

**H O O K!**

**The Return of the Captain**

**Story By**

**JIM HART & NICK CASTLE**

**Screenplay by**

**JIM HART**

**Based on the characters created by  
Sir James M. Barrie in his novels  
PETER & WENDY, 1911, Chas. Scribner  
THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD OF KENSINGTON GARDENS,  
1902, Chas. Scribner  
PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, 1906,  
Chas. Scribner**

**NICK CASTLE - DIRECTOR  
GARY ADELSON & CRAIG BAUMGARTEN - PRODUCERS  
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"All children, except one, grow up."

--James Barrie, page 1.

"To die will be an awfully big adventure."

--Peter Pan

"No little children love me."

--Captain James Hook

HOOK!

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

MUSIC

Waters part. A dark Brigantine passes on evil parade. Its banner flies--A SKELETON PIRATE holding an HOURGLASS in one hand and a BLOODY HEART in the other.

INT. SHIP'S HOLD - LIMBO

MUSIC

Treasure chests overflow with the riches of 7, no 14 seas! Smoke rings waft over mounds of pearls and precious stones. TWO HAVANAS glow from an unusual twin stemmed cigar holder in the f.g. An elegantly evil voice ECHOES...

ELEGANT VOICE (OC)

Oh there's no place like home...

An ivory "gentleman's box" opens REVEALING: CUSTOM HAND CRAFTED HOOKS, properly labeled "For every occasion", "Formal", etc., diamond encrusted, gold, platinum...

ELEGANT VOICE (OC)

..There is no-oo place like home...  
--Be it ever so humble--

FINGERS on a slender left hand dance like a concert pianist over the array lifting the hook labeled, "Classic"--JAMMING IT with a METALLIC CLANK where the right hand should be.

ELEGANT VOICE (OC)

--there's no place like--hooOOOMEee!

--THE CLASSIC HOOK SLAMS DOWN INTO THE TABLE--

CUT TO:

EXT. PERFECT BLUE SKY - DAY

MAINTITLES

SUPER: "ALL CHILDREN, EXCEPT ONE, GROW UP....."

We are flying--up the Thames River. Present day London gleams in the afternoon sun. We glide over Big Bend to Westminster Bridge, St. James Park, Buckingham Palace, to the rows of townhouses along Kensington Gardens. There's a familiar one. #14. Garret double windows open to the world.

LIZA (OC)

Wendy!?.....Wen--dyyyy?

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S NURSERY - WINDOW - DAY                    TITLES CONT'D

We've seen this window before. The very one we remember Peter Pan coming and going through when we were young.

REVEAL: WENDY SILHOUETTED at the window, her back to us, languidly brushing her long flowing hair--

LIZA (OC)

Wendy Mum--thought I'd be finding you here,

LIZA ENTERS all excited and flustered setting down a box of vintage toys. The corpulent Irish Housekeeper has been running the Darling house for decades. She talks a bluestreak.

LIZA

Let's be getting you dressed now.  
You'll want to be looking your best.

WENDY

I was just tidying up my memory, Liza.  
It seems I've spent a great deal of  
my life waiting at this window.

Her gentle voice still wistful, but regal; aged with grace.

LIZA

(taking over the brush)

Excuse me for saying, but you're  
having a hospital named after you  
this evening for helping orphans and  
homeless children--not for staring  
out windows--

Wendy pats Liza's hand with her own. Her hand is old. Much older. But her laugh still tinkles like glass. Liza worries about Wendy when she gets like this.

LIZA

You won't be worrying about Peter  
now, Wendy Mum. He'll be here. He's  
flying home this very moment--

Liza points out the open window as if expecting Peter to fly right in and land.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. STORMY SKY - DAY

TITLES CONTINUED

THUNDER CRACKS! LIGHTNING FLASHES! A BRITISH AIRWAYS 747 bucks the storm like a wild horse.

INT. 747 - MOVING DOWN THE AISLE - CONTINUING ACTION

The transatlantic flight from hell. PASSENGERS show little concern in the slamdunk turbulence. They're pros.

Except for PETER BANNING. 35--boyish good looks--tie at half mast--sweating bullets. White knuckles on his arm rests. He's holding on for dear life--drowning his fear of flying in another scotch--

PETER

(worry wart)

Jack--Jack?--

JACK BANNING, age 11, pitches his baseball into the air next to Peter.

PETER

--You're going to hit the ceiling--the oxygen masks will fall out--

JACK

Good--I can't breathe.

