

# Peter Pan

**A Musical Play**

**By David Barrett**

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**Based on the original story by JM Barrie**

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## **Peter Pan Dramatis Personae**

Wendy  
John  
Michael  
Mr George Darling  
Mrs Mary Darling  
Liza, the Maid (pronounced as if short for Eliza)

### The Lost Boys:

Peter  
Tootles, the humblest of the band  
Slightly, a genius and conceited, plumper than the others  
Curly, a brave scallywag  
Nibs, debonair and well-spoken  
First Twin  
Second Twin  
Chorus of Lost Boys

Tinker Bell, the fairy

### The Pirates:

Hook  
Starkey  
Smee  
Skylights  
Moonshine  
Jukes  
Cecco  
Alf Mason  
Chay Turley  
Chorus of Pirates

### The Indians:

Tiger Lily  
Little Panther  
Lean Wolf  
Laughing Bear

### The Crocodile

Chorus of lights and shadows

## **Synopsis of Scenes**

Scene 1	14, Montague Place, the Nursery at Bedtime
Scene 2	The Island of Neverland
Scene 3	Marooner's Rock
Scene 4	The Home Under the Ground
Scene 5	The Deck of the Jolly Roger
Scene 6	14, Montague Place, the Nursery

## **Musical Numbers**

Underscore	Piano Music
Song 1	Dark is the Winter's Night
Song 2	On My Island of Neverland (Peter, chorus and dancers)
Song 3	The Pirates' Song
Dance	Indian Warpath Music
Song 4	This is How My Life Will Always Be (Tinker Bell)
Song 5	Song to the Moon (Mermaids)
Song 6	Look Beyond Tomorrow (Wendy and Chorus)
Song 7	At last I Have You in My Power (Hook)
Song 8	Halt! Who goes There? (Pirates)
Underscore	Piano Music
Song 9	It's Hard to Say Goodbye

## Scene 1 14 Montague Place, Bloomsbury, London. Bedtime

*The scene opens in the Darling children's nursery. One side is a large open window, with velvet curtains moving gently in the breeze, and Wendy's bed. The other two beds are on the opposite side. Upstage is a door opening on to the day nursery, where Mrs Darling is playing the piano and another door to the landing. Wendy is sitting on her bed trying to read a book while John and Michael are having a pillow fight on their beds.*

**MUSIC**            **Underscore Piano Music** *(The sound of piano music off.)*

JOHN                Come on, then, pirate. Show your mettle.

MICHAEL           Take that, you black-hearted cut-throat. You'll not get away with your evil deeds.  
*(Michael takes a swing at John with his pillow but loses his balance and falls off the bed they are both standing on).*

JOHN                I'm really shivering in my boots, can't you see. *(He shivers violently)*  
*(Michael, whose feelings have been hurt, begins to sob, raises himself off the floor and gives pursuit.)*

MICHAEL           I'll teach you a lesson, John Darling. You may be bigger than me but I'm tough, you'll see.

JOHN                *(Fleeing from John in mock alarm and knocking Wendy's book out of her hand)*  
I'm not John Darling, I'm Cut-throat Carew of the black ship, 'Hell's Mouth', and you're supposed to be a fierce pirate, remember?

WENDY              Stop this nonsense, you've made me lose my page. Settle down, it's time Michael was in bed.

MICHAEL           But that's not fair - it's not eight o'clock yet, Wendy.

WENDY              No, but it will be by the time you've had your bath. Now, off you go.

MICHAEL           Oh Wendy, you're not my mother you know.  
*(He exits)*

WENDY              No, but you know mother wishes me to help out while she is not feeling well. And you should be settling down and reading your book now John Darling.

JOHN                Oh, alright then, but you're such a spoilsport.  
*(The piano music stops)*

WENDY              Look, now you've disturbed Mother. She won't be pleased, you know. All your talk of pirates and fighting, you know how it upsets her.  
*(Enter Mrs Darling, dressed in her best ball gown)*  
Oh, Mother, you do look lovely.

MOTHER           Why, thank you, dear. Oh, children, you are so good to get yourselves ready for bed without even being asked. It's a great help, you know, when we are getting ready to go out. *(Looking towards the window)*  
My goodness! Did you see that?

WENDY/JOHN      What?

MOTHER           I saw a face – a face at the window – and a little hand on the curtain.  
*(She runs to the window to investigate and John follows)*

JOHN                Mother, there's nothing there. And how could there be? The nursery

is on the third floor. You know that.

