

PLAYS FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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Neverland

By
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CAST:
PETER
MR DARLING / CAPTAIN HOOK / GARAGE ATTENDANT
WENDY

PART ONE.

MUSIC: Overture / An Awfully Big Adventure.

One of those high streets that has no proper shops. A pound store, mobile phone unlocking, an all-night garage – that sort of thing. In my head, one of those in-between towns in south London – Tulse Hill, maybe.

WENDY DARLING is dropped off by her Mum, a little way down the street.

MUM: OFF. Don't stay up late. No TV.

WENDY: Mum, I'm nearly fourteen. Almost grown up.

MUM: Absolutely no pizza. And make sure he takes you somewhere nice.

WENDY: Yes, Mum.

MUM: And Wendy? Have a nice time with your Dad. It's been hard for him, too.

She drives away.

WENDY carries a rucksack and a trophy that has 'Best Dad Ever' engraved on the front.

WENDY: So, here we are. The other side of London. Does Dad live at number 12? 21? 21a?... I could ask someone. People are very friendly on the other side of London.

PETER passes, his face covered by a hood.

WENDY: Excuse me? Oh. Erm. Hello?

It's my first time on the other side of London
I'm a little lost...oh. Sorry.

PETER ignores her, heads for the nearby all-night garage.

It's my first time on the other side of London
But I'm not alone. There are
Children playing, throwing stones
It must be safe or they'd be back at home.

How they stare as I walk by
Making sure that I'm alright
Well, they shouldn't mind, I'm
Almost grown up.

So, here I go
On an awfully big adventure.
So here I go
And now I'm on this road
I'll open every door.
So, here I go
It's time that I did have an awfully big adventure.

Night lights burn in the dustbins on the high street
People warm their hands and I can
See a man with a lady's purse
He's running away. Oh, it must not be hers.

I hope I'll be that kind and strong
When my childhood days are gone
It won't be long, I'm
Almost grown up

So, here I go
On an awfully big adventure.
So, here I go.
And now I'm on this road
I'll open every door,
Even though I'll be afraid
Like I've never been before.
So, here I go
It's time that I did have an awfully big adventure.

The GARAGE ATTENDANT chases PETER out of his shop.

WENDY: Oh, that boy must have forgotten something.

GARAGE ATTENDANT: Hey, you! I know who you are! Get back here.

WENDY: TO PETER. Excuse me...that man wants to give you something.

PETER bumps into WENDY. He leans on her shoulder mid-chase, takes a drag on his inhaler.

PETER: Oh, the cleverness of me!

*WENDY recognises the quote, but before she can respond, PETER is gone.
The GARAGE ATTENDANT abandons chase.*

GARAGE ATTENDANT: TO WENDY. That boy. Do you know him?

WENDY shakes her head and continues on her way.

WENDY: I shouldn't be too scared to try
I mustn't be afraid to fly
I'm not afraid, I'm
Almost grown up...

12a. That's right. It doesn't look right. The shutter's down. Maybe that's his garage. Or the games room.

There is a door which could do with a repaint. A No Junk Mail sign.

She rings the bell. Even that sounds broken.

MR DARLING answers. He's on the phone.

MR DARLING: Yes, Nana. She's here. Look, stop worrying. I can take care of my own daughter. I'll call you tomorrow. Love you, Mum. HE ENDS THE CALL. Wendy. Hi!

WENDY: You are expecting me, aren't you? Six o'clock.

MR DARLING: Of course. Definitely.

WENDY: EMBARRASSED, SHE HANDS HIM THE TROPHY. Here.

MR DARLING: Wow. A trophy. I've never won anything before. 'Best Dad Ever'. Can't be for me.

WENDY: You're the only Dad I've got.

MR DARLING: Well. Come in.

They go inside. It's alright state. Pizza boxes, papers, magazines. A makeshift bed.

WENDY: You're hilarious. Where's the real house?

MR. DARLING: You should see the bathroom.

WENDY: I didn't know people really lived like this.

MR DARLING: Most people live like this, Wendy. Just not your mother.