Anything to annoy his dad--the ball ricochets off the ceiling and knocks Peter's drink into his lap. Jack cringes. Uh oh. Big trouble.

PETER

(gasp 2-3-4-)

Moira---

MOIRA DARLING BANNING, early 30's, a natural beauty, tries to read in the row behind. Her English accent soothing. Ever patient, ever understanding.

MOIRA

Peter....?

PETER

Switch.

Peter stands in the aisle with his wet crotch--nervous face. Moira gives him a sympathetic hug.

PETER

I'm not going to make it to my next birthday.

MOIRA

You're not going to die without a phone and a fax machine. Okay. Relax.

Relax? Peter is about to throw up.

Peter sits down next to MAGGIE BANNING, age 5; magic marker all over her hands and face--surrounded by wads of drawing paper, teddy bear, a Doll, Goldfish crackers--He instantly panics. She's not buckled in. He cinches her too tight--

MAGGIE

Daddy--I can't breathe--

PETER

(reluctantly loosens the belt)  
Tell me when it's 2 fingers, Princess.

Maggie measures the slack in the belt. "2 fingers". Peter collapses back, trying to get a grip and act calm.

PETER

Can you show Daddy what you're drawing?

MAGGIE

--That's me. Aren't I cute. That's you--

The picture. A big plane CRASHES IN FLAMES into a sea full of sharks which are eating everyone--EXCEPT MAGGIE AND PETER--who are both descending in parachutes.

PETER

(big gulp)  
That's really...nice, Princess.  
But we...don't have parachutes...

The 747 BANKS sharply and DROPS like a rollercoaster. Maggie WHOOPS with glee--Peter grips his seatrests. This is it. He's going to die!

Jack hangs over the seat with a devilish grin--

JACK

Yo--Dad--the wing's gone--

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHROW - CUSTOMS/IMMIGRATION - DAY - TITLES CONT'D

LINES OF TRAVELERS lug bags, doze standing up, babies cry--same grim looks on their faces. Except for the BANNINGS. They look grimmer. No--grimmer. Peter herds everyone, holding Maggie, her Teddy Bear and enough carry-on bags for 8 people. Jack pops his ball in his glove. Moira lugs more carry-on bags.

PETER

Jack--stay close--Moira? Passports?

Moira holds them up for the 37th time.

PETER

Stay together. We're moving.

Peter herds all the bags and family and MOVES 6 INCHES to the CUSTOMS MAN. We see it in Peter's face. This is hell.

TIGHT ON PASSPORTS - THE BANNING FAMILY

Moirra the calm; Jack the gross, exposing his retainer; Maggie the bubbling; and Peter--the "type-A stressed-out-male-heart-attack-poster".

CUSTOMS MAN

(stamping passports)

Moirra Darling Banning, Jack--Mmmmm,  
Peter Banning--And where is your  
little girl--Margaret?

PETER

Here she is. Right here.

--raising the teddy bear's hand. Maggie is not on the other end. Peter pales, instant panic, dropping all the bags--

PETER

(searching the crowd)

MAGGIEEEEEEEEEEE!

Silence engulfs the room. All heads turn to Peter--ashen.

MAGGIE

Daddy--Daddy--haf to go to the bathroom.

She's right behind him. Jack groans, humiliated. Moira shrugs an apology to the world. Peter flushes red--taking Maggie's hand.

EXT. HEATHROW - CAB CUE - DAY

TITLES CONT'D

London Taxis pull up and load PASSENGERS. Peter moves Jack 2 inches back behind the yellow line with Maggie and Moira as if it were radioactive. Jack is really annoyed.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY

TITLES CONT'D

The statue of Queen Victoria reigns over Round Pond. A traffic jam inches past Kensington Palace in the b.g.

INT. LONDON TAXI - KENSINGTON ROAD - BARELY MOVING

Peter is engrossed figuring exchange rates on his electronic filofax. Maggie sits in Moira's lap taking in the sights at the window.

MOIRA

That's where Princess Di lives--  
And there's Kensington Gardens. Can  
you tell me what famous statue's there?

MAGGIE

"Peter Pan"--

Maggie leans out for a better view. Moira holds onto her.

PETER

(without looking up)

Head inside.

Maggie "knee-jerks" her head back inside.

Jack, tuned out on his Walkman, beats a rhythm on the seat.  
Peter reaches out and grabs his hand without looking up.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - THE PETER PAN STATUE - DAY

Dedicated in 1912. The Boy who never wanted to grow-up.

