

LOST GIRL

a play by Kimberly Belflower

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PRODUCTION HISTORY

LOST GIRL was originally performed as a workshop production through Texas Performing Arts at The University of Texas at Austin in November 2016. It was directed by Cara Phipps; the assistant director was Kevin Poole; the production stage manager was Jessica Forte; the assistant stage manager was Josh Secor; the set design was by Camryn de Wet; the costume design was by Kelsey Vidic; the lighting design was by Yi-tai Chung; the projection design was by Jon Haas; the sound design was by Joseph Cornelison; the movement director was Kelsey Oliver; the dramaturg was Cortney McEniry; the community engagement coordinator was Lauren Smith. The cast was as follows:

WENDY: Adriana Scamardi
CORA/A: Toni Lorene Baker
MOTHER/B: Kat Lozano
CALLIE/C: Jordan Maranto
NINA/D: Annemarie Alaniz
SLIGHTLY/DETECTIVE: Josh Cole
CURLY/THERAPIST: Steven Schwope
NIBS/DOCTOR: Ismael Vallejo
TOODLES/BOY: Teddy Santiesteban
PETER: Luke Stodghill

LOST GIRL was first produced as a World Premiere at Milwaukee Repertory Theater (Mark Clements, Artistic Director; Chad Bauman, Managing Director) through the Professional Training Institute and the John (Jack) D. Lewis New Play Development Program, in July 2018. It was directed by Ryan Quinn; it was produced by Cortney McEniry and Nabra Nelson; the production stage manager was Kyle Winkelman; the assistant stage manager was Kai Liebenstein; the costume design was by Alexander B. Tecoma; the lighting design was by Marisa Abbot; the sound design was by Erin Paige; the properties director was James Guy; the dramaturg was Deanie Vallone; the music director was Patrick Budde; the stage movement director was Desiree Cocroft; the casting director was Frank Honts. The cast was as follows:

WENDY: Reese Parish
CORA/A: Mainyia Xiong
CALLIE/B: Maricella Kessenich
KRISTA/C: Juliana Garcia-Malacara
NINA: Meguire Hennes
MOTHER: Saleaqua Winston
SLIGHTLY: Kenyon Terrell
NIBS/DETECTIVE: Logan Muñoz
CURLY/DOCTOR: Dominic Schiro
TOODLES/THERAPIST: Durrant Goodwin, Jr.
BOY: Bradley Nowacek
PETER: Elliott Brotherhood

CHARACTERS

6W / 6M or 9W / 9M

The following roles should be doubled:

Cora/A, Callie/B, Krista/C, Curly/Doctor, Nibs/Detective, Toodles/Therapist

Wendy, F	18-20, sometimes 13-14ish. A storyteller. She might gravitate toward melancholy, but she's still openhearted and hopeful, with an undercurrent of tough determination.
Peter, M	13ish, then 18-20. Always well-intentioned, and so charismatic you could just die. He's not a villain. He's just a boy.
A, B, C, F	16-22. Chorus. Different versions of Wendy from her past, memories distorted through time, and other girls who went to Neverland. All of the above.
Mother, F	40s. Tired, thoughtful, and patient.
Cora, F	16-22. No-nonsense.
Callie, F	16-22. Romantic, but self-aware.
Krista, F	16-22. Empathetic.
Nina, F	16-22. Curious and kind.
Slightly, M	18-22. Careful, caring, and fiercely loyal.
Toodles, M	16-22. Silly and sincere.
Nibs, M	18-22. Logical. Acerbic.
Curly, M	16-22. Laidback, but observant.
Detective, M	30s/40s. Single-minded, always on the edge of defeat.
Therapist, M	30s/40s. Trying his best.
Doctor, M	30s/40s. Even-tempered.
Boy, M	18-25. Quiet confidence.

SETTING

The set should allow for fast, fluid transitions.

Places include:

Wendy's room – The Nursery. There is a large window that always remains, no matter where else we go.

Offices of the Detective, Doctor, and Therapist.

The Boy's bed.

Yards with laundry lines.

Neutral places like coffee shops and park benches.

Neverland.

A NOTE ON DOUBLING

Wendy's memory and reality are deeply intertwined. While the play can be done with eighteen actors instead of twelve, the noted doubling is preferable for storytelling purposes.

A NOTE ON CASTING

It is absolutely essential for this play to be cast with a diversity of actors. Professional and amateur, non-school productions should cast at least fifty percent actors of color. Amateur school productions should come as close to this percentage as possible.

Gender presentation is noted, but casting non-binary and trans people in these roles is encouraged. Lost Boys, especially, need not be played by cisgender men.

A NOTE ON TIME

J.M. Barrie's Peter Pan was written and set in 1900s England. This play is not. It should feel contemporary, but also a little bit out of time entirely, in the way that living in your head tends to feel. Time doesn't move in a straight line.

PUNCTUATION AND PACING

“/” indicates an overlap in speech. Whenever a “/” appears, the next line of dialogue should immediately begin. A dash (“–”) notes a thought being interrupted, whether by another thought or by another character. Ellipses (“...”) notes a thought trailing off, or a thought that's not yet fully formed.

The play should move quickly and run no longer than an hour and twenty minutes. Transitions between scenes happen within the world of the play and work best when actor-activated.

Use line breaks, capitalization, and punctuation as clues for breath, importance, and pace.

This play is dedicated to the memory of Gail Jones.
Thank you for finding me.

with special thanks to:
SJD, for giving me – and this play – motion.
Liz, for listening and leading (I will follow).
Cortney, for always believing and understanding.
Cara, for Posse (which means a lot of things).
Kevin, for the earth to my water.
Alison and Blake, for growing up with me.
Jeff and Katie and Henry and mom and dad, for everything.

“When I loved him it felt like light
Coming out of my skin. I don’t mean this
In a good way.”

- Meg Freitag, “A Relationship in Chiarascuro”

“ ‘Which did you like best of all?’

‘I think I liked the home under the ground best of all.’

‘Yes, so do I. What was the last thing Peter ever said to you?’

‘The last thing he ever said to me was,
Just always be waiting for me...’ ”

- JM Barrie, Peter Pan

A spare stage.
A large window.

WENDY

The first time I saw him, I saw his shadow first.
I was pretending to be asleep
but I wasn't asleep.
It was around the time I stopped thinking that staying up late was a victory.
It was an awfully long time ago.

Years ago.

A

Did you hear –?

B

Did you know –?

C

About the girl –

BOY

Wendy –

NINA

That girl and her two brothers –

A

Michael –

C

John –

THERAPIST

All three children –

B

Gone.

A

Taken.

DETECTIVE

We don't know if they were taken.

THERAPIST

They're only children, they couldn't have gone far on their own.

BOY

The window was open.

DOCTOR

But the doors were still locked.

B

Can you imagine?

C

I just can't even imagine.

A

Their poor mother.

The Detective and Wendy's Mother.

Eight days after the children disappeared.

The Detective reviews paperwork.

DETECTIVE

They've been gone for –

How long?

One week?

MOTHER

Eight days.

The Detective makes a note.

DETECTIVE

We're optimistic that some of our leads will pay off soon.

Now please, just one more time.

Was there anything different about that night?

The last time you saw them?

MOTHER

It was supposed to be Wendy's last night in the nursery.

They were in their beds.

Side by side by side.
 “The Nursery” is a leftover name from a long time ago.
 They’ve all slept in the same room since they were babies.
 But it was time.
 Wendy was at That Age.

DETECTIVE

What age is that?

MOTHER

When everything changes.
 When everything matters.
 Anything that happens –
 It’s bigger than it would have been before.
 Than it will be after.
 It gets into your bones and it doesn’t leave.
 It starts around the time you stop wearing bows in your hair.

Wendy and Peter in Neverland.
They’re both 13ish.
Every feeling is new.

WENDY

Why is it called Neverland?
 Why not Foreverland?

PETER

We can change the name if you want to.

WENDY

I suppose they’re different versions of the same thing.
 Never.
 Forever.
 They’re both promises.

PETER

Oh, Wendy Darling.

WENDY

Yes, Peter Pan?

PETER

Nothing.
 I like saying your name.

It feels as pretty to say as you are to look at.

WENDY

...I want to give you something.

PETER

What?

WENDY

What would you like?

PETER

Whatever you want to give me.

WENDY

But I want to give you something you like.

PETER

I'll like it.

WENDY

How do you know?

PETER

I know.

WENDY

How about a kiss?

PETER

What's that?

WENDY

Surely you know what a kiss is.

PETER

Oh, that's right.

Didn't you already give me one of those?

WENDY

This is a different kind of kiss.

I've never given one before.

PETER

I'll take good care of it.

WENDY

It's not that kind of gift, silly.

PETER

Oh.

You're going to want it back, aren't you?

People always give things, and then they always want them back.

WENDY

No.

I won't want this back.

I want you to keep it.

Here –

Wendy moves toward Peter.

The moment dissolves.

Peter disappears.

WENDY

I give myself eight minutes a day to think about him.

To remember.

Uninterrupted. Without feeling guilty or mad at myself.

It seems a reasonable amount of time –

Eight is my favorite number.

I've whittled it down over the years.

