

Finding Neverland Script

- Lights up!
- Beginners, please!
- Your five-minute call, sir.
- Places.
- Places. Everyone to their places.
Sh. Quiet, everyone.
Opening nights? I love opening nights.
- How are you? Good to see you.
- Good evening, Charles.
- Sir Herbert, how are you?
- This is my wife.
- Oh, Lady Herbert.
- How do you do?
May I give you a peck?
One of Mr Barrie's finest?
Oh, that genius Scotsman has done it again.
It's the best thing I've produced in years.
I already have investors interested back home in New York.
See you on Broadway!
First positions, people.
Standing by, please,
ladies and gentlemen.
If you could take your opening positions, please.
Beginners, please take your opening positions.
Audience are coming in. Standing by.
- Good audience.
- Sorry?
Good audience tonight.
OK. That's great, thank you.
How much longer?
Um, ten minutes, sir.
I love opening nights.
I want to dance with your wife at the after-party.
- Oh, my goodness.
- Good evening, Mr Frohman.
- How are you, John?
- Very well.
It's the best thing that I've produced in years.
- Hello, George. How are you?
- Healthy and wealthy, I see.
You've rearranged a holiday for me and I won't forget it.
- For you, Charles, anything.
- You won't regret it
I'm sure.
- Have you got the tickets?
- They're in my pocket.
- There's Mrs Barrie.
- Oh, Mr and Mrs Snow.

- We were so hoping to speak with your husband before the show.

- Have you seen him?

- I'm not sure where he is, actually.

We do miss seeing you on stage. You were so wonderful.

Yes, well, it's been some time now. Are you right to find your seat?

Oh, yes, yes.

See you at the party, then.

Excuse me. Could you find Mr Barrie and remind him that they're doing his play this evening.

- Yes, ma'am.

- Thank you.

Let's close the doors.

Really, I mustn't inconvenience you in this way.

I can wait quite well in the shop.

'Tis no inconvenience. The shop is chilly. And there is a fire here.

Really, you are uncommonly good.

Sorry, sir

Mrs Barrie wanted me to remind you that the play's begun.

- Though I imagine you know that.

- They hate it.

- Sir?

- It's like a dentist's office out there. Why?

- I wouldn't say they hate it, sir.

- What do you think? Do you like it?

- I've just been hired here, sir.

- Yes or no? I'm not bothered

- I'm not really qualified to...

- Do you like it? Is it crap?

- Crap, sir?

- Go on, say it. Just say it.

It's shite, isn't it? Go on. Say it.

- Don't know if I'm...

- "It's bull's pizzle, Mr Barrie." Go on, say it.

- It's bull's pizzle, Mr Barrie.

- I knew it.

- No, I haven't even seen it.

- I knew it. Thank you.

Thank you very much.

Might I knock a tune, milord, for a moment?

I'm an old man...

..and I've seen few of the sights.

Absolute rubbish from start to finish.

Yes, I found it fearfully dull.

Say goodbye to your investment, old boy.

Good to see you. My apologies.

We'll get them with the next one, Charles, I promise.

- Of course we will, James.

- I know you put a lot into this one.

A fortune, James, but I am fortunate because I can afford to lose a fortune.

- Can you?

- No, I can't. How are you?

- Arthur.

- James.

You were sorely missed at the last club meeting.

Was I?

We were beginning to wonder which is your hobby, writing or cricket.

You wanted to speak with Mr Barrie, didn't you?

Oh yes, but we shouldn't interrupt them, should we?

I don't see why not.

If you ask me, the problem lies in our batting order.

- James.

- Hello, darling.

You remember Mr and Mrs Snow, don't you?

- Mrs Snow.

- Mr Barrie.

Mr Snow.

The Snows have been waiting to meet with you all evening.

- Oh, yes.

- Is that right?

Your play this evening, it was remarkable, wasn't it?

Was it?

Well, thank you. That's very kind of you. I'm glad you liked it.

How did you feel it went?

- I think I can do better.

- Really?

- Mary? Hello?

- Yes, James?

I'm headed off for the park if you'd like to join me. It's a beautiful morning.

You'll be working, won't you?

Perhaps, yes.

I'll let you to your work then.

- Morning, Mr Barrie.

- Morning, Emma.

- Have a good day, sir.

- And you.

That's it. Go on, boy. Go get it, boy.

That's right. Good boy. Grab it. Good.

Who do you belong to? Come on, boy. Come on.

- Excuse me, sir, you're standing on my sleeve.

- Am I? So sorry.

- I might point out you're lying under my bench.

I have to, I'm afraid.

I've been put in a dungeon by the evil Prince George.

- I'm sorry if it bothers you.

- Well, if you're trapped in the dungeon, there isn't much to be done now, is there?

- Perhaps I could slide a key to you through the bars.

- I wouldn't risk it, sir. The evil Prince George has tortured many men.

- I'm sorry. Is he bothering you, sir?

- My brother can be an extremely irritating sort of person.

Aha, Prince George, I gather.

I understand you are the horrible tyrant who imprisoned this unfortunate wretch.

I'm not horrible really, but a firm ruler, yes. Kind and tolerant.

And what precisely is... What did you say your name was?

- Michael.
- What precisely is Michael's crime?
- He's my younger brother.
- Ah.
- Fair enough. Sorry, lad. Cannot free you.
- That's all right.
- Do you mind us playing with your dog?
- No. Go on.

This is Jack, second in line to the throne and that one's Michael. He's only five.
And I'm in prison for it.

- I'm so sorry. Are my boys bothering you?
- We're not bothering him, Mum.

Michael, darling, come out from under there.
I can't. I'm in prison.

Oh, I see.

JM Barrie. Pleased to meet you.

JM Barrie, the author? A pleasure. Sylvia Llewelyn Davies.

- Are you a writer?
- I am.

He's a playwright, Jack. Quite a famous one, at that.

- I apologize. I imagine you're writing.
- No. Not at all.
- Where's Peter?
- What have you written, Mr Barrie?