SUPER: DIRECTOR TITLE CARD

CUT TO:

EXT. #14 KENSINGTON - HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN - SUNSET

The Bannings pile from the Taxi and head to the front door  
lugging bags. Moira runs a comb through Maggie's hair.

PETER

Remember, she's very old and doesn't  
need a lot of noisy children running  
around--Jack--can you hear me?

Jack walks the garden wall like a tightrope, enjoying  
himself and the music in his head. Peter pulls him down.

PETER

You're going to break your neck--  
(smoothing Maggie's clothes)  
Now listen you two--one word--"manners."  
Use your napkin. Close the bathroom  
door. Don't touch anything. Remember  
who you are.

Peter reaches to ring. THE DOOR OPENS INSTANTLY. A sad OLD  
MAN peers out at them. Catatonic.

PETER

---Uncle Tootles--hello--

UNCLE TOOTLES takes one look at Peter and slams the door.  
Maggie thinks it's funny. Jack ducks to leave.

JACK  
I'm outta here, dudes.

Peter stops him. "Very funny". The DOOR OPENS AGAIN. LIZA!

LIZA  
Welcome home--

Hugs--squeals--laughter--as Liza leads them in.

Peter lingers--staring up 5 floors to the Nursery window.  
Is it the height that scares him--or something else?

INT. #14 - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUING ACTION

A grand antique-filled affair with a chandeleir hanging in  
the center. Liza leads them in, talking non-stop.

LIZA  
Ah poor Uncle Tootles. He's not hissef  
today...Most days lately...

UNCLE TOOTLES is visible in the Dining Room swaying back  
and forth before a collection of vintage sailing SHIPS IN  
BOTTLES lining the mantle.

LIZA  
Oh, Mr. Banning, before I forget--  
your office called 3 times--at least.

PETER  
Thanks Liza--  
(aside to Moira)  
Great. What did I tell you--

He spots Jack trying to jump and touch the chandeleir. He  
motions sternly "over here"--Jack schlumps to him.

LIZA  
Wendy Mum is so anxious to see you--

She pauses at the formal parlor doors. Peter and Moira look  
around. Maggie's gone again.

PETER'S POV - THE DINING ROOM

Maggie is beside Tootles. He makes wind sounds holding out  
his arms...as if flying. Childlike. Maggie raises her arms  
and sways with him, giggling. Tootles smiles--Contact.

PETER  
(motioning)  
Maggie--don't bother Tootles--

MAGGIE

(skipping to him flapping her arms)  
Uncle Tootles is going to teach me to fly.

PETER

Fine. Good. Be nice.

JACK

He can't even talk, dorkette

Peter stares Jack into silence. Maggie glances back at--  
TOOTLES, still swaying in front of the ships. Out of it.

INT. PARLOR - LIZA SWINGS THE DOORS OPEN

The Banning Family snap-to flashing smiles. Peter whips  
Jack's ball cap from his head--

REVEAL: WENDY ANGELA MOIRA DARLING

92 years young! Sitting regally in her favorite wing chair.  
Her hair silvery white. But her eyes still so very young  
and so alive. Her smile warm--beckoning to the children.

Peter nudges Maggie, "just like you practiced". Maggie  
curtsies. Granny Wendy melts, opening her arms.

GRANNY WENDY

Such a young lady. Come here. I haven't  
seen you since you were but a nib---

Maggie rushes to her--

PETER

Careful--Granny Wendy might break--

GRANNY WENDY

Oh, pooh. You're Daddy's turning  
into a fusspot in his old age--

Granny pats her thighs--Maggie jumps in her lap, hugging  
her tight. Granny looks at Jack and feigns shock.

WENDY

This couldn't be Jack. Who's this giant?

Jack is embarrassed by all Granny Wendy's affection. Peter  
nods to Jack in that way that means "go on, do it".

JACK

Gran--I'm s'posed to congratulate  
you--for getting that kid's hospital  
named after you. That's really rad.

GRANNY WENDY  
I am, am I? Is "rad" good?

Jack nods giving some "attitude".

MAGGIE  
Are you the really real "Wendy",  
Granny? Jack says you're not--

JACK  
Chill out, scuzzbrain.

PETER  
(intervening)  
Kids. Manners.

MOIRA  
(hugging her)  
Gran--the house looks beautiful and  
so do you?

GRANNY WENDY  
Dear Moira--I look like a prune.  
(takes a long look at Peter)  
Hullo, Peter. How's my "favorite orphan"?

