

FIRST DRAFT

P E T E R P A N

or

The Boy Who Would Not

Grow Up

by

J. M. Barrie

Screenplay by

Andrew Birkin

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From Barrie's programme notes for
the Paris production of 1908:

"... Of Peter himself you must make
what you will. Perhaps he was a
little boy who died young, and this
is how the author conceived his
subsequent adventures. Perhaps he
was a boy who was never born at all
- a boy whom some people longed for
but who never came. It may be that
those people hear him at the window
more clearly than children do. ..."

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P E T E R P A N

1. EXT. FROZEN LAKE - SCOTLAND - DAY

(ACADEMY FORMAT, SEPIA TONE) FADE IN TITLE CARD:

SCOTLAND, JANUARY 1867

The BLACK SCREEN FADES into a LOW ANGLE UPSHOT of snow falling from a bleak winter sky. Presently a SOUND rises above the low moan of the wind: a sharp, jarring sound approaching from behind CAMERA. A shape suddenly flashes past in C/S: the head and shoulders of a BOY who seems to be flying. He sweeps on into L/S and is lost from view in the mist.

A pause, then a sudden chord of MUSIC jabs us from behind on the AMBIENT TRACK, followed by the same rushing, jarring SOUND. Again the boy looms out of the mist, flies past in C/S and is gone. The pattern repeats several times: the stabbing CHORD, the crescendo of SOUND, the fragmentary glimpse of the boy against the sky, his arms outstretched, bird-like, skimming fast and low, his eyes ablaze with exhilaration.

As the SHOTS WIDEN, we realise that the boy is not flying at all, but skating on a frozen lake. The landscape is shrouded in mist, OVER-EXPOSED to the point of surrealism.

The tempo of SOUND and VISION builds as the boy skims faster and faster. Suddenly his shadow looms large across the ice -- he pitches forward -- from his POV the ice seems to rear up into CAMERA -- his head strikes the surface, the whole SCREEN shattering like shafts of black lightning.

SHARP FADE TO BLACK

2. INT. COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY

(SEPIA) SLOW FADE UP on the dim shape of the same boy's face in C/U, his eyes now closed, his features barely visible in the gloom. A door opens O/S, casting a thin shaft of light across the boy's face. He appears to be dreaming, for he has the faraway smile of one engaged in some awfully big adventure.

MAIN TITLE SUPERIMPOSES: PETER PAN, followed by the subtitle "Or the Boy Who Would Not Grow Up". CAMERA PULLS slowly BACK, PANNING round onto a small six-year old boy, JIMMIE BARRIE, who has entered the room.

TITLE SUPERIMPOSES: "By J M Barrie".

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Jimmie cautiously approaches the F/G boy, who is lying in an open coffin. In contrast to his dead brother, Jimmie is a plain child: his body squat, truncated, with a head too large for his wiry frame, his eyes baggy and puffed. He is wearing mourning blacks, and has a black armband on his sleeve. He glances nervously behind him, then climbs up on a chair next to the table on which the coffin stands.

TIGHT SHOT: Jimmie leans over the edge of the coffin, staring at the boy's enigmatic smile with intrigued bewilderment. He cautiously stretches out his hand, strokes the boy's hair to reveal a scar on his forehead. Jimmie flinches, quickly removes his hand but remains gazing at his face with a look of fearful fascination.

SHARP FADE TO BLACK

3. INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

3.

(SEPIA) FADE UP on a darkened room, where a young and beautiful MOTHER is dimly discernable, lying in bed. She gazes at the barred window ahead of her as if in a trance, her hands clutching at a small framed photograph. A long pause, in which we hear the faint sound of a child breathing, O/S. Presently the woman addresses the void in a strong Scots accent.

MOTHER

Is that you?

WIDER ANGLE: Jimmie stands by the door in L/S, trying to hold back his tears. He is evidently hurt by her tone and makes no reply.

(anxiously)

Is that you?

Jimmie looks across at his mother, who remains gazing at the window ahead of her, then answers in a lonely little voice -

JIMMIE

No, it's no' him -- it's just me.

A pause, then his mother turns to him with a soft cry of guilt --

MOTHER

Oh, Jimmie ...!

The woman holds out her arms and Jimmie runs to her, sobbing his heart out. She holds him tightly, rocking him back and forth.

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MOTHER

Jimmie! Oh Jimmie, I was thinking
it was tha' dead brother standing
there. Dinna ye ever leave me as
he did, Jimmie.

JIMMIE

I'll never leave ye, mother - no'
ever! I'll make ye laugh the way
he did, an' be him to ye forever
-- I'll aye dae'd!

The woman smiles at Jimmie's resolve, but shakes her head
with knowing regret. She picks up the framed photograph of
her dead son, gazes wistfully at it.

MOTHER

No, Jimmie. One day ye maun grow
up an' become a man. But he'll
stay my bairn forever.

L/S: the mother lays the photograph aside and holds her
son in her arms.

CAMERA REFOCUSSES on the bars of the bedroom window in
EXTREME F/G.

A shadow moves across them: the SHADOW of the dead BOY
gazing in from the night beyond.

FADE TO BLACK

* * * * *

4. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY

(WIDE SCREEN, MUTED COLOUR) FADE UP on a marble statue of the young Queen Victoria, enthroned before Kensington Palace. She presides over her subjects with an air of maternal serenity as they stroll through the pastoral shades of the Royal Gardens beyond.

TITLE:

KENSINGTON GARDENS, LONDON
SEPTEMBER 1900

It is a Sunday afternoon in the twilight year of Victorian England: a rose-tinted, halcyon age, basking in the cushioned tranquility of benevolent imperialism. Boys in sailor suits race hoops along the Broad Walk while uniformed nannies wheel their charges in perambulators towards the Round Pond - an artificial lake ablaze with the sails of model boats. In the distance, a band plays from the bandstand beneath the trees.

As the collage of muted sounds and hazy images continue, we become aware of three children in red tam o' shanters: JOHN (aged 13), WENDY (12) and MICHAEL (8). They are accompanied by a small, pocket-size edition of a man with a pipe and a cough: J. M. BARRIE. Barrie's dog, PORTHOS, walks with them: a huge St Bernard with drooping eyes and a mournful disposition, who all but dwarfs his dour and gnomish master. Barrie's relationship to the children is unclear, but they evidently regard him as a close friend.

5. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - ROUND POND - DAY

A city GENT in bowler hat and pin-striped suit wheels a large perambulator towards the Round Pond, his baby son being obliged to toddle alongside him. As they reach the Pond, we see that the pram contains a magnificent model of a French sailing frigate. The gent launches the ship at the water's edge, and as she sails past CAMERA, the more observant might notice the name emblazoned on her stern: "Le Roger Joyeux". John crouches nearby, sailing a modest yacht, while Michael seems more than happy to play with a stick-boat: a tiny piece of wood with a feather for a sail.

Barrie stands in the background, ever an observer, watching the two boys steeped in their fantasy. He has a small pocket notebook in which he jots down his thoughts, his voice free of emotion.

BARRIE (V/O)

To be born is to be wrecked on an
island ...

BARRIE (V/O, ctd)

Map of a child's mind: always
more or less an island of his
own imaginings ... A careless
confusion of savages and school
masters, murders and mothers,
chocolate-pudding days and verbs
that take the dative.

Michael lies with his head on one side, towing the stick
boat past his eyeline while bombarding it with pebbles to
his improvised sound of the canon's roar.

How soon they fly away at best.
Heigh-ho. All children must
grow up. That is their tragedy.
Except one. That was his.

6. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS & SERPENTINE - DUSK

The Gardens are beginning to empty as dusk approaches.
Barrie, Wendy, John and Michael wander along the towpath
by the edge of the Serpentine lake. While Porthos lingers
by an old oak-tree, investigating the rabbit holes among
the gnarled roots, Barrie gazes out across the Serpentine
at the little island in the middle.

To grow up is to leave our island
in search of the main ...

7. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - GATES - DUSK

Barrie and the children stop by the entrance gate to buy
balloons, Barrie watching them at a short remove.

Ah, we who have made the great
mistake, how differently we
should act at the second chance.

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING through the iron railings as the
children leave the park with their balloons, followed by
Barrie and Porthos.

But there are no second chances
for most of us. It is Lock-Out
Time on the island, and the iron
bars are up for life.

HIGH ANGLE, SHOOTING down through the branches of a tall
elm: the Gate Keeper waits for the last patrons to leave
the Gardens, then locks the gates for the night.

8. EXT. DARLING HOUSE & STREET - DUSK

Wendy, John and Michael stand at the top of a short flight of steps outside their house, holding their balloons and waiting for someone to open the front door. Barrie waits at the foot of the steps with Porthos. There is a small paved garden between the house and the street, with a side door leading to the main garden at the back, and a flight of steps down to a basement kitchen.

Presently the door is opened by the children's mother, MRS DARLING - "a lovely lady with a sweet mocking mouth". But all we can see at present is her outline, silhouetted against the light from the hallway beyond.

MICHAEL

(tugging at balloon)

Look what Mr Barrie bought me!

MRS DARLING

Why it's beautiful, dearest. Now run along inside and show father, and then it'll be time for bed. Wendy, John -- you too.

WENDY

Goodnight, Mr Barrie ...

JOHN

'Night, old crock!

Barrie gives the mock bow of an obedient servant, turns to go as the children run indoors.

MR DARLING (O/S)

A little less noise there!

MRS DARLING

(softly)

Good night, Jimmie ...

Barrie pauses, looks back at Mrs Darling. From his POV: Mrs Darling stands above him, as serenely maternal as the young Queen Victoria. Although still backlit in a halo of light, we now catch a glimpse of her sweet mocking mouth, tempered by a crooked smile. A large Newfoundland dog - NANA - appears beside Mrs Darling, snarling at Porthos.

BARRIE

(a weary wave goodbye)

Heigh-ho. Anon, anon ...!

(to Porthos, doggedly)

And on, and on ...

Mrs Darling smiles at Barrie's mock weariness, watches him leave with Porthos, then closes the door.

9. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS & ROUND POND - NIGHT

The deserted Gardens as twilight fades. The evening stars emerge, reflecting in the surface of the Round Pond. Michael's abandoned stick-boat drifts aimlessly about in the soft breeze.

10. INT. DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

John sits on his bed in the night nursery, wearing an old top hat and chewing on a pencil as he ponders a thorny problem.

JOHN

But can we afford to have another child, my only?

WENDY

Of course we can, darling!

Wendy kneels before John, clutching his hand with an imploringly theatrical look. She is wearing her mother's necklace over her nightdress, and has her hair tied in a bun.

JOHN

(imitating his father)

Let's see. I have one-pound-two here and twelve-and-six at the office, making one-fourteen-nine, dot and carry nine ...

Nana emerges from the day nursery, dragging a protesting Michael by his pyjama-cords towards the bathroom next door.

MICHAEL

(overlapped with John)

I won't be bathed, Nana -- I just won't be bathed, so you needn't think it!

JOHN

A little less noise, child!

(to Wendy)

Dot and carry child ...

(to Michael)

There, you've done it now!

(to Wendy)

Did I say one-fourteen-nine?

MICHAEL

Two minutes more, please Nana?

(Nana growls)

One minute more?

(Nana barks)

MICHAEL

Nana, I just won't be bathed --
I just won't!

