PETER PANCREAS

Addenbrooke’s Pantomime 2014

ACT 1

GREY 1

*Darkness.*

[VOICEOVER]: Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight’s performance is proudly sponsored by Addenbrookes’ E-Hospital initiative: please switch off all mobile phones to avoid a fatal systems crash. The NHS plus computers: what could possibly go wrong... go wrong... go wrong... *[white noise/dial-up modem sounds which are faded out.]*

*OVERTURE 1 plays.*

*DISNEY CASTLE THEME INTRODUCTION plays whilst the castle logo is projected onto the curtain. A light begins to flit around the stage, accompanied by a little bell ringing. The light starts ‘flying’ erratically and the bell starts making ‘out of fuel’ spluttering sounds before spiraling off into one of the stage wings. Cue general crash sound effects/debris gets launched onto stage.*

*Enter TINKERBELL, limping.*

[TINKERBELL]: *[Talking to herself]* What a stupid place to put a sound desk! I might have seen it if I hadn’t been doing 90 beats a second: these wings just aren’t made for that kind of speed. Oh Peter, you should have waited for me for me in Neverland: one simply cannot rush the sixteen steps of fairy hygiene, you never know *what* grimy grizzlies you might encounter here in the Real World!

*[Sees audience for first time]* Goodness me! There I was talking to myself perfectly naturally, when actually I’m being watched... Well I guess I’d better accept it, otherwise the next three hours are going to be pretty awkward: oh yes they are! *[Dame to warm up audience]* My name is Tinkerbell’s… Palsy, I’m the Neverland clinical skills fairy. Together my students and I examine every dark orifice and clean up even the stickiest incident. Oh, and I teach them clinical skills too...

You didn’t get some of those jokes did you [*insert name of laddish clinical school student*] - so young, so innocent! Reminds me when *I* was young and innocent… but let’s save the overly personal stories for later...

Now, have any of you seen my student, Peter Pancreas? He’s tall-ish, and probably munching something sweet because he’s diabetic and has poor glycaemic control? You’ll let me know if you see him, won’t you boys and girls?

*Exit TINKERBELL, prancing while DANCE OF THE SUGAR PLUM FAIRY plays.*

SCENE 1

*Curtain up onto a Cambridge College Medics drinks party. EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK plays. Chorus are standing around in groups drinking and chatting. JOHN and MICHAEL and WENDY are with the chorus. WENDY moves to centre stage as the music fades.*

[WENDY]: *[To audience]* My sixth and final fresher’s week in Darling College, Cambridge! After five years, I can’t wait to finally grow up and become a real doctor. Are any of you about to become doctors?

*[Looking at a row in the audience and pointing at them]* Oh you look like you’d make a good doctor… and you too…and you…(*awkward laugh*) err look…nice…

Our supervisors throw a little soiree every year to welcome the new medics. I'll introduce you! That boy there, that’s a new Stage 1, John--

[JOHN]: John Stevens-Johnson, at your service – I can do my intro thanks Wendy. Or what do they call you in Clinical School? WenD-Dimer? Classic bants. Don’t worry about Mikey boy, I’m looking after him just fine.

[MICHAEL]: *Hiccup*

[WENDY]: John! You've got him drunk*? [To audience]* Michael’s only 13 but he’s so clever they snapped him up straight from school…

[JOHN]: …and he’s already learned a lot from me. I was in A+E earlier with this patient who’d totally arse-over-tits collapsed. So I said, ‘stand aside matron and assistant health carer, put down that butterfly canulus, I’ll handle this!’ So I set defib paddles to fry and…

[WENDY]: *[Disapprovingly]* John, as a Stage 1, you’ve never been taught how to use a defibrillator. I think you’ll find the official clinical school guidance is that practical skills shouldn’t be performed until after the appropriate teaching session, and even then only with appropriate supervision.

[JOHN]: Please, it isn’t hard, and I’m pretty sure they taught us about it in applied anatomy or something. I could start as an F1 tomorrow if they’d let me. Clinical school is just to delay us a bit so we don’t make the Oxford students look as dumb.

[MICHAEL]: You’re so brave John! What happened next?

[JOHN]: Well M-Dog, I went for the reboot switch and cried God for rugger, England and Darling college! Then ZAP! And (*suddenly loses confidence as he remembers…*)…err

[MICHAEL]: And what John?

[JOHN]: Oh erm, well, I’d had some bangers and lash the night before, and his heart hadn’t really ‘stopped’ per se, he was, sort of, you know... asleep. The next thing I knew the patient was screaming blue murder, there were incident forms everywah and the consultant was shouting something about me being a blithering idiot.

[WENDY]: Quite right. We don’t want to give Michael any silly ideas.

*Enter ALLEN and NANA.*

[ALLEN]: Isn’t it time you were off to bed?

[WENDY, JOHN, MICHAEL]: Sorry, Dr Allen.

[ALLEN]: A good night’s sleep’s essential, especially with young Michael here starting his first day at Darling College. Otherwise I'll have to report you to our new College Porter, Mr. Nana.

[NANA]: You kids get to bed. Woof.

[WENDY]: Dr Allen, you’re dressed awfully nice for a students’ drinks reception.

[ALLEN]: Yes, I’ve, err, got an important meeting to go to. Its... ah... an implementation evening of e-hospital protocols, where they teach us about patient safety, clinical governance and venepuncture.

*Enter WOOD*

[WOOD]: Chris, there you are! We don’t want to be late for Dr Siklos’ birthday karaoke again, do we? We’ll miss Matt Mason doing his Adele tribute act… *[Notices students]* Oh, hello students.

*Bemused silence*

[ALLEN]: *[Sulkily]* Anyway Wendy, I want this room empty by half ten.

[WOOD]: Be sure to lock the door. Goodnight, Darlings!

[NANA]: Bark.

[ALLEN]: Nana, did you just woof?

[NANA]: No, just a cough.

*Exeunt WOOD, ALLEN and NANA.*

[MICHAEL]: Wendy, before we go to bed, can you tell us what clinical school is like?

[WENDY]: Of course Michael - gather round.

SONG: THE CIRCLE OF STRIFE

*Enter PETER, dressed in shorts, a Hawaiian shirt and sunglasses*

[WENDY]: *[Girlish scream]* Aaahh!

[JOHN]: I say, who the dickens are you?!

[PETER]: Whoa, chill out man. I’ve been at Cambridge longer than any other student, so I’ll have a bit more respect from the likes of you! If you don’t mind, I’m trying to find my shadow.

[MICHAEL]: How can you lose your shadow? According to Newton’s seminal works on light and optics…

[PETER]: I just did, OK? I saw my old DoS, Chris Allen, on the other side of Front Court and decided to take a bit of a uh… shortcut… through this window here, and next thing I know, my shadow’s gone. *[To Audience]* I don’t suppose any of you have seen it, have you?

*Cue audience participation. Actors pretend to search around. Large shadow of a figure appears projected on the back of the set. Audience shouts “It’s behind you!”, “oh no it isn’t”, “oh yes it is etc”... Eventually PETER sees the shadow and disappears behind a bit of set, his projected shadow appears next to the other one, grabs it by the arm and PETER reappears dragging CUSU SHADOW behind him, complete with camera and map of Cambridge.*

[PETER]: *[To SHADOW]* You’re supposed to stay with me at all times! *[To STUDENTS]* This is my CUSU shadow, Tariq. He’s from *[mimics American accent]* ‘High School’ in Texas and wants to apply to Medical School here.

[SHADOW]: Hey Pete! I was rowing a punt today and guess what this really clever tour fella told me: the entire King’s College Chapel was carved out of a single block of marble by ol’ Bill Shakespeare himself, from the top down!?

[JOHN]: What makes *you* want to apply here, Yankee?

[SHADOW]: Aw gee, there’s just so much history here in In-ger-land and Cam-bridge. Today I visited this ancient college which is older than the whole of the US of A. They called it…’Fitzwilliam’.

[JOHN]: How on earth is some *tourist* like you going to be as well-rounded and thorough-bred as all the top blokes from the British public schools?! I bet you'll be so busy taking pictures of the Corpus Clock you’ll miss your bloody interview!

[SHADOW]: Well-rounded?!

[MICHAEL]: Well most Americans are well rounded in a certain manner of speaking!

[SHADOW]: Is that a British joke? I watched Monty Pie-thon-

[JOHN]: Haha, nice one Mikey! The only Pie-thon he knows about is a pie-mara-thon!

[MICHAEL]: Yes, it would appear that his endocrine system, whilst maintaining its sensitivity to ghrelin, is totally insensitive to the really quite powerful effect of leptin! HA!

[JOHN]: Yeah...*[To PETER]* But you’ve still not explained who you are.

[WENDY]: Or why you’re wearing those funny clothes?

[PETER]: The name’s Peter Pancreas and I’m a final year. Oh, and I’ve just come back from my 17th elective, this one in Hawaii. Aloha!

[WENDY]: Peter Pancreas? You were a finalist when my college grandma was a fresher! She told me how you went to great lengths to fail finals repeatedly – like that OSCE station when you deliberately inserted a female catheter into a male model. And they didn’t even give you female catheters...

[PETER]: Brought my own, never know when they’ll come in handy.

[WENDY]: But surely you've qualified now?

[PETER]: Qualified?! I’ve failed finals seventeen times, and long may that continue!

[WENDY]: Why on earth would you want to fail?

[PETER]: Why would you want to qualify? When you’re a student you’re *free*. You can go wherever you like whenever you like, and nobody cares if you skive off for weeks on end.

[WENDY]: But when you’re a doctor you can finally utilise all those skills you’ve been learning for so long.

[PETER]: And be overworked, under-paid, sleep-deprived, and bullied by the nursing staff? No thanks, I’d rather be a perpetual student than a downtrodden house officer any day of the week.

[WENDY]: But...