PETER  
(pecks her on the cheek)  
--Fine. A little jetlag. Sorry we cut  
it so close. I'm up to my ears at the  
office--Just couldn't get away--

Granny eyes Moira for help. Moira shrugs "he's hopeless".

PETER  
(continuing)  
We thought Maggie had an ear infection--

GRANNY WENDY  
(in her best Queen's English)  
Oh, Peter--do chill out--

He does. Jack loves it. Maggie giggles.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter paces on the phone, now pulling on tux pants and  
shirt--He fumbles fastening his studs--cardiac intense.

PETER (on phone)  
We're not "folding our tent"---

Moira appears, stunning in her evening dress. She needs a zip-up. Peter cradles the phone, zipping her up--

PETER (on phone)

I don't care what you have to do--do it.  
(hangs up, major tension)  
They're going crazy without me there.

MOIRA

And we're going crazy with you here.

She forces his mouth into a smile with her fingers.

MOIRA

Honestly, Peter. We haven't had two minutes alone in weeks. You never see the kids. When you do--you make every one crazy.

PETER

C'mon--I do not.

MOIRA

Oh, really. Jack and Maggie need their father--not a policeman constantly on their case. You--you worry about everything.

She shakes out her hair in the mirror. Beautiful.

MOIRA

You're getting worse. What's going on with you?

PETER

Nothing's going on.

MOIRA

Is it me? The kids? Work? Your cholesterol? Do you want to buy a Porsche?  
--Chase big breasted silly women--What?

He gropes her body. She pulls his suspenders way back--

PETER

--I don't want a Porsche. I love our kids--I love you--your breasts--  
---I just had a rough day.

MOIRA

When was the last time you had a good one?

He thinks. He can't remember. She lets his suspenders fly.  
----KAPOW!

CUT TO:

## EXT. NURSERY WINDOW - NIGHT

Jack, dressed for bed, hangs out by the open double windows--bored, listening to his "Walkman". Every few seconds he dangles one of Maggie's "My Little Ponies" out the window and lets it drop--watching it fall.

GRANNY WENDY (OC)

"All children, except one, grow-up."

## INT. NURSERY - CONTINUING ACTION

Granny Wendy is on the floor in her evening finery with Maggie in her lap reading from a ragged copy of PETER AND WENDY. The "Wendy Girl" inside her peeking through.

The very dollhouse from her childhood stands beside them. It's almost a child's room again.

GRANNY WENDY

(continuing)

"Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end."...

(showing the page to Maggie)

There--I am Wendy, or I was--a long time ago.

## ON THE BOOK

The original illustration of "Wendy" in her nightgown framed at the nursery window. Maggie is beside herself.

GRANNY WENDY

And see--that is the same window and this is the very room where we made up bedtime stories about Peter and Neverland and old scary Captain Hook. Mr. Barrie, Sir James, our neighbor, took a fancy to my Mum and her stories--so he wrote them down--dear me--over 80 years ago.

MAGGIE

80 years ago? Did they have TV then?

GRANNY WENDY

Certainly not. And we ought not have the telly now. Reading is the window into life.

MAGGIE

(mesmerised by the book)

That's why Daddy only lets me watch 2 hours of TV a week. He's afraid my eye balls will get sick and fall out.

PETER

Bedcheck in one minute, Princess.  
Let's get those bodyclocks back on  
schedule--

Maggie dives into her kiddiebed giggling that belly laugh  
that only children can produce.

PETER

(picking up toys)  
Did you brush your teeth 20 up and  
20 down--

(turns to Jack)

Whoa--Jack--

He lunges pulling Jack away from the window--slamming it  
shut--locking the double-sashes tight--

PETER

What have I told you about open windows?  
Do we have windows at home in New York?

Jack sloths into the other kiddiebed hating it--

JACK

Yeah--they have bars on them.

PETER

So you won't fall out and--uh--

JACK

---and go splat on the sidewalk, Dad?

PETER

(trying not to think about it)  
This window is to remain locked for  
the rest of our visit. Got it?

GRANNY WENDY WATCHES from the door, deeply disturbed.

MAGGIE

But Daddy--Peter Pan and Tink can't get in--

PETER

That's enough fairytales for tonight,  
Princess. Go to sleep.

MAGGIE

You don't bleeve in the tooth faerie  
and Santy Claus either--but I still  
love you anyway---

PETER

--Did I say there's no Santa Claus?--

Granny Wendy laughs her soothing glassy tinkle.

