

BOY/PETER 1 MONO

~~Ted: But that cat was –~~

~~Molly: No it wasn't.~~

~~Prentiss: Yes it was! Tubby's right! Your neck-thing was ringing and Slank's cat was totally fly~~

~~Molly: (*distracting them from the flying cat*) Hey – y'know what'd be fun? Howzabout a bedtime story!~~

~~Ted: What's that?~~

~~Molly: Oh, ha-ha, very amus – (*realizing*) omigosh – you poor things. You've never had a bedtime story?~~

~~Prentiss: This might sound kinda defensive –~~

~~Ted: Hard to have a bedtime when you don't have a bed.~~

~~Molly: Sorry. Sorry, I didn't mean to –~~

→ Boy: Tell you what. You say "sorry" so easy, like the rough patch's smoothed over, no hard feelings and everything's fixed. Well, no. There's dark . . . a mass of darkness in the world, and if you get trapped in that cave like us, it beats you down. "Sorry" can't fix it. Better to say nothing than "sorry." (*hearing his mother's song, far away*) When it's night, and I'm too scared to sleep, I look through the cracks, y'know? – between the wood nailed over the window – and I see all those little stars that I can't reach, and I think that in a hundred, or two or three hundred maybe, boys'll be free and life'll be so beautiful that nobody'll ever say "sorry" again – 'cuz nobody'll have to. I think about that a lot.

MOLLY is moved by this glimpse into the boy's soul. So are TED and PRENTISS.

~~Prentiss: Well, that's more than he said in the last thirteen years.~~

~~Boy: So, bedtime stories? Not a big priority, okay?~~

~~Molly: No, it's not okay. I'm giving you one. It's a gift. Least I can do. Like, um – *Sleeping Beauty*. *Sleeping Beauty's* a good one. You'll like it. There's a kiss in it. True Love's Kiss.~~

~~Ted: Yeah! (*then*) I don't know what that is.~~

~~Molly: Then I'll tell you. C'mon – back to your cabin and I'll be Mother. Now – the story of *Sleeping Beauty*. "Once upon a time" – that's how they always start – "Once upon a time, a beautiful baby was born . . ."~~

MOLLY, Pied Piper-like, lures the BOYS off.

SCENE NINE: The Neverland - On Deck

(MOLLY turns to find the BOY on the deck behind her.)

MOLLY

Sorry, what? Um - get below, boy. If Slank sees you on deck, he'll rear up like the-

BOY

You were talking to your neck-thing.

MOLLY

No, I wasn't.

BOY

I know what I saw.

MOLLY

Well, there was... there was a porpoise swimming alongside the ship, and it was making those funny noises that porpoises make, and I thought I'd make some funny noises too, that's all.

BOY

So you were talking to a fish.

MOLLY

Porpoises are not fish. They're mammals, just like you. Or Germans.

BOY

Then how come your neck-thing glows and rings all by itself?

MOLLY

(not very convincing)

It's for swimming. I'm a good swimmer. It's a swimming medal.

BOY

Right. Swimming. Sure. And what's starstuff?

MOLLY

Decision. I'm going to trust you.

BOY

Why? I'm just a boy.

MOLLY

I know. Pity.

(remembers the boy's "sorry" manifesto, looks at the sky)

You like to look at the stars? Well, there they are--

#12 - Starstuff

BOY

There's so many...

MOLLY

They look safe, don't they, sparkling up there like diamonds.

BOY

I like when they shoot across the sky! *Shoom!*

MOLLY

(suddenly very like her father)

Sometimes pieces of them fall to earth - little bits that look like sand. Can you keep a secret?

BOY

I can.

ALL

WE CAN.

MOLLY

Those little bits are starstuff. The trunk in Slank's cabin is full of it.

(grabs her amulet)

There's some in here too, in case I'm ever in trouble.

BOY

(tries to touch the amulet)

Starstuff?? Lemme see!!

MOLLY

NO!!

(pulls the amulet away)

It changes people if they touch it.

BOY

How?

MOLLY

Different ways - depending on what they want to be.

BOY

So if somebody gets their hands on this starstuff and—

MOLLY

—and they're evil and greedy like Genghis Khan, or they're hungry for world domination like Caesar or Napoleon or, you know, Ayn Rand—

BOY

Who's that?

MOLLY

Uch, didn't you learn anything at that orphanage?

BOY

Was kinda busy trying not to die.

MOLLY

Oh.

BOY

So if starstuff's so dangerous, why're you after it?

MOLLY

I'm a Starcatcher. We have special powers that we use in secret — to keep starstuff away, from tyrants who try to rule the world.

BOY

You mean, like Queen Victoria?

MOLLY

God Save Her. And no, that's different. She doesn't need starstuff to rule the world. She's British.

BOY

So you're a — what is it?

MOLLY

Starcatcher. There's only six and a half of us on the planet.

BOY

Six and a half?

MOLLY

I'm still an apprentice.

BOY

Okay, so prove it.

MOLLY

What?

BOY

Go on, amaze me with your special powers.

Peter/Molly CB

Molly: I said forget about sleep! Teddy!

Suddenly . . . PETER!

Peter: He's spark out.

Molly: *(startled)* Peter! Oh, Peter! I thought –

Molly throws herself around PETER's neck. They're ecstatic, reunited, like kids.

Peter: The most incredible thing – you won't believe – I met this –

PETER and MOLLY stop, embarrassed.

Molly: Right. Well. Good to see you, Peter. Shall we wake the boys?

Peter: Been kind of a long day? Leave 'em be.

Molly: Just us then.

Peter: Yeah. Just us. *(jiggles the trunk's lock)* We should open the trunk – make sure the starstuff's okay.

Molly: Oh no, that's not, no –

Peter: I wanna sit in the starstuff –

Molly: Very dangerous – exposure to so much of it.

Peter: I don't care!

Molly: Well, I do! I was so worried. We waited and waited. I told them you'd come. We waited – *(darker, sitting on the ground)* and then the rain and the dark and I was so worried –

Peter: *(leaning in)* I'm here. *(sits next to MOLLY)* Do you think I've changed?

Molly: You're dirtier.

Peter: So, I've been meaning to ask you about the, um . . . about that, uh – you know – about that thing you did.

Molly: What thing?

Peter: the kiss, okay? The kiss.

Molly: What kiss?

Peter: The kiss! The one you gave me!

Molly: Oh, the kiss.

Peter: "What kiss," she says.

Molly: Well, what about it?

Peter: Nobody's ever wanted to kiss me, that's all –

Molly: Want to? I didn't want to, we were about to be eaten alive and –

Peter: I mean, I was just sitting there and you grabbed me –

Molly: Oh for heaven's sake, such a fuss! Didn't you like it?

Peter: No, it was –

Molly: *(standing, upset)* You didn't like it. You didn't like it, and now you're telling me you didn't like it! Unbelievable.

Peter: I'm not saying I didn't like it –

Ted: *(dreaming)* Mmm . . . pork.

Molly: *(keeping her voice down so as not to wake TED)* Then what're you saying?

Peter: I guess I'm saying – I guess I'm asking –

Molly: You stop that right now. I won't answer any such question. You're inclining toward the sentimental and that's all well and good for a boy, but the fact is –

Peter: Inclining toward what?

Molly: - we girls can't afford to be sentimental. We must instead be strong. *(lifts herself to sit atop the trunk)* And when I marry, my husband will have to –

Peter: MARRY? Whoa, you thought I was asking you to –

START →

Molly: Not you, you swot. Uch, the ego. *(starting again)* And when I marry, I shall make it very clear to this person – that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And if should leave, I'll stay a spinster and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at the hospital. And I will love words for their own sake, like "hyacinth" and "Piccadilly" and "onyx." And I'll have a good old dog, and think what I like, and be a different sort of family, with friends, you know? – who understand that things are only worth what you're willing to give up for them. *(then)* Even if I – in the face of death. I may have – you know –

Peter: *(sits next to MOLLY)* Wanted to?

Molly: I didn't say that.

Peter: *(gently, sweetly, holds MOLLY's hand)* Got it.

Molly: Good.

Peter: *(absorbing)* Wow. **END**

A moment. They suddenly seem older. MOLLY stifles a yawn.

Molly: *(giving in to exhaustion)* You know, I might just – now that you're here – rest my eyes for a little –

MOLLY hops off the trunk and curls up in front of the lock. Instantly, she's sleep.

Gingerly, PETER tries to jiggle the lock open. The noise disturbs PRENTISS.

Prentiss: *(dreaming)* No, Molly, no! The leader has to be a - !

PRENTISS awakens. PETER's moment has passed and he runs off.

Molly: *(rubs her eyes)* Where's Peter?

Prentiss: The Mollusks got him, remember?

It is now morning. TED sits up, shielding his eyes from the dawn's glare.

Ted: Is that the sun? What's for breakfast? *(licks the pineapple)* Ow!

Narrator Alf: did he say the sun? But if you can see the sun coming up –

Narrator Bumblebee: If you can see the sky at all –

Molly: We must be very near the beach! C'mon, boys! We made it!

The strumming of a ukulele is heard, as MOLLY, PRENTISS, and TED push the trunk to the beach.