

I THINK WE'RE LOST
A TALE FROM NEVERLAND
by Peter Fenton

Draft 6.0 -- 29 June 2024

Inspired by the characters, setting, and story of

PETER AND WENDY

by J.M. Barrie

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This play contains dark humor, light profanity, sexual innuendo, alcohol consumption, stage violence, and implies a suicide attempt. Recommended for ages 14+

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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
PETER PAN	The Eternal Child	20s	M
TINKER BELL	The Sly Pixie	Any	Any
CONNOR FORSYTH	The Lost Boy	21	M
LINDSAY PLENCNER	The Darling Girl	22	F
MAGGIE WRATTEN*	The Cunning Pirate	55	F
WENDY DARLING	Neverland's Mother	20s	F
JAMES HOOK	Peter's Rival	20s	M
SMEE	Hook's First Mate	40s	Any
DAN FLICK	Longtime Lost Boy	20	M
ERIC BENNETT	Lindsay's Fiancé	20	M
PROF. BARRIE	English Professor	40s	Any

****CASTING & PRODUCTION NOTES****

For the smallest possible cast (6, Any Ethnicity: 2F/3M/1 Any):

1. PETER PAN (Playing early 20s, M)
2. TINKER BELL (This role can be played as any age/gender)
3. MAGGIE**/BARRIE/PIRATE (Playing 40s-50s, F)
4. CONNOR/JAMES (Playing early 20s, M)
5. LINDSAY/WENDY** (Playing early 20s, F)
6. SMEE/ERIC/FLICK/LOST BOY (Playing 20s and 40s-50s, M)

For an expanded cast, remove doubling as seen fit. In a minimal cast, FLICK is the only Lost Boy ever seen on stage, but additional Lost Boys can be added into any scene FLICK appears: BABY MATT, SNAKE, HARDY, SOTA, KEESH. They must be played as male. Dialogue labeled "LOST BOY" can be assigned to FLICK or any LOST BOY. Dialogue labeled "PIRATE" can be assigned to MAGGIE in a minimal cast or any PIRATE in an expanded cast.

*"MAGGIE WRATTEN" is the name Mr. Fenton requests be shared in all programs and promotional materials for the major role whose identity is revealed at the end of Act One. The name "Maggie" is not uttered once, but throughout Act One until the reveal, this character's dialogue is labeled as delivered by MAGGIE.

**MAGGIE and WENDY must appear believably related. All roles may be played by ANY ethnicity, but these two must appear related.

PETER, MAGGIE, WENDY, and JAMES are upper-class Londoners. LINDSAY won Miss Teen Indiana six years prior to the play.

As written, the play is set in the year 2024, but if appropriate, this may be modified to any year the cultural references and character attitudes still make sense.

****Two important things to remember when acting or directing this play are that (1) Everyone telling a story has an agenda, and (2) Time works weird in Neverland.**** Pay very close attention to whose point of view each flashback is told from and what their motivations may be in choosing what they share and leave out.

"Plencner" is pronounced PLANK-ner.

DEDICATION & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This play is dedicated to my first niece, who at the time of completing my first draft in 2023, was just a few months away from being born and named. By the logic of this play, the day Hallie was born was the day I grew up--because my world became so much bigger and more beautiful with her in it.

It would be a missed opportunity if I didn't also mention Hallie's mother, my sister-in-law, is a nice girl from Indiana.

Thank you to Dad, who for my entire writing career--since I was 14 years old--has loved me enough to tell me when my first draft makes no sense, and for believing in me to know I had an idea and I continue to see it through in future drafts.

Thank you to Mom, for telling me at the New York reading that this was so funny, but you were also moved. That's exactly the sweet spot I try to live in with my work.

Thank you to my fellow "Lost Boy", Luke. You were the best person I could've seen London with for the very first time.

Thank you to Suzanne Fisher and Bradley Hawkins, the two mentors from whom I learned everything I know about playwriting and screenwriting. Thank you for taking me under your wings from a very young age and continuing to offer feedback, opportunity, and championing my work.

Really, thank you to every friend and collaborator who has lent an ear or eye as I've developed this play--Avery, Jon Chen, Monah, Katie, Chad, both Michaels, Amanda, Leah, Philip, Dana, Sughey, Erica, Owen, and countless others.

OFF-OFF-BROADWAY STAGED READING

I Think We're Lost was first presented in the Rogue Theater Festival as a staged reading on June 7, 2024 at The Flea Theater in New York City. Directed by Peter Fenton.

PETER/PAN: Jonathan P. Chen
TINKER/BILL: Monah Yancy
MAGGIE/FARRIE: Avery Kellington
CONNOR/JAMES: Chad Sell
LINDSAY/WENDY: Katie Padilla
SMEE/FLICK/ERIC: Michael De Los Angeles

PILOT PRODUCTION // UTAH PREMIERE

I Think We're Lost will see a workshop production in the Salt Lake City metro in the 2024-25 season through Stansbury High School's Stallion Drama program. Directed by Glen Carpenter.

ACT ONE

ACT ONE, SCENE 1. NEVERLAND

NEVERLAND, April 2024. The set gives a minimalist, toylike impression of an island in the Caribbean: a charming, boyish world crafted from art supplies and flotsam and jetsam of shipwrecks. Minimal set pieces offstage represent London and Philadelphia.

Three clocks loom over the set: one in the center labeled NEVERLAND stopped at 11:07pm; one at each side labeled LONDON and PHILADELPHIA, each moving rapidly forward, out of sync with each other.

A pirate ship protrudes from one end of the stage; the Lost Boys' frat house sits at the other with a seaside jungle in between. A storybook moon sits in a night sky full of stars.

AT RISE: Two pirate silhouettes appear on the ship deck; one male, one female. The woman picks up a tri-corner hat adorned with a peacock feather off a DEAD BODY. She sets it on her head.

MAGGIE

Hoist the mainsail. We're anchoring at skull rock.

SMEE

Aye.

He lifts the arm of the corpse.

SMEE

Who's this?

MAGGIE

Wendy Darling.

SMEE

Who's Wendy?

MAGGIE

She's dead.

The lights drop out. We hear a blood-curdling scream from a woman. Lights up on acerbic fairy TINKER BELL.

TINKER BELL

Well, well, well. Our past comes back to haunt us in the dumbest of ways, doesn't it?

A silhouette appears of a pirate fashioning a hook for a hand.

TINKER BELL

Oh, you got a friggin' hook for a hand now? Get outta here. Should've finished you off when I had the shot...

The lighting changes, indicating a flashback. Tinker Bell exits. The LONDON clock lights up.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2. LONDON

KENSINGTON GARDENS, LONDON, 1953. Charismatic, bubbly PETER PAN (20s) enters with a giddy burst of energy. His neighbor, JAMES (20s), enters--his privacy violated.

JAMES

I'll get you for this someday, Peter Pan! Mark my words!!

PETER PAN

Mark my words, James Hook! Keep shaking your fist at me and I cut it clean off!

JAMES

I won't forget this!

PETER PAN

I should hope not! Spent hours setting that one up!

JAMES

How does one even put a face at the window, three floors up?

PETER PAN

Carefully!

JAMES

Will you tell her I waited all night at stage door?

PETER PAN

All night? It's hardly eleven.
You best get back there, James!

JAMES

She played a most lovely Ophelia. Send Wendy my regards.

He exits. A wily actress wearing the tri-corner peacock feather hat, WENDY (20s), enters.

WENDY

Dearest me. Right where I left you.
The love of my life, playing like a boy.

PETER PAN

Always fun to play with boys.

WENDY

But he's a different kind of "boy", no?

PETER PAN

All the more fun, innit?

WENDY

Will you ever leave that poor Hook alone?

PETER PAN

Why would I?! Even sends his regards. Show was good?

WENDY

Yes, splendid audience.
I do wonder sometimes how healthy it all is. Disappearing into roles like this, night in and night out, telling the tragedy of Ophelia so much it becomes part of me.

PETER PAN

But you do it so well! Wendy Darling tells the best stories.

WENDY

(Playfully.)
You'll be the death of me, Peter Pan.

They kiss. A star flies across the sky.

PETER PAN

Wendy, look! Do you see that?

WENDY

A shooting star! Make a wish.

PETER PAN

I wish to stay a boy forever!

WENDY

Is there nothing else you'd wish for?

PETER PAN

Hmm. Well--of course I'd stay this age forever. Mint-condition body.

WENDY

Mint-condition body, hmm.

PETER PAN

The world is our oyster! I'll play with anyone I like, go on adventures. You'll make the best food.

WENDY

Who says I'll be making all the food?

Peter takes Wendy's hand.

PETER PAN

I wish to be happy forever. And never get hurt again. So. That settles that. I shall not grow up!

WENDY

What a wonderful wish!

A bright flash lights up the sky.

PETER PAN

Ooh, God seems to agree!

Tinker Bell materializes.

TINKER BELL

Ha! That's the miracle of life, huh?! I gotta do that again. Yeah, I could get used to this. That was a powerful wish you made there, Mister Peter.

WENDY

Who are you that you know my dearest Peter Pan?

TINKER BELL

Who are you that you care?

PETER PAN

Well, I'm Peter Pan, of course! And this is Gwendolyn Moira Angela Darling.

WENDY

Pleasure. Wendy's fine.

TINKER BELL

Uh-huh.

WENDY

And your name is?

TINKER BELL

(Matter-of-fact.)

Yeah, I don't have one of those. My existence sorta hinges on Peter's dream, so...

PETER PAN

So I can call you anything?!

TINKER BELL

Any name you want.

PETER PAN

Oh!

Ooh.

How about Tinker Bell?!

TINKER BELL

You sure about that one?

PETER PAN

I very much like Tinker Bell.

TINKER BELL

Any name. Sure. Yeah.

(To Peter.)

Anyway--today's your lucky day. Your wish was so powerful it created me. I'm here to make the thing happen. How about an island paradise? Warm breeze, white sand, lake fulla horny mermaids. We'll call it Neverland. Never age a day. Never get hurt. Guaranteed.

PETER PAN

That all sounds lovely, but I wouldn't want to go alone.

TINKER BELL

You won't be alone, you'll have me. And you'll have a lake--

PETER PAN

(To Wendy.)

That is... if you'll have me.

WENDY

You are the first thought when I wake and the last as I drift off to sleep.

PETER PAN

Can't we bring Wendy?

TINKER BELL

If it makes you happy.

She tosses pixie dust in the air and exits.

The light on the LONDON clock drops off as the lights reveal our first proper look at the Neverland set.

WENDY

Dearest me. Awfully romantic, wouldn't you say? Peter?

PETER PAN

Neverland.

Peter and Wendy exit.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3. NEVERLAND

NEVERLAND, continuous from before the flashback.

TINKER BELL

What to do, "Captain Hook", what to do?
What is a chaos pixie to do?

Peter enters.

TINKER BELL

Hey! How's my favorite piece of crap?

PETER PAN

Been better. I've started to think...
Perhaps I might be ready to leave.

TINKER BELL

Say what now?

PETER PAN

Well, when Wendy--

TINKER BELL

You don't have to use her name.

PETER PAN

But I do very much like saying it! Wendy. Wendy. Wendy.

TINKER BELL

Hey, shut up.

PETER PAN

(Grinning.)

You can't tell me what to do!

Tinker Bell knows she can't force Peter to do anything... but she holds quite a bit of influence.

TINKER BELL

Talk to me, what can we do?
There's very little I'm not willing to do for you.

PETER PAN

I want Wendy back.

TINKER BELL

I--I don't think I can do that.

PETER PAN

Then let's storm the ship! Pay Hook back once and for all!

TINKER BELL

Gettin' dropped into a sea fulla hungry crocodiles wasn't enough?

PETER PAN

I don't know! Has he a bigger anchor?! Hungrier crocodiles?

(Playfully determined.)

If I know James Hook, he's alive, well, and plotting his revenge. You know he's the only pirate Long John Silver ever feared?

TINKER BELL

Yeah, I told you that. But even if Jamie Hook is out there--you want a bigger mess? More blood?

PETER PAN

Well, I need something. There's a Wendy-shaped hole in my heart, Tink.

TINKER BELL

No! No, no. We can find something--let's get you a new Boy.

PETER PAN

All the beds are full. Flick, Baby Matt, Snake, Hardy, Sota, Locky, Keesh. That's seven.

TINKER BELL

You got an empty bed. Locky's out.

PETER PAN

He is?

TINKER BELL

Yeah, once I--you don't even like Locky that much.

PETER PAN

Why do boys leave?

TINKER BELL

Because all the children, except one, grow up.
Trust me. This'll make us both happy.

PETER PAN

Promise?

TINKER BELL

More than you'll ever know.

She pulls out a binder.

TINKER BELL (*)

So. English-speakin' frat boy types who recently thought--"I don't wanna grow up..."? Evan Daigle. Seems annoying. Sean Liu. Too smart. Peter Fenton... Oh, he's way too old...

PETER PAN (*)

And we can't have two Peters here!

() For any given performance, improvise three male names and a quick joke that will play to your audience.*

Tinker Bell stops on a page.

PETER PAN

You found someone?

Tinker Bell throws pixie dust onto the page. The lights change. Peter and Tinker Bell now appear to be standing in an inter-dimensional void.

A lifeless render of present-day college senior CONNOR (21) appears at center stage.

PETER PAN

Och! Rather like this one.

TINKER BELL

Thought you would. This is Connor Forsyth. From Cherry Hill, New Jersey. Jersey boy! Twenty-one years old. Dad's a lawyer.

PETER PAN

Why doesn't he want to grow up?

Tinker Bell tosses pixie dust. The lighting around Peter and Tinker Bell drops out, leaving only Connor. The PHILADELPHIA clock lights up.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4. PHILADELPHIA

HOLY MOTHER OF SORROWS UNIVERSITY, April 2024. A prestigious Catholic liberal arts college in Philadelphia.

English Professor BARRIE (40s), and straight-laced students LINDSAY and ERIC (both 22) enter. Connor crosses to the front of the classroom. He's in the middle of a presentation, holding note cards.

CONNOR

I used to look forward to growing up. Even as a kid, all my parents' friends would say, "oh he's like a little man." So mature, so articulate. And that annoyed me. It's like people have only ever been impressed that I could say something--and completely missed I had something to say. So it almost feels like I've just watched my childhood go by, waiting to grow up. Because maybe then, when I'm a "real" adult, what I have to say will matter. But I'm seeing myself getting older--and...

He stops shy of what he really wants to say.

CONNOR

(Changes the subject.)
When you think about growing up. What comes to mind?

No response.

CONNOR

Please. Anybody?

Lindsay raises her hand.

CONNOR

Yeah. Lindsay?

LINDSAY

It's like... having confidence in yourself to, with all the mess of life and everything to--see somebody. Really see them. And be vulnerable when it matters.

CONNOR

Making my own point better than me--

He has a nervous laugh.

CONNOR

I'd say the moment someone grows up is when a person--

BARRIE

Thank you, Connor. You're two minutes over.

CONNOR

Oh... I'm sorry, I can--

One of his cards falls to the floor.

BARRIE

You have an entertaining style but rely far too much on colloquialisms. You submitted this to Sapientia, didn't you?

CONNOR

I did, yeah.

BARRIE

Yes, I read it.

LINDSAY

Can we hear how it ends?

CONNOR

Oh my god, Lindsay...

BARRIE

Look at the time, class dismissed.
Lindsay, here are the Sapientia committee's final selections.

She hands Lindsay some papers.

LINDSAY

You didn't have to put mine on top!

BARRIE

I've seen you write better. Get these back to me by Friday.

LINDSAY

Of course.

Barrie exits.

CONNOR

That was rough.

ERIC

You were vulnerable.

CONNOR

"Vulnerable." You're saying I made it easy for someone to hurt me. Like it's a compliment?

Lindsay picks up the note card Connor dropped--she sees he was ready to say something especially vulnerable. She crosses to join her fiance.

CONNOR

I get hurt all the time. And I'm not even grown up yet. But the moment we walk at graduation, suddenly--what? It's all this crap, but now with bills? Adulthood's a scam.

LINDSAY

I don't know if adulthood's a "scam", we just kinda have to do it. And pray everything works out.

ERIC

I hope Miss Teen Indiana is ready to grow up. My bride. The mother of my children--

Lindsay taps Eric gently.

LINDSAY

All in the right time.

ERIC

It's so soon! You should run for the real Miss Indiana.

LINDSAY

Little flaw in your logic. "Miss" Indiana. See this ring?

ERIC

Our kids are gonna be amazing.

LINDSAY

All in the right time.

Eric kisses her and exits. Lindsay hands Connor the note card.

LINDSAY

How do I think you dropped this.

CONNOR

Oh. Yeah, thanks.

LINDSAY

Have you told anyone before?

CONNOR

We're graduating in two weeks.

LINDSAY

Well--I'd think someone "like you" at Catholic school--you'd wanna know who your real friends are, and I'm--

CONNOR

We're not really friends.

LINDSAY

Oh?

CONNOR

No--sorry. That came out wrong.

An awkward beat.

CONNOR

Probably see you at the apartment--

LINDSAY

Yeah, sorry we took over your kitchen table. Don't plan a wedding, Connor.

CONNOR

Oh?

LINDSAY

Oh--no. No. I love Eric. He's the one. It's just--the "nice girl from Indiana" thing sometimes, uh...

She changes the subject.

LINDSAY

I'm not gonna come by until later. I'm proofing all the *Sapientia* pieces.

CONNOR

Did I make it?

LINDSAY

Oh--right, you submitted!
I--I don't see it here. I'm sorry, Connor--

CONNOR

What's your problem with me?!

LINDSAY

It's really nothing personal.

CONNOR

I've submitted to your stupid literary magazine eight times. Eight rejections.

LINDSAY

There are like five of us who read the submissions and--

CONNOR

Eight rejections.

LINDSAY

Sapentia really isn't everything--I don't have any real power. Barrie hated my--you could post it on Facebook? Or submit it to the New Yorker?

CONNOR

Why would the New Yorker like it if *Sapentia* didn't?

LINDSAY

You were so vulnerable--

CONNOR

"Vulnerable."

Lindsay exits.

ACT ONE, SCENE 5. PHILADELPHIA

CONNOR AND ERIC'S OFF-CAMPUS APARTMENT, later that night. Connor is alone on stage.

CONNOR

"Vulnerable."

He picks up a Save the Date for Lindsay and Eric's wedding. He tosses it away and removes his pants.

CONNOR

If nothing else.
Someone will see I had something to say.

He pulls the belt out of his pants. He sets a chair at center stage and steps up onto it. Lindsay enters.

LINDSAY

Oh--oh my god, Connor--what are you doing?!
Sorry, I--didn't see anything.

Connor slips on a pair of pajama pants.

CONNOR

Yeah--yeah, no, no--oh my god--

He hears a noise.

CONNOR

Eric?

Peter enters.

PETER PAN

Be not afraid!! I have arrived!! Have you seen my shadow?

Connor stifles a shriek.

PETER PAN

Didn't mean to cause such a fright. What's the year?

CONNOR

It's 2024--

PETER PAN

(With a laugh.)

That long?

Nice to meet you, Connor Forsyth. Name's Peter Pan. I've been looking all over for boys just like you.

CONNOR

How--how do you know me--?

PETER PAN

Boys who are--for lack of a better word--lost. All types, really. Brits. Americans. Black, white. Straight, gay. We live together on a beautiful island. Neverland. Baby Matt's 19, believe Hardy's about 26. Oh, and Sota's from Japan! We never grow up. We never get hurt. You don't have to go on like this.

CONNOR

Well. I can't go on like this.

PETER PAN

So it's off to Neverland, then?

CONNOR

Yeah.
Screw it. I'm in.

LINDSAY

Me too.

CONNOR

What?

PETER PAN

Oh! But... you're a girl?

LINDSAY

Hmm. Multicultural utopian paradise or aging?

Tinker Bell enters.

TINKER BELL

What is taking you so long? Could've been on the road five minutes ago. You throw the shadow in first and then you--

PETER PAN

Don't mind Tinker Bell.

TINKER BELL

Oh, yeah, yeah, don't mind me, the whole reason you can do any of this; it's real cute. Speaking of cute--hello, sir. What are we calling him?

PETER PAN

Call him Four!

TINKER BELL

Yeah, he'll do. Jewish?

CONNOR

Catholic.

TINKER BELL

Close enough.

CONNOR

What--?

TINKER BELL

Who are you?

LINDSAY

Lindsay. I'd like to go to Neverland.

TINKER BELL

Two of 'em. Even better...

LINDSAY

Two of what?

TINKER BELL

We gotta bring her.

PETER PAN

No. Only lost boys come to Neverland. That's final because I said so.

TINKER BELL

Well, then don't think of her that way. She's not lost.

It pains Tinker Bell to say this, but it's her ace card.

TINKER BELL

She's a "Darling". Don't you think?

Peter's heart leaps.

PETER PAN

Oh my goodness! She's my new Wendy!
We must fly you both at once to Neverland! All right. Close
your eyes and breathe in.

*Connor and Lindsay close their eyes.
Tinker Bell rifles through her purse.*

PETER PAN

Then. Keep your eyes closed! And think of a happy thought.

TINKER BELL

Where the hell did I put it?

CONNOR

A happy thought?

PETER PAN

Yes, um. A moment where you'd be elated! At your lightest in
heart and soul!

*Tinker Bell finds a small pouch in her
purse. She opens it and tosses pixie
dust in the air; Connor, Lindsay, and
Peter levitate. Connor and Lindsay open
their eyes.*

CONNOR

Ah!

LINDSAY

Oh my gosh!!

PETER PAN

Look at that! They've thought some happy thoughts!

CONNOR

Dude--I can't fly.

PETER PAN

Not to worry, it's already happening. All it took was a bit
of faith and trust--

TINKER BELL

It's mostly the pixie dust.

PETER PAN

And then it's off to Neverland!

CONNOR

Are we just going? Like, we don't get to pack or anything?

TINKER BELL

You look fine, doll face.
Go on with ya bad self. You can fly!

PETER PAN

So! We orient ourselves with Lepus--the celestial rabbit. See him right there?

CONNOR

Not really, no.

PETER PAN

All right, so from Lepus we count--second to the right, and straight on 'till morning.

CONNOR

Great. Yeah. Then what?

Blackout. The light on the PHILADELPHIA clock drops off.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6 NEVERLAND

PIRATE SHIP, that night. A lady pirate (50s) stands on the ship deck. Her appearance is a bit obscured, but her presence looms intimidating. The friendly, if dense, first mate, SMEE (40s), enters with a parcel.

MAGGIE

And what did Captain tell you to do exactly?

SMEE

Well, I have a box.

MAGGIE

And where are you taking it?

SMEE

On land.

MAGGIE

Be more specific.

SMEE

Dry land.

MAGGIE

My god, you're an idiot.
Peter Pan lives in the only house on the island.

SMEE

Yes! And I'm going to learn everything I can about Peter.