WENDY

Your father worries too much about  
a great too many things.

(remembering)

Of course when I first met him, he  
couldn't read a word. He didn't  
even know his name, or who his Mummy  
and Daddy were. Just a poor little  
orphan boy--he was.

MAGGIE

Is that why he grew up to be a lawyer?

GRANNY WENDY

(girlish laughter)

Your father used to be a very wild and  
rambunctious child, believe it or not.

Jack perks up at the window, suddenly interested.

JACK

I don't believe it.

GRANNY WENDY

It's true, Jack. He reminded me so  
much of the little boy from Neverland,  
I called him "Peter". Your grandparents  
adopted him with that name and moved to  
to the States. What a wild mischievous  
child he was--so full of life.

She trails off lost in the memory.

MAGGIE

Our Daddy?

JACK

(deadpan)

What would you name him now?

She visibly flinches as Peter enters decked in his tux.

PETER

Granny Wendy, what are you doing  
on the floor? Do you want to be late  
to the most important event in your  
life?

He helps her up. She kisses Maggie, waves to Jack and heads  
for the door, perturbed at Peter's manner.

He tucks her in. She hands him a Paddington Bear sheet all tangled with curtain cord. He inspects it--puzzled.

MAGGIE

Merry early before Christmas. It's a parachute--so you won't be ascaresd when we fly. Me and Tootles made it--

PETER

(grim appreciation)

Thanks, Princess. It's...really...uh..

MAGGIE

(falling asleep)

If Santy's not real, you had sure better told me before I have children or they won't get any toys at Christmas.

Peter marvels at the mind of his 5 year old cuddling with her teddy bear. In 10 seconds she's out cold. Asleep.

He moves to Jack's bed--both in need of a serious heart to heart.

PETER

Hey--tomorrow we'll go to the Tower of London. What d'ya say? Have some fun.

JACK

(sardonic)

Yeah, sure, great....

He smoothes Jack's hair. He's not connecting. Lingerin in the face of rejection, he checks the window one last time, turns on the nightlight and finally leaves.

IN THE HALL - CONTINUING ACTION

Peter exits, leaving the door just ajar. Taking one final peek--his kids are in safe in bed. He did it. He sags against the wall--a deep sigh of relief. The giant burden of parenthood for the moment relieved.

Granny Wendy startles him in the dim light.

GRANNY WENDY

It's been a long time since I've heard the sounds of children in that room...before they have to grow up and face the world. I do so miss it...

PETER

(defensive)

You do--You miss this?

Peter is tense again. His momentary relief gone.

PETER

Okay, just tell me--just tell me--  
why my kids wake up in the morning  
and think it's their job to find  
ways to get hurt---or kill themselves.  
(at a total loss)  
I feel like I'm the Secret Service.  
and Jack and Maggie are both the  
President.

Silence. Granny Wendy stares him right in the eyes.

GRANNY WENDY

Let them breathe, Peter. Children  
need to be children. Sometimes...  
adults need to be children too.

Hold on Peter. She's right.

CUT TO:

EXT. #14 - HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN - NIGHT

Peter helps Granny Wendy and Moira into a stately Rolls. He glances up at the window. It's still closed tight. He climbs in. They pull away.

Liza waves goodbye with Tootles. His long sad hangdog face wishing he could go too.

Jack appears at the window--unlocks the sash and opens the double windows wide. He watches them go. Defiant.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GREAT ORMOND ST. HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN - NIGHT

A stately victorian structure with a new wing. APPLAUSE continues O.C.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUING ACTION

A huge banner heralds:

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE FOUNDATION AND GREAT ORMOND ST.  
HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN HONOR "WENDY"

LORD WHITEHALL, a proper elder Brit, presides at the dais.

LORD WHITEHALL

Millions know the Wendy in Sir James  
Barrie's classic children's story--

AT THE HEAD TABLE, Wendy looks grand, Moira at her side.

LORD WHITEHALL  
(continuing)

But the Wendy we honor tonight  
--for the past 70 years--has given  
hope and care and life to hundreds of  
homeless children and orphans who had  
no one to call "mother" but Wendy....

Genuine applause ERUPTS from the a very British gathering  
of LORDS and LADIES and HONORED GUESTS. Wendy beams.

PETER paces nervously in the wings. Going over his notes,  
practicing a gracious gesture and delivery.

LORD WHITEHALL  
And tonight we're privileged to hear  
from a number of Wendy's "Lost Boys and  
Girls"--First from the United States, Mr.  
Peter Banning--

Moira and Wendy applaud proudly as Peter struggles at the  
dais, finding unexpected emotions as he speaks...