JOHN

(bellowing)

Go and be bathed at once, sir!

(to Wendy)

Yes, I said six-two-nine. Now the
question is, can we make ends
meet with another mouth to feed,
my only?

Michael is finally dragged into the bathroom by Nana.
While John and Wendy continue their game, Mrs Darling
enters the room. She feels a slight chill from the open
window, goes to close it.

WENDY (O/S)

Of course we can, dearest.

JOHN (O/S)

Remember mumps. Mumps fifteen
shillings -- don't speak --
measles one-pound-ten, German
measles half a guinea ...

Mrs Darling closes the bottom half of the window, which is
fitted with iron bars, leaving the top partly open.

MRS DARLING

(as of habit)

Bedtime, Wendy dearest.

JOHN

You mustn't call her Wendy.
We're playing at being you and
father. I'm father.

(a grave impersonation)

Pulvo et umbra sumus.

Mrs Darling turns to draw the curtains --

MRS DARLING

Even fathers have to go to bed if
they want their mother to read
them a story ...

11. EXT. DARLING NURSERY & POV THRU BARS - NIGHT

SHOOTING through the window from the ledge outside as Mrs
Darling draws the curtains --

MICHAEL (O/S)

Story, story!

12. EXT/INT. BARRIE'S STUDY & POV OF DARLING HOME - NIGHT

Mrs Darling remains visible in EXTREME L/S, drawing the curtains across the nursery window, but leaving a narrow strip of light between them. The nursery is on the third (top) floor, and overlooks the main garden at the back of the house. A high wall separates the Darlings' garden from another garden directly below CAMERA, for we too are looking out of a third floor window. A pause, then we hear the SOUND of a cough O/S, followed by Barrie's deep Caledonian growl on V/O, as if in response to Michael's demand.

BARRIE (V/O)

"My Early Life" - Chapter Two.

Barrie's tone is that of an author reading over his work and is devoid of emotion. As his V/O continues, CAMERA PULLS slowly back through the window into his study: a dark, cluttered, oak-panelled room, filled with books, clocks and tobacco-smoke.

I was seven when my brother died,
and at first, they say, I would
stop my mother's fond memories
of him with the cry, "Do ye mind
nothing about me?". But that did
not last. Its place was taken by
an intense desire to become so
like him that even my mother
should not know the difference.

The CAMERA finds Barrie sitting at his desk, making corrections to his manuscript. He pauses to restoke his pipe, eyes Porthos lying at his feet. As he continues, CAMERA moves in closer. A bust of Napoleon is prominent on the desk before him, as well as the photograph of his elder brother, established in the opening sequence.

But of course the attempt was
doomed to failure, for when I
became a man, he was still a boy
of twelve. Nothing much happens
to us after we're twelve, so
perhaps he...

TIGHT SHOT: Barrie breaks off, as one struck by a sudden thought. A clock ticks loudly in the brief silence. He glances at the photograph of his brother, then turns and looks into CAMERA with the gleam of an idea in his eye --

BARRIE

(a whispered echo)

When I became a man ...

13. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS & ROUND POND - NIGHT

The surface of the Round Pond is now as still and white as a frozen lake, the moon reflecting in its surface.

BARRIE (V/O)

... When I became a man, he was
still a boy of twelve ...

Presently we hear what sounds like the wind rising, though the surface of the water remains perfectly still. The SHADOW of a boy flying overhead skims low across the lake, passes and is gone.

14. INT. DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

Mrs Darling sits on the edge of Wendy's bed, reading her children "Beauty and the Beast". John is almost asleep, but Wendy and Michael listen with rapt attention.

MRS DARLING

(reading)

"Go forthwith, dear Beauty," said the Beast, "but heed this. If you do not return within a year and a day I shall die that very instant, because I love you dearly, and cannot live without you." ...

15. EXT. DARLING NURSERY - POV THRU WINDOW - NIGHT

Swallows crowd the little ledge outside the nursery window, listening to the story and jostling for a better view of Mrs Darling, visible through the crack in the curtains beyond the barred window.

MRS DARLING (O/S)

He put the ring upon her finger,
and straightaway she found
herself transported home. Pen
cannot describe the happiness of
her loving parents at her return!

Suddenly the swallows fly off. A pause, then a SHADOW falls across the F/G bars of the window.

16. INT. DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

John is now fast asleep, but Michael is on the verge of tears, clutching at his battered teddy bear. Nana also seems much moved by the story.

MRS DARLING

Thus many moons passed, and the appointed night came when Beauty had promised to return to the Beast's castle. But her father tricked her by putting back all the clocks in the house by one full hour. ...

Suddenly Michael bursts into tears -

MICHAEL

I don't want the Beast to die!

WENDY

He doesn't die, Michael - he turns into a handsome prince!

Michael flings himself in his mother's arms -

MICHAEL

But Beauty doesn't love a prince
- Beauty loves the Beast!

17. EXT. DARLING NURSERY - POV THRU WINDOW - NIGHT

SHOOTING through the bars on the window: Mrs Darling holds Michael to her, exactly as the mother held Jimmie in the opening sequence.

MRS DARLING

Beauty loves his kind heart, and hearts do not change.

(wiping away tears)

Ah, my little Michael -- If only I could keep your tears forever, I'd wear them like a necklace of pearls, and then wouldn't I look gay! Perhaps if we put them under your pillow the fairies will take them to make their wedding gowns. They might even leave you a sixpence.

MICHAEL

But they might mischief us.

(craftily)

Can me and Niko sleep in Wendy's bed and put them under her pillow?

The SHADOW spreads on the F/G bars as the unseen observer moves closer --

MRS DARLING

Can Niko and I, dearest.

18. INT. DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

C/S: the strange, wistful face of the boy on the ice:
PETER PAN, staring in through the iron bars. CAMERA moves
into TIGHT C/U as Mrs Darling continues, O/S --

MRS DARLING (O/S)
Wendy, would you mind?

WENDY (O/S)
Alright -- as long as you promise
not to fidget.

We hear Michael's cry of delight, see Peter's gaze of
longing.

19. INT. BARRIE'S STUDY - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE: In matched eyeline, Barrie appears to return his
gaze. He pauses, knitting his eyebrows in thought.

BARRIE
(pondering to himself)
The boy who could not grow up?

Barrie regards Porthos, as if seeking his opinion. The
great hound gives him a baleful look. Barrie nods.

I agree ... too tragic for an
audience.
(pause, then brightens)
Ah ... but how about the boy who
would not grow up?

Barrie turns back to his desk, his voice brightening as he
begins to jot down notes in his notebook --

Boy who runs away from pain and
death - hates grown-ups because
they make you think -- all he
wants is fun ...

Barrie pauses, looks down at Porthos who sighs in response,
lowering his eyes. Barrie gives him a wry smile --

Oh I know, I know. But you have
to understand, Porthos - for me,
you see, writing about a boy is
the next best thing to being one.

CAMERA HOLDS a BEAT on Barrie's introspective gaze, no less
wistful than Peter Pan's.

20. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

All is now dark and still in the night-nursery, except for the night-lights glowing above the children's beds. Nana sleeps in her large dog-basket near the door. She gives an occasional twitch, as if dreaming. From this angle, the window is O/S.

Presently the night-light candles begin to flicker. In a series of SOFT CUTS, CAMERA moves position from L/S thru M/S into C/S on Michael and Wendy, sleeping together in Wendy's bed. A curious tinkling SOUND becomes audible O/S, accompanied by a flickering glow from a moving light source, also O/S.

C/S: Michael lies curled up next to Wendy, one hand in hers, the other clutching his teddy-bear. A pause, then his hand slips from hers in sleep. As it does so, a SHADOW falls across his face. A pause.

LOW ANGLE TIGHT SHOT: PETER PAN gazes at the maternal image of Wendy. He is almost naked, clad only in a cobweb of grey leaves that makes him seem almost translucent; likewise his skin has a slight glow, though the effect is so understated as to be barely noticeable. He has a greedy look in his eye: he wants her.

A tiny, shining figure hovers in the air beyond him. She is Peter's fairy, TINKERBELL, though in L/S she seems more like a fire-fly glowing in the darkened room.

PETER leans cautiously forward, moving his hand towards Wendy until Tink lets out a peal of protest, as if a thousand tiny bells had been touched by a breath of wind. Peter scowls at her, signals her to be quiet.

HIGH ANGLE, SHOOTING down from a shelf on which stands a bottle of medicine in F/G labeled "The Mixture. Michael Darling." Tink flies up into C/S and perches on the shelf next to the bottle. We now see her for what she is: a provocative, abandoned little creature, highly animated and highly strung. The beauty of her glowing face and body is outshone by the exquisite nature of her wings. When sulking, as now, she brings them to a point in front of her, enabling her to hide her face within them.

LOW ANGLE with Tink's glow visible on the shelf beyond: Again Peter stretches out a cautious hand towards Wendy --

HIGH ANGLE: Tink peers over the rim of her wings as a coquette peers over her fan, looks down at Peter. From her POV, Peter's proximity to Wendy's face proves too much for Tink's patience. She glances up at the medicine bottle, almost twice her size, then across at Nana, asleep in her basket.

Tink puts out her arms, pushes the bottle with all her strength. The bottle falls to the ground, awakening Nana with a start as Tink flies to the window in a flurry of excitement.

Peter glances round at Nana as she comes bounding over, springs nimbly to his feet, grabs Michael's teddy-bear and flies out of SHOT as effortlessly as a bird. The CAMERA treats the feat as inconsequentially as Peter - we do not even bother to PAN with him, HOLDING instead on the startled reaction of Nana, who slithers to a halt, legs akimbo. She looks up, her astonishment rapidly turning to indignation as she spots Peter on top of the toy cupboard, exulting in his own cleverness. "This conceit of Peter's is one of his most fascinating qualities. To put it with brutal frankness, there never was a cockier boy."

An easy way for Peter to escape would be through the open window, where Tink now hovers. But Peter is never one to choose the easy way, particularly when it means sacrificing an opportunity to show off. Tink spots Wendy beginning to wake up, urges Peter to hurry. Nana barks up at him, awakening Wendy. Peter discards the teddy-bear on top of the cupboard, flies through the open door into the day nursery beyond. Nana gives chase, followed by Tink, leaving Wendy gazing after them with the vacant look of a dreamer. As Nana's barks recede, she settles back with drowsy contentment, closing her eyes to continue the dream.

21. INT. DARLING HOME - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tink catches up with Peter as he flies from the day nursery along a corridor and into another room. CAMERA waits for Nana as she bounds after them a short distance behind.

22. INT. DARLING HOME - PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nana races into the darkened bedroom, glances about, then spots Peter's shadow on the floor, cast by the moon from the far window. She looks up to see the boy posing in front of a full-length looking-glass - evidently a novelty to him. Tink hovers nearby, admiring her own reflection in the gleaming surface of a large silver chalice on the mantelpiece bearing the inscription: "George Arthur Darling. Victor Laudorum. Eton College, 1877".

SHOOTING with Peter in C/S and the looking-glass O/S: Peter glances round at Nana as she comes bounding over, flies up through F/G to the window O/S. Nana's eyeline follows him as he goes, then does a double take, reverting her eyes back to the looking-glass in disbelief.

