The Lost Boys

TOOTLES. They are gone.

SLIGHTLY (*almost losing confidence in himself).*  I do wish Peter was here.

FIRST TWIN. H’sh! What is that? (*He is gazing at the lagoon and shrinks back.)*  It is wolves, and they are chasing Nibs!

*(The baying wolves are upon them quicker than any boy can scuttle down his tree.)*

NIBS (*falling among his comrades).* Save me, save me!

OMNES Golly!

TOOTLES. What should we do?

SECOND TWIN. What would Peter do?

SLIGHTLY. Peter would look at them through his legs; let us do what Peter would do.

*The boys advance backwards, looking between their legs at the snarling red-eyed enemy, who trot away foiled).*

FIRST TWIN (*swaggering).* We have saved you, Nibs. Did you see the pirates?

NIBS (*sitting up, and agreeably aware that the centre of interest is now to pass to him).* No, but I saw a wonderfuller thing, Twin. (*All mouths open for the information to be dropped into them.)* High over the lagoon I saw the loveliest great white bird. It is flying this way. (*They search the firmament.)*

TOOTLES. What kind of a bird, do you think?

NIBS (*awed).* I don’t know; but it looked so weary, and as it flies it moans ‘Poor Wendy’.

SLIGHTLY (*instantly).* I remember now there are birds called Wendies.

FIRST TWIN (*who has flown to a high branch).* See, it comes, the Wendy! (*They all see it now.)* How white it is! (*A dot of light is pursuing the bird malignantly.)*

TOOTLES. That is Tinker Bell. Tink is trying to hurt the Wendy. (*He makes a cup of his hands and calls)* Hullo, Tink! (*A response comes down in the fairy language.)* She says Peter wants us to shoot the Wendy.

NIBS. Let us do what Peter wishes.

SLIGHTLY. Ay, shoot it; quick, bows and arrows.

TOOTLES (*first with his bow).*  Out of the way, Tink; I’ll shoot it. (*His bolt goes home, and WENDY, who has been fluttering among the tree-tops in her white nightgown, falls straight to earth. No one could be more proud than TOOTLES.)* I have shot the Wendy; Peter will be so pleased. (*From some tree on which TINK is roosting comes the tinkle we can now translate, ‘You silly ass.’ TOOTLES falters.)* Why do you say that? (*The others feel that he may have blundered, and draw away from TOOTLES.)*

SLIGHTLY (*examining the fallen one more minutely).*  This is no bird, I think it must be a lady.

NIBS (*who would have preferred it to be a bird).*  And Tootles has killed her.

CURLY. Now I see, Peter was bringing her to us. (*They wonder for what object.)*

SECOND TWIN. To take care of us? *(Undoubtedly for some diverting purpose.)*

OMNES (*though every one of them had wanted to have a shot at her).* Oh, Tootles!

TOOTLES (*gulping).* I did it. When ladies used to come to me in dreams I said ‘Pretty mother,’ but when she really came I shot her! (*He perceives the necessity of a solitary life for him.)* Friends, good-bye.

SEVERAL (*not very enthusiastic).* Don’t go.

TOOTLES. I must; I am so afraid of Peter.

*(He has gone but a step toward oblivion when he is stopped by a crowing as of some victorious cock.)*

OMNES. Peter!