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Tinker Bell

By

PATRICK FLYNN

Based on the works of

J.M. BARRIE

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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PATRICK FLYNN

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(TINKER BELL)

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Tinker Bell was commissioned and premiered by Adventure Theatre MTC of Glen Echo, Md. (Michael J. Bobbitt, artistic director) on June 22, 2018.

CAST:

Mr. Smee Topher Williams
Wendy Meghan Abdo
Tinker Bell Michelle Polera
Peter Pan Carlos Castillo
Captain James Hook Peter Boyer
Ensemble #1 (Lost Boys, et al.) Ashley K. Nicholas
Ensemble #2 (Pirates, et al.) Danny Pushkin

PRODUCTION:

Director Nick Olcott
Movement & Fight Director Jenny Male
Scenic Design Daniel Pinha
Costume Design Moyenda Kulemeka
Lighting Design Sarah Tundermann
Sound Design Neil McFadden
Props & Puppets Andrea “Dre” Moore
Stage Manager Kathryn Dooley

For Maggie and Josie

“And all the colors I am inside
have not been invented yet.”

—Shel Silverstein

Tinker Bell

CHARACTERS

TINKER BELL: A green fairy, lonely, brave

PETER PAN: The boy who would not grow up

MR. SMEE: Hook's spectacled boatswain

CAPTAIN JAMES HOOK: Cadaverous and blackavised

WENDY: Eldest Darling child

JOHN: Middlest Darling child*

MICHAEL: Youngest Darling child*

THE LOST BOYS: Peter's gang of six boys*

TOOTLES

NIBS

SLIGHTLY

CURLY

FIRST TWIN

SECOND TWIN

THE PIRATES: Scalawags the lot; they act and speak as a unit*

NANA: The Darling family nanny, also a dog*

MRS. DARLING: The most beautiful woman in Bloomsbury;
she is an offstage voice

CROCODILE: With a taste for one Captain James Hook*

*Can be either actor or puppet. If puppets are used for The Lost Boys, there should be six puppets with one puppeteer. Excepting the actors playing Tinker Bell and Peter Pan, all should double as puppeteers, flowers, birds, fairies, etc.

PLACE

The island of Neverland
Kensington Gardens, London
The Darling's house in Bloomsbury, London

TIME

Meaningless in Neverland
Mid-to-late 19th century in Kensington Gardens
1904 in Bloomsbury

PRODUCTION NOTES

There should be little effort made to disguise that this is a play for the audience. The audience should be able to “see the wires.” Costume changes can be onstage, puppeteers need not be hidden and the set can be more suggestive than literal.

At all times, the attitude should be playful and theatrical, like children playing dress-up. The trick is that the theatricality cannot undermine the stakes. When actual children play dress-up, it is deadly serious. Childlike wonder is at the heart of J.M. Barrie's works and should be alive here too.

This play can be performed with or without an intermission. To perform without the intermission, simply replace the dialogue and action from Tink's line, “That cannot happen!” on page 41 to her line, “Boys! Boys! Come quick!” on page 42 with a transition to Neverland and The Lost Boys entrance.

Sheet music for “The Dance of the Fairies” and “Tinker Bell's Motif” can be found in the back of the book.

Tinker Bell

ACT I

SETTING: *Neverland is amorphous and so is our stage. Locations, boundaries and/or set pieces should be suggested more than physical wherever possible. The Darling home in Bloomsbury is a time for rigid and boring reality, but as long as we are in Neverland, the audience should have to fill in the gaps somewhat.*

AT RISE: *The stage is dark. A deep darkness like the day before creation. After a beat, a green ball of light no bigger than a fist appears and flitters around the stage emitting a ringing bell playing “Tinker Bell’s Motif.” Slowly at first but then more and more insistent. The ball of light darts around the stage, clearly trying to interact with the audience. After a few beats it stops and hovers. Beat.*

(Enter MR. SMEE and WENDY.)

SMEE. 'Allo.

WENDY. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Apologies for our intrusion, we are somewhat early.

