

THE GAY ADVENTURES OF PETER PAN

"Pilot"

Inspired by Peter and Wendy, by JM Barrie

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SWEDEN (1756)

Dust and spiderwebs fill the cramped and dank room. The bed covers are ruffled but the bed is empty. A thin boy huddles in the corner in a ragged nightshirt. Bare legs.

Voices drift up from the living room.

A breeze plays with the faded curtains. The boy shivers. The wind fades then returns -- this time with eerie whispers on its back.

The boy whispers back -- he knows this voice. He stands shakily and creeps toward the window as if obeying a command.

LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The boy's PARENTS hear unusual thumps on the ceiling. MOTHER glances up. She and FATHER exchange a look of concern.

FATHER
(foreign language)
What is that?

Father follows Mother up the STAIRS to the

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

As they approach the Boy's bedroom door they hear a muffled scream and a THUD. They burst into the

BOY'S BEDROOM

Quickly scan the room, calling the boy's name. They pull the covers back, check the corner, under the bed...

Father calls the Mother's name hoarsely and she joins him at the window. Silence. They peer out, holding each other.

Mother's hands fly to her mouth.

MOTHER
(foreign language)
Oh my god!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. JUNGLE/CLEARING (NEVERLAND) - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Dawn. Rays of sunlight peak through the tall palms.

PETER PAN (11) leans over JOHN DARLING (10) on the jungle floor. It's hard to tell if John is unconscious, asleep, or dead.

PETER

John...John...Wake up, John...

PETER is MIXED RACE, with a willowy build and red flyaway hair [played by a SHORT ADULT]. His eyes are always alert, with a touch of MADNESS behind them.

All "CHILDREN" on the island will be played by ADULTS, for style, symbolism, and lack of obvious aging.

JOHN

(opening eyes)

Mom...?

JOHN is African American, from MODERN DAY. Thin and geeky, he wears round glasses and blue-striped PAJAMAS.

Peter GRINS in John's face -- No concept of personal space.

PETER

Would you like an adventure now,
John?

JOHN

S-sorry?

PETER

Would you like an adventure now,
John? Or would you like to have
your tea first?

JOHN

(uncomfortable)

Where's Wendy?

PETER

Who?

(then)

Would you like an adventure now,
John?

JOHN
What...What kind of adventure?

PETER
There's a pirate asleep in his pajamas just beyond that tree. If you like, we'll go and kill him.

JOHN
(looks over)
I don't see anyone.

PETER
I do.

JOHN
Suppose...he were to wake up.

PETER
You don't think I would kill him while he was sleeping! I would wake him first and then kill him; that's the way I always do.
(waits impatiently)
Well? What do you say, John?

John's eyes dart from Peter to the dense JUNGLE. He swallows.

JOHN
Tea, please.

Peter's face contorts in disappointment.

EXT. JUNGLE/30 FEET SOUTH - SAME TIME

Lost boys NIBS (10) and SLIGHTLY (12) [played by short adults] scan the jungle for their captain.

They deftly navigate the difficult landscape -- they know this area well. Dense trees hide Peter and John from view.

EXT. JUNGLE/EDGE OF CLEARING - SAME TIME

SMEE (the pirate in his pajamas) yawns and stretches luxuriously.

SMEE (40s) is IRISH-AMERICAN, from the EARLY 1900s. He has a kind face, hidden by a wild ginger beard.

NARRATOR has an upper-class ENGLISH accent circa 1800s.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(text: *Peter & Wendy*)

Upon Peter's return, the Neverland had again woke into life. We ought to use the pluperfect and say wakened, but woke is better and was always used by Peter. If you put your ear to the ground now, you would hear the whole island seething with life.

Smee FREEZES at the sound of Peter and John's voices. He peeks around a large tree, into the clearing. He gasps!

EXT. JUNGLE/30 FEET SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Slightly hears rustling behind him (Smee running) and whips his head around. He stops Nibs with a firm hand.

SLIGHTLY

Shhht. Did you hear that?

Slightly puts a finger to his lips. Beckons:

SLIGHTLY (CONT'D)

This way.

Nibs and Slightly creep toward the origin of the rustling, hunched over and repeatedly shushing each other.

EXT. JUNGLE: TRAVELING - SAME TIME

Smee acts as "spy" -- dashing from tree to tree for cover. He's having too much fun.

Smee breaks into a full sprint, his attempts to run in a straight line thwarted by lack of a clear path.

He stumbles on roots and gets caught on branches but NOTHING slows him or takes the grin off his face.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Smee makes a beeline out of the jungle, across the beach, and up the gangplank of an ornate pirate ship.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP DECK - CONTINUOUS

Smee uses the ship's deck railing to pull himself up the final steps of the gangplank.

He leans against the rail -- panting -- for a full TWO SECONDS before he sprints across the deck toward the aft of the ship.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Peter cannot keep still -- doing cartwheels, swinging from branches, and stalking bugs.

JOHN

(hiding nerves)

What do you mean there's a pirate?
And why would he be in pajamas?

