

JOHN: Nana! Stop it! You'll make Liza mad!

MICHAEL: Hush, you big ball of fur!

LIZA: *(ENTERS RIGHT with a leash. To NANA.)* And just what's going on in here, Nana? *(NANA barks and charges to LIZA, knocking her over.)*

WENDY: Oh, dear! Nana, look what you've done!

JOHN: *(With MICHAEL, helps LIZA up.)* Do you think you broke any bones?

STOP RIGHTS MUST BE PURCHASED BEFORE REPRODUCING THIS SCRIPT

LIZA: Takes more than a ball of fur to break Liza, laddie! And that's it! Nurse or no nurse, you're going outside! I can't abide by that racket! *(Hooks NANA to the leash and begins dragging the dog OFF RIGHT.)* C'mon now and take your medicine! I know the children are safe as can be in their own beds! Come along, you big brute! *(EXITS with NANA. PETER RE-APPEARS on the window ledge.)*

WENDY: Well, that's a fine how-do-you-do!

PETER: And how do you do, too?

WENDY: It's Peter Pan!

PETER: And who might you be?

WENDY: Don't you remember? It's me. *(Curtsies.)* Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

PETER: Well, la-di-da! *(Moves into the room and begins looking around.)*

MICHAEL: Have you come to make us walk the plank?

PETER: I'm no pirate, but I've got a few pirates who are my best enemies!

JOHN: Where do you live, Peter Pan?

PETER: Second star to the right, and straight on 'til morning.

WENDY: That's a silly address! How will the mailman be able to deliver your letters?

PETER: Don't get any letters.

WENDY: But your mother must get letters—

PETER: Don't got a mother! Never had one and don't need one, so there!

JOHN: Who tucks you in at night?

PETER: Me, myself, and I!

MICHAEL: Who gets your porridge in the morning?

PETER: Me, myself, and I!

WENDY: Who makes you take your medicine when you're sick?

PETER: Me, myself, and I!

WENDY: May I ask you something, Peter Pan?

PETER: You certainly are full of questions!

WENDY: What are you looking for?

PETER: My shadow!

WENDY: And just what would your shadow be doing in this room without you?

PETER: That bear you keep in here tore it off the other night!

JOHN: Nana's not a bear!

MICHAEL: She's just a very big doggie!

PETER: I don't care if she's a hippopotamus with three eyes! I want my shadow back!

WENDY: I haven't the foggiest idea where it is. *(MUSIC CUE 3a: "Tinker Bell's Entrance." TINK ENTERS. [See PRODUCTION NOTES.])*

MICHAEL: Who's that?

PETER: Tinker Bell. She's a very beautiful fairy, but so tiny only I can see her. Do you know where my shadow is, Tink? *(TINK replies.)* You do? Of course I do! *(TINK'S light falls on the drawer where the shadow was placed.)* In there? *(MUSIC OUT.)*

WENDY: *(Opens the drawer and takes out the shadow.)* Is this it? *(Holds up the shadow, measuring it against PETER.)* Yes, I think it should do very nicely. I'll sew it back on, if you like.

PETER: I should like it very much. *(Sits on window ledge.)*

WENDY: *(Gets sewing kit and sews during the next dialogue. [See PRODUCTION NOTES.])* I daresay this might hurt a bit.

PETER: I won't cry! Peter Pan never cries!

JOHN: I say, you are brave!

WENDY: Especially for someone so young!

MICHAEL: How old are you?

PETER: I won't lie. I am young. But I don't know how young. You see, I ran away the day I was born.

JOHN: How exciting!

WENDY: Why would you do that?

PETER: I heard my father telling my mother what I will become when I grow up to be a man. But I don't want to grow up to be a man! I don't want to grow up, period. I just want to be a boy and have fun, so I ran away to Kensington Gardens. And that's where I met Tinker Bell and the other fairies.

MICHAEL: Where do fairies come from?

PETER: You won't tell anyone?

MICHAEL: Cross my heart, hope to die!

PETER: Then I'll tell you. When the first baby laughed, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces, and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies.

JOHN: Do you still live with them in Kensington Gardens?

PETER: Only sometimes. Most of the time I live with the Lost Boys.

MICHAEL: Who are they?

PETER: The children who fall out of their baby carriages while the nannies look the other way. If they're not claimed in seven days, they're sent to Neverland.