MR DARLING: And it's a lot nearer my work.

WENDY: Have you called the police?

MR DARLING: No. Why would I?

WENDY: To tell them about the burglary.

MR DARLING: Funny.

WENDY: Well, what day does the cleaner come?

MR DARLING: I see you haven't lost your sense of humour.

WENDY: It's disgusting. Why don't you show me to my room?

MR DARLING: I just did. You're in it. HE INDICATES TOWARDS THE PUT-ME-UP BED.

WENDY: You are joking.

MR DARLING: It's surprisingly comfortable. Found a dead mouse in it the other week. He obviously liked it.

WENDY: If Mum saw this, she'd be furious.

MR DARLING: Well, maybe that's why I'm here and she's still in Kensington.

WENDY: I can't sleep in this. You know I get nightmares.

WENDY unpacks her rucksack. Takes out a green blanket, folds it up.

MR. DARLING: Still got your security blanket. Aren't you thirteen? Or thereabouts.

WENDY: I got rid of it for a while. Then you and Mum decided to split up.

WENDY starts tidying.

MR DARLING: Right.

WENDY: PICKS UP A FOLDER. Neverland? What's that?

MR DARLING: It's where I work. The children's care home. You can almost see it from the window. Just behind the garage there. See the sign?

WENDY: Neverland? Does Peter Pan live there?

MR DARLING: No. Peter Pan's not real.

WENDY: It says here it's closing down.

MR DARLING: Bulldozers arrive first thing tomorrow.

WENDY: So you'll be out of a job again?

MR DARLING: More time to spend with you, my little Treacle.

WENDY: Does Mum know? You're supposed to pay maintenance.

MR DARLING: I know. Something will come up. Always does.

WENDY: And what happens to the kids? In the home.

MR DARLING: I've managed to find them all foster families. There's only one left, and he leaves in the morning. If I can find his papers.

WENDY: And...SHE PICKS UP A BATTERED LOOKING DOLL. Where did you get this?

MR DARLING: It's yours.

WENDY: I know. I threw it out. Years ago.

MR DARLING: And I saved her.

WENDY: She smells.

MR DARLING: She's been living in the wild. Let's put her somewhere safe. Up here.

He puts the doll somewhere we can retrieve her later. WENDY continues tidying.

MR DARLING's phone rings. He declines the call.

WENDY: I knew it. You're not working tonight, are you? You promised.

MR DARLING: No work tonight. Just us, Pumpkin.

WENDY: So. What are we doing? Going out, I hope.

MR DARLING: I thought we might get a pizza in.

WENDY: Mum says no pizza.

MR DARLING: Then we could stay up really late.

WENDY: Mum says no late nights.

MR DARLING: And watch a DVD.

WENDY: Mum says no TV.

PETER appears in the window, unseen.

MUSIC: When You're a Kid.

MR DARLING: PICKS UP A COPY OF *PETER PAN*. Look. *Peter Pan*. It's your favourite.

WENDY: Years ago. I'm growing up, Dad.

MR DARLING: Too quickly, if you ask me.

Getting older
No joke
Just stay young and
Make the most of
Being breezy
Take it easy
Make a little mischief
While you've still got time.

WENDY: You're so embarrassing.

MR DARLING: When you're a kid
You can do as you please
So just stay a kid
For as long as can be
You don't have to worry
How you'll find the money
To pay all the bills at the end of the week.

When you're a kid
You are careless and free
So just be a kid
For as long as you need
Go out in the open
Play around, get soaking
You can dry off while you're watching T.V.

Getting older
No joke
Just stay young and
Make the most of
Being breezy
Take it easy
Make a little mischief
While you've still got time.

Imagine the smirks
If I turned up at my work
With a mud stained Batman onesie
Buttoned up over my shirt.

There'd be a riot
I'd be questioned, I'd be fired.
You can't do that when you're big
But you can when you're a kid!

When you're a
Kid, you're a kid, so get out there and play
And you'll be a kid till you fall in your grave.
And when you are grown
With children of your own, then
You'll be a kid 'til the end of your days!

