After dinner. The lost boys retire to two small cots on the floor.

NIBS
I liked your story. I’ve never had a story before.

WENDY
Never?

NIBS
No. Can I have a lullaby?

WENDY hums her theme from earlier. The boys settle in and close their eyes. She dims the lamp and begins to leave.

You’re a good mother, Wendy.

WENDY
Thank you.

NIBS
I bet you have the best mother in the world. To teach you to be so good. And I bet she tells you stories all the time, before bed and after dinner and first thing in the morning.

WENDY
Yes. Yes she does.

WENDY ducks outside of the house and joins Peter where he sits on a tree branch overlooking all of Neverland. He plays a panpipe.

WENDY
It’s a lot of work putting the boys to bed, you know.

PETER
Well, that’s what mothers are for.

WENDY
I think fathers should help.
PETER
I needed to look for my shadow again. It keeps running away.

WENDY
I like running away!

PETER
Most people do.

WENDY
What was it like when you ran away?

PETER
I don’t remember.

WENDY
Oh. Don’t you remember how you got here?

PETER
I don’t know.

WENDY
Don’t you remember your mother and father, Peter?

PETER
No. I never had a mother.

WENDY
You had a mother once. Everyone has a mother. That’s how it works. And you said you heard her talking the day you were born. With your father.

PETER
I guess. (Beat.) We all fell out of our carriages, the other boys and I. That’s how we came to Neverland. You never see girls fall out of their carriages. They’re far too smart.

WENDY
And that’s why you didn’t have any mothers here!

Beat.

PETER
I went back once. To where my mother lived. But she’d closed the window. And there was another boy in the nursery with her.
WENDY

Oh, Peter.

PETER

And that’s when I decided I would never need a mother! The other boys, they might need one. But not me. I hate grown-ups, Wendy! I hate them all! Did you know that every time you breathe a grown-up dies?

*He breathes short breaths very quickly.*

WENDY

Really?

PETER

Try it!

*WENDY joins in and they giggle.*

PETER

I want to breathe away all the grownups so there’s not a single one left!

WENDY

Oh, but Peter, what if it’s my mother?

PETER

She’s still a grown-up, isn’t she?

WENDY

Not all grown-ups are bad.

PETER

Yes they are.

WENDY

Not my mother.

PETER

Why’d you fly away from her then?

*Beat.*

WENDY
Peter? Is this just pretend?

PETER

No.

WENDY

Mother doesn’t like pretend.

PETER

Well this is as real as anything, Wendy. As real as anything you could touch.

He holds his hand out as an example and Wendy grasps it, then lets go after a moment.

At least it’s more real than where you come from. Did you know that when you see starlight shine it begins here? And sometimes we have sunlight for days on end because when the sun starts to leave I chase it back and make it stay!

WENDY

Really? You can chase the sun?

PETER

Bet your mother wouldn’t let you do that.

WENDY

No. No, she wouldn’t. She wouldn’t let me do a lot of things. She’s always saying it’s time I grew up.

PETER

Then it’s decided. You’ll stay forever. You can’t grow up here!

WENDY

Good! I don’t want to grow up. And I don’t ever want to go home again! I won’t miss home, will I?

PETER

I never do.

WENDY

I didn’t think so. (Beat.) You want to know a secret? It wasn’t always like this. At home.
Like what?

WENDY

Quiet. (Beat.) We used to pretend lots of things. And hear stories and sing. Last year we even went to the lake, Mother and Daddy and Michael and John and me. For my birthday.

7. LAST SUMMER

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING WE’D WAKE UP AND SEE THE MIST LIKE A BLANKET ON THE RIPPLES OF THE WATER.
AND WE’D WATCH THE BOATS COME IN AND OUT AND RACE THEM FROM OUR DOCK,
JUST A FAMILY: MOMMY, DADDY, SONS, AND DAUGHTER.
JUST THE FIVE OF US, LAST SUMMER.

DADDY READING ’NEATH THE SHADE TREE, MOMMY SINGING IN THE YARD WHILE THE BOYS AND I’D GO SWIMMING OFF THE SHORE.
I WOULD CHASE THEM TO THE PORCH WHERE MOM AND DAD SAT HAND IN HAND,
MOMMY LAUGHING LIKE SHE DOESN’T ANYMORE WHEN WE ALL STILL SMILED, LAST SUMMER.

I DON’T KNOW WHY PEOPLE CHANGE, WHY THEY SEEM SO LOST AND STRANGE,
WHY THEY SHUT US OUT.
MOM THINKS I DON’T UNDERSTAND WHY SHE WON’T HOLD DADDY’S HAND BUT I SEE A LOT.

NOW FIRST THING IN THE MORNING I WAKE UP AND DADDY’S GONE, OUT BEFORE HE HAS TO SEE HIS WIFE OR DAUGHTER.
AND THE HOUSE IS ALWAYS QUIET AND IT’S ALWAYS “STRAIGHT TO BED.” AND I WISH WE COULD BE BACK OUT ON THE WATER JUST THE WAY WE WERE LAST SUMMER.

It’s late. The boys will be awake before we know it.

PETER

Good night, Wendy.

WENDY

Good night, Peter.

The clock ticks four times.