MOTHER But darling, I know what I saw. It was a face – a little boy's face. I've seen it before, you know.  
*(Wendy and John exchange a glance. Enter Mr D unseen by Mrs D)*  
Last week I came in here to turn down the beds and I saw a little boy jump out of the window.

FATHER Mary, have you seen my cufflinks?

MOTHER Why, yes, I got them out ready for you, dear. They are on the dressing table.

FATHER Oh and do help me with my tie, it has a mind of its own.

WENDY Do hurry, father, you'll be late for your dinner party. I'll help you with your tie.  
*(She begins to tie it for him)*

FATHER Thank you, Wendy. *(As the tie is being tied)*  
Now dear, what is all this nonsense about a boy at the window?

MOTHER Oh, nothing, dear, just a flight of fancy, I suppose.

MICHAEL *(Entering in his bath-towel)* It must be a goblin.

FATHER A what?

WENDY You know a goblin, like Rumpelstiltskin. They can fly, can't they?  
*(Finishing the tie).* There, that's much neater.

FATHER Thank you, dear. *(Gives her a peck on the cheek)*

JOHN Of course they can fly – in fairy tale books.

FATHER Poppycock! Just children's make-believe.

MICHAEL I can fly, too. *(Starts to pretend to fly around the room, making aeroplane noises).*

FATHER *(To Mrs D, crossly)* Now just you look here - children are excitable enough creatures and their imaginations do not need to be fuelled with horror stories about children dying and the like. *(Softening his tone)* You know you've not been well. I expect those pills you've been taking have upset you.

MOTHER Yes dear, I suppose you are right. Michael, do cease that din, at once!

FATHER Now, you children, into bed – *(They stand defiantly as if they are about to argue)*  
*(In his sternest voice)* At the double!

CHILDREN Yes, father! *(They do so)*

FATHER Goodnight children! And don't cause your mother any fuss. We have to leave soon. *(Exits)*  
*(Simultaneously Liza, the maid, enters, carrying some pillowcases. They meet in the doorway and Liza rudely pushes past him. He glares at her.)*

MOTHER Ah Liza, you good girl, you've remembered the pillow-cases.

LIZA Did you think I'd forget, Madam? I'm not daft you know. I brought Michael's medicine as well.

MOTHER *(Taking the medicine from Liza)* Thank you, Liza.  
*(Liza starts to put the pillow-cases on the pillows)*

WENDY I'll do it, Mother. He'll take it from me. *(Snatching the bottle)*

MOTHER Don't snatch, dear, It's rude!

WENDY Come, Michael, medicine time.

MICHAEL Oh no, not again, I only just took the last dose.

WENDY That was at lunch-time, Michael. Come on – do it for Wendy.  
*(She takes a sugar lump from her pocket, out of sight of the others, and lets Michael see it)*

MICHAEL Oh, very well. Make it quick. *(John laughs with glee and Michael coughs. She fills the spoon and makes him swallow the lot, quickly. Then she slips him the sugar lump.)* Yuk!

MOTHER And now into bed. There's just time for a quick song. *(They do so)*

FATHER *(Off-stage)* Mary are you coming, dear? We must leave now.

MOTHER A very quick song.

**Song 1            Dark is the Winter's Night**

Verse 1 (Mrs Darling):

Would you climb the highest mountain, would you cross the widest sea?  
Would you step into a lion's den to show you care for me?  
When the sky turns black and time stands still, you feel you're quite alone;  
If you just look behind you'll find I'll be there to follow in your steps and  
guide you home.

Verse 2 (Wendy):

Would you walk across a desert, would you jump a deep ravine?  
Would you swim a raging torrent just to save someone like me?  
When you're tired and cold and hungry and you feel the end is near,  
If you pick up your feet and hold your head high you'll find the will to  
overcome your fear.

Verse 3 (John):

Would you walk into a jungle, would you fight the fiercest bear?  
Would you walk into a haunted house and hope to find me there?  
And if after searching high and low you find you're still alone,  
If you quicken your pace and lengthen your stride you'll surely find a friend to  
guide you on.

Chorus:

Dark is the winter's night when northern winds blow cold,  
Wind blown snow drifts across your path and covers your way back home.  
Smile and the sun will shine and guide you through the day,  
Put your faith in the ones you trust and you'll find you're not alone on your  
way.

*During this song Peter Pan enters with Tinker Bell and the audience sees them eavesdropping on the scene. As the song comes to a close, Tink puts her head on Peter's shoulder.*

FATHER Mary! Are you coming or do I attend the dinner party alone?