Remember when you were little? We'd play Pirates. You'd be Wendy, and I'd be the evil Captain Hook.

WENDY: Stop it.

MR DARLING's phone rings.

WENDY: Maybe you should answer that.

MR DARLING answers the phone.

MR DARLING: Hello? Hello? I can't hear you. It's quite noisy in here. It's cutting out. ENDS THE CALL. Rubbish.

WENDY: Getting older
No joke
Just stay young and
Make the most of
Being breezy
Take it easy
Make a little mischief
While you've still got time
When you're a kid.

MR DARLING: When you're a kid
Everything is alright

WENDY: When you're a kid

MR DARLING: So just be a kid
For as long as you like

MR DARLING/WENDY: You don't have to worry
Take your time, no hurry
You can be old for the rest of your life.

When you're a
Kid, you're a kid, so get out there and play
And you'll be a kid till you fall in your grave.
And when you are grown
With children of your own, then
You'll be a kid 'til the end of your days
You'll be a kid 'til the end of your days!

MR DARLING: COD PIRATE ACCENT. You are to watch your children walk the plank.

PETER reappears in the window.

WENDY: Are they to die?

MR DARLING: You do remember!

WENDY: A little. Are they to die?

MR DARLING: They aargh! Silence, all. For a mother's last words to her children.

WENDY: These are my last words, dear boys. I feel that I have a message to you from your real mothers. And it is this: we hope our sons will die like English gentlemen.

MR DARLING lifts the trophy.

MR DARLING: It's the Jolly Roger!

WENDY: Careful. You'll break it! SHE TRIES TO GRAB IT BACK.

MR DARLING: The crocodile is about to board the ship! Hook's deadliest enemy!

They wrestle with the trophy.

MR DARLING: Hide me!

One of the handles breaks off.

Awkward silence.

MR DARLING: Sorry.

WENDY: It's OK.

Obviously, it's not.

WENDY: It wasn't expensive.

MR DARLING: It doesn't matter how much it was. HIS PHONE RINGS. HE TRIES TO COVER IT. Look. I got you something, too. Somewhere.

Hidden in the mess is a small box, crudely wrapped.

WENDY: Thanks.

MR DARLING's phone rings.

MR DARLING: It's Miss Teach. She runs the home. ANSWERS. Miss Teach. What a nice surprise. And on my day off, too. No, I'm not on call tonight. My daughter's here. Yes, I do have a daughter. MOUTHS TO WENDY: 'SORRY'. No, not sorry I have a daughter, Miss Teach. You were saying?

Police cars arrive outside. Flashing lights, sirens.

MR DARLING goes to the window.

MR DARLING: Yes, I see them. Two police cars. And a very angry looking cashier. It doesn't always mean one of our boys is behind it. Gone missing? What do you mean? Oh, no. Not today. Have you looked *everywhere*? He won't have gone far. He never does. LOOKING AT WENDY. Well, I can't really go now. Yes, Miss Teach. You have to stay there. Right. I'll pop down now.

MR DARLING ends the call.

WENDY: I knew it.

MR DARLING: One of the boys from the home has gone walkabout. He could be in trouble. I'll be right back. Okay?

WENDY: You promised.

MR DARLING: It's my job, Wendy.

He leaves.

PART TWO.

WENDY holds the broken handle like a hook, playing pirates.

WENDY: SINGING TO HERSELF.
When you're a kid
Everything is alright
So just be a kid for as long as you like

WENDY: Most of all, I want their captain, Peter Pan. T'was he that cut off my arm.

You don't have to worry...

PETER opens the window and climbs in, unseen by WENDY. He is opening drawers and cupboards, looking inside. Eventually, he notices WENDY.

WENDY: Take your time, no hurry...

Now we have him! Into the water, Smee. Starkey, mind the boat. Take him, dead or alive!

PETER is rooting through drawers, looking under cushions.

WENDY: I've waited long to shake his hand with *this*.

She turns, lunges, almost stabs PETER.

PETER: Easy! You could have had my eye out.

WENDY: Don't come near me. I'm warning you.

