

WENDY (*courteously*). Boy, why are you crying?

*(He jump up, and crossing to the foot of the bed bows to her in the fairy way. WENDY, impressed, bows to him from the bed.)*

PETER. What is your name?

WENDY. Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What is yours?

PETER. Peter Pan.

WENDY. Is that all?

PETER. Yes.

WENDY (*politely*). I am so sorry.

PETER. It doesn't matter.

WENDY. Where do you live?

PETER. Second to the right and then straight on till morning.

WENDY. What a funny address!

PETER. No, it isn't.

WENDY. I mean, is that what they put on the letters?

PETER. Don't get any letters.

WENDY. But your mother gets letters?

PETER. Don't have a mother.

WENDY. Peter!

*(She leaps out of bed to put her arms round him, but he draws back; he does not know why, but he knows he must draw back.)*

PETER. You mustn't touch me.

WENDY. Why?

PETER. No one must ever touch me.

WENDY. Why?

PETER. I don't know.

WENDY. No wonder you were crying.

PETER. I wasn't crying. But I can't get my shadow to stick on.

WENDY. It has come off! How awful. (*Looking at the spot where he had lain.*) Peter, you have been trying to stick it on with soap!

PETER. Well then?

WENDY. It must be sewn on.

PETER. What is 'sewn'?

WENDY. You are dreadfully ignorant.

PETER. No, I 'm not.

WENDY. I will sew it on for you, my little man. Sit here. I dare say it will hurt a little.

PETER (*a recent remark of hers rankling*). I never cry. (*She seems to attach the shadow. He tests the combination.*) It isn't quite itself yet.

WENDY. Perhaps I should have ironed it.

PETER. Wendy, look, look; oh the cleverness of me!

WENDY. You conceit, of course I did nothing!

PETER. You did a little.

WENDY (*wounded*). A little! If I am no use I can at least withdraw.

PETER. Wendy, don't withdraw. I can't help crowing, Wendy, when I'm pleased with myself. Wendy, one girl is worth more than twenty boys.