Well, currently, I make my living entertaining princes and their courts with my trained bear, Porthos. If you command your brother, Peter, to join us, I am willing, Prince George, to give you just such a performance in exchange for the freedom of this prisoner, of course.

- Very well.
- Very well.

Now...

I want you to pay particular attention to the teeth.

Some unscrupulous trainers will show you a bear whose teeth have all been pulled, while other cowards will force the brute into a muzzle. Only the true master would attempt these tricks without either measure of safety.

- What did you bring me over here for?
- Peter.

This is absurd. It's just a dog.

Come on, darling.

"Just a dog"? "Just"?

Porthos, don't listen to him.

Porthos dreams of being a bear

I want you to pay particular attention to the teeth.

Some unscrupulous trainers will show you a bear whose teeth have all been pulled, while other cowards will force the brute into a muzzle. Only the true master would attempt these tricks without either measure of safety.

- What did you bring me over here for?
- Peter.

This is absurd. It's just a dog.

Come on, darling.

"Just a dog"? "Just"?

Porthos, don't listen to him.

Porthos dreams of being a bear and you want to dash those dreams by saying he's "just a dog"?

What a horrible, candle-snuffing word.

That's like saying, "He can't climb that mountain, he's just a man."

Or, "That's not a diamond, it's just a rock."

"Just."

Fine then. Turn him into a bear. If you can.

Peter, where are your manners?

With those eyes, my bonny lad, I'm afraid you'd never see it.

However, with just a wee bit of imagination, I can turn around right now and see...

the great bear, Porthos.

Dance with me.

Thank you. I don't think I've ever seen a performance quite like it.

We're here every day, and the bear is always more than happy to perform.

Well, perhaps we'll see you here tomorrow then.

Perhaps.

- Peter, jump up please, darling. Quick.

- Bye.

Bye.

- Peter, didn't you enjoy that?

- I've seen better.

Well, Michael wanted the bear kept prisoner with him, and Peter insisted that Michael was hardly a prisoner and Porthos simply wasn't a bear at all.

I do very much hope to see them tomorrow.

- What's her name?

- Sylvia. Um...

Mrs... something Davies

Llewelyn Davies?

- You know her?

- I know who she is, of course.

- Why, she's a du Maurier, for heaven's sake. Her father was the artist. Her brother's the actor.

And there was something... tragic that happened with her husband.

Oh, yes. He died.

Cancer of the jaw, I believe.

That's horrible.

Yes. Apparently, he left her with four boys and no income to speak of.

If it wasn't for her mother's help...

James.

- We should have them to dinner.

- Should we?

Absolutely. I've always wanted to meet Madam du Maurier.

Why, she knows practically everyone there is worth knowing.

- What are you writing about?

- Oh.

Nothing of any great consequence

I can't write.

Have you ever kept a journal?

Ever tried your hand at writing a play?

Well, then how do you know?

Absolutely. I've always wanted to meet Madam du Maurier.

Why, she knows practically everyone there is worth knowing.

- What are you writing about?
- Oh.
Nothing of any great consequence
I can't write.
Have you ever kept a journal?
Ever tried your hand at writing a play?
Well, then how do you know?
I know. That's all.
I see. Where's your mother today and the rest of the boys?
Home. Mother's got a bit of a chest cold.
I'm sure everyone would be happy to see you though. One afternoon.
I should leave you to your writing.
Peter.
I'll see you later then.
Why didn't you tell me, Charles? You knew it wasn't any good.
Why didn't you tell me. James? You knew it wasn't any good. Hm?
I took an extended lease on the theater, keeping the actors on.
- I don't have another play.
- I'm sure you will.
 Won't you?
- We'll see.
I need you to sign for the storage, Mr Frohman.
- Lower.
- Easy does it. Take your time.
 It was never meant to be taken seriously.
You know what happened, James?
They changed it.
- They changed what?
- The critics.
They made it important.
Hm?
What's it called?
What's it called?
- "Play."
- "Play."
Bang, bang, bang!
Bang
Return the boy to us, you nasty Injun.
Our people teach boy Indian ways, make him great warrior.
Our chief, Running Nose, never let him go.
Bang, bang, bang!
Me wounded, Peter. Time's short.
You go. Spread wings and soar like eagle above enemy.
Fly back to our chief.
Tell her of my brave defeat.
That's crazy. Indians can't fly.
Of course they can. Go on, go on, go on.
Listen to us, boy.
This Injun kidnapped you.
Not true. We kidnap no one. You lost boy.
I teach you ways of the brave.

I take you as my own son.

You are not my father.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

- I've got him!

- Let me go!

- Stop it, you two.

- Ooh, we are awful, aren't we?

- I'm warning you.

- Oh, I'm scared.

Of course, you had a bit of fun
for a change.

- Stop it, you two. Get off!

- Don't.

- Jack!

- Stop it!

- Get off, George!

- Peter.

- I'm terribly sorry.

- No, it wasn't your fault.

I'm afraid it might have been.

To be honest, I'm just happy you got him to join in the game.

Oh, yes, I was a tremendous success.

Mr Barrie, it's more than I've been able to achieve.

Peter's a different boy since his father died.

You know, I don't think he's even had a good cry about it.

Well, grief affects us all in different ways, doesn't it?

Yes, it does.

Oh, by the way, my wife would like to invite you and the boys over to dinner.

Your mother as well.

Oh.

How kind. That would be lovely.

Well...

Don't you all look lovely in your little suits?

And, Mrs du Maurier, what a shame it is that we've not met until this evening.

How kind of you to say so.

Not at all. I can't tell you how many times I've been to a charity or a social even
and seen your name listed among the organizers.

It's the very thing I would love to do myself if I could just find the time.

My problem is in finding the time to do everything else.

At the moment I am running two households.

Sylvia believes she can get by without a housekeeper.

Mother.

My house is quite large enough for us all,

- but the idea of living with me seems...

- Not now, please, mother.

- We help her keep the house in order.

- Don't interrupt, George.

- Where did you get your manners?

- Sorry, Grandmother.

Mr Barrie, I understand you've become playmates of my grandchildren.

- Oh, they indulge me, really.

- On the contrary.

The other day we took to an exploration of darkest Africa in our garden.

But Mr Barrie was taken ill by the bite of a... What was it?

Tsetse fly. Quite horrible.

Yes, and he swelled to the size of a hippopotamus.

Fingers like sausages.

And we had to float in him down the river like he was a great bloated raft.

But the fishing was good, wasn't it?

James.

Please.

- Bye.

- Thank you so much.

- Lovely evening.

- Thank you. Bye.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Well, that was a disaster.

Painful.

Utterly painful to see.

I don't know what you mean.

I had a lovely time.

Oh, James, please.

"My problem is in finding the time to do everything else."

- I never felt so judged in my life.

- Judged? How do you mean?

A grown man, for heaven's sake, playing all day long with children?

In any case, I hardly think they'll be the social contact we'd hoped for.

I hadn't really thought of them that way.

I just enjoy their company.

He's been a good friend to us, Mother.

Yes. But what does that mean? Hm?

Surely you don't intend...

..to keep spending your afternoons with those children, do you?

And so today, ladies and gentlemen, using only the wind and his own physical strength, George Llewelyn Davies shall test the very limits of the atmosphere using his tethered craft. Go on, boy.

- Go on, George.

- You're going to break it, George.

- George, stop!

- I just need a bit more speed.

I want to do it.

Hold off a bit, George.

I think it's in need of a tail.

Oh, wait.

- Here. James, this will do.

- That's a good idea.

- No, it's not heavy enough.

- I want to do it.

- You coming, Peter?

- Porthos!

It'll work this time.

Porthos, give us your bell. That's good.

- Michael?

- Yeah?

- Now, would you like to give it a go?

- Yes, please.

- Oh, he can't run fast enough.

- Of course he can.

- Let him try, Jack.

- Now, George, you hold the kite.

George.

Come on, boys, let's go back up to the top.

Come on, Peter.

Right, George, hold it up. Darling, you've got to run now. Ready? Ready?

- Run! Run, Michael!

- Run!

Oh.

- Oh, I told you this wasn't going to work.

- I don't think he's fast enough.

It's not going to work if no one believes in him.

- Now, give him a chance.

- Michael, go back to your starting position.

- Come on, darling, try again.

- George, you take the kite.

Now this time, I don't want a flea's breath of doubt. We must get that kite in the air.

Right. Look, I think I feel a bit more breeze. Are you ready, Michael?

- You can do it, Michael.

- You've got to run. Run, Michael, run.

- Run!

- That's it!

Yes! He did it!

Keep running! Keep running!

What are you writing about now?

Oh, just making notes.

I'm never really certain what they're about until I've read them over later.

Something about the kite?

Now, why do you ask that?

I don't know.

If I were a writer I think I could tell a whole story about flying the kite today.

Perhaps you should then. That's a fantastic idea. Why not give it a try?

I hope you haven't been talking about anything too serious with this one.

No. Talking a bit of silliness really.

Can we have him for supper?

Have him to stay for supper, Michael.

We're not cannibals.

You are welcome, you know.

Sylvia. Mr Barrie.

Where have you been?

Flying a kite, Mother, and having a wonderful time.

I'm sorry. I didn't know you were coming this evening.

No? Well, apparently you forgot then.

- I brought some supper along for us all.
- You didn't need to do that.
Well, there's no food in the house, is there?
Really. You don't need to wait till the cupboard is bare.
Please, Mother. Come on, darlings.
Wipe feet. There's been enough tracking round here.
George, I thought you said you were going to help your mother take care of the house.
Coat, Michael, please. Yes.
- And... coat hanger. Good.
- Will we see you tomorrow?
No. You're going to be helping round the house tomorrow.
Mother, there is absolutely no need for this.
You can't do everything yourself.
Look at you. You're horribly flush.
You're wearing yourself out.
Thank you for a lovely day, James.
Excuse me, Mother.
So from tomorrow, we're going to have some discipline around here.
And not one of you will escape.
Good evening, Mr Barrie.
- Good evening, Sarah.
- Good evening, Mr Barrie.
- Good evening, Emma.
You missed supper.
Perhaps I'll have something later.
I have a bit of writing I wanted to do.
Are you sure? It was a lovely meal. Duck.
Sarah let Emma cook this evening.
Is that right? Listen, what would you think of loaning Emma out to the Davies for the occasional evening?
They don't actually have a cook.
I take it Mrs Davies enjoyed the meal that she had here?
I imagine she could use an extra hand now and again. That's all.
That's very charitable of you.
Perhaps we can send over some of the silver as well.
And what about linen?
I wouldn't be surprised if some of hers was looking a bit shabby.
Please, Mary, stop.
Maybe she can send over some of the things we've run short on.
My husband, for example.
We rarely see him in this house.
That hasn't seemed to bother you for some time now.
Lords and ladies, His Royal Highness, King Michael the Benevolent, protector of the realm.
That scepter's made of wood.
Yes, well, we dream on a budget here, don't we?
No, I mean, everyone thinks it's made of gold, but it's just an old hunk of wood.
The means to an end, Peter.
What we've done is taken an old hunk of wood and transformed it for all the world to see into the most magnificent gold.
- There you go.
- What's this?

All great writers begin with a good leather binding and a respectable title.
Open it.
"The Boy Castaways."
"Being a record of the terrible adventures of the brothers Davies, faithfully set forth by...
Peter Llewelyn Davies."
Kipling would swallow his own ear for a title like that.
Stab him, George. You can do it.
I still have no idea what to write.
Write about anything.
Write about your family.
- Write about the talking whale.
- What whale?
The one that's trapped in your imagination and desperate to get out. Come sit down.
I have actually begun writing about the adventures of the Davies brothers myself.
- A play?
- A play indeed, yes.
And I would be extremely honored if you would allow me the use of your name for one of the
characters.
I don't know what to say.
Say yes.
Good man.
Porthos! That's mine. Let go.
I won't go to bed. I won't, I won't.
You should have been in bed half an hour ago, young man.
I'm afraid I've grown hopelessly lax in my discipline.
Nonsense. Young boys should never be sent to bed.
They always wake up a day older.
And then, before you know it, they're grown.
Their father would have been horrified.
Of course, he never would have allowed a dog in the house either.
He'd have tied him up in the yard.
Right! Last one in bed's a hairy toad.
You mean a lot to my boys, you know.
Especially Peter.
It seems to me that Peter's trying to grow up too fast.
I imagine he thinks that grown-ups don't hurt as deeply as children do when they...
when they lose someone.
I lost my elder brother, David, when I was just Peter's age.
And it nearly destroyed my mother.
James, I'm so sorry.
Your poor mother.
I can't imagine losing a child.
Aye.
She didn't get out of bed for months.
She wouldn't eat.
I tried everything to make her happy, butshe only wanted David....
So...
one day...
I dressed myself in David's clothing and I went to her.
You must have frightened her to death.
I think it was the first time she ever actually... looked at me.

And that was the end of the boy James.
I used to say to myself he'd gone to Neverland.
Where?

Neverland. It's a wonderful place.
I've not spoken about this before to anyone.
Ever.

What's it like... Neverland?
One day I'll take you there.

Wait a minute, James.

He's a fairy?

Er, no. He's the irrepressible spirit of youth. Tinker Bell is the fairy.

- Tinker Bell is a woman?

- She's not a woman. She's a fairy

He is a boy who stays young forever.

James, how does anyone stay young forever? It doesn't work.

He just believes, Charles.

He imagines life the way he wants it to be,

and he believes in it long enough and hard enough that it all appears before him, see?

James, I'm your friend.

You're coming off a flop.

- You have a man who is a fairy.

- No, a boy who has a fair. And this girl calls herself Tinker.

And you have a pirate ship on stage surrounded by tons and tons of water.

- That's a lot of water.

- It's a lot of water.

- Yes, and that's a lot of money.

- It is, but we can fake the water.

Oh, well, if we can fake the water then I'm sure your play will be a hit.

You know what I think I'll do? I think

I'll imagine life the way I want it to be...

Long enough and hard enough?

Yes, and then the money for the play will appear magically before me.

- That's right. That's it.

- Yes.

How does the clock wind up inside the crocodile?

- He swallows it.

- Ah, of course he does.

Out!

How was he?

- Well done.

- Good show!

I finally get the courage to invite the boys to a game
and we have to suffer this grave humiliation.

It's perfect actually.

Spend a good deal of time with them, don't you?

Every moment I can spare, in fact.

I'm glad for you.

And Mrs Davies seems to be having a good time of it as well.

You should be aware though, James, what some people have been saying.

Mind you, I wouldn't bring it up if I thought the rumors would pass.

I'm not surprised. What are they saying?

Very well.

That you spend much more time with Mrs Davies than you do with your own wife.

She's a widow. And...

And a friend. That's it. Nothing more.

There have also been questions about how you spend your time with those boys

And why.

That's outrageous. How could anyone think something so evil?

They're children.

They're innocent children.

You find a glimmer of happiness in this world, there's always someone who wants to destroy it.

No. Thank you, Arthur, but I don't think many will give credence to such nonsense.

Then why is no one sitting with them?

Once you get a bit of notoriety, James, people watch you and they will look for ways to drag you down.

Are you sure your wife doesn't object to us taking over your cottage for the summer, James?

- She doesn't go there anymore.

- Really?

It's such a relief to get away.

You'll come and visit, I hope?

- Of course. Are we in?

- Everyone in?

Can I drive, Uncle Jim?

- Er, no.

Out of the way or I'll make haggis out of you.

Get the sheep out the way.

- Are we there yet?

- Almost. Almost there

I can see the cottage!

- Shall we explore, Michael?

- Don't tear your clothes, please.

- Come on. Follow me.

- Be careful of stinging nettles.

Hurry up, everyone.

- Would you like to see the rest of it?

- Mm. Yes.

'Ello!

Thought you could escape from Captain Swarthy, eh?

Off to the ship with you, then.

Off to the ship, son!

So now you can either choose

to become a pirate with the rest of us, or we'll toss you to the sharks.

- How marvelous.

- Well, maybe the crocodiles, eh?

- No one's escaped, Captain.

- Excellent work, matey.

Now then.

Now is your only chance to speak.

Who amongst you is ready to tie your hopes and dreams to the sea?

- I am!

- Not finished yet.

To enter upon the most dangerous chapter in your young and soon-to-be-wasted lives?
What did you say? What are doing, son?
Are you giggling? On my ship?
Giggling? What did you say?
- I said I'm ready, Captain.
- What's your name, boy ?
I'm Curly, the oldest and wisest of the crew.
Cut him loose, matey.
Welcome aboard, Curly.
Your job will be to mop the deck.
And who be you, young squire?
My name be Nibs the Cut-throat. Feared by men and greatly desired by the ladies.
Jack!
Welcome aboard, Nibs.
You shall polish all wood surfaces.
Grab a hold of that rigging.
- And you, lad?
- I'm Peter.
That's not a pirate name.
What about Dastardly Jim, eh?
No. Just Peter.
I like my name.
Very well.
In punishment for lack of an interesting pirate name, Peter shall walk the plank.
Cut him loose.
- What are you playing again?
- The boy.
What have you got...? Excuse me.
Mr Barrie, sir?
There's been a mistake here, sir.
It says here I'm to play the nanny
- I don't imagine I quite fit that part, eh?
- You're not actually the nanny.
You're a dog.
- What?
- A Newfoundland.
We'll put you in a great big fluffy dog suit.
Rrr.
Oh, right.
Actually, we don't have a Tinker Bell cast, do we? He could play Tinker Bell.
Heavens, no. Tinker Bell's a light.
It moves around the stage.
Just a wee light that moves around the stage.
Bit worried about this.
Let's see.
We've got John Darling, Michael Darling,
Tiger Lily, Smee, Skylights.
It's a play for puppets.
Tootles, Nibs, Curly
All these names are absurd when you see them all together.
Captain Hook, S...

Oh, hello, James.

You're out of your mind.

How were rehearsals?

Fine. Great. They're going... quite well.

- Good.

- Yes. Thank you.

- Hello.

- Hello.

- How was your journey?

- It was quite long. I'm exhausted.

- Let's get you some tea.

- That'd be nice. Thanks.

- Can you come to the playhouse?

- In a moment, Michael. He's just arrived.

But I said I'd get him. They always send Peter to do things. I said I'll do it.

- It will spoil the surprise.

- What surprise, darling?

It's a great surprise. We've taken most of the day preparing for it.

- Everybody's waiting for you.

- Then we mustn't keep them waiting.

Please don't tell them that I told you the surprise. I said I wouldn't.

Oh, well, you didn't really tell us

anything about it, did you?

- Yes I did. It's a play.

- It's a play?

"The Lamentable Tale of Lady Ursula."

"A play in one act by Peter Llewelyn Davies."

- This is just a bit of silliness, really.

- I should hope so. Go on.

I just wanted to take a stab at writing, you know.

Well, the others do

a good job with it anyway.

Well, let's see it then.

"The Lamentable Tale of Lady Ursula."

"One morning, just after sunrise,

Lady Ursula, the most beautiful daughter

of Lord and Lady Dubon,

made her way up the steps of the great

cathedral to pray to her blessed saint."

"Suddenly, as she reached

the cathedral doors,

the gargoyle that guarded

the sacred structure

came to life and swooped down upon her."

"The people of the village all ran to safety, but Lady Ursula slipped on the cathedral steps

and the gargoyle descended upon her, wrapping her in its huge wings and taking her high up into

the spires of the cathedral."

- Go on, Peter.

- "Not long after this sorrowful event, a young knight named JM Barnaby came into the city."

Sylvia.

- Do you want some water?

- Mother?
- No, James.
- Let's get her back to the house. Go on.
She won't discuss it with me at all.
She claims it was nothing.
I tell you, Doctor, she couldn't breathe.
You can't very well treat a patient who won't admit there's anything wrong.
Well, you'll have to make her understand that something is.
- I'll try and do my best.
- Great. Just there.
Get your hand flat like that.
Ow.
Then... Like that.
Come in
The good doctor didn't feel up to the challenge on this one.
He thinks you need to go to hospital for further tests.
Nonsense.
When would I have time for that?
Besides, this family's had enough of hospitals.
- Perhaps they can help you.
- I know what they can do for me.
I saw what they did for my husband.
No, James. I've no interest in hospitals.
I'm keenly interested in having some supper.
What did you and Mother decide to tell us this time? "It's only a chest cold"?
- We hadn't decided anything.
- Stop lying to me!
I'm sick of grown-ups lying to me.
I'm not lying to you.
I don't know what's wrong.
"Father might take us fishing," that's what she said. "In just a few weeks."
And he died the next morning.
That wasn't a lie, Peter.
That was your mother's hope.
He barely moved for a week, but I started planning our fishing trip.
I will never lie to you. I promise you that.
No, all you'll do is teach me to make up stupid stories
and pretend that things
aren't happening until...
I won't! I'm not blind.
I won't be made a fool.
What's this? Peter.
The play.
Darling, I wanted to see the rest of it.
Magic's gone out of it a bit now, hasn't it?
All because of a silly chest cold.
James.
Well, you remember Gilbert Cannan, don't you?
Good evening.
Mr Cannan has been working on the
committee to fight government censorship.

I know how involved you've been as well.
He wanted to speak to you.
I did think you'd be home so much sooner.
It's been a long evening, Mary.
Yes.
Well, if I'd realized how late it was, of course.
I should perhaps talk to you
at another time? Not so late?
That will be fine.
We'll talk then.
Thank you for your patience, Mrs Barrie.
Mr Barrie.
- Good night.
- Night.
Well, aren't you going to speak?
What would you like me to say?
"Curious how late Mr Cannan stayed," I suppose.
And then, let's see. What comes next?
"No later than you were out, James."
"And how is Mrs Davies this evening?"
Oh, yes, I would have a great answer for that one, wouldn't I?
How dare you.
This isn't one of your plays.
I know that, Mary. It's quite serious.
But I'm not ready for this conversation, wherever it may lead.
Perhaps we can talk in the morning, yes?
Good night then.
Mr Barrie. Don't you agree this is a little bit tight?
- No. No, in fact I think it's quite... baggy.
- Baggy?
Quite frumpy. I'd bring it right in just there.
That's very tight.
And put maybe a plank of wood there to straighten him up.
- Oh, aye. Yes, Mr Barrie.
- Plank of wood?
Some wood there on the shoulders as well.
- Otherwise, it's marvelous.
- Right, sir.
- You'll be sick tomorrow.
- I'll be sick tonight.
James.
We're just having some tea.
You remember my mother, of course.
Yes. Of course. How do you do?
- May I take your hat?
- That's enough, boys.
Boys, please don't run in the house.
You'll break something.
Come away from that door.
Come on, come on.
- I'd like a word with you, Mr Barrie, before you go.

We'll only be a few minutes.

Boys, why don't you go and play in the garden? Go on.

- Is he in trouble?

- Sh

Because I've been alone with Grandmother and I know what it's like.

- Should we retire into the study?

- Why don't you join them, dear?

Very well.

- I do apologize for interrupting.

- Would you close the door, please?

Certainly.

Sylvia has told me you have offered her the services of your household staff.

- Well, not exactly.

- That won't be necessary.

I'll leave that to Sylvia, of course.

You'll leave that to me, Mr Barrie.

You see, I'm moving in here from now on.

- You're moving in?

- I'm going where I'm most needed.

And I can certainly see to it that this house is managed without resorting to your charity.

It isn't charity, Mrs du Maurier.

I was only trying to help, as a friend.

Have you no idea how much your friendship has already cost my daughter?

Or are you really that selfish?

I beg your pardon?

Don't you see what a visit to the summer cottage of a married man does for a widow's future prospects?

Sylvia needs to find someone.

The boys need a father.

And you are destroying any hope this family has of pulling itself together again.

I have only wanted good things for this family, Mrs du Maurier.

I'll look after them.

You have your own family to concern yourself with.

What are you suggesting?

I'm suggesting that you protect what you have, Mr Barrie.

That is precisely what I am doing.

I was so certain what I would find in this.

Some little confession would leak out onto the page.

I don't write love notes in my journal.

No.

Still, you knew who I meant, didn't you?

That's some comfort, actually.

It means I know you just a little after all.

You needn't steal my journal to get to know me, Mary.

No. I suppose I could just go see the plays.

I was hopelessly naive when I married you.

I imagined that brilliant people disappeared to some secret place where good ideas floated around like leaves in autumn.

And I hoped, at least once...

you would take me there with you.

There is no such place.
Yes, there is.
Neverland.
It's the best you've written, James.
And I'm sure the Davies will adore the world you've created for them.
I only wish I were part of it.
I've wanted you to be. I've tried.
Mary.
I always imagined us going off on great adventures once we were together.
But we moved into this house and you started, I don't know,
- you started rearranging the furniture.
- What was I supposed to do, James?
You were always gone.
I was right here.
Sitting in your parlor, staring off into other worlds as though I didn't exist.
Look. Just give me bit more time to finish up the play.
To spend with your muse?
No, I'm tired of waiting, James.
I'm tired of looking like a fool.
Well, I can't very well give up the play.
Of course not.
Just come home to me at the end of the day. Rehearse and be home for dinner.
No more trips to the country, no more long afternoons in the park.
If you can't give us that much of a chance, then we must end this.
And I will.
Pitiful display.
Nanny. Nanny.
What?
First you get the pajamas, then you make the bed.
With my paws?
You make the bed with your paws.
The pajamas you get with your teeth.
Because in fact, being a dog, you haven't any proper digits, have you?
Well, I don't have any teeth, either.
I mean, I can't see. I can't breathe.
All I've got is this rubbery snout.
- Can we get him some teeth?
- He can have mine.
We'll get you teeth.
- Let's have a wee break, shall we?
- Right.
- I thought you were wonderful.
- You were marvelous.
I think you're better on four legs than you are on two.
- Oh, give it a rest.
- I do.
- Just say it, Charles, go on.
- Well, you picture it, James.
Opening night, doctors, lawyers, businessmen and their wives, all dressed to the nines.
They've paid good money, they're expecting theater, what we call theater.
The curtain opens and it's crocodiles

and fairies and pirates and Indians.

I don't even know what it is.

But you did know, Charles. You're an absolute genius, Charles. That's it.

Oh, don't patronize me, James.

You know how much money I put into this show that I haven't even found yet?

Listen, listen. Opening night,

I want seats set aside.

- Set aside? ?

- seats.

Scattered throughout the theater.

Two here, two there, three up there.

- Are they paying for it?

- They're filled.

- No, no, no. I'm asking...

- The seats are filled.

- Uncle Jim?

- Hello, boys.

Could I speak to you for a moment, please?

Certainly.

seats, Charles. It'll be great.

It'll be fantastic.

scattered seats?

Who's paying for them?

Throughout the theater.

- Who's paying for these seats?

- They're filled-up seats, Charles.

Whoa. Look.

This is great. I'm flying.

We don't need to use much pull at all, see?

As long as we've got the balance down.

Mother asked me to take the boys out for the afternoon.

She said she only wanted a bit of quiet,

but she was trembling so badly

she couldn't even finish her tea.

I'm not a fool, Uncle James.

I deserve to know the truth.

I don't know the truth.

She won't talk about it.

But you think it's serious?

It could be. The doctor felt

she should go and have some tests.

Then you'll have to convince her to go then.

I've tried. She won't listen to me.

And lately, to be quite honest, it seems that all my best intentions for your family have come to nothing but harm.

Apparently I've made quite a mess of things.

It's Grandmother, isn't it?

She's run you off, hasn't she?

Oh, she's absolutely tried with great effort.
And perhaps with good reason.
It isn't you, Uncle Jim. She just...
She just doesn't want to see Mother hurt anymore.
Look at that.
How magnificent.
The boy's gone.
Somewhere during the last seconds,
you've become a grown-up.
Right then. I think you should be the one
to talk to her, George.
- But I wouldn't know what to say.
- You'll do fine. You'll do just fine.
Mr Barrie, sir. Sorry to interrupt.
- It's Nana, he's expired backstage.
- What's happened?
I think his costume is too tight.
It's not possible, too tight.
George, give me a minute, I'll be back.
Pull that one tight.
Here, last one.
OK. Flap those wings.
- There you go.
- Whoa!
- Can I have a go?
- Yeah, you can have a little go if you want
Give that a tug. Go on.
- Just give it a little pull.
- Can I have a go?
- In a minute. In a minute.
- Can I have a go?
- Jack. Pull me higher.
- I have to concentrate.
- Stop it now, boys.
- No, Michael.
Stop mucking about, boys. Come on now.
- I want to do it now.
- No, don't go down there.
What are you...?
Ow!
Oh, no. Oh, no, I'm sorry.
- I'm so sorry.
- George?
Mr Barrie?
Mrs Davies would like a word with you.
No, just Mr Barrie.
- Did you encourage this?
- Encourage what?
Oh, James, please.
You know perfectly well what.
George won't allow them to set his arm nless I submit to an examination.

I see. Well, I suppose you'll have to then, because he's quite a stubborn young man when he sets his mind to it.

This is absurd.

They won't tell me anything different.

Different?

So you've already spoken to a doctor then?

That is not your concern.

My understanding is that my condition may be quite serious.

However... my wish is that life should go on as normal.

So, I'll have the examination, and I'll take whatever medications they advise.

But I don't want to know what they're for.

And I don't want you inquiring into it any further.

Wouldn't dream of it.

Mary?

Mary?

Peter, could you help George to fold a pocket handkerchief, please?

- They're in the linen cupboard. Darling?

- Yes, Mother.

Jack, how do you manage to always come untucked?

Would you check your shirt-tails in the intermission, please?

Yes, Mother.

You're not planning on attending any after-theater events, are you?

Only for a short time if we do. The tickets!

- With the children?

- George!

Um, possibly. Would you see if George has the tickets, please?

- I'll just check the dressing table.

- Sylvia, there's a...

Mother, please see if George has the tickets. Michael, where are your socks?

Wait here, don't move.

Take her feet, George.

We'll need some more blankets.

Oh, take Michael with you, would you?

She looks much worse than when we were at the cottage.

Sh, Michael.

- Those seats, has anyone shown up?

- No, sir. Not yet.

Precisely. Have there been many people asking for seats?

- Yes, sir.

- Charles.

I suggest you start selling them.

Yes, James?

Have you seen any of the Davies family yet this evening?

The seats, are they filled?

- It's taken care of.

- Yes. Yes.

Who did you invite? Because obviously whoever you invited decided not to come.

- The seats will be filled, I promise.

- Yes. You've been promising me all...

- Charles?

- Hello, Mr Stanley.

Have you seen the Davies family his evening?

No, sir.

- Jack has gone to get Dr Brighton.

- Oh, no, Mother. I don't need a doctor

Yes, you do, dear.

I think I'll get some camomile o help you relax.

Peter will be here if you need anything.

Peter.

Peter.

Can I do anything, Mother?

No, darling.

You must go to the play.

- I can't do that.

- Yes, you can.

I need you to.

I need you to come back tonight and tell me every bit of it.

Please

It's only a play, Mother.

It doesn't matter.

What do you want?

Take it out.

Open it.

I've never been so proud of you.

Last call, please, ladies and gentlemen.

Last call.

Yes, yes, yes. It's all right. They know.

We had time to sell those seats.

The play's starting.

- Charles.

- What?

- They're here.

- Who's here?

Do forgive them being a bit late -
short legs, long walk from the orphanage.

I'm not clear what they're doing here.

They've come to see the play.

- Mm-hm.

- That's the seats.

- Mm.seats given to orphans. Right.

Now my nightmare is complete.

You can start your play now.

Your play.

Get them in the scattered seats.

Just there, boys.

Excuse me, sir. This way.

Thank you.

Looks like we got one of the better-dressed ones.

I just want you to know,

I think you're a wonderful dog.

Thanks.

I won't go to bed. I won't. I won't.

Nana, it isn't six o'clock yet.

Two minutes more.

Please. One minute more.

Nana, I will not be bathed.

I tell you, I will not be bathed.

Who are you?

No one there. Yet I feel sure I saw a face.

My children.

- How is she?

- She's resting.

- May I see her?

- No, Mr Barrie.

I don't think we need to include you in everything that goes on in this household.

- But she'd want to see him.

- Be quiet, George.

And since, as I've discovered, you've seen fit to conceal certain facts about my daughter's condition from me, I feel no remorse at excluding you from my home.

But you can't...

- Go upstairs, George, now.

- Stop ordering me about.

This isn't your home. It's our home.

Just cos Mother's eeded your help recently oesn't give you the right to rule over her existence.

She's not a child anymore, and neither am I.

If she wants to see Uncle Jim, she can see Uncle Jim.

There's nothing you can do about it.

- Mother?

- Yes, darling?

James.

No. Your play.

Look at all this.

I'd have come tonight, it's just...

- Mother, you need to rest.

- ..I still have things to do here.

See? This needs mending.

Four boys, no end of patches.

Can't seem to keep up.

I haven't the time for all this.

Don't look at me like that, James.

You make me feel so utterly exposed.

Boys, would you give me a moment with your mother, please? Thank you.

They can see it, you know.

You can't go on just pretending.

"Just pretending"?

You brought pretending into this family, James.

You showed us we can change things by simply believing them to be different.

A lot of things, Sylvia, not everything.

But the things that matter.

We've pretended for some time now that you're a part of this family, haven't we?

You've come to mean so much to us all that now it doesn't matter if it's true.

And even if it isn't true,

even if that can never be...

I need to go on pretending.

Until the end.

With you.

- Oh, I am sweet.

- How do you do it?

You just think lovely, wonderful thoughts and they lift you up in the air.

You are so nippy at it.

Couldn't you do it very slowly once?

Yes, I've got it now, Wendy.

I must blow fairy dust on you first.

Now try. Try it from the beds.

Just wriggle your shoulders like this and then let go.

- I flew!

- How ripping!

Now join hands.

- Look at me!

- I do like it!

- Bravo!

- Let's go out.

Second on the right and straight on till morning.

Genius.

- Sylvia, don't move.

- I feel a little better.

- It's been a bad day, that's all.

Now I want you to go back to the theater.

Find Peter.

- Of course.

- Thank you.

Are you sure there's nothing else

I can do for you?

No.

Well,

I have always wanted to go to Neverland.

You did promise to tell me about it,

you know.

Aye. That I did.

It's a bit late for it tonight though, I'm afraid.

Perhaps some time soon though?

Most definitely.

- D'you mean we shall both be drowned?

- Look how the water is rising.

It must be the tail of the kite we made for Michael.

You remember. It tore itself out of his hands and floated away.

- The kite. Why shouldn't it carry you?