Maybe one day it'll be five minutes.

Then two.

Then no minutes at all.

A

Did you hear –?

B

Do you know –?

C

That girl.

BOY

What was her name again?

THERAPIST

Those children.

B

The ones who were gone.

DETECTIVE

They're back.

NINA

Where did they go?

DOCTOR

What was the word?

BOY

It sounded made-up.

A, B, C

Neverland.

WENDY

He said come away with me.

He said forever.

I said

That's an awfully long time

and I guess we were just saying pretty words

Even though it felt Big and Real.

We were kids, you know.

Kids say things.

He was a boy.

I was a girl.

Boys make big promises.

Girls know better than to believe them,

but they go along with them anyway.

...

I went along with him anyway.

DETECTIVE

No official statement has been given.

THERAPIST

But the girl –

A

Something's wrong with her, they say.

B

They say she won't speak.

C

They say she can't speak.

A

Her eyes are wild, they say.

NINA

She can't stop crying, they say.

WENDY

The first time I kissed him, it felt more like flying than flying did.

The last time I kissed him was the last time I saw him.

I didn't know it was the last time.

It was just another kiss.

A

She doesn't sleep, they say.

B

She sleeps all day.

A

She wakes at night.

C

Her hair was filthy –

B

Twigs and leaves and mud.

NINA

What a nightmare.

WENDY

He said he'd be back.

He said I should wait.

And I did.

I do.
Because he said I should.

B
She brought all these boys with her –

The Lost Boys gather around Wendy.

C
Strange boys –

B
With strange names –

A
They sounded made-up.

NINA
Just like that place.

C
Toodles?

A
Nibs?

B
Curly?

C
Slightly?

A
What kinds of names are those?

B
None of them wore any shoes –

C
Their hair grown into clumps –

A
They had all been taken, too, she claimed.

B

Children, taken away from their warm beds.

C

Away from their mothers and fathers who loved them.

B

Away through the window, just like that.

A

Where did they come from?

C

How did they get there?

A

Why did she bring them back?

B

What are they going to do now?

NINA

What is *she* going to do now?

WENDY

When he flew away that last time, it started to snow.
It was never winter there – where he lived –
It was part of the magic, somehow.
He told me once, he said,
“It’s only winter when I go away.”
And he was right.

Snow.

Mother comes in.

She watches Wendy for a moment.

MOTHER

Are you all right?

WENDY

Yes, Mother.

MOTHER

I thought I heard crying in the hall.

It must have been the maid.	WENDY
We don't have a maid.	MOTHER
We used to.	WENDY
Your voice sounds discouraged. Are you discouraged?	MOTHER
I'm tired.	WENDY
You slept all day.	MOTHER
No, I didn't. I just stayed in my room.	WENDY
I thought you were sleeping.	MOTHER
I was being sad.	WENDY
It's fine to be sad...	MOTHER
Thank you. That's not what I thought you'd say.	WENDY
But Wendy, dear, you're Always sad. It's not fine to be Always sad.	MOTHER
I'm not always sad.	WENDY

MOTHER

I was understanding at first, but it's gotten out of hand.
It's become a problem, and it's time to do something about it.

WENDY

I am doing all kinds of things about it.
I just haven't found anything that works.

MOTHER

I've decided to turn the nursery into an office.

Beat.

I've wanted one for years.
If you want to stay here, you can move to one of the downstairs rooms.
Some change will do you good.

Pause.

WENDY

No.

MOTHER

It's not a question.

WENDY

It's my *room*.

MOTHER

It has become more than a room.
It's a fixation.
You still keep the window open, after all these years.
You –
Your doctors and I all agree.
It's time.

WENDY

Why have you been talking to my doctors?!
This is crazy!
I *like* the window open, it has nothing to do with –

MOTHER

I am doing the best I know how to help you be happy.

WENDY

Why does everyone have to be happy?
When did that become the goal?
Maybe I don't like being happy.
I don't trust it.
Because as soon as you feel happiness, it's already gone
And who knows if you can ever get it back.
There's this Pressure
To remember every detail –
Everything that led up to that exact happiness –
So I can follow the steps and make it happen all over again.
And then I do that –
I follow the steps.
And it's never quite the same.
Even when it's good
It's not *as* good.
Or if it's *as* good
It's a different *kind* of good.
I always end up disappointed.
And after a while
I guess I got used to that disappointment.
It's nice to be used to something.

So I'm sorry you think being sad is a problem.
But for me, happiness is the problem.
It aches and it breaks and it leaves.
Sadness, though.
Sadness stays.
It's sturdy, and it's strong.
It burrows into your shoulder –
It stays all night.

Beat.

*Then Mother leaves for a moment.
She comes back with an armful of cardboard boxes –
Some assembled, some flat.
She sets them down.
She leaves.*

Beat.

WENDY

I give myself eight minutes a day to think about him.

To remember.

Wendy remembers.

WENDY

They asked me a lot of questions when I got back.

Years ago.

The Detective's office.

Wendy returned from Neverland two days earlier.

DETECTIVE

Were they in danger? These boys?

Is that why you brought them with you?

WENDY

No.

DETECTIVE

Was it him?

Peter?

Wendy says nothing.

DETECTIVE

Where does he live?

WENDY

You won't find him.

DETECTIVE

What if you showed us the way?

WENDY

Can you fly?

DETECTIVE

Can you?

WENDY

I could.

I don't think I can anymore.

DETECTIVE

That sounds dangerous.

WENDY

It is.

Was.

DETECTIVE

What can you tell me about him?

Wendy looks away.

Says nothing.

A

He loves stories.

B

One night I heard him crying when he thought I was asleep.

C

I never asked why.

DETECTIVE

Wendy? Did you hear me?

What can you tell me about him?

WENDY

Nothing.

DETECTIVE

Did he hurt you?

WENDY

What do you mean?

DETECTIVE

Answer the question.

WENDY

There are a lot of ways to be hurt.

I think you're asking about a specific way.

Aren't you?

DETECTIVE

Three young children disappear...
We can't help but make assumptions.

WENDY

Making assumptions is symptomatic of a faulty imagination.

DETECTIVE

Mighty big words.
Your mother said how smart you are.

WENDY

No.
He didn't hurt me like that.
I fell down and scraped my knee and my elbow, though.
When we were running one night.
See?

DETECTIVE

What were you running from?

WENDY

We were running *to*, not from.

DETECTIVE

What were you running to?

C

A fairy dance.

B

A pirate ship.

A

A mermaid lagoon.

B

There wasn't a mermaid lagoon.

C

Was there?

A

Of course there was – how could you forget?

WENDY

Who can remember.
There was always so much.
We were always running.

DETECTIVE

Tell me more.

WENDY

It was magical.
And scary.

DETECTIVE

Scary how?

WENDY

Why don't you ask about how it was magical?
Everyone wants to know about scary, no one wants to know about magical.

DETECTIVE

Okay, then, how was it magical?

WENDY

Literally.
There was magic everywhere.
In the air, in the water, in the trees...
We had to keep a careful eye on the trees –
Their shadows sneak up on you if you aren't careful.
Shadows are different there –
There's an entire colony of them.
Peter's gets away from him all the time and he –

The Detective makes a note.

WENDY

I know you don't believe me.

DETECTIVE

I didn't say that.

Beat.

And how was it scary?

WENDY

Because of the magic.
Because it was everywhere.
Because of him.

C

I had never felt those kinds of feelings.

A

They were so big, it felt dangerous.

B

There are two groups of people in this world –

A

Those who shine with a holy light,

C

And those who notice.

A

He shone.

B

I noticed.

DETECTIVE

Your Mother says that you've been different since you came back
And that John and Michael are the same as before.
Do you think that's true?

WENDY

You ask a lot of questions.

DETECTIVE

That's my job.

WENDY

Pretty easy job.
Can I try?

DETECTIVE

Ask away.

WENDY

How long was I gone?

DETECTIVE

How long do you think you were gone?

WENDY

A year?

Beat.

Longer?

DETECTIVE

Nine days.

Beat.

WENDY

Oh.

A long pause.

Wendy digests this information.

DETECTIVE

Your mother said you haven't stopped crying.
Why?

WENDY

People cry.
Life is hard.
Don't bother looking.
You won't find him.
He does the finding.

A Doctor's office.

The Doctor checks Wendy's glands.

DOCTOR

Open.

Wendy opens her mouth.

The Doctor peers in.

DOCTOR

Say “ahhhhh.”

WENDY

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh.

*The Doctor puts a tongue depressor inside Wendy’s mouth.
Looks.*

B

The first time I saw him
I screamed.

A

He was at my window,

B

And I don’t live on the ground floor.

C

To be perfectly honest, it was all a bit frightening.

The Doctor takes out the tongue depressor.

DOCTOR

Good.
Now close.

Wendy closes her mouth.

DOCTOR

Good.

The Doctor checks Wendy’s eyes with an ophthalmoscope.

A

I don’t believe anything a boy tells me.

C

Or
I believe everything a boy tells me.

B

It's never in between.

*The Doctor presses on her chest, her head.
He prepares a stethoscope.*

DOCTOR

Deep breath
In.

Wendy takes a deep breath in.

