**Peter Pan – Panto 2014**

**Open Audition Notice & Sides**

**When:**
- Saturday June 22, 2013 1pm – 6pm
- Sunday June 23, 2013 1pm – 5pm

**Where:** St. Martin’s Meeting Room
195 East Windsor, North Vancouver

- Each role is gender specific and has a distinct “playing age”
- Audition sides (snippets of the script) will be posted here on our website. Please read, come prepared and in character!
- Singing roles will require a voice audition.
- Please come to the audition ready to tell a joke and do an impression of a famous person (seriously!).
- Auditions are open to ALL, preference given to current SMP Dramatic Society members.

**The Story**

This is a traditional Peter Pan story based upon the book by J.M Barrie...with a few twists. Captain Hook is out to avenge the loss of his hand and it's up to Peter, Wendy, Tiger Lily and all their friends to foil the dastardly brute’s plans!

**Characters**

**Peter Pan (M/F – age 16-25)**
The boy that never grew up. The leader of the Lost Boys and our hero! Peter will have comedic presence, sing numerous songs, and will need a strong physical presence - Peter can (and will) fly!!!!

**Wendy (F – age 16-30)**
Our heroine. She is caring, loving, loyal – just good all-round, really. She is lady-like, but can hold her own against anybody wicked or mean! Wendy is an excellent storyteller, will sing several songs, and will definitely be joining Peter on an aerial trip!

**Hook (M – age 35+)**
The villain! Must enjoy boos. Hook is genuinely evil and repulsive. Hook will be hacking and slashing his way around the stage and throwing out barbed “hooks” at everyone he sees – good stage presence and timing is key for this great role! Oh yes, Hook likes to fly too!

**Tiger Lily (M – age 30+)**
The Dame! The leader of the 'forgotten impersonators'. Must have a BIG personality, a BIG voice and... well, be BIG all round!

**Smee (M – age 30+)**
A pirate – but nice. He is the audience's friend and a natural comedian. Smee will have a song or two.
Tinkerbell (F – age 20-30)
A fairy. She loves Peter Pan, but that love is unrequited. She is light, ethereal and mischievous. Tink will not fly (darn!), but she will sing a song or two.

Mr Darling (M – age 35+)
The father of Wendy, Michael and John. Loving, but a stick-in-the-mud. He is an authority figure.

Mrs Darling (F – age 35+)
The mother of Wendy, Michael and John. A loving mother – caring and earnest. Wendy gets her story telling skills from her mother.

Myrtle the Mermaid (F – age 25+)
Leader of the mermaids. Imagine an embittered suburban housewife that has discovered that a little wine takes the edge off of her situation in life... with the tail of a fish – and that is Myrtle!

Starkey (M – age 25+)
A pirate. Nice – but not as nice as Smee. Starkey provides some comic relief to the show.

Nana (M/F – any age)
The Darling family dog. Nana will be a full-size dog costume – awesome!

Michael (M – age 8-10)
Wendy's brother. He flies (actually he walks) away to Neverland with his siblings and has adventures with the Lost Boys.

John (M – age 10-14)
Wendy's brother. He also flies (walks) away to Neverland with his siblings and has adventures with the Lost Boys and is very protective of Michael.

Slightly, Tootles, Nibs & the Twins) 'Lost Boys' (M/F – Youth Chorus – age 8 - 18)
The Lost Boys go on adventures with Peter Pan and Wendy and will be doing some singing/dancing as well. They miss their families and have forgotten how to use their imagination!

Forgotten Impersonators (M/F – Adult Chorus)
Tiger Lily's gang. They are impersonators of historical figures. Some signing, dancing and impersonating required!

Pirates (M - Adult Chorus)
If you are ugly, mean and have facial scars, you would make the perfect pirate for Hook's crew. Singing and dancing required.

Mermaids (F - Adult Chorus)
Get ready to 'flap your fins' ladies! All-singing, all-dancing, all-flapping sirens of the deep!

The Crocodile  (M/F)
Full crocodile suit (anyone know where to get one of those?). Must like the taste of pirates.
AUDITION SIDES

Peter Pan 1
Peter Pan 2
Wendy 1
Wendy 2
Hook 1
Hook 2
Tiger Lily 1
Tiger Lily 2
Smee & Starkey
Tinkerbell 1
Tinkerbell 2
Mr. & Mrs. Darling
Myrtle the Mermaid
Michael, John & The Lost Boys
Peter Pan 1

(Peter folds his arms and faces downstage, sulking. Wendy silently sits up in bed and looks at him for a moment.)
Wendy: Hello.
(Peter turns round in surprise)
Wendy: Why are you sad, little man?
Peter: Because I can’t find Tinkerbell. Anyway, I’m not sad, I’m cross. (Looks at Wendy quizzically) What’s your name?
Wendy: (Offering her hand) Wendy Moira Angela Darling.
Peter: That’s a very long name!
Wendy: I know. We’re middle class. And who are you?
Peter: Don’t you know?
Wendy: I think I do.
Peter: (Indicating audience) This lot know who I am, don’t you?
(Audience response.)
Peter: Who am I?
(Audience shout “Peter Pan”)
Peter: That’s right! I’m Peter Pan! (Bows)
Wendy: (Getting up) Peter Pan! So you are real after all.
Peter: Of course I’m real.
Wendy: And where do you come from?
Peter: (Pointing out of window) Second star on the right, then straight on ‘til morning! From a place called Neverland.
Wendy: Neverland?
Peter: Yes. You should see it, Wendy. Mermaids live there, and pirates, and Redskins, and fairies…
Wendy: Fairies? So fairies are real too?
Peter: Well, duh! Everybody knows fairies are real. In fact, there’s one hiding in this room right now, if only I could find her. (Calls out) Tinkerbell? Where are you?
Wendy: I bet the boys and girls know where she is.
Peter: (To audience) Do you? Is she over here? (Goes one way)
Wendy: What about over here? (Goes the other way)
Peter: Where then? In the chest of drawers?
(They cross to it)
Peter: Let’s see. (He opens drawer, which lights up) There you are, Tinkerbell.
Wendy: (Peering in) Oh, she’s beautiful!
(The light flies out and flies about the room, lighting up items as it passes over them, eventually flying off into the recess.)
Wendy: Oh, please stay still. I want to see you properly.
Peter: Stop mucking about Tinks, and let Wendy see you.
(Tinkerbell (now an actress) rollerskates out of the recess and circles around Wendy, who watches amazed.)
Peter: Tinkerbell, I’d like you to meet my new best friend, Wendy.
Wendy: (Offering her hand) I’m delighted to meet you.
Peter Pan 2

Tinkerbell: Oh, thank heavens you’re not dead yet!
Peter: Of course I’m not dead, you silly fairy! (Sitting up) Why would I be dead?
Tinkerbell: Captain Hook!
Peter: (Standing) Captain Hook? Why; what has he done?
Tinkerbell: It was a trap. He was lying in wait for Wendy and the boys. Oh, Peter! He’s captured them all.
Peter: Then we must rescue them right away. Where’s my dagger?
(As Tinkerbell looks around for Peter’s dagger, Peter picks up the glass containing the poison.)
Peter: I’d better take my medicine first. I’m going to need all the strength I can muster.
Tinkerbell: (Suddenly realising) No, Peter! Hook has poisoned it.
Peter: Don’t be silly. (To audience) Hook hasn’t poisoned my medicine, has he?
(Tinkerbell encourages audience)
Peter: Oh no, he hasn’t! Oh no, he hasn’t! He hasn’t, and I’ll prove it to you. (Peter raises the glass to his lips)
Tinkerbell: No! (Grabs the glass from Peter and drinks it down)
Peter: What do you think you’re doing, Tinkerbell? That was my medicine, not yours. I’m very cross. (Notices as Tinkerbell starts to reel unsteadily) What’s the matter with you? Tink? It really was poisoned, wasn’t it?
Tinkerbell: 'Fraid so.
Peter: Oh, Tink. And you drank it to save me?
Tinkerbell: Yes. And now… now I’m going to die, Peter. (Staggers unsteadily)
Peter: What? Oh no! Tink!
(Peter takes Tinkerbell in his arms as she slumps, and helps her to the ground, where she lies still, as if asleep. A light glows on her.)
Peter: (Kneeling by her) Oh, Tinkerbell. Don’t die; please don’t die.
(Light starts to flicker and fade)
Peter: You’re fading. What can save you?
(SFX: tinkling bells)
Peter: Of course; why didn’t I think of that? (Gets up and addresses audience) Listen everybody. Poor Tinkerbell will die if we don’t help her. Will you help her?
(Audience react.)
Peter: I knew you would! The only thing that can stop a fairy from dying is if enough people believe fairies exist. So, if you believe in fairies, I want you to clap your hands as loudly as you can. (Peter claps to encourage them) Come on; you’ll have to be louder than that. Is it working?
(The light is now flickering slightly brighter)
Peter: It’s beginning to, but we need to make even more noise. Keep clapping, but stamp your feet as well. And the Mums and Dads! Everyone join in, come on! It’s working! Keep going. Now everyone shout out “I believe in fairies!” That's it! Keep going!
(The lights get brighter and brighter until eventually Tinkerbell wakes up and waves to the audience. Peter helps her to her feet and she skates around him, as he holds her hands.)
Peter: You did it! Welcome back, Tinkerbell!
Tinkerbell: (To audience) Thank you for believing in fairies, everyone! As long as you keep believing in us, we’ll never die.
Peter: (Grabbing his dagger) And now, to rescue Wendy! It's Hook or me this time!
(Peter folds his arms and faces downstage, sulking. Wendy silently sits up in bed and looks at him for a moment.)

Wendy: Hello.

(Peter turns round in surprise)

Wendy: Why are you sad, little man?

Peter: Because I can’t find Tinkerbell. Anyway, I’m not sad, I’m cross. (Looks at Wendy quizzically) What’s your name?

Wendy: (Offering her hand) Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

Peter: That’s a very long name!

Wendy: I know. We’re middle class. And who are you?

Peter: Don’t you know?

Wendy: I think I do.

Peter: (Indicating audience) This lot know who I am, don’t you?

(Audience response)

Peter: Who am I?

(Audience shout “Peter Pan”)

Peter: That’s right! I’m Peter Pan! (Bows)

Wendy: (Getting up) Peter Pan! So you are real after all.

Peter: Of course I’m real.

Wendy: And where do you come from?

Peter: (Pointing out of window) Second star on the right, then straight on ‘til morning! From a place called Neverland.

Wendy: Neverland?

Peter: Yes. You should see it, Wendy. Mermaids live there, and pirates, and Redskins, and fairies…

Wendy: Fairies? So fairies are real too?

Peter: Well, duh! Everybody knows fairies are real. In fact, there’s one hiding in this room right now, if only I could find her. (Calls out) Tinkerbell? Where are you?

Wendy: I bet the boys and girls know where she is.

Peter: (To audience) Do you? Is she over here? (Goes one way)

Wendy: What about over here? (Goes the other way)

Peter: Where then? In the chest of drawers?

(They cross to it)

Peter: Let’s see. (He opens drawer, which lights up) There you are, Tinkerbell.

Wendy: (Peering in) Oh, she’s beautiful!

(The light flies out and flies about the room, lighting up items as it passes over them, eventually flying off into the recess.)

Wendy: Oh, please stay still. I want to see you properly.

Peter: Stop mucking about Tinks, and let Wendy see you.

(Tinkerbell (now an actress) rollerskates out of the recess and circles around Wendy, who watches amazed.)

Peter: Tinkerbell, I’d like you to meet my new best friend, Wendy.

