

Based on the classic tale by J.M.Barrie

Peter Pan

1

Mr and Mrs Darling lived in a grand house in London.

They had three children – Wendy, John and Michael.

The children had a big old dog. Her name was Nana.

Every night, before putting them to sleep, Mrs Darling would read the children a story.

“And they all lived happily ever after...”

2

One night, she was woken by Nana's wild barking. A boy was in the nursery. Nana rushed at him.

“What's going on?”

The boy disappeared out the window.

“Oh, no ... you will be killed!”

But when she looked out, there was no sign of him.

The following evening, Wendy was woken by the sound of crying.

3

She turned up the light, and saw ...

“Who are you?”

“I'm Peter Pan.”

“What's the matter, Peter?”

“A horrible monster ripped off my shadow. What am I to do without my shadow?”

“Why, I shall sew it back on, you silly boy.”

4

Wendy fetched a needle and thread. Within a few minutes, she had sewn back the shadow.

“Now tell me all about yourself. How old are you?”

“I don't know,’ ‘I ran away when I was very young.’”

“Why?”

“I heard my parents talking about how hard it would be when I grew up. So I decided to escape ... to Neverland.”

“Neverland?”

“A special place, where no one ever gets any older. There I live with the Lost Boys...” “Lost boys?”

5

“Other children who have run away ... and Indians ... and mermaids ... and fairies...” “But there's no such thing as ...”

“Shhhhh!”

“It's not a ...?”

“It is ... my own fairy ... Tinkerbell.”

“This ... Neverland ... must be a wonderful place.”

“It is. There is only one thing we lack...”

6

“What?”

“A mother. That's why I come to your window. To hear your mother tell stories.”

“Why, I know many stories too.”

“Then come away with me. Come to Neverland. You can be our mother.”

“How?”

“Fly!”

7

With that, Peter sprinkled Wendy with fairy dust. Up, up, up she rose.

“I’m flying! Come, boys, let’s go to Neverland!”

“Which way?”

“Second star to the right, and straight on until morning!”

And they all flew off into the night.

8

Neverland was a beautiful island.

The Lost Boys lived in houses under the ground. The entrances were trapdoors cunningly concealed in hollow trees. That was because they were always being chased by ...the pirates ... led by their black hearted leader ...

Captain Hook!

9

Hook was a villain. He lived a life of style on his pirate ship, the Jolly Roger. But he was cold and cruel. On his right arm, instead of a hand, was a shiny hook.

“Pan did it! Cut off my hand. Then fed it to a crocodile! The brute has been looking for me ever since ... to taste the rest of me!”

“The ticking croc, Captain?”

“Aye, Smee. I was lucky. It also swallowed a clock, so I hear it when it comes near...”

“But you’ll surely win one day.”

“Right again, Smee! Pan’s days are numbered. I have a plan...’

10

Sure enough, one day, as Peter was showing Wendy the island, he heard screams.

“It’s Tiger Lily,”

“Tiger Lily?”

“The daughter of the Indian chief. I must save her!”

“Peter, what of the pirates? It might be a trap!”

But Peter did not listen. He rose into the air.

There on a rock in the lagoon was Tiger Lily. She had been captured by the pirates, tied up, and left. The tide was rising. Soon she would drown.

“I’m coming!”

He cut her loose.

11

“Got you, Pan!”

“Tiger Lily - go!”

“Ha ha ... She may escape. But you’re as good as dead, Pan!”

And he drew back his hook to cut off Peter’s head.

“I don’t know who’s in more danger, Captain – me or you.”

“Eh?”

“You came for me ... and now something has come for you!”

TICK TICK TICK TICK

“The crocodile!!!”

Terrified, Hook swam for his life.

12

The Indians, delighted at Peter’s rescue of Tiger Lily, stood guard over Peter, Wendy, and the Lost Boys. All were happy, and time passed.

One night, after Wendy and her brothers had been in Neverland for some time, she was telling one of her stories.

“There was once a gentleman. His name was Mr Darling. He and his wife had three children ... and their names were ...”

“Wendy, John and ... and ... Michael.”

“Oh, Wendy, let’s go home!”

13

“Yes. Mother and Father must be worried sick. Come with us, Peter.”

“You can go, but I’m not coming with you! People grow old, and die. I want to stay young forever.”

“Oh, Peter ... Well, at least, remember to take your medicine.”

At that moment, they were interrupted by the sound of drums.

“It’s the Indians, ‘That’s the all clear signal. It’s safe to go outside.”

14

“Got you!”

“Caught one!”

Hook’s pirates had sneaked up on the Indians, and captured them all. Then they had beaten their drums to lure the children out.

Soon all were bound and gagged.

“I love being so wicked. But where is Pan?”

“Downstairs, Captain. He’s all yours.”

