Mr Darling, Mrs Darling, Nanna the Dog

Nana Woof! Woof! Woof!
Mr Darling But we have bills darling! Bills! The latest being the vets bill for Nana when she swallowed a toy soldier. I know that we cannot afford a nursery maid but I doubt that a human one would have swallowed a soldier! We may have to fire Nana…
Michael You're going to set Nana on fire?!
Nana Howl!!

The children rush to comfort Nana

Mr Darling Yes! That's right! Give Nana a cuddle but no-one ever cuddles me!
Mrs Darling Now George dear! You know how they adore Nana and she is a wonderful nursery maid. Let me give you a cuddle instead. *(She moves over to him to placate him)* You know how much Nana loves you George, she always brings you your slippers when you come home?
Mr Darling Huh! Half chewed slippers do not a loving dog make.. oh alright. She can keep her job. I'm sure she thinks the children are her puppies.

Nana exits and brushes up against Mr Darling as she goes

Mr Darling Now look! My evening suit is covered in dog hairs!
Mrs Darling I'll brush them for you dear.
Mr Darling I mean, just look at them! My best dress suit!
Mrs Darling There, there George. Don't fuss dear!

Nana returns carrying a bottle of medicine and a large spoon. She brushes past his other leg.

Mr Darling Now she's got the other leg! She's got to go!
Mrs Darling Clever Nana! She's brought the children's medicine.
Michael Urgh! No! I won't take it!
Mr Darling You take your medicine like a man!
Michael I'm not a man!
Mrs Darling Don't be grumpy George! Let me help you with your tie.
Mr Darling Ah! Ah yes! And that's another thing. This is not a tie. It won't tie. It can't be tied, I have tried to tie it for so long my arms are falling off. Do not refer to it as a tie! Rotten tie! Without this tie we cannot go to the bank dinner dance tonight and I shall not be able to go to the bank ever again; and we shall not have any money; and we shall all starve to death or be sent to the workhouse; and it's all because of this rotten, stupid… oh you've tied it. How clever you are my sweet.
Wendy Here's your medicine Michael.

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Michael

Mr Darling Be a good father! Humph! I am a good father! Don't you think I'm a good father John?
John Of course! Don't worry father, it'll soon be over. Try holding your nose?
Michael You said you would show me?
Mr Darling Yes… but good manners you know. That means you go first. After you my boy.
Michael Oh no, after you father.
Wendy You said you would show him?
John That's right.
Mr Darling But it's not fair! There's more in my glass that he has on his spoon!
Michael I'm waiting father…
Mr Darling And so am I.
Michael You're a cowardy custard!
Mr Darling And so are you!
Wendy I know! Why don't you both take it at the same time?
Mr Darling A splendid idea! After three…one, two, three!

Michael takes his medicine, Mr Darling puts the glass behind his back.

Wendy and John You cheat father!
Michael You're a naughty boy!

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Peter Pan, Wendy and Tinkerbell

Wendy Oh my goodness! How did you get there?
Peter This is Tinkerbell and I'm Peter Pan. *(He crows)*
Wendy Shhh!!

*John sits up in bed "**Whassat**!!"*

Wendy Nothing John, don't worry – go back to sleep.

John falls back heavily into his pillow. Tinkerbell walks around Wendy, eyeing her suspiciously.

Tinkerbell *(circling her and sniffing)* Urgh! Sugar *(sniff)* and spice *(sniff, sniff)* and all things nice! It's a girl!
Wendy Well, you're a girl too!
Tinkerbell I am not! I'm a fairy!
Peter Ha, ha, ha, ha! She thought you were a girl!
Tinkerbell Shuttup!!
Wendy A fairy! Well, that is exciting, I've never met a fairy before. How do you do?

She offers her hand to Tinkerbell. Tinkerbell crosses her arms and turns her back tapping her foot.