Nana's POV: Peter's reflection stares back at her: the wistful image of the Peter we saw gazing in through the barred window.

Peter stands on the top frame of the lower window, cocking a snoot at Nana - until he realizes that he has left his reflection behind. He whistles to it impatiently, as if to a dallying dog. Nana watches agog as the reflection streaks from the mirror and rejoins Peter, merging with him in the twinkling of an eye. In response to further urgings from Tink, Peter tries to open the window, but finds that it is locked. Nana quickly resumes command of her senses and starts to jump up at Peter, who merely draws the curtain behind him to shield his ears from her raucous barking.

23. INT. DARLING HOME - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs Darling sits by the fire, darning Michael's socks. Her husband, MR DARLING ("one of those deep ones who knows all about stocks and shares") sits at a bureau nearby, totting up sums with a wet towel around his head and a pair of pince-nez glasses on his nose.

MR DARLING
Shirts, two-and-four. Socks,
one-and-two a dozen ...

Mrs Darling reacts to the muffled barks of Nana upstairs.

MRS DARLING
George, dearest ...?

MR DARLING
Bum-freezer - don't speak - two
and six. House cap, say another
two...

Mr Darling breaks off as a loud crash is heard O/S, followed by a renewed outburst of barking. Mr Darling looks at his wife, lowers his glasses --

I sometimes think, Mary dear, that
engaging a dog as a nurse was a
very grave mistake.

24. INT. DARLING HOME - PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

In trying to catch Peter, Nana has merely succeeded in bringing both curtain and pelmet board down on top of her. While she thrashes about, trying to free herself, Peter struggles to unlock the window catch. He pauses a moment,

25. INT. DARLING HOME - STAIRS & CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mrs Darling hurries up the main stairs, followed at some remove by Mr Darling. CAMERA PANS with her as she reaches the corridor, almost colliding with Peter as he flies out of the bedroom and back towards the nursery with Tink. She lets out an impulsive cry, flattening herself against the wall as Nana bolts out in hot pursuit, still dragging the curtain on her back.

MR DARLING

Mary ...? What is it?

Mr Darling runs up the stairs, reaching his wife to find her in a state of shock.

MRS DARLING

(pointing along corridor)

A boy ...

MR DARLING

A burglar, eh? What was he up to?

MRS DARLING

Flying, dearest.

MR DARLING

After my Victor Laudorum no doubt.

Mr Darling glances anxiously inside his bedroom to check while Mrs Darling runs on down the corridor.

26. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Peter and Tink fly back into the nursery, with Nana hot on their heels, and make straight for the open window. Tink flies out, but as Peter follows, Nana leaps up, grabs the sash-cord in her teeth --

27. EXT. NURSERY WINDOW LEDGE & POV THRU BARS - NIGHT

As Peter flies out, the window shoots up like the blade of a guillotine, slamming shut just short of his ankles. He lets out a cry of pain --

28. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Mr Darling runs into the room to find Nana still barking at the window, now closed. In a brief INTERCUT, she catches sight of Peter's face as Mr Darling enters --

MR DARLING

Incorrigible hound, stop that noise this instant or into the yard you go!

Nana cowers before the wrath of her master.

WENDY (O/S)

I dreamt I saw a boy.

Both turn to see Wendy, sitting up and rubbing her eyes.

WENDY

He was flying in this room.

MR DARLING

(to Mrs Darling)

You see, Mary dear? A mere flight of fancy.

(to Wendy)

Thank you, Wendy. You may now back to sleep.

As Mr Darling turns to go, his wife spots something on the floor.

29. EXT. NURSERY WINDOW LEDGE & POV THRU BARS - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE, SHOOTING down through the iron bars as Mrs Darling picks up Peter's shadow, holding it by its feet. Although it bears a dim resemblance to Peter's shape, it seems to diminish in size when she holds it closer to the light source from the window.

MRS DARLING

The boy's shadow ...

As Mr Darling takes the shadow from his wife and examines it, Tink's glow creeps into SHOT.

MR DARLING

It's certainly nobody I know, but he does look a real scoundrel.

The glow slips quickly from view as Mrs Darling glances towards the window --

30. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Mrs Darling peers anxiously out at the night.

MRS DARLING

Perhaps I should leave it out for him on the window-sill?

MR DARLING

Certainly not! The neighbours
might think it was washing.

Mr Darling takes shadow, studies it a moment.

Besides, there could be money in
this, my love. I shall take it
down to the British Museum and
have it priced.

Mr Darling concertinas the shadow between his hands, walks
over to a chest of drawers.

TIGHT SHOT: Tink's glow edges forward again, followed by
Tink herself, cautiously peering in through the bars.

31. EXT. NURSERY WINDOW LEDGE & POV THRU BARS - NIGHT

TINK'S POV: Mr Darling places the shadow in the bottom
drawer and locks it, depositing the key in a jug on the
mantelpiece.

32. EXT. WINDOW LEDGE & POV OF BARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

While Tink watches Mr Darling through the window, O/S,
Peter sits on the narrow ledge, nursing his ankles. A
pause, then he looks slowly up, as if sensing that he is
being watched. She tinkles to him - he nods reluctantly,
then flies away with her, O/S. XX

Without changing angle, CAMERA SHIFTS FOCUS on the back-
ground, where Barrie can be seen in EXTREME L/S, standing
at the window of his study, gazing out at the night.

SHARP FADE TO BLACK

33. EXT. PILKINGTON'S SCHOOL - ORME SQUARE - DAY

A cluster of nannies wait on the pavement outside Pilking-
ton's day-school, chatting among themselves. A short
distance away sits Nana, aloof and alone.

A bell rings from within, followed by an avalanche of
children, leaving school at the end of the day. The nannies
escort their various charges off home, leaving Nana to
chaperone Wendy, John and Michael, as of habit.

34. EXT. BAYSWATER ROAD & KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY

Nana stations herself in the middle of the road, holding up
traffic to allow her charges to cross, then escorting them
towards the entrance gates to the Gardens.

35. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DUSK

Nana accompanies the children through the park, ensuring that they do not dawdle. We observe them surreptitiously, as if stalking them from the POV of small animals and birds.

36. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS & ALBERT MEMORIAL - DUSK

Tink's glow seeping into FRAME is the only indication that we have assumed her POV. CAMERA moves stealthily through the bushes in LOW ANGLE, watching Nana and the children in L/S as they approach the Prince's Gate exit and are lost from view. A brief pause before the CAMERA suddenly soars up over the F/G bushes, flies across to the Albert memorial and perches on the Prince Consort's head. Nana and the children are now visible in L/S, crossing Kensington Road beyond the park railings. CAMERA PANS with them as they walk along the pavement on the far side, while Tink's glow illuminates the glazed eyes of the marble Prince in F/G

37. INT. DARLING HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr Darling, wearing evening dress but without his coat, kneels on the floor beside his bed, tying his necktie round the bedpost. He achieves a perfect bow.

38. INT. BARRIE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Barrie, also in shirt-sleeves, sits at his desk. He dips his pen in the ink-well, proceeds to ink the frayed cuffs of his evening coat, lying on his lap.

39. EXT. DARLING HOME & POV THRU WINDOWS - NIGHT

SHOOTING through the bedroom window: Mr Darling stands in front of the looking-glass, trying to repeat his achievement around his neck. Not for the first time it disintegrates in his hand, and with a curse of exasperation he storms out of the room. As he does so, CAMERA glides quickly away and up the side of the house to the nursery above.

The CAMERA's arrival frightens off a group of swallows, sitting on the ledge outside the nursery window. Beyond the bars we see Mrs Darling, dressed in an evening gown, lighting the night-light above Michael's bed.

40. INT. DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

Mr Darling can be heard stomping up the stairs, O/S, calling out "Mary!" Mrs Darling ignores him, kisses Michael goodnight.

MICHAEL

What time was I born, mother?

MRS DARLING

Half past two in the morning,
dearest.

MICHAEL

Oh mother, I hope I didn't wake
you.

Mr Darling enters the nursery in his shirt-sleeves,
brandishing his tie.

MR DARLING

Oh, there you are Mary.

MRS DARLING

(knowing at once)

What's the matter, George dear?

MR DARLING

(indignantly)

Matter? The matter is that I am a
desperate man! This tie - it will
not tie. Round the bed post, oh
yes -- twenty times! But round my
neck? Oh dear no, begs to be
excused.

MICHAEL

(in joyous transport)

Say it again, favver - say it again!

MR DARLING

I warn you, Mary - unless this tie
is around my neck, we don't go out
to dinner, and if we don't go out
to dinner, then I never go to the
office again, and if I never go to
the office again, we'll be thrown
into the streets and the children
will starve ...!

MRS DARLING

Let me try, dear.

As Mrs Darling ties her husband's bow with irritating ease,
she catches sight of something out of the corner of her eye.

41. EXT. NURSERY WINDOW LEDGE & POV THRU BARS - NIGHT

Tink's glow darts O/S as Mrs Darling turns to the window.
Mr Darling follows her eyeline --

MR DARLING
What is it?

MRS DARLING
(a whisper)
I thought I saw ...

Mrs Darling's voice trails.

MR DARLING
(impatiently)
No doubt, no doubt.

Mrs Darling ignores him, kneels beside Nana and strokes her. Wendy and Michael take this as license to join in: they spring from their beds and rally round their nurse, hugging and kissing her. John remains in bed, though even he chooses to avoid his father's eye.

MR DARLING
(with growing resentment)
Go on, coddle her. Nobody cuddles me. Oh dear no, I'm only the bread-winner -- why should I be coddled?

All Mr Darling really craves is a little admiration, owing to his too affectionate nature, but he does not receive it.

MR DARLING
(becoming reckless)
Why, why, why?
(pointing at Nana)
I never enter this nursery without her looking at me with the cold eye of disapproval. And why not? says my wife, Why not? say my children. Very well then, the worm turns, and I refuse to allow that dog to lord it in my house any longer!

Without further ado, Mr Darling takes Nana by the collar and marches her to the door. Mrs Darling hurries after them --

MRS DARLING
(an urgent whisper)
George ... remember the boy!

MR DARLING
(not listening)
In vain, in vain! The proper place for her is the yard, and there she goes to be tied up this instant!

Mr Darling leaves with Nana, slamming the door behind him.

MRS DARLING

(a sigh)

Why must men always interfere in
the affairs of the nursery?

Mrs Darling turns back to her children, listening to Nana's
barks receding down the corridor.

MICHAEL

She sounds awfully unhappy.

WENDY

That's not Nana's unhappy bark.
That's her bark when she smells
danger.

MRS DARLING

Danger!

Mrs Darling glances towards the window, but there is
nothing there.

MICHAEL

(anxiously, O/S)

Oh mother, can anything harm us
after the night-lights are lit?

Mrs Darling turns to Michael -

MRS DARLING

(distractedly)

Nothing, my precious. They're the
eyes a mother leaves behind to
guard her children.

Mrs Darling kisses Michael, gets up and walks over to the
window.

42. EXT. NURSERY WINDOW LEDGE & POV THRU BARS - NIGHT

Mrs Darling gazes out at the night beyond, almost into
CAMERA. A pause, then her anxiety seems to melt. She smiles
a distant, faraway sigh -

MRS DARLING

What a night of stars!

The moment is brief. She closes the unbarred top half of
the window, leaving only the barred lower half open by a
few inches.