[PETER]: *[Interrupting]* But I didn’t come here to argue – I came here to party! Let’s all get changed and go dance!

[JOHN]: Yes! Matt Mitchard’s *[or appropriately laddish student]* out tonight and there’s been an arrest… sounds like a job for the Lash Team!

[MICHAEL]: But what about your shadow?

[JOHN]: I’ll suture you together! Fetch me some lidocaine, a needle holder and some 2-0 Vicryl!

*PETER and SHADOW nervously move away from each other*

[PETER]: Um, no. Last one to Cindies buys the shots!

*General cheering.*

*Curtain down, CINDIES MUSIC plays.*

GREY 2

*Enter TINKERBELL, holding a large fake mobile phone to her ear and looking at her nails*

[TINKERBELL]: …and so I said to Peter to stop being so nervous and ease it in gently, otherwise it’s going to get very messy… *[turns to see audience and looks surprised, then embarrassed, letting the phone drop to the floor]*…oh, you’re all still here! I was talking about... blood-taking... *[Shouting at the phone, still on the floor]* I’ll have to call you back Mr Latimer... *[Kicks phone into the wings/upstage]*

*Enter PETER, WENDY, JOHN and MICHAEL, slightly drunk, JOHN singing a suitably inappropriate drinking song*

[TINKERBELL]: *[Angrily]* PETER PANCREAS! Where have you been? Who are all these *students?*! And what have you done with your Shadow?!

[PETER]: *[Drunkenly]* My shadow?! We walked past the Eagle and Tariq said, hey *Wats-on* here... then something about a *Crick* in his neck... and then he *DNAed*!? Boom!... *[Tinkerbell is not impressed]* But yeah, he's gone. These are my new friends. Wendy, John, Michael, meet Binkertell, my cynical kills fairy.

[WENDY]: *[Puts out hand]* Pleased to meet you, Binkertell.

[TINKERBELL]: *[Ignores hand, brusquely]* Its Tinkerbell. *[Walks straight past Wendy and pointedly puts her arm round Peter’s waist]* Now Peter, let's not wear ourselves out before our one-on-one CCS role-play session tomorrow.

[WENDY]: *[Tipsy]* Hey Peter - if you’ve been a clinical student all these years, how come I’ve never seen you at Addenbrooke’s?

[PETER]: Ha. I’ve been elsewhere, in a place few people believe exists - where time passes differently and you can escape the realities of daily life…

[JOHN]: King’s Lynn?

[PETER]: No! The only way you'll believe me is if I show you! *[Dramatically, looking into the distance]* Tonight, you will journey with me... to NEVERLAND!

*Enter NEDERLANDS GUY, appearing suddenly*

[NEDERLANDS]: Did shomebody shay DE NEDERLANDS? We got de tulips, de windmills, de friendly liberal exterior hiding de shurprisingly wideshpread racist attitudes…

[PETER]: No, Nederlands guy - NEVERLAND. N-E-V-E-R-

[NEDERLANDS]: But I even brought de clogs... *[holds out some hospital clogs]*

[PETER]: Sorry?

[NEDERLANDS]: Oh... Look! A real Dutch oven!

*Exit NEDERLANDS GUY*

[PETER]: As I was saying, come with me to Neverland!

[WENDY]: But I’ve never seen it on a travel expenses form. I mean, how do we get there?

[PETER]: We fly of course!

[WENDY, JOHN AND MICHAEL]: Fly?!

[MICHAEL]: That’s impossible! I was reading an article in ‘Trends in Flying Apparatus’, 2010, by Icarus et. al…’

[PETER]: Listen, Tinks can show you how.

[TINKERBELL]: *[Grumpily]* I don’t think that’s appropriate.

[PETER]: Oh, go on.

[TINKERBELL]: No-one as fat and ugly as Wendy would ever be able to fly…

[PETER]: *[Angrily]* Tinks! Besides, you taught *[insert name here],* didn’t you?

[TINKERBELL]: Fine. *[Suddenly into cheerful Klaud mode]* Many students are nervous about flying when they first start fairytale clinical school, but it really is quite simple. You’ll need sterile gauze and a packet of magical fairy dust. Don’t forget to check it’s still in date! After fairy hygiene, open your packets onto your sterile field, sprinkle the dust onto the gauze, pop it over your nose and take a nice deep breath in. That'll summon your ‘fairy porter’ - then just think happy thoughts and you’ll be airborne in no time!

[MICHAEL]: Oooh! Can I go first!

*Michael proceeds to follow the instructions, takes a deep breath in.*

*Enter MICHAEL’S FAIRY PORTER as YOU CAN FLY (1) plays.*

[PETER]: Remember, you need to think happy thoughts!

[MICHAEL]: OK…well, hypoparathyroidism… pseudohypoparathyroidism… pseudopseudohypoparathyroidism…(*Fairy porter shakes his head each time Michael gets it wrong)* …unlimited Haribo !

*Suddenly, Michael is magically propelled into the air by the FP.*

[TINKERBELL]: *[To audience, in stage whisper]* Budget cuts...

[MICHAEL]: Woah! Wendy, you try some!

[WENDY]: *[Breathes in, her FP appears, etc…]* A summer’s day…with tea and crumpets… Scrabble… *[Looks over at Peter, looks down in slight bashfulness]*…making new friends?

*Wendy is lifted up next to Michael*

[JOHN]: Let me try some! *[Sets up, takes a deep breath then proceeds to get posher and more desperate as he talks]* Getting bladdered with Boris and the booze brigade…getting ping ponged with Percival and the Port possey…getting totally tweed trousered with Tarquin and the Tequila team…

[PETER]: Come on John! What makes you happier than anything else in the world?

[JOHN]: It would have to be… My Little Pony!

*JOHN is lifted into the air next to MICHAEL and WENDY*

[JOHN]: *[Embarrassed]* What? Mummy got it for me when my yacht broke...

[PETER]: Now… to Neverland! Second star to the right and almost to Girton!

*Exeunt as YOU CAN FLY (2) plays.*

SCENE 2

*Curtain up onto Pirates in Neverland.*

SONG: SAILING FOR ADVENTURE

*Bright flashing lights, smoke on either side. The theme tune of ‘Take Me Out’ plays. Sitting behind small podiums are JACK BONE MARROW, CAPTAIN MORGAN, BARBITUROSA, RR MICHAEL, AND THE COUNT. As the theme tune builds to climax, LONG JOHN SILVERMAN comes out from stage left.*

[SILVER]: Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Take Me Out…of the NHS, the gameshow where consultants on the run from the GMC, or just trying to escape Jeremy Hunt's *sinking* ship, compete for a spot aboard this illustrious Neverland *pirate* ship, the Black Stool.

I’m your host, Long John Silverman: former GP, Communication Skills expert and last year’s winner, following my *untimely* retirement from the Clinical School... But enough of this rapport building - let me give you a warning shot: this man's more inappropriate than a Burger King in the Addenbrooke’s concourse, more deadly than a Mid Staffordshire Hospital, more intimidating than a Christmas dinner to an anorexic. Let the catheter meet the meatus! It's Captain Hookworm!

*Enter CAPTAIN HOOKWORM whilst the theme tune plays once more. CHORUS cheer.*

[HOOK]: Muahahaha. *[Insult the audience]* And Silverman, your jokes are as formulaic as your communication skills course!

[SILVER]: Well, feedback is always appreciated, but perhaps you could reflect on—

[HOOK]: Silence! Smeer, my trusty scrub nurse, come hither.

*Enter SMEER, who fiddles with one of Hook’s ‘hand’ attachments.*

[SILVER]: *[nervously]* Perhaps it’s time for the Hook to, er, meet the bait…?

[HOOK]: I haven’t time for your stupid games, I need a crew to take to the Isle of Fernando, I mean Neverland, and I’ve got room for all of you, bar one. So only the most hopeless halfwit amongst you will be removed, *but* not before they’ve been punished for wasting my time… the Piranha-Bucket challenge will suffice! [*seriously*] It is for charity after all.

[SILVER]: In summary, ‘No likey, it’s going to get…bitey?'

[MARROW]: *[suddenly]* Speaking of ‘bitey’, some wench has just nibbled my rod on this new pirate-dating app ‘shiver-me…Tinder’. She's quite the ayyyyyyeeee candy: Wen D-Dimer. I'd raise my mizzen mast for her! Not like that old hag Tinker Bell: sunken chest...with no booty!

[SMEER]: Who are you and why should Hook let you stay in Neverland?

[MARROW]: *[Grandly, but drunkenly]* My name is Captain Jack Bone-Marrow, star of 'Pirates of the Perineum: Curve of the Black Pole’, *highly-rated* films, if you catch my drift.... I was also a well-respected surgeon until... the amputation. We were going for the big toe, but I took both her legs by mistake!

[HOOK]: Was that all you took?

[MARROW]: Aye!

[SMEER]: Her eye too!?

*HOOK hits SMEER*

[MARROW]: The patient said she would sue.... I said the case was closed and she didn't have a leg to stand on....She said I'd really put my foot in it. I said that's a bit ironic coming from you.... She said she'd see me struck off the medical register...I said she couldn't even *see* two feet in front of her... *[as an aside]* Kind of like Oscar Pistorius in the dark with a pistol

[SMEER]: That's a bit close to the...*bone.*

*No-one laughs but SMEER. HOOK hits him again, more savagely.*

[MARROW]: Fearing the GMC trial, I fled to Neverland, free to amputate whatever from whomever, forever. Savvy?

[SMEER]:…and what have you brought with you?

[MARROW]: My most faithful friend, yet greatest enemy. O captain, my captain - Captain Morgan!

*As MARROW is introducing him, MORGAN gets up, turns around, hiccups, rants about doctors and alcohol, then falls back down again to the ground.*

[HOOK]: Silverman, introduce the rest of this rabble.