PETER  
Lord Whitehall, honored guests...Wendy.  
(his emotions seeping through)  
She calls me her "favorite orphan". Why  
I'll never know. I was half-starved,  
nearly frozen to death and couldn't  
remember my name when she brought me  
here to the Great Ormond hospital.  
She honored me with the nickname "Peter".  
(checking his notes)  
I am even more honored--to be married  
to her great-grand daughter, Moira  
Darling Banning--My wonderful wife and  
mother of our 2 children, Jack and  
Margaret, who, if they don't want a  
one-way tour of the London Dungeon,  
are home at Gran's fast asleep.

Polite laughter around. Moira flushes, "Oh Peter".

INTERCUT: NURSERY - SAME TIME

Jack is buried under his covers. Maggie is sprawled half  
off the bed.

THE VIEW GLIDES TO THE WINDOW. Lights sparkle outside.  
MUSIC DANCES. Faeries? UFOS? Pan?

## DOWNSTAIRS

Tootles sways on his unseen ocean before the ship models.  
He stops, sensing something.

RESUME: PETER

PETER

Please--stand up--If your lives  
were changed by this Woman--stand up--

PAN THE AUDIENCE

A ripple--then a wave. Men and Women, the once abandoned  
--rise in silent tribute--TO GRANNY WENDY--visibly moved to  
tears of pride and joy. APPLAUSE RISES TO--

INTERCUT: NURSERY

--SHUTTERS BLOW OPEN! Curtains billow. A cold icy wind  
swirls in with driving rain. MUSIC STABS.

MAGGIE wakes--JACK wakes. They SCREAM!--bathed in unholy  
light, staring into the unseen face of death.

DOWNSTAIRS - TOOTLES

Looks up--agitated--then terrified. He tries to speak,  
forming his mouth in the letter "O", gasping to get it out.

LIZA

What? Tootles?

He points upstairs, gagging. They hear SCREAMS from the  
Nursery. Liza hurries up the stairs.

RESUME: GRANNY WENDY

THUNDERING APPLAUSE as she stands before the banner with  
ceremonial scissors--

THE WENDY DARLING FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

INTERCUT: NURSERY

Unholy light glows. Liza races in the door. A powerful icy  
wind SLAMS it into her face--knocking her unconscious.

RESUME: GRANNY WENDY

An unseen force rushes over her. She sways--Peter steadies  
her. Moira helps with the scissors. The ribbon snaps--  
CHEERS! APPLAUSE! Wendy smiles, but something is wrong.

CUT TO: BLACK

FADE IN: EXT. #14 - NIGHT

The Rolls stops. Peter and Moira step out, both enjoying themselves for the first time in a while. Then Peter helps an exhausted shakey Granny Wendy.

PETER

A night to remember, Wendy-Angela  
Moira-Darling--

Moira stops at the door, puzzled--

MOIRA

Peter?---

She points. A NOTE! Stuck to the door with a strange dagger; addressed to simply "Peter". He looks at it--

PETER

What--is it--?

--opens it. Calligraphy. Elegant signature from another age.

PETER

(reading)

"Dear Peter: Welcome Home...Captain.  
J-A-S-period, Hook". What is this?

Gran pales at the words. Moira steadies her.

GRANNY WENDY

Good God--Hurry!

INT. #14 - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

Moira hurries in. Peter follows--

MOIRA

--Liza!?--Tootles?--

PETER AND MOIRA BOUND UP THE STAIRS

To Liza's limp form crumpled on the landing. An ugly bruise on her forehead. Peter checks her carotid--She stirs!

LIZA

(barely conscious)

The children...children...

Moira looks to Peter. Hoping--praying--

INT. HALLWAY - THE NURSERY DOOR

Stuck fast. Peter slams against it--again--again--

INT. NURSERY - CONTINUING ACTION

Peter bursts in. The room has been savagely tossed. Beds empty! Windows flap in the eerie breeze.

Moira enters. She swallows her cries. Horrified, she races out. Her calls echoing through the house.

MOIRA

Jack? Magieeee? Sweetheart?

EXT. NURSERY WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION

Peter leans out, searching the row-yards below.

PETER

Jackkkkk! Magieeeee! Where are youuu?!!!!

A raspy voice cackles from the night freezing Peter cold.

VOICE

H-Hooky's....got them...Hooky's back.