C

It was around the time candy started hurting my stomach.

DOCTOR

Out.

Wendy lets a deep breath out.

DOCTOR

Good.

WENDY

My shadow's too heavy.
Can you fix it?

DOCTOR

Shadows don't weigh anything.

WENDY

Mine does.
And it's getting bigger.

A

Shadows stick around.

B

They follow you.

C

All the things you hold onto.

A
All the lives you don't lead

C
But almost led.

B
Some people don't have shadows.

C
Why not?

A
They don't hold onto things.

B
They shed themselves like snakes.

WENDY
I don't Feel normal.

DOCTOR
Feelings are not part of my job.

Wendy and a Therapist.

THERAPIST
So you feel he took something tangible from you?
Something you could touch, something you could lose?

WENDY
I guess.

THERAPIST
How does that make you feel?

WENDY
Empty.

THERAPIST
And how do you think that makes him feel?

WENDY
Full.

Beat.

THERAPIST

I know this has all been quite overwhelming, Wendy.
Doctors and detectives. Newspapers and questions.
I don't want you to think of me as your therapist.
I want you to think of me as your friend.
Someone you can talk to.

Wendy says nothing.

The Therapist waits patiently, then can't take it anymore.

Do you want to tell me anything else about him?

WENDY

No thank you.

THERAPIST

What about your parents?

WENDY

I don't have any.

THERAPIST

Yes, you do. Your mother is waiting in the lobby.

WENDY

What if I told you she wasn't my mother?

THERAPIST

Wendy.

WENDY

You're no fun.

He makes a note.

Beat.

WENDY

Did she tell you my dad left?

THERAPIST

She did.

WENDY

Yeah.

Beat.

THERAPIST

That must be very hard.
Especially on top of everything else.

WENDY

I haven't paid it much attention.
I have a hard time focusing on more than one feeling at the same time.

THERAPIST

I'm sure you've paid it some attention.
What have you noticed? What's different?

WENDY

Well.
John and Michael went with him.
They didn't like everyone talking about them.
Clean break. Fresh start.
They were louder than me,
so it's quieter now.
And he was big, my father.
So the house has kind of – opened up.

THERAPIST

Big how?

WENDY

In every way.
Tall.
Fat.
Big laughter.
Big talker.
Big thinker.
But he could fill you up with his bigness,
or he could use it to make you feel small.
So now there's this big emptiness he left behind
and everything else is a different size.
I guess my mom and I always hid behind him, on different sides?
And we never really had to look at each other until he was gone.

So it's good that all this other stuff is going on.
It's good that she has to bring me here, to talk to you.
Now we have other things to hide behind.

Time passes.

A

Did you hear —?

BOY

Do you remember —?

B

That girl.

DETECTIVE

Wendy Darling.

C

How old is she now?

A

Old enough.

B

She grew up.

C

She's *growing* up.

DOCTOR

They say she hardly leaves the house.

C

Still.

THERAPIST

They say she cries all the time.

B

Still.

DETECTIVE

They say she doesn't sleep.

A

Still.

NINA

They say she doesn't have any friends.

C

Besides those boys.

B

"The Lost Boys."

A

I forgot about the boys.

THERAPIST

She never got over it, they say.

BOY

She doesn't even try, they say.

NINA

How long has it been?

DETECTIVE

Long enough.

B

She's had time.

DOCTOR

She needs to get out more.

THERAPIST

She needs to try harder.

BOY

She needs to not think about him so much.

C

Didn't *she* leave *him*?

B

But he was supposed to come back.

A

He promised.

NINA

And he never came back?

B

He never came back.

BOY

And then –

DOCTOR

Did you hear –?

C

Oh, it's terrible –

THERAPIST

In the middle of everything –

A

Her father left.

NINA

Where did he go?

B

Another town.

C

Away from her.

A

Away from her Mother.

THERAPIST

It was too much.

C

Some men can handle more than others.

A

Her brothers left too.

DETECTIVE

But she stayed.

BOY

She's still in that room.

A

The room where she met him.

C

I feel sorry for her.

B

Don't.

WENDY

The first time I saw him
I was wearing a blue nightgown my mother bought me.
The fabric was still stiff and a little bit scratchy,
but it was so pretty I didn't care.

I give myself eight minutes a day to think about him.
To remember.

Then I catalog my thoughts, when I finish thinking them –
The things I want to forget.
The things I want to remember.
The things I want to have around but not have inside of me.
I don't have a formal system.
I put them in all kinds of things.
Not in files, or boxes –
Nowhere people would suspect.

I put them between the pages of books.
Behind paintings on the wall.
Under loose floorboards.
I sew them into the lining of coats.

THERAPIST

It seems to me, Wendy, that you have endowed your childhood bedroom –

“The Nursery” –
 With an awful lot of importance.
 So much of the identity you’ve created for yourself is based in that room.
 It’s okay to go slow.
 I know change is difficult.
 Honor your own healing process.
 But you have to start somewhere.
 Go for a walk around the block.
 Say hi to someone you’ve never seen before.
 Did you know –?
 On average, you have to meet forty people before you make
 One lasting connection.
 Why don’t you try to make one lasting connection?

WENDY

I have lasting connections.

THERAPIST

A new lasting connection.

WENDY

Forty people seems like a lot.

THERAPIST

You’d be surprised at how quickly they can add up.
 Especially if you leave the house.
 Come on, Wendy.
 Show me how good you can be at following steps.
 Forty people.
 Just try.

Wendy meets forty people.

A

One.

WENDY

Hello, I’m Wendy Darling.

B

Two.

WENDY

Hi, my name is Wendy.

C

Ten.

WENDY

Nice to meet you.

A

Twenty.

WENDY

It's not easy.

You could do it in one day if you really wanted to, but that's not leaving any room for a potential connection.

You can't rush these things.

B

Twenty-seven.

WENDY

It's rare to meet someone with the same level of investment.

Most people don't really like to stop and adjust their plans.

C

Thirty-four.

WENDY

But you never know.

That's what they say.

B

Forty-two.

WENDY

Forty-two?

It didn't work?

A

Sometimes it doesn't.

B

You can't plan things like connection.

C

Why not?

WENDY

But I tried so hard.

A

Sometimes it happens when you least expect it.

B

That's what they say.

C

I hate when they say that.

A

But sometimes –

A Boy appears.

BOY

Hey.

WENDY

Hey.

B

Sometimes it's true.

*The Boy smiles at Wendy.
She smiles back.*

C

How do you know when it's a lasting connection?

A

It depends.

Wendy and The Boy move closer.

C

On what?

B

How long he stays.

Wendy and The Boy hold hands.

A

How much he knows.

B

How much *you* know.

C

How long is long enough?

B

How much is too much?

A

It depends.

C

On what?

*A room with a bed – not Wendy's room.
Wendy is lying down with the Boy.*

WENDY

This is nice.

*The Boy smiles at Wendy.
He gets out of bed, then leans down to kiss her.
She goes in for more, but he pulls away.*

WENDY

Wait.
Come back.

BOY

Later.

WENDY

Where are you going?

BOY

Away.

WENDY

Why are you going?

BOY

Because.

WENDY

That's not a reason.

Hey.

What's wrong?

BOY

Nothing.

WENDY

You're lying. I can tell.

BOY

Wendy.

You don't have to pretend.

WENDY

What do you mean?

BOY

It's – when we kiss.

I can't feel you.

It's like you're not there.

Or like you're kissing someone else, far away.

Not me.

Kissing you is like kissing a memory.

WENDY

That's silly.

BOY

No.

It's not silly.

It's the way I feel.

And I don't want to feel that way anymore.

Can you even remember what I look like, when I'm not here?

WENDY

You're beautiful.

BOY

What color are my eyes?

Silence.

Let me know. If you figure it out.

WENDY

Figure what out?

He is gone.

Are they blue?

Or is that someone else?

C

The first time I saw him, I saw his shadow first.

B

His lips were chapped.

C

His eyes were blue.

A

I gave him a kiss before I knew what it felt like.

C

What it meant.

B

And now I know.

C

But now it feels different.

A

Now it means different things.

C

The first time I saw him, the room was dark –

B

Except for a single pool of light from the moon outside the open window.

A

It looked like he was the only person in the world.

C

He shone.

B

I noticed.

A

I met him when we were both very young.

B

When we were enchanted with the possibilities of our lives.

C

It was around the time I stopped pretending to be scared of boys –

A

And became actually scared of them.

B

We shaped one another –

C

We consumed one another –

A

The way that only very young people can.

C

I told him stories.

B

He loved stories.

WENDY

I wanted him to see –

There is a world inside me, too.
 There is a world that has nothing to do with him.
 But he always liked the stories about him best.

The Nursery.

Wendy and the Lost Boys – Slightly, Toodles, Nibs, and Curly – sit in a comfortable, cuddly pile.

More of the cardboard boxes are assembled.

WENDY

My mom doesn't understand.

NIBS

Neither does mine.

WENDY

You don't have a mom.

NIBS

Exactly.

WENDY

She's turning my room into an office
 And she's pretending like it's
 "For My Own Good."

TOODLES

Maybe it is.

Wendy gives Toodles a Look.

Maybe it isn't.

