

PETER PANIC

Pilot

written by

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inspired by PETER AND WENDY by J.M. Barrie

OVER BLACK:

CHILD (V.O.)  
If you shut your eyes and are a  
lucky one, you may see at times a  
shapeless pool of lovely pale  
colors suspended in the  
darkness...

We begin to see. Swirling fractal tides...

CHILD (V.O.)  
Then if you squeeze your eyes  
tighter, the pool begins to take  
shape... And the colors become so  
vivid that with another squeeze  
they must go on fire... But just  
before they go on fire you see it.

BACK TO BLACK, the ghost of the image swimming on our eyes...

PETER (V.O.)  
See what? ...What is it?

WENDY (V.O.)  
(whispering)  
*Peter. Peter. Wakey wakey eggs  
and bakey.*

**INT. PETER'S LOFT - DAY**

PETER PANIC (33) opens his eyes.

Straddling him in bed in her nightgown is:

WENDY MOIRA ANGELA DAR-LIN (30, Asian), hiding something behind  
her back.

WENDY  
I got you something.

PETER  
Is it a murder? This feels like it  
might be a surprise murder.

WENDY  
How did you know!?

With a PSYCHO SHRIEK, she pantomime stabs Peter in the heart.

PETER  
It's always the person closest  
to you.

WENDY  
Like, geographically or  
spiritually?

PETER  
Both.

He sits up and kisses her sweet, mocking mouth.

PETER  
And in the other hand?

Wendy reveals a SMALL BOX tied with a tidy ribbon. Peter plays the teary-eyed fiancé:

PETER  
OMG is this what I think it is?

WENDY  
A small box with a bow? Yes.

PETER  
It's perfect I love it, now kindly  
dismount, I have to get ready for  
my big day.

Wendy shoves him back onto his pillow.

WENDY  
Open it, you dingle.

PETER  
Ohhh there's something *inside*?  
(Brad Pitt in SE7EN)  
What's in the box? What's in  
the booox?

He shakes it, no sound. He pinches the end of the ribbon,  
milking the suspense--

DINK DINK DINK DINK! Sounds like someone is banging pots and  
pans outside the bedroom door. Indeed:

TINK (29, black, pangender) barges in, banging a pot with a  
girthy dildo. (**Tink uses she/her pronouns, based on her birth  
gender, although she often presents as queer male, as she is  
today.**)

Peter hides the box; Wendy gives Tink the stink eye.

TINK  
Oh good, you're up.

WENDY  
Thank you Tink, we are adults with  
alarm clocks.

TINK  
For real? This dude could sleep  
through a hyena orgy.

PETER  
Can't believe I missed that. You  
know female hyenas have decoy  
dicks?

TINK  
Bruh, I invented the decoy dick. I  
got more pegs than a pirate  
parade.

They laugh; Wendy annoyed that she can't contain a chortle.

WENDY  
Annnnyway: we are, in point of  
fact, awake.

TINK  
Ey you wearing that suit?

PETER  
Yup. Thanks for hooking me up.

TINK  
Shit is clean.

PETER  
You think I need a tie?

TINK  
Nah, techies don't really fuck  
with ties.

Wendy fumes; Tink picks up on it.

TINK  
Aight, I'll let y'all get back to  
making babies or pooping back and  
forth or whatever.

Turns to go.

WENDY  
Tink. Knock.

Tink bangs the pot demonstratively: DINK DINK DINK DINK!

TINK  
 You ain't hear that?  
 (then)  
 You making breakfast?

Wendy would throw a shoe; Tink takes the hint and exits.

Wendy clocks that Peter was hiding her gift from Tink. Wendy huffs out of bed.

PETER  
 Hey where ya goin'?

WENDY  
 To make your breakfast, honeybear.

She SLAMS the door behind her.

Peter opens the box. Fuuuugh.

It's a necktie.

CUT TO:

AN EGG CRACKED INTO A RIPPING HOT CAST IRON SKILLET.

**INT. THE TREEHOUSE - DAY**

Wendy is whipping up eggs and avocado toast in the big open kitchen of THE TREEHOUSE: an old factory that Peter and the Lost Folk converted over the past decade into a live/work "creators colony" called THE LOST FOLK COLLECTIVE (LoFoCo).

Two stories. Catwalk. A central "courtyard." Full of art and light and potential. An upcycled hipster urbanist wet dream.

A GOAT traipses in, trailed by MICHAEL DAR-LIN (24), barefoot yogi, having just finished teaching SUNRISE GOAT YOGA.

He sneaks up behind his big sister and plants a kiss on her crown-- and steals a radish. Wendy brandishes her knife.

WENDY  
 Ew, Micheal, you smell like goat turds and booty sweat!

MICHAEL  
 Sorry. Mr. Fiddles squirted on me in class. Messed up my whole flow.

He tosses Mr. Fiddles the radish tops, then pours a coffee for:

TOOTLES (27), a squishy lad you just wanna squeeze, who is passed out at the LIVE EDGE TABLE, drooling on his law books.

MICHAEL

Poor Tootles. That cannot be good  
for your back.

Micheal jazz-finger wafts the coffee steam into Tootles face.  
Tootles catches a whiff, SLURPS his drool and sits up.

TOOTLES

Huh? What did I miss?  
(re: breakfast)  
Can I help?

WENDY

I'm afraid you're too late, my  
sweet Tootles.

Micheal grabs Tootles from behind and hoists him in the air:  
CRACK-CRACK-CRACK goes his back. Tootles looks like he just  
jizzed his cords.

TOOTLES

*Oh... magic is real...*

Tink enters, steals Tootles' coffee, watches Wendy carve a  
radish rose.

THE TWINS (30), Latina, indentical, cross the room  
carrying urns.

ROSA

Hi.

LINA

Bye.

PETER (O.S.)

WAIT!

They look up to see: Peter in his skivvies, tie around his head  
like Rambo, perched on top of the mezzanine railing.

PETER

I'm about to make my entrance.

He loops a belt over the rope that holds up the chandelier--  
But before he leaps, let's check in with his audience:

WENDY

(don't!)  
Peter!

TINK

(do.)  
Hell yeah.

TOOTLES  
 (my hero!)  
 Heck yeah!

MICHAEL  
 (coaching)  
 Tuck and roll!

The Twins nonplussed at the holdup, share a shrug.

Peter lets out a CROW and goes: ZIPPING down the rope toward the chandelier, he's got to time his release just right...

He lets go and lands smack dab on the middle of the live edge table, remembering to--

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
 Tuck and roll!

--just as Micheal instructed, he tumbles through Tootles' textbooks, sending papers swirling as he nimbly pops up to take a bow and revel in Micheal and Tootles and Tink's APPLAUSE.

Wendy just shakes her head and gets back to serving breakfast as Peter scampers over and lays a smacker on her.

PETER  
 (re: the tie)  
 I love it, thank you.

WENDY  
 Looks like you could use some help  
 tying it.

PETER  
 I dunno, this feels right.

TOOTLES  
 I can teach you.

PETER  
 Pssh! I know how to tie a tie.

He leans over his plate, puts his lips to a yolk and SLURPS it up-- his tie nearly falls into his coffee, but he catches it.

He looks at Wendy like *yikes close one*.

Mr. Fiddles eats Tootles' homework.

TOOTLES  
 No! Hey! Bad goat!

**INT. PETER'S LOFT - DAY**

All cleaned up in a thrift-store chic DARK GREEN SUIT, Peter stands before the MIRRORED DOOR, puzzling over the necktie.

PETER

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuugh.

The boy who refused to grow up, all grown up-- kinda sorta. His ruddy cheeks stubbled, his cowlicks unlickable, Peter is betwixt and between-- a man child.

He ties the knot: it comes undone. Again. WTF? No matter how he twists it, the knot won't hold.

PETER

What the--? How is that even--?  
What freakin laws of physics are  
you following, bro?

WHAP! The tie slaps him. THE TIE HAS COME TO LIFE.

PETER

Egads! My honor!

SLAP! STRANGLE! HISS! Peter wrestles the TIE-SNAKE off his neck, but now it's handcuffed him behind his back.

Peter somersaults, foot between his wrists and kicks the tie off, he lunges for his SWORD--

But the tie-snake grabs him by the ankle and drags him across the floor and flings him into a shelf of PICKLE JARS! CRASH!

The tie crawls down his throat! He's choking. He punches himself in the stomach, smashes himself against the wall in a makeshift Heimlich maneuver-- no dice.

He reaches down his throat, elbow deep, and wrenches the tie out and flings it against the mirror, SPLAT!

Peter draws his sword; the tie slithers under his bed. Peter dives after it--

**INT. UNDER THE BED / BLACKNESS**

Peter crawling on his belly through all consuming BLACK.

No sign of the snake... Just a lonesome sock and a couple of DUST BUNNIES (literal rabbits made of lint) hopping about.

PETER

Shoo! Shoo!

They start humping.

PETER

Dang, power move.

He crawls on, then stops, listens. The faint sound of a TONGUE CLICKING LIKE A CLOCK: TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK...

It's sinister as fuck and gives our intrepid hero the willies.

A TOY BOAT drifts out of the darkness.

PETER

Hey, there you are!

We hear the OCEAN, SEAGULLS... Peter sits Indian style, reconnecting with his lost toy...

TICK TOCK. Louder. Closer. The dust bunnies scatter.

The boat is suddenly trapped inside a bottle. Peter squints into the dark and his emerald eyes go WIDE--

**INT. PETER'S LOFT - DAY**

Peter claws out from under the bed, stabs his sword blindly back into the dark-- SQUEE! got something!

He withdraws his blade to find a skewered dust bunny.

PETER

Oh no, poor little dust bunny!

Peter gently pulls the bleeding animal from off his blade--

SPURT! An absurd amount of blood squirts as Peter cradles the mortally wounded animal in his arms.

He looks up at capricious God and mouths WHY!? When a bit of dust wafts into his nose-- ACHOO! He sneezes the critter into a dust cloud of oblivion.

Peter shakes it off and returns to the task at hand, shouting at the bed:

PETER

Emerge, you silky scoundrel, and festoon your master's throat!

Unseen by Peter, the tie sneaks up behind him, dangling like a python from an overhanging philodendron...

Peter squints, sensing something off--

TOO LATE! The snake strikes, wrapping around Peter's throat and HOISTING HIM OFF THE GROUND-- he loses his sword.

He's being HANGED. Tongue out, SPUTTERING, TURNING BLUE... he looks down: an IRONING BOARD, just out of toe's reach...

He starts to swing, closer, closer... VEINS POPPING, EYEBALLS BULGING... one last--

HE KICKS DOWN ON THE IRONING BOARD, catapulting the HOT IRON into the air: HE CATCHES IT AND FSSS! Presses it against the TIE-SNAKE!

HISSS! It drops Peter, who grabs his sword, YANKS the snake down by its tail and STABS it, pinned to the ironing board--

MORE BLOOD SQUIRTS IN PETER'S FACE-- he's properly drenched.

Peter grabs the iron and FSSS! Hot-presses the beast-- THE CREATURE SHRIEKS! Peter pushes the STEAM button FWOSH! A BLAST OF STEAM and a SCREECHING DEATH KNELL as the demon expires.

The steam from the iron FILLS THE ROOM like a football tunnel. LASERS. NEON. **SLO-MO:**

Peter emerges from the fog, drenched in blood, triumphant.

He stands before the mirror and ties the tamed tie.

The door opens and in a swirl of neon fog REVEAL: THE WENDY.

Freshly dressed in a smart jumpsuit, with that mouth, that sweet mocking mouth that drives Peter mental.

She raises an eyebrow and we **END SLO-MO and CUT TO HER POV:**

**TO REVEAL: There is no fog. No blood. No evidence of the fight with the tie-snake at all.**

Just Peter striking a silly pose, his tie tied absurdly short.

WENDY  
Dashing. May I?

As she fixes his tie, he adores her, pokes at the hole in her SILVER ACORN CHARM necklace.

WENDY  
Don't finger my 'corn hole.

She slides the tie's knot up to his throat-- ACK! Then twirls behind him and smoothes the tie down his torso: it's the perfect length.

She rests her hands around his waist, her chin on his shoulder in a sort of reverse prom pose, as they inspect their reflection in the mirror:

WENDY

Why how do you do, Mr. Panic?

PETER

Quite handsomely, Ms. Dar-Lin.  
Stocks are up, shares are down,  
the market being what it is.

Their eyes meet in the mirror and Wendy looks away-- Peter draws a breath, about to say something, but leaves it unsaid.

**THE REAL LIFE PETER AND WENDY FREEZE, while the mirror versions say the unspoken:**

PETER

You're turning me into  
your father.

WENDY

Oh, you mean a responsible adult?

PETER

Is that how we'd characterize him?

He pretends his tie is a tongue and pants like a dog.

WENDY

You know what? You don't like the  
tie, take it off. Feels like a  
tired symbol anyway.

PETER

Tired? Or timeless? It's really  
quite functional as a leash.

He offers her the lead and wags his butt.

PETER

Ready for my walk.

WENDY

Play dead.

PETER

Play Dad? See?

WENDY

It's not my father you're afraid  
of becoming.

PETER

Who then?

Wendy curls her middle finger into a HOOK, then straightens it, flipping Peter off.

WENDY

Fetch.

**She exits. We hear a door SLAM and REAL LIFE WENDY AND PETER UNFREEZE, their reflections as they were:**

Posing. Faking it.

WENDY

Proud of you.

She pecks him on the cheek and notices a spot of EGG YOLK on his chin. She licks her thumb and wipes it off.

WENDY

Some egg on your face. How embarrassing on your first day!

PETER

Scandalous!

She smiles and exits, SHUTTING THE MIRRORED DOOR BEHIND HER, which now displays **NOT** PETER'S REFLECTION, but that of another magnificent scoundrel:

JAMES HOOK (45) on a BALANCE BOARD behind a standing desk.

The swarthy tech-titan is vanity personified, kitted out in flamboyant technical apparel, topped with the type of felt brimmed hat you might find on a bassist at Bar Stella.

Instead of a hook, his right hand is a state-of-the-art robotic prosthesis.

HOOK

There he is!

He's looking at Peter through the mirror.

HOOK

Peter ripping Panic! Come in, come in!

Peter approaches the mirror... steels himself... And steps through the looking glass into:

**INT. HOOK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hook's office is a glass cube, spare but for a tasteful flower arrangement, Eames style chairs, and brass shelving on which a ship-in-a-bottle is displayed.

HOOK

"There he is! There he is!" Don't you love that, when you walk into a room and a powerful man affirms your presence with a hearty:  
"There he is!" You've arrived!

PETER

Here I am.

HOOK

Are you sure?

CLICK: he touches his SHARKTOOTH EARPIECE and the glass walls turn into a **DIGITAL BAMBOO FOREST**, then a **BOXING RING**, then the **BOTTOM OF THE SEA**.

HOOK

"Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink." Coleridge.

He rocks back and forth on his balance board, showing off with a couple fake close-calls.

HOOK

Whoa, look out. Tighten up. It's all about achieving the right work/life balan--

He SLIPS and BIFFS HARD.

PETER

Oh shit are you alright?

Hook pops up as if he did it on purpose, ignoring the blood trickling from his temple.

HOOK

Ha! Gotcha!

He adjusts the flower arrangement, then steps around his desk to greet Peter face to face.

HOOK

Look at you! All dressed up, playing the part.

Peter waves his tie like a flag:

PETER  
The white flag of my surrender.

The tie transforms into a WHITE DOVE and FLUTTERS over Hook and plops a TURD on his hat--

**THE CUBE TURNS SOLID RED** and BLAM! Hook obliterates the bird with a blunderbuss pistol.

Feathers and blood and gun smoke.

Hook turns the pistol on Peter who raises his hands in the air.

HOOK  
I've been waiting a long time  
for this.

He breaks into a wolfy grin, lets Peter sweat for a moment, then drops the gun and extends his palm. **THE CUBE RETURNS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.**

HOOK  
Glad to have you on board.

Peter considers Hook's prosthetic hand. This is a big moment for both of them: Peter's surrender. Hook licks his chops.

PETER  
Happy to be here!

Peter cocks back and delivers a big old hearty handshake. Both men squeezing and shaking and smiling and squeezing and shaking and smiling some more.

HOOK  
I've got to hand it to you...

His prosthetic paw SNAPS OFF at the wrist as Hook turns and paces over to gaze into his digital ocean. Peter tries to shake the hand loose, but it holds tight.

HOOK  
...You did alright out there on  
your own...

Like Thing Addams, his hand crawls up to Peter's shoulder and gives it a squeeze.

HOOK  
...You and your little Lost Folk  
Collective...

ON CUBE: Big Fish eats Little Fish.

Hook keeps one eye on Peter's reflection as his hand dispenses a shoulder rub; Peter doing everything in his power not to lose his cool.

HOOK  
 ...But now it's time to be a part  
 of something grander. You're  
 swimming with the big fish now.

ON CUBE: Shark eats Big Fish-- a GIANT SQUID tentacle grabs the shark and engulfs it-- SQUIRT! AN INK CLOUD **BLACKS OUT THE CUBE.**

Claustrophobic.

Hook's hand brushes Peter's hair behind his ear; Peter GULPS. TICK TOCK, the tongue clicking. Peter holds his breath, sweating in the dark.

TICK TOCK, Hook cocks his head, taps his earpiece-- does he hear it too? Together they listen... silence...

Hook's prosthesis crawls down Peter's tie and swings to the floor, scurries over, crawls up Hook's leg and reattaches to his wrist. Hook turns to face Peter with a smile:

HOOK  
 Let's get you situated. SMEE!

CLICK! The cube turns transparent to reveal SANVAR SMEE (65), an adorable prune of a pirate in a colorful hand-knit sweater-vest and tiny circular specs. He waves, the dear.

**INT. BOOTI HQ - DAY**

We follow Hook, Peter, and Smee through the hip new HQ of BOOTi. Think WeWork XX Margaritaville.

HOOK  
 Take it all in, Peter. Your new  
 home away from home.

A sprawling open office. Shared desks populated by TECHIES wearing EYEPATCHES THAT ARE PLUGGED INTO BOXY BEIGE COMPUTER MONITORS. No keyboards. No typing. Just staring.

Others briskly walk and talk. Or huddle around the FROZEN YOGURT BAR, where CECCO (25), a handsome pirate with Crossfit biceps and BITCOIN SYMBOL earrings, cracks a raw egg atop his LOADED YOGURT.

CECCO  
*Fro-YO, fro-YO, a pirate's life*  
 (MORE)

CECCO (CONT'D)

*for me!*

Hook grins proudly as Peter takes it all in: he's gotta admit it seems pretty nice...

HOOK

Take any seat you like.

He shoves an Aeron knockoff into the back of Peter's knees.

HOOK

Merman Hiller designed all our furniture. Feel that lumb-ARR support? Custom ergonomics.

He wheels Peter up to a computer and Smee hands him the EYEPATCH that's PLUGGED INTO IT.

SMEE

This'll patch you into  
The NeverMind.

PETER

What exactly is The NeverMind?

HOOK AND SMEE

Proprietary.

SMEE

Please be mindful of the NDA  
you signed.

POOF! A LARGE GAVEL APPEARS ABOVE PETER'S HEAD.

HOOK

Loose lips sink ships.

SMEE

Now, just patch in...

HOOK

Then sit back and ride the wave.

PETER

Ride the wave?

Hook gives the HANG LOOSE gesture, but his prosthetic MALFUNCTIONS and SIEZES UP, FINGERS LOCKED IN THE SHAPE OF A HOOK. Hook wrestles with it, then hides it behind his back and backs away, acting nonchalant. Smee follows suit.

Peter SIGHS, considers the eyepatch in his hands and the monitor before him, displaying the BLUE SCREEN OF DEATH.

His deskmate, ALF (19), a boyishly basic bro, stares at his screen which displays pixelated gobbledygook. Peter waves his hand in front of Alf's unpatched eye. He doesn't blink.

Peter sits back, takes a deep breath. Centers himself.

Hook, crouched behind a BIRD OF PARADISE, spies hungrily as Peter STRETCHES the eyepatch elastic around his head... SNAP. It's on.

Hook pumps his fist and TAKES OFF SPRINTING in the other direction. While we return to Peter:

**PUPIL DILATING. EXPANDING WITH THOSE SWIRLING DARK COLORS UNTIL IT FILLS THE SCREEN.**

**START MONTAGE:**

**EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - DAY**

Peter standing on a rock in the middle of the ocean, surrounded by thick fog. He turns in a circle: nothing but water and fog.

**INT. LONG HALLWAY - DAY**

SLOW-MO: Hook SPRINTING, wild-eyed.

**EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK**

A shadow floating toward us through the mist... a boat?

No... a NEST with a GIANT WHITE EGG, bobbing toward us.

**INT. HOOK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hook skids into his office and somersaults under his desk.

**INT. BOOTI HQ - DAY**

Peter sitting back in his chair, stoic, in The NeverMind fugue.

A PASSERBY glances at Peter's monitor and stops in her tracks.

**EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - DAY**

The great white egg. So smooth. So white. Perfect form.

**INT. HOOK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hook snaps on an eyepatch and pecks at his monitor. His jaw drops.

**INT. BOOTI HQ - DAY**

A crowd of TECHIES huddled around Peter, watching his monitor in varying states of interest.

**EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - DAY**

The smooth white eggshell start to DARKEN and TEXTURIZE, forming SCALES. Reptilian.

As a swirling wind picks up and whips away the fog, Peter looks out over the dark water and sees:

A GREAT BLACK WAVE RISING IN THE DISTANCE.

**INT. HOOK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hook's breathing quickens.

**INT. BLACKNESS**

A GIMP in a black latex bodysuit, suspended spread eagle, bound by the wrists and ankles. Disembodied HANDS crawl all over him, CLAWING, PINCHING, PROBING.

**EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - DAY**

THE BLACK REPTILIAN EGG.

PECK. PECK. TICK. TOCK. PECK. PECK. THE SHELL CRACKS--

**INT. HOOK'S OFFICE - DAY**

We HEAR a THUNDEROUS WAVE CRASHING as the **THE CUBE EXPLODES WITH COLOR AND GIANT BLOCK LETTERS FLOAT IN MIDAIR:**

**"GOOD FORM"**

In pure rapture, Hook falls back into his chair, which SPLASHES around him like liquid.

THE CUBE is SWIRLING FRACTALS of PSYCHEDELIC GLITTERING LAVA.

Hook dances with absolute abandon. Losing himself.

**END MONTAGE.****INT. BOOTI HQ - DAY**

Peter just sitting there. Staring at his monitor. He SNEEZES.

ALF  
Gesundheit.

**(Alf's voice is dubbed over with a young child's.)**

Peter shakes the cobwebs loose, takes his eyepatch off.

ALF  
It's funny, everybody sneezes the  
first time. I'm Alf.

PETER  
Peter.

ALF  
Oh I know. You're special.  
(wink)

Peter can't tell if Alf's mocking him.

Peter looks at his monitor: A GREEN "WALK" ICON FLASHES WITH A  
5 MINUTE COUNTDOWN. The timer on Alf's monitor is almost done.

ALF  
Take five. Every hour, you gotta  
take a five minute walk. Them's the  
rules.

PETER  
How long was I...?

ALF  
An hour.

PETER  
It felt like...

ALF  
A second? Best part of working  
here. The days just fly right by.

His monitor RINGS LIKE AN OLD ALARM CLOCK, so he straps on his  
eyepatch and just like that enters The NeverMind fugue state.

Peter gets up to take a walk and scratch his head. He takes a  
few steps then staggers, grabs a chair for balance, BLINKS  
HARD--

> CUT TO BLACK.

Well not exactly. It's those pale swirling colors again:

OLD MAN (V.O.)  
 If you shut your eyes and are a  
 lucky one, you may see at times a  
 shapeless pool of lovely pale  
 colors suspended in the  
 darkness...

TICK, TOCK, tongue clicking.

OLD MAN (V.O.)  
 If you squeeze your eyes tighter,  
 the pool begins to take shape...

TICK, TOCK.

OLD MAN (V.O.)  
 And the colors become so vivid  
 that with another squeeze they  
 must go on fire... But just before  
 they go on fire you see it.

CUT TO:

PETER'S EYES OPENING. Light refracted off water plays on his  
 face as he stares drunkenly down at a SHOT OF BLACK LIQUOR...

MERMAID (O.S.)  
 Go on, take yer medicine.

Peter keeps staring at the dark liquid, is it swirling?  
 Suddenly, Peter jolts--

PETER  
 Oww! Don't fucking pinch me!

REVEAL:

**INT. THE MERMAIDS' LAGOON - DAY**

A figurative dive bar, where a literal MERMAID in a scallop  
 shell bikini tends bar from an aquatic grotto. She and Tink  
 hold aloft shots of FERGET (like Fernet, but blacker), awaiting  
 Peter's cheers.

TINK  
 Then don't fucking space out in  
 the middle of a fucking salute to  
 your fucking health and shit.

PETER  
 Your penchant for pinching is  
 (MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
literally your worst quality.

TINK  
Yeah well your appetite for  
alliteration is annoying AF.

MERMAID  
Ahh Ferget it!

She takes her shot and leaves Tink and Peter to it.

PETER  
Hear hear! To forgetting.

TINK  
To YOU. Your job does not  
define you.

CLINK. They drink. Clearly not their first.

TINK  
So what is it anyway,  
The NeverMind?

PETER  
Proprietary.

TINK  
Proprietary what?

PETER  
I dunno, some kind of AI that  
syncs with your--

POOF! THE NDA GAVEL APPEARS ABOVE HIS HEAD.

TINK  
Yooo?

PETER  
Ah shit, that's my NDA. Guess I  
can't really talk about it, not  
that I understand it anyway.

TINK  
But like, how do they make money?

PETER  
Advertising?

TINK  
Fucking pirates.

THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR TINKLES: right on cue, enter a pair of pirates, Cecco and STARKEY (35).

Peter hides behind Tink, hoping they don't see him--

TINK  
Sup BOOTi-lickers?

CECCO  
Fuck you, fairy, eating ass  
is hip!

He makes an OK hand and tongues it.

TINK  
Not anymore, you officially just  
ruined it.

The pirates ROAR with laughter and belly up at the far end of the bar. Tink turns to Peter, shook.

TINK  
Yo, I'm shook. White dudes  
boasting about eating butts? Man,  
these motherfuckers appropriate  
everything!

PETER  
Blame the internet.

TINK  
We can't have nothin'  
for ourselves!

PETER  
Imitation is flattery?

TINK  
Imitation is FLATTENING culture.  
Feel me?

PETER  
Oh dang.

TINK  
Remember when this place used to  
be a proper dive? Before it turned  
into a fucking salad bar.

She sniffs an exotic sprig of some herb from the buffet of mixology sundries lining the bar.

MERMAID  
Hey!  
(MORE)

MERMAID (CONT'D)

Do not be messin' with me odds  
and bobs.

She pours a bunch of shit in a shaker.

MERMAID

Bloody pirates always order the  
most complicated cocktails.

She hands Peter a sprig of herbs.

MERMAID

Slap this.

Peter claps the herbs in his hands. Mermaid discards the herbs,  
takes Peter's hand and DUNKS it in the shaker.

MERMAID

What am I forgetting? Oh yeah.

She places a MINIATURE MOTORCYCLE RAMP down on the bar with a  
series of RINGS which she-- FWOOSH! lights on fire with a  
BLOWTORCH.

She sets down a taxidermy WHITE RAT on a toy motorcycle, and  
his PREGNANT RAT WIFE next to him, then SPRINKLES FAIRY DUST ON  
THEM AND THEY COME TO LIFE:

**START STOP-MOTION:**

*Wife is crying, trying to squeak the Daredevil out of it: it's  
too dangerous! Think of our unborn child growing up without his  
father etc!*

*But he won't be dissuaded. I'm doing this for you, for our  
family, I'm doing this for our unborn child (bullshit, guy's an  
adrenaline junkie, a selfish egomaniac, but ANYWAY, u love who  
u love).*

He straps on his helmet, kisses his wife, and faces his  
destiny. It's time. He revs his engine-- ROAR! Doesn't notice  
the gasoline leaking from the tank... His wife does and calls  
out, but it's too late!

SKIRRR! He BURNS rubber and he's off, thundering toward the  
ramp (**in the BG we see Peter and Tink's rapt faces**), his little  
scarf blowing in the wind, his pink tail flapping behind him,  
gasoline wicking off it...

The speedometer climbs into the RED just as he hits the ramp  
and launches into the air...

SOARING THROUGH THE RINGS OF FIRE... he's going to make it!

CLOSE ON HIS WIFE'S HOPEFUL FACE.

AND PETER AND TINK'S TOO.

MERMAID ROLLS HER EYES: she knows how this ends.

He's cleared the final ring! Buuuut his gasoline soaked tail drags through a LICK OF FLAME and FFFWABOOM!

He goes up like a roman candle.

Peter and Tink clutch each other and wince.

Wife cradles her husband's CHARRED AND SMOKING CORPSE in her arms and CRIES--

An EYEDROPPER slurps up her tears.

**END STOP-MOTION.**

Mermaid drips the tears into the shaker and shakes it over toward the pirates.

TINK

Hella extra.

Peter is WEEPING; Tink consults a menu.

TINK

Yo what's that drink called?

HONK! Peter blows his nose, manages to choke out:

PETER

He [SOB] sacrificed [SOB] everything!

TINK

I'm sure he had daredevil insurance, dude, she's set, kid's gonna grow up with a swimming pool.

PETER

Nnnkay. I need another drink.

TINK

Aren't you supposed to get dinner with The Wendy?

PETER

Fuuuuugh. I need to sober up.

He dabs the fairy dust on the bar with his pinkie and gums it.

TINK  
I got you.

She passes him a baggie under the bar.

PETER  
What would I do without you?

**INT. RESTROOMS - DAY**

Peter barrels into the GENDER NEUTRAL RESTROOMS, pushes open the first stall--

KA-KAAAH!!! There's A GIANT WHITE BIRD NESTING ON THE TOILET.

PETER  
Oh shit my bad.

Peter slams the door and tries the next stall: VACANT.

He busts out a baggie of FAIRY DUST (like cocaine, but glitter!) And pours a fat rail along his thumb. SNORK!

PUPILS DILATE AND SWIRL WITH DARK COLORS.

He looks down: there's a BIG FAT TURD in the toilet, CURLED IN PERFECT BLACK SPIRAL. Peter kicks the FLUSHER-- FWOOSH!  
CUT TO:

Peter checks himself out in the mirror, wipes his nose, fusses his hair, fixes his tie-- fairy dust has him feeling slick until-- TICK TOCK, that WET TONGUE CLICKING.

Peter GASPS, BEHIND HIM IN THE MIRROR, UNDER THE STALL:

A PAIR OF REPTILIAN MONSTER FEET. TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK...

Peter frozen in fear, holds his breath...

CLICK: THE STALL LOCK OPENS--

Peter spins around-- THE STALL IS EMPTY.

Peter rips off his tie and struggles to catch his breath.

A LOBSTER TANK. RUBBER BANDS ON THEIR CLAWS.

CUT TO:

WENDY (O.S.)  
You didn't wear the tie?

**INT. THEE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

A fancified diner. Wendy and Peter in a booth.

PETER

No I did. I took it off at  
the Lagoon.  
(oops)

WENDY

The Lagoon?

PETER

Yeah, met a couple coworkers for  
happy hour. Needed to unwind after  
punching the old clock.  
(shadowboxes)

WENDY

Aww you made some new friends?

Peter rolls his eyes and pretends to study the menu, while Wendy studies him: he's jittery. A long silence.

WENDY

Whatcha thinkin'?

PETER

The word STAR backwards is RATS.  
Which raises a lot of interesting  
questions-- I think.

WENDY

Yeah? I mean food-wise.

PETER

Oh, right, well, food for thought:  
shooting star, shooting rats. I  
dunno, I'm not super hungry.  
Snacked all day at work. They've  
got those, you know, snack  
stations everywhere...

Wendy's eyebrows are emoting as Peter rambles into his menu.

PETER

The FroYo setup is insane. You'd  
love it. Boba, kombucha...  
(drops his menu on the table)  
I dunno, what have you heard?

WENDY

What have I heard?

PETER

Food-wise. I mean I assume you read up on this place in advance, did your homework-- should we ask our server?

He looks around, floundering, grabs his glass of water.

PETER

Was this here when we got here?

He's sweating, takes a long drink.

WENDY

(concerned)

Peter?

PETER

Hmm?

A SERVER in a full MIME getup appears.

SERVER

Have y'all dined with us before?

WENDY

No, but we--

SERVER

--Great, so let me tell you a little about how things work. We are a traditional *res-tau-rant*, so we do recommend that you order food, photograph it, post it on social media, and then eat it. Any questions? Great. Has Blinky been by to take your balloon animal order?

BLINKY THE CLOWN appears behind her, giving her a frighten.

SERVER

Oops! There he is!

Peter's face lights up in the most exaggerated and childlike way, so pure and joyful and wide-eyed that when Wendy sees it she can't help but remember why she loves him so. And how she worries...

PETER

Ooo I want a dinosaur-- a pterodactyl-- no: a platypus. Did you know that platypus-- platypi?  
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Platypuses dream more than any other animal. They get the most REM sleep. Does that make sense? Can you do a platypus?

BLINK BLINK (when Blinky blinks it makes the CARTOON XYLOPHONE SFX).

PETER

Hmm, or should I go with the classic poodle? That's like the purest expression of balloon animal, you know, like the poodle is a real test of the clown's-- clown?

BLINK BLINK.

PETER

Artist? Artist's ability. There's no hiding behind the poodle. A real artist can take an old classic and put their own unique twist on it. Twist, ha.

(at Wendy)

What do you want?

WENDY

Oh... Could I have a hat, please?

PETER

Yes! You should get a crown!

BLINK BLINK.

WENDY

Peter, your nose is bleeding!

PETER

Oh shit.

He rushes to the bathroom, leaving Wendy and Blinky blinking.

POP! A balloon pops, startling Wendy.

CUT TO:

Peter exits the bathroom with tissue shoved up one nostril. He stops short at the end of the HALLWAY:

The restaurant is full of BABIES.

CRYING babies. DROOLING babies. NURSING babies. CHORTLING, GURGLING, SLEEPING babies.

How did he not notice all the babies?

In high chairs. In prams. On laps. Cradled in the arms of their MOTHERS. All the mothers!

SHOOSHING mothers. ADORING mothers. BREASTFEEDING mothers. WINING, DINING, TIRED mothers.

And poor WENDY, patient, lovely Wendy, sitting alone, wearing a thorny CROWN OF ROSES. On the table in front of her:

A BLACK BALLOON POODLE.

Peter overwhelmed, staggers backwards, turns and flees into

**THE KITCHEN**

Pushing past the NATIVE AMERICAN kitchen staff.

Cooking EGGS. Scrambled. Egg salad. Deviled.

Peter grabs a bottle of wine and shoves out the BACK DOOR--

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

--Running into a DARK FIGURE:

Blinky The Clown, on his vape break. He blows the most EPIC CLOUD OF VAPOR into Peter's face... Then hands him a twisted indistinguishable TANGLE OF BALLOON.

PETER

What is it?

BLINKY

It's a platypus. Use your fuckin' imagination.

He shoulders past Peter, back into the restaurant.

The "platypus" DEFLATES FLATULENTLY.

Peter takes a long chug of wine. Tries to calm his nerves. Alone in a dark alley.

A WHIMPER. A GROWL. Peter squints into the dark.

SCRATCHING. WHINING. Pathetic.

Peter approaches a dumpster... THE WHIMPERING LOUDER...

More wine, for courage. Peter peers behind the dumpster:

A DOG KENNEL. TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING BUT A GLINT OF EYES.  
Peter FLICKS his LIGHTER--

CRACK: He drops the wine bottle in shock.

INSIDE THE KENNEL IS A MAN.

PETER

The fuck?

Peter crouches, edges closer... as the man presses his face  
against the grate and WHIMPERS.

PETER

Mr. Dar-Lin?

Indeed: Wendy's father, MR. DAR-LIN (65) in suit and tie, he  
SUDDENLY SNARLS and SNAPS and LUNGES against the grate.

Peter falls back on his ass as Mr. Dar-Lin GROWLS and BARKS.

PETER

Nope. Nah-ah. Fuck this.

He gets to his feet and turns to go-- when SUDDEN SILENCE  
chills him. Then: TICK TOCK, the clicking tongue.

Peter turns to see: THE CRATE SHAKING VIOLENTLY, MR. DAR-LIN  
TRANSFORMING--

Peter RUNS-- of course the alley is a DEAD END. A FIRE ESCAPE  
ladder hangs just out of reach. TICK TOCK.

Peter looks back to see the SILHOUETTE OF THE BEAST:

HALF-CROCODILE, HALF-HUMAN, PLUS TENTACLES. We'll call it the  
CLOCKODILE, owing to its signature tongue click.

TICK TOCK. Just standing there. TICK TOCK.

Peter takes one step back. The Clockodile takes one  
step forward.

That's enough for Peter. He parkour rebounds off the wall and  
leaps for the FIRE ESCAPE: got it! He starts climbing.

A TENTACLE GRABS HIS FOOT-- and YANKS his shoe off.  
Peter climbs.

#### **EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Peter makes it to the roof, out of breath. He sees a figure  
sitting on the far edge and runs over:

It's Tink, presenting female in a dazzling short sequined dress, dangling her feet over the edge, drinking beer, taking in the view of NEVERLAND, and across the water, the TWINKLING SKYLINE of "THE CITY."

**(Neverland is like Brooklyn if it were a tropical island. "The City" is just some distant glowing idea, its skyline always changing...)**

PETER

Tink, what are you doing?

TINK

Chillin. What it look like?

She pats the ledge next to her: have a seat.

He squints over his shoulder, as if he can't quite remember what he was running from...

TINK

Beer.

She hands him a beer. He sits. Cracks it. Fuck that's good.

TINK

You get in a fight?

PETER

Huh? Oh. Nosebleed.

TINK

That's why you got two.

She shoves a key bump under his other nostril. SNIFF.

PETER

You're a bad influence.

TINK

Says the guy with one shoe. ...I ain't make you jump, I just brought you over to the edge.

PETER

We used to be able to fly.

TINK

Pssh, still can.

PETER

We used to run this shit.

TINK  
Still do.

PETER  
But the hangovers...

TINK  
Pssh...

They sip beers and gaze at the stars reflected on the water.

PETER  
She said I need to "grow up."

TINK  
You don't.

PETER  
Said I needed to get a "real job."

TINK  
You did.

PETER  
I put on a tie.

TINK  
A fucking tie.

PETER  
What's next, a ring and a baby?

TINK  
This is boring.

PETER  
Huh?

TINK  
You're fucking boring me, man.  
You're a handsome straight cis  
white dude. Your fucking  
melancholy isn't interesting to  
me.

PETER  
Well what the fuck, I don't get to  
have problems?

TINK  
Nah you can have problems, you  
just don't get to invent them.

She puts her arm around him... and SHOVES HIM OFF THE EDGE.

Peter falls, pavement rushing upward, he closes his eyes, bracing for impact--

None comes. He opens his eyes.

**EXT. THE SKY - NIGHT**

He's flying through the starry sky.

The stars have FACES that WINK at him. Peter winks back, showing off his fancy flying, barrel rolls and loop de loops.

He swirls BEHIND the stars and sees that their BACKSIDES are RAT FACES.

AHHHHHH! A SCREAMING RAT WHIZZES PAST: a shooting star.

Another nearly takes Peter out, spinning him around. What gives?

He hears a CHORUS OF SCREAMS and sees the rats are fleeing from a DARK NEBULA: A CLOUD OF DARKSTARS FORMING INTO THE SHAPE OF THE CLOCKODILE.

Peter SCREAMS and joins the SHOWER OF SHOOTING RATS, hurtling toward the Earth! Peter BURNS BRIGHT like a comet as he and the SCREAMING RATS BLAZE THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE.

**EXT. KENSINGTON PARK - NIGHT**

Alf and his exquisite boyfriend STEPHENESQUE (21) are engaged in a make-out sesh on a picnic blanket on a GRASSY KNOLL. A SHOOTING STAR catches Alf's eye.

ALF

Shooting star! Make a wish.

Stephenesque gazes at the stars and thinks real hard... his beautiful brow furrowing deeper and deeper...

Because another shooting star has appeared and another and another aaaaand they're getting brighter aaaaand they're headed for the park!

Alf SCREAMS and pulls the blanket over them AS FLAMING RATS RAIN DOWN FROM THE SKY!

And finally: PETER TOO, SCREAMING INTO THE TREES OF THE FOREST BEYOND THE KNOLL-- CRASH!

Alf and Stephenesque peek out from under the blanket:

THE DARK WOODS... RUSTLING... FOREBODING FLAPPING WINGS...

Alf holds Stephenesque tight.

AS A DARK FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE TREELINE:

Peter Panic, charred and slightly smoking, dressed in a **SUIT OF LEAVES**.

A FLOCK OF RAVENS TAKE FLIGHT FROM BEHIND HIM.

Peter glances back into the woods, then takes off **SPRINTING DOWN THE KNOLL...** Past totally bewildered Alf and Stephenesque.

**EXT. STREETS OF NEVERLAND - NIGHT**

Peter running through the empty streets.

At a **THREE-WAY INTERSECTION** he rounds a CORNER and **SKIDS TO A HALT**. Blocking his path:

Hook sits at a **HARPSICHORD**, his **GANG** of **TECH PIRATES** behind him, dressed in their pirate finest, **ARMED** to the gold teeth:

Swords. Tasers. Hoverboards.

Hook cracks his knuckles and begins to play the harpsichord:

**Young Bleed's "The Day They Make Me Boss"**

<https://spoti.fi/2uMf3TZ>

As his sneering gang advances toward Peter, Hook leaves his hand behind to continue playing. He attaches a **HOOK** to his stump and leads his gang's sinister march as Peter backpedal.

HOOK

You're one of us now, Peter. Face  
it, we're not so different, you  
and me.

Peter wheels and runs-- into

A **HORSE**, which **WHINNIES** and **REARS UP**, nearly kicking Peter. The rider is

**TIGER LILY (29)**, Native American **SJW**, bare breasted feminist, thicc bad bitch, warpaint on her face.

Backed by her **GANG** of **ACTIVISTS** in Native ceremonial attire, armed with tomahawks and bows.

Tiger Lily points at Peter and the pirates.

TIGER LILY

Gentrifiers! Appropriators!  
Oppressors!

PETER

Nah, nah, I'm not with them.

He raises his hands and backs into the intersection, turning toward the third and final street:

Where he finds Wendy, Tink and the LOST FOLK COLLECTIVE decked out in all their hipster/artist/fairy glory, wielding a diverse array of weapons:

Bike chains, pots and pans, boiling pots of single-origin coffee.

Mr. Dar-Lin lunges out from behind Wendy on a chain, GROWLING.

Peter in the middle of the intersection as the THREE RIVAL GANGS circle around him:

THE PIRATES, THE NATIVES, THE LOST FOLK. READY TO RUMBLE.

Peter spins, PUSHED and PULLED from all sides, he looks down to find his SWORD in his hand.

PETER

STOP!

EVERYONE SUDDENLY STOPS. AND DROPS TO THEIR KNEES. AND EXTENDS THEIR ARMS TOWARD PETER, AS IF SUDDENLY BLOWN IN HIS DIRECTION.

MOUTHS OPEN. FROZEN. DEAD SILENT.

Then, that awful sound: TICK TOCK.

Peter turns the circle, breath shaking, inspecting all those expectant faces:

Hook, Smee, Cecco, Tiger Lily, PANTHER, LEAN WOLF, Tootles, Tink, Wendy.

CLINK. Peter drops his sword. THE MANHOLE GRATE next to it GRINDS OPEN... TICK TOCK.

Peter hyperventilating, drops to his knees. TICK TOCK.

From the manhole behind him emerges **THE CLOCKODILE**.

Its black scales like the cracked crust of an ancient desert. Its bottomless eyes swirling with those pale dark colors. Its teeth infinite, inescapable. Its tongue slimy as a decomposing corpse.

The monster rises behind Peter as he hangs his head. TICK--

Peter looks up-- THE CLOCKODILE ENVELOPS HIM AND YANKS HIM UNDERGROUND.

CUT TO:

BLACK. TRUE BLACK THIS TIME, OVER WHICH WE HEAR: Peter having a **PANIC ATTACK**, CRYING, MOANING, RAVING; and Wendy comforting him:

PETER (V.O.)  
No, it's not, it's not.  
It's coming, it's  
coming. You can't stop  
it. No, no, it's real  
it's real. You can't--  
it's not fair, no, it's  
not fair! There's no  
going back. Come away,  
come away!

WENDY (V.O.)  
Shh, shh, it's OK, it's  
OK. You're just having  
a panic attack. This  
will pass, this will  
pass. Shh, shh. Nothing  
is permanent. You're  
OK, you're OK. Shhh.

CUT TO:

**INT. PETER'S LOFT - NIGHT**

Peter asleep on Wendy's breast. She strokes his head and stares into the dark. Wide awake.

**EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - SUNRISE**

Peter stands alone on Marooner's Rock.

Facing the wind, staring out at the horizon.

Uncertain.

HOOK'S PIRATE SHIP approaching from behind.

END OF PILOT.