

I dare say.

*(The shadow is rolled up and replaced in the drawer)*

**MRS. DARLING**

But wait — I haven't told you all. The boy was not quite alone. He was accompanied by — I don't know how to describe it — by a ball of light no bigger than my fist, that darted about the room like a living thing!

**MR. DARLING**

*(Though open-minded)*

That is very unusual!

**MRS. DARLING**

*(Sliding her hand into his)*

George, what can all this mean?

**MR. DARLING**

*(Ever ready)*

What indeed!

*(This intimate scene is broken by the return of NANA with a large spoon in her mouth)*

**MRS. DARLING**

Oh, what have we there, Nana? Oh — the medicine spoon, of course.

**MICHAEL**

*(Promptly)*

Won't take it — oh no — boo-oo-oo!

**MR. DARLING**

*(Recalling his youth)*

Now then, Michael, be a man.

**MICHAEL**

Won't, won't!

**MRS. DARLING**

I'll give you a lovely stick of candy to take after it.

*(SHE leaves the room, though her husband calls after her)*

**MR. DARLING**

Mother, don't pamper him. Michael — Michael, when I was your age, I used to take my medicine without a murmur. Used to say "Thank you, kind parents, for giving me medicine to make me well."

*(WENDY hears this and believes)*

And as an example to you, Michael, I would take my medicine now now — only I've lost the bottle.

**WENDY**

*(Always glad to be of service)*

I know where it is, Father. I'll bring it!

*(SHE is gone before HE can stop her. HE turns for help to*

JOHN, *who has come from the bathroom drying his hair*)

**MR. DARLING**

Wendy! John! It's that horrid stuff. The sticky sweet kind.

**JOHN**

*(Who is perhaps still playing at parents)*

It will soon be over, Father.

*(A spasm of ill-will to JOHN cuts through MR. DARLING, and is gone. WENDY returns panting)*

**WENDY**

I've been as quick as I could.

**MR. DARLING**

*(With a sarcasm that is completely thrown away on her)*

Oh yes, you have been wonderfully quick, precious quick!

*(HE is now at the foot of MICHAEL's bed; NANA is by its side, holding the spoon insinuatingly in her mouth.)*

**WENDY**

*(Proudly, as she pours out MR. DARLING's medicine)*

Michael, you will see how Father takes it.

**MR. DARLING**

*(Hedging)*

Michael first.

**MICHAEL**

*(Full of unworthy suspicions)*

Father first.

**MR. DARLING**

It will make me sick, you know.

**WENDY**

*(Disturbed)*

I thought you took it quite easily, Father.

**MR. DARLING**

That's not the point; the point is that there is much more in my glass than there is in Michael's spoon and it isn't fair.

**JOHN**

Come on, Father!

**MR. DARLING**

A little less noise there.

**MICHAEL**

*(Coldly)*

Father, I'm waiting.

**MR. DARLING**

You're waiting! What about me — I'm waiting.

MICHAEL

Father's a scare-dy cat.

MR. DARLING

Father's not a scare-dy cat.

*(They are now glaring at each other)*

MICHAEL

Well, then, take it.

MR. DARLING

Well, then, you take it.

WENDY

*(Butting in again)*

Why not both take it at the same time?

MR. DARLING

*(Haughtily)*

Certainly. Ready, Michael? One — two — you know, Michael, I don't think you're going to take yours after all!

MICHAEL

I am. I am.

WENDY

*(As nothing has happened)*

One — two — three.

*(MICHAEL partakes, but MR. DARLING resorts to hanky-panky)*

JOHN

Father hasn't taken his!

*(MICHAEL howls)*

MR. DARLING

Shhh!

MICHAEL

Boo-oo-oo!

WENDY

*(Inexpressibly pained)*

Oh father!

MR. DARLING

*(Who has been hiding the glass behind him)*

What do you mean by "Oh Father"? Stop that row, Michael. I meant to take it but I — missed it.

*(NANA shakes her head sadly over him, and goes into the bathroom. THEY are all looking as if they did not admire him, and nothing so dashes a temperamental man)*

MR. DARLING

Come on, to bed, the lot of you. Michael, John, Wendy.