Peter Don't take it personally! She just hates girls that's all.
Wendy I know why you're here.
Peter Do you?
Wendy I think you've lost something…
Peter Yes. My shadow. I've really missed it. Stupid thing! I used to love looking down at it as I flew over the ocean with the sun on my back. Especially when I'm chasing sharks and stuff..
Wendy Flying and chasing sharks? That all sounds very dangerous.
Peter My middle name is dangerous…Peter 'dangerous' Pan they call me..
Wendy Really?
Peter No, not really…I knew your name was Wendy though. I often hide outside the window and listen to your mother when she tells you bedtime stories. The last one was about a girl who lost her glass slipper at a ball.
Tinkerbell Stupid girls!
Wendy *(Ignoring her)* That's Cinderella.
Peter Yes. Cinderella! She was eaten by a wolf when she visited her grandmother…
Wendy I think you're mixing up your stories.
Peter I never get mixed up…where's my shadow?
Wendy I hid it under my bed for safe-keeping. Would you like me to sew it back on for you?
Peter Yes please!
Tinkerbell Aaargh!

She stroppily flumps to the floor and turns her back on them. Wendy sits on her bed and pretends to sew with a needle and thread. Peter jumps onto the bed and lies back with a foot in the air. Wendy mimes sewing on the shadow.

Wendy So… where do you come from?
Peter Neverland.
Wendy Where on earth is Neverland?

Peter Oh…it's a little way from here…you have to turn right at the second star and then go straight on until morning.
Wendy Is that where your mother is?
Peter I haven't got a mother. Don't want one either! I live with the lost boys. I'm their leader.
Wendy The lost boys?
Peter Yep! Lost boys are the ones who fall out of their prams whilst their nannies are chattering too much. They live in the lost property for two weeks or until someone claims them. If they don't get claimed then they are sent to Neverland.
Wendy What about the lost girls?
Peter Girls are too clever to fall out of their prams!
Tinkerbell They are not!
Peter Are too!
Tinkerbell Huh!
Peter Anyway, that means the only female company we have is Tink!
Tinkerbell *And they don't need no-one else!*
Wendy I suppose you won't need a mother when you're all grown up anyway?
Peter Nobody ever grows up in Neverland.
Wendy No-one grows up? How strange? There you go! All done!

Mrs Smee

Mrs Smee *(Singing loudly)* He eats all the fishes, whilst I do the dishes…the scrumptious Captain Hook! Yo ho! All clear me hearties!
Crab It is after your caterwauling. You'd scare a sea monster with that bilge-pipe of a voice.
Mrs Smee How dare you! My voice is in ship-shape shape and Bristol fashion. (She fluffs up her chests)I have the voice of an opera singer.
Limpet Well you'd better give it back 'cause you've broken it.
Pirates Ho, Ho Ho.
Mrs Smee Laugh it up chuckles! You'll be laughing on the other side of your face when Captain Hook gets here. Oh yes! I'd better introduce myself to the boys and girls. Hello boys and girls!
Audience Hello!
Mrs Smee There's no one there. I said, 'Hello there boys and girls'.
Audience Hello!
Mrs Smee Are you all socially distanced and enjoying yourselves?
Audience Yes
Mrs Smee Well I'm glad somebody is. I'm Titanic Smee, the ship's cook, but you can call me Mrs Smee. Have you seen the scenery? It's so realistic I can almost smell the rotting fish on the beach. Mind you, that could be Pirate Crab over there. Are you still using your roll on? *(Pirate crab nods)* Good! It's very hot under these lights! Right, it's time to get your tonsils working. Not the way you're thinking you naughty boy! I'm going to sing fifteen men on a dead man's chest and I want you to shout, 'Yo ho ho and a bottle of pop'. Shall we try it. Fifteen men on a dead man's chest.
Audience Yo ho ho and a bottle of pop.
Mrs Smee Oh that's no good. You can shout louder than that. Let's try it again. Fifteen men on a dead man's chest.
Audience Yo ho ho and a bottle of pop.
Mrs Smee Wonderful - that's got you nice and warmed up for the rest of the show.