WENDY

She should be the one packing.
 If that's what she wants.

CURLY

Are you still seeing that guy?

WENDY

No.
 He left.

Everybody leaves.
Do you think it's me?

NIBS

Never.

TOODLES

You're perfect.

WENDY
(*pleased*)

Oh, stop it.

CURLY

You're a delicate little flower. Some boys just can't appreciate that.

WENDY

I don't think I'm delicate.
Am I delicate?

CURLY

Like, mentally delicate.

TOODLES

Emotionally.

WENDY

I did it, though.
I followed the steps.
I tried.
That must count for something.

NIBS

Definitely!

CURLY

You're doing so well.

SLIGHTLY

Aren't you supposed to be out doing something today?
Meeting more people?

WENDY

I couldn't bear the idea of everyone being together without me.

It's so rare these days that we're all in the same place.
I hate it.

CURLY

Me too.

TOODLES

Me three.

NIBS

Me four.

Beat.
They all look at Slightly.

SLIGHTLY

Me five.

TOODLES

Is it part of growing up, do you think?
Seeing your friends less?

WENDY

My mom doesn't have any friends.
I always swore I would never be like her, ever.
Maybe I'll run away.
Stay with one of you and not tell her –
Not until she's really sorry.
Nibs, you have an extra room!

Nibs and Curly exchange a look.

NIBS

I don't think that's a good idea.

WENDY

Oh.

NIBS

I'm sorry, Wendy.
I love you. I do.
I just
Sometimes – I need a break.

Silence.

SLIGHTLY

You can stay with me, if you want.
I don't need a break.

WENDY

It was just a silly idea.

Beat.

Everybody always leaves me
But I can never seem to do the leaving.

Beat.

He said
He can't
Feel me.
He says
It's like I'm kissing someone else.

NIBS

Oh.
Well that kind of makes sense.

WENDY

How does that make sense?

CURLY

You've always been kissing someone else.

*An echo of a memory –
Wendy and Peter, in Neverland, years ago –
inserts itself into the conversation somehow.
Maybe we only hear their voices.
Maybe there's some kind of magic that lets the past and present
physically coexist for a moment.*

WENDY

I want to give you something.

PETER

I'll take good care of it.

WENDY

How about a kiss?

PETER

You're going to want it back, aren't you?

WENDY

No.

I want you to keep it.

The memory dissolves.

NIBS

You and Slightly kissed.
Slightly, did you feel it?

WENDY

That was a New Year's Eve kiss.
It doesn't count.

SLIGHTLY

I counted it.

WENDY

Well, I didn't.

SLIGHTLY

Maybe that's your problem. You don't count things.

WENDY

I don't have a problem.

NIBS

You have a lot of problems.

WENDY

You do!

TOODLES

We all do.

CURLY

I, for one, am very well-adjusted.

WENDY
(a realization)

Peter still has my kiss.
I gave it to him.
That's it!
What if no one else can really have it, while he does?
What if that's why I've had such a hard time?

NIBS

Wendy. No.

TOODLES

Are you sure you're not just feeling extra sad because you have to leave the nursery?

CURLY

People don't usually make great decisions when they're sad.

WENDY

What if I spend the rest of my life without being felt?
I want to be felt.
I want to feel.
I have to find him.

C

I thought I saw him yesterday morning.

A

His lips were chapped.

B

His eyes were blue.

A

His eyes were brown.

C

His eyes were green.

Wendy with the Doctor.
He listens to her heart.

B

His hands were the first hands I ever held in that special way.

C

The way that's not like holding hands with your dad.

A

The way that gives you butterflies.

C

It was around the time I stopped caring if my shoes were comfortable.

B

All those feelings inside.

C

Just from hands.

A

Who knew?

DOCTOR

All vital signs are good.
Heartbeat a bit fast.
Nothing to be concerned about.
Everything's normal.

WENDY

I'm telling you – there's something wrong with me.
Can you check again?

DOCTOR

You do know I'm a pediatrician.
You're not a child anymore.
It's time to find another doctor.

WENDY

Some patients see pediatricians well into their mid-twenties.
A doctor is a big decision.
You can't rush these things.

Beat.

DOCTOR

Say “ah.”

WENDY

Ahhhhhh.

The Doctor checks her tongue with a tongue depressor and continues the examination.

*Wendy with her Therapist.
They hold playing cards.*

THERAPIST

Are you sleeping?

WENDY

Some.

THERAPIST

At night?

WENDY

No.

THERAPIST

How’s your throat?

WENDY

Sore.

THERAPIST

Have you been closing the window when it’s cold?

Wendy says nothing.

Well then.

WENDY

I didn’t think it was your job to judge me.

THERAPIST

Why don’t we just go back to our game.
Do you have any Twos?

WENDY

No.

Beat.

THERAPIST

Wendy.

What are we supposed to say?

Silence.

Instead of “No”

In this game.

...

We’re supposed to say “Go Fish.”

Do you remember?

Beat.

It’s good practice

To follow rules.

WENDY

Do you have any Princesses?

THERAPIST

There is no such thing as Princesses in cards.

I know sometimes rules feel silly –

WENDY

What feels Silly is playing Go Fish past the age of twelve.

THERAPIST

Structure is a useful tool –

WENDY

It doesn’t work!

Your Structure.

Your Tools.

I met forty people and I tried and you’re wrong and I’m going to find Peter.

I decided.

I have to.

THERAPIST

I understand why you think that might help.
But it's important you don't regress.
Implementing structure takes time.

WENDY

I tried time.
That didn't work either.

THERAPIST

It might feel worse before it feels better, but it will feel better.
It might take longer than we think it should.
That's okay.
But structure does help. Time does help.
They give us containers for our feelings.

WENDY

You're lucky.
To have feelings that fit inside containers.
That sounds nice.

A

I had never felt those kinds of feelings.

B

We shaped one another.

C

We consumed one another.

B

I had never felt those kinds of feelings.

A

They were so big, it felt dangerous.

Wendy and the Lost Boys.
All of them thinking really hard.
After a moment –

CURLY

(an unbelievably great idea)

Maybe we –!

He decides his idea is actually terrible.

Never mind.

They go back to thinking.

WENDY

I could put up fliers!

TOODLES

What would they say?

WENDY

“Urgent –
Wendy Darling seeks Peter Pan.”

NIBS

Hmmmm.
No.
People will think that’s a metaphor.

CURLY

You’re kind of a type.

TOODLES

“Have you seen this boy?”

NIBS

Maybe...

WENDY

“I need you.”

TOODLES

I’d stop and look at that.

CURLY

It’s nice to be needed.

NIBS

Sometimes it makes me tired.

SLIGHTLY

I don’t know how effective fliers will be.

CURLY

You never know who could see them.

TOODLES

I have a question.

WENDY

What?

TOODLES

I don't understand how Peter kept your kiss.

SLIGHTLY

That's not a question.

TOODLES

Sorry.

WENDY

Don't apologize when you have nothing to apologize for.

TOODLES

How did Peter keep your kiss?

There.

Now it's a question.

CURLY

Like, a kiss is a physical thing, right?

But it's also an idea?

It's like the wind.

You can see the wind, you can feel it, you can hear it, but you can't keep it.

TOODLES

Yeah!

You can't *not* feel the wind, when it blows.

WENDY

Kisses are different than weather.

NIBS

Look.

Nibs kisses Curly.

Then he kisses Toodles.

NIBS

Did both of you feel me?

CURLY

Yep.

TOODLES

Uh-huh.

NIBS

See?

WENDY

You still don't understand.

You kissed them, but you didn't Give them your Kiss.

Everybody has one.

One kiss that's theirs alone.

It's usually at the corner of the mouth, but I've seen them other places, too.

The Boys look at her blankly.

Have you never seen one?

You guys.

God.

You never notice anything.

NIBS

Didn't he give you a kiss, too?

WENDY

He *kissed* me, he didn't give me The Kiss.

We called a lot of things kisses in the beginning.

Acorns, thimbles.

A strawberry, once.

CURLY

Okay so to be clear –

You're trying to get your actual kiss.

Not something else *called* a kiss.

WENDY

Correct. Mostly.

TOODLES

I am very confused.

WENDY

I can't let your confusion get in the way of my quest.

SLIGHTLY

Oh, now it's a quest.

WENDY

Life is a quest.

TOODLES

That's a pretty thought.
And a scary one.

SLIGHTLY

It seems like maybe you should do some more experiments
before you settle on this.
Like, kiss one of us, and we'll see if we can feel it.

WENDY

No.
Then it's a different kind of kiss altogether.
I'm not interested in scientific kissing.

NIBS

Good try, though.

SLIGHTLY

Shut up.

TOODLES

I don't think fliers would hurt.

WENDY

That's the spirit!

CURLY

He might not have it anymore.
It was a really long time ago.

SLIGHTLY

A kiss isn't something you keep.

WENDY

None of you understand.

CURLY

We knew him, too.

WENDY

...
I know.

NIBS

Sometimes it seems like you forget.

TOODLES

I miss him.

CURLY

He was our family.
It was our home.

SLIGHTLY

We left him behind. Everyone he knew.

TOODLES

I bet he was so sad.