Peter freezes. There, in the garden, clinging to the top of an old shade oak like a scared kitten is TOOTLES!

TOOTLES

Have to fly--Have to save Maggie!  
Have to save Jack! Hook's backkkk!

PETER AT THE WINDOW

Complete shock. Tootle's voice ECHOES again. He talks!

INT. DINING ROOM - TIGHT ON GRANNY WENDY

Approaching--facing the ships in bottles. She knows.

GRANNY WENDY

It...is...true...

An unseen force hits her again. She collapses on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. #14 - NIGHT - LATER

Now a fully staked-out crime scene. 2 POLICE JAGUARS sit parked in front lights flashing. An AMBULANCE. BOBBIES ascend a ladder to check the roof.

MEDICS bring Liza out front in a gurney, resting quietly.

EXT. BACKYARD - THE TREE - NIGHT

TOOTLES, still clinging to the top, kicks at the rescue ladder rising to his perch. FIREMEN surround the tree with safety nets.

TOOTLES

(mumbling)

Think happy thoughts. Lost my marbles.  
Think--happy thoughts--happy thoughts--

MOIRA pushes through the FIREMEN looking for Peter.

INSPECTOR GOOD appears before her. A pro from Scotland Yard, all business and festidious manners.

GOOD

The old man wouldn't let my chaps  
bring him down. He wanted your husband.  
(he points up to the tree)

MOIRA

(she looks up)

Peter--my god--oh shit--Peter--

WITH PETER - ASCENDING THE RESCUE LADDER

Hugging every rung, closing his eyes, afraid to look down. Acute vertigo. Tootles leans precariously out.

PETER

(terrified whisper)

Easy, Toots. Take it easy.

TOOTLES LUNGES, clutching Peter like a drowning man.

MOIRA SHOUTS! FIREMEN tighten Peter's safetyline lowering them to the ground.

PETER AND TOOTLES - DESCENDING

Tears stream down Tootles craggy face. Bravado gone.

TOOTLES

I forgot...how to fly...We all forget  
when we grow up....All forget...

PETER

Tootles? What happened? Where are  
Jack and Maggie? Keep talking, okay?  
--Just tell me, Toots. Where are they?

Tootles kicks and screams. Peter holds onto him for dear life.

TOOTLES

You have to fly. You have to save them. Fly, Peter---fly--

They touch down. Tootles subsides, catatonic again. MEDICS sit him down in a chair checking his vitals.

Peter pities the crazy old man at the end of his life. Inspector Good shakes his head in sympathy.

Moira rushes to Peter--both shell shocked.

MOIRA

Poor Tootles..Oh, Peter, Gran's regained consciousness. She has a concussion. Mild. Not serious-- But she refuses to go to the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANNY WENDY'S 1ST FLOOR BEDROOM - TIGHT ON WENDY

She slowly opens her eyes. Peter and Moira hover over her. The young DOCTOR tends.

WENDY

Liza--

MOIRA

It's Moira. Liza's going to be fine--

WENDY

---the children--

Moira grips Peter, trying not to break down.

PETER

Gran...Jack and Maggie...The police are doing everything--

WENDY

(grief stricken)

I want--everybody to leave--Leave--

The Doctor indicates they should go. Peter guides Moira out--Wendy tugs his arm--

WENDY

Peter.....you stay.

Peter looks to Moira. "What?" Moira kisses him and leaves.

They're alone. Wendy points to the ragged copy of Peter and Wendy on her nightstand.

WENDY

Hand me my book, please--

PETER

What is going on, Gran?---

She shushes him, taking the old bound book from him.

WENDY

Patience was never one of your virtues.  
You must trust me with all your heart  
for you will surely think me insane.

(grips his hand with  
surprising strength)

I knew something was wrong tonight.  
I felt a chill I haven't had since I  
was a young girl...Peter, I know what  
has happened to your children has to  
do with who and what you are.

She starts to nod off--drifting. Peter takes her hand.

PETER

Gran--what are saying--What?

WENDY

You don't remember. Your memory was  
completely blank each Spring you  
returned....to see me.

She caresses his hand tenderly, adopting the motions and  
voice of "Wendy the girl".

WENDY

I was...special when I was young. No  
other girl held your favor the way I  
did...a blessing or a curse...I don't  
know...I begged you to stay when mother  
and father adopted Tootles and the other  
boys--but you were afraid to grow up  
and be a man and go to an office and  
learn solemn things.....

He knows Gran is delirious. She has to be. She has to be.

