

MICHAEL (*looking about him*). I think I have been here before.

JOHN. It's your home, you stupid.

WENDY. There is your old bed, Michael.

MICHAEL. I had nearly forgotten.

JOHN. I say, the kennel!

WENDY. Perhaps Nana is in it.

JOHN (*peering*). There is a man asleep in it.

WENDY. It's father!

JOHN. So it is!

MICHAEL. Let me see father. (*Disappointed*) He is not as big as the pirate I killed.

JOHN (*perplexed*). Wendy, surely father didn't use to sleep in the kennel?

WENDY (*with misgivings*). Perhaps we don't remember the old life as well as we thought we did.

JOHN (*chilled*). It is very careless of mother not to be here when we come back.

(*The piano is heard again.*)

WENDY. H'sh! (*She goes to the door and peeps.*) That is her playing!

MICHAEL. Who is that lady?

JOHN. H'sh! It's mother.

MICHAEL. Then are you not really our mother, Wendy?

WENDY (*with conviction*). Oh dear, it is quite time to be back!

JOHN. Let us creep in and put our hands over her eyes.

WENDY (*more considerate*). No, let us break it to her gently.