

(NANA pushes MICHAEL out the door UR)

WENDY

Liza, we're pretending we're Mother and Father and we're going to the ball tonight.  
Come play!

LIZA

(Picking up her bucket and going to UL portal)

Always playing games. I have much more important things to do than play at  
make-believe and dancing.

[WENDY sighs and she and JOHN resume the dance]

WENDY & JOHN

(Counting off)

One, two three, one, two, three—

(MRS. DARLING enters UL [Bar 40] and goes to the window)

MRS. DARLING

[Laughing]

Wendy! John!

WENDY

Mother!

JOHN

Oh, Mother! You look lovely!

MRS. DARLING

Why, thank you!

(To WENDY)

What are you doing in my old hat?

WENDY

We're doing an act.

JOHN

We're playing at being you and Father. I'm Father.

(Mimics his father's voice)

"A little less noise there—a little less noise!"

MICHAEL

(Entering UR)

Mother! They never let me play Father. They never let me dance.

## MRS. DARLING

Well, we'll soon fix that.

*(She takes the top hat from JOHN and places it on MICHAEL)*

May I have the honor of this dance, Mr. Darling?

*(MICHAEL throws a triumphant look at JOHN, bows to his mother, and all four dance)*

## ALL

ONE, TWO THREE, ONE TWO THREE,  
ONE, TWO THREE, ONE TWO THREE.  
ONE, TWO THREE, ONE TWO THREE,  
ONE, TWO THREE, ONE!

*[On final chord. ALL bow to each other]*

## MRS. DARLING

You dance beautifully, Mr. Darling.

## MR. DARLING

*(Off)*

Mother! Mother!

*(MR. DARLING arrives, in no mood unfortunately to gloat over this domestic scene. [He is really a good man as bread-winners go, and it is hard luck for him to be propelled into the room now, when if we had brought him in a few minutes earlier or later he might have made a fairer impression. In the city where he sits on a stool all day, as fixed as a postage stamp, he is so like all the others on stools that you recognise him not by his face but by his stool, but at home the way to gratify him is to say that he has a distinct personality.] He is very conscientious, and in the days when MRS. DARLING gave up keeping the house books correctly and drew pictures instead (which he called her guesses), he did all the totting up for her, holding her hand while he calculated whether they could have Wendy or not, and coming down on the right side. It is with regret, therefore, that we introduce him as a tornado, rushing into the nursery in evening dress, but without his coat, and brandishing in his hand a recalcitrant white tie)*

*(Implying that he has searched for her everywhere and that the nursery is a strange place in which to find her)*

Oh, here you are, Mary.

## MRS. DARLING

*(Knowing at once what is the matter)*

What is the matter, George dear?