PETER

What would you suggest he don, if
you're such an expert on sleepwear?

JOHN

I only meant--

PETER

You are in your pajamas.

JOHN

I know, but--

PETER

And you're not even asleep.

JOHN

I was in my pajamas when you
kidnapped me!

PETER

(blinks)

So you admit you're often in your
pajamas?

EXT. EDGE OF CLEARING - SAME TIME

Nibs and Slightly peer through the trees at Peter and John.

SLIGHTLY

He promised he wouldn't bring
anyone back. He promised.

Slightly and Nibs watch John run his fingers over his hair, removing sticks and leaves and shaking them onto the ground.

NIBS

True...but you really shouldn't
have believed him. I mean, it's
Peter.

John wiggles his bare toes in the dirt. He glances around
and reaches for one SOAKING WET navy slipper lying nearby.

John brandishes his soggy slipper at Peter, and speaks
harshly (unheard).

SLIGHTLY

How dare he speak to our captain
like that?

Slightly curls his fingers around the fletching of a crooked
arrow, eyes fixed on John.

NIBS

I don't know, Slightly...

Slightly SLOWLY pulls the arrow from his quiver.

NIBS (CONT'D)

Just-- Make sure you don't hit
Peter.

SLIGHTLY

Do you think I'm an idiot?

NIBS

Since you bring it up...

John gesticulates at his dirty pajamas. Slightly carefully
notches his arrow, draws --

WENDY DARLING (12) enters the clearing from the far side,
adjusting her Victorian nightgown. [Played by a short,
muscular adult man. Her/His/Their gender will be an enigma
throughout the show.]

Wendy is AFRICAN AMERICAN with shoulder-length dreadlocks.
From MODERN DAY.

Slightly lowers his bow angrily.

SLIGHTLY

(hisses)

There's another one? Who am I
supposed to shoot? I only have one
arrow!

INT. PIRATE SHIP/HOOK'S CABIN - DAY

Early morning light fights it's way through a gap in the thick burgundy curtains.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

We now enter the cabin of the infamous James Hook. It is a small room, as rooms on ships often are, but the largest of the small rooms, being the room of the Captain.

CAPTAIN HOOK (42) sleeps fitfully with his left fist CLUTCHING a golden pocket watch, which TICKS loudly.

Hook is pale, with long, curly dark hair. From 1800s LONDON.

Throughout this episode and the ENTIRE SERIES Hook carries his pocket-watch with him everywhere, touching and checking it COMPULSIVELY.

A chipper knock on the door. Hook twitches.

Smee bustles in. He sets an elaborate yet mismatched tea tray and a wrinkled newspaper on the bedside table.

Smee hesitates, then leans over Hook, their faces almost touching.

SMEE

Captain...Captain...Wake up,
Captain...

HOOK

(indistinct)
Mother...?

Smee brushes a strand of hair from Hook's sweaty brow.

SMEE

Captain? Would you like your tea
now?

Hook wakes with a jolt, and Smee withdraws his hand.

SMEE (CONT'D)

Would you like your tea now,
Captain?

Hook removes all expression from his face. He sits up, keeping his back perfectly straight.

Smee arranges the bed pillows to support him, then displays the milk pitcher.

SMEE (CONT'D)
Milk and sugar?

Hook looks Smee up and down with disdain.

HOOK
Why, Smee, are you dressed in
pajamas?

SMEE
You too, Captain, are in your
pajamas.

HOOK
(purses lips)
Yes, but I am in bed.

They stare at each other, Hook's eyes narrowed and Smee's wide with naïveté. Smee holds the teapot poised to pour.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

John cranes his neck to look at Wendy.

JOHN
Wendy! Where have you been?

WENDY
I had to pee.

Wendy munches on nuts she picked. Tinkerbell lands on Wendy's shoulder, and John recoils.

JOHN
Oh, god, that thing's back.

Tinkerbell swears at him, though her FAIRY LANGUAGE always sounds like the sweet tinkle of BELLS.

WENDY
(mouth full)
I'm pretty sure she just insulted
you, John.

Tink flies off. Wendy spits nut shells to the ground.

JOHN
I only m-- Ow!

Tink reappears. Peter chuckles.

JOHN (CONT'D)
She pinched me!

WENDY

Yeah, well, you kind of deserved it.

John gently rings out his slipper and puts it on as if it's made of gold.

WENDY (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

JOHN

I'm putting on my slipper! What's it look like?

WENDY

(after a moment)

Just the one slipper?

JOHN

I don't know what happened to the other one...

WENDY

Then what's the point? Just ditch it.

John looks between his covered foot and his naked foot.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But John felt ways about his slippers which were not easily expressed in words.

Peter stands on his head.

JOHN

But-- they're my slippers! And besides, they're my...slippers!

PETER

(upside-down)

Slipper.

WENDY

Afraid someone's going to nibble your toes without asking?

John opens his mouth to retort, just as Slightly emerges noisily from a bush and waltzes into the clearing.

Nibs follows with less fanfare.

SLIGHTLY

Alright, what is all this?

JOHN
Who are they??

