

Peter Pan

WENDY & PETER NURSERY SIDE

WENDY

Boy, why are you crying?

PETER

What's your name?

WENDY

Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's your name?

PETER

Peter Pan.

WENDY

Is that all?

PETER

Yes.

WENDY

I'm so sorry.

PETER

It doesn't matter.

WENDY

Where do you live?

PETER

Second star to the right and straight on till morning.

WENDY

What a funny address.

PETER

No, it isn't.

WENDY

I mean, is that what they put on your letters?

PETER

I don't get any letters.

You ran away. Why?
But your mother gets letters.

WENDY

I don't have a mother.

PETER

Oh, Peter! No wonder you were crying.

WENDY

I wasn't crying about mothers. I just can't get my shadow to stick on.

PETER

Your shadow has come off?

WENDY

It's dead.

PETER

Oh, how awful! Peter, you have been trying to stick it on with soap....

WENDY

Well, then.

PETER

Well, it must be sewn on.

WENDY

What is sewn?

PETER

You are dreadfully ignorant.

WENDY

No I'm not!

PETER

→ Peter, how old are you?

WENDY

I don't know. Quite young, I guess. I ran away from home the day I was born.

PETER

WENDY

You ran away. Why?

PETER

Because I heard my Father and Mother discussing what I was to be when I became a man. So I ran away and I've lived a long time among the fairies.

WENDY

Peter! You really know fairies?

PETER

Yes. But they're nearly all dead now.

WENDY

Why?

PETER

Children know such a lot now. Soon, they don't believe, and every time a child says, "I don't believe in fairies," someplace, somewhere, a fairy falls down dead.

WENDY

Poor things. Peter, where do you live?

PETER

(POINTS TOWARD WINDOW)

Way out there.

WENDY

How do you find your way home?

PETER

You just follow all the golden arrows.

WENDY

Where do they lead you?

PETER

On
To an island, Wendy.

WENDY

A large one?

PETER

No, no, quite small - and nicely crammed with hardly any space between one adventure and another. And it's summer and winter and spring and fall, all at the same time on different parts of the island.

WENDY

I wish I could see it.

PETER

You can, Wendy. Close your eyes tight. Now, what do you see?

WENDY

I see a pool of lovely, pale colors -

PETER

Squeeze them tighter --

WENDY

Yes.

PETER

Tighter --

WENDY

Yes!

PETER

And the pool will take on a shape - and the colors will become brighter -

WENDY

Yes!

PETER

So bright that in a moment they'll go on fire - and in that moment - just before they do ---

WENDY

I see it, Peter! I see it!

PETER

That's it, Wendy! That's my island!