MOTHER Coming, dear. Goodnight children. *(She kisses each in turn, youngest first)* You be sure to go straight to sleep after your story. Liza will read for you tonight.  
*(To Liza)* Cinderella, from page 6 – the bit about the invitation.  
 Goodbye dears. *(Exits)*

LIZA Right then, *(fetching the book)* page 6 it is. But you can only have two pages tonight – it’s getting late. *(Reaction of dismay from children.)*  
*(On the window ledge, Peter and Tink settle down to hear the story. Liza thumbs through the pages.)*  
 She’s right, you know.

JOHN Who is? Cinderella?

LIZA No, your mother. It’s not the first time we’ve seen a little boy at the window.

JOHN Really?

LIZA Last Tuesday your mother and I heard a commotion in here and, when we opened the door we saw a boy tearing round the room at great speed, almost as if he were flying.

MICHAEL Wow! I wish I could fly.

LIZA *(Beginning to sob)* When he saw us, he jumped out of the window. Gave me such a turn it did. I thought he was bound to be dead – but when we looked out into the street – it was empty.

JOHN You’re just pulling our legs. How can it be so?

LIZA Look, can you keep a secret?

CHILDREN Yes, of course we can. *(And the like)*

LIZA *(Going to a drawer)* Just before he jumped, your mother tried to close the window. She failed to trap the boy but just caught his shadow. Here, look.  
*(Shows the shadow. Peter nudges Tink and points to the shadow.)*

MICHAEL Crikey, it’s a real shadow. How did you do that.

LIZA The shadow caught in the window and tore away from him.  
*(They try to grab it.)*  
 No, no, you mustn’t – your mother would be cross if she knew.  
*(She slams the drawer shut)*  
 Now, back to bed, at once. *(They do so, grumbling)*

JOHN This is ridiculous – it can’t possibly be true.

LIZA And there was another curious thing. The boy was being chased by a buzzing light that followed him around the room. It seemed to be talking in a strange language.

WENDY That would be a fairy.  
*(Tink swells with pride as she hears them talk about her.)*

JOHN That’s quite enough about buzzing lights and fairies. Let’s get on with a real story.

LIZA Very well. Let me see, page six.  
 ‘And when the first ugly sister opened her letter she saw that it was an invitation – to a grand ball, to be held in the palace of the prince. The second sister opened her letter and it was identical’.

MICHAEL What’s a tentacle?

WENDY Identical, Michael – it means her letter was the same as the other.

LIZA ‘Unbeknown to poor Cinderella, her wicked stepmother had stolen

the letter which bore her name and opened it as if it were her own. After all, Cinderella had no dress to wear and would only have disgraced the family if she went to the ball in her rags. Poor Cinderella sat on the floor and wept, her tears threatening to engulf her in a torrent of despair.

*(Michael falls asleep)*

But, just at that moment, in a brilliant flash of light, her fairy godmother appeared. "Cinderella, you shall go to the ball," she said...

*(Liza begins to yawn and John joins her.)*

In a thrice, with a wave of her wand, the pumpkin on the kitchen table was transformed into a beautiful, golden coach.

*(John falls asleep and so does Tinker Bell. Liza yawns again.)*

The mice hiding in the corner and watching in awe became, by some powerful magical spell, the smartest footmen and, with a parting wave of the wand, poor Cinderella became attired in the most exquisite dress of white satin, embroidered with little, pink, silk flowers.

*(Wendy sighs and turns over.)*

*Liza quietly puts down the book. Inspects each bed in turn, puts out the light and, stifling a yawn, she exits. Stage lights dim to a blue wash. Peter and Tink stir and climb stealthily through the open window.)*

PETER

Over here, Tinker Bell, in this tree trunk.

*(Peter goes straight to the chest of drawers and rummages for the shadow. He pulls it out triumphantly and Tink snatches it from him and dances round the room. The shadow could be played by an actor the same size as Peter.)*

Tink, don't. It's mine – I need it.

*(Wendy stirs and opens an eye. Peter catches Tink and, after a short tug of war, retrieves his shadow. Peter notices that he has been spotted.)*

Please accept my apologies for waking you – er, er... I don't know your name.

WENDY

Wendy, Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's yours?

PETER

Peter. Peter Pan. That's all!

WENDY

*(Sitting up)* Peter Pan! **The** Peter Pan.

PETER

Why, yes. You've heard of me?

WENDY

Certainly I have. Can you really fly?

PETER

Can't you?