43. EXT. BARRIE'S WINDOW & POV OF DARLING HOME - NIGHT

Mrs Darling can be seen at the nursery window in EXTREME
L/S, drawing the curtains. A door opens behind CAMERA.

MRS BARRIE (O/S)
The guests are beginning to
arrive, Jimmie.

BARRIE (O/S)
Down in a minute.

A thread of light remains visible between the drawn
curtains, then goes out. A long pause. Barrie's voice
suddenly breaks the silence on V/O It is almost a whisper,
but so CLOSE TO MIC that it comes as a jolt.

BARRIE (V/O)
Who is he?
(a smile in his tone)
No idea.

TIGHT SHOT: Barrie gazes up, almost into CAMERA. As his
thoughts continue on V/O, CAMERA eases slowly back into
M/S, framing him in the window of his study.

BARRIE (V/O)
Perhaps he's just somebody's boy
who was never born -- a boy whom
someone longed for, but who never
came ...

A pause, then the slightest hint of emotion breaks in --

It could be that that someone
hears him at the window more
clearly than children do.

A brief pause, then Barrie turns away and is gone.

44. EXT. DARLING HOUSE & STREET - NIGHT

Mr and Mrs Darling leave the house for their dinner party,
Mrs Darling reacting anxiously to the sound of Nana whining
in the back yard. But Mr Darling is in no mood for recon-
ciliation: he grips her hand tighter, escorts her O/S to
the street. CAMERA HOLDS a moment as leaves flutter down in
the light breeze that has begun to stir.

45. EXT. DARLING HOME - BACK YARD & POV OF WINDOW - NIGHT

Nana lies on the ground, chained up outside her kennel in
the back yard: a rejected, disconsolate creature, her large
eyes damp with weeping. She suddenly pricks up her ears,
glances up, then leaps to her feet --

LOW ANGLE: Nana strains at her chain, barking furiously at
Tink, visible as a point of light high above, dancing like
a firefly in the night sky outside the nursery window.

46. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

All is still in the night nursery, the children sleeping soundly despite Nana's distant barking in the yard below. Presently the night-lights begin to flicker.

TIGHT SHOT: a hand creeps round the edge of one of the curtains, draws it cautiously aside to reveal Peter's face, gazing in through the bars. XXX

47. EXT. NURSERY WINDOW LEDGE & POV THRU BARS - NIGHT

Peter stares at the sleeping children a moment, until Tink hovers into SHOT, her wings vibrating like a humming-bird. She tinkles in Peter's ear, pointing to the chest of drawers. He listens, gives a consenting nod, whereupon Tink nips through the bars.

48. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Tink flies into the nursery, takes a scornful look at Wendy, whose face is turned away from the window, then dives into the jug on the mantelpiece. She reappears a moment later, hauling out the key to the drawer: an object of huge proportions compared to her own diminutive size. She tries to fly, but the weight of the key causes her to spiral down like a sycamore seed in the wind.

49. INT. BARRIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Barrie's wife greets Mr and Mrs Darling at the door. Other guests can be heard in the drawing-room along the hall. Mrs Darling reacts to a familiar cough O/S, turns to see Barrie descending the stairs towards them, followed by Porthos.

50. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Tink has managed to insert the key in the lock, and she now shows off to Peter at the window by performing a remarkable acrobatic feat. Swinging back and forth from the key handle she builds up momentum like a gymnast on a trapeze, somersaulting over herself in order to turn the key in the lock.

WIDE SHOT with Wendy asleep in F/G, Tink beyond her in M/S, and Peter visible in L/S at the window. Tink springs lightly to the ground, then tries to open the drawer. Wendy stirs in F/G, her movement catching Peter's eye.

Tink strains to open the drawer, but it proves too strong for her. She turns to Peter, sees that his attention is now on Wendy --

PETER'S POV: Wendy stirs again, then suddenly turns in her sleep so that her face is angled towards him.

M/S SHOT: Peter's expression changes --

PETER'S (CHEATED) POV: Wendy's action of turning into CAMERA is repeated in M/S, only this time it is not her face we see, but that of a beautiful woman - the MOTHER in the opening sequence.

MOTHER
(searching the void)
Is that you?

TIGHT C/S: Peter gazes into CAMERA. A long pause, then CAMERA eases back into M/S as the background SOUND gradually returns to normal: Nana's incessant barking, and the nagging jingle of Tink, who has evidently been trying to attract Peter's attention for some time. He looks up to find her hovering nearby, somewhat irritated by his lack of concern for her efforts. She points to the chest of drawers, explaining her inability to open it.

51. EXT. DARLING HOME - BACK YARD & WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT

Nana has finally settled down to a resigned rest when she once again reacts to Tink's jingling far above. From her POV she can see both Tink and Peter on the window ledge, and she now leaps at them with such force that it seems she might join them at any moment.

TIGHT SHOT: Nana suddenly pauses, reacting in astonishment -

NANA'S POV: Both Tink and Peter have disappeared.

52. INT. BARRIE'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Barrie sits at the head of the dining table, flanked by Mr and Mrs Darling. His own wife is seated on the far side of Mr Darling. There is an open window within Barrie's eyeline overlooking his garden and the Darling home beyond.

BARRIE
(to Mrs Darling)
... You know the only time I really feel a foreigner in England is when I try to understand your great English public schools. I'm like a dog looking wistfully up at its master, wondering what that noble face represents.

MR DARLING
I can tell you, sir. It represents a total outlay of two hundred and forty-two pounds per boy per annum.

BARRIE

Ah, but look at what it buys. It equips a boy with the one thing that really matters in this life. I myself would exchange all my worldly goods to possess it.

All lean forward to hear Barrie's hushed revelation.

Good form.

(pause)

If you have it, you don't need anything else. And if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you do have.

Nana's barking has resumed in the distance. Barrie notes Mrs Darling's look of concern: he gets up while Darling continues, moves to the window behind Mrs Darling.

MR DARLING

How right you are. Look at the Americans -- they don't even know the meaning of the word.

BARRIE

Indeed so. But then I am of the uneasy opinion that to have good form without knowing what it means is perhaps the best form of all.

Barrie closes the window, curtailing Nana's sonorous intrusion.

53. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

BLACK SCREEN, SHOOTING from within the chest of drawers. Tink's light breaks through like the first shafts of dawn as Peter opens the drawer and looks down below CAMERA. Tink dives inside the drawer, starts rooting around in search of the shadow at one end while Peter does the same at the other, burying Tink in the process.

Suddenly his eyes light up. He leans forward, draws the dark substance of his shadow to himself as if to embrace it, then closes the drawer. A pause. In the darkness we presently hear the muffled bleating of Tink, entombed beneath John's cricket clothes.

TIGHT SHOT: Wendy lies asleep, her eyelids flickering in dreams. Gradually we become aware of muted sobs, O/S, as if someone were crying. Wendy opens her eyes with a slight start, but remains motionless awhile, watching with mild curiosity.

WENDY
(pleasantly)
Boy, why are you crying?

Peter is sitting dejectedly in the middle of the floor, trying to stick his shadow on with a bar of soap. He looks up briefly, then carries on with his endeavour.

We begin to sense an indefinable oddness about some of Peter's movements - in part achieved by the relatively simple device of reversal filming. This effect should be employed sparingly, and only for casual gestures - i.e. the effect must never be conspicuous.

PETER
I wasn't crying.

Wendy sits up, cocks her head to one side.

WENDY
What's your name?

A pause.

PETER
What's yours?

WENDY
(well satisfied)
Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

PETER
Oh.

WENDY
What's yours?

PETER
Peter Pan.

WENDY
(finding it rather brief)
Is that all?

PETER
Yes.

WENDY
I'm so sorry.

Peter shrugs, continues trying to stick on his shadow.

Where do you live?

PETER
(vaguely)
Second to the right ...and then
straight on till morning.

WENDY

What a funny address.

PETER

No it isn't.

WENDY

Is that what they put on the letters?

PETER

Don't get any letters.

WENDY

But your mother must get letters?

PETER

Don't have a mother.

WENDY

Peter ...!

Perceiving herself to be in the presence of a tragedy, Wendy slips from her bed and runs to him.

... no wonder you were crying!

PETER

(backing off)

Don't touch me.

WENDY

Why not?

PETER

No one must ever touch me.

WENDY

Why not?

PETER

I don't know.

(pause)

Anyway I wasn't crying. I never cry.

(hopelessly)

But I just can't get my shadow to stick on.

Wendy sees the bar of soap lying on the floor.

WENDY

Why, Peter - you've been trying to stick it on with soap. How exactly like a boy! It must be **sewn** on.

PETER
(snappily)
Well then?

WENDY
(moving towards him)
I shall sew it on for you ...

PETER
(backing away)
You may sew it onto my shoes.

54. INT. DRAWER - DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

A faint glow becomes discernable in the darkness within the drawer as Tink tries to surface.

WENDY (O/S)
How old are you, Peter?

PETER
(O/S, blithely)
I don't know, but quite young.
(vaguely)
I flew away the day I was born.

55. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Wendy sits on her bed, sewing the shadow onto Peter's shoe. She glances up, eyes wide --

WENDY
Flew away? How?

Peter has moved to the mantelpiece and is examining the various ornaments. Novelty is ever his religion, and throughout the rest of the scene he darts about the room, examining this and that with brief curiosity.

PETER
All babies can fly before they've been weighed. That's why mothers are so quick to weigh them. Well my mother forgot.

WENDY
Oh, careless, careless!
(pause)
But why did you fly away?

PETER
(shrugs)
Forgotten. I think because I heard my father and mother talking about what I was to be when I became a man. Well I never want to grow up.

So perhaps Peter thinks, but it is only his greatest pretend.

WENDY

You know, Peter, everybody grows up one day (except clowns).

PETER

Not me! I just want always to be a boy and to have fun.

(flies onto cupboard)

So I flew away to the Kensington Gardens, and lived for a long time among the fairies.

Wendy's eyes widen. She looks up at the cupboard, but Peter has again moved on and is now astride a rocking-horse, though being weightless, the horse refuses to budge.

WENDY

You know fairies?

PETER

Of course! But there aren't many of them left. Children think they know such a lot these days, and every time a child says "I don't believe in fairies", there's a fairy somewhere that drops down dead. Mine's called Tinkerbell.

56. INT. DRAWER - DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

While Peter continues, Tink emerges from beneath the clothes, like a swimmer surfacing for air.

PETER (O/S)

She's only a common fairy, but she comes in quite useful for...

(breaks off)

Tink? I wonder where she's gone? P'raps she's dead too.

Tink reacts indignantly, jingles in protest --

57. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Wendy's eyes widen as Peter flies to the drawer.

WENDY

Do you mean to say there's one in this very room?

Peter opens the drawer and Tink flies out, tinkling angrily at him.

PETER

Well I'm sorry - I just forgot.

Wendy watches entranced, unaware that she is the main cause of Tink's anger. She hovers in front of Peter, pointing at Wendy and voicing abuse that needs no translation, then flies up onto the cupboard to sulk behind her wings. Peter shrugs, looks at his shadow, now sewn onto his shoes.

WENDY

It feels a bit stiff -- perhaps
it's strained a muscle.

PETER

Let me try.