PETER: And what if I do? You'll make me walk the plank?

WENDY: My Dad's coming back.

PETER: Is he?

WENDY: If you want money, you're in the wrong house.

PETER: I don't want money. I'm just out for my evening stroll.

WENDY: Through our window? On the second floor? How did you get up here?

PETER: I flew.

He is rooting through stuff on the table, sniffing bits of pizza, looking through magazines.

WENDY: Leave that alone. Don't touch that. Who are you?

PETER: CASUAL. Peter Pan.

WENDY: Oh, right. And what are you doing, *Peter*?

PETER: Looking for something.

WENDY: Your shadow, I suppose.

PETER: What?

WENDY: Well, strictly speaking, Tinkerbell breaks in and Peter follows. That's how the story goes.

He's not listening.

WENDY: Tinkerbell, the fairy? *Peter Pan*?

PETER: You're not from 'round here, are you?

WENDY: TESTILY. No. I live in Kensington.

PETER: Never heard of it.

PETER takes a picture of WENDY with MR DARLING.

WENDY: Hey, that's my Dad's.

PETER: Pictures belong to all of us. HE PUTS IT IN HIS BAG.

PETER finds the wrapped present.

WENDY: Hey, don't take that. I haven't even opened it.

PETER: What is it?

WENDY: Well, I don't know. I haven't opened it.

PETER: So, let's.

WENDY: No!

Too late. PETER rips off the paper.

PETER: Presents belong to all of us.

A box is inside.

PETER opens it. Shakes it upside down.

Nothing comes out.

WENDY: Empty. I don't get it.

She takes the box. Shakes it. Definitely empty.

WENDY: Why would he give me an empty box?

PETER takes an apple out of his pocket and starts eating it.

WENDY: Did you steal that?

PETER: No. Apples belong to all of us.

WENDY: I think that one may have belonged to the all-night garage. They're looking for you. Maybe I should tell them you're here.

PETER: QUICKLY. No! They're not police.

WENDY: Then...

PETER: THINKING FAST. They're pirates, Wendy.

WENDY: I never told you my name. CONFUSED. WARY. I'm going to find my Dad.

PETER: BLOCKING HER WAY. Pirates led by the evil Captain Hook.

WENDY: No, they're not. Unless pirates have started driving police cars.

PETER: Their ship is nearby. The Jolly Roger.

MUSIC: Everyday Magic.

You just can't see it. You're not magic.

Look a little more closely
At the things we take for granted all the time.
Look a little more closely
At the sun, the moon, the stars, the wind, the sky
And you will find

Magic is here
Magic is all around
Magic is here
Keeping us on the ground.

Everyday magic in the air
Everyday magic all around us
Everyday magic everywhere
Everything in this world is magic
You can believe in what you will but
One thing is crystal clear:
Magic is here.

WENDY: Well, you are a lot younger than me.

PETER: What's that s'posed to mean?

WENDY: There's no such thing as magic. You'll learn that when you get older.

PETER takes something off the table.

PETER: See this? HE PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK. Vanished. Magic.

WENDY: It's behind your back.

PETER shows his hands. Empty.

PETER: Look out the window, feel that breeze
Life is a string of mysteries
Look at the moon up in the west
Somehow marooned there in the darkness.

Magic is there
Keeping it up in space
Magic is there
Holding it in its place

Everyday magic in the air
Everyday magic all around us
Everyday magic everywhere
Everything in this world is magic
Open your eyes and look around you
Magical things appear:
Magic is here.

The door is being barged open.

MR DARLING: Ow! I need to fix this door.

WENDY: I'm going to tell him you're here.

PETER has gone.

WENDY: TO HERSELF. Vanished.

MR DARLING opens the door.

MR DARLING: Vanished. It's quite serious.

WENDY: What's serious?

MR DARLING: A boy has gone missing from Neverland.

WENDY: I know! Peter Pan!

MR DARLING: No, Peter Davies. Neverland the children's home. Not Neverland the fairy...whatever.

He sees the discard wrapping paper.

MR DARLING: Your present! Couldn't you wait till I was back?