SMEE. S'truth. I'm not in the play until much later, but we need to come on and kick things off because none of you can understand our star.

WENDY *(indicating the green ball of light)*. That's her. Tinker Bell. But you knew that.

SMEE. You did, right? It was on the poster outside.

(NOTE: Feel free to substitute “poster” for “program” or “leaflet” or whatever your theatre provides either inside or outside.)

WENDY. Do you believe in fairies?

(Audience response.)

SMEE. Oh. You should, you know.

WENDY. You really should.

SMEE. Because they believe in you.

(SMEE and WENDY blow fairy dust on the audience. Instantly, the ball of light transforms into TINKER BELL, a petite fairy dressed all in green. The shade of green of her costume lightens and intensifies depending on what she is feeling but is always a shade of green.)

TINKER BELL *(to the audience)*. It’s not fair! People always get it wrong. I just wanted a friend. Everyone should have a friend. I didn’t mean for him to follow me from Kensington Gardens. He just did. You know how he can be. And once he was here, so many other things happened. Mermaids and pirates and the crocodile and—sorry. Hello, and welcome to Neverland. The other fairies are always telling me I should be friendlier to strangers. So, “Hello.” Again. It was easier before the boy came. And it wasn’t. But before him there was just us fairies.

(Many balls of light fill the stage, all different colors and ringing bells playing “The Dance of the Fairies.”)

TINKER BELL *(cont’d)*. It seemed every day there were new fairies. Lots of flying and buzzing about. You see, when the

first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thousand pieces, and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies. And now when every new baby is born, its first laugh becomes a fairy. So there ought to be one fairy for every child who ever was. But, children know such a lot now.

(The balls of light flicker.)

TINKER BELL *(cont'd)*. Soon they don't believe in fairies, and every time a child says, "I don't believe in fairies!"

(A ball of light goes out.)

TINKER BELL *(cont'd)*. There is a fairy somewhere that falls down dead.

(All lights extinguish.)

TINKER BELL *(cont'd)*. Soon there were hardly any fairies on the island at all. It was ever so lonely. I took up exploring. It was I who discovered if one flies into the sky as high as one can, one comes to a pond in the middle of a glorious garden. There are ducks there.

(The scene transitions to Kensington Gardens. Puppet ducks, thrushes and one very wise-looking crow populate the stage.)

TINKER BELL *(cont'd)*. I was trying to see if any of the ducks wanted to be my friend. They could fly like me so I thought it would be a good fit. *(To the ducks.)* So the fairies keep disappearing, and I'm looking for a friend. I've got wings, like you. And I'm a good conversationalist.

(PETER PAN appears beside TINKER BELL. He is dressed in a long nightgown.)

PETER. Hello.

TINKER BELL *(to the ducks)*. There's no application process, just volunteer. Wings up.

PETER. Hello.

TINKER BELL *(to the ducks)*. Although, you will have to come to the island with me. I can't keep nipping off over here just to visit a friend. It's inconvenient. For me.

(PETER taps TINKER BELL on the shoulder.)

PETER. Hello.

TINKER BELL. Are you speaking to me?

PETER. Indeed I am.

TINKER BELL. Are you a fairy? A ... large fairy?

PETER. No. I'm a boy. A little boy.

TINKER BELL. I'm sorry, it's just most people can't see me clearly, let alone understand what I'm saying, unless I sprinkle them with fairy dust.

PETER. I can. I can see you and hear you and understand you.

TINKER BELL. You are a strange little boy. Are you alone?

PETER. Yes.

TINKER BELL. You're very young to be alone.

PETER. You're very small to be a lady.

TINKER BELL. I'm not a lady, I'm a fairy.

PETER. A real fairy?

TINKER BELL. I dare say I am. And we do not consort with little boys.

PETER. Why not?

TINKER BELL. It isn't done. Where are your ... what are they called? Tall? Big? All mustaches and hats?

PETER. Parents?

TINKER BELL. Yes. "Parents." Silly word.