[SILVER]: This is Captain Barbiturosa, Ward Pharmacist.

[MARROW]: A pharmacist! What, medicine too difficult??

[BARBITUROSA]: Enough! Pharmacy is harder than it looks. I have to answer all your pointless questions all day. "Hi, I'm the F1 - I've this patient who's just had a car crash. Will Calpol do?” So, one day I took my destiny into my own hands and began to prescribe. God, that feeling it gave me. Once the GMC discovered what I was doing I had to get to Neverland, free to prescribe for the rest of my days.

[MARROW]: Bloody hell.

[FBC]: Did shomebody say blooood? Good evening everybody. I’m the resident phlebotomist. Call me the Count: the Full Blood Count!

[HOOK]: A phlebotomist! Like the midwife of health care assistants - only trusted with one job!

[FBC]: As a phlebotomist I deal with thousands of pricks everyday, but this Hookworm is one too many! I love phlebotomy: tourniquets, the latex gloves, being able to plunge your big stick into patients… mmmm… bloooood…

[BARBITUROSA]: A vampire-phlebotomist. Original.

[FBC]: Indeed. Ze taste of blood was too succulent for me to resist. Before I knew it, I was moving onto ze blood banks, ITU patients... ze paediatric vord!

*General gasps.*

[FBC]: I came to Neverland vere zere is an unlimited supply of blood-filled... victims.

[RRMICHAEL]: A fascinating specimen. I myself came to Neverland to study the wonders of the helminth-infected Captain Hookworm. I left my diarrhoea symposium as quickly as I could!

[SILVER]: Tell me sir, what do we call you?

[RRMICHAEL]: Dr Ray-Richard Michael, at your service.

[BARBITUROSA]: Not pirate-y enough. Better call yourself Dr Aaarggg Michael.

[SILVER]: So Hook, what do you think?

[HOOK]: I think you lot are the biggest collection of freaks since the Trinity Mathmo’s silent film society did Cats! Nevertheless, I need an extensive crew if I am to vanquish my arch-diabetic-nemesis, Peter Pancreas.

[MARROW]: Tell me, my dear Hookworm. Why are we after this Pancreas?

[HOOK]: Pancreas is the reason I am here in the first place!

[SILVER]: Take us back to the beginning...

[HOOK]: I was the ultimate cardiothoracic surgeon. But one day, I was entrusted with a monstrously difficult heart valve replacement. The patient had thick, scaly skin and a thoracic anatomy the likes of which I have never seen. But guess who was there to spoil the party?

[FBC]: Vas it Ebola?

[HOOK]: Quiet! It was a rhetorical question.

[SMEER]: I thought it was Peter Pancreas?

[HOOK]: No! Well, yes - quiet Smeer! That smart-arse medical student was trying to hit on my anaesthetist, waving a scalpel around like nobody’s business. Next thing I know Pancreas slips and slices off my hand. There was blood everywhere. And I...

[FBC]: Blood everywahhhh.....I can just imagine.

[HOOK]: *[Suddenly furious]* Interrupt my dramatic monologue again will you?! Smeer, the piranhas! I bet they could strip you to the bones before you can *count* to ten!

[SMEER]: Aye sir!

[FBC]: I can see: one piranha, ah, ah, ah; two piranha, ah, ah, ah…

*Exeunt FBC, SMEER and several chorus pirates*

[FBC]: *[Offstage]* three piranha,ah, ah... aaaaaaaarrrrgrhhh!

*Enter SMEER with chest X-ray*

[HOOK]: Where was I... oh yes. My severed hand had fallen into the patient’s open thorax, but in my fury I forgot to count it in…

[FBC]: *[Bloody face peering in from the wings]* One hand in patient, ah, ah, ahhh

[HOOK]: Pancreas fled, I closed up. The count was complete, but my hand was still inside. I knew the patient would sue, so I fled to Neverland. And I had to replace my hand with this ghastly hook. I would never operate for the NHS again. But here, where the GMC can't find me, I can do whatever I want to any patient, and rule Neverland forever!

*A ticking noise is heard and COWCRODILE THEME plays. Everyone is completely silent and HOOK’s expression slowly turns pale.*

[HOOK]: Smeer! Didn’t I tell you to destroy all the clocks on the Black Stool?

[SMEER]: …I did sir…

[MARROW]: Then what’s that ticking?

*HOOK starts whimpering. COWCRODILE THEME stops, ticking noise continues*

[RRMICHAEL]: Funny you should say that: since stepping aboard this vessel, I myself have developed a rather intriguing vocal tic… *yargh*.

[BARBITUROSA]: No matey, that *other* ticking…

[RRMICHAEL]: *[From now on, RRMICHAEL has ever-increasing pirate vocal tics]* Oh. That, my friend, is the clear ejection systolic grade 6 murmur with reverse splitting and mid-diastolic click which can only mean one thing, *[talking to parrot]* isn’t that right Polly?

[ALL]: *What*?

[RRMICHAEL]: The Captain’s botched heart valve patient is somewhere near!

*HOOK trembles in SMEER's arms until ticking gradually subsides.*

[HOOK]: We need to get moving, now! And I know who can help us find Pan: Tigerlilly!

[BARBITUROSA]: Who?

[SMEER]: He's a rheumatology consultant with a massive crush on Peter. He's always at the Lolagoon…

[HOOK]: He will lead us to Pan's hideout, the Neverwood Room, where I’ll turn Peter *Pancreas* into Peter *Pancreatitis*.

[SMEER]: What, boss?

[HOOK]: Nevermind. Smeer, ready the cannons! Time to bring forward plans, time to kill Peter Pan and to rule Neverland! Who’s with me?

*Pirates cheer*

SONG: YOU'RE ONLY SECOND RATE

*Exeunt*

*Curtain down*

GREY 3

*SHERWOOD MUSIC plays. Enter PETER, WENDY, JOHN & MICHAEL.*

[JOHN]: ...and so she said "It's so unfair, King's aren't even paying me the living wage!" Ahahaha!!! [*No-one else laughs.*] You had to be there.

*Enter MISS NEVERLAND wearing a 'Miss Neverland' sash and a tiara.*

[NEVERLAND]: Peter! You're back! *[She starts kissing him on the cheek. Wendy looks very uncomfortable*.*]* Where's Tink?

[PETER]: Tinks? She mentioned something about having to personally evaluate someone's PR exam skills... she can be pretty *anal* about it… Anyway, we have new Lost Boys! This is Wendy, John and Michael. Guys, this is Miss Neverland 2014!

[MISS NEVERLAND]: It sure is nice to see some new faces! *[Starts posing]* I’m Carina - I mean Davina - and it was such a pleasure to have been voted Miss Neverland for the third year running! I will not rest until I have realised my life ambition: World Peace. I’m currently raising money for my charity, which helps disadvantaged children play with dolphins.... crown in one hand, snorkel in the other... Beauty with a Porpoise. I'd be happy to send you an \**ahem\** personalised Facebook message about it. Shoot, is that the time? I have publicise my new Tab photo shoot. This one features even more African children. Hashtag-goodcause; Hashtag-fabulous. Toodaloo!

*Exit MISS NEVERLAND*

*Curtain up*

SCENE 3

*The Neverwood: looks suspiciously like the Sherwood Room. A "NeverSoc Needs You!" poster hangs from a wall. The Lost Boys are hanging around, working, talking on one side. Miss Neverland is there, handing out flyers to everyone and trying to get people to pose for selfies with her.*

[WENDY]: Well, she's inspiring.

[MICHAEL]: Wow, look at this place! A ping pong table! Sofas!

[PETER]: Michael, this is nothing! This is just our hideout, the Neverwood Room. You’ll have time to explore the wonders of Neverland later. But now, I'll introduce you to the other Lost Boys. Hey Tib and Fib!

*Tib & Fib come over: a nerdy twin brother and sister double act. They have a large ‘T’ & ‘F’ sewn into the front of their respective shirts. They wave their hands in unison.*

[TIB]: Strangers...

[FIB-]: From the outside.

[TIB AND FIB]: Ooooooh.

[JOHN]: What’s up with these guys?

[PETER]: These are Neverland’s smartest medics. Show ‘em!

[FIB]: Of course, Master P. *[Gesturing at Michael]* *You* appear slightly dehydrated-

[TIB]: -with a faintly sulphurous aroma-

[FIB]: -and audible borborygmus-

[TIB]: -so we’d say you’re currently suffering from a nasty bout of –

[BOTH]: Diarrhoea!

[MICHAEL]: *[Embarrassed]* Well, I did eat at Caius formal the other night...

[TIB]: Just as we thought! Fib, bring out the Bristol Stool Chart!

*Fib disappears behind the curtain and brings out a large picture chart. Listed on the chart are 7 types of stool: piano stools, laboratory stools, baby high chairs, Ottoman stools, etc.*

[FIB]: Right you are Tib! *[Pointing at a wooden stool]* As shown, this stool is firm, brown and with a shiny finish.

[TIB]: Fib you idiot, that’s a piano stool you’re pointing at! It’s the wrong chart! That’s the *Blackpool* Stool chart!

[FIB]: Oh my, so it is. *[Flips the chart around.]* This should be the one. As demonstrated, this stool is extra-watery, extra-pungent, and with little bits floating in it.

[TIB]: Fib! That’s the Plymouth *Pool* Chart! That's a puddle you're pointing at!

*Fib looks at the second chart more closely. Listed on this chart are 7 types of pool: swimming pools, pool tables, paddling pools, etc.*

[FIB]: Well, it’s your fault for leaving the charts in the wrong place!

[TIB]: Well, you should tidy them away!

*The others wander downstage as TIB & FIB continue arguing.*

[TINKERBELL]: *[from offstage]* – AAAAAAAAAAaaaaaarggggghhhh.

