

HOOK worms his way upwards, and winding his cloak around him, as if to conceal his person from the night of which he is the blackest part, he stalks moodily toward the lagoon.

A dot of light flashes past him and darts down the nearest tree, looking for PETER, only for PETER, quite indifferent about the others when she finds him safe.)

43 - Tink's Sacrifice

PETER

(Stirring)

Who is that?

(Sits up)

Is anyone there?

(TINK has to tell her tale, in one long ungrammatical sentence)

What? The ^{Runaways} were defeated? And Wendy and the boys have been captured by the pirates? I'll rescue her! I'll rescue her!

(He leaps first at his dagger, and then at his grindstone, to sharpen it. TINK alights near the glass, and rings out a warning cry)

What? Oh, that's just my medicine.

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

Poisoned? Nonsense! Who could have poisoned it? I promised Wendy to take it, and I'm going to, just as soon as I've sharpened my dagger.

(TINK, who sees its red colour and remembers the red in the pirate's eye, nobly swallows the draught as PETER's hand is reaching for it)

Why, Tink, you have drunk my medicine!

(SHE flutters strangely about the room, answering him now in a very thin tinkle)

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

What's the matter with you?

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

It was poisoned and you drank it to save my life! Tink, dear Tink, you're dying?

TINK

(Celeste)

(He has never called her "dear Tink" before, and for a moment she is gay; she alights on his shoulder, gives his chin a loving bite, whispers 'You silly ass' and falls on her tiny bed. The boudoir, which is lit by her, flickers ominously. He is on his knees by the opening.)

PETER

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.

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

You say—

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

You think you could get well if—

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

If ...

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

(He is sobbing now)

If what, Tink?

TINK

(Celeste)

PETER

... if children believed in fairies.

(He rises and throws out his arms he knows not to whom, perhaps to the boys and girls of whom he is not one)

(PETER)

Do you believe? Oh please, please believe! If you believe, wherever you are, clap your hands and she'll hear you!

4 - Tink's Recovery

(Many clap, some don't, a few hiss. Then perhaps there is a rush of NANA's to the nurseries to see what on earth is happening. But TINK is saved)

Clap! Clap! Don't let Tink die! Clap! She's betting better! Her light's getting stronger! Oh, she's all right now! Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!

(TINK thanks the audience by bouncing down to the footlights and flashing dizzily all over the auditorium like a skyrocket burst. PETER follows her downstage. TINK returns to the stage)

Come on, Tink! Let's rescue Wendy!

(PETER ascends his tree as if he were shot up it. What he is feeling is "Hook or me this time!" He is frightfully happy)

CURTAIN