NIBS

Maybe he cried.

TOODLES

I liked it when he cried.

NIBS

Me too.

TOODLES

It was pretty.

SLIGHTLY

We want to help, Wendy, we always want to help you.
But I

Don't know if finding Peter is the best way to do that.

WENDY

It's the *only* way to help me.
If you really want to, you will.

TOODLES

I'm kind of scared.

WENDY

Oh, don't be scared!
It'll be fun!
An adventure.

NIBS

We don't really like those anymore.

WENDY

Of course we do!

CURLY

I like sleeping in.

WENDY

We can retrace our steps.
Look for fairies?
I don't know.

TOODLES

We could talk to the other girls!

Beat.

He was not supposed to say this.

WENDY

What other girls?

A terrible silence.

TOODLES

Oh.
I thought you knew.
I thought she knew!

Wendy replays years of her life through a different lens.

A

Do you remember –?

B

Those girls.

C

The others.

NINA

Why was Wendy the famous one?

A

Instead of them?

C

Because of those Boys.

B

Remember?

DOCTOR

Three children disappear.

DETECTIVE

Seven come back.

THERAPIST

Because of her family.

BOY

Because she never got past it.

C

But wait –

A

Did you hear about the fliers?

B

Wendy Darling.

C

That Wendy Darling.

NINA

She hung up fliers.

DETECTIVE

She's looking for him.

B

For Peter.

WENDY

I give myself eight minutes a day to think about him.
But thinking isn't doing,
And doing takes more time.

A

What will They say?

DOCTOR

The others.

B

When she finds them.

BOY

If she finds them.

NINA

What will he say?

THERAPIST

When she finds him.

C

If she finds him.

Wendy and Slightly in the Nursery.

SLIGHTLY

You're wasting your time, looking for these girls.
You're just treading water.
Because you're scared.

WENDY

I'm not scared.

SLIGHTLY

If you really want to find him, you have to go there.

WENDY

I can't fly anymore.
Not many happy thoughts.
And we're all out of pixie dust.
No fairies in sight.

SLIGHTLY

I thought of something –

Slightly produces a jar of fireflies.

WENDY

Are those
Fireflies?!

SLIGHTLY

They're not fairies, but they might work.
I still don't think finding him is a good idea
But if that's what you want to do...

He takes one out, squashing it to get its luminescence.

WENDY

Don't kill it!

SLIGHTLY

Bugs have very short lives, and at least this way they have purpose.

WENDY

They had a purpose before.
Just because you don't know what it was doesn't mean it didn't exist.
Maybe this isn't a good idea.
I need more time to prepare.
To think of what I'm going to say.

SLIGHTLY

I think you've done plenty of preparation.

WENDY

Remembering is different than preparing.

SLIGHTLY

To fly, you have to forget.

WENDY

Anyway, it probably won't work.
Do you think it's going to work?

*Slightly interrupts Wendy by taking her face in his hands.
He wipes some of the light onto her face, gently.
He lets his hand hover for a moment longer than he should.*

SLIGHTLY

Do you feel any floatier?

WENDY

Not really.
Not yet.

Beat.

SLIGHTLY

Wendy.
I have something I want to tell you.
Before you fly away.

Wendy starts to open the jar for more fireflies.

WENDY

Maybe we need more.

SLIGHTLY

Hey.
I think about you.
All the time.

WENDY

Because we're together like, all the time.

SLIGHTLY

That's not why.

I don't think about you the way I think about anyone else.
 You are so wonderful, sometimes I feel like I could drown.
 Do you know what I mean?

Beat.

*Wendy grabs the jar of fireflies and studies it so that she has
 somewhere else to look and something to do with her hands.*

WENDY

When I find him –
 What do you think I should say?

Beat.

SLIGHTLY

Did you hear me?

WENDY

...I
 did hear you.
 Thank you.
 But this is hardly the time or the place to talk about anything like that.
 Besides, I'm not even that wonderful.
 It's just an idea you've got in your head for some reason.

SLIGHTLY

For a lot of reasons.
 And it's not just an idea.
 You
 Shine.
 I –
 Have you ever
 Thought about it?
 Thought about me?

Beat.

WENDY

You know too much.
 There's nowhere to hide.

SLIGHTLY

I think that's a good thing.

He steps closer to her.

WENDY

Do you think he would grow up if I asked him to?

SLIGHTLY

...

Wendy, I don't know.

WENDY

You knew him better than anyone.

You two were always together.

SLIGHTLY

Didn't you ask him already?

WENDY

People change.

SLIGHTLY

No.

I don't think he would.

I don't think he would do anything for anyone other than himself.

Beat.

Wendy hands Slightly the jar of fireflies.

She does not look at him.

WENDY

Flying isn't real anymore.

This was a stupid idea.

An office.

The Detective works at his desk.

WENDY

Hello.

Beat.

Do you remember me?

DETECTIVE

How could I forget the famous Wendy Darling?

WENDY

I'm not famous anymore.

DETECTIVE

Oh, I'd say you are. In some circles, at least.

WENDY

Which circles?

DETECTIVE

Detective circles.
Academic circles.
Those kinds of circles.

WENDY

Those are very different circles.

DETECTIVE

I'd say they're very similar circles.
The nature of the two fields.
They're circular.
Circular circles.
The past affects them both a great deal.
History.

B

He already knew how to say things I would hear again, later.

C

Other boys had to practice making promises.

A

They came so easily to him.

WENDY

I need your help.
I need to find him.

DETECTIVE

Great.

Beat.

WENDY

What's the first step?

DETECTIVE

You think I can just snap my fingers and find him?

Years and years

I kept track.

Took note of the signs

Identified the patterns

Adapted to the changes.

Traveled the distance.

Waited.

Start again.

Repeat.

It didn't work.

Case is closed.

WENDY

Re-open it.

I found out about the others.

DETECTIVE

There haven't been any missings that follow his pattern in quite some time.

The last one took place within a year after you returned.

WENDY

What was his pattern?

A

He's just a boy.

B

That's what I would say to myself,

C

If I were someone other than myself.

DETECTIVE

It doesn't matter anymore.

WENDY

Of course it matters.

Everything matters.

C

Everything sounded so new then.

DETECTIVE

You sabotaged things.

You gave your Doctor and your Therapist false information.

You slept with the window open – even though it gave you a cold –

Just In Case he came back.

Your mother put a lock on it – you broke the lock.

No one knew how.

WENDY

I was a child.

I didn't know any better.

B

He said he'd be back.

A

He said I should wait.

WENDY

Please.

Please, I –

Help me.

Pause.

The Detective softens.

DETECTIVE

If I were you

I'd start with the letters.

Letters everywhere.

Maybe they fall from the sky.

Or maybe they were there all along, and A, B, and C pull them out from pockets, books, under floorboards, behind paintings.

All kinds of places we don't expect.

DOCTOR

People mail all kinds of letters to all kinds of places.

BOY

To all kinds of people.

DETECTIVE

A name with no address.

THERAPIST

Addresses that don't exist.

DOCTOR

Santa Claus – The North Pole.

THERAPIST

Peter Pan – Neverland.

BOY

Second star to the right.

DETECTIVE

Straight on 'til morning.

A

He said once that he didn't get any letters.

B

So I thought it might be nice for him to get one now.

A

Did he get it?

C

Did he read it?

B

Did he think less of me for sending it?

C

Maybe he didn't get it.

B

I'll send another one.

A

Put more stamps on it this time.

C

Print the return address very clearly.

B

So he doesn't get lost when he comes back.

A

So he can find me.

C

So he can find me.

B

So he can find me.

Wendy gathers an armful of letters.

A, B, and C become Callie, Cora, and Krista.

Wendy makes her way to the girls.

They are all onstage at the same time, but their conversations happen in different times and places.

Callie folds clothes, or hangs them on a laundry line.

Cora might read the newspaper or drink a cup of coffee.

Krista might be at work, or sit on a park bench and read a book.

CORA

Why are you making such a big deal out of it?

Didn't you have fun?

Wasn't it magical?

WENDY

But what if I never get to experience magic again?

What if that's all there is?

CORA

Most people never experience magic at all.

Most people never fly.

We're the lucky ones.

Get over it.

KRISTA

So what –

Are you trying to start some kind of support group?

WENDY

Oh god no.
Nothing like that.

KRISTA

I mean
I only asked because
That could actually be really nice.

CALLIE

Oh.
You're Wendy Darling, aren't you?

*All the girls stare at Wendy.
Beat.*

KRISTA

Your hair's different.
Did you cut it?

CALLIE

I remember that picture they used when you were gone.

WENDY

That was a long time ago.

CALLIE

But your eyes are the same.

WENDY

Eyes are always the same.
Size, at least.
From when you're born until you die.

CALLIE

That's a myth, actually.
They grow until you're about thirteen.
They stop and everything else starts.

CORA

I just think it's really childish, that you blame him.

WENDY

I'm not childish.
I'm grown up now.

CORA

But you don't want to be.
You're all slouchy and scared about it.
Sit up [*or "stand up," dependent on staging*] straight and be a woman.

CALLIE

I thought I saw him last week in the library.
I wanted to call his name, but I'm very sensitive to library-rules.