WENDY

Oh, I half expected you to alight on  
the church and forbid the vows on my  
wedding day. I wore a pink satin sash.  
But...you didn't come. I couldn't have  
you. When you were ready, I was too  
old...So was my daughter, Margaret and  
Jane. You chose the best...Moira.

PETER

You just....relax. I'll get her.

He pats her hands. "Wendy" presses his to her heart--

WENDY

No--No I have tried so many times to tell you--

(clutching the book)  
The stories here are true. Tootles grew up just like you. He went crazy trying not to. He never forgot--

(she drifts, losing it)  
...You forgot the child inside you. You gave up immortality in one world for the pain and joy of life and death in this one. Now the world you left has come to seek revenge..

(dead serious)  
--Only you can save your children. Somehow you have to go back--think as a child--believe in childish things again --become the child you were--the child we all were once...Oh, Peter...don't you know who you are?

She turns the book to him--pleading--willing him to see.

TIGHT ON THE BOOK

The original illustration of PETER PAN! Sword drawn, standing in classic pose. Head cocked back as if to crow!

Peter stares at it, stonefaced. He looks back to Gran. She's sound asleep. Out cold.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peter exits Granny Wendy's bedroom, exhausted. Moira is waiting, running on fumes.

MOIRA

What did she say?

Peter embraces her, holding her tight, trying to make it all go away--but it won't.

PETER

Nothing....She fell asleep again.

She searches his face--hoping, praying. The Doctor enters the bedroom. Moira follows.

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INT. DINING ROOM - PETER ENTERS

He pours a double scotch and chugs it. He pours another.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Peter and Moira sit on a sofa. Catatonic. Waiting. Waiting.  
Inspector Good appears in the door.

PETER  
(racked with grief)  
Inspector---

Moira wipes her eyes trying to make herself presentable.

GOOD  
Mr. and Mrs. Banning--The old gent  
checks out. We've wired the phones.  
2 of my boys will be outside. The lab  
chaps will analyze this--

He holds up the dagger and note. Moira can't look at it.

"DEAR PETER, WELCOME HOME...CAPT. JAS. HOOK"

GOOD  
It's entirely possible it's all some  
kind of ridiculous prank--given the  
family literary history and what all--

Moira and Peter don't want to hear this.

GOOD  
We can only wait and hope, I'm afraid.  
I am deeply sorry for you both. I assure  
you, Scotland Yard will do everything  
we can to find your children. G'night.

He tips his hat to Moira--nods to Peter and leaves.

Moira, numb, begins to tidy up--trying not to think. GLASS  
CRASHES to the floor startling them both.

Moira disintegrates in tears. Finally letting go.

A SHIP IN A BOTTLE lays in pieces on the floor. Peter picks  
it up--transfixed. A BRIGANTINE! The ultimate Pirate ship!

FADE TO: BLACK

EXT. # 14 - THE NURSERY WINDOW - NIGHT - LATER

Dark. Lifeless.

INT. STUDY - TIGHT ON PHONE

Dead silence. A near empty Scotch bottle sits next to it. Peter picks the bottle up, still in tux pants, suspenders down, now wearing a golf shirt and sneakers. Strung out.

INT. GRANNY WENDY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Peter peeks in. Moira sleeps in a chair beside the bed, holding Granny Wendy's hand. Gran is out cold.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Tootles is now curled asleep on a loveseat, clutching Maggie's teddy bear. The saddest face ever. Youth gone. Waiting to die. Hopeless.

INT. NURSERY - LATER

The door slowly opens. Peter braces himself in it--facing the dark empty lifeless room. He hoists the near empty bottle for another pull.

PETER

(drunken slur)

Hi kids, don't forget to brush...teeth.

He fumbles Maggie's parachute off the floor and staggers to the window. He opens the sash, swinging the windows back and sits down on the seat. He looks up into the starry sky--as it to make a wish. Closing his eyes tight, he breaks down. Sobbing openly. A MYSTICAL BREEZE kicks up dancing the curtains. He looks again.

PETER'S POV - FRAMED BY THE WINDOW - THE SKY

ONE STAR FLASHES BRIGHT--moving across the heavens.  
---Faster, faster the light travels--

Peter scoffs, wiping his tears--

PETER

Whoa--you're blasted, Banning.

THE LIGHT HURTLES DOWN AT PETER--a thousand times brighter than the nightlights--

THROUGH THE WINDOW KNOCKING PETER FLAT!

ZIPPING ABOUT, trailing energy like a cