Peter and Wendy

(possibly with Tink in the background disapproving)

WENDY (*courteously).* Boy, why are you crying?

(*He jumps up, and crossing to the foot of the bed bows to her in the fairy way.* WENDY, *impressed, bows to him from the bed.)*

PETER. What is your name?

WENDY (*well satisfied).* Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What is yours?

PETER (*finding it lamentably brief).* Peter Pan.

WENDY. Is that all?

PETER (*biting his lip).* Yes.

WENDY (*politely).* I am so sorry.

PETER. It doesn’t matter.

WENDY. Where do you live?

PETER. Second to the right and then straight on till morning.

WENDY. What a funny address!

PETER. No, it isn’t.

WENDY. I mean, is that what they put on the letters?

PETER. Don’t get any letters.

WENDY. But your mother gets letters?

PETER. Don’t have a mother.

WENDY. Peter!

(*She leaps out of bed to put her arms round him, but he draws back; he does not know why, but he knows he must draw back.)*

PETER. You mustn’t touch me.

WENDY. Why?

PETER. No one must ever touch me.

WENDY. Why?

PETER. I don’t know.

 (*He is never touched by any one in the play.)*

WENDY. No wonder you were crying.

PETER. I wasn’t crying. But I can’t get my shadow to stick on.

WENDY. It has come off! How awful. (*Looking at the spot where had lain.* Peter, you have been trying to stick it on with soap!

PETER (*snappily).* Well then?

WENDY. It must be sewn on.

PETER. What is ‘sewn’?

WENDY. You are dreadfully ignorant.

PETER. No I’m not.

WENDY. I will sew it on for you, my little man. But we must have more light. (*She touches something, and to his astonishment the room is illuminated.)* Sit there. I dare say it will hurt a little.

PETER (*a recent remark of hers rankling)*. I never cry. (*She seems to attach the shadow. He tests the combination.)*  It isn’t quite itself yet.

WENDY. Perhaps I should have ironed it. (*It awakes and is as glad to be back with him as he to have it. He and his shadow dance together. He is showing off now. He crows like a cock. He would fly in order to impress Wendy further if he knew that there is anything unusual in that.)*

PETER. Wendy, look, look; oh the cleverness of me!

WENDY. You conceit; of course I did nothing.

PETER. You did a little.