

Pantastic

A Soaring Musical Adventure

It is night-time in the nursery at the home of the Darlings. Peter finds his shadow and tries to stick it to himself, but it falls. After various other attempts to get it to stay in place, he sits down on the floor and starts to cry. Wendy wakes.

- Wendy** Boy, what are you doing in our bedroom?
- Peter** Oh ... um ... I'm trying to stick on my shadow.
- Wendy** And why are you crying?
- Peter** I'm only pretending to cry. I never really cry, I'm Peter Pan.
- Wendy** Peter Pan?
- Peter** (*snappish*) Yes.
- Wendy** Oh, how short. I am Wendy Moira Angela Darling, and this is John, and this is Michael (*both of whom are still asleep*). They're my brothers.
- Peter** I don't have any brothers; I have the Lost Boys.
- Wendy** The Lost Boys? Why are they lost, don't you know where they are?
- Peter** Of course I do; they're in Neverland.
- Wendy** Neverland! What a funny sounding place. Where is it?
- Peter** Second to the right, then straight on 'till morning.
- Wendy** What an unusual address. You must have a good postman if they manage to deliver your letters.
- Peter** We don't get any letters.
- Wendy** You don't get any letters! Oh no wonder you were crying.
- Peter** I wasn't crying about letters. I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on. Though I wasn't crying really.
- Wendy** How awful. Here, I shall sew it on for you.

She rises from the bed and fetches needle and thread – and a thimble – from nearby, and pretends to sew on Peter's shadow.

- Wendy** Perhaps your mother should be doing this for you?
- Peter** I don't have a mother. I've got a Tink instead.
- Wendy** I'm not sure I've heard of those. Is that a nickname for your grandma?