

ACT TWO

[MUSIC #14: ENTR'ACTE]

Scene 1**NEVERLAND**

[MUSIC #15: OPENING ACT TWO]

AT RISE: *The stage is dark, behind cloud scrim and flamingo scrim traveller. Gradually the sky lights up and the trees begin flowering in silhouette [Bar 5].*

The cloud scrim flies out. More light.

The flamingo traveller opens slowly and lights come up to bright sunlight. We are in a forest clearing: four trees range in front of the Neverland backdrop while an incline leads off UL and off. DL there is a large pink toadstool.

The LION enters from UR [Bar 17], having just wakened, scratches himself thoroughly, looks over the audience holding his pince-nez. He exits up ramp.

From DL the KANGAROO hops on [Bar 25], goes C, faces front, takes large powder puff from pocket-book pouch, powders nose, replaces puff in pouch and exits L in 2.

OSTRICH rises from praying position and comes DC [Bar 31], squats and preens herself. LOST BOYS advance and try to catch her. SHE escapes L in 2, but not before losing a large tail feather to one of the BOYS.

SLIGHTLY

Did you catch her?

1st TWIN*(Showing feather)*

No, but look.

2nd TWIN

Has Peter come back, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY

No, twin.

CURLEY

I wish Peter would come back.

1st & 2nd TWIN

So do we.

TOOTLES

I'm always afraid of the pirates and Indians when Peter's not here to protect us.

NIBS

I wonder what's keeping him so long.

SLIGHTLY

Maybe he's waiting to hear the end of "Cinderella."

TOOTLES

"Cinderella!"

CURLEY

Not knowing anything about my own mother, I am fond of thinking she is just like Cinderella.

SLIGHTLY

My mother was fonder of me than your mothers were of you.

1st TWIN

No, she wasn't!

SLIGHTLY

Yes, she was. Peter had to make up names for you, but my mother had wrote my name on the clothes I was lost in. "Slightly Soiled" — that's my name.

(THEY fall upon him pugnaciously; not that they are really worrying about their mothers, who are now as important to them as a piece of string, but because any excuse is good enough for a shindy. Not for long is he belabored, for a sound is heard that sends them scurrying to their holes)

[MUSIC #16: PIRATE MARCH]

PIRATES

(Off-stage — unaccompanied)

We're bloody buccaneers

(Grunt)

And each a murderous crook!

(Grunt)

We massacre Indians, kill little boys

And cater to Captain Hook!

1st TWIN

What's that?

SLIGHTLY

Pirates!

(THEY hide. PIRATES enter, carrying HOOK on a litter)

PIRATES

Yo-ho!

(Grunt)

Yo-ho! Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

(Grunt)

(Grunt)

We're bloody buccaneers

(Grunt)

And each a murderous crook!

(Grunt)

We massacre Indians, kill little Boys

And cater to Captain Hook!

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

The terrible Captain Hook!

(Cruelest jewel in that dark setting is HOOK himself, cadaverous and blackavised, his hair dressed in long curls which look like black candles about to melt, his eyes blue as the forget-me-not and of a profound insensibility, save when he claws, at which time a red spot appears in them. He has an iron hook instead of a right hand, and it is with this he claws. He is never more sinister than when he is most polite, and the elegance of his diction, the distinction of his demeanour, show him one of a different class from his crew, a solitary among uncultured companions. This courtliness impresses even his victims on the high seas, who note that he always says 'Sorry' when prodding them along the plank. A man of indomitable courage, the only thing at which he flinches is the sight of his own blood, which is thick and of an unusual colour. At his public school they said of him that he 'bled yellow.'

In dress he apes the dandiacal associated with Charles II, having heard it said in an earlier period of his career that he bore a strange resemblance to the ill-fated Stuarts. A holder of his own contrivance is in his mouth enabling him to smoke two cigars at once. Those, however, who have seen him in the flesh, which is an inadequate term for his earthly tenement, agree that the grimmest part of him is his iron claw.)

(As The Pirates carry the Litter DS they slip and drop it, and HOOK falls to the ground)

HOOK

(Kicking 1st PIRATE)

Clumsy!

(Clawing 2nd PIRATE, who screams)

Butterfingers!

(TOOTLES runs from his tree and is seen for a moment, and NOODLER's pistol is at once up-raised. HOOK twists his hook in him)

NOODLER

Oow! No, Captain, no!