Mrs Smee Ohh hello Cap'n. You're looking very han'some today.
Hook Oh good grief! Not you again! Why aren't you below decks preparing tonight's supper?
Mrs Smee *(taking his arm)* That's a very good question Cap'n. It's that no good husband of mine Mr Smee! Oh! Boo hoo hoo! He treats me terrible Cap'n he really does! Boo hoo hoo!
Hook Oh yuk! I can't stand blubbers! There now er.. Mrs Smee…
Mrs Smee What I need is a nice new husband with moustaches, curly hair and a hook! Someone who'll treat me like a lady… boo hoo hoo!
Hook You're no lady!
Mrs Smee Have you been peeking in the dressing room? Boo hoo hoo!
Hook Certainly not! Take my handkerchief, dry your eyes and cheer up would you?

Mrs Smee takes the offered handkerchief and blows a huge raspberry into it. She wipes a very snotty nose in it and then opens it up to reveal a large star shaped hole in the hanky. She offers it back to Hook

Hook Um… that's okay, you may keep it…

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Hook (See also Mr Darling's Audition piece)

Hook *(with over the top gusto)* You'll do as I wish or you'll sleep with the fish,
Black-hearted Captain Hook
Pirates Yo ho!
Hook Aha!!!
Audience Boooo!!
Hook Oh shuttup you crusty barnacles! You should fear me – if you have any sense!
Mrs Smee Ohh hello Cap'n. You're looking very han'some today.
Hook Oh good grief! Not you again! Why aren't you below decks preparing tonight's supper?
Mrs Smee *(taking his arm)* That's a very good question Cap'n. It's that no good husband of mine Mr Smee! Oh! Boo hoo hoo! He treats me terrible Cap'n he really does! Boo hoo hoo!
Hook Oh yuk! I can't stand blubbers! There now er.. Mrs Smee…
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Hook Um… that's okay, you may keep it…
Mrs Smee Oooh! I'll be able to sell it on Ye E Bay for a fortune. The genuine nose-wiper of Captain James Hook!
Hook Enough! Foul creature! Where is Mr Smee?
Mrs Smee I've sent him to Iceland.
Hook Iceland? Near the north pole?
Mrs Smee No of course not! The one in the High Street – I needed some milk for the rice pudding I'm doing for pudding, you silly pudding! I'm here to replace him. Any bother – call on mother!
Hook You're a mother?
Mrs Smee Chance would be a fine thing – I'm just not built for it you know.
Hook Oh do be quiet! And that goes for you too, you horrible lot out there! If you're too noisy I won't be able to capture Peter Pan!
Pirates Peter Pan! Ah – har! Hook! Hook! Hook!
Mrs Smee Why do they call you Hook?
Hook Ah yes! Some essential back-story so you understand the plot! Right you lot – I'm going to tell you this once! And only once! It's going to be fast and furious so try to keep up! *(Hook takes a deep breath and then speaks at breakneck speed)* I am the sworn enemy of Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up – he and he alone is responsible for my hook, the hook that now replaces what was a beautiful hand with manicured nails - as I never used to bite my nails because my mummy said that the stuff underneath your nails is called smegma which is enough to make most people vomit and yet you still bite them don't you? You naughty boys and girls! Anyway whilst I was fighting him to the death and winning of course, he called on a crocodile which you should never smile at because everyone knows you should smile at a crocodile and the crocodile sneaked up behind me and the coward known as Peter Pan chopped off my hand and fed it to the crocodile, together with my pocket watch and ever since then I have had a Hook and I am know as Captain Hook! Thank you!
Mrs Smee A big hand for the Cap'n.

The Pirates applaud and shout for more

Hook A big hand! Are you trying to be funny?
Mrs Smee Well, yes! We all are…it is a pantomime after all.

