

(MR. DARLING)

Oh, Mother, look here! Hair all over my trousers!!

(To NANA)

Clumsy! Clumsy!

(NANA goes, a drooping figure)

MRS. DARLING

I'll brush you off, Father dear.

MR. DARLING

Thank you. You know, Mother, sometimes I think it's a mistake to have a dog for a nurse.

MRS. DARLING

Why George, Nana is a treasure.

MR. DARLING

No doubt; but at times I have an uneasy feeling that she looks upon the children as her puppies.

MRS. DARLING

George, we must keep Nana. I will tell you why.

(Her seriousness impresses him)

My dear, when I came into this room tonight I saw a face at the window.

MR. DARLING

(Incredulous)

A face at the window, two floors up?

MRS. DARLING

It was the face of a little boy; he was trying to get in.

MR. DARLING

Impossible.

MRS. DARLING

It's not the first time I've seen that boy.

MR. DARLING

(Beginning to think that this may be a man's job)

O-ho?

MRS. DARLING

(Making sure that MICHAEL does not hear)

The first time was a week ago—I remember, because it was Nana's night off.

#3 - *The Boy at the Window (Optional)***(MRS. DARLING)**

I was sitting there by the fire, and suddenly I felt a draught, as though the window were open. I looked round and I saw that boy—in the room. I screamed. Just then Nana came back and sprang at him at once. The boy leapt for the window. Nana closed it quickly, but it was too late to catch him.

MR. DARLING

(Who knows he would not have been too late)

I thought so!

MRS. DARLING

But wait. The boy escaped, but his shadow hadn't time to get out. I hid it! I rolled it up and here it is!

(SHE produces it from a drawer. THEY unroll and examine the flimsy thing, which is not more material than a puff of smoke, and if let go would probably float into the ceiling without discolouring it. Yet it has human shape. As THEY nod their heads over it they present the most satisfying picture on earth, two happy parents conspiring cosily by the fire for the good of their children)

MR. DARLING

A-ha! Well, I don't think it's anyone we know, though he does look a scoundrel!

MRS. DARLING

You know, I think he comes back trying to get his shadow.

MR. DARLING

(Meaning that the miscreant has now a father to deal with)

I dare say.

(The shadow is rolled up and replaced in the drawer)

MRS. DARLING

But wait—I haven't told you all. The boy was not quite alone. He was accompanied by—I don't know how to describe it—by a ball of light no bigger than my fist, that darted about the room like a living thing!

MR. DARLING

(Though open-minded)

That is very unusual!

MRS. DARLING

(Sliding her hand into his)

George, what can all this mean?

MR. DARLING

(Ever ready)

What indeed!

(This intimate scene is broken by the return of NANA with a large spoon in her mouth)

MRS. DARLING

Oh, what have we there, Nana? Oh—the medicine spoon, of course.

MICHAEL

(Promptly)

Won't take it—oh no—boo-oo-oo!

MR. DARLING

(Recalling his youth)

Now then, Michael, be a man.

MICHAEL

Won't, won't!

MRS. DARLING

I'll give you a lovely stick of candy to take after it.

(SHE leaves the room, though her husband calls after her)

MR. DARLING

Mother, don't pamper him. Michael—Michael, when I was your age, I used to take my medicine without a murmur. Used to say "Thank you, kind parents, for giving me medicine to make me well."

(WENDY hears this and believes)

And as an example to you, Michael, I would take my medicine now—only I've lost the bottle.

WENDY

(Always glad to be of service)

I know where it is, Father. I'll bring it!

(SHE is gone before HE can stop her. HE turns for help to JOHN, who has come from the bathroom drying his hair)

MR. DARLING

Wendy! John! It's that horrid stuff. The sticky sweet kind.

JOHN

(Who is perhaps still playing at parents)

It will soon be over, Father.