WENDY: Er...no...

MR DARLING: Well, there we are. You've got it now. So. Did you like it?

WENDY: TREADING WATER. It was lovely. Thank you.

MR DARLING: I was worried.

WENDY: No need.

MR DARLING: I wasn't sure about the smell.

WENDY: The smell?

MR DARLING: Girls are very particular.

WENDY: They are. What smell?

MR DARLING: I think it's the one you pointed out in Debenhams that time.

WENDY: Is it? Ah, perfume! You bought me perfume! He must have stolen it!

MR DARLING: Stolen it? Who? Has someone been in here, Wendy?

WENDY: Er...

MR DARLING: And where's my picture? Did they take that, too? You need to tell me, Wendy.

WENDY: Oh, dear.

MR DARLING: It's that boy, isn't it? Peter.

Mr Darling takes the broken trophy handle. Brandishes it like a weapon. Like a hook. The first hint of a Hook-like persona.

MR DARLING: Peter? I know it's you. Come on out.

He is heading for the curtain.

MR DARLING: You can't hide from me, Peter. Show yourself, boy.

He pulls back the curtain. PETER has gone.

MR DARLING leans out of the window. Drops the handle.

MR DARLING: LIGHTER AGAIN. How did he...? He can't have jumped.

WENDY: Maybe he flew.

MR DARLING: We're on the second floor. I'll be right back. I promise.

WENDY: Right.

He leaves.

As soon as he is gone, PETER appears from behind the curtain.

WENDY: Ha, ha. Give it back.

PETER: Give what back?

WENDY: My present. The perfume. You stole it. You must have slipped it into your pocket.

PETER: Ah, that.

WENDY: Yes, that. Hand it over. Perfume does not belong to everyone. *That* perfume belongs to me.

PETER opens a drawer. He pulls out the perfume bottle. There is a bell attached to the tag. The bottle is glowing.

PETER: You mean this?

WENDY: How did it get in there?

PETER: This isn't perfume. This is Tinkerbell, the fairy. She must have been looking for my shadow. Like you said.

WENDY: Don't be ridiculous. There's no such thing as –

PETER claps a hand over her mouth.

PETER: Don't say that. Every time someone says they don't believe in fairies –

WENDY: One drops down dead? You think you're funny?

MUSIC: Everyday Magic [Part Two].

Tinkerbell 'talks' to PETER.

WENDY: You walk in here
Or you flew, so you tell it
Steal my bottle of perfume
And you tell me it's a fairy
Well, it's obviously make believe.

PETER: She says you're very rude.

WENDY: Does she, indeed?

PETER: And ugly.

WENDY: Well, it's obviously talking
That's what perfume bottles do,
And that's so much more believable than
Something being wrong with you.

PETER: I think you're rude, too.

WENDY: Of course you do.

If you think perfume talks
Then you must be on the blink
You're too scared say
All the things you really think
So you pretend that this fairy said I stink.
Which I don't.

It's only make believe
You're living in a world of make believe...

The bottle 'flies' around the room, operated by PETER. There are rumblings of real magic.

WENDY: It's only make believe
You're living in a world of make believe
It's only make believe
You're living in a world of make believe
You can believe in what you will, but
One thing is crystal clear:
It's make believe.

PETER: Everyday magic in the air

Everyday magic all around us
Everyday magic everywhere
Everything in this world is magic
You can believe in what you will, but
One thing is crystal clear:
Magic is here.

WENDY: SOMETHING'S NOT QUITE RIGHT HERE. Who are you?

PETER: I am Peter Pan.

WENDY: Okay, *Peter*, where are you from?

PETER: Second on the right...

BOTH: And straight on 'till morning.

WENDY: Pull the other one.

PETER shakes the perfume bottle. It tinkles.

PETER: It's got bells on.

WENDY: I think you come from the children's home across the road. You're a runaway.
And a robber. And a huge show off.

PETER: I live in Neverland. I ran away from home.

WENDY: The day you were born?

PETER: About three months ago, actually. My real parents couldn't handle me. So, I
live with the Lost Boys.