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Crab and Limpet

Crab/Limpet Wot cha doin' Mrs Smee?
Mrs Smee I'm doin' me washing.
Crab/Limpet Washing? Yuk! What with water and everything?
Mrs Smee Yes you mucky matelot, washing! I don't understand you sailors. You spend your whole life on the water but you never let any of it get near your filthy bodies.
Crab/Limpet It be unlucky.
Mrs Smee What do you mean unlucky?
Crab/Limpet If the water's near your body then you be drownin'…
Mrs Smee *(to audience)* You see what I have to deal with. Nutty as a fruitcake. Don't just stand there. You can help. Washing clothes is very simple. So simple even you could do it.
Crab/Limpet It all looks clean to me…
Mrs Smee Shuttup. I've only just started. As I said to the Cap'n this morning as he was sat on the toilet. Once you start a job you need to finish a job.
Crab/Limpet What do I doo doo?
Mrs Smee Doo doo? What you do is this? *(Crab/Limpet is distracted by his stomach)* Are you listening to me?
Crab/Limpet I am but my stomach's hurting. What was in those sandwiches at teatime?
Mrs Smee Tongue.
Crab/Limpet Urgh! *(Sticking out his tongue)*Tongue!
Mrs Smee I boil them up. They taste like ham. Makes the sandwich very dry though. It keeps licking off all the mayonnaise.
Crab/Limpet My tummy hurts – why doesn't yours?
Mrs Smee I make it a rule not to eat anything that comes out of an animal's mouth so I had an egg sandwich instead. Oho! Did you get that one?
Crab/Limpet No.
Mrs Smee Never mind. Now follow me. You get your shirt. It goes into the bowl, out of the bowl. Up to the light, see that it's white. Up to the nose, fresh as a rose. Have you got that?
Crab/Limpet *(Holding his tummy)* What was that?
Mrs Smee Forget your stomach or we'll be here all day! Hold the shirt like this. It goes into the bowl, out of the bowl. Up to the light, see that it's white. Up to the nose, fresh as a rose. Have you got that?
Crab/Limpet Aye. I have.
Mrs Smee Oh dear… I've run out of shirts. You'll have to make do with a pair of me smalls.
Crab/Limpet More like larges, I'll bet!

She pulls out a lacy thong.

Mrs Smee *(Singing) I'm too sexy for my pants! Too sexy for my pants!* I'm thinging a thong song! Ho, ho! Here you go…
Crab/Limpet *(looking at them with disgust and handling them gingerly)* Right then.. into the bowl, out of the bowl. Into the light, see that they're white. Up to the nose…into the bowl…
Mrs Smee Oooh! You cheeky monkey! They're not that dirty!
Crab/Limpet Do 'em yourself! I'd rather be keel hauled!
Mrs Smee Come back here!

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Lost Boys – Person auditioning will read the lines marked LB

Tootles Phew! That was close.
LB The sooner Peter comes back the better!
Twins We'll never beat the pirates without Peter.
LB Shhh!!! Quick hide! Indians!

Musical cue - The lost boys scatter and hide before two Indian braves dance their way across the stage checking the ground with their ears and looking out into the audience. They exit the opposite side they enter. The lost boys return to centre stage.

Curly Well spotted Slightly!
LB Hey! I've been meaning to ask, why are you called Slightly?
Slightly When I came to Neverland, I had a label in my pants that said, 'Slighty soiled".
LB But you've washed them since then of course?

Slightly whistles and looks around taking one step away.

Lost Boys Oh yuk!!!

SFX – Tinkerbell's sound effect

LB It's Tink! Quick! Get out of the way she's coming in to land!

SFX – Lights down – possible spots rolling like Air Raid lights with siren sound effect. Laser light shines as plane coming down hitting ground noise – thunder flash downstage left. Tinkerbell actor steps out after explosion dusting herself down.

Lost Boys Woo-hoo!! Great landing Tink! Awesome! You're the best! Etc etc
LB Where's Peter?
Tinkerbell He's on his way! He told me to tell you to be armed and ready to fight!
Nibs I can see a big white bird! Look!

They all look up into the sky.

Curly What sort of bird is it?
LB It's not flying very well, it's got big flapping arms and keeps crowing "Help me! Help me!"
Tinkerbell Oh no! That's a Wendy bird! It eats little boys! Peter said that you should kill them if you ever see one!
LB Quick boys! Weapons!

Tootles grabs a blunderbuss from the wings

Tootles I've got mine here! Out of the way!

