

Peter Pan 1953 script

Peter Pan script

CHOIR: The second star to the right shines in the night for you
To tell you that the dreams you plan really can come true.
The second star to the right shines with a light so rare
And if it's Never Land you need it's light will lead you there.
Twinkle, twinkle little star so we'll know where you are
Gleaming in the skies above lead us to the land we dream of.
And when our journey is through each time we say good night
We'll thank the little star that shines
The second star from the right.

NARRATOR: All this has happened before, and it will all happen again, but this time it happened in London. It happened in a quiet street in Bloomsbury. That corner house over there is the home of the Darling family and Peter Pan chose this particular house because there were people here who believed in him. There was Mrs. Darling.

Mrs. Darling: (HUMMING) George, dear, do hurry. We mustn't be late for the party, you know.

NARRATOR: Mrs. Darling believed that Peter Pan was the spirit of youth but Mr. Darling...

Mr. Darling: Mary, unless I find my cuff links we don't go to the party. And if we don't go to the party I can never show my face in the office again.. And if I can never show-(GROANS)

NARRATOR: Well, Mr. Darling was a practical man. The boys, however, John and Michael, believed Peter Pan was a real person and made him the hero of all their nursery games.

John: Blast you, Peter Pan!

Michael: Take that! Give up, Captain Hook? Give up?

John: Never! I'll teach you to cut off me hand!

Wendy: (CHUCKLING) Oh, no, John. It was the left hand.

John: Oh, yes. Thank you Wendy

NARRATOR: Wendy, the eldest, not only believed, she was the supreme authority on Peter Pan and all his marvelous adventures

Wendy: Oh, Nana, must we always take that nasty tonic?

NARRATOR: Nana, the nursemaid, being a dog kept her opinions to herself and viewed the whole affair with a certain tolerance

MICHAEL: Take that!

John: Insolent boy, I'll slash you to ribbons!

MICHAEL: And I'll cut you to pieces. Aha!

JOHN: Ouch! grunting Careful, Michael, my glasses!

MICHAEL: I'm sorry, John.

John: Ah, you'll never leave this ship alive.

Michael: Oh yes, I will. Take that!

John: Scuttle me bones, boy, I'll slit your gizzard!

MICHAEL: Oh, no, you won't! Back! Back! Back, you villain!

John: Insolent pup!

MICHAEL: Wicked pirate!

JOHN: Aha! I got you!

Michael: You didn't either. You never touched me! Take that! And that! And that!

John: (GROANING) Ouch!

Mr. Darling: Boys, boys, less noise, please.

John: Oh, hello father.

Michael: You old bilge rat

Mr. Darling: Wha- wha-what? Now, see here, Michael.

JOHN: Oh, not you, father. You see, he's Peter Pan.

MICHAEL: And John's Captain Hook.

Mr. Darling: Yes, yes, of course. Have you seen my cuff links? Oh, Nana, for goodness sake! Where are those cuff links?

John: Cuff links, father?

Mr. Darling: Yes, the gold ones.

John: (WHISPERING TO MICHAEL) Michael, the buried treasure, where is it?

Michael: I don't know.

JOHN: The map then... Where's the treasure map?

MICHAEL: It got lost.

Mr. Darling: Good heavens! My shirt front!

Michael: Hurray! You found it! You found it!

Mr. Darling: Yes, so I have. And hereafter... Don't paw me Michael! This is my last clean... he sees the lost map No. No!

Mrs. Darling: George, dear, we really must hurry, or we'll be late.

Mr. Darling: Mary, look!

Mrs. Darling: George!

Michael: It's only chalk, father.

Mrs. Darling: Why, Michael...

John: It's not his fault. It's in the story. And Wendy said...

Mr. Darling: Wendy? Story? I might have known Wendy. Wendy!

Wendy: Yes, father?

Mr. Darling: Would you kindly expl--

Wendy: Oh, mother, you look simply lovely!

MRS. DARLING: Thank you dear.

Mr. Darling: Wendy-

Mrs. Darling: Just my old gown made over but it did turn out right. And I-

Mr. Darling: Mary, if you don't mind, I'd...

Wendy: Why, father, what have you done to your shirt?

Mr. Darling: What have I- (SCREAMS)

Mrs. Darling: Now, George, really. It comes right off.

Mr. Darling: That's no excuse. Wendy, haven't I warned you? Stuffing the boys' heads with a lot of silly stories.

Wendy: Oh, but they aren't!

Mr. Darling: I say they are! Captain Crook, Peter Pirate...

Wendy: Peter Pan, father.

Mr. Darling: Pan, pirate, poppycock!

Children: Oh no, father. Father have you ever- You don't understand.

Mr. Darling: Absolute poppycock!. And let me tell you, this ridiculous...

Mrs. Darling: Now, George.

Mr. Darling: Now, George. Now George. Well, now George will have his say!

Mrs. Darling: Please, dear.

Mr. Darling: Mary, the child's growing up. It's high time she had a room of her own.

Wendy: Father!

Mrs. Darling: George!

John: What?

Michael: No!

Mr. Darling: I mean it! Young lady, this is your last night in the nursery!. And that's my last word on the matter! No! No!

ALL: Oh! Poor Nana!

Mr. Darling: Poor Nana? This is the last straw! Out! Out I say!

Michael: No, father, no.

Mr. Darling: Yes! There'll be no more dogs for nursemaids in this house!

Michael: Goodbye, Nana.

Mr. Darling: (sarcastically) Poor Nana. Oh, yes, poor Nana. But poor father? Oh, no. Blast it! Where is that rope? Nana herself gives it to him Oh, thank you.. Dash it all, Nana. D-Don't loot at me like that. It's nothing personal. It's just that- Well, you're not really a nurse at all You're.... Well, a dog. And the children aren't puppies, they're people. And sooner or later, Nana, people have to grow up.

Wendy: But, mother, I don't want to grow up.

Mrs. Darling: Now, dear. Don't worry about it any more tonight.

John: He called Peter Pan "absolute poppycock".

Mrs. Darling: I'm sure he didn't mean it, John. Father was just upset.

Michael: (SNIFFLING) Poor Nana, out there all alone.

Mrs. Darling: No more tears, Michael. It's a warm night. She'll be all right.

Michael: Mother.

Mrs. Darling: What is it dear?

Michael: Buried treasure.

Mrs. Darling: Now, children, don't judge your father too harshly. After all, he really loves you very much.

Wendy: Oh don't lock it, mother. He might come back

Mrs. Darling: He?

WENDY: Yes.

Peter Pan. You see, I found something that belongs to him.

Mrs. Darling: Oh, and what's that?

Wendy: (YAWNING) His shadow.

Mrs. Darling: Shadow?

Wendy: Mm-hmm. Nana had it, but I-I took it away.

Mrs. Darling: Oh? Yes, of course. Good night, dear.

(A moment after Mr. And Mrs. Darling left the house, Peter Pan and Tinker Bell flew in the room. They were searching poor Peter Pan's lost shadow)

Mrs. Darling: But George, do you think the children will be safe without Nana.

Mr. Darling: Safe? Of course, they'll be safe. Why not?

Mrs. Darling: Well, Wendy said something about a shadow, and I...

Mr. Darling: Shadow? Whose shadow?

Mrs. Darling: Peter Pan's.

Mr. Darling: Oh, Peter Pa- Peter Pan! You don't say. High voice Goodness gracious, whatever shall we do?

Mrs. Darling: But George, really I-

Mr. Darling: Sound the alarm! Call Scotland Yard

Mrs. Darling: There must have been someone-

Mr. Darling: Oh Mary, of all the impossible childish fiddle-faddle, Peter Pan, indeed. How can we expect the children grow up and be practical...

Mrs. Darling: George, dear.

Mr. Darling: When you're as bad as they are? No wonder Wendy gets these idiotic ideas.

(The children are sleeping, and Peter Pan and Tinker Bell enter in the room searching the lost shadow, but they make enough noise to wake them)

Peter Pan: Over there Tink, in its den. Is it there? Must be here somewhere. we hear a music box Tink! Stop playing and help me find my shadow. Shadow? Shadow? (Tink has just discovered the shadow) Huh?

(When he opens the drawer his shadow escapes but Tink falls inside) Aha!

WENDY: Peter Pan!

Oh, Peter, I knew you'd come back! I saved your shadow for you. Oh I do hope it isn't rumpled. You know, you look exactly the way I thought you would. Oh, a litter taller perhaps. But then... (LAUGHING) You can't stick it on with soap, Peter. It needs sewing. That's the proper way to do it. Although, come

to think of it, I've never thought about it before. Sewing shadows, I mean. Of course, I knew it was your shadow the minute I saw it. And I said to myself, "I'll put it away for him until he comes back. He's sure to come back". And you did, didn't you, Peter? After all, one can't leave his shadow lying about... and not miss it sooner or later, don't you agree? But what I still don't understand is how Nana got it in the first place. She really isn't... Oh, sit down. It won't take long. She really isn't vicious, you know. She's a wonderful nurse, although father says-

Peter Pan: Girls talk too much.

Wendy: (LAUGHING) Yes, girls talk too- Hmmm? Oh.

Peter Pan: Well, get on with it, girl.

Wendy: My name is Wendy, Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

Peter Pan: Wendy's enough.

Wendy: Oh. But how did Nana get your shadow, Peter?

PETER PAN: Jumped at me, the other night at the window.

WENDY: What were you doing there?

PETER PAN: I came to listen to the stories.

Wendy: My stories? But they're all about you.

Peter Pan: Of course. That's why I like 'em. I tell 'em to the Lost Boys.

Wendy: The Lost B- Oh I remember. They're your men.

Peter Pan: Uh-huh.

WENDY: I'm so glad you came back tonight. I might never have seen you.

Peter Pan: Why?

Wendy: Because I have to grow up tomorrow.

Peter Pan: Grow up?

Wendy: Tonight's my last night in the nursery.

Peter Pan: But that means no more stories.

Wendy: (SNIFFLING) Mm-Hmm

PETER PAN: No!

I won't have it! Come on.

WENDY: But where are we going?

PETER PAN: To Never Land.

Wendy: Never Land!

PETER PAN: You'll never grow up there.

WENDY: Oh, Peter, it would be so wonderful.

But wait! What would mother say?

Peter Pan: Mother? What's a mother?

Wendy: Why, Peter, a mother's someone...who loves and cares for you and tells you stories-

Peter Pan: Good! You can be our mother. Come on.

Wendy: Now, just a minute, I..., let me see now, I have to pack. Oh, and I must leave a note when I'll be back. Of course, I couldn't stay too long. And then I have to- Oh Never Land. Oh, I-I'm so happy, I think I'll give you a-a kiss.

Peter Pan: What's a-a kiss?

Wendy: Oh, well, I-I'll show you. Oh! (Screaming because Tinker Bell strikes her by her hair)

Peter Pan: Stop! Stop it, Tink!

Michael: John! John, wake up! He's here!

John: Huh? Jiminy!

Wendy: Oh, what in the world was that?

Peter Pan: Tinker Bell. Don't know what got into her.

Michael: Hello, Peter Pan, I'm Michael.

John: My name is John. How do you do?

PETER PAN: Hello!

Michael: Oh look! A firefly.

Wendy: A pixie?
John: Amazing.
Michael: What's the pixie doing?
PETER PAN: Talking.
Wendy: What did she say?
Peter Pan: She says you're a big, ugly girl.
Wendy: Oh. Well, I think she's lovely.
Peter Pan: Well, come on, Wendy. Let's go.
Michael: Where are we going?
Wendy: To Never Land.
Michael: Never Land!
Wendy: Peter's taking us.
Peter Pan: Us?
Wendy: Of course, I-I couldn't go without Michael and John.
John: Oh, I should like very much to cross swords with some real buccaneers.
Michael: Yes and fight pirates too.
Peter Pan: (CHUCKLING) Well, all right, but you gotta take orders.
John: Aye, aye, sir.
Michael: Me too.
Wendy: But Peter, how do we get to Never Land?
Peter Pan: Fly, of course
Wendy: Fly?
Peter Pan: It's easy, all you have to do is to, is to... it's to... Huh! that's funny
Wendy: What's the matter, don't you know?
Peter Pan: Oh sure, it's, it's just that I never thought about it before. Say, that's it! Think of a wonderful thought
John & Wendy: Any happy little thought?
Peter Pan: Uh-huh
Wendy: Like toys at Christmas?
John: Sleigh bells? snow?
Peter Pan: Yup. Watch me now. Here I go! It's easier than pie
Wendy: He can fly!
John: He can fly!
Michael: He flewed
Peter Pan: Now, you try
Wendy: I'll think of a mermaid lagoon... underneath a magic moon
John: I'll think I'm in a pirate's cave
Michael: I think I'll be an Injun brave
Peter Pan: Now, everybody try
All: One, two, three
Children: We can fly!, we can fly!, we can fly!
Peter Pan: This won't do. What's the matter with you? All it takes is faith and trust, oh! and something I forgot: dust
Children: Dust?
Michael: Dust?
PETER: Yup. Just a little bit of pixie dust. Now, think of the happiest things, it's the same as having wings
Wendy: Let's all try it just once more
John: Look! we're rising off the floor
Michael: Jiminy!
Wendy: Oh, my! We can fly!

Peter Pan: You can fly!
Children: We can fly!
Peter Pan: Come on everybody, here we go! off to Never Land!

Think of a wonderful thought
any merry little thought
Think of Christmas, think of snow
think of sleigh bells- off you go!
like reindeer in the sky
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

Think of the happiest things
it's the same as having wings
take the path that moonbeams make
if the moon is still awake
you'll see him with his eye
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

Up you go with a heigh and Go to the
stars beyond the blue
there's a Never Land waiting for you
where all your happy
dreams come true
every dream that you dream
will come true
Michael: Come on, Nana!
(He takes some of the pixie dust to Nana)

When there's a smile in your heart
there's no better time to start
think of all the joy you'll find
when you leave the world behind
and bid your cares good-bye
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!
Peter Pan There it is Wendy, second star to the right and straight on till morning
When there's a smile in your heart
there's no better time to start
think of all the joy you'll find
when you leave the world behind
and bid your cares good-bye
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

(We see Never Land Island and hear a pirates' song)
Pirates: Oh a pirate's life
is a wonderful life
a-rovin' over the sea
give me a career
as a buccaneer

it's the life
of a pirate for me
Oh, the life
of a pirate for me

Oh, a pirate's life
is a wonderful life
they never bury your bones
for when it's all over
a jolly sea rover
drops in on his friend
Davey Jones

Oh, my good friend Davey Jones
Smee: My good friend, Davey Jones. Good morning, shipmates
Pirate 1: And what's good about it, Mr. Smee?
Pirate 2: Here we are collecting barnacles on this miserable island
Pirate 3: While his nibs plays ring-around-the rosy with Peter Pan.
Smee: Look out there! Might go off!
Pirate 4: We ought to be tending to the business of looting ships.
Pirate 5: Why, I've almost forgotten how to slit a throat.
Pirate 6: Better drop it, and tell the captain we wants to put to sea, see? Pirates laughing and chattering
Hook: Blast that peter Pan. If I could only find his hideout, I'd trap him in his lair. studying a map But where is it? Mermaid Lagoon? No, we've searched that. We've combed Cannibal Cove. Here! No, no, no, no, no. That's Indian territ- But wait. Those redskins know this island better than I do me own ship. Ah, I wonder.
Smee: (CHUCKLING): Good morning, Captain.
Hook: I've got it! Tiger Lily, Smee!
Smee: T-T-Tiger Lily, Captain?
Hook: The chief's daughter. She'll know where Pan is hiding.
Smee: B-B-But-But will she talk Captain?
Hook: Oh, a little persuasion might be in order.. Now let me see. Boiling in oil? Uh, keelhauling? Marooning?

Pirate: Oh, a pirate's life
Is a wonderful life
You'll find adventure and sport
But live every minute
For all that is in it
The life of a pirate is short
Oh, the life...

(Gunshot, singing stops and water splashes)
Hook: Now let me see, where was I?
Smee: Oh dear, dear, dear Captain Hook. Shooting a man in the middle of his cadenza? chuckling It ain't good form, you know.
Smee: Good form, Mr. Smee? Blast good form! Did Pan show good form when he did this to me?
Smee: Why, Captain, cutting your hand off was only a childish prank you might say.
Hook: Aye, but throwing it to that crocodile! That cursed beast liked the taste of me so well he's followed me ever since licking his chops for the rest of me.

Smee: And he's have had you by now, Captain, if he hadn't swallowed that alarm clock. But now when he's-about, he warns you, as you might say with his tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock we can hear now that tick-tock

Hook: Smee! Oh, save me, Smee! Please don't let him get me, Smee! Please! Don't let him get me, Smee! Smee!

Smee: Here now, shame on ya, upsetting the poor captain. There'll be no handouts today. Shoo now, shoo. Go on, go on. Off with ya, I say. Go away. Go away, out of here.

Hook: Is he gone, Smee?

Smee: Aye, Captain. All clear. Nothing to worry about.

Hook: Oh, Smee, Smee. I can't stand it any longer. I tell you I can't.

Smee: Now, now, now, Captain, just relax. What you need is a shave, a nice soothing shave. There now.

Oh, a pirate's life

Is a wonderful life

a-sailing over the seas

give me a career as a buc-

Captain, you know, I can't help noticing you just ain't been your usual jolly self of late

Give a career as a buccaneer. And the crew's getting' a might uneasy, Captain. That is, what's left of it. Hmm. Now why don't we put to sea, see? Leave Never Land. Forget Peter Pan. There now.

(He has been shaving a seagull)

Give me a career as a buccaneer. We'll all be a lot happier, not to mention a lot healthier. Oh!

Captain? Oh dear! I never shaved him this close before. Now don't worry Captain. It must be somewhere about.

Hook: Get up, you idiot!

Smee: Aye, aye, sir! Ooh! I found it, Captain! Good as new.

Hook: Why, you blithering blockhead!

PIRATE: Peter Pan ahoy!

Hook: What? What? Where away?

Pirate: Three points off the starboard bow!

Hook: Swoggle me eyes, it is Pan! Headed this way with some more of those scurvy brats! Mr. Smee, pipe up the crew!

Smee: Aye, aye, sir! Pipe up the crew! Pipe up the crew! All hands on deck! lows whistle All hands on deck! All hands on deck!

Hook: Look alive, you swabs! We've got him this time, Mr. Smee.

Smee: That we have Captain.

Hook: Man the Long Tom, you bilge rats! I've waited years for this.

Smee: That's not counting the holidays either.

Hook: Double the powder and shorten the fuse!

Smee: Double the powder and double the fuse.

Hook: A pretty sight Mr. Smee. Like sitting ducks. All right, men! Range: 42!

Smee: Range: 42.

HOOK: Elevation: 65!

SMEE: Elevation: 65.

Hook: Three degrees west!

Smee: Three degrees west.

Hook: Steady now! steady!

Wendy: Oh, Peter, it's just as I've always dreamed it would be! Oh, look, john, there's Mermaid Lagoon.

JOHN: By Jove! And the Indian encampment!

Michael: Oh look, there's Captain Hook and the pirates. Cannon explodes

Peter Pan: Look out! Quick, Tink! Take Wendy and the boys to the island. I'll stay here and draw

Hook's fire. whistles Hook! Hook, you codfish! Here!

Wendy: Tinker Bell! Not so fast, Tinker Bell! Please Tinker Bell! We can't keep up with you! Tinker Bell! Wait! Please!

(Tink zooms down through the trees to a hollow stump that was the entrance to the secret underground room where the Lost Boys live. She tells them that Peter want them to attack the "Wendy bird")

Lost Boys: Ouch! So! Who ya shovin'? Who ya shovin'? You, that's who! Huh? Orders from Pan? Hold it, men! What's the orders, Tink? A terrible what? Wendy bird. Wendy bird? Flying this way? Uh, Pan's orders are- What? Smash it? Kick it? Stomp it? Oh shoot it down! Shoot it down! Yeah, shoot it down! Yeah shoot it down! Come on! Follow Tink! Follow Tink! Let's go! Yeah, come on! Let's go! We're gonna get her! Shh! I see it! Me too! Me too! Ready... aim... Fire!

(Peter arrives in time to save Wendy's life and learning of Tinker Bell's wickedness banishes her)

Wendy: Oh, Peter! You saved my life!

Michael: Are you hurted, Wendy?

Wendy: No Michael.

John: Good heavens, Wendy. You might have been killed.

Lost Boys: Hey Pan! Hey Pan! We followed your orders, Pan! Hey, Pan! I got it with my skull musket! You did not! We did! Yeah, we did! I did it, Pan! I did!

Peter Pan: Attention! Well, I'm certainly proud of you... you blockheads! I bring you a mother to tell you stories...

Lost Boys: A mother?

Peter Pan: And you shoot her down!

Lost Boy: Well, Tink said it was a bird!

PETER PAN: Tink said what?

Lost Boy: Well, she said you said to shoot it down

PETER PAN: Tinker Bell. Tink! Come here. You're charged with high treason, Tink. Are you guilty or not guilty? Guilty? Don't you know you might have killed her? Tinker Bell... I hereby banish you forever.

Wendy: Please, not forever!

Peter Pan: Well, for a week then. Come on, Wendy, I'll show you the island.

Wendy: Oh, Peter! The mermaids?

Lost Boys: Aw, let's go huntin'. Tigers? Nah, bears. Nah, bears

John: Personally, I should prefer to see the aborigines.

Michael: and the Indians too.

Peter Pan: All right, men, go out and capture a few Indians. John, you be the leader

John: I shall try to be worthy of my post. Forward march!

Michael: Come on, bear

WENDY: Oh, Michael, do be careful!

Peter Pan: Come on Wendy, I'll show you the mermaids

(Peter and Wendy flew off to Mermaid lagoon while John and Michael joined the Lost Boys to fight the Indians)

Following the leader, the leader

the leader

we're following the leader

wherever he may go

tee dum, tee dee, a teedle ee

do tee day

tee dum, tee dee, it's part

of the game we play

tee dum, tee dee, the words

are easy to say

just a teedle ee dum a teedle
ee do tee day
Tee dum, tee dee, a teedle ee
do tee dum
we're one for all and all of us
are for fun
we march, we laugh, and follow
the other one
with a teedle ee do a teedle ee
do tee dum

Following the leader, the leader
the leader
we're following the leader
wherever he may go
we're out to fight the Injuns
the Injuns, the Injuns
we're out to fight the Injuns
because he told us so

Tee dum, tee dee, a teedle ee
do tee day
we march along and these
are words we say
tee dum, tee dee, a teedle
deedle dee day
oh, a teedle ee dum, a teedle
ee do tee day
oh, a teedle ee dum, a teedle
ee do tee day

John: Indians! Ah! Blackfoot tribe. Belongs to the Algonquian group. Quite savage, you know.

Lost Boys: Uh, let's go get 'em! Come on! We'll get 'em!

John: Gentlemen, gentlemen! First we must plan our strategy.

Lost Boy: Uh, what's a "stradege"?

John: A plan of attack. The initial phase is an encircling manoeuvre.

(Michael finds a feather and an axe. He notices that a tree is following him. Then he sees an Indian
feet)

Michael: John! Indians! Indians! Let me in!

(Now they are surrendered by Trees)

John: Now, remember, the Indian is cunning-

Michael: Hey-

John: -but not intelligent. Therefore, we simply surround them and take them by surprise.

(All of them have been captured by the Indians whose Chief accuses them of having abducted his
daughter, Tiger Lily)

John: I'm frightfully sorry, old chaps. It's all my fault.

Lost Boys: Aw, that's all right, Wildcat. No, we don't mind. That's okay.

Chief: How

Lost Boys: Uh, h-how, Chief. How, Chief. How! How!

Chief: For many moons, red man fight paleface Lost Boys.

Lost Boys: Ugh!

Chief: Sometime you win. Sometime we win.

Lost Boy: Okay Chief. Uh, you win this time. Now turn us loose.

John: Turn us loose? You mean this is only a game?

Lost Boys: Sure. When we win, we turn them loose. When they win, they turn us loose. They turn us loose.

Chief: This time no turnum loose.

Lost Boys: Huh? (CHUCKLING) The Chief's a great spoofer.

Chief: Me no spoofum! Where you hide Princess Tiger Lily?

Lost Boys: Uh, Tiger Lily? We ain't got your old princess!

John: I've certainly never seen her.

Lost Boys: Me neither. Honest, we don't.

Chief: Heap big lie. If Tiger Lily not back by sunset, burnum at stake.

(At Mermaid Lagoon)

Wendy: Just imagine. Real, live mermaids!

Peter Pan: Would you like to meet them?

Wendy: Oh, Peter, I'd love to!

Peter Pan: All right. Come on.

Mermaids: It's Peter! Oh! Oh! Hello Peter! Hello Peter! Hello Peter! Hello! Hello, Peter!

Peter Pan: Hello girls!

MERMAID 1: I'm so glad to see you.

Mermaids: Why did you stay away so long? Did you miss me?

MERMAID 2: Tell us one of your adventures.

MERMAID 3: Something exciting.

Peter Pan: Want to hear about the time I cut off Hook's hand and threw it to the crocodile?

Mermaids: Oh, I've always liked that one. Me too!

Peter Pan: There I was on Marooners' Roch surrounded by 40...

Wendy: Oh Peter!

Peter Pan: -or 50 pirates-

Mermaid: Who's she?

Peter Pan: Huh? Her? Oh, That's Wendy.

Mermaids: A girl? What's she doing here? And in her nightdress too! (To Wendy) Come on dearie, join us for a swim.

WENDY: Oh, please! I'm not dressed.

MERMAID 4: Oh, but you must!

MERMAID 5: We insist!

Wendy: No, no, please!

MERMAID 6: Too good for us, eh?

Wendy: Peter! (Peter and the mermaids laugh on her, but now she's furious and...) If you dare to come near me again...

Peter Pan: Wendy! Wendy! They were just having a little fun. Weren't you, girls?

Mermaids: That's all. We were only trying to drown her.

Peter Pan: You see?

Wendy: Well, if you think for one minute that I'm going to put up with any...

(But Peter, suddenly, hears something in the distance. Leaping upon a rock that hung out over the sea he looks down and sees in a cove beneath him a boat from the pirate ship)

Peter Pan: Shh. Hold it, Wendy. Yup, it's Hook, all right.

(At that dread name the mermaids plunged into the lagoon and disappeared)

Mermaids: Hook! Hook!

Peter Pan: Quick, Wendy! (WHISPERING) They've captured Tiger Lily. Looks like they're headin' for Skull Rock. Come on, Wendy. Let's see what they're up to.

(Skull Rock. Hook and Smee have tied Tiger Lily until either she tells them the location of Peter's hideout or she drowns)

Hook: Now, my dear princess, this is me proposition. You tell me the hiding place of Peter Pan, and I shall set you free.

Peter Pan: You dog.

Wendy: Poor Tiger Lily.

Hook: Am I not a man of me word, Mr. Smee?

Smee: Yes. A-Always, Captain. He's crossing his fingers

HOOK: You'd better talk, my dear. For soon the tide will be in and then it will be too late.

Peter Pan: I'll show the old codfish. Stay here, Wendy, and watch the fun.

Wendy: Fun?

Hook: Remember, there is no path through water to the happy hunting ground. This is your last chance, Tiger Lily!

Peter Pan: (IMITATING INDIAN VOICE) Manatoa, great spirit of mighty sea water, speak. Beware, Captain hook. Beware! (ECHOING) Beware!

Hook: Did you hear that, Smee?

Smee: It's an evil spirit, Captain.

Hook: Stand by, Smee, while I take a look around. Spirit of the great sea water, is it?

Peter Pan: Psst. Wendy. Watch this. Imitating Hook's voice Mr. Smee!

Smee: Uh, yes, Captain?

Peter Pan: (as Hook) Release the princess and take her back to her people.

Smee: Aye, aye, sir. Release the Princ- But- But Captain-

Peter Pan: (as Hook) Those are me orders, Mr. Smee!

Smee: Aye, aye, sir. At last Captain Hook's coming to his senses.

Hook: Odd's fish!

Smee: I told him all along you Indians wouldn't betray, Peter Pan.

Hook: And just what do you think you are doing, Mr. Smee?

Smee: Just what you told me, Captain. Carrying out your orders.

Hook: My orders?

Smee: Why, yes, Captain. Didn't you just say to go-

Hook: Put her back, you blithering idiot! My orders. Of all the bumbling-

PETER PAN: (as Hook. Now this time the own Hook hears "his voice") Mr. Smee. Just exactly what do you think you are doing?

Smee: Putting her back, like you said, Captain.

Peter Pan: (as Hook) I said nothing of the sort.

Smee: Oh, b-but, Captain-

Peter Pan: (as Hook) For the last time, Mr. Smee, take the princess back to her people. (Louding) Understand? (Echoing Understand?)

Smee: Aye, aye, sir.

Peter Pan: (as Hook) Oh, and one more thing. When you return to the ship, tell the whole crew- Hook has discovered the trick to help themselves to me best rum.

Wendy: (Gasps) Peter!

Hook: Here's your spirit, Smee!

Smee: Why, it's Peter Pan.

HOOK: Scurvy brat!

Peter Pan: Thank you, Captain.

Hook: Come down, boy, if you've a taste for cold steel!

Peter Pan: Watch this, Wendy.

Wendy: Oh, Peter, do be careful.

Peter Pan: Try your luck, Mr. Smee? he gives him a gun

Hook: Let him have it! Well, come on, you idiot! Blast him.

Peter Pan: Right here, Mr. Smee!

Hook: Hold it, you fool! No! No! Smee fires and Hook loses his balance

Smee: Captain?
Wendy: Oh, how dreadful.
Peter Pan: What a pity Mr. Smee. I'm afraid we've lost the dear Captain. he's alive and tries to kill
Peter Pan by the back
Smee: Captain!
Peter Pan: In the back, Captain?
Smee: Give it to him, Captain! Cleave him to the brisket!
Hook: (Groans) I've got you this time, Pan.
Peter Pan: Well, well. A codfish on a hook.
Hook: I'll get you for this, Pan, if it's the last thing I do!
Peter Pan: (Hearing the ticking) I say, Captain, do you hear something?
Hook: No! Oh! No!
(The crocodile sees its time to taste again Hook's flesh)
PETER PAN: Mr. Crocodile, do you like codfish? You do?
Wendy: Oh, Peter, no.
Hook: Smee!
Smee: Don't go away, Captain! Stay right there now, sir! I'll save you, sir!
Hook: Smee! Ow!
Smee: Captain! Captain!
Hook: Smee! Smee!
(He falls into the crocodile's mouth)
Smee: Give him back!
Hook: Smee! Row for the ship! Row for the ship- Smee!
(He narrowly escapes chased by the crocodile)
Wendy: Peter! What about Tiger Lily?
Peter Pan: Tiger Lily? Oh! Tiger Lily!
Tiger Lily: Help!
(Peter Pan rescues her in the very last moment)
Wendy: Peter, wait for me!
(Hook's ship)
Hook: (SNIFFLING) That cursed Peter Pan. Making a fool out of me. Oh! My head!
Pirate: Oh, a pirate's life
Is a wonderful life
Your hot water, Mr. Smee.
Smee: Shhh! The poor captain has a splitting headache. We musn't annoy him.
(He has been hammering a note in which we read "Quiet. Do not disturb". Without noticing Hook's
presense, he starts hamming again and... he finds captain's head instead off the door)
Smee (CONT.) Well, Captain, it's nice to see you smiling again (CHUCKLING) Brings back the good old
days when we was leading an healthy, normal life: scuttling ships, cutting throats. Oh, Captain, why
don't we put to sea again? You know, there's trouble brewin' on the island. Women trouble. I wouldn't
want this to go any further, but the cook told me that the first mate told him that he heard that Pan
has banished Tinker Bell.
Hook: (SCREAMING) Why, you doddering imbecile, I- Did you say Pan has banished Tinker Bell?
Smee: Aye, aye, captain, yes.
Hook: But why?
Smee: On account of Wendy, Captain. Tink tried to do her in, she did. Tink's terrible jealous.
Hook: Well, well.
Smee: That's why we ought to leave, Captain. This ain't no place for a respectable pirate.
Hook: That's it, Smee! That's it!
Smee: I'm glad you agrees, Captain.
Hook: Quick, me coat, me best dress coat.

Smee: Aye aye sir. The sooner we gets going, the better.

Hook: Ah, yes, a jealous female can be tricked into anything. My case of hooks!

Smee: Aye, aye, sir. Here you are, sir. Your Sunday set, sir.

Hook: If we impress the pixie, convince her we're eager to help her, the wench may chart our course to a certain hiding place.

Smee: Our best hiding place is the Spanish Main, sir. I'll set our course- gasps

Hook: And where do you think you are going?

Smee: To tell the boys we sail with the tide, sir.

Hook: You will go ashore, pick up Tinker Bell and bring her to me. (Loudly) Understand?

Smee: Aye, aye, sir.

(Learning that Peter has banished Tinker Bell, Hook sends Smee out to capture her. He wants to persuade her that he has decided to leave the island; however, being generous of spirit, he would like to take Wendy with him, so that Peter and Tink may be happy together once more. The pixie foolishly believing his promises, tells him and is promptly imprisoned in the ship's lantern)

(Indian camp. Peter having saved Tiger Lily is the Indian's hero, but Hook has further plans)

Chief: How

Peter Pan: How.

Wendy: What's the Chief doing, John?

JOHN: He's delivering an oration in sign language.

Michael: What's he saying?

JOHN: He says "Peter Pan mighty warrior. Save Tiger Lily. Make big chief heap glad"

Wendy: Well, he certainly doesn't look "heap glad" chuckles

Chief: Make Peter Pan heap big chief. You now Little Flying Eagle.

(Peter whoops)

Lost Boys: Flying Eagle! Flying Eagle!

Wendy: Oh, how wonderful!

Chief: Teachum paleface brother all about the red man.

John: Good. This should be most enlightening.

Lost Boys: Uh, what makes the red man red? When did he first say "Ugh"? First "Ugh"?

Michael: Why does he ask you, "How"?

Chief: Why does he ask you, "How"?

Indians: Hana Mana Ganda
why does he ask you how?

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Once the Injun

didn't know all the things

that he know now

but the Injun

he sure learn a lot

and it's all from asking how

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

We translate for you

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana means what

Mana means and

Ganda means that too

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Indian Woman: (to Wendy) Squaw no dance

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Indian Woman: (to Wendy) Squaw gettum firewood

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

When did he first say "Ugh"?

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

When did he first say "Ugh"?

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

In the Injun book it say

when first brave married squaw

he gave out with heap big ugh when he saw

his mother-in-law

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

What made the red man red

what made the red man red

let's go back a million years

to the very first Indian prince

he kiss a maid

and start to blush

and we've all been blushin'since

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Now, you've got it right from the hed man

the real true story of the red man

no matter what's been written or said

Hana Mana Ganda
Now you know why
now you know why
the red man's red

John: Wa-hoo!

Wendy: John!

Michael: Squaw takum papoose. Wa-oo!

Wendy: Michael!

Indian Woman: Squaw gettum firewood

Wendy: Squaw no gettum firewood. Squaw go home

(Tinker Bell is looking at the Indians camp from the distance. She's captured by Smee.

Smee: Begging your pardon, Miss Bell, but Captain hook would like a word with you.

(Pirate's ship. Hook pays the piano in Tinker's honor)

Hook: Yes, Miss Bell, Captain Hook admits defeat. Tomorrow I leave the island, never to return.

Smee: I'm glad to hear that. Captain. (HICCUPS) I'll tell the crew and- (HICCUPS)

Hook: And that's why I asked you over, me dear, to tell Peter I bear him no ill will. Oh, Pan has his faults to be sure. Bringing that Wendy to the island, for instance. Dangerous business that. Why, rumour has it that already she has come between you and Peter. But what's this? Tears? Then it is true. Oh, Smee, the way of a man with a maid. Taking the best years of her life and then casting her aside... like an old glove!

Smee: Ain't it a bloomin' hiccups shame?

Hook: But we mustn't judge Peter too harshly, me dear. It's that Wendy who's to blame. Mr. Smee, we must save the lad from himself! But how? We've so little time. We sail in the morning. Sail! That's it, Smee! We'll shanghai Wendy!

SMEE: Shanghai Wendy, Captain?

Hook: Take her to sea with us. With her gone, peter will soon forget this mad infatuation. Come Smee. We must leave immediately, surround Peter's home-

Smee: But Captain, we don't know where Peter Pan lives.

Hook: Great Scott, you're right Smee! What's that, my dear? You could show us the way? Why I never thought of that. Take this down, Smee.

Smee: Take this down, Smee. Aye Captain.

HOOK: Tinker Bell is showing him the way to Peter's hideout Start at Pegleg Point.

Smee: Start at Pegleg Point.

HOOK: Forty paces west to Blindman's Bluff.

Smee: Blind man's Bluff.

Hook: Yes, yes. Hop, skip and jump across Crocodile Creek. Then north by northeast one, two, three- harshly Well, get on with it- sweetly Continue, my dear. I mustn't harm Peter? Madam, Captain hook gives his word not to lay a finger...or a hook on peter Pan. Tinker marks an "X" in the map Ah, Hangman's tree. So that's the entrance to his hiding place. Thank you me dear. You've been most helpful.

(Hangman's Tree)

Lost Boys, John and Michael: Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

What's man the red man red

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda

Peter Pan: Big chief Flying Eagle greets his braves. How.

Lost Boys: How chief.

John: How

Michael: How

Peter Pan: Big chief greets little mother. How.

Wendy: Ugh.

Peter Pan: Oh Wendy, is that all you have to say? Everyone else thinks I'm wonderful.

Wendy: Especially Tiger Lily

Peter Pan: Tiger Lily?

Wendy: John. Michael they continue whooping Take off that war paint and get ready for bed.

John: Bed?

Michael: Brave no sleep. Go for days without sleep.

Wendy: But boys, we're going home in the morning.

John: Home?

Wendy: and-

Michael: Oh, Wendy, we don't want to go home.

Peter Pan: No go home. Stay many moons. Have heap big time.

Wendy: Now Peter, let's stop pretending and be practical.

Peter Pan: Chief Flying Eagle has spoken.

Wendy: Oh for goodness sake. Please, boys. Do you want to stay here and grow up like-like savages?

Michael: Of course.

Wendy: But you can't. you need a mother. We all do.

Michael: Aren't you our mother, Wendy?

Wendy: Why, Michael, of course, not! Surely you haven't forgotten our real mother.

Michael: Did she have silky ears and wear a fur coat?

Wendy: Oh no, Michael. That was Nana.

Lost Boys: I think I had a mother once. What was she like? What was she like? I forget. I had a white rat. That's no mother!

Wendy: No, no, boys. Please. I'll tell you what a mother is.

Lost Boys: Yeah tell us. Tell us. Please Wendy.

Wendy: Well, a mother, a real mother is the most wonderful person in the world. She's the angel voice... that bids you good night, kisses you cheek, whispers "sleep tight"

Your mother and mine

your mother and mine

the helping hand that guides you along

whether you're right

whether you're wrong

Your mother and mine

your mother and mine
what makes mothers
all that they are
might as well ask what makes a star

Ask your heart
to tell you her worth
your heart will say
Heaven on Earth
another word for divine
your mother and mine

Michael: I wanna see my mother

Wendy: Yes, Michael

John: I propose we leave for home at once.

Lost Boys: Could I go too, Wendy? Me too, Wendy! I wanna go!

Wendy: All right boys. All right. I'm sure mother would be glad to have you. Uh, that is if Peter doesn't mind.

Peter Pan: Go on! Go back and grow up! But I'm warning you, once you're grown-up you can never come back. Never.

WENDY: Oh, dear.

John: Well, men, shall we be off?

All: Yeah, come on! Let's go!

Peter Pan: They'll be back.

Wendy: Peter? Goodbye, Peter.

(Wendy has persuaded her brothers that it is time to go home. Unfortunately, as they emerge from their hideout, they are seized by the pirates. Only Peter remains safe below ground but hook and Smee lower to him a bomb disguised as a present from Wendy)

HOOK: All right, men, take them away. And now Smee, to take care of Master Peter Pan

Smee: But Captain, wouldn't it be more human-like to slit his throat?

Hook: Aye, that it would, Mr. Smee. But I have given me word not to lay a finger... or a hook on Peter Pan. And Captain Hook never breaks a promise.

(Pirate's ship. Hook tries to persuade his captives to become pirates; all of them are tempted except Wendy who maintains that Peter Pan will save them)

Pirates: Yo ho, yo-ho

so try the life of a thief

just sample the life of a crook

there isn't a boy

who won't enjoy

a-workin' for Captain Hook

the world's most famous crook

Smee: Crook, crook

crickety, crockety

crickety, crook

the croc is after Captain-

Hook: A special offer of today

I'll tell you

what I'll do

all those who sign

without delay

will get a free tattoo

Why, it's like money in the bank

come on, join up
and I'll be frank
unless you do
you'll walk the plank
the choice is up to you
Pirates: The choice is up to you
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho
You'll love the life of a thief
you'll relish the life of a crook
there's barrels of fun for everyone
and you'll get treasures by the ton

So come and sign the book
join up with Captain Hook
Boys: Hey, I wanna join! Me too, boy!
Wendy: Boys! Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?
John: But captain hook is most insistent, Wendy.
Lost Boy: Yeah, he says we'll walk the plank... if we don't!
Wendy: Oh, no, we won't. Peter Pan will save us.
Hook: Peter Pan will save them, Smee laughing
Smee: Peter Pan will save them laughing too Oh, Captain!
Hook: But a thousand pardons, my dear. I don't believe you are in on our little joke. You see, we left a present for Peter
Smee: A sort of surprise package, you might say.
Hook: Why, I can see our little friend at this very moment, reading the tender inscription:
Peter Pan: To Peter with love from Wendy. Do not open till 6 o'clock. Uh. I wonder what's in it.
Hook: Could he but see within the package, ho, he would find an ingenious little device
Smee: Set so that when the clock is like this-
Hook: Peter Pan will be blasted out of Never Land forever!
Wendy: No!
(Pirates laugh while Tinker Bell, who has been listening every word, tries to escape from the lantern and helps Peter)
Hook: But time grows short. We have but 18 seconds, 15 seconds, 13 seconds...
PETER PAN: Twelve seconds. Well, I guess I can open it now.
(Tink arrives in the very last second)
Peter Pan: Hi, Tink. Look what Wendy left. Hey, stop that! Stop it! What's the matter with you? Hook? A bomb? Don't be ridiculous!
(Alarm ringing. Tink takes out the package...)
Hook: And so passeth a worthy opponent.
Smee: Amen.
Peter Pan: Hook! It was a bomb! Why, if it hadn't been for Tink- Tinker Bell! Tink? Tinker Bell? tinkling Where are you, Tink? Tink? Tinker Bell! Tink. Are you all right? tinkling Wendy? The boys? But I gotta to save you first! Hold on, Tink! Hold on! Don't go out. Don't you understand, Tink? You mean more to me than anything in this whole world!
Hook: And now, which will it be? The pen or the plank?
Wendy: Captain Hook, we will never join your crew.
Hook: As you wish. Ladies first, me dear.
Wendy: Goodbye boys.
Boys: Goodbye, Wendy.
Wendy: Be brave, John.
John: I shall strive to, Wendy.

Wendy: Goodbye Michael.

Michael: Goodbye.

Pirates: Come on! Get on over there! Don't give us no trouble! Go on, go on! Get it over with! Move along!

MICHAEL: Wendy, Wendy!

(She jumps but there's not a splash)

Smee: Captain, no splash.

Hook: Not a sound.

Pirates: Not a bloomin' ripple! It's a jinx, that's what it is! No splash! No sign of the wench! Did you hear a splash? I'm telling you, mates, it's a bad day. Mark me words. We'll all play for this. The ship's bewitched. No splash, Captain.

(We see that Peter has arrived in time to save Wendy and the boys)

Hook: So you want a splash, Mr. Starkey? I'll give you a splash! Who's next?

PETER PAN: You're next, Hook! This time you've gone too far!

Boys: Peter Pan! Peter Pan!

Michael: And Wendy!

Hook: It can't be.

Smee: It's his blinkin' ghost what's talkin'!

Peter Pan: Say your prayers, Hook!

Hook: I'll show you this ghost has blood in his veins. I'll run him through! Oooh! Take that! Curse this hook!

Peter Pan (free the boys) Come on, everybody!

John: Hurry, Michael, hurry!

Hook: Don't stand there, you bilge rats! Get those scurvy brats! After the brats, men! This is no mere boy. 'Tis some fiend fighting me. A flying devil!

John: Hold your fire. Steady, men. Steady.

Pirate: Cut 'em with our irons!

John: Fire!

Pirates: Crack that bloomin' sky! Let me at 'em!

John: Down, you blackguard!

Boys: Michael! Yes, Bear killer! Hurray for Bear Killer!

Hook: Fly, fly, fly! You coward!

Peter Pan: Coward? Me?

Hook: You wouldn't dare to fight old Hook man-to-man. You'd fly away like a cowardly sparrow!

Peter Pan: Nobody calls Pan a coward and lives! I'll fight you man-to-man with one hand behind my back!

Hook: You mean you won't fly?

Wendy: No, no, Peter! It's a trick!

Peter Pan: I give my word, Hook.

Hook: Good. Then let's have at it! Now! Insolent youth, prepare to die!

Wendy: Fly! Fly, Peter! Fly!

Peter Pan: No! I gave my word. You're mine, Hook!

Michael: Cleave him to the brisket.

Hook: You wouldn't do old Hook in now, would you, lad? I'll go away forever. I'll do anything you say.

Peter Pan: Well, all right, if you say you're a codfish.

Hook: I'm a codfish.

Peter Pan: Louder!

Hook: (screaming) I'm a codfish!

All: Hurray! Hook is a codfish, a codfish, a codfish! Hook is a codfish, a codfish, a codfish!

Peter Pan: All right Hook, you're free to go and never return.

Wendy: Peter!

(Hook tries to kill Peter in the back but he loses balance and falls to the water, where the crocodile is waiting for him patiently)

Hook: Smee! Smee! Smee! Smee!

Smee: Captain! Captain! Captain!

(The Captain ends up in the water swimming for dear life from the eagerly snapping jaws of the crocodile)

All: Hooray! Hooray for Captain Pan!

Peter Pan: All right, you swabs! Aloft with ya! We're castin' off! Heave those halyards!

Wendy: But-but, Peter- oh, that is, Captain Pan.

Peter Pan: At your service, madam.

Wendy: Could you tell me sir, where we're sailing?

Peter Pan: To London, madam.

Wendy: Oh, Peter! Michael! John! We're going home!

Peter Pan: Man the capstan! Hoist anchor! Pixie dust!

(It's eleven in the evening. Nana's barking and the Darlings have just arrived home. They find Wendy's bed unslept-in but the girl herself in there. She tells all about their adventures with Peter Pan and points out to her parents the silhouette of Hook's ship against the moon)

Mrs. Darling: George, I'm so glad you changed your mind about Wendy. After all, she's still a child.

Mr. Darling: Pshaw, Mary. You know I never mean those things. Do I, Nana?

Mrs. Darling: Oh! Wendy! Wendy! What on earth are you doing there?

Wendy (yawns) Hmm? Oh, mother, we're back!

Mr. Darling: Back?

WENDY: All except the Lost Boys. They weren't quite ready.

Mr. Darling: Lost boy-? Ready?

Wendy: To grow up. That's why they went back to Never Land.

Mr. Darling: Never Land?

Wendy: Yes. But I am.

Mr. Darling: Am?

Wendy: Ready to grow up.

Mr. Darling: Oh, oh! Well, my dear, all in good time. After all, perhaps we were-

Wendy: Oh, but, mother, it was a such a wonderful adventure!

Mr. Darling: too-

Wendy: Tinker Bell and the mermaids and Peter Pan! Oh, he was the most wonderful of all! Why, why, even when we were kidnapped, I-

Mr. Darling: Kidnapped?

Wendy: Mm-hmm. I knew Peter Pan would save us, and he did. And we all call him a codfish!

(LAUGHING) Uh, Captain Hook, I mean. And then we sailed away on a ship in the sky.

Mr. Darling: Hmm. Mary, I'm going to bed.

Wendy: Oh mother, he really is wonderful, isn't he? See how well he sails the ship?

Mrs. Darling: George. George!

Mr. Darling: Now what, Mary? gasps Nana, d-did you see- You know, I have the strangest feeling... that I've seen that ship before, a long time ago when I was very young.

Mrs. Darling: George, dear.

Wendy: Father.

Off singing voice: When there's a smile in your heart

there's no better time to start

think of all the joy you'll find

when you leave the world behind

and bid your cares good-bye

you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

THE END