

## Scene 1: Nursery

*(AT RISE: It is nearly bedtime in the Darling family nursery. A large window is center stage and there are three beds. SHADOW enters. Optional playful/mischievous music can underscore. He frolics around playfully until...)*

**NANA:** *(from offstage)*

Woof! Woof!

*(SHADOW freezes, then ducks behind a bed just as JOHN and MICHAEL enter play-fighting with wooden swords. WENDY follows, reading. NANA trails behind tidying the room.)*

**JOHN:** *(in his best pirate voice)*

Avast ye matey! Or I'll send you to Davy Jones's locker.

**MICHAEL:**

You can't hurt me – I'm Peter Pan!

**JOHN:** *(still as a pirate)*

Oh yes, I can, you scallywag! *(grabs MICHAEL)* I've got you now, Pan!

*(MICHAEL struggles. His toy sword falls to the floor.)*

**MICHAEL:**

Nana! John's cheating!

**JOHN:** *(in his normal voice)*

Was not!

*(NANA nudges the boys apart)*

**WENDY:** *(looking up from her book and laughing)*

I doubt that Peter Pan could be captured quite so easily, John.

*(MRS. DARLING enters)*

**MRS. DARLING:** *(amused)*

Having more pirate adventures, I see.

**JOHN:** *(handing MICHAEL back his sword)*

That's the best kind of adventure!

*(JOHN & MICHAEL begin to play again)*

**MICHAEL:** *(excitedly)*

And I'm Peter Pan, Mother!

**MRS. DARLING:**

I'm sure you make a very brave Peter Pan.

*(MICHAEL puffs out chest proudly. Enter MR. DARLING in a mild frenzy, adjusting his tie. JOHN & MICHAEL continue playing)*

**MR. DARLING:** *(frazzled)*

Oh, here you are Mary. *(looks at JOHN & MICHAEL)* A little less noise there!

**MRS. DARLING:**

What's the matter, George dear?

**MR. DARLING:**

Matter? This tie, it will not tie. Not round my neck. Round the bedpost – oh yes – twenty times have I made it up round the bedpost, but round my neck – oh dear no.

*(becoming increasingly dramatic)* I warn you Mary, that unless this tie is round my neck we don't go out to dinner tonight.

And if I don't go out to dinner tonight I never go to the office again,  
and if I don't go to the office again you and I starve and our children will be thrown out  
into the streets!

**WENDY, MICHAEL, JOHN:**

Father No!!

**MRS. DARLING:** *(calmly)*

Let me try, dear.

*(MRS. DARLING ties it quickly. He relaxes.)*

**MR. DARLING:** *(affectionately)*

Thank you.

*(He turns and runs into NANA carrying children's toothbrushes)*

Owwwww! That *dog!* Hair all over my trousers!!

**MICHAEL:**

Poor Nana!

*(The CHILDREN rush to NANA; NANA whimpers)*

**MR. DARLING:** *(to the children)*

"Poor Nana?" Not, "poor father?" Your poor father with a hurt knee and hair all over his trousers? *(turns to MRS. DARLING)* Nobody coddles me. I'm only the breadwinner, why should I be coddled? Why, why, why?

**MRS. DARLING:**

Oh, George.

**MR. DARLING:**

Mary, I've told you a thousand times it is a mistake to have a dog for a nurse!

**WENDY:**

Father, Nana is crying.

**MR. DARLING:**

She can cry outside where a dog belongs. *(He takes a barking NANA by the collar and begins dragging her from the room)* Come, Nana, **the proper place for you is the yard**, and there you go to be tied up this instant.

*(NANA barks mournfully. CHILDREN protest softly as they exit.)*