Wendy: (Offering her hand) I’m delighted to meet you.
Wendy:  (To Lost Boys) Gather round, everybody.  I’m going to tell you a very special story.
Nibs:  Is it about a baby rat?
Wendy:  Wait and see.
(Lost Boys gather round again.)
Wendy:  Once upon a time, there lived a lady and gentleman, called Mr and Mrs Darling...
(Peter “humphs”, which she ignores.)
Wendy:  ... And they had three lovely children, whom they loved very much – two boys called John and Michael, and a beautiful daughter called Wendy Moira Angela Darling.  But one, sad day, their lovely children flew away – far, far away, to a place called Neverland, where the Lost Boys live.
Slightly:  Was one of the Lost Boys called Slightly?
Wendy:  Why, yes, Slightly, I believe he was.
(Slightly cheers.)
Tootles:  And was one called Tootles?
Wendy:  Yes, one was called Tootles.
Tootles:  I'm in a story!  Yippee!
Nibs:  And was one of them a baby rat?
Wendy:  No!  But one was called Nibs.  And I do believe there were twins as well.
Twins:  That's us!  Hurray!
Wendy:  These children had such a lovely time in Neverland.  But poor Mr and Mrs Darling, they were dreadfully upset that their children were gone.
(Lost Boys shake their heads sadly)
Wendy:  Oh, but this isn’t a sad story.  Because Wendy, John and Michael all taught the Lost Boys how to use their imagination and have lots of fun.
Slightly:  (Sadly) ...but they were forgotten by their mothers.
Wendy:  Oh, no they weren't.  You see, Wendy knew that, however long they were away, their mother would always leave the window open, so her children could fly back to their home whenever they wished.
John:  And will they go back one day?
Wendy:  Well, let us now take a peep into the future.  The years have rolled by.  Why, who is this elegant lady we can see, taking a stroll in Kensington Gardens?  Can it be?  Yes!  Yes, it is – the fair Wendy!  So as we can see, they did go back, and Wendy grew up to be a happy and beautiful woman.  For imagination is forever, and the window will always be open for any lost child who wants to go home.
Tootles:  (After a pause) That was a brilliant story, Wendy.
Twins:  The best yet.
Wendy:  Thank you.
Hook 1

Hook: Now I’ve got you cornered, Pan!
Peter: I’m not cornered, Hook – you are! Let’s see how tough you are without your pirate thugs behind you.
Hook: (Lunging) Have at you!

(Sword fight in silhouette, the sounds of their clashing swords included in the voice over track. Their swords lock and they are face to face.)

Hook: You’re trembling, Pan. Is that because you’re frightened?
Peter: No, it’s because your breath stinks! (Pushes Hook away)
Hook: How dare you? Just for that, I’ll slice you open and rip out your gizzards!

(Hook lunges again and they fight some more. They lock up again and Peter raises his sword and cuts downwards (upstage). Hook lets out a yell of pain and drops his sword, as Peter backs away.)

Hook: Curse you, boy! You’ve cut off my hand! (Looks about) Where is it?
Peter: Looking for this, Stinkybreath? (Holds up severed hand, previously secreted)
Hook: Aah! Give it back! (Reaching forward with handless arm)
Peter: (Running off) Never!

(Hook collapses to the ground, enabling him to grab secreted hook during the following:)

Hook: I’ll get you for this, Pan. I won’t rest until I’ve got my revenge. You’ll rue the day you crossed swords with Captain James Hook!
(Smee and Starkey stand to attention and salute nervously.)

Hook: What do you two think you're doing?
Smee: Why, we was trying to stop the audience booing you, Cap’n.
Hook: Is that so? And why would the audience be booing me, Smee?
Smee: Because they hate you, Cap’n.
Hook: How true. And why do they hate me, Starkey?
Starkey: Er, is it because you’ve got stinky breath, Cap’n?
Hook: Yes, it’s … What? (Grabs Starkey by lapel) I don’t have stinky breath!
Starkey: No, of course you don’t... Er, would you care for a Tic Tac, Cap’n? (Offers packet)
Hook: Oh, that’s very kind of you, Starkey. Don’t mind if I do. (Takes one) No, the reason the audience was booing me is because they’re scared of me. Of course, the person I’d like to be scared of me most of all is Peter Pan. For it was Pan who cut my hand off and fed it to that blasted crocodile. That’s why I can’t wait for him to get back to Neverland. And when he does return, I’ll make him pay dearly for this injury he caused me. Mind you, I must say I’ve grown rather fond of my hook. It’s much more useful than a mere hand. With this hook, I can pick locks, gouge out eyes. (Bends over to demonstrate) Why, I can even use it to scratch my…

Smee: (Interrupting) Let’s just say it’s very useful.

Hook: But there’s a fear that haunts me. You see, the crocodile that ate my hand, liked the taste so much, he’s been following me around ever since, licking his lips for the rest of me. In fact, the only thing that keeps me safe from him, is that he swallowed a clock, so I can always tell when he’s near, because I can hear him going tick, tock, tick, tock.