WENDY

Did he ever come back for you?

CALLIE

Once.

KRISTA

Twice.

CORA

Nope.

CALLIE

You?

WENDY

...
He said he would.

KRISTA

He said a lot of things.

WENDY

Did you leave anything there?

CORA

What –
Did you *pack*?
To go on a spontaneous adventure?

	KRISTA
I left a sweater, I think?	
	WENDY
Do you miss it?	
	KRISTA
It's just a sweater.	
	WENDY
Sweaters are important.	
	KRISTA
I have other sweaters.	
I bought new ones I like even better.	
	WENDY
I left a kiss.	
	KRISTA
Oh.	
	CORA
Oh.	
	CALLIE
Oh.	
	WENDY
Well, I didn't <i>leave</i> it, I gave it to him.	
	CALLIE
I still leave clothes on the line for him.	
Just in case.	
A coat, if it's cold.	
	WENDY
I do the same thing.	
Some shirts, some pants – there were always holes in his, and he doesn't know how to fix them.	
	KRISTA
I think he's probably fine.	
He can buy his own pants now.	

WENDY

Oh sure.
At all the Neverland department stores.
With all the pirate gold.

KRISTA

...you don't know?

WENDY

Know what?

CORA

You didn't know.

CALLIE

I'm so sorry.

KRISTA

He's not there anymore.
He grew up.

WENDY

Oh.

Time stops.
Time speeds up.
Time fragments into a million pieces.

WENDY

How do you know that?

CORA

Everyone knows.

CALLIE

This girl told me.

WENDY

When?
Why?

CALLIE

Apparently it happened pretty soon after you came back.

Like a year or so.

KRISTA

I saw him.

CORA

He had some girlfriend, I think?
Pretty close to here?

WENDY

What?
Who?

CORA

Does it really matter?

WENDY

Why did you write him a letter?
If you knew he wasn't there to get it?

KRISTA

I guess it wasn't really a letter to him.
It was a letter to who he used to be, from who I used to be.

CALLIE

You're going to be fine.
I wasn't for a long time, but now I am.

Beat.

Wendy studies Callie.

WENDY

Why do you still leave clothes for him, if you're fine?

Nina rushes in, clutching a flier.

The other girls disperse.

NINA

Excuse me!
Hi!
Wendy!
Wendy Darling!
Oh my goodness I can't believe it's really you.
I have read everything about you since forever.

WENDY

This is not really a good time.

NINA

No, wait –
I saw your flier –
I have information you want.
I promise.
I just
Can I ask you some questions first?

WENDY

...two minutes.

NINA

Great.
I love a ticking clock.
I'm Nina.
Hi.
Okay.
So I'm doing this paper on you.
Not on you, like, specifically you –
People like you.

WENDY

What kind of people?

NINA

You know.
Like.
Kidnapped people.

WENDY

Oh.
Well, that's not what I am.

NINA

That's actually a really common attitude.
Like.
People always think they're the exception, they never think they're the norm.
Isn't that interesting?

WENDY

But there *is* always an exception.
Right?

NINA

Sometimes things are exactly how they seem.
I like that.
I like it when things just
Are.
Anyway.
No one's talked to you in any official capacity
besides the police, right?
No interviews. No press conference.

WENDY

Just my friends – you probably know them as the “Lost Boys.”

NINA

I guess they're not lost anymore.
...sorry. Bad joke.
Anyway.
I interviewed some of them, too.

WENDY

Oh.
I didn't know that. They didn't tell me.

NINA

They're super fascinating
and I know that's like a big reason why you're so famous, bringing them back
the way you did, but my paper is really supposed to focus on female victims.

WENDY

I'm not a victim.

NINA

Of course. I didn't mean to –

WENDY

Just ask the questions or whatever.

NINA

Sure. Yes.
Were you scared?

WENDY

No.
...
Yes.

Beat.

NINA

We're almost the exact same age, did you know that?
Of course you didn't know that, you just met me.
Two days apart.
I'm younger.
So when it happened –
I remember seeing your picture
And thinking
"That girl looks like she'd be my friend."
Your face was everywhere, you and your brothers.
And my mom really hammered that point home, you know?
As a cautionary tale.
"You think you're so grown-up and can take care of yourself?
This girl is only two days older than you, and look what happened to her –
Snatched right up."

Beat.

Can you tell me about the first time you saw him?

*Wendy and the Boys, minus Slightly.
The Boys pack Nursery items into the cardboard boxes.
Wendy writes in a notebook.*

NIBS

You're right – I *did* want to spend my afternoon packing things that aren't mine – how did you know?

WENDY

I'll help in a minute, I'm just –
I have to keep track of the different stories I got from the different girls.

TOODLES

How is that
Going?

WENDY

Progress is being made.
No thanks to any of you.

CURLY

Are you
Okay?

WENDY

Yes.
Yes!
Just because I don't tell you guys everything doesn't mean I'm not okay!
You don't tell me everything!
You don't tell me about the other girls –
You don't tell me you've been giving interviews –
You don't tell me he grew up –
Apparently you don't tell me much of anything!
But that doesn't mean *you're* not okay!
So stop asking me if *I'm* okay just because I'm not telling you everything!

Pause.

NIBS

First of all, Slightly didn't know.
So don't be mad at him.

CURLY

He's very noble.

WENDY

Not the point.

TOODLES

Hey, Wendy?
Can I ask you something?
...actually, I don't know if it's a question.

WENDY

Go ahead.

TOODLES

Remember when we were in Neverland?

WENDY
(duh)

...I do.

TOODLES

And do you remember when you asked us to come back here with you and grow up?

WENDY

Those are both questions so far.

TOODLES

Yeah!

...
I don't know what to say now.

CURLY

Just keep going, you're doing great.

TOODLES

Well like, when you asked us?
You seemed so confident?
You made growing up seem like a really great thing?
And I mean, it is.
Most of the time.
I like driving cars and buying things and eating ice cream whenever I want.
Even when it's not great, I'm still glad we came back with you.
But
You just seem really mad and sad most of the time.
You never tell us stories anymore.
You don't seem like you want to be here or grow up or anything, really.

Beat.

WENDY

Sorry.

TOODLES

That's okay.

WENDY

Everything was different in my head than it was actually doing it.

NIBS

Yeah, but you've had a long time to adjust.
And out of everybody, you already had the most experience growing up.
So why are we still so much better at it?

WENDY

I don't think you can be "better" at something like growing up.
There aren't any grades.

NIBS

I mean, there kind of are.
I exercise.
I eat well.
I have hobbies.
I have friends who aren't you guys.
You don't do or have any of that.

WENDY

That's a really mean thing to say.

NIBS

It's just the truth.

WENDY

The truth can be mean.

NIBS

No, I don't think so.
The truth is the truth.
The truth is facts.
Facts don't have emotions.

CURLY

We just don't like seeing you sad
All the time.

WENDY

If I stop being sad, I stop remembering him.
It hurts to remember, but it hurts more to forget.

TOODLES

But if you forget, how do you know if it hurts?
You don't.
Because you forgot.

WENDY

Memories are all we have to fill us up inside.
When we forget, we empty out.
And now that he's grown up –
I thought it was a bad thing at first.
I thought all I wanted was my kiss back,
But I want more than that.
When I find him, we can finally be together.

Beat.

CURLY

Wendy, this is exhausting.

WENDY

What is?

NIBS

You.

Beat.

WENDY

Is this about Slightly?
Are you mad at me because I don't want to be with him instead?

CURLY

Nobody's mad.

NIBS

I'm a little mad.

CURLY

That isn't useful right now, Nibs.

NIBS

No one is better than Slightly.

CURLY

I know that.

TOODLES

We just think

Maybe
It would help you grow up if you weren't around us so much.

WENDY

No.
No!
You're wrong!
I need you.

TOODLES

We also think
Maybe
It would help *us* if you weren't around us so much.

CURLY

You need to need us a little less.

WENDY

Oh.

Beat.

CURLY

We want to help you.
But only if you really want to be helped.

NIBS

Unless
You're ready to be done with everything.
No more Peter.

Pause.

WENDY

I can't.

TOODLES

Oh, Wendy.

NIBS

I told you.

*They leave.
Wendy does not move.*

Did you hear – ?

B

They left.

A

Those boys.

B

Just like her father.

C

Just like her brothers.

B

Just like Peter.

C

But she left Peter, remember?

A

To come back here.

B

He was supposed to come back.

C

He didn't.

B

Will They come back?

A

Those Boys?

C

Everyone leaves her.

B

Why?

C

A
There's no real reason.

B
There are a lot of reasons.

C
Maybe it's her fault.

B
Poor thing.

A
I feel sorry for her.

C
Don't.

Wendy's Mother sits by Wendy's bed in the Nursery.

WENDY
It looks different in here. Did you paint the walls?

MOTHER
No, dear.

WENDY
Oh.
They look –
Painted.

MOTHER
It's wallpaper, dear.

WENDY
Maybe that's it.

MOTHER
The same wallpaper since before you were born, dear.

WENDY
You keep saying that word, and it's starting to sound like nothing.

Beat.

I made your bed earlier.

MOTHER

You didn't have to do that.

