

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Peter Pan Adaptation (Pt. 2)

Written by

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EXT. STREETS, OUTSIDE SIMPSON'S IN THE STRAND - NIGHT

Mid 1900s, London (Post-war).

JAMES BARRIE, late 40s with slicked back hair parted to the side and a bushy mustache, holding a brass with WALNUT DERBY CANE, steps out of Simpson's (restaurant) with ELI DAVIES, late 20s in a gray tweed suit, closely behind.

ELI

So?

James eyes Eli in confusion.

ELI (cont'd)

What did you think about the food?

JAMES

It was...

(unwilling to admit  
that he liked it)

satisfactory.

ELI

See? I told you you'd like it!

JAMES

I didn't say I liked-

RESTAURANT SERVER

(rushing out of the  
restaurant)

Mr. Barrie! Sir! There's a call for  
you!

James throws Eli a look of confusion/apprehension and raises a finger up, signaling for him to stay put, then hurries into the restaurant.

James stands there on the near-empty street, looking out of place and unsure what to do with himself. As a couple strolls towards his direction, James awkwardly leans against a lamppost, tucking/sliding both hands into his pockets and looking out onto the street, attempting to look casual/nonchalant.

Moments after the couple walks by, James returns, moving with more urgency than before.

JAMES

(to Eli)

I need you to do me a favor.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DARLING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Police sirens are going off.

A black taxi comes to a screeching halt on a street lined with houses, just a distance away from a 3-storied townhouse blocked off by blue and white police tape. James emerges from the front, his cane one step ahead, then slams the door behind him and promptly makes his way towards the blocked off section. Eli emerges from the back moments later, stopping to speak with the driver, handing him a banknote, and quickly hurrying to catch up with James.

2 black Wolseley police cars are parked haphazardly on the other side of the tape. More police tape block off the open center dormer window on the top floor, the only window on the top floor with light coming through.

James and Eli duck under the police tape surrounding the house and officers nearby call out to stop them.

James ignores the shouts of protest and continues to stride onward, barely using his cane. Eli, on the other hand, dithers, unsure as to how he should proceed.

Just as the officers reach them, looking displeased, INSPECTOR LESTRADE, mid-50s wearing a deep blue uniform (high-collared tailcoat with a tunic) and holding a custodian helmet under one arm, bursts out of/emerges through the front door, signaling to his officers to let them through.

They hurry into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DARLING'S HOUSE, THE NURSERY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS?)

MARY DARLING, a mother in her mid 30s, sits on the side twin-bed, weeping into NANA, a Newfoundland dog, as GEORGE DARLING, Mary's husband, early 40s, stands close by, speaking to a YOUNG POLICE OFFICER.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER  
And your daughter's full name?

GEORGE DARLING  
Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER  
Okay, so just to verify, you last saw  
your children at 6PM, is that right?

GEORGE DARLING  
Yes! And this is the third time  
you've asked me this!  
(Angrily towards the  
small group of  
police officers  
standing around)  
Is there anyone here who actually  
knows what they're doing? My children  
are gone for god's sake and you  
dimwits are just standing there-

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER  
Sir, please calm down. We are doing  
the best we can-

GEORGE DARLING  
The best you can? Well clearly your  
"best" isn't bloody enoug-

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (O.S.)  
(authoritatively)  
Sit down.

George obeys instinctively, quickly taking a seat next to  
Mary, a look of guilt washes over his face. Seconds later,  
anger quickly returns as he recovers from his initial shock.

Inspector Lestrade enters the room with James closely behind  
and Eli trailing further back.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE  
Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Darling. I  
am deeply sorry for the situation we  
find ourselves in, but we are all  
doing the best we can.

George snorts but his expression softens just a little.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (cont'd)  
(stepping aside,  
letting James fully  
into view)  
This here is Detective Barrie. He has  
kindly offered to help with the case.

GEORGE DARLING  
(eyeing James)  
Is he Scotland yard?