He lines it up on Slightly's shoulder – he follows it from the sky towards stage left, takes aim and 'Bang!' Wendy rolls out onto the stage from stage left. The boys gather around Wendy.

LB It doesn't look like a bird. It looks like a girl!
Other Lost Boys A girl!?!

There is a 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' from off stage right and Peter enters

Peter Lost boys! I have returned! I said…what's happened?
LB Oh..nothing.
Peter Great news! I found us all a mother! She should be here by now. You haven't seen her have you?
LB A mother? Hooray!
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Tiger Lily – (See also at Mrs Darling's audition piece)

Limpet Here we are, Marooner's Rock, where you shall meet Davy Jones in his locker! *(indicating the depth of the sea)*
Tiger Lily Mmmmwwm!

The pirates pull the gag down.

Tiger Lily Who?
Crab Davy Jones!
Limpet Davy Jones! Ah-har!
Tiger Lily Never heard of him. Not getting you – at all!
Limpet Haven't you seen 'Pirates of the Caribbean'?
Tiger Lily No. Have you seen 'The Last of the Mohicans'?
Crab No…
Tiger Lily Then I guess we're even.
Limpet Davy Jones is the devil who lives at the bottom of the sea!
Tiger Lily Superstitious rubbish! I do not fear death! For I am Tiger Lily, daughter to Running Bear and sister to Running Water.
Crab Well there's no running water here - only the mermaids to play with below the waves.
Mrs Smee Leave her alone you big bullies! Now don't you worry Little Tilly – I won't let them do anything too naughty. *(She sings)* "Sisters are doing it for themselves" 'All us single ladies, all us single ladies!" We young girls must stick together!
Tiger Lily Young girls? You must be eighty if you're a day!
Crab and Limpet Ha ha ha ha! Ah har!
Mrs Smee Oh…it's like that is it? So much for feminism, sisterhood and women's lib! Right! You're on your own Rather Silly…
Tiger Lily Tiger Lily!
Mrs Smee Whatever! Don't be shouting out for me when you're drowning cause I'm keeping these waterwings dry! *(She fluffs up her chests)*
Tiger Lily When Peter hears of my death he will be displeased that you have not played fair.
Limpet You weren't playing fair when you sneaked around the pirate ship shouting Tick Tock Tick Tock. You know how much that upsets the Cap'n.
Peter (imitating Hooks voice) Ahoy ship mates! Set Tiger Lily free and come back to the mainland!
Mrs Smee You'd better get going before the Captain changes his mind again Silly Billy.
Tiger Lily Tiger Lily! Laters! *(she mimes swimming away)*

John

Part 1

John I'm sure that if you take it, Mother will give you a piece of chocolate. Father's medicine is much nastier – isn't it father?
Mr Darling Oh yes! Beastly stuff! And if I hadn't lost it I would take a big spoonful to show you how it should be done.
John But it isn't lost father. Mummy found it only this morning. It was in one of your boots at the back of your wardrobe – I'll go and get it for you.
Mr Darling No! Wait! I er.. oh poop!
Mrs Darling Really George!
John *(returning with the medicine in a small glass)* Here it is father!
Mrs Darling Yes, there it is George. Now be a good father and show Michael how it's done. I'll just put the accounts away. Nana! Come with me please!

Mrs Darling and Nana exit.

Mr Darling Be a good father! Humph! I am a good father! Don't you think I'm a good father John?
John Of course! Don't worry father, it'll soon be over. Try holding your nose

Part 2

Twins He must be a Doctor – look he's even got the hat!

John What? Me a Doctor? Oh yes – of course – erhmm – me a Doctor! Let me look at the patient at once!
Michael At once!
Nibs Who's he? Is he your nurse?
John Of course not – I'm in private practice – he's my accountant…
Michael Five pounds please!
John *(taking her wrist)* Say 'Aaaah!'
Wendy Aaaaaah!
John Oh dear!! That's awful!
Peter What is it?
John Her breath – it's just awful. She'll be fine. Take three tablespoons of cod-liver oil. That's five pounds please!
Wendy Oh do be quiet John!