- Both of us.

It can't lift two. Michael and Curly tried.

I won't go without you, Peter.

Let us draw lots which is to stay behind.

And you a lady? Never.

Ready, Wendy?

Peter!

Don't let go, Wendy.
Peter, I'm frightened.
Hang on, Wendy!
Peter!
To die will be an awfully big adventure.
- I'm glad you came.
- Well...
I've never missed an opening.
So I...
assume you heard about Gilbert and I.
Yes.
Quite the scandal, so I'm told.
How are you?
I'm all right.
How are you?
I'm sorry.
Don't be.
Without that family, you could never have written anything like this.
You need them.
Goodbye.
- Mr Barrie.
- Mrs Snow.
Thank you. That was quite the nicest evening I've ever spent in the theater.
Very kind of you to say. Thank you.
Where's Mr Snow this evening?
Oh.
I'm afraid he's left us.
And he would so have loved this evening.
The pirates and the Indians.
He was really just a boy himself, you know.
To the very end.
I'm terribly sorry. How are you doing?
I'm doing well enough now, thank you.
I suppose it's all the work of the ticking crocodile, isn't it?
Time is chasing after all of us.
Isn't that right?
- That's right, Mrs Snow.
- Aunt Rose, your drink.
Thank you. I mustn't keep you.
You've a lot of friends here.
Well, it's lovely to see you.
I'm terribly sorry, once again.
- Was that Mr Barrie?
- That was Mr Barrie.
Well done, Mr Barrie.
- Good show.
- Well done.
Psst.
What did you think?
- It's about our summer together, isn't it?

- It is.
- About all of us.
- That's right.
Did you like it?
It's magical. Thank you.
Oh, thank you.
Thank you, Peter.
- This is Peter Pan! How wonderful.
- Really?
You're Peter Pan? Why, you must be quite the little adventurer.
Look, it's true.
He has no shadow.
But I'm not Peter Pan.
He is.
And there's been no improvement since my last visit?
No.
Has James been by at all today, Mother?
Dr Brighton. May I have a word
Excuse me a moment.
You haven't been keeping him from me, have you?
As a matter of fact,
I actually hoped he might come.
Would have proved me wrong about him.
Of course, with the success of his play, the whole of London must be knocking at his door.
I'm sorry, dear.
- What is it?
- It's a secret.
- Quiet, Michael.
- I didn't say anything.
Mother, could you come downstairs for a moment?
Oh, she can't come downstairs.
What are you thinking of, George?
Actually, I think a trip downstairs might do her good, ma'am.
- What have you been up to?
- Just wait and see.
It's a play.
It's not just a play, Michael.
It's the play.
Of course, we'll have to make do with a few compromises.
Much of it will have to be imagined.
- As it should be.
- As it should be, that's right.
Michael, come and sit here, next to Mum.
When you're ready.
I won't go to bed. I won't. I won't.
Nana, it isn't six o'clock yet.
Two minutes more. Please.
- You know fairies, Peter?
- Yes.
But they're nearly all dead now.

You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about and that was the beginning of fairies.

And now when every new baby is born,
its first laugh becomes a fairy.

So there ought to be one fairy for every boy and girl.

- Ought to be? Isn't there?

- Oh, no.

Children know such a lot now.

Soon, they don't believe in fairies.

And every time a child says,

"I don't believe in fairies," there's a fairy somewhere that falls down dead.

Who is that?

The redskins were defeated?

Wendy and the boys captured by the pirates?

I'll rescue her. I'll rescue her!

Oh, that's just my medicine.

Poisoned? Who could have poisoned it?

Why, Tink. You've drunk my medicine.

It was poisoned.

And you drank it to save my life?

Tink.

Are you dying?

Her light is growing faint

If it goes out, that means she's dead.

Her voice is so low I can scarcely hear what she's saying.

She says she thinks she could get well again if children believed in fairies.

Do you believe in fairies?

Say quick that you believe.

If you believe, clap your hands.

Clap louder.

Thank you. Thank you.

That is Neverland.

So many perfect days.

I really began to believe

we'd go on like that forever

Oh, stop it.

She wasn't going to stay with you forever.

She had a husband. My father.

She never cared for you the way she did for him.

I'm not trying to replace your father, Peter.

I could never do that.

You'd best let him go.

George, would you take the boys back to the house? I'll be with you in a moment.

Go on, dear.

I'm terribly sorry.

I've ruined everything I've touched in this family.

Stop giving yourself so much credit

Peter's grieving.

It has nothing to do with you.

Perhaps if I just had a bit more time with him.

No, Mr Barrie. That won't be good enough.

If "a bit more time" is all you can provide, you'd better leave him alone.
I know you don't much care for me, Mrs du Maurier, and I respect that, but I loved your daughter very much.
And I love those boys.
And I think they need me right now.
Is that so?
And for how long after?
Meaning what?
Sylvia has requested a co-guardianship for the boys in her will.
You, Mr Barrie, and myself.
And what do you have to say about that?
- I shall respect my daughter's wishes.
Something I should have done more of while she was alive.
But if you feel you're not ready for such a commitment,
I assure you I can certainly look after the boys by myself.
Do you think I could abandon those boys?
Sit down, Peter.
Mother pasted it back together after I ruined it.
And then I saw the play.
I just started writing and I haven't been able to stop.
She would be very pleased to know that.
Listen. I've just spoken
with your grandmother and I'm staying.
For good.
I'm sorry I was so horrible.
Don't worry.
It's just...
I thought she'd always be here.
So did I
But, in fact..
she is.
Because she's on every page of your imagination.
You'll always have her there. Always.
But why did she have to die?
I don't know, boy.
When I think of your mother...
I will always remember how happy she looked sitting there in the parlor, watching a play about her family.
About her boys that never grew up.
She went to Neverland.
And you can visit her any time you like if you just go there yourself.
How?
By believing, Peter.
Just believe.
I can see her.

Special help by SergeiK