JAMES

No, sir, I work for myself and myself only.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

(quickly adding on)

Barrie is the best of the best. If anyone can retrieve your children, it's him.

George gives James a once-over, then stands up to greet him.

GEORGE DARLING

(reaching out a hand)

Detective Barrie.

They shake hands.

GEORGE DARLING (cont'd)

My wife and I went to attend a dinner party earlier tonight and left our children... well, we had assumed, safely at home with Nana guarding the house.

(gestures to Nana)

But when we returned, we found

GEORGE DARLING

the windows wide open...

JAMES

the windows wide open

JAMES (cont'd)

and your children gone from their beds. Does that sound about right?

GEORGE DARLING

Y-Yes...

JAMES

Tell me, has anything out of the ordinary happened recently?

GEORGE DARLING

No, what makes you think-

MARY DARLING

The shadow!

GEORGE DARLING

What?

MARY DARLING

Oh don't you remember that boy in green Wendy mentioned? What was his name? P... Pe... Oh George dear what was it?

GEORGE DARLING

(Scoffing)

Poppycock! Mary, this is a police investigation for gods sake!

MARY DARLING

(indignant)

I know it is!

GEORGE DARLING

Oh don't tell me you believed even a word of the nonsense Wendy has been spewing about that boy and his flying imp-

MARY DARLING

(correcting him)

Pixie.

GEORGE DARLING

(sarcastically)

Oh, yes, of course. My sincerest apologies. Pixie.

James watches in silence, leaning on his cane, with a mixture of amusement and unconcern, while Inspector Lestrade shifts his weight uncomfortably. Eli stands unobtrusively to the side with a note pad in his right hand, furiously scribbling down notes.

MARY DARLING

George dear you're not being fair! You don't know that she made it all up! There could very well be truth-

GEORGE DARLING

Ha! Well isn't this just bloody brilliant! We're all going mad! Wendy is delusional and you know it! She's always making up stories about this and that and filling her brothers' minds with all sorts of nonsense! Don't tell me she's gotten to you-

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

Now, now, why don't we all calm down.

George bites back his tongue, but is still clearly disgruntled.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (cont'd)  
We're all trying to help figure out  
what has happened to your children,  
so any leads, no matter how  
fantastical they may seem,  
    (making eye-contact  
    with George)  
are appreciated.  
    (turning to James)  
Isn't that right?

James nods his head ever so slightly.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (cont'd)  
Right. So, Mrs. Darling, you were  
saying?

MARY DARLING  
Oh, well... You see, recently Wendy  
brought up this... boy in green. She  
said he showed up outside the window  
one night and was... looking for his  
shadow? I'm not exactly sure about  
the details but she said he was  
talking to something in the air—his  
pixie, according to him...

JAMES  
According to him... So you're saying  
that Wendy not only saw but spoke to  
this... boy?

MARY DARLING  
Yes, that's right.

George taps his foot lightly, looking a little anxious.

James takes note of George's demeanor and studies him for a  
split second before turning his attention back to Mary.

JAMES  
Did she by any chance see his face?

MARY DARLING  
Umm... It was night time so I doubt  
it.

James nods to himself.

JAMES  
But she said that he was wearing all  
green?

MARY DARLING  
Uh-huh.

JAMES  
A short-sleeved green tunic?

MARY DARLING  
Yeah...

JAMES  
With green tights?

MARY DARLING  
Yeah.

JAMES  
And a green alpine hat?

MARY DARLING  
Yeah!  
(a realization  
dawning)  
Wait, how did you- Why do you know  
all this?

James looks at her blankly, with no intention of responding.

GEORGE DARLING  
(unable to hold back  
anymore)  
Oh why does it matter what Wendy  
thought she saw? I get that it's a  
"lead" but we're just wasting our  
time digging further into it! We  
should be out there searching for our  
children, not standing around and  
talking about some... boy that Wendy  
probably just made up!

MARY DARLING  
(blurting out)  
But I saw him too!

GEORGE DARLING  
What?!

JAMES  
What?

A look of shock crosses George's and James' face. James quickly regains his calm composure, but George's expression morphs into anger instead.



GEORGE DARLING

And you didn't think to tell me?!

MARY DARLING

George, darling, I didn't think you cared! Plus, you've been so busy lately, I didn't want to worry you with-

GEORGE DARLING

I could have been caug-

George cuts off, realizing that he is speaking his thoughts out loud.

MARY DARLING

What?

GEORGE DARLING

What what?

MARY DARLING

You could have been what?

GEORGE DARLING

(deflecting)

Oh it doesn't matter! The point is, you should have told me!

MARY DARLING

And what good would that have done?!

(voice breaking)

Our children are gone George!

George opens his mouth to say something.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

(clearing his throat)

Why don't we all take a deep breath.

Inspector Lestrade takes an exaggerated deep breath, gesturing for the Darlings to do the same.

Mrs. Darling takes in a deep breath and breathes out shakily. She breathes in again and breathes out more steadily this time.

JAMES

Mrs. Darling, would you kindly elaborate on what you said earlier.

MARY DARLING  
(sniffles)  
Well I...

George leans in unconsciously, eager to hear what Mary has to say.

MARY DARLING (cont'd)  
Maybe it wasn't the boy but I saw someone dressed in all green a couple of nights ago out in the backyard...

JAMES  
I'm guessing you didn't see his face?

MARY DARLING  
No... I did not.

James nods to himself again, then walks over to the open window.

The Darlings follow him with their gazes, looking confused. Eli looks up from his notepad as well, his left hand holding a pen frozen in mid-air, looking curious.

James proceeds to pokes his head out of the window and looks about in a rather awkward fashion.

George turns to Inspector Lestrade questioningly, as if saying: this is the guy who's going to find our children?

Inspector Lestrade shrugs.

James suddenly freezes. Something has caught his eye—something shimmery, reflecting the light of the night sky. He squints, then bends down, running a finger along the bottom of the windowsill.

Inspecting his finger, he sees a glitter-like substance.

JAMES  
(under his breath)  
Oh Peter...

INT/EXT. BLACK AUSTIN FX3 TAXI PARKED IN THE DRIVEWAY OF THE DARLING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

James gets in the front seat, carefully pulling his cane in, and slams the door shut. Seconds later, Eli gets in the back seat, slamming the door shut as well.

TAXI DRIVER  
Where to, sir?

JAMES  
Home, please.

The driver opens his mouth to object but Eli cuts in before a word comes out.

ELI  
He means 100 Bayswater Road.

JAMES  
(mumbling)  
Yes, that...

The engine splutters on and the car begins to move.

They sit in silence for a few moments, with James looking out the window and Eli glancing down at his notes.

JAMES (cont'd)  
(looking at Eli  
through the rear-  
view mirror)  
So?

Eli returns a confused look.

JAMES (cont'd)  
What did you think?

ELI  
I think George did it.

JAMES  
I didn't ask who you think did it!

ELI  
Well then what did you want me to say? "I thought it was lovely, James! Missing children cases simply bring joy to my heart!"

James shakes his head in an amused annoyance. A hint of a smile crosses over his face, but it fades as quickly as it came—not before Eli could catch sight of it though.

Eli makes no effort to hide his grin.

JAMES

I'm being serious. I want to know if you noticed something I might have missed.

Eli's look of satisfaction morphs into contemplation. There is silence again for a few moments—all that can be heard is the sound of the car rattling.

ELI

(at last)

Well... what I said about George wasn't completely baseless. I don't know... there was just something about him. It might have been how strongly he was reacting to everything...

Eli trails off, in thought, but quickly picks back up.

ELI (cont'd)

But that might have also just been the shock. I- I don't know, there was just something off about him. I feel like... I feel like he's hiding something...

James grunts, nodding his head slightly.

JAMES

Interesting.

James fixes his gaze on Eli once again through the rear-view mirror and narrows his eyes.

JAMES (cont'd)

(mumbling)

I need to do more digging...

INT. MEDICAL RECORD STORAGE ROOM/LIBRARY - NIGHT

James shines a dim, flickering flashlight up towards the file boxes on the higher shelves. His cane is leaning against a shelf to the side, light faintly reflecting off the brass handle.

Biting softly down on the butt of the flashlight, James goes onto his tip toes. He flicks through a box of files on the left, then moves to one to the right. Nodding to himself, he pulls the box down towards him. It slides off the shelf and plunges into his open arm.

James fumbles a little, adjusting the box to sit balanced on his left arm, then pulls down another, letting it land on top.

Carrying the stacked boxes with both hands, he squeezes past a heap of file boxes, and moves towards a small door. He turns the knob with his left elbow and the door slowly creaks open, revealing a pitch-black room. Without hesitation, James walks into the darkness.

There is a thump as he sets the boxes down on a table and moments later, a pale yellow light floods into the room as he tugs down on a pull chain light switch.

James un-stacks the boxes and begins to take files out, skimming through each one before setting it down on the table. He seems to be in search of something.

After a few moments, he looks up abruptly from the file in his hand, a realization forming. James stares at the wall in front for a split second, then hurries out of the room with file in hand.

INT. OUTSIDE MEDICAL STORAGE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

James walks out of the storage room with a fast pace and waves the file at TOM, a medical record clerk in his early 20s, wearing a white scrub.

JAMES  
Thanks, I'll bring it back.

Tom opens his mouth to object but sighs instead and slumps back into his seat.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - NIGHT

James tosses the file down on his desk and walks up to his crime board. He rests both hands on his cane and leans against it as he examines the board closely, deep in thought.

SHOTS FROM THE SIDE OF THE BOARD, FOCUSING ON JAMES' FACE/  
EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

INT. ELI'S BEDROOM - EARLY IN THE MORNING/DAWN

An alarming RINGING of the telephone breaks the morning silence.

Eli is lying in bed, wearing a sleep mask. There is a faint light coming from beneath the blinds.

The ringing grows louder.

Eli stirs in bed and proceeds to cover his head with his blanket.

The ringing continues, unrelenting.

With a groan and one swift motion, Eli kicks off his blanket and sits up in bed, like someone possessed, his hair a mess. He groggily takes off his masks and sits there, slowly blinking his eyes open. They seem extraordinarily heavy.

The ringing continues.

With a tired roll of the eyes, he turns to the clock on his night stand. It shows 5:14 AM.

Eli sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - DAWN

Eli makes his way across the study and towards the telephone. He picks up the phone with a bit of an attitude.

ELI

Yes?

JAMES

Oh, finally!

ELI

James?

JAMES

What took you so long?

ELI

What do you mean what took me so long? It-

(looking at the clock  
again to confirm)

It's 5-

JAMES  
Meet me at the café.

ELI  
James! If you think there's any  
chance I'm going to go get coffee  
with you right now-

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING/DAY

Eli sits with his arms folded across from James, who is loudly sipping a cup of coffee. You can almost see the storm/rain cloud hovering over Eli's bed-head.

ELI  
So are you going to say something? Or  
did you just desperately need someone  
to watch, sorry, *listen* to you drink  
coffee?

James puts down his coffee and dabs his mouth elegantly with a napkin.

JAMES  
I want your help with a crime scene  
reconstruction tonight.

ELI  
You could have just said that on the  
phone!

JAMES  
(shrugging)  
True.

ELI  
(hysterical)  
You woke me up at 5 to-

JAMES  
(ignoring Eli's  
squawking)  
Lestrade will play Wendy and the  
boys, the Darlings will play  
themselves, and I need you to observe  
and give me an outside perspective.  
Got it? Good. 5:30 tonight, don't be  
late.

With that, James gets up and leaves.

ELI

I-

Eli gawks at James as he exits the coffee shop and hops on a taxi. Then, with a sigh, he gestures for the check.