Peter puts on his shoes and stands up, but the shadow remains inanimate on the floor. He tries jumping, but still his shadow refuses to move. He sits dejectedly on the bed.

It won't do anything.
(huskily)
Do you think it's dead?

WENDY

Perhaps if I ironed it ...

Wendy breaks off, her eyes widening, for although Peter is still sitting on the bed, a slow ripple has begun to creep along his shadow, like a mouse nosing along under a carpet. Other ripples follow with increasing rapidity, each emanating from Peter's feet, as if his body were imparting the breath of life.

PETER

(pointing)

Wendy, look ... look!

As Peter points to the shadow, so the shadow's arm rises to meet his, taking his hand as if accepting an invitation to dance. He does the same with the other arm, then rises to meet his shadow, embracing it like a lost friend. Wendy watches her achievement with quiet pride, until Peter suddenly exclaims to no one in particular --

PETER

Oh, how clever I am!

WENDY

(rising)

Why, you conceited little boy!

Peter hugs his shadow, ignoring her presence.

Of course I did nothing I suppose?

PETER

You did a little - but oh the
cleverness of me!

Tink choruses Peter's praise while he flies about the room, crowing in self-adulation. His shadow is still a little lethargic, and has some difficulty in keeping up with him.

58. EXT. DARLING HOME - BACK YARD & POV OF WINDOW - NIGHT

Nana lies outside her kennel, about to fall asleep when she reacts to the sound of Peter's pipes. She glances up, glimpses his shadow through the curtains, and is once again on her feet, tugging at her chain and barking wildly.

59. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Wendy has climbed back into bed and is poised to dive under the sheets as soon as she can catch Peter's attention. He finally notices her --

WENDY

(her speech prepared)

If I am of so little use, I can at least withdraw.

With one haughty movement, Wendy disappears under the sheets.

PETER

I'm sorry, Wendy - I just can't help being so clever ... and I don't say that in boasting, but because I can't tell a lie.

No response. Peter leans forward, coaxingly.

Wendy ... One girl is worth more than twenty boys.

Wendy slowly draws back the sheet.

WENDY

You really mean that?

PETER

Yes. Yes I do.

WENDY

In that case I shall give you a kiss.

PETER

(holds out his hand)

Thank you.

WENDY

(aghast)

Don't you know what a kiss is?

Tink listens with growing agitation -

PETER

I shall know when you give it to me.

Suddenly Tink flies down, jingling out a warning to Peter. He looks sharply at Wendy, drawing back --

Tink says it's a trick so's you can touch me.

WENDY

How perfectly ridiculous. A kiss is a mere - token of cordiality.

Wendy takes a thimble off her finger, places it tartly before him, then turns to Tink -.

So there.

PETER

(to Tink)

Begone.

(to Wendy)

Now shall I give you a kiss?

WENDY

If you please.

Peter pulls an acorn button off his person, places it before Wendy. She regards it, a trifle disappointed.

Thank you. I shall wear it on this locket round my neck.

(pause)

Where do you live now?

PETER

With the lost boys.

WENDY

Who are they?

PETER

They're the children who fall out of their prams. If they're not claimed within seven days, they're sent far away to the Never Land. I'm Captain.

WENDY

Are there no lost girls?

Tink sits on the window sill, watching Peter and Wendy with increasing hostility. She glances out of the window at Nana O/S, still barking down in the yard.

PETER

(O/S, slyly)

Oh no -- girls are much too clever
to fall out of their prams. Of
course we are rather lonely
without female companionship.

WENDY

(O/S, melting)

Is that why you came to our
nursery -- to see me?

PETER

I didn't know there was you. I
came to listen to the stories.
None of us know any stories.

WENDY

How perfectly frightful!

PETER

Your mother tells such good
stories ... but she didn't tell
you one tonight, so I'll have to
find another nursery.

Peter starts towards the window --

WENDY

Don't go, Peter ... I know lots of
stories!

Peter turns and looks back at her, a glint in his eye --

PETER

You can tell stories?

WENDY

Oh, Peter ... the stories I could
tell the boys!

Peter gleams: he would like to rip those stories from her.

PETER

Come on, then. We'll fly back
together.

TIGHT SHOT at the window: As Peter moves back to Wendy,
Tink darts out of the window without being noticed.

WENDY (O/S)

But I can't fly.

PETER

I'll teach you.
(dangerously)
Wendy, come with me.

WENDY

(wriggling in distress)

Oh dear, I mustn't. Think of poor mother.

PETER

(pitilessly)

I'll show you how to jump on the wind's back, and then away we go -

60. EXT. DARLING HOME - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Nana lies on the ground, yawns, masks the yawn with a paw, as of habit. Tink flies up quietly behind her, tinkles gently. Nana jumps to her feet, snapping at her. Tink darts out of range, tinkling her to be quiet and listen. Nana pauses, evidently understanding her but somewhat suspicious of her motives.

61. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

PETER

Oh, Wendy - just think of it! When you're sleeping in your silly bed, you might be flying about with me, saying funny things to the stars!

WENDY

(squirming)

Well ... but though I learn, mind, I won't fly away with you.

PETER

You won't be able to help it.

WENDY

Then I shan't learn.

Peter moves closer, kneels in front of her.

PETER

(seductively)

You could tell us stories -- and darn our socks --- and tuck us in at night. None of us has ever been tucked in at night.

(agony of Wendy)

Oh, and Wendy -- how we should all respect you.

She swallows hard.

WENDY

Of course it is awfully fas-cin-a-ting. Would you teach John and Michael to fly too?

PETER
(indifferently)
If you like.

WENDY
Mind you, I don't promise to go
away with you. In fact I don't
think there's the least chance of
my going.

62. EXT. DARLING HOME - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Tink tries to convince Nana, points up at the nursery window to emphasize the urgency. Nana concedes, allowing Tink to alight on her collar where the chain is attached.

63. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Wendy shakes John and Michael awake --

WENDY
John, Michael - wake up! There's
a boy here who'll teach us how to
fly!

JOHN
(rubbing his eyes)
Is there? Then I shall undoubtedly
get up.
(sits up)
Hullo, I'm up.
(to Peter)
I say, can you really fly?

PETER
It's easy --
(demonstrating)
You just wriggle your shoulders,
think about nothing, and then ...
the letting go --

Peter lifts into the air, to the gratifying wonder of the children.

64. EXT. DARLING HOME - BACK YARD - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT: Tink struggles to unfasten the chain attached by a clip to Nana's collar --

65. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Peter flies from cupboard to mantelpiece to picture-rail, showing off to his audience. John stands on his bed, watching him with the beady eye of a boy ever quick to second-guess the conjurer --

JOHN

I see how he does it!

John takes off, falls flat on his face. He looks up at Peter, somewhat peeved.

I say, couldn't you do it a bit more slowly, so we can see how you do it?

While Peter obliges, Michael tries to fly from his bed, but meets with similar failure.

MICHAEL

(to Wendy, despondently)

He's just a dream -- I'm going back to sleep.

PETER

Wait - I forgot something ...

Peter takes a pinch of silvery dust from a pouch on his belt, sprinkles it on Wendy, John and Michael.

Now then ... wriggle your shoulders, think of nothing, and then let go --

All three wriggle their shoulders, and Wendy is born into the air, somewhat clumsily, followed by John --

JOHN

Look at me, look at me!

WENDY

(ecstatic)

I'm melting, I'm melting!

Michael squeezes his eyes shut as if trying to lay an egg, then he too is borne into the air, beating his arms as if they were wings -

MICHAEL

I flewed, I flewed!

66. EXT. DARLING HOME - BACK YARD & POV OF WINDOW - NIGHT

Tink has almost managed to release the collar from the chain when Nana suddenly lunges out, barking up at the two shadows flying in silhouette against the curtain. Tink jangles angrily at the impetuous hound, telling her to hold still. She finally manages to release the collar -- the chain whiplashes in the air and Nana bolts free. She leaps up onto the dustbins, scrambles over the wall and is gone.

67. INT. BARRIE'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dinner guests have now finished their pudding, and are awaiting the port. While Mr Darling holds forth on the subject of stocks and shares - "stocks are up and shares are down" - Barrie notes the distant silhouettes orbiting about the Darling nursery. He moves to the window and draws the curtains before Mrs Darling has a chance to witness the bizarre spectacle.

68. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Tink slips back into the nursery and resumes her former post by the window, unobserved by Peter and the children.

69. EXT. STREET & CORNER - NIGHT

Nana tears along the street towards the corner. Approaching the same corner from the other street are two weary suffragettes, returning from a demonstration. Each carries the post of a large "Votes For Women" banner, slung upside down between them. Nana hurtles round the corner into their path -- the two women dodge to left and right -- the banner goes taut -- Nana rips through the proclamation and races on down the street.

70. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

As Michael circles round the ceiling, he spots something on top of the toy cupboard --

MICHAEL
(lighting up)
Nik-o ...!

Michael flies onto the top of the cupboard, extracts his battered bear from among the cobwebs.

What are you doing up here? No
wonder I couldn't find you.

Michael hugs his bear, as joyful at the reunion as Peter was with his shadow.

71. INT. BARRIE'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pounding on the front door. A servant en route to the drawing room with the 1875 vintage port on a tray opens it, only to be bowled against the wall by Nana as she bolts in and hurtles on up the stairs --

72. INT. BARRIE'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The soporific effect of Mr Darling's monologue is offset by the approaching tornado of Nana. Mrs Darling recognizes the familiar bark, turns anxiously towards the door while her husband drones on.

MR DARLING

... I therefore proposed an interim dividend of eighteen-two-seven in anticipation of the equity capital rising to five-one-one by the ...

MRS DARLING

(tapping his sleeve)
George, dearest ...

MR DARLING

... forth quarter -- don't speak, my only -- which, needless to say, struck the board as being nothing short of a...

Nana bursts into the room, rudely awakening the guests to their senses. Mr Darling's jaw hangs open as she bounds over to Mrs Darling, dragging her to the window by her sleeve.

Uncultured hound, this is more than enough! To the Dogs' Home at Battersea you go this instant!

Before Mr Darling can reach her, Nana rips down one of the velvet curtains, exposing the distant nursery window to Mrs Darling's horrified gaze.

MRS DARLING

My children!
(to Mr Darling, pointing)
Look ...!

Mr Darling follows her eyeline, reacts with testy indignation to the shadowy sight of the four children circling about the distant nursery.

MR DARLING

A burglar, Mary - I knew it!
He's come back to steal my Victor Ludorum!

TIGHT SHOT: Barrie has remained curiously detached from the general upheaval. As Mr and Mrs Darling rush from the room behind Nana, he moves to the window, looks anxiously across at the nursery window as if willing Peter to hurry.

73. EXT. NURSERY WINDOW LEDGE & POV OF BARRIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Barrie remains visible in E.L/S at the dining room window. In TIGHT F/G sits Tink, just inside the bars of the nursery window, silently urging Nana to hurry as she reacts to the dialogue, O/S --

JOHN (O/S)

I say, why shouldn't we go out for a spin?

MICHAEL (O/S)

Yes, let's!

74. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Wendy is once again torn between her heart and head.

WENDY

No, no - we mustn't!

PETER

(to John, tantalizing)
There are pirates ...

JOHN

(donning his top-hat)
Pirates! Let's go at once!

75. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mr and Mrs Darling race along the street behind Nana --

76. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

PETER

(turning to Michael)
... And mermaids ...

MICHAEL

(aglow)
Yes, please!

77. EXT. DARLING HOME & STREET - NIGHT

Nana races up the steps to the front door, turns to see Mr and Mrs Darling stumbling to catch up --

78. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

PETER

(turning to Wendy)
... And a lot of boys who sorely need a mother.

All eyes are on Wendy - including Tink's. A pause, then Wendy's mouth melts into a smile. John and Michael chorus "Horray", then freeze as they hear Nana barking impatiently outside, followed by their mother's urgent voice --

MRS DARLING
(barely audible, O/S)
Do hurry, dearest!

JOHN
Quickly -- the window!

79. EXT. DARLING HOME - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Mr Darling can't find his keys. The wretched man searches wildly through his pockets, but to no avail. Nana spots the top of the basement kitchen window open, indicating it to Mrs Darling with a bark --

80. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

John and Wendy struggle to open the top (unbarred) half of the nursery window, Peter and Michael hovering behind them.

JOHN
It's stuck!

WENDY
Nana must have broken the sash
chord when she ...
(turns slowly to Peter)
But then how did you get in?

Wendy looks hard at Peter, who returns her gaze without a flicker of explanation. Indeed, his expression is such that Wendy suddenly wishes she had never asked.

JOHN (O/S)
I've done it! Quickly Wendy, help
me push. You too Michael!

Wendy looks at Peter a beat longer, then joins with John and Michael in a concerted effort to pull down the upper window --

81. INT. DARLING HOME - BASEMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT: Two pairs of hands haul down the window. As they clear bottom of FRAME, Nana is seen beyond, poised at ground level. CAMERA PULLS sharply BACK as she makes a spectacular leap through the window towards us, landing on a F/G table piled with copper pots and pans. She slides the full length of the table, scattering them in all directions.

82. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

The noise of Nana's dramatic re-entry reverberates through the house, bringing fresh hope to Tink and panic to the children. The window slowly creaks open as John, Wendy and Michael pull down on it with all their strength --

83. INT. DARLING HOME - STAIRS - NIGHT

Nana bounds up the stairs, three at a time, barking all the way --

84. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT: Peter reacts to Nana's furious approach, glances at the window, which is now just wide enough to accommodate his speedy exit. He is through the window in a flash, riding free in the night sky without a second thought for the others. Tink follows in hot pursuit, leaving the children somewhat choked by Peter's display of bad form. He hovers in the moonlit sky beyond, beckoning them to follow --

85. INT. DARLING HOME - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Nana races along the final stretch towards the nursery, while behind her we can hear Mr and Mrs Darling hurrying up the stairs --

86. EXT. DARLING NURSERY & WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT

John and Wendy stand nervously on the window ledge outside the nursery like a pair of escaping convicts, steadying their relative weightlessness while helping Michael to half crawl, half float through the window. Suddenly he glances back --

MICHAEL

Nik-o ...! I've forgotten Nik-o --

JOHN

You can't go back now!

MICHAEL

I'm not going without him --

Before they can stop him, Michael dives back inside the nursery.

PETER

(calling)

Come on!

Wendy and John look down at the big drop below them, then back at Michael --

87. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Michael grabs his teddy-bear as Nana comes bounding into the room from the day-nursery beyond. Michael runs back towards the window, calling out to Nana as he goes --

MICHAEL

I shan't be bathed for a whole week, so you needn't think it!

As Michael takes to the air, Nana leaps up, catching the leg of his pyjama bottoms. He squeals, clutching on to them for dear life, then soars through the window and out into the night --

88. EXT. DARLING HOME - WINDOW LEDGE & NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

Michael's momentum carries him several hundred feet beyond Peter -

MICHAEL

(crying out)

Help ... I can't stop!

Wendy and John remain on the window ledge, watching Peter as he flies up to Michael's aid, clutching his ankles to slow him down.

Nana paws at the barred window behind Wendy. She glances round at her, then down at the great drop, then back up at Michael. The sight of her rapidly receding brother decides matters. She turns to John, takes him by the hand. They both close their eyes, count to three, then pitch forward, as if to their doom, nose-diving a dozen feet before leveling out and slowly climbing to join Peter, Michael and Tink.

Peter waits for Wendy and John to catch up, then turns and leads them over the roof of the house, out of sight from Nana at the window.

89. INT. DARLING HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Nana stands on her hind legs, her paws on the window sill, whimpering piteously. Mr and Mrs Darling rush into the room and over to the window, but Nana's pathetic face tells all. She holds out her paw to Mrs Darling, which contains the piece of cloth ripped from Michael's pyjamas.

Mrs Darling takes it from her, holds it a moment, then bursts into tears. Nana follows suit, leaving Mr Darling to gaze helplessly on.

MRS DARLING

(distraught)

My babies - gone! Oh, if only you'd left Nana to take care of them ...!

MR DARLING
(equally distressed)
I know, I know ...
(hand on brow)
Mea culpa! Mea culpa! Mea maxima
culpa!

Mr Darling puts one arm round his wife, the other round Nana, in an effort to console the two weeping females.

90. INT. BARRIE'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The mournful trio remain visible in EXTREME L/S, silhouetted in the window of the nursery. CAMERA eases back, bringing Barrie into SHOT. He gazes up at the moonlit sky beyond the Darling rooftop, deep in thought, then slowly draws the curtains and turns away.

91. EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS & ROUND POND - NIGHT

Ducks drift about the Round Pond, bathed in moonlight. Presently Tink's tiny glow skims across the surface, followed by the shadows of Peter and the three children. The ducks take to the air in a flurry, weaving in and out of the delighted children.

92. INT. BARRIE'S HOME - STAIRS & CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Barrie walks upstairs, followed by Porthos, opens his bedroom door. Mrs Barrie is visible in the room beyond, reading in bed. Barrie directs Porthos to his sleeping quarters at the top of the stairs, then enters the room, closing the door behind him.

93. EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - ROOF & SKY - NIGHT

Peter leads the way through the skies, flying towards CAMERA. The children smartly alter course as the CAMERA PULLS BACK with Peter into a line of stone colonnades fashioned as winged goddesses supporting the roof of the British Museum. With Tink at his side, Peter shows off to Michael's delight, John's jealousy and Wendy's admiring concern by weaving in and out of the colonnades.

94. INT. BARRIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barrie lies in bed on his side, gazing almost into CAMERA. His wife sleeps soundly in a separate bed beyond him. CAMERA moves in closer as his lugubrious voice LAPS OVER --

BARRIE (V/O)

The horror of my boyhood was that
I knew a time must come when I too
would have to give up the game,
and how it was to be done I saw
not. ...

95. EXT. CHURCH & CHURCHYARD - NIGHT

Peter and the children spin round the weather-vane on top
of a church steeple as if it were a merry-go-round.

It is a game we play but once, on
a long summer's day, waking on the
morrow as men and women, with all
the fun to pay for. ...

LOW WIDE ANGLE: A pair of marble angels stand sentinel
over a tomb in F/G, their outstretched wings shimmering in
the moonlight. Far above, the four tiny forms leave the
weather-vane and fly on towards the horizon.

96. INT. BARRIE'S HOME - STAIRS & PASSAGE - NIGHT

Porthos looks up as Barrie emerges from the bedroom,
wearing an overcoat over his pyjamas. He signals Porthos
to keep quiet, then tip-toes up a narrower flight of stairs
to the floor above, Porthos padding along behind.

But then one day I conceived a
glorious scheme. The notion was
nothing short of this: that if I
were to become a writer, I could
continue playing in secret. ...

97. INT. BARRIE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Barrie works in the gloomy sanctuary of his study, seated
at his desk. As his V/O continues, CAMERA TRACKS slowly
round him so that his face is no longer visible. He writes
with his right hand, but occasionally pauses, flexing his
fingers as if suffering from writer's cramp.

At a mere wave of the loathly pen,
I might fling off the years and
whistle childhood back. ...

The background SOUND gradually, imperceptibly, takes on
the characteristics of a ship's cabin: creaking timbers,
the murmur of the sea beyond. As the CAMERA moves behind
Barrie, so he switches the pen to his left hand.

By stepping into the shoes of any character I chose, I could play the game anew, passing from reality to make-believe as if through a veil.

CAMERA has moved into TIGHT SHOT on Barrie's manuscript as he writes with his left hand. The curved desk-lamp forms a curious shadow on the page, reminiscent of a question-mark, or perhaps a hook. The grating roar of waves on a pebble beach LAPS OVER -

98. EXT. DOVER BEACH - NIGHT

Dover Beach, where Arnold's "cliffs of England stand, glimmering and vast, and the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land." The beam of a lighthouse sweeps the chalk-white cliffs, then out across the open sea on its endless circuit as the MUSIC swells --

BARRIE

(V/O, very close to mic)

I had found my way back to the island.

SHOOTING from the top of the cliff: Peter and the children sweep in above us from behind CAMERA and on out to sea, their receding images caught in the sweeping beam of the lighthouse until they are lost from view.

CAMERA HOLDS on the revolving light, gradually

FADING WHITE INTO:

99. EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE CLOUDS - DAY

An ocean of white cloud drifts towards us from the east, where the rising sun flares into CAMERA. Three specks become visible, nestling in the cloudy pillows. As they move closer, the furtive, tantalizing notes of the NEVER-LAND PRELUDE filter in, like drops of water dripping in some vast subterranean cavern (a la Pink Floyd's "Echoes").

While retaining the same horizontal angle, CAMERA SOFT CUTS through FOUR STATIC SET-UPS, each descending lower than the last by several hundred feet. By the fourth CUT we have reached cloud level, and the three shapes approaching us at a slight angle are recognizable as Wendy, John and Michael, curled up under wisps of cloud blanket, fast asleep. Having reached their level, CAMERA moves with them, SOFT CUTTING closer and closer until Wendy is in F/G, John and Michael asleep beyond her. Wendy opens her eyes with her accustomed suddenness, then sits up, steadying herself as if on a water-matress.

WENDY
(calling anxiously)
Peter ...?

There is no sign of him. Wendy shakes John --

Where's Peter?

John grunts, then sits up with a start, shielding his eyes against the glare of the sun --

JOHN
Nana's overslept again -- we'll be late for school!

He glances about him just as Peter flies in from behind CAMERA, accompanied by Tink.

WENDY
(much relieved)
Peter!

Peter pauses briefly, as if on his way somewhere. His face and body is flecked with blood, but he seems unaware of it.

PETER
(as if to a stranger)
Hullo.

WENDY
(anxiously)
You're hurt! What have you been doing?

PETER
(carelessly)
Having an adventure.

Wendy moves towards him with female concern, stretches out her hand, but Tink quickly darts between them, jingling angrily at Wendy. Peter waves Tink aside, his curiosity aroused.

What's your name?

WENDY
Wendy of course!

PETER
I'm Peter Pan.

WENDY
Have you forgotten me already?

A pause.

PETER
Just keep on saying "I'm Wendy of course", and then I'll remember.

JOHN

I say, are we nearly there yet?

PETER

The Neverland is never far away.

JOHN

Then shouldn't we be looking out for it?

PETER

There's no need. It's looking out for us.

Even as he speaks, the distant boom of a canon is heard O/S. Wendy and John react with alarm, but Peter's eyes sparkle, his whole body tingling with energy.