*Everyone looks around as a wailing noise continues for an awkwardly long amount of time. Tinkerbell has to take a breath to wail again, then bursts onto the stage.*

*Enter TINKERBELL*

[NEVERLAND]: Hello Tinkerbell. You're looking very melodramatic today…Selfie? Hashtag – what’s tinkled her bell?

[TINKERBELL]: *[She doesn't realise that PETER and WENDY are here].* Not now dear. It’s Wendy! She’s a threat to everyone here in Neverland! She needs to be banished!

[FIB]: Egads! What has she done?

[TINKERBELL]: *[Realising that she hasn't thought this through]* Er, she... Um...

[NEVERLAND]: *[After a pause]* Tink, is this just another one of your silly pranks? I’m sorry Tink, but I’ve got to go put avocado in my hair to give it a natural shine.

*Everyone starts to wander upstage.*

[TINKERBELL]: Wait!

*Everyone stops and looks.*

[TINKERBELL]: She... examined a patient from the *left hand side*… and they died!

*Everyone gasps.*

[ALL]: Whaaaaaaattt?

*Chorus crowds back round Tinkerbell and look at Wendy menacingly. PETER & WENDY return to see what's happening.*

[NEVERLAND]: *[Wailing]* That’s terrible!

[TINKERBELL]: *[Awkwardly]* Peter... I didn't see you there...

[TIB]: Murderer!

[FIB]: She must be banished!

[WENDY]: What?! What on earth are you all talking about?

[TINKERBELL]: *[To self]* I have not thought this through…

[PETER]: *[Spots Tinkerbell looking shifty]* Tink… *[Tink avoids meeting his gaze]* Tink, you didn’t perhaps… make something up just to get Wendy banished? *[Tinkerbell nods. Peter is now angry*.*]* That is *it*! I used to believe your lies: I believed that there was a continence specialist called Mr Slack, that there was a colorectal surgeon called Mr Shatter and that the SJT was worth more to FPAS than an entire degree - but this is the last straw, Tinkerbell’s Palsy!

*Stunned silence.*

[FIB]: (*To Tib)* Yikes!

[TIB]: She just got 'full-named'!

[PETER]: Henceforth, using the power invested in me as NeverSoc President, I...I hereby banish you from the Neverwood... forever!

*Tinkerbell starts sobbing quietly.*

[PETER]: Pack up your things and leave.

*Exit TINKERBELL*

[PETER]: *[To Lost Boys]* And you! You should be ashamed of yourselves, believing such lies. Lost Boys, as punishment you can take Michael and John to our incinerator, to dispose of this week’s rubbish.

*All look over at a stinking pile of bin bags.*

*[To Wendy]* Life’s pretty hard without a bedder. If you need us, we'll be at the Lolagoon!

*Exeunt all but WENDY and PETER.*

[WENDY]: The Lolagoon?

[PETER]: *[Ignoring her question]* I am so sorry about all of this Wendy. Tink… she can get so jealous.

[WENDY]: Jealous? Of me?

[PETER]: Well, it’s not often we have pretty girls here…

*Wendy blushes.*

[PETER]: How about we take a little break and go somewhere chilled…?

[WENDY]: Like the library?

[PETER]: Well... no. But it might be a good place to revise some…anatomy.

[WENDY]: *[Giggles]* Sounds fun!

*Exeunt PETER and WENDY. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST plays.*

GREY 4

*Enter PETER, dressed as a Frenchman, and WENDY*

[WENDY]: Are you sure we’re going the right way Peter? I mean, it's practically unheard of to walk for over 10 minutes in Cambridge…

[PETER]: Wendy, I know this island almost as well as I know Europe.

[WENDY]: You know, you’re pretty cultured for a drop-out. Remind me where you got that outfit?

[PETER]: *[French accent]* Mais oui mademoiselle, you learn a few tricks when you’re in Paris on elective.

[WENDY]: I thought you were going to be this massive lad who only cared about parties and getting with girls, like John. But underneath it all, you're really sensitive. I mean, you look after those Lost Boys like brothers.

[PETER]: Well, they’re as close to family as I’ll ever get. As much as I never want to qualify, it can get pretty lonely.

[WENDY]: As much as I want to be this amazing doctor, spending all my time in the library can be a bit lonely too...

*PETER and WENDY get a bit closer.*

[PETER]: Can I tell you something...?

[WENDY]: Of course Peter.

[PETER]: I’m really glad you came to Neverland.

[WENDY]: Me too... Let's keep each other company?

[PETER]: Deal. Come on, we’re not far now.

*Exeunt, holding hands.*

*Enter LOST BOYS, JOHN, MICHAEL*

[JOHN]: Seriously guys, we’ve been walking for like… twelve minutes now. How far is this incinerator place?!

*Enter INDIAN NURSES secretively.*

[MICHAEL]: Well my expert knowledge in astronomy combined with the current visible star systems tells me…

*Everyone looks at Michael*

…that it’s night time.

*INDIAN THEME plays. The nurses ensnare the Lost Boys. Sangeeta is Indian, Flying Yellow Catheter is Native American, Calypso is Jamaican. All the nurses are wearing red scrubs.*

[MATRON]: *[Intimidatingly]* Now look what we have here! These meddling medical students have once again wandered away from the ward round and I bet they’ve taken Dr Tigerlilly with them.

[MICHAEL]: Pardon?

[MATRON]: Ever since that Peter Pancreas turned up in Neverland, Tigerlilly is always getting into mischief. Which leaves me and my nurses with a never-ending list of jobs to do in his absence. We’ve had to start outsourcing to agency staff, who are not very au fait with local protocols…

[FYC]: *[Dangling catheter]* HOWWWWW…..do you put in catheter, I forget?

[SANGEETA]:But it’s a wery wery wery easy procedure, isn’t it?

[CALYPSO]:Naaaaaah man. You got to go with the flow, then *see* the flow, yaaaah. Come, listen to the Island breezes. Sing with me!

[MICHAEL]: Oh I see! You’re an American Indian, you’re a West Indian and you’re an...erm… Indian Indian. And you’re all in red. *[Excitedly]* You should call yourselves the Red Indians!

[ALL INDIANS]: *[Turn to each other, then in normal accent]* Um... actually, that’s really offensive... / Not cool… / Did he actually just say that? / Poor taste.

[MATRON]: If you do not tell us where you’ve got Tigerlilly hidden, we will force you to complete all of our degrading tasks ‘til the end of time! *[Seriously]* Seriously, we are *massively* understaffed.

[JOHN]: I've no idea who this Tiger person is, but didn't Peter say he was going to some lagoon? We could make like a botched circumcision and… head off?

[MISS NEVERLAND]: And escape those disgusting ward jobs!

[TIB]: But the incinerator!

[FIB]: We have to follow Peter's orders!

[NEVERLAND]: Who's wants to do boring ward jobs? We’ll just give these bags to the next physicians assistants we see!

*Exeunt*

SCENE 4

*Curtain up*. *HEART SKIPS A BEAT plays. Curtains open to chorus dancing, some of whom are dressed as murmurmaids.*

*Enter PETER and WENDY. Peter is limping. Music stops but chorus continue dancing.*

[PETER]: Lolagoon, the finest club in Neverland. Some people say it’s better than Life itself… on a Thursday anyway*.* *[He limps onwards]*

[WENDY]: Are you sure you're OK? You took quite a tumble on the journey over here… Let me help you. *[With her ear close to his chest]* Wait... Peter, can you hear that?

[PETER]: Hear what?

[WENDY]: I can hear something in your right second intercostal space, loudest on expiration, radiating to the carotids. Sounds like a…

*DJ scratch noise. Enter TIGERLILLYCRAP with a posse of murmurmaids who proceed to grind on Peter. Everyone is dancing whilst they talk. Murmurmaids do the heart dance.*

[TIGERLILLY]…strapping Bavarian schnuckel. That's what you were going to say, wasn’t it darling?

*TIGERLILLYCRAP THEME plays.*

[PETER]: *[Excitedly]* Dr Tigerlillycrap! *[whisper to Wendy]* Don’t mention the war!

[TIGERLILLY]: Ja darlings, it is I, and it has been far too long since I have seen my little lost knuddel-boy Peter. *[Roughly translates as cuddle-boys]* *[Noticing Wendy]* And who, meine Süssen, do we have here? Ah, what a radiant sonnenblume you are Fraulein... *[Kissing her hand]*

[PETER]: Ahem…

[TIGERLILLY]: Do forgive me... I am Dr Tiger… lillycrap, Associate Dean of Neverland and Rheumatology Consultant. *[Gesturing to Peter]* Not that I get die morning stiffness with this one: thanks to his diabetes, he’s a Never-wood boy by name and nature!… Ha! *[to all]* These are my beautiful and dutiful assistants, the Murmurmaids. After 6 years of downing the Jaegerbombs in Lolagoon, they have developed a, wie sie es sagen, *ejection* *[thrust]* systolic murmur.

[WENDY]: The pleasure is all mine…?

[TIGERLILLY]:Oh, I am being such a naughty little Bratwurst. I really should be on my ward round! But I gain so much more pleasure from being around Peter. Oh I see you haben a little limp there. *[Aside]* I, however, am neither little, nor limp.

[PETER]: *[Awkwardly laughs]* Oh, it’s nothing really, Dr Tigerlillycrap, just a sprain.

[TIGERLILLY]: *[Approaching]* Really Peter, just give me fünf minuten to rub you with my strong hands and you’ll feel all the tension simply… come away…

[PETER]: Honestly I’m fine…

[TIGERLILLY]:You need in the very least a GALS exam, you must have seen all the ... *Demonstration videos* I've put up on BEDportal?

[WENDY]: Don't you mean MEDportal?

[TIGERLILLY]: I think you hear what you want to hear, darling...

[WENDY]: Oh Peter, let him examine you, that leg looks very sore.