PETER. I don't know. In the nursery, I'd imagine.

TINKER BELL. Won't they miss you?

PETER. I don't know. Will they?

TINKER BELL. Perhaps not. Do you want them to miss you?

PETER. No. All parents do is make plans.

TINKER BELL. That's true. I hear them planning their children's futures here all the time. This one will be a doctor, that one a barrister, that one a doctor, this one a magistrate, that one a doctor. If so many grow up to be doctors, who will be left to be patients?

PETER. I don't want to have a future. I want to be a little boy forever and have fun. Where do you live?

TINKER BELL. An island.

PETER. I shall see it.

TINKER BELL. You shall go home to your "parents."

PETER. I'm never going home. I heard Mother and Father planning my future. They said I was going to be a "banker." Well, I don't want to be a banker. I want to have fun!

TINKER BELL. Can't bankers have fun?

PETER. No.

TINKER BELL. Why ever not?

PETER. It isn't done.

TINKER BELL. How sad for bankers.

PETER. So I ran away, and now I'm going to be a little boy forever on your island.

TINKER BELL. You cannot come to my island. There aren't any humans there at all.

PETER. I'm sure there was a time before any fairies lived on the island.

TINKER BELL. If there was, I don't remember it.

PETER. I could be your friend.

TINKER BELL. ... You could?

PETER. Yes. If you tell me what a friend is.

TINKER BELL. Well, it's hard to explain. I once overheard a little red-haired girl tell another girl that a friend was a kindred spirit to whom she could confide her inmost soul.

PETER. That sounds complicated.

TINKER BELL. Oh, it's very complicated. That's why everyone only needs one friend.

PETER. Really?

TINKER BELL. Yes. Any more than that and it would get too confusing. Imagine having to keep track of all those people and all those feelings?

PETER. I see what you mean.

TINKER BELL. Do you think you're up to the challenge?

PETER. ... Indeed I do!

(PETER leaps to his feet and crows.)

TINKER BELL. What was that?

PETER. I don't know! I just felt so good I had to—

(He crows again.)

TINKER BELL. All right then. Let's go!

PETER. To your island?

TINKER BELL. Of course.

PETER. Wonderful! Where is it?

TINKER BELL. Second to the right and then straight on till morning.

PETER. I'm Peter. Peter Pan.

TINKER BELL. Tinker Bell.

PETER. Nice to meet you. Where's your boat?

TINKER BELL. Boat? We must fly.

PETER. I don't know if I can fly.

TINKER BELL. That's all right. I can help you.

(TINKER BELL sprinkles some fairy dust on PETER, and he takes off.)

PETER. Oh my! I am flying!

(He flies offstage.)

TINKER BELL. Wait! Wait for me!

(TINKER BELL and PETER fly away. Transition back to Neverland. Enter SMEE and WENDY.)

SMEE. 'Allo again.

WENDY. Awfully sorry to keep interrupting but there are a few more pieces of information you need.

SMEE. "Expository" we calls it.

WENDY. Then we can get back to the play.

SMEE. You see, fairies ... are small.

WENDY. They know that.

SMEE. Yeah, but, I mean—really small. "Miniscule" one might say.

WENDY. Meaning that with big things, like feelings, there's only room for one at a time.

SMEE. You've heard of "bittersweet," "happy/sad," "mixed emotions?" They don't do that.

WENDY. So when fairies feel happy, they are just happy.

SMEE. They are just happy.

WENDY. When they feel sad, they are just sad.

SMEE. They are just sad.

WENDY. When they have ennui, they just have ennui.

SMEE. They just have ... that thing what she said. So if Tinker Bell's behavior seems rash or extreme to you, please remember that's just how fairies are.

WENDY. They can't help it.

SMEE. It's geometric.

WENDY. I think you mean "genetic."

SMEE. ... I've heard it both ways.

(PETER and TINKER BELL fly on. From the moment PETER's on the stage, Neverland comes to life around them. The colors grow more vibrant and nuanced, flowers appear; the sky becomes brilliant, the sun shines in the sky. The island clearly loves PETER and responds to his presence.)

PETER. This is your island? What do you call it?

TINKER BELL. Hm. This land has never been named. Never. Never thought of that before. Never. Never.

PETER. It looks lovely.

TINKER BELL. It does. Everything seems to be waking up at once.

(Flowers grow.)

TINKER BELL (*cont'd*). Where did these flowers come from?

We haven't had flowers this pretty in such a long time.

PETER. They smell nice. So, what do you do for fun?

TINKER BELL. Not much. That's why I came looking for a friend.

PETER. You don't talk to the ducks here?

TINKER BELL. No ducks here to talk with.

PETER. No ducks?

TINKER BELL. We used to have all kinds of birds. And fish.

And animals in the forest. But when the other fairies started dying, they all sort of left. And the ones that stayed were terribly lazy.

(A CROCODILE wanders on the stage unnoticed by PETER and TINKER BELL. Birds fly overhead.)

PETER. Those birds look lovely.

(The flowers bend with PETER's movements.)

TINKER BELL. Yes, they do. I haven't seen them flying like that for ages. Usually they just sit in the trees and chirp rude things.

(PETER realizes the flowers move with him, so he bends in a few different directions to make the flowers mirror his moves. They dance a little.)

PETER. This place is amazing!

(He sees the CROCODILE.)

PETER (*cont'd*). Oh. Look at that.

(TINKER BELL sees the CROCODILE.)

TINKER BELL. Ooooh!! What is that?

PETER. I think I saw it in a book once. It's either an alligator or a crocodile.

TINKER BELL. How do you tell which is which?

PETER. I don't know. So let's just say it's a crocodile.

TINKER BELL. Why?

PETER. I like the word better. "Crocodile." Hello, crocodile.

(The CROCODILE waves and walks offstage.)

PETER *(cont'd)*. He seems nice.

(Throughout the following, PETER darts around the stage as the set grows more and more colorful and dense with foliage and animals.)

TINKER BELL. The Island did like Peter. It grew trees and plants for him. New animals arrived. Brand new ones like the crocodile. And mermaids in the lagoon. Who are very rude, by the way. They have this way of speaking where it sounds like they are paying you a compliment, but, actually, they are being terribly nasty. But either way, the island clearly loved Peter. Whenever we'd go back to Kensington Gardens to visit the ducks or thrushes or the wise, old crow, it would fade a little in his absence. But, every time we got back, it would spring to life again. And it would delight and surprise Peter like he was seeing it for the first time. He has a terrible memory.

PETER. Look!

TINKER BELL. What?

PETER. Something on the water.

TINKER BELL. What is that?!

PETER. Must be a fish.

TINKER BELL. Strange looking fish. It's got some kind of tall horn with a wavy thing on it.

PETER. That's a ship!

TINKER BELL. A what?

PETER. A ship. I read about them, I think. They carry people on the water.

TINKER BELL. Then what's the wavy thing on top of the "ship?"

PETER. That's a "flag." A flag tells you what kind of ship it is.

TINKER BELL. This ship's flag is black with a white skull and two bones in the shape of an "X" underneath.

PETER. Oh, that's a pirate flag. So that's a pirate ship.

TINKER BELL. Oh! I see ... What's a "pirate?"

PETER. Someone who attacks, robs and murders people.

TINKER BELL. Oh! I see ... What?!? We've got to run! And hide! We've got to run and hide!

PETER. Why run? Why not stay?

TINKER BELL. And what happens when the pirates attack, rob and murder us?

PETER. We fight.

TINKER BELL. Stay and fight?

PETER. Stay and fight.

TINKER BELL. I prefer "run and hide" to "stay and fight."

PETER. Well, I want to stay and fight, and we're friends, so you have to stay and fight with me.

TINKER BELL. I do?

PETER. Yes. We're friends so we look out for each other and protect each other.

TINKER BELL. But why do you have to stay and fight?