WENDY

What's that?

PETER

(greedily)

Jas Hook.

The SOUND of a cannonball whines up beneath the blanket of cloud, followed by an unearthly roar as it ruptures a path through it before bursting into SHOT between John and Wendy. The two children are thrown clear, but Peter is struck in the stomach and propelled backwards into the sky.

Wendy's initial horror turns to awed amazement as the cannonball pitches the weightless Peter several hundred feet into the heavens, leaving him to float in limbo while it arches back to earth. Wendy turns to John, then suddenly reacts to something O/S beyond him --

WENDY

(a cry)

Michael ...!

Michael is still asleep, curled up in a ball that is now rolling towards the dark chasm in the cloud ripped open by the missile. Too late to catch him, Wendy watches in horror as Michael drops into the gaping wound --

100. INT. CLOUD SHAFT - DAY

UPSHOT: Michael spirals down the dark, amorphous chasm, blissfully unaware of his impending doom. As he tumbles past CAMERA, Wendy appears at the top, gazing helplessly after him. She turns swiftly away, calls out --

WENDY (O/S)

Peter ...!

101. EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE CLOUDS - DAY

HIGH LEVEL: Tink flutters before Peter in adulation, effectively distracting him from Wendy's distant cries.

CLOUD LEVEL: John sees his chance to play the hero. He holds his nose and leaps into the yawning chasm before Wendy can stop him. Again she calls up to Peter --

WENDY
Peter ... help!

HIGH LEVEL: Peter hears the echo of her cry, turns in time to see her pitch forward into the mouth of the shaft. He glares at Tink, then swallow-dives in pursuit of Wendy.

An uneasy stillness ensues, in which only the low moan of the wind is audible. CAMERA HOLDS in HIGH ANGLE as Peter soars down the sky to the endless expanse of white cloud far below, levels out, then skims along the surface like a skater on a frozen lake. A sudden CHORD of MUSIC jabs us from behind, emanating from the AMBIENT TRACK that has remained dormant since the opening sequence --

102. EXT/INT. CLOUD SURFACE & CLOUD CHASM - DAY

In one continuous TRAVELLING SHOT: CAMERA sweeps along the surface of the cloud, HOLDING Peter in M/S as he flies towards us, his arms outstretched, bird-like, skimming fast and low, his eyes ablaze with exhilaration. Another SOUND merges with the staccato CHORDS -- a sharp, rushing sound, heard long ago, as of a blade searing across a sheet of ice. CAMERA suddenly plunges backwards into the hazy darkness of the chasm, still HOLDING Peter in M/S as he swoops in behind us. Now the NEVERLAND PRELUDE enters, combining with the harmonic support of the CHORDS and building towards a MAIN THEME resolution. As the pace and tempo quicken, so the CAMERA begins to race ahead of Peter, spiraling on round bruised and billowing corners, like blood coursing through a brain.

CAMERA overtakes John and Wendy, slowing to HOLD them in FRAME as they hurtle down the darkening chasm - bewildered and terrified, yet strangely thrilled by the experience. Peter soon gains on them, with Tink's tiny glow providing the sole source of light. He passes between them into C/S, CAMERA accelerating as he stretches out his hand into EXTREME C/U, reaches below FRAME and slowly hauls the sleeping Michael by his pyjama-cords back into SHOT. As Wendy and John catch up with them, a tremendous flash of lightning from behind CAMERA illuminates their faces, followed by a crash of thunder on the AMBIENT TRACK behind us. Michael's eyes pop open, and all four gaze ahead of them, directly into CAMERA --

103. INT/EXT. CLOUD CHASM & POV OF NEVERLAND - NIGHT

TRAVELLING SHOT: CAMERA briefly adopts their POV, flying towards the dim aperture at the end of the tunnel-like chasm. Peter and Michael fly in from behind CAMERA below us, followed a moment later by Wendy and John from above. We continue to pursue them, maintaining a slower speed until Wendy and John appear as two dark shapes in MEDIUM L/S, with Peter and Michael even smaller in L/S below them. A second flash lights up the night sky beyond, silhouetting the children in such a way that the whole image takes on the appearance of a skull: Wendy and John forming the eye-sockets, Peter and Michael below them representing the nose and teeth, while the aperture itself forms the outline of the skull. The image is both stark and brief, for the CAMERA now accelerates forward towards the ever-widening sky.

A second crash of thunder follows, and under cover of deafening SOUND and the darkness of the chasm to left and right of FRAME, the THEATER CURTAINS PULL BACK to allow for CINEMASCOPE as we emerge from the chasm into the night sky of the Neverland. A third burst of lightning illuminates the island of the Neverland across the full dimension of the Cinemascope screen, while a simultaneous crash of thunder launches us into the main NEVERLAND THEME --

What we glimpse below us in a series of lightening flashes is a bizarre melange of time, space and seasons, all crowded together on a single island. A hurricane rages along the coast directly below us, yet in the next cove a pirate ship lies peacefully at anchor beneath the moon. A mysterious river winds inland through a dark rain forest beyond, while the far side of the island is bathed in the glow of twilight --

Peter points out the tranquil airspace above the cove as being the closest sanctuary from the storm-lashed skies about them, then leads the way. The children follow as best they can, doggedly breast-stroking a path through the wind and rain.

104. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & POV OF SKY - NIGHT

The fury of the hurricane CUTS abruptly to relative stillness, with the sound of water lapping and a harp being played in the distance. Tink's light can be seen jolting about in the turbulent night far above, then stabilizing as she reaches the tranquility of the moonlit sky, accompanied by the four children. As they move across the sky, the barrel of a Long Tom cannon rises up into F/G SHOT, aimed a little ahead of them.

BILL JUKES stands by the barrel of the cannon, poised to light the fuse. He is stripped to the waist, every inch of him tattooed with sentiments in praise of "Mother". Next to him stands the Quartermaster, STARKEY, who both in appearance and manner bears a strong resemblance to Brando's Mr

Christian. He peers through a telescope, following the children across the sky. Others of the pirate CREW stand behind him, including the Italian CECCO, who once cut his name in letters of blood on the back of the prison governor at Gao, the gigantic negro BLACK MURPHY, the one-eyed FLINT, and the Irish bo'sun, SMEE - an oddly genial man, and the only Nonconformist in the crew.

105. EXT. SKY - STARKEY'S POV THRU TELESCOPE - NIGHT

Peter moves across the moon, followed by Wendy, John and Michael.

106. EXT. MOONLIT SKY & POV OF PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

Peter points out the pirate ship to John while Wendy remembers Michael's medicine --

JOHN

What sort of chap is he?

PETER

(nonchalantly)

Jas Hook? Balliol man, studied for Mods - Sent down in '82 - Took to drink in '84 -- Elected M.P. the following year.

JOHN

Sounds like a rather second-eleven sort of fellow.

PETER

(cautioningly)

He's the only man whom Barbecue feared ... And Flint himself feared Barbecue.

JOHN

(impressed)

Is he big?

PETER

Not so big as he was. I chopped off his right hand.

WENDY

That wasn't very civil of you, Peter ...

(to Michael)

Michael - time for your medicine.

JOHN

Then he can't fight now?

PETER

Oh, can't he just!

JOHN

Left-hander?

PETER

(a gleam in his eye)

Ay, but he hooks with his right.

107. INT. PIRATE SHIP - CABIN - NIGHT

SHOOTING THRU the vertical strings of a harp in F/G: Starkey and Smee stand in L/S, framed in the doorway of a dark, gloomy, book-filled cabin. It is set low in the stern of the ship, and the portholes are only just above the waterline. As in Barrie's study, the predominant sound is one of ticking clocks. On the walls are relics of his Eton days: his colours, ribbons, footer caps, etc.

STARKEY

Pan is not alone, sir. There's a woman with him.

A pause, then a familiar cough, followed by a resonant voice bearing the traces of an Edinburgh accent.

HOOK

(O/S, darkly)

What sort of woman?

STARKEY

(nonchalantly)

Perhaps a mother, sir?

HOOK (O/S)

A mother!

An iron hook rips along the F/G harp-strings with a hideous sound.

TWO SHOT: The tiny Smee seems baffled by his Captain's reaction, looks up at Starkey --

SMEE

(whispering)

What's a mother?

Starkey looks across at the Captain, who remains in the shadows. The harp stands nearby.

HOOK

(without looking up)

Tell him, Mr Starkey.

While Starkey explains to Smee, as to a child, CAMERA TRACKS slowly towards HOOK, hunched over his desk with his back to us.

STARKEY

A mother, Smee, is someone who can always be relied upon to wash your clothes, and darn your socks, and tidy up after you.

SMEE

(entranced)

By thunder!

STARKEY

Yes, Smee - a mother cooks you food, and tells you stories, and will always forgive you ...

Suddenly Hook slams his iron claw down on the desk, turning sharply into CAMERA --

HOOK

Enough!

The tortured man who gazes into CAMERA owes little to the Charles II caricature of the play. He does, however, bear a striking resemblance to his creator, for in Barrie's own words "this character, as you do not need to be told, is held by those in the know to be autobiographical." Hook has also made some effort to emulate Napoleon, and is in the habit of tucking his claw inside his jacket when strutting the deck.

HOOK

I want Pan. If it means killing the mother, so be it.

STARKEY

Hardly good form, sir?

HOOK

Good form!

(brandishing hook)

Did Pan show good form when he hacked off my hand? Answer me that, bully!

SMEE

But your hook is worth a score of hands, sir ... for combing the hair, and other homely uses.

HOOK

Aye, but to have fed it to a crocodile ... one that has pursued me ever since, licking his lips for the rest of me!

STARKEY

In a way a sort of compliment, sir?

HOOK

(booming)

I want no such compliments ... I
want Pan!

STARKEY

(unruffled)

As you wish, sir.

Starkey conducts Smee from the cabin, leaving Hook alone. He glowers after them a moment, then takes out a cigar from a silver case, uses the point of his hook to pierce the end. Among the other items on his desk are several bottles of 1870 Lafite, a cat-o'-nine tails, a copy of the Eton College Chronicle, and a photograph of an Eton football eleven in which Hook is the central figure, holding the football in his hands and the prize cup between his legs.

HOOK

(communing with his hook)

Good form! What do they know of
good form? Am I not celebrated for
the elegance of my diction, for
the distinction of my demeanour?

A ghastly presentiment dawns on Hook -

But then again, is it quite good
form to be celebrated at anything?

The cannon roars O/S as Hook bites deep into the stump of his wrist, producing a blob of bluish blood on his lips.

108. EXT. MOONLIT SKY & POV OF PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

As the cannonball streaks up through the sky towards the children, Peter calls out to Wendy, who is giving Michael his medicine --

PETER

Take cover!

Wendy sees the cannonball, drops the medicine bottle in terror and clings to Michael. The bottle tumbles through the sky, meets the oncoming cannonball, causing it to explode. The four children are scattered hither and thither by the force of the blast, and when at last the heavens are steady again, John and Michael find themselves alone - John treading the air mechanically, and Michael floating without knowing how to float.

JOHN

(tremulously)

Are you shot?

MICHAEL
(whispering)
I haven't tried yet.
(glancing about)
Where's Wendy?

There is no sign of her.