(They all listen. SFX: tick tock.)

Smee: Just like that.

Hook: Yes, just like that. (Realises) Heavens! The crocodile must be nearby!

(He runs off)
Tiger Lily: Now I know you people have really come to Neverland to see someone very special, haven’t you? Who have you come to see?

(Audience respond.)

Tiger Lily: That’s right – Peter Pan. Well, he's not here. You see, he cut off Captain Hook’s hand and fed it… to a crocodile. Outrageous! And the Captain has sworn to get his revenge. So Peter has flown off to a faraway, exotic place called London. Some of you may have heard of it. Would you like go to London and see Peter Pan? Would you? Ok, but if I conjure up a special spell to send you all there, do you promise you’ll all come back to Neverland and see me again soon? You will? Oh good. (Holds up hands as if imploring gods) Take all these people - one, two, three, to the place where Peter Pan will be!

(Dramatic music as Tiger Lily waves to audience and starts to exit)

Tiger Lily: See you later!
**Tiger Lily 2**

**Tiger Lily:** You wait ‘til Peter Pan finds out about this. Then you'll be in trouble, you brute.

**Hook:** Oh, I don’t think I need to worry about Pan. Thanks to my devilish plotting, I’m getting rid of you today and him tomorrow! Ha ha! Take her away.

**Smee:** Where to, Cap’n?

**Hook:** To Marooner’s Rock, of course, to drown when the tide comes in.

**Tiger Lily:** (Overreacting badly) Oh, that it should come to this. Cut off in my prime, a flower that never reached full bloom…

*(Smee starts to pull her off, but she stops him)*

**Tiger Lily:** Oi! Do you mind? This is the only decent speech I’ve got. This is my big moment.

Now where was I? Oh yes.

(“Hearts & Flowers” plays in background)

**Tiger Lily:** (Back in histrionic mode) Death, where is thy sting? ‘Tis a far, far better thing that I do now, so why ask for the moon when we can have the stars, for now is the winter of our discontent, because frankly my dear, I don’t give a damn. Adieu, adieu, to yeu and yeu and yeu!

Bring on the wall! I’m ready for my close up now, Mr De Mille.

*(Hook and Starkey applaud, as Tiger Lily bows. Smee exits, then returns with an Oscar and card.)*

**Smee:** (Reads card) And the winner is… Tiger Lily for the death speech in Peter Pan!

*(Fanfare plays as Smee hands Oscar to Tiger Lily, kissing her on both cheeks.)*

**Tiger Lily:** Thank you; thank you! This is so unexpected.

*(Others start to drag her off)*

**Tiger Lily:** I’d like to thank my hair stylist, my manicurist, my chiropodist, my speech therapist, psychiatrist, my orthodontist…
Smee/Starkey

(Both read the part of ‘Smee’)

Tiger Lily: Aaarggh! A pirate!
Smee: No, wait! Don’t run away! I’m a nice pirate, I am! (To audience) It’s not fair. Everybody runs away from me, but I’m not a nasty pirate. Honest. Cap’n Hook made me be a pirate, and I have to do everything he tells me, because if I don’t, he hits me.

(Audience “ahh”.)
Smee: It’s sadder than that!
(Audience “ahh” some more.)
Smee: But all I really want is to be friends with everyone. Will you all be my friends? Will you? Great. My name is Smee, by the way. So whenever I shout out “Hiya, shipmates!” I want you to shout back “Hiya, Smee!” Can you do that? Let’s practice.

(They practice.)
Smee: That’s great. Actually, I’ve just been out to buy something for Cap’n Hook, ‘cos it’s his birthday tomorrow. I didn’t want to buy him anything, but he told me I had to, so I got him his favourite meal. I'll show you.

(He reaches offstage and drags a Redskin dancer onstage)
Smee: It’s an Indian Takeaway! Get it? Funny, isn’t it?