*The murmurmaids grab Peter.*

[TIGERLILLY]: First the questions. Are you able to get up the stairs *[Peter starts to nod]* and get into bed? How about going down: do you *[pointing at crotch]*… *go down*? Are you able to undress yourself, or do you need… assistance? *[Peter looks confused]* Now, do you get the morning stiffness? *[Turning matter-of-factly to Wendy]* This is all crucial information for the GALS. If a patient has a limp, we must ask him about the morning stiffness.

*[Turning abruptly back to Peter]* Now Peter would you bend over for me? *[Peter bends limply, moved by the murmurmaids]* Ooooh look how far it is extending! Now squeeze my finger. *[Tigerlilly makes a fart sound]* Hahahaha! I couldn’t resist. *[Murmurmaids release Peter]* Don’t worry Peter, your ankle will heal faster than you can say…

[PETER]: *[Pointing to off stage]* Captain Hookworm!

[TIGERLILLY]: I was going to say Wegener's Granulomatosis actually.

[WENDY]: Pirates! Quick, we need to disappear.

[TIGERLILLY]: Everyone, verstecken! *[confused pause, then desperately]* That means hide!

*All hide.*

*Enter HOOK, SILVERMAN, RR MICHAEL, BARBITUROSA and MARROW. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR? plays. Some of the pirates start mingling with the murmurmaids. Peter leads Wendy to hide at the other side of the stage.*

[RR MICHAEL]: Ah, the legendary Lolagoon, home to many a spirochete and schistosome, if you know where to look. *[Proceeds to get far too close to some murmurmaids and begins swabbing]*

[HOOK]: Long John Silverman, keep your eyes peeled for any non-verbal cues to this Tigerlillicrap's identity.

[SILVER]: Aye aye Captain. Indeed, the non-verbal cues of these murmurmaids tells me our mateys might be getting lucky tonight *[Points to Captain Morgan who is making out with a Murmurmaid]*

[HOOK]: *[Laughing]* Aye! Whilst we wait, we may as well crack open some VKs. *[Silverman struggles to open his bottle]* Allow me. *[Abruptly harsh]* Smeer!

[SMEER]: Yes sir.

*Smeer laboriously attaches a large bottle opener to Hookworm’s arm, who then opens Silverman’s drink.*

[MARROW]: *[To a murmurmaid]* Is that an “X” on the seat of your pants? ‘Cause I’d like to get to the wondrous booty buried beneath.

[BARBITUROSA]: *[To another murmurmaid]* This ain’t no peg leg… Arrrrghhh… ye free this Saturday?

[TIGERLILLYCRAP]: *[to Peter and Wendy]* I will distract them while you make your escape. *[Sneaks up on Hookworm, whispering sensually]* What a beautiful… prosthesis you have there. I sure would like to know what else could be attached … if you know what I mean?

[HOOK]: *[Thinking this is a murmurmaid]* Shiver me timbers! Well, I am umm… flattered… but you’re really not my type…

[TIGERLILLYCRAP]: That’s what they all say darling… until I take them to my Lustgarten *[translates as pleasure garden]* You’re more of a tease than Peter Pancreas!

[HOOK]: *[Putting a casual arm around Tigerlillycrap]* Peter Pancreas, did you say?

[TIGERLILLYCRAP]: Jawohl, you know, that drop-out medical student with the hazel eyes, glistening hair, and really tight *[grabbing imaginary arse]*… grip when he cannulates?

[HOOK]: You wouldn’t happen to know where him and those Lost Boys hang around, would you? I’d love to go... party with them.

[TIGERLILLYCRAP]: Ooohh, there’s nothing like a Lost Boy on a dark night out…

[HOOK]: *[Repulsed]* Quite. You wouldn’t be able to take me there, would you..?

[TIGERLILLYCRAP]: Nein! I will never betray Peter, he is mien leibling!

[HOOK]: *[With his hook close to Tigerlillicrap's neck]* Oh my dear man, we have ways of making you talk... Morgan!

*CAPTAIN MORGAN sidles forward, HOOK indicates to the taps on his chest one by each nipple.*

[HOOK]: We had these specially installed for you, my Operation-Yewtree-sought friend: one is a caffeinated pick-me-up, the other, a German beverage... Drink from the treasure chest!

[TIGERLILLYCRAP]: *[Drinks* *from Morgan’s chest]* Oh ja! Now you’re talking! The Neverwood, it’s actually not that far from here, its...

*Peter runs forward.*

[PETER]: Dr Tigerlillycrap, stop! These pirates are more bloodthirsty than a jumbo tampon during that time of the month! I’d sooner die than give away the location of our secret base!

[HOOK]: Well Peter, I think I might just give you that opportunity!

*Pirates seize PETER and WENDY.*

[HOOK]: I have you now, Pancreas...

*Enter INDIAN NURSES, LOST BOYS, JOHN, MICHAEL*.

[MICHAEL]: Wait!

[CALYPSO]: Tigerlillicrap, where’s you been jammin' man?

[TIGERLILLYCRAP]: I’m on very important business...

[MATRON]: Oh cut the crap, Tigerlilly...crap.

[WENDY]: John! Michael! Thank goodness you’re here!

[HOOK]: Well, well. If it isn’t the pathetic little Lost Boys. *[Holds up his hook ready to strike]*

[TIB AND FIB]: [*Toy Story alien impression*] Look. The claaaawwww…

[HOOK]: Pirates, get them!

[SANGEETA]: Oh no no no...

*A ticking is heard, COWCRODILE THEME plays.*

[MARROW]: Wait… do you hear that?

[BARBITUROSA]: What?

[SMEER]: That mysterious ticking noise? It’s kind of catchy…

[MICHAEL]: Look everyone, I found the source of the ticking! It’s…

[HOOK]: The Cowcrodile! My screwed-up heart valve patient, come to get his revenge! Ahhhhh!

*Enter COWCRODILE, who chases HOOK. A 5TH OF BEETHOVEN plays.*

[TIGERLILLYCRAP]: *[Schwarzenegger accent]* Just run! Go! Get to ze chopper!

*Curtain down.*

GREY 5

*Enter WENDY and TINKERBELL on opposite sides of the stage. One spotlight comes up slowly on a forlorn looking Tinkerbell. Eventually two spotlights highlight and follow each of them separately.*

[TINKERBELL]: *[Forlorn]* Banished from Neverland! Peter, how could you *do* this! All I wanted was to keep things the way they are… That stupid Wendy.... "Oooh, Wendy, let’s practise examinations together, ooh Wendy can I feel your apex beat, oooh Wendy will you catheterize me" ...Who am I kidding? I am hopelessly in love with...

*Spot suddenly up on Wendy. Tinkerbell pauses.*

[WENDY]: Peter! He’s so arrogant and irresponsible...But when it's just me and him...I feel...happy! I think I might love him. I *love* him?! Sometimes I wish that things could go back...

[TINKERBELL]:...to the way they were! I was the centre of his attention, the apple of his eye. But now he's...

[WENDY]:...changed. I know he's changed! I know, deep down, there's someone who wants to...

[TINKERBELL]:...get rid of Wendy? But how? I need to...

[WENDY]: ...convince him to come back to Cambridge and qualify from medical school. I'm sure that he'll see that…

[TINKERBELL]:...Wendy's no good for him. She wants him to rejoin the real world. That's not what Peter wants. He'll never...

[WENDY]: ...come back with me! And we'll bring the Lost Boys too. And maybe Peter and I *will* end up together. I just need to...

[TINKERBELL]:...convince him. But he's already banished me! Then I'll have to do it in the...

[WENDY]: ...only way that I can. Tell him I love him and that we should go back to Cambridge and...

[TINKERBELL]: …join the pirates? Hook will definitely dispose of Wendy if I tell him where the Neverwood is. I'm sure he'll be more than happy to...

[WENDY]: ...come back! Perfect. I have a plan. It's...

[TINKERBELL]: ...perfect. I have a plan.

SONG: THIS DAY ARIA

INTERVAL

**ACT 2**

**GREY 1**

*OVERTURE 2 plays.*

*Enter HOOK, SILVERMAN, BONE-MARROW, SMEER, RR MICHAEL, and BARBITUROSA.*

[HOOK]: *[To audience]* I gather you enjoyed the interval then? You had a chance to run away, but instead you came *crawling* back. You’re more pathetic than those subordinate Scottish swine. *[Continues to warm up/insult audience, then to pirates]* Anyway, gentlemen! What’s the situation with the double-crossing!

[SMEER]: Well boss, I’ve got the suspenders and Long John has that fabulous floral nighty you picked out…

[HOOK]: *Double-crossing*, not cross-dressing you buffoon! What I choose to wear in my own time is my business alone, now tell me about Tinkerbell!

[SILVER]: Aye sir, that ditzy clinical skills fairy is off to NICE as instructed. Once she gives in, we'll locate the Neverwood in no time.

[BARBITUROSA]: NICE?

[RR MICHAEL]: Neverland’s Incumbent Council of Evil.

[MARROW]: We don’t need those landlubbers, boss! Morgan and I are more than capable of loosening her tongue!

[HOOK]: My dear Marrow, whilst inebriation was undoubtedly appropriate for that fruity rheumatologist, I fear that, after years of fairy-strength hand gel, Tinkerbell’s tolerance may be a tad stronger! My colleagues at NICE will have the perfect… *guidelines*.

[RRMICHAEL]: The NICE guidelines are indeed the most feared form of torture!

[HOOK]: Onwards men!

*Exeunt*

**SCENE 1**

*FINLANDIA OPENING plays. The NICE members are sat on a sofa in front of a TV set, including WOLF, GIANT, URSULA, VOLDEMORT and SARUMAN.*

*Enter CRUELLA DE VIL.*

[CRUELLA]: Evening daahlings, *such* a busy day on the wards, I do hope you’ve got something good on. Oh Wilf, not Bake Off *again*? *[Wolf looks sheepish]* Wilf, daaahling, I know Little Red Riding Hood foiled your take on the Liverpool Care Pathway, but I don’t see how this programme helps.