109. EXT. CLOUDY SKY ABOVE FROZEN WASTES - NIGHT

UPSHOT of nimbus clouds scudding along. Suddenly Wendy spirals out of them, trailing wisps of cloud behind her. She breaks her fall by flapping her arms, then reacts to the chilling air of her new environment. She glances below in bewildered horror --

WENDY'S POV: a wilderness of ice and snow, where great glaciers border on a frozen sea. It might be a region of the Antarctic, were it not for the snow-covered palm-trees growing up out of the ice.

As Wendy tries to wrap her arms about herself, she hears a familiar tinkle O/S and looks round to see Tink flying towards her.

WENDY
Tink! Where am I? Where's Peter?

Tink flies up to her, tinkles in a suspiciously amiable fashion, pointing inland and indicating that she should follow her.

110. EXT. SKY ABOVE RAIN FOREST - NIGHT/SUNSET

Peter has now joined Michael and John, and is leading them inland above the tropical rain forest. In contrast to Wendy's chilly airspace, the three boys are steaming in the heat despite the rain. Peter spots Tink's glow in EXTREME L/S, moving in parallel against the horizon and followed by the dim shadow of Wendy --

PETER
(to the boys)
Look, Tink's found Wendy -- she's showing her the way.

Without further consideration for his companions, Peter flies on ahead of them towards the sunset sky on the far side of the island.

111. EXT. SKY ABOVE FROZEN WASTE & WOODLAND - NIGHT/SUNSET

Wendy follows Tink towards the same lurid sunset, where the frozen wasteland begins to give way to woodland green.

WENDY

Not so fast, Tink ... I can't keep
up!

But instead of slowing down, Tink spots something in the distance and flies off, leaving Wendy to struggle on alone.

112. EXT. WOODLAND & SHORE - SUNSET

A troupe of LOST BOYS plod along the shore, armed with bows and arrows. They have evidently come from the frozen wastes for they are wearing furs and are covered in snow. The palm trees in the distance are also snow-covered, with long icicles hanging from coconuts. One of the boys spots Tink in the sky far above --

TOOTLES

Look, it's Tink! That means that
Peter must be coming home!

The Lost Boys down their weapons and wave in welcome to Tink as she flies down.

SLIGHTLY

I hope he's found out if Beauty
saved the Beast.

TOOTLES

I'm awfully anxious about Beauty.
Not knowing anything about my own
mother, I'm fond of thinking that
she was rather like her.

The others deride poor Tootles, not the least brave of Peter's band, but the most unlucky. This ill-luck has given him a gentle melancholy that passes for humility.

SLIGHTLY

(as usual)

My mother was fonder of me than
your mothers were of you.

(uproar from the others)

Oh yes she was! Peter had to make
up names for you, but my mother
had wrote my name on the pinafore
I was lost in. "Slightly Soiled"
-- that's my name.

Uproar from the boys, curtailed by Tink who jingles
urgently to them.

TOOTLES

Where's Peter?

(tinkles)

He what?

(further tinkles)

Where?

Tink points back up at the sky, where Wendy is just visible in the far distance, flying towards them like a white albatross.

SLIGHTLY

What does she say?

TOOTLES

She says Peter wants us to shoot the albatross. Look - there it is!

SLIGHTLY

Let's do as Peter wishes! Quick - bows and arrows ...

Tootles is first with his bow --

TOOTLES

Out of the way, Tink ...!

Tink scuttles out of the way as Tootles aims at the distant Wendy, then fires --

113. EXT. SKY ABOVE WOODLAND & SHORE - SUNSET

Wendy's eyes briefly glow as she sees Tink's light down on the shore. A moment later she is struck in the chest by the arrow, and with a murmur that is almost a sigh she flutters down to earth --

114. EXT. WOODLAND & SHORE - SUNSET

Tootles and the other Lost Boys race up the beach as Wendy glides down, landing by the water's edge in F/G

TOOTLES

(thrilled)

I've shot it, I've shot it! Oh, Peter will be so pleased with me!

Slightly kneels beside Wendy, examining her gravely, while the others draw back, sensing a blunder.

NIBS

(the gay and debonair)

This is no albatross, Tootles. I think it must be a lady.

SLIGHTLY

And Tootles has killed her.

CURLY

Suppose Peter was bringing her to us?

2ND TWIN
To take care of us?

1ST TWIN
To be our mother?

A brief pause, then all turn on the unfortunate Tootles.

OMNES
Oh, Tootles!

Tootles gulps, then kneels beside Wendy, strokes her hair.

TOOTLES
(quietly)
When ladies used to come to me in
dreams I said "Pretty mother", but
when she really came - I shot her.
(breaks down)
Oh, now may my mother never again
come to me, not even in my dreams,
lest in her heart I see the arrow
that I fired.

Tootles gets up, turns to the others, perceiving the
necessity of a solitary life for himself.

TOOTLES
(huskily)
Friends, goodbye.

He has gone but a step toward oblivion when Slightly calls
out -

SLIGHTLY (O/S)
It's Peter!

The boys hurriedly form a fence around Wendy as Peter
skims in over the treetops and executes a stylish
landing on the beach.

PETER
Greetings, boys!

OMNES
(mechanically)
Hullo, Peter.

PETER
(hotly)
Why do you not cheer?

The boys cheer weakly.

PETER
Great news, boys. I've brought you
at last what you've always longed
for -- a mother.

NIBS
(vaguely)
Ay, ay.

PETER
She flew this way with Tink. Have
you seen her?

THE TWINS
Oh, mournful day!

Tootles steps gravely forward.

TOOTLES
I will show her to you, Peter.
(to the others)
Stand back and let Peter see.

The boys shift gloomily to one side, allowing Peter to see Wendy lying by the water's edge. While he kneels beside her, Tink hovers behind Slightly, relishing her achievement, yet nervous at Peter's reaction.

PETER
(mildly puzzled)
She's dead.
(curious)
Perhaps she's frightened at being
dead ...

Peter regards her look of pain, moves closer --

There's no need to be frightened.

He moves even closer, whispers something in her ear, but we cannot hear the words.

CURLY
(O/S, barely audible)
I though it was only flowers
that died.

Peter pauses, then frowns as he sees the arrow. He plucks it from her, turns to the others.

PETER
Whose arrow?

TOOTLES
Mine, Peter.

Tootles flings himself before him, baring his breast -

TOOTLES
Strike, Peter -- strike true!

Peter raises the arrow as a dagger, is about to strike when Curly calls out --

CURLY

Look, Peter -- she's alive!

Peter glances down at Wendy, who has indeed begun to stir. The boys crowd round with renewed spirit as Peter holds up the acorn attached to the locket around her neck --

PETER

It's the kiss I gave her -- it saved her life!

Tink lets out an impetuous jingle of fury --

SLIGHTLY

(tell-tale)

It was Tink who said you wanted us to shoot her.

Tink hisses as Peter turns on her -

PETER

You said that?

Tink tinkles a haughty "So what if I did?"

PETER

Then I'm your friend no more. Begone!

Tink throws her arms round his finger, tinkles imploringly.

PETER

If you don't go at once, I'll say I don't believe in fairies and then you'll just crumple up like that.

Peter flicks Tink off his finger.

115. EXT. SKY & POV OF WOODLAND - SUNSET

John and Michael fly onward towards the sunset, though Michael is now so weary that he is obliged to hang on to John's ankle. John spots something in the woodland below, points to Michael --

JOHN

Look -- down there!

From their POV: Peter leads his band along a woodland path, two of whom are carrying Wendy on a stretcher. Coming in the other direction, still some distance away, is a band of redskins on the warpath.

109. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - SUNSET

The stretcher is in fact Tootles, face down, bearing Wendy on his back and carried by Slightly and Curly. The path is bordered by gnarled old trees, strung together with vines. Peter reaches the largest of these trees, signals a halt. Curly and Slightly lower Tootles to the ground as Wendy opens her eyes. She blinks a little, gazing round at the strange faces.

WENDY

Who are you?

SLIGHTLY

We're the Lost Boys ...

TOOTLES

... and you're our mother.

WENDY

(affecting surprise)

Am I?

Wendy looks down to see Tootles still lying underneath her. She hurriedly gets to her feet as the other boys crowd round her.

OMNES

Of course!

WENDY

But I don't have any real experience.

TOOTLES

That doesn't matter. What we sorely need is just a nice motherly person.

WENDY

Oh dear -- you see I feel that is just exactly what I am.

THE TWINS

It is, it is - we saw it at once!

Peter, who has remained somewhat aloof, reacts to a tremendous crash from above.

PETER

(drawing his dagger)

Weapons, boys!

Quick as a flash, the Lost Boys draw their bows, aiming at John and Michael as they come hurtling down through the trees. Their fall is checked by vines, clinging to them like parachute cords as they reach the ground.

PETER
Take aim ...!

WENDY
Stop -- it's John and Michael!

Peter signals the boys to hold fire, turns to Wendy, somewhat disappointed.

PETER
Friends of yours?

WENDY
Of course ... they're my brothers!

CURLY
Listen!

Everyone freezes. In the distance we hear the crackle of undergrowth under foot.

JOHN
(informatively)
It's the redskins - we saw them coming ...

OMNES
Piccaninnies!

The troupe disintegrates, each boy scurrying to his own particular tree and scrambling through a hole in the trunk.

JOHN
But what about us?

Peter is on the point of disappearing when he glances back.

PETER
You can't come inside until you've been made to fit a tree.

JOHN
Then make us fit!

PETER
There isn't time.

MICHAEL
But we might get killed!

PETER
Aye, you'll be scalped if Tiger Lily catches you. It seems a pity, but there's no way out.

WENDY
(appalled)
Peter!

Peter relishes their terror, then feigns a sudden idea --

PETER
I've thought of a way. The
chimney!

Peter runs to a nearby mushroom, hauling off the lid to reveal a hollow chimney. Wendy, John and Michael hurry over, John glancing down the hollow shaft then stepping back --

JOHN
Ladies first.

Wendy hesitates, but the SOUND of the approaching redskins prompts her into action --

110. INT. CHIMNEY SHAFT - SUNSET

UPSHOT: Once again Wendy finds herself launching forth down a dark tunnel into the unknown --

111. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - SUNSET

The twelve Lost Boys come shooting out of twelve entrance holes set low in the wall of a dark, subterranean cave, held together by the gnarled roots of the trees above. The cave is too dark - and the SHOT too brief - for us to contemplate its geography, but our first glimpse tells us that domesticity is distinctly lacking. The floor is strewn with dirty clothes, pots and pans, and the feathers from umpteen burst pillows. An enormous unmade bed dominates the room, into which the lost boys now spring.

REVERSE SHOT: a large fireplace, set in the base of a hollow tree trunk. We hear the rumble of an approach, followed by Wendy as she tumbles out of the chimney into a great pile of white ash, with John and Michael swift on her heels. She brushes the ash from her, looks up to see twelve faces peering at her over a large furry eiderdown.

OMNES
Wendy lady, be our mother!

She glances round the room, taking in the squalour, then turns back to the boys.

WENDY
Very well, I shall do my best.
(folding her arms severely)
Why, you naughty boys -- just look
at the state of this room! I want
it looking spick and span in five
minutes - and then there might just
be time for Beauty and the Beast.

With a cry of delight at her motherly performance, the Lost Boys leap from their bed and set to work.