WENDY

Extra tight, the way you like it.
Wrapped up like a mummy.

MOTHER

I don't like that anymore.

WENDY

Since when?

MOTHER

Since it started feeling like a trap.

WENDY

Well then, I'll loosen it.

MOTHER

Pause.
Mother begins to pack.

You don't need to do that.

WENDY

Mother continues to pack.

I was thinking we could go away this weekend.
Just the two of us.

MOTHER

Why?

WENDY

For my birthday.

MOTHER

Beat.

WENDY

Oh.

MOTHER

You forgot.

Pause.

How are your friends doing?

WENDY

My friends?

You mean the boys you practically raised?

Those friends?

MOTHER

They're always welcome.

I love to see them.

But

I do wish you would let me know when they sleep over.

WENDY

They're family.

MOTHER

Actually, they're not family.

They're dear friends, and I care about them very much.

But they're not family.

WENDY

They're my family.

MOTHER

I'm your family.

But I'm sure you would have never forgotten Toodles's birthday.

Or Nibs, or Curly, or any of them.

WENDY

Slightly.

MOTHER

What?

WENDY

You're missing Slightly.

MOTHER

The point is, Wendy, that you need some emotional boundaries.
You give things too much importance.

WENDY

Somebody's back in therapy.
"Emotional boundaries."
God.

Silence.

What.

MOTHER

I didn't say anything.

WENDY

But you want to.

MOTHER

I saw your fliers.
Why on earth are you looking for him?

WENDY

I need closure.

MOTHER

Sometimes we have to move on without closure.
Things aren't always tied up neatly in this life.

WENDY

Did you know there were other girls?

Beat.

MOTHER

I did.

WENDY

Everyone knew but me.
I feel so stupid.

MOTHER

I thought it would hurt you.
I know you – clung to the idea of being the only one.
Being special.

WENDY

I did.

Beat.

He has something of mine.

MOTHER

What does he have?

WENDY

My kiss.

MOTHER

Your kiss.

WENDY

Why didn't you ever give yours away?

MOTHER

What do you mean?

WENDY

Your kiss.
It's right there.
Everyone can see.
Some people might pretend they can't out of politeness, but they can.
I'm old enough now, you can tell me.

MOTHER

It wasn't that I didn't want to give it away.
I tried.
It just has a mind of its own.

WENDY

I don't believe that.
Or else it would have gone away when you were young and foolish and didn't
know better.

MOTHER

Every kiss is different, I suppose.

WENDY

Not even to dad, though?

MOTHER

I tried. I really did.

I wish –

Sometimes I wish I was more like you.

Wendy and Nina in the Nursery.

NINA

I know I owe you some information.

I just thought it would really add an extra something to my paper
if I got a sense of the environment.

Where it happened.

And since you said you have to move out soon...

WENDY

I mean

The room will still be here.

It just won't look like this.

And I'll still be here.

Just downstairs.

For now.

NINA

It must be a really emotional time.

WENDY

I haven't really noticed.

I've been busy.

But it's nice that you're here.

The only girl I see regularly is my mother.

NINA

Why is that?

WENDY

I think I'm scared of them.

Girls.

NINA

You're a girl.
Are you scared of yourself?

WENDY

Do you have other questions, or something?

Beat.

NINA

You were there for nine days?
In "Neverland"?

WENDY

Time works differently there –
The seasons –
It's always winter when he's gone.
Even if he just flies away for a night.
So it was longer there.
Years.

NINA

Or so it felt.

WENDY

Or so it felt.

Beat.

NINA

And you haven't seen him since?

WENDY

No.

NINA

Not even recently?

WENDY

That's the whole point.
That's why I've been talking to you.
You told me you could help.

NINA

The last time you saw him, did he say/ anything about –?

WENDY

He said he would come back.

He said I should wait.

NINA

You never saw him in passing, on the street?

WENDY

I've had a lot of false alarms.

I thought I saw him once on the train.

But he doesn't take trains.

He flies.

NINA

Not if he grew up.

WENDY

I guess you're right.

It's hard to imagine him on a train.

He's so impatient.

Trains are so slow.

NINA

I don't know why he never came back for you.

He talked about you all the time.

WENDY

Wait.

What?

NINA

You weren't first.

You weren't last.

Either of those would be easier to understand.

WENDY

I don't –

Did you

Go there too?

NINA

No.
He asked me to, but I wasn't up for it.
I'm very delicate.
I don't like adventure.
But I liked him.
So I convinced him to stay.

WENDY

How did you do that?

NINA

I asked him.

WENDY

So did I.

NINA

I had never felt those kinds of feelings.
They were so big, it felt dangerous.
I thought we didn't have secrets.
I knew all about Neverland, and I knew all about you.
I knew about the others.
But one day he just –
Left.
I couldn't find him, I couldn't reach him, I –
When I saw your flier...
When I realized who you were...
I thought he had gone to find you.
You were there.
You know what it was like.
What he was like.

Beat.

WENDY

It was just a place where a bunch of kids played pretend.

NINA

It had to be more than that.

Beat.

WENDY

What's he like now?

NINA

He's not going to be what you think.

WENDY

What if he is?

NINA

Nothing stays the same forever.

B

Running was my favorite.

A

Living in a city, you don't get to run that way.

C

We tore through the forest like we were being chased.

A

But sometimes we *were* being chased.

B

And sometimes we got caught.

C

It was so scary.

B

I got a splinter in my foot one time.

A

It hurt so bad.

WENDY

But I pretended like it didn't.

C

My favorite was pretending.

WENDY

But you can only pretend so long.

A

There weren't any grown-ups.

B

Nobody knew how to get the splinter out.

C

It hurt to walk.

B

It hurt to run.

A

I missed home.

WENDY

I missed my room.

B

I started to forget the way my mother smelled.

C

And I was afraid of what else I was capable of forgetting.

WENDY

I liked flying the best, but not for the reasons you'd think.

I didn't like going up.

I liked coming down.

The certainty of the ground.

Wendy and Slightly.

The Nursery is becoming more and more empty.

Slightly packs.

WENDY

You don't have to help me pack.

I can do it by myself.

SLIGHTLY

I know you can.

More packing.

More silence.

SLIGHTLY

It looks so sad in here.

WENDY

Rooms can't be sad.

SLIGHTLY

Of course they can.

Beat.

I can't believe it's your last night in the Nursery.
I remember my *first* night in the Nursery –
When we came back with you?
I thought this room was the happiest place I'd ever been.

WENDY

That's so silly.
Think about where you came here from.
All the magic.

SLIGHTLY

I do.
This is better.

Beat.

WENDY

Have you talked to them lately?

SLIGHTLY

I have.
They're good.
They miss you.

WENDY

You could just go with them.

SLIGHTLY

I know.

WENDY

I was horrible to you.

SLIGHTLY

That's all right.

WENDY

No.
It's really not.

Beat.

SLIGHTLY

I promised.
After your dad –
Do you remember?
I said I'd never leave you.

*A moment.
Wendy nods.
They keep packing.
Quiet.
Slightly picks up some clothes.
Stops.*

SLIGHTLY

Whose are these?

WENDY

Mine.

SLIGHTLY

No
They're not.

WENDY

You don't know all my clothes.

SLIGHTLY

Wendy.
Are these
For him?

WENDY

...just in case he needs them.

SLIGHTLY

He doesn't, though.
He doesn't need you to leave him clothes.
He doesn't need you.
Period.

WENDY

Look.
I know you like me
Or whatever.
But just because you're jealous doesn't mean you can try and stop me from
doing what I need to do.

SLIGHTLY

I am not trying to stop you.
I am trying to help you.

WENDY

It doesn't feel like help.
And even if it was, which it's not, no one is asking you to help.
I can do stuff by myself.

SLIGHTLY

I know you can.

WENDY

Good.

SLIGHTLY

But I know you're scared.

WENDY

I'm not scared.
Why would I be scared?

SLIGHTLY

I think we're all scared!
All the time!
Every Time I look at you, I'm terrified!
You make me so mad, and so sad, and so confused –
But I wish I could drink the air you breathe.
Those are big, scary feelings to feel
But I Feel them.

WENDY

I just –
 I want to feel those things too, but I can't, I –
 That is what I'm trying –
 Don't you –?
 I –
 Once I find him and we –
 Once I have my kiss back and –
 He –
 Someday maybe I –
 When I can feel new things –
 I just –
 It's –
 I don't –

SLIGHTLY
(trying to calm her)

Hey –

*Pretending can be really hard.
 Wendy grabs Slightly and kisses him.
 He kisses her back.
 Oh boy, does he kiss her back.
 They kiss for a long, long time.
 Then they stop kissing.*

*They look at each other.
 A moment.*

SLIGHTLY

I felt that.
 And I bet you did, too.

*He leaves.
 Wendy is alone.*

A long quiet.

WENDY

Did you hear –?
 Do you know –?
 That girl –
 Wendy –
 What about her –?

I'm sick of her.
All these years –
All that waiting –
All this looking –
She said she couldn't Feel, but she lied.
She could
and she did
and it was scary.
It was too scary.
It was easier to Hide.

