

From *Peter Pan* by J. M. Barrie

Scene: The living room

Present: *Michael, Wendy, John, Mr & Mrs Darling, Nana (the dog). Mr & Mrs Darling are ready to go out for the evening. It's time for Michael's medicine.*

Mr Darling: Be a man, Michael.

Michael: Won't; won't!

Mrs Darling: I will get you some chocolate for afterwards. (*Exit Mrs Darling.*)

Mr Darling: Mother, don't pamper him. Michael, when I was your age I took medicine without a murmur. I said, "Thank you, kind parents, for making me well."

Wendy: That medicine you take, father, is much nastier isn't it?

Mr Darling: Ever so much nastier, and I would take it now as an example to you, Michael, if I hadn't lost the bottle.

Wendy: I know where it is, father. I'll bring it! (*Exit Wendy.*)

Mr Darling: (*shuddering*) John, it's most beastly stuff. It's that nasty, sticky, sweet kind.

John: It will soon be over, father. (*Wendy enters.*)

Wendy: (*panting*) I have been as quick as I could.

Mr Darling: (*sarcastically*) Wonderful. Michael first.

Michael: (*suspiciously*) Father first.

Mr Darling: I shall be sick, you know.

John: Come on, father.

Mr Darling: Hold your tongue, John.

Wendy: (*puzzled*) I thought you took it quite easily, father.

Mr Darling: That is not the point. The point is, that there is more in my glass than in Michael's spoon. And it isn't fair: I would say it though it were with my last breath; it isn't fair.

Michael: (*coldly*) Father, I am waiting.

Wendy: Why not both take it at the same time? Ready? One, two, three. (*Michael takes his medicine, but Mr Darling slips his behind his back. Michael yells.*)

Wendy: Oh, father!