John instinctively raises his arms to a protective position. Nibs tilts his head to accommodate Peter's orientation.

NIBS
Good morning Peter, lovely to have you back. I know you didn't officially leave me in charge, but I took it upon myself to--

SLIGHTLY
(to Peter)
You said you wouldn't bring anyone else back! You promised.

PETER
Did I? I don't believe I ever make promises.

Peter comes down from the headstand, choosing instead to lie face-down and see what that's like.

PETER (CONT'D)
(into the dirt)
I certainly don't keep them...

SLIGHTLY
Yeah, w--

WENDY
(to Slightly)
Nice bow. Did you make it yourself?

Slightly clutches his bow to his chest and glares at Wendy.

JOHN
This isn't our bedroom. How did we get here?

WENDY
You don't remember? You were crying the whole time.

JOHN
What? No I wasn't!

WENDY
I guess some of the time you were screaming your lungs out...

JOHN
 (to Wendy)
 I don't cry.
 (to everyone else)
 I don't cry.

Wendy snorts loudly and Nibs jumps at the noise.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (checks watch, gasps)
 Oh no, we've been gone all night,
 haven't we?
 (gasps)
 We haven't been gone LONGER...?

WENDY
 Calm down, John. We don't know
 where we are or how long we've been
 here.

Peter nods from the tree branch he's now crouched on, before
 hooking his knees and falling backwards.

SLIGHTLY
 You could go home, though, maybe.
 Any time.

JOHN
 Yes. Yes! Home!
 (bites lip)
 Our parents will be so worried
 about us! Worse! They'll be ANGRY
 with us! We have to get home right
 away!
 (looks around)
 Is there a telephone I can use?

WENDY
 I don't think you quite get where
 we are, John.

JOHN
 Do you know where we are?

WENDY
 No. But I'm pretty sure there's
 not a phone handy.

INT. HOOK'S CABIN - DAY

Hook sits in bed, sipping his tea delicately and pretending
 to read a TATTERED Swedish newspaper from the 1700s.

Smee patters around the room, cleaning with the feather duster he carries in his belt like a sword.

SMEE

Did you have another nightmare,
Captain?

Hook chokes on his tea.

HOOK

My subconscious is none of your
business.

SMEE

I just thought--

HOOK

I had very pleasant dreams, as
always.

SMEE

Yes, Captain.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

John paces frantically.

JOHN

We need to go, Wendy! Before it
gets any later! There's no way
they haven't noticed we're missing
by now.

WENDY

Don't worry about it, John! I left
a broom in your bed. You are a bit
skinnier than a broom handle, but
you add about the same to a
conversation.

JOHN

Don't you get it, Wendy? This is
BAD. Not good!

Wendy eats more nuts in response. John wheels around and points at Peter accusingly:

JOHN (CONT'D)

You! Whoever you are! Take me
home!

PETER

Why?

WENDY

Poor John wants his mommy.

JOHN

What? I d-- It's not about that!

(then)

Shut up, Wendy!

PETER

(cocks head)

Why would you want to go home when you could be here?

JOHN

Because! Because what is this place? We're in the middle of nowhere! Why did you bring me here?

PETER

If I recall correctly, you were a stowaway.

JOHN

Take. Me. Home. Now.

(points firmly at the ground)

Now.

PETER

(crosses arms)

No.

JOHN

No?

SLIGHTLY

Yes!

PETER

No. You are being very rude, and I'm not taking you anywhere.

WENDY

It was your own fault, John. Admit it.

JOHN

Fine! If no one will help me, I'll just find a way home myself!

WENDY

Good luck with that.

JOHN

This is stupid. You're all just a bunch of children. I'm leaving.

WENDY

It's not good to wander around unknown jungles on an empty stomach. You should at least have your tea first.

JOHN

I don't want any tea!

WENDY

Ok... Do you want some nuts?

JOHN

No! I'm going! I'm getting out of here! And I'm telling Mom and Dad this was all your fault!

John takes a few tentative steps, then turns and waits. The others watch him blankly. He takes a step, stops again.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And I'm not coming back!

Peter waves a jubilant goodbye -- no hint of his annoyance from a moment before.

WENDY

I really wouldn't, John. You get lost on your way to the bathroom.

JOHN

I said shut up, Wendy!

WENDY

I'm trying to help you!

JOHN

Yeah, right. I'll find a way out of here, and I'll do it on my own!

John stomps off. Wendy grimaces.

WENDY

I give him a 50-50 chance. At best.

EXT. EDGE OF CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

John presses his back to a tree just outside the clearing and peeks back at the others. No one's looking after him.

He allows himself to truly take in the jungle, from the ground to the treetops.

All human sounds are gone, replaced by rustling leaves and unseen creatures moving about. John shivers.

He takes a tentative step forward and IMMEDIATELY stubs his toe. He hops several times, gripping his injured foot and trying not to make noise.

JOHN
(stands straight)
Ok, it's ok-- I got this.
(corrects self)
No-- I have this.

John takes a deep breath, and walks into the unknown...

END OF ACT ONE