[WOLF]: For the last time, Cruella, my name is *Wolf*. *[Whimpering]* And I just can’t help myself! Mmmm, that Mary Berry is such a *tasty grandma.*

[CRUELLA]: I thought you preferred the… younger demographic?

[WOLF]: No, you’re thinking of my infamous cousin: *Wolf* Harris.

[SARUMAN]: You’d grind that grandma’s bones to make your bread any day, eh Giant?

[GIANT]: *[Loudly]* Bread lady!

[URSULA]: Giant, I swear if you make *one more sound*, I’ll suck your voice clean out with this necklace!

[VOLDEMORT]: *[to Giant]* She’s not kidding. Take it from me, Voldemort. She took my nose just because I breathed too loudly in the library!

[URSULA]: *[taking remote control]* I prefer Master Chef anyway…

*URSULA changes channel, reactions from GIANT and WOLF.*

[URSULA]: Oooh, a seafood special. I hope they managed to trawl up some of those meddling murmurmaids*. [Ursula suddenly freezes, then screeches]* Ahhhhhhhhh!

[CRUELLA]: Blast it Ursula, you wretched octopus! What’s the matter with you?

[URSULA]: *[sobbing and pointing at the TV]* My sister!

[CRUELLA]: That’s just calamari… Oh... *[Evil cackle]*

[SARUMAN]:  *[taking remote]* And on that note… time for Don’t Tell the Bride.

A*ll turn in semi-shock.*

[SARUMAN]: I mean, a fully grown man, ready to do *anything* at all for the owner of the Ring? If I could harness that sort of power, I’d rule them all!

[VOLDEMORT]: Saruman, it’s over! Frodo’s gone and not even a mind-controlling Ring of Power will bring him back.

[SARUMAN]: *[Snivelling]* Oh Frodo! Frodo… How could you choose Gandalf over me?

[VOLDEMORT]: Reminds me when I was mind-melded with an adolescent boy. All he ever thought about was potions, broomsticks and, of course, those fantasies of a semi-naked Ron on horseback. I cannot get that image out of my head… *Accio remote [remote “flies” into Voldemort’s hand]*

*ENTER CAPTAIN HOOKWORM with some Pirate Chorus members.*

[HOOK]: Sorry I'm late everyone. Ah, Embarrassing Bodies, is it? Feeling bad about that substandard nose job are we, Voldemort?

[URSULA]: Ha! You look worse than Michael Jackson... and he’s been dead for five years!

[VOLDEMORT]: *Aguamenti.* *[Shoots “water” at Ursula]* Colleagues, please. Captain Hookworm has something he wanted to discuss with us.

[SARUMAN]: Not that diabetic boy *again*?

[HOOK]: Just when I think I have him, he always manages to get...

[URSULA]: … off the *hook*?

*All laugh. HOOK looks furious.*

[CRUELLA]: We're only teasing. I'm sure this problem has the captain quite *stumped!*

*More laughter.*

[SARUMAN]: Don’t worry, we’ll help to get the boy *under your thumb!*

[VOLDEMORT]: Yes, and -

[GIANT]: HOOK NO HAND! Hur hur hur!

*Awkward silence.*

[HOOK]: Are you finished? You are the greatest villains in the entire Fairytale Foundation Trust, perhaps you could act like adults. Honestly, get a *grip*!

*A moment of silence, then all the villains burst out laughing.*

[HOOK]: For the love of…

[CRUELLA]: Lighten up, Captain! We’ll think of something.

[HOOK]: Luckily *I* already have. Whilst you lot have been sitting around watching Jeremy Kyle, I have obtained myself… an inside man.

*Enter TINKERBELL*

[TINKERBELL]: Don’t you mean, a beautiful woman?

[VOLDEMORT AND SARUMAN]: *[To each other]* Woman?!

[HOOK:] Tinkerbell, my dear. How delightful to see you again. Tell these villainous consultants what's brought you over to our side.

[TINKERBELL]: A conceited, selfish, meddling know-it-all. Her name is Wendy.

[CRUELLA]: Hideous.

[URSULA]: Ghastly.

[WOLF]: *[hopeful]* Elderly..?

[HOOK]: That trollop, Wendy, drops out of the sky and suddenly she’s fawning all over Peter, practically ovulating over him!

[TINKERBELL]: I need her dealt with.

*NICE members make noises of agreement*

[HOOK]: All in good time, my sexually-insatiable sprite. But first, tell us the location of the Neverwood!

[TINKERBELL]: Never! I’d never betray Peter in a million years!

[HOOK]: Alas. I suppose Wendy will carry your Peter off after all…

[TINKERBELL]: You treacherous scoundrel! Fine. I’ll tell you where the Neverwood is, but only if you swear not to hurt Peter.

[HOOK]: Oh, I won't lay a *finger* on him…

[TINKERBELL]: Alright then… But I have to warn you.. [*Boromir voice*] one does not simply walk into the Neverwood...

[SARUMAN]: Really?

[TINKERBELL]: No, but you can drive there. Take my Satnav.

[SATNAV]: You have reached your destination.

[TINKERBELL]: Sorry, I had it set to NICE HQ. There.

[SATNAV]: At the end of the bay, near the bent coconut tree… turn right.

[HOOK]: Excellent… *[Suddenly]* Now… Seize her!

*Pirate chorus members grab Tinkerbell.*

[TINKERBELL]: Wait! Let me go! Oh Hook you back-stabbing, one-handed creep! I knew I should never have trusted you!

[HOOK]: You didn’t honestly think it would be that easy? You can’t refer to NICE without anything to offer in return. But maybe, if you’re lucky, my colleagues here will exchange you for this imbecile we found wandering about outside. Ha!

*Enter NEDERLANDS GUY dragged by Pirate Chorus.*

[NEDERLANDS]: Hey! Where de flook am I?

[GIANT]: Hur hur hur! Holland man!

[WOLF]: What do you all think to a little *Dutch pancake*?

[NEDERLANDS]: Oh crêpe.

*EXIT some PIRATE CHORUS with NEDERLANDS GUY.*

[HOOK]: Oh, it appears they have more use for that windmill-worshipping wackjob than I first thought. But now we just need to decide what to do with *Pancreas* once we have him.

[TINKERBELL]: What!? You said you wouldn't lay a finger on him!

[HOOK]: Alas, dear, you seem to have neglected my hook…

[TINKERBELL]: *[Distraught]* No! Peter! I have betrayed you…

[HOOK]: Oh honestly, enough crying. Take her to the dungeon.

*EXIT Tinkerbell, laughed at by PIRATE CHORUS.*

[HOOK]: Now then, for the real matter at *hand*.

[GIANT]: HUR!

*HOOK stares him down.*

[HOOK]: Anyway… We need a new plan. Operation Lillycrap was a lilly-*crap* idea. What to do when I catch Peter this time?

[CRUELLA ]: You could skin him. I bet he’d make a *beautiful* coat.

[URSULA]: I think you should set him the impossible task of making someone fall in love with him in three days, at the end of which he ultimately fails and becomes your slave…

[WOLF]: Huff and puff and blow his hideout down!

[VOLDEMORT]: Fools. I’ll just come and curse him for you, shall I?

[SARUMAN]: Not before I find out from Wendy the power of the Ring!

[GIANT]: I HAVE HAIR ON MY FEET *[Or equally ridiculous statement]*

*Descends into squabbling.*

[HOOK]: Silence! You're supposed to be the most evil fairytale villains known to man! Can't you come up with something better? Who’s actually got a worthwhile plan?

*All the fairytale villains umm and ahh before GIANT speaks out confidently. Major chord plays.*

[GIANT]: *[Eloquently]* What about those doughnuts given out in the Palliative Care sessions to make the students feel better about themselves? Simply leave a tray of *poisoned* doughnuts in the Neverwood, with a note impersonating his beloved Wendy. He will be convinced it is a gift, and thus he will devour the confections.

[CRUELLA]: …Where did you learn to talk like that?

[GIANT]: *[Confused]...*HODOR...

[HOOK]: It's brilliant! Poisoned palliative pastries… Thank you very much, your evilnesses. This is perfect.

*Exit HOOK*

[WOLF]: *[Taking the remote]* Now, time for Grand Designs. I need to find the weak spots in the brick house that little pig built.

*Curtain down*

**GREY 2**

*Enter PETER and WENDY. Romantic night-time spot. ROMANTIC PIANO MUSIC plays.*

[PETER]: It was lucky the Cowcrodile came along when it did, eh? Act 1 would have ended a lot differently otherwise!

[WENDY]: Hmm…

[PETER]: Wendy? Are you alright?

*WENDY doesn’t answer, her face is turned away, dreamily.*

[WENDY]: This place is just so… perfect! I can see why you never want to leave. *[Awkward pause]* But that’s the thing. I was so glad to meet you. But some day, I have to go back. [*PETER moves away]* I do Peter! I have to go back and finish my degree. It’s what I’ve always dreamed of…

[PETER]: But Wendy, you've been the best thing that's ever happened to me! I always thought Neverland was all I ever needed, the Lost Boys…Tinkerbell… But now I have this *tingling* in my fingers.

[WENDY]: Is it in a glove-and-stocking distribution, Peter? Because if it is...

[PETER]: Wendy, I’m not talking about my diabetic neuropathy. I’m being *blinded* by my love for you!

[WENDY]: Oh my god, it’s not retinopathy, is it?!

[PETER]: Wendy, forget my diabetes. I’m talking about *you*! You’re sweeter than fairy dust.

[WENDY]: Well, you’re sweeter than a Chelsea bun!