She hid behind a lot of things.
She hid behind the past –
She hid behind those Boys –
But now they're gone
Just like everyone else.
Why?
Because of her.
What did she do?
So many things.
I feel sorry for her.
Don't.

She kissed one of them, they say.
She kissed him
And she felt it.
And he –

She never sleeps, they say.
She can't stop crying, they say
She's obsessed
She's a mess
I

I give myself eight minutes a day to think about him.
To remember.
Uninterrupted. Without feeling guilty or mad at myself.
It seems a reasonable amount of time –
Eight is my favorite number.
I've whittled it down over the years.
Maybe one day it'll be five minutes.
Then two.
Then no minutes at all.

He said come away with me
He said forever
I said
That's an awfully long time
and I guess I thought we were just saying pretty words
Even though it felt big and real.
We were kids, you know.
Kids say things.
He was a boy.
I was a girl.
Boys make big promises.
Girls know better than to believe them,
but they go along with them anyway.
I went along with him anyway.

The first time I saw him –

It doesn't matter when I first saw him.
Before I saw him, I was making him up.
The last time I saw him, he said he'd be back.
He said I should wait.
And I did.
I do.
Because he said I should.
But I can't anymore.
I won't.

Peter has entered without Wendy seeing.

PETER

Why not?

Wendy startles, but does her best to hide it.

A long pause.

Peter is not the kind of person who feels the need to fill silences.

Wendy collects herself.

From the moment Peter enters, the very air is different, somehow.

Things slow down.

An atmosphere of glass.

PETER

I heard you were looking for me.

WENDY

How.

PETER

The stars were talking about it one night.

WENDY

No, they weren't.

PETER

Maybe you forgot how to listen to stars.

You used to know.

They liked you better than me.

They still ask about you.

I thought I saw you

A week or two ago.

And another time, a month before that.

I thought I heard my name on the street

Once or twice.

It sounded like your voice.

WENDY

So it's true.

You grew up.

PETER

So did you.

WENDY

You knew that already.

PETER

It's different seeing it.

WENDY

You said you wouldn't.

PETER

I changed my mind.

How? WENDY

It just happened. PETER

Why? WENDY

I just did. PETER

When? WENDY

I'm not good at keeping track of time. PETER

Those aren't answers. WENDY

Those are my answers. PETER

Pause.

How's your shadow? WENDY

My shadow? PETER

That's how we met, remember?
It flew away, and you were sad, and I fixed it for you. WENDY

Oh.
I forgot about that. PETER

I thought that's how you'd remember me –
The girl who fixed your shadow. WENDY

PETER

I don't need help remembering you.

Beat.

It was just a trick.
I wanted to get closer to you.
Make you talk to me.
And I was scared to ask.

WENDY

You never seemed scared to me.

PETER

I'm good at pretending.

Beat.

WENDY

How did you get in here?
I thought the door was locked.

PETER

Locks can't keep me out.

WENDY

That's what they're for.

PETER

What happened to your imagination?

WENDY

I got rid of it.

PETER

That was a silly thing to do.

WENDY

Your eyes are different.

PETER

They changed color.

WENDY
Why?

PETER
I don't know.
I'll ask them.

WENDY
Don't make fun of me.

PETER
(sincere)
Oh, Wendy.
I'm not.

Beat.

WENDY
I think you should leave.

PETER
You've been looking for me, and now I'm here.
Why would you want me to leave?

WENDY
I changed my mind.
Like you changed yours.

PETER
No, you didn't.
You're just scared.

WENDY
Don't tell me what I am.
Please go.

PETER
I don't want to.

WENDY
Well, I want you to.
And my wants are just as important as yours.
And this is my house.

PETER

It's your parents' house.
I remember the wallpaper.
Why are you still here?
Aren't you supposed to leave?
Find a new place to live?
Isn't that part of growing up?

WENDY

I *am* leaving.
And you don't get to ask me those questions.

PETER

I have one.
A place to live.

WENDY

Where is it?

PETER

Ah, somewhere.
I'm not good with the names of things.

WENDY

You can't remember where you live?
That's not cute.
That's troubling.

PETER

You're no fun.

WENDY

I'm plenty of fun when I want to be.
You don't know me anymore.

PETER

Can you please be sweet to me?
Just a little?
You make me nervous.

Beat.

WENDY

I met Nina.

PETER

That's good.
I think she's wanted to meet you for a long time.
She knows how much you meant to me.

WENDY

Why does she get to know that?
I don't even know how much I meant to you.

PETER

You do, too.
You know.

Beat.

WENDY

She said you wouldn't be what I think you are.

PETER

What do you think I am?

WENDY

Why did you choose her?

PETER

I don't know.
Lots of reasons.

It was time.
It was getting harder to fly.
I kept remembering things.
To fly, you have to forget.

It was a windy night.
I was tired by the time I got to her window.
She was wearing yellow flannel pajamas, with the tiniest flowers on them.

She asked me to stay.
It sounded nice.

WENDY

I asked you to stay.

PETER

Did you?

WENDY

I begged.

PETER

I don't remember that.

I do remember you wanting to come back here.

I remember you leaving.

I remember everyone leaving.

I remember being lonely.

And for a while that was fine.

But then...

Beat.

WENDY

You said you'd come back.

I waited.

PETER

I know.

Beat.

WENDY

How many other windows did you go to?

In the dead of night, when parents were asleep?

PETER

I went to your window.

WENDY

It doesn't matter.

It didn't mean anything.

PETER

Maybe not to you.

WENDY

Of course it meant something to me!

I was talking about *you*!
I didn't even stay long.

PETER

You could have stayed as long as you wanted.
I told you that.
Don't you remember?
Your nightgown was the softest blue I'd ever seen.

WENDY

You were covered in dirt.
There are stains in the carpet that never came out.
You never even apologized.

PETER

I'm sorry.

WENDY

It doesn't matter now.

PETER

Everything matters, Wendy.
I learned that from you.

Beat.

I'm sorry I hurt you.
But you've hurt me plenty, too.

Beat.

WENDY

I think you have something that belongs to me.

PETER

What?

WENDY

I think you know.

PETER

...I don't.

WENDY
You *must* know.

PETER
You must be mistaken.

WENDY
I need it back.
I need my kiss.

PETER
Your kiss?

Oh.

No.
You can't have that.

WENDY
Why not?

PETER
Because it's mine.
Because you gave it to me.

WENDY
I changed my mind.

PETER
You can't do that.

WENDY
You changed your mind about growing up.

PETER
I didn't give that to you.

WENDY
You've had it for a very long time.
Now it's time to give it back.

PETER
But I need it.

WENDY

Peter.

PETER

Wendy.

Darling.

Your name is still so pretty to say.

...

The truth is.

I used it.

Used it all up.

You'll have to get one somewhere else.

People are awfully careless with their kisses –

They leave them lying around everywhere.

WENDY

Those aren't mine.

PETER

But if you take some from different people, you can put them all together

And after a while, it makes something new.

It's kind of nice.

You can't get back what you give

But you keep giving.

You keep taking.

And then you make something new

So other people can take from that and make something new, too.

WENDY

But I thought there was One Kiss.

One that was more special than the rest.

PETER

I don't know.

Maybe there is.

Or maybe that's just what people say.

Pause.

WENDY

Do you think I'm stupid for believing it all?

Just some stupid, gullible girl?

PETER

I never thought you were stupid.
Didn't then, haven't since.

WENDY

I think I was stupid.

PETER

I think you were brave and remarkable.
Maybe a touch bossy, but always tender.
And never, ever stupid.

I didn't even know what kisses *were*.
You knew so much.
So many stories.

I always felt like you'd realize how empty I was compared to everything
inside you.

Beat.

PETER

Hey.

WENDY

What.

PETER

I'm sorry I don't have your kiss anymore.

Pause.

WENDY

You could give me a new one.

Beat.

PETER

Is that what you want?

WENDY

I
Need to get the other one out of my head.
End on something different.

Beat.

PETER

Okay.

WENDY

Okay?

You won't want it back?

PETER

Of course I will.

I'll think about it.

Wonder how it's doing.

But as much as I'll want it back, I'll want you to keep it even more.

Come here.

WENDY

No.

You come to me.

He goes to her.

They are very close.

A moment.

PETER

What are you going to do with it?

Beat.

Wendy thinks.

WENDY

What you did with mine

I guess.

Give it to someone else.

I mean

I'll try.

I get scared.

PETER

Just pretend you're not.

WENDY

No.
I think I'm done with that kind of pretending.
I think it's okay to be scared.

*Wendy reaches out and traces Peter's jaw lightly with her fingertip,
then retracts her hand.*

*Peter touches Wendy's face.
Her hair.*

*They kiss.
It is soft and simple.
Beat.*

WENDY

Oh.

PETER

What?

WENDY

Nothing.

Beat.

I'm – really glad I saw you.
But you should leave now.
I have some packing to do.

PETER

...
Are you sure?

WENDY

Yes.

*After a moment, Peter leaves.
He wants to look back, but he does not look back.*

Wendy is very still.

She looks around the room.

*She packs a box.
This should take as long as it takes.*

*She looks at the open window.
Breathes in the breeze.*

She walks to the window, and closes it.

She leaves.

end of play.