WENDY

Why, no I'm afraid I can't. *(Tink is getting impatient and pulls at Peter's coat.)*

PETER

Oh, and this is my friend, Tinker Bell.

WENDY

Pleased to meet you, Tinker Bell. *(Tinker Bell flies a circuit around the nursery.)*

PETER

Don't mind her, she shows off sometimes.

WENDY

Peter!

PETER

Yes, Wendy Moira Angela Darling?

WENDY

Just Wendy will do. Might I give you a little kiss?

PETER

Oh goody, I like presents. But what is a kiss?



*(Wendy leans towards him but he shies away. Looking around, Wendy grabs the nearest thing, which is a thimble.)*

WENDY Here, this is your kiss.  
*(Peter does not know what it is but is delighted. He puts his shadow down and takes the thimble.)*

PETER Oh, thank you, thank you, Wendy Moira A.... – just Wendy. It’s a lovely present. And I have a present for you – it’s an acorn button.  
*(He gives her an acorn button from his coat.)*

WENDY Thank you, Peter, I shall treasure it. *(She fixes it to a chain around her neck.)*

PETER And now, I need to stick my shadow on. Hey, where has it gone?  
*(Looks around)*

WENDY There’s not enough light for a shadow. Just a moment.  
*(She switches on a dim night light. The boys begin to wake up and look on in awe.)*

PETER That’s wonderful. Even cleverer than you, Tink. *(She goes off to sulk)*  
And here’s my shadow back.  
*(He goes to the light switch and repeatedly switches it on and off with glee.)*

WENDY Here, we’ll help you stick it on. Come on boys. Oh, Peter, how rude of me, I haven’t introduced John and Michael. Boys, this is Peter Pan.

MICHAEL *(Clutching his teddy bear)* Wow!

JOHN Pleased to meet you, Peter. *(Puts out his hand and Peter mimics him but their hands do not touch.)*

PETER Are you their mother?

WENDY No of course not, silly. I’m their big sister.  
*(They all grab the shadow and gently ease it into place.)*

PETER That’s better. I’ve been missing it terribly at home this last week.

JOHN But where is home? Do you live in London?

PETER Many years ago I lived here. But now I live on the island of Neverland - second to the right and straight on ‘til morning – with the lost boys... *(Tink pulls Peter’s hair)* oh, and Tinker Bell, of course. *(She sulks again)*

MICHAEL *(Pointing to Tink)* What is it?

WENDY She’s a fairy, Michael.

MICHAEL I don’t believe in fairies.

PETER Don’t say that. Every time a child says that a fairy dies. It takes the first smile of a new born baby to bring another to birth.

WENDY But, who are the lost boys?

PETER They are just boys who fell out of their prams. They will remain boys for ever in Neverland. People don’t grow up there, you know.  
*(Michael starts to prod Tink to tease her. She shakes him off.)*

MICHAEL Can we go and meet them? I’d really like to.

WENDY Don’t be silly, Michael. We can’t go to Neverland. It’s a magical place – and certainly not for people like us.

PETER You could come home with me, Michael – and John too. But Wendy would have to come too. She would be such a lovely mother. I saw how she gave you your medicine. She can look after the lost boys

when they get sick and tell us your lovely stories. The boys love stories but they know very few. I have told them some of your Cinderella story – but I don't know yet how it ends.

MICHAEL Oh can we, Wendy? Please say yes, please say yes!

WENDY No! Absolutely not!

PETER I'd have to teach you to fly first.

WENDY Would you? Would you really? How wonderful! But we would have to be back by morning. Mother and Father would worry so.

PETER Then it's a deal. *(Climbs onto the window ledge)*  
Come on – it's easy. This'll help *(Sprinkles fairy dust over the children)*  
Now just watch me. 1,2,3 and off. *(Jumps out)*  
*(Offstage)* Come on, John, you next. 1,2,3....

JOHN Hey look at me. I can do it. *(Tink looks out of the window and laughs at John's first efforts.)*

MICHAEL My turn now! Weeeee! *(Jumping off. Tink laughs even louder now)*  
*(Wendy stands frozen in terror and cannot jump.)*

PETER Come on, Wendy. 1,2,3.... *(She does not move)*  
Why don't you jump? It's easy.  
*(Tink pushes Wendy and grins around at the audience. Wendy screams and then whoops with delight as she finds that she too can fly.)*

*(Tink crosses to the light switch, turns off the light and then waves at the audience as she jumps out of the window. Just then Liza enters to check on the children and sees Tink fly off. She utters a low cry, checks the empty beds and exits tearfully.)*

*End of Scene*