

*interested to see a stranger)*

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's your name?

WENDY

*(Well satisfied)*

Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's your name?

PETER

Peter Pan.

WENDY

Is that all?

PETER

*(Ashamed)*

Yes.

WENDY

*(Kindly)*

I'm so sorry.

PETER

*(Bravely, stifling shame)*

It doesn't matter.

WENDY

Where do you live?

PETER

Second to the right and straight on till morning.

WENDY

What a funny address!

PETER

No, it isn't.

WENDY

I mean, is that what they put on your letters?

PETER

Don't get any letters.

WENDY

But your mother gets letters?

PETER

Don't have a mother.

WENDY

Oh, 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 not?

PETER

I don't know.

WENDY

No wonder you were crying.

PETER

I wasn't crying about that — but I can't get my shadow to stick on.

WENDY

It has come off? How awful. Why —

*(Looking at the spot where he had lain)*

Peter, you've been trying to stick it on with soap!

PETER

*(Snappily)*

Well then?

WENDY

It must be sewn on.

PETER

What is "sewn"?

WENDY

You're dreadfully ignorant.

PETER

No, I'm not.

WENDY

I shall [have to] sew it on for you, my little man.

*(WENDY goes to the dresser for the sewing box)*

PETER

Thank you.

WENDY

I dare say it will hurt a little.

PETER

*(A recent remark of hers rankling)*

I never cry.

*(She seems to attach the shadow)*

WENDY

There.

PETER

*(He tests the combination)*

It isn't quite itself yet.

WENDY

Perhaps I should have ironed it.

*(The SHADOW awakes. The footlights throw the SHADOW against the shutters and PETER views it with joy)*

[MUSIC #8: I GOTTA CROW]

PETER

Wendy, look!! My shadow! My very own shadow!

WENDY

It's only a shadow!

PETER

Yes, but it's all mine. Oh, I'm clever! Oh, the cleverness of me!

WENDY

Of course, I did nothing. You're conceited.

PETER

Conceited? Not me!

It's just that I am what I am,

And I'm me!

When I look at myself

And I see in myself

All the wonderful things that I see,

If I'm pleased with myself

I have every good reason to be!

I gotta crow!

I'm just the cleverest fellow 'twas ever

My fortune to know.

I taught a trick

To my shadow to stick

To the tip of my toe —

I gotta crow!