15

Silently, Hook crept down the tree and into the underground house of the Lost Boys.

“Now is my chance – to rid myself of Pan – once and for all! I will make sure this time he can never escape ... ha ha ha ...”

With that, Hook pulled out a small bottle and put a few drops into the goblet at Peter’s hand.

Then silently made his escape.

16

“Peter, Peter.”

“What is it?”

“Hook has captured the Lost Boys, and ... the Wendy.”

Peter awoke with a start.

“I must save her ... but first, I should take my medicine ... as she said!”

“Peter, no ...!”

And with that Tinkerbell grabbed the cup. The poison splashed, and ...

17

“Tink – what’s the matter?”

“I smell Hook.”

“Oh, Peter, I think I’m dying ...”

“You mustn’t die ...”

“Only one thing can save me ...”

“What’s that?”

18

“If all the children who believe in fairies wish it enough ...”

Peter closed his eyes and concentrated as hard as he could. And to all the children sleeping everywhere, he sent this thought:

“Do you believe in fairies ...? Do you believe in fairies ...? Do you believe in fairies?”

And children everywhere rolled over in their sleep, and murmured,

“Yes ... yes ... yes ... we believe in fairies!”

“Oh Peter, thank you!”

19

But on the Jolly Roger...

Wendy was tied to the mast. The boys were all bound, and waiting in a line. And right in front of them, extending out over the side of the ship, was a long plank.

“Now, my beauty. I’m afraid I have bad news. Pan is dead!”

“NO!!”

“Alas, it's true. But now the good news. I'm alive. You can live with me!”

“Never!”

20

“I think I can change your mind. Have you ever seen someone walk the plank?”

“No!”

“Bye bye, boys... Go ahead, Smee!”

“A pleasure, Cap'n!”

“NO!!”

“YES!”

21

“Captain ...”

“Not now, Smee ... this is the hour of my triumph!”

“But Captain ... listen ...”

TICK TICK TICK TICK

“Hide me!”

But it was not the crocodile. It was Peter.

While Hook was hiding, Peter had slipped aboard the Jolly Roger, and hidden in the cabin.

22

“The ticking has stopped, Cap'n.”

Hook leapt up, snarling.

“And now they walk the plank.”

“Aaeegghh!”

“Find out what that was!”

The pirate went into the cabin. He did not come back.

“Go after him, you fool!”

23

Hook tried to look calm, but his eye was wild with fear.

“It’s the girl... She’s bad luck! Throw her overboard!”

“Not so fast, Hook!”

“Who said that?”

“Peter Pan!”

“Ahah. Then prepare to meet your end!”

“Take that, Pan!”

24

But Peter was too quick. He skipped aside. Hook plunged on along the gangplank ...

... and into the open mouth of the crocodile!

“NOOOOoooooo ... !”

That was the end of Captain Hook.

25

As they flew back home, Wendy was worried.

Would their parents remember them? How much time had gone by? What if Mr and Mrs Darling have grown old and died themselves?

They flew to the window of the Darling house. Silently, they crept into the nursery.

They heard the sound of crying. They looked. Mrs Darling was weeping as if her heart might break.

26

“Mummy!”

“Mama!”

“Oh Mother!”

“Children ... you're home again!”

“Of course you are welcome to stay here too.”

“Would you send me to school? And to an office? And would I grow up?”

“Why ... yes ... yes ... yes.”

“Then I cannot. I shall go back and live ... with Tinkerbell ... in Neverland.”

“Of course. You could come and visit Wendy every year ...”

“Oh, yes please, Mother.”

27

And so it was. Peter came every year. He told Wendy and the boys about Neverland. And all his new adventures. Then he flew away again.

But a year came when he did not come. Wendy waited and waited, but Peter never came.

She grew up – as we all do. She married. She had a little girl of her own – Jane. And they all lived still in the big Darling house.

One summer night, Wendy was sitting in the nursery, sewing. Jane was sound asleep in the bed.

28

All at once, Peter Pan came through the window.

“Wendy?”

“Hello, Peter.”

“Wendy, what's the matter with you?”

“Oh Peter, I have grown up. The little girl over there is my daughter.”

29

Peter's crying woke Jane. She sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes, and said,

“Who are you?”

“I'm Peter Pan.”

“What’s the matter, Peter?”

“I need a mother. To come with me to Neverland...”

“Of course. I’ve been waiting for you.”

“You know I will take good care of her, and bring her back to you again safely.”

Wendy was sad, but she also smiled. She waved, as Jane flew off with Peter.

30

That was years ago. Now Jane is grown up. She has a daughter, whose name is Margaret.

And guess what – Peter comes for her every year.

And so it goes, for ever.

Or as long as there are children who believe in fairies – and the existence of a wonderful place called...

Neverland.

THE END

(Adapted from the original novel by Richard McRoberts)