

PETER PAN MONOLOGUES

Peter:

Yes, Wendy, I know fairies! But, they're nearly all dead now. You see, when the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into thousand of pieces and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies. So, there ought to be a fairy for every boy and girl. There isn't of course. You see children know such a lot now that soon they don't believe in fairies. Every time a child says "I don't believe in fairies," somewhere a fairy falls down dead. I can't think she is gone. Tinkerbell, Tink, where are you?

Peter:

Who's there? Is anyone there? What! (To Tink) The Indians were defeated and Wendy and the Boys have been captured by the Pirates? I'll rescue her! I'll rescue her! What? Oh, that's just my medicine. Poisoned? Nonsense! Who could have poisoned it? I promised Wendy to take it and I'm going to, as soon as I've sharpened my dagger. Why, Tink, you've drunk my medicine! What's the matter with you? It was poisoned! You drank it to save my life. Tink. Dear... Tink... your're dying? Your light is growing faint, and if it goes out that means you're dead. Your voice is so low I can scarcely hear what you're saying. You say you think.. you think you could get well again if... if... if what Tink? If children believed in fairies. (To audience) Do you believe? Say quick that you believe. If you believe, clap your hands!

Wendy: Boy, why are you crying? You say that you are not crying? Oh, yes you are. What is my name? Wendy, Moira, Angela, Darling. What's yours? Peter Pan, is that all? Oh, it is. In that case, I'm so sorry. Where do you live? The second star to the right and straight 'till what? What a funny address. I ah mean, is that what they put on your letters? Well if you don't get letters, you mother must get... You don't have a mother? Oh, Peter.

PETER PAN MONOLOGUES

Hook:

How still the night is. Nothing sounds alive. Now is the hour when the children in their homes are a-bed. Their lips bright- browned with the goodnight chocolate, and their tongues drowsily searching for belated crumbs housed insecurely on their shining cheeks. Compare with them the captive children on this boat. Split me infinitives, but 'tis me hour of Triumph! Peter killed at last and all the boys are about to walk the plank. At last, I've reached me peak! All mortals envy me- no little children love me. I'm, told they play at Peter Pan, and that the strongest always chooses to be Peter. They force the baby to be Hook. THE BABY!

Michael:

I won't go to bed, I won't, I won't! Nana, it isn't six o'clock yet. Two minutes more, please, one minute more? Nana, I won't be bathed, I tell you I will not be bathed! I want to play house with Wendy and John. See, they're pretending to be like mother and father. They need someone to play the child. Now John, have me. If you are not going to have me, then am I not to born at all? Please John, nobody wants me!

John: Peter, you can really fly? Could you teach us to fly? Could you teach us to jump on the wind's back and away we'll go!?! Instead of sleeping in our silly beds we might be flying about saying funny things to the stars! How do we do it? Think lovely thoughts? Think lovely thoughts! Fishing... picnics... sailing... PRESENTS!!! And away we goooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!

Lost Boy:

I saw Pirates! I saw Indians! Not only did I see Pirates, and Indians, but I saw a wonderfuller thing. High over the lagoon I saw the loveliest, great, white bird. It is flying this way. It looks weary and as it flies it moans, "Poor Wendy". I think there are birds called Wendies. See, here it comes! Look how white it is. Hey, there's Tinkerbelle. Tink is trying to hurt the Wendy. She says Peter wants us to shoot the Wendy. Let us do what Peter wishes. Out of my way, Tink. I'll shoot it. I've shot the Wendy! Peter will be so pleased!