WENDY: And there are no girls, I suppose.

PETER: Girls are much too clever. They live in nice houses like this.

WENDY: Ha! You should see my *real* house. It's big and beautiful, with a long garden.
There's an arch made of flowers. A blue front door and a window big enough
for a ginormous Christmas tree.

PETER: Well, you should see *my* home. It's a whole island, full of magic. I'll take you
there, if you like. There are mermaids. Aren't there, Tink?

Tink's bell rings.

WENDY is drifting into PETER's world.

WENDY: I've never seen a real mermaid.
We hear MR DARLING coming back.

MR DARLING: Wendy? Ah, this door!

PETER: Uh-oh.
He pulls out his inhaler, breathes deeply from it.
WENDY snaps out of her trance.

WENDY: You. It is you. I saw you earlier. Outside the garage. You had a hood over your face. You're not Peter Pan. You're just some street thief.
PETER sprays some perfume over WENDY's head. Magic.

WENDY: Ooh, that's nice.

PETER: Fairy dust. You can't fly without it.

WENDY: Fairy dust. Flying?
Slam!

MR DARLING: Wendy?

WENDY: WOOZY. Dad?

PETER: LOUDLY. It's the Pirate King.

MR DARLING: Is he in there with you? The boy. Peter?

PETER: He wants my blood. Tink. The door!
MUSIC: Neverland.
PETER sprays perfume over the door.
MR DARLING tries to open it. It won't budge.

MR DARLING: Wendy? The door's stuck again. Can you open it from in there?

PETER: Time to go. Come on, Wendy. I'll teach you to jump on the wind's back. We'll say funny things to the stars.

WENDY: How do you fly?

PETER: it's easy. You just jump. And never land.

When you're on the ground
The world can seem so dull, I've found
But when you're in the air, it's something new
A different point of view

MR DARLING: Open this door. Wendy? Don't listen to him. Come here. It's wedged.

Tinkerbell 'flies' past the door. She removes her spell.

The door opens. MR DARLING falls into the room. He takes the hook.

PETER: Tinkerbell! Why did you do that?

MR DARLING: Peter!

WENDY: STILL IN A TRANCE. Peter Pan. So, it is true.

MR DARLING: No, this is Peter Davies. From the children's home. He's in all kinds of trouble.

PETER: And you're the evil Pirate King. Trying to have me thrown out.

MR DARLING: Not throw you out, Peter.

PETER: I don't want a family. I want to stay in Neverland. I want to stay young.

MR DARLING advances on PETER.

MR DARLING: Right now, you need to give yourself up. Robbery. Breaking and entering. This is my home, Peter.

PETER: URGING. Wendy.

MR. DARLING: Wendy, come away from the window.

WENDY stays.

PETER: You can feel it if you try
You'll fly and never land
Take my hand
We'll touch the stars and never land

PETER: LIFTS THE TROPHY HANDLE. Looking for this?

He sprays it with perfume, throws it to MR DARLING.

MR DARLING raises the hook. It changes him.

PETER: The crocodile. Chasing you from sea to sea...

MR DARLING: Land to land.

WENDY: And back again.

WENDY takes the green blanket.

PETER: Licking his lips for the rest of you.

Wendy throws the blanket to PETER.

PETER: The crocodile. The Pirate King's deadliest enemy!

MR DARLING: The crocodile! Hide me!

PETER and WENDY jump onto the window ledge. They wrap themselves in the blanket.

PETER: Hold tight. To Neverland!

Magic happens, a bit out of PETER's control.

MR DARLING: No!

PETER: Don't be scared to fall
In things you've never tried before
Those who play it safe
Will never see the world as it should be

You won't believe your eyes
Think happy thoughts and rise

PETER/WENDY: You can feel it if you try
You'll fly and never land
Take my hand
We'll touch the stars and never land
Never land, never land

PETER: I'll show you wonders never seen
Sights you never dared to dream.

Look. Down there.

PETER/WENDY: You can feel it if you try
You'll fly and never land
Take my hand

We'll touch the stars and never land
Never land, never land
Never land, never land.