[PETER]: You’re sweeter than the sweetest rose!

[WENDY]: You’re sweeter than a sweet pea!

[PETER]: And you’re sweeter than *my* pee!

[WENDY]: What?!

[PETER]: *[Ignoring the awkwardness completely]* Diabetes.

[WENDY]: Oh...

[PETER]: But Wendy, I can never go back to the Real World! How could I ever explain what I did to Hook’s hand? I was so naïve and… well, clumsy. How can I become a doctor knowing that I disabled a man through my own incompetence?

[WENDY]: Peter! I never knew you felt this way!

[PETER]: That’s why I must stay in Neverland.

[WENDY]: But I can’t stay… Oh Peter, what are we going to do?

***LOVE SONG***

*Exeunt*

**SCENE 2**

*Curtains open to reveal PETER and LOST BOYS lounging around. TIB and FIB are working on the crossword.*

[PETER]: ... and then we were singing, and it was so romantic and well-written. She’s definitely in love with me, she even said she might stay in Neverland... I think. The lyrics were slightly ambiguous.

[TIB AND FIB]: Sounds great Peter!

[NEVERLAND]: Aw true love! You should totally get Never-News to do a live TV interview!

[PETER]: You know what? I’m going to go and tell her the good news: that she can stay here with us. Forever. In Neverland.

*Exit PETER stage left. ENTER WENDY stage right with MICHAEL and JOHN*

[WENDY]: Has anyone seen Peter? I want to tell him the good news: that we’ve talked about it and he can come back and stay with us. In Cambridge. Forever.

[JOHN]: That is *literally* the gayest thing I’ve ever heard.

[MICHAEL]: Ooh Wendy, according to *Romeo et al*, love is simply a series of neurochemical changes which help to exploit the opposite sex, increasing one’s reproductive potential. Ultimately, though, this pathway can malfunction, leading one to feel quite suicidal!

[WENDY]: *[Sighs]…*Thank you Michael… *[To MISS NEVERLAND]* So has Peter gone to pack his things for our return to Cambridge?

*LOST BOYS all look very awkward.*

[NEVERLAND]: Oooohh, hashtag-awkward, hashtag-guiltylol.

[TIB]: Erm… are you sure Peter wants to leave?

[WENDY]: Of course. We just had our own song! It wasn’t very well-written but he definitely said he loves me, and we never want to be apart. Ever. I can’t wait to put in a joint FPAS application with him!

[JOHN]: Sub-par chat, Wends… Sub-par.

*LOST BOYS now look genuinely concerned.*

[TIB]: But we were hoping you'd stay Wendy. We've even made you a T-shirt!

*Tib hands Wendy a T-shirt. She holds it up to her chest. It has a 'W' stitched into the front, which spells out 'WTF' when standing next to Tib & Fib.*

[WENDY]: *[Awkwardly]* Thanks guys... but Peter and I need to be heading off.

[FIB]: ...But what would we do without Peter?

[JOHN]: Yah Wendy, this flock clearly needs the spiritual guidance of the Arch-Bishop of Banterbury.

*Enter PETER, unseen*

[WENDY]: Why don’t you come back too? Finish your degrees and start the fascinating journey of the medical practitioner!

[NEVERLAND]: I’ve already been on a fascinating journey: to the final of the Miss World… Health Organisation competition.

[WENDY]: Riiiiight. What about you: Tib, Fib? In the Real World, you can learn social skills and talk to real patients! *[Tib and Fib look anxious]* Or you could always become pathologists?

*Tib and Fib look interested and excited*

[NEVERLAND]: Would I be able to write blogs using the reflective cycle? My fans need to know that I’m caring and professional!?

[WENDY]: Absolutely! Hmm... *[Thinking]* If you still need convincing, how about a medical medley of parody songs! Bleep the specialty doctors and prep the patients for their minds to be blown.

**MEDLEY**

[JOHN]: Wowzah. GP lady: I would.

[MICHAEL]: Can we please go back right now, I’m too super-excited.

*LOST BOYS cheer and make as if to exit with WENDY, MICHAEL and JOHN*

[PETER]: Fine. You wanna be keen, that’s fine. You want to sit a prescribing exam. Be my guest. But I’m never graduating!

[WENDY]: Peter! We 've talked about this! You can’t fail finals forever.

[PETER]: Well actually, if you revise for less than 50 hours a week, it’s pretty much guaranteed.

[WENDY]: Oh, grow up Peter!

[PETER]: Never!

*Exit PETER. Storming off stage.*

[NEVERLAND]: Peter, wait! Hold on, what’s that noise? Hashtag-curious...

[WENDY]: Davina, that’s getting really annoying. Do you even have Twitter in Neverland?

[NEVERLAND]: No! Duh, that’s why I’ve been *saying* all my tweets.

[WENDY]: Riiight... Now you mention it I can hear something too!

*Enter PIRATES charging on from other side with screams of Arrrr! and Avast! etc. SWORDS CROSSED (1) plays.*

[SMEER]: We found the location of the Neverwood!

[BARBITUROSA]: Ye be surrounded!

*Pirates all evil laugh*

[HOOK]: Now, which little worm shall get the hook? *[To MICHAEL]* You! Where is Peter Pancreas?!

[MICHAEL]: *[Obviously very afraid]* I’m not afraid of you, I’ll n-n-never say where Peter went!

[HOOK]: Went?!

[RR MICHAEL]: It would appear that, like the beta-cells in Peter’s endocrine Pancreas, he’s completely vanished!

[MARROW]: Might I be so bold as to suggest that we move onto the Palliative Care Doughnuts? Mr Smeer!

*SMEER runs off and returns with a tray of doughnuts which he hands to MARROW*

[HOOK]: Barbiturosa! Write up the prescription for these doughnuts.

[BARBITUROSA]: What dose of methotrexate, Cap'n?

[HOOK]: Pick a number between 1 and 100… grams!

*Loud gasp from goodies.*

[JOHN]: When my uncle-slash-brother at the GMC hears about this, he'll…

[HOOK]: What? Strike us off? Here in Neverland the GMC can't find us. Besides, it isn’t us who’s leaving these doughnuts. Smeer! Write a note to Dear Peter from Darling Wendy explaining how these doughnuts are her “prescription for luuurve”.

[WENDY]: Oh no. That does sound like something I would say!

*SMEER places the note*

[HOOK]: Everyone back to the ship. Time to give our new guests a *thorough* clerking!

*Exeunt, SWORDS CROSSED (2) plays. Curtain down.*

**GREY 3**

*Enter PETER*

[PETER]: Look, Wendy, I just wanted to apologise. You were right. I have a lot of growing up to do. I mean, there are many parts of me that could do with growing quite a lot. *[Realising what he's just said]* Not like that! *[Notices the doughnut]* What on earth...? "Dear Peter. Me and the others have gone to Lolagoon. We thought we'd leave you a treat while you wait: my *prescription for luuuuuurve*... And if you eat it all up, I'll give you a surprise when I get back. Lots of love, Wendy'. Well, it would be frankly ridiculous not to eat it now.

*Enter TINKERBELL bursting onto the stage.*

[TINKERBELL]: Wait! Don't eat that doughnut Peter, it's poisoned!

[PETER]: Tink!? I'd never thought I'd hear you telling someone *not* to put something in their mouth. And anyway, I thought I banished you!

TINKERBELL: Never mind that now, it's Hookworm! He's stuffed that thing full of dangerous fluid! *[To the audience]* Actually, sounds like a Tuesday evening when you say it like that...

[PETER]: I get it. You're jealous that Wendy left this doughnut here especially for me. Leave me alone Tink. *[Goes to eat the doughnut]*

[TINKERBELL]: I'll prove it! *[Grabs the doughnut and eats it as fast as possible.] S*ee?

*Pause.*

[PETER ]: Oh Tink, I *knew* you weren’t telling the truth… Whoa there, are you ok?

[TINKERBELL]:  *[Starting to look ill]* I have not thought this through. *[Collapses on the floor]*

[PETER]: *[Rushing over to her]* Tink! Oh my god! Speak to me Tink!

[TINKERBELL]: Peter... I'm not going to make it... Unless...

[PETER]: Tink! You were right!

[TINKERBELL]: Let me finish! I'm not going to make it... Unless...

[PETER]: Unless what Tink?

[TINKERBELL]: Unless you choose to embrace something...something so amazing that it can treat anything from acne to vitiligo... Something so simple that even the least qualified individual can master its powers...it's called...*homeopathy*....and all you have to do is believe...

[PETER]: Believe what, Tink?

[TINKERBELL]: Believe that…*water has a memory*...*[falls unconscious]*

[PETER]: Tink! Don't you leave me, Tinkerbell's Palsy! Oh, it’s worth a try...

Ladies and Gentlemen, I need you to clap if you believe in homeopathy! Come on, don’t be shy! Clap for Tink, clap for homeopathy! *[etc etc in the same vein until some are clapping]* Really?... I would have expected that from Jeremy Hunt, but not a Cambridge audience. Well, I suppose we are in Anglia Ruskin...

Right, now let’s do this properly: do you believe in evidence-based medicine, boys and girls? *[Wait for response]* You do!? Clap with me if you believe in evidence-based medicine. I do believe in evidence-based medicine! I do! I do!

*Peter keeps repeating this until the audience catches on. Tinkerbell slowly rises from the ground.*

[TINKERBELL]: Well, that has put the wind back up my skirt!

[PETER]: Tink! You're alive! *[Confused]* But nothing actually happened... I mean, you were healed from that supposedly-poisoned doughnut just from us clapping?

[TINKERBELL]: The placebo effect works in mysterious ways, let's just leave it at that. Besides, we don't have much time! Hook has kidnapped the Lost Boys! And Michael, John and Wendy too!

[PETER]: Hmm... Only someone who truly isn't afraid to grow up could summon the courage to defeat Hookworm... Come on Tink, let's create hell for that hellish helminth!

[TINKERBELL]: If you say so...

*Exeunt. ROUSING MUSIC plays.*

**SCENE 3**

*Curtain up onto the Black Stool. WENDY, JOHN, MICHAEL and the LOST BOYS are tied up at the back of the stage. HOOK and the PIRATES stand around them.*

[HOOK]: Lost Boys, welcome to the Black Stool!

[JOHN]: The Black Stool? Smells awful! Reminds me of that time I was at the Mahal and got dared to take a pint glass and…

[HOOK]: Enough. That’s my ship you’re talking about.!

[MICHAEL]: Not to mention unhygienic! I was reading this article by *Floater et al* in the Journal of Human Faecal Studies…

[HOOK]: I said enough! Soon, your pitiful Peter Pancreas will be munching his way through a pail of poisoned palliative care pastries.

[MARROW]: Ha! The average specimen of the morgue probably has more life in it by now!

[WENDY]: No! Peter won’t fall for it. He won’t let you off the *hook*.

[SMEER]: What now, Captain Wormy?

[HOOK]: Wormy? Don’t call me wormy, you imbecile! Now as for these moronic medics, we make them… walk the plank.

[WENDY]: What’s the plank!?

[MARROW]: Oooooh, that’s good. The plank \*sponsored by the MDU\* is the hardest OSCE station conceived by man.

[SILVER]: It’s based on the PACES exam. Because you have to *pace* off it into the sea, basically.

[WENDY]: What!? There’s no diagnostic or clinical skills? Passing this OSCE station is less likely than Homerton topping the Tompkin’s table!

[MICHAEL]: *[sobbing]* Wahhhh. We’re all going to die.

[TIB]: I’m glad I’m with you, Fib, at this final moment.

[FIB]: And I’m glad I’m with you.

[NEVERLAND]: But what about my career!?

[BARBITUROSA]: Oh I’m sure the world will be fine with one less snivelling doctor!

[NEVERLAND]: I meant my beauty career! Who will inspire disadvantaged children to swim with dolphins now?

[JOHN]: Dear God chaps, you’re whining more than a Stage 2 before the Path exam. Out of the way, I’ll take down this OSCE.

[WENDY]: Stop! John, this is a bloody plank. Now is not the time to show off your non-existent skills. Hookworm, stop this now, I’m ordering you!

[HOOK]: *[Heavily sarcastic]* Oh, okay then, if you order me. Smeer, Smeer, let them go, her majesty hath ordered it!

[SMEER]: Right you are, boss! *[Makes as if he is going to let them go]*

[HOOK]: Smeer, don’t *actually* do it! We’re going to kill them!

[SMEER]: *[As before]* Right you are, boss!

[MICHAEL]: When the clinical school hears about this they’ll…

[MARROW]: *[Interrupting]* They’ll what? It took ten years before they put a search function into MedPortal! By the time they react, you’ll be more lifeless than *[Insert audience member’s name]*’s jokes.

[HOOK]: Indeed. Not even the Cambridge air ambulance will find you here. Their helicopters get confused by the signs that say “Never-never-*land*.” Anyway, enough of this chit-chat! Time to walk the plank!

*The PIRATES laugh and push the LOST BOYS in a line towards the plank.*

*Enter PETER and TINKERBELL bursting onto stage. TINKERBELL frees all the LOST BOYS whilst PETER confronts HOOK.*

[PETER]: Hook! Get your *hand* off them!

[JOHN]: Yipee kiyay! Boy, am I glad to see you, old chap.

[HOOK]: Pancreas! How on earth did you survive those doughnuts!? And you, Tinkerbell? *What* did you have to do to escape that dungeon?!

[BARBITUROSA]: I think you mean: *who* did you have to do! Argh!

[RRMICHAEL]: Well actually, I think you mean: *whom*… *[descent into pirate seizure]*

[HOOK]: Anyway… I still have the upper *hand*.

[PETER]: We’ll see about that. Reinforcements!

*FANFARE plays. Enter INDIAN NURSES and LOST BOY CHORUS*

[MATRON]: We’ve got you HOOK-line-and-sinker!

[FYC]: Me summon Ancestral Spirits. Big hassle for pirates.

[CALYPSO]: Big up da Lost Boys massif!

[SANGEETA]: Ooooh, I’m going to open a big can of whoop-ass on you little poppadoms.

[HOOK]: Very well. Looks like we’re going to have to do things the old fashioned way. Smeer, attach my scalpel.

*Smeer attaches a huge scalpel.*

[PETER]: Compensating much?! Lost Boys! Ready yourselves!

*A big fight ensues. KUNG FU FIGHTING plays. The Lost Boys overpower the pirates. PETER has HOOK on the ground.*

[PETER]: Enough is enough Hook. It’s over. But it’s not the end. I’m going to return to Cambridge! To face my fears! Why don’t you come back too? You’re a good surgeon. Come back and face the consequences of your poor practice. You may be allowed to return to well-regulated medicine, following the guidelines meticulously: the dream of every doctor!

*Everyone other than PETER mumbles disapprovingly. Ticking is heard.*

[HOOK]: If I go on trial by the GMC, I’ll stand less chance then Cliff Richard… probably. Anyway, you cut off my hand!

[PETER]: That was a long time ago, Hook. I have come to terms with what I did. Can you do the same?

[HOOK]: Never! Pirates, get him!

*HOOK gets up and runs away from PETER. He runs offstage straight into the COWCRODILE. COWCRODILE THEME plays. Screams are heard. COWCRODILE then chases the other pirates off the other side of the stage.*

[GOODIES]: Hooray!!

[TIB AND FIB]: *[Toy Story alien impression]* You have saved our lives, we are eternally grateful.

[WENDY]: I’m sorry you couldn’t get Hookworm to listen, Peter… But does that mean you’re coming back to Cambridge with us?

[PETER]: Of course, Wendy! I can’t believe how stupid I’ve been. To qualify… would be an awfully big adventure.

*INDIAN NURSES mutter in agreement.*

[TIB]: Yeah and we want to come to!

[FIB]: Yes, Tib and I want to practice talking to actual patients.

[NEVERLAND]: I guess I could try for Miss England… maybe even Miss World? Ooooh maybe I’ll get into the Daily Mail!

[MICHAEL]: But how do we get back?

[TINKERBELL]: Let’s see. To get to Neverland, a medical-elective paradise, we had to think happy thoughts…..so…..yes…that’s right…to get back to Cambridge, we need to think stressful thoughts! Stressful thoughts, children!

[WENDY]: Pathology!

[PETER]: Bimanual examination!

[MICHAEL]: Journal publications with impact factors less than 4!

[JOHN]: Not getting initiated!

[TIB AND FIB]: People!

[NEVERLAND]: Acne!

[INDIAN NURSES]: Racial stereotyping!

*Light change. YOU CAN FLY plays. Enter SHADOW with medical students.*

[TINKERBELL]: Here we are, Addenbrooke’s once again.

[SHADOW]: Howdy partners!

[PETER]: Is that my… CUSU 6th-former shadow from the start of the pantomime…Tariq?

[SHADOW]: That’s Mr. Ahmed to you fella: the rootin’est tootin’est consultan’ paediatric plastic surgeon West of Ipswich. Yee har!

[WENDY]: You’re a consultant now!?

[SHADOW]: Why yes I am, pretty lady! You cowpokes were in Neverland for twenty years! Time passes differently there. I’ve completed my medical education.

[JOHN]: You… went to Cambridge!?

[SHADOW]: Aw heck no, you were right, I was never smart enough for that. I just teach here now.

[JOHN]: Oh, that makes much more sense.

[SHADOW]: Yeah, I went to good ol’ Oxford.

*Laughter*

[SHADOW]: Anyway, I got a teaching session to be getting on with. Follow me class, yee har! *(pretends to ride an imaginary horse as he exits with students.)*

[TINKERBELL]: Well, things have certainly changed this far in the future.

[FIB]: Oh no, Dan, our hamster, will be dead by now!

[TIB]: Poor hamster Dan…

*NEDERLANDS GUY enters*.

[NEDERLANDS]: Did schombody say Amsterdam!? That’s cool. I’m from Holland.

[JOHN]: We know! Anyway, didn’t you die earlier?

[PETER]: And how have you followed us here!?

[WENDY]: Yes, what metaphysical realm do you even exist in?

[NEDERLANDS]: I dunno, I think the writers had eaten a few too many ‘brownies’ by this point, if know what I mean? Ooooh look! *[pointing off stage]* De flying Dutchman!

*Exit NEDERLANDS GUY*

[PETER]: So many things have changed! But not the way I feel about you, Wendy. I’ve loved you ever since I first set eyes on you.

[WENDY]: Oh Peter. You’ve grown up in so many ways… and in so many places! I love you too!

*Peter and Wendy embrace.*

[TINKERBELL]: *[To audience]* I should be happy for them, but, honestly, I’m still oh so lonely! I wish there was someone out for me.

*Enter TIGERLILLYCRAP*

[TIGERLILLY]: Oh hallo my darlings. Wie geht’s?

*LETS GET IT ON plays, and TIGERLILLY and TINKERBELL slowly embrace.*

[TINKERBELL]: Ohhhh Tigerlilly. You can tinker with my bell any day!

[JOHN]: Control yourself Tigerlillycrap. That’s the most embarrassing semi I’ve seen since Germany played Brazil in the World Cup.

[MICHAEL]: Yes, let’s leave them to it. I can’t wait to learn all about the different specialties in medicine.

[WENDY]: I can see Cambridge Medical School is finally going to give us some well-rounded, well-educated doctors.

[PETER]: And with that we bid you good night! And Merry Christmas!

[ALL]: Merry Christmas!

***FINALE SONG: DON'T STOP ME NOW*.**