(While Smee works the audience, Tiger Lily comes on and replaces the Redskin, who exits. Smee notices.)
Tiger Lily: Charming! Listen you, I want you out of here. Horrid old pirates aren’t welcome in Neverland.
Smee: But I’m not a horrid old pirate, I’m a nice pirate. Ask the boys and girls.
Tiger Lily: Is he? Is he a nice pirate? Hmm. (To Smee) Then tell me what you think of your leader, the evil, yet incredibly gorgeous, Captain Hook.
Smee: Cap’n Hook? (Spits in disgust in direction of audience) Ooops, sorry madam! I think Cap’n Hook is a silly old, stupid old, stinky old, stinky stink.
Tiger Lily: Harsh but fair. Well, in that case, we can be friends. My name is Tiger Lily. What's yours?
Smee: It’s Smee.
Tiger Lily: I know it’s you, but what’s your name?
Smee: No, it’s Smee.
Tiger Lily: Yes, but what's your name?
Smee: No, silly. Smee is my name.
Tiger Lily: Oh, I see. Smee. (Raising hand) How, Smee.
Smee: (Doing likewise) I’ve no idea, Tiger Lily. Well, I must get back to the ship, or I’ll be in trouble with the Cap'n. (To Tiger Lily) See you later.
Tinkerbell 1

Hook: (To off stage) Come here, my dear.
(He beckons and Tinkerbell enters. He smiles at audience as he speaks.)
Hook: Now let me just run through our little arrangement once more. You are to meet me here tomorrow at noon, from whence you will take me to the entrance of Peter Pan’s secret hideout. Correct?
Tinkerbell: Yep. And in return, you’ve promised to get rid of Wendy for me.
Hook: Oh, I’ll get rid of her all right!
Tinkerbell: But don’t forget, you promised not to harm Peter, or any of the Lost Boys. That was the deal.
Hook: Of course, my dear; of course. You have my word as a gentleman.
Tinkerbell: Because if you do hurt Peter, you’ll have me to answer to.
Hook: (Sarcastically) Ooh, look at me. I’m quaking in my boots.
Tinkerbell: (Grabbing Hook’s nose) I’m warning you. You don’t want to get the wrong side of me.
Hook: (Speaks in silly “nose held” way) Ow! Ow! Yes, I can see you’re not a fairy to be messed with.
(She lets go)
Hook: My, but you’re a feisty one. (Puts his hand camply on his hip) You know, if you were about twice as tall and three times as ugly, you’d make a very fine pirate, my dear.
Tinkerbell: And if you could fly, you’d make a very good fairy!
Hook: Yes, I’d… (Realises she is mocking him) Why you little minx! You wait ‘til I…!(Tinkerbell circles about him before rushing off stage)
Tinkerbell: Oh, thank heavens you’re not dead yet!
Peter: Of course I’m not dead, you silly fairy! \(\textbf{(Sitting up)}\) Why would I be dead?
Tinkerbell: Captain Hook!
Peter: \(\textbf{(Standing)}\) Captain Hook? Why; what has he done?
Tinkerbell: It was a trap. He was lying in wait for Wendy and the boys. Oh, Peter! He’s captured them all.
Peter: Then we must rescue them right away. Where’s my dagger?
\(\textbf{(As Tinkerbell looks around for Peter’s dagger, Peter picks up the glass containing the poison.)}\)
Peter: I’d better take my medicine first. I’m going to need all the strength I can muster.
Tinkerbell: \(\textbf{(Suddenly realising)}\) No, Peter! Hook has poisoned it.
Peter: Don’t be silly. \(\textbf{(To audience)}\) Hook hasn’t poisoned my medicine, has he?
\(\textbf{(Tinkerbell encourages audience)}\)
Peter: Oh no, he hasn’t! Oh no, he hasn’t! He hasn’t, and I’ll prove it to you. \(\textbf{(Peter raises the glass to his lips)}\)
Tinkerbell: \(\textbf{No! (Grabs the glass from Peter and drinks it down)}\)
Peter: What do you think you’re doing, Tinkerbell? That was my medicine, not yours. I’m very cross. \(\textbf{(Notices as Tinkerbell starts to reel unsteadily)}\) What’s the matter with you? Tink? It really was poisoned, wasn’t it?
Tinkerbell: 'Fraid so.
Peter: Oh, Tink. And you drank it to save me?
Tinkerbell: Yes. And now… now I’m going to die, Peter. \(\textbf{(Staggers unsteadily)}\)
Peter: What? Oh no! Tink!
\(\textbf{(Peter takes Tinkerbell in his arms as she slumps, and helps her to the ground, where she lies still, as if asleep. A light glows on her.)}\)
Peter: \(\textbf{(Kneeling by her)}\) Oh, Tinkerbell. Don’t die; please don’t die.
\(\textbf{(Light starts to flicker and fade)}\)
Peter: You’re fading. What can save you?
\(\textbf{(SFX: tinkling bells)}\)
Peter: Of course; why didn’t I think of that? \(\textbf{(Gets up and addresses audience)}\) Listen everybody. Poor Tinkerbell will die if we don’t help her. Will you help her?
\(\textbf{(Audience react.)}\)
Peter: I knew you would! The only thing that can stop a fairy from dying is if enough people believe fairies exist. So, if you believe in fairies, I want you to clap your hands as loudly as you can. \(\textbf{(Peter claps to encourage them)}\) Come on; you’ll have to be louder than that. Is it working?
\(\textbf{(The light is now flickering slightly brighter)}\)
Peter: It’s beginning to, but we need to make even more noise. Keep clapping, but stamp your feet as well. And the Mums and Dads! Everyone join in, come on! It’s working! Keep going. Now everyone shout out “I believe in fairies!” That's it! Keep going!
\(\textbf{(The lights get brighter and brighter until eventually Tinkerbell wakes up and waves to the audience. Peter helps her to her feet and she skates around him, as he holds her hands.)}\)
Peter: You did it! Welcome back, Tinkerbell!
Tinkerbell: \(\textbf{(To audience)}\) Thank you for believing in fairies, everyone! As long as you keep believing in us, we’ll never die.
Peter: \(\textbf{(Grabbing his dagger)}\) And now, to rescue Wendy! It's Hook or me this time!
Mr./Mrs. Darling

Mrs Darlings: Well, Mr Darling. You’ve must agree, that is a clever dog.
Mr Darling: All right, I’ll admit that. But you must admit that whenever Nana’s in either of the children’s bedrooms, they never get any sleep. Come on, Nana. It’s the yard for you tonight.
(Mrs Darling takes Mr Darling aside.)
Mrs Darling: I’d feel better if Nana slept upstairs again tonight, dear. Wendy had another dream about Peter Pan last night.
Mr Darling: I’m tired of saying it; there’s no such thing as Peter Pan. She just makes up these stories so you’ll let Nana stay up here. (Out loud) Now, come on Nana. Out into the yard with you.
**Myrtle the Mermaid**

Wendy: I’m very pleased to meet you. I’ve never met a mermaid before. You’re very beautiful.

Myrtle: Why, thank you, my dear. Yes, pirates say we mermaids have the perfect figure. *(Indicating her chest) Thirty six… (Indicates waist) twenty four… (Indicates tail) five ninety-nine a pound!*

Wendy: And I love that top you're wearing.

Myrtle: I got it in Abercrombie and “Fish”. And I had to shell out quite a lot for it, I can tell you.

Wendy: So what’s it like, Myrtle; living under the sea with all the other sea creatures?

Myrtle: Oh, we have a whale of a time, my dear! In fact, you might say we all get along swimmingly! But I’ll give you one bit of advice. If you’re ever invited to an under-sea party, don’t dance with an octopus. Honestly – hands everywhere!
Michael/John/Lost Boys

(Read the part of 'Peter')

Peter: There’s been far too much imagination around here recently. Nobody wants to have real adventures any more. You'd rather sit at home and hear stories about them.

Wendy: Why are you being so grumpy, Peter?

Peter: (Grumpily) I'm not being grumpy.

Wendy: Is your wound hurting?

Peter: What – this? This is nothing. But I’ll tell you what does hurt. You wanting me to grow up.

Wendy: But Peter, everyone has to grow up eventually.

Peter: Not me. I don’t want to and I never will. You grow up if you want to… All of you, see if I care. But leave me out of it.

John: (After pause) So, can we have another story?

(They all look to Peter)

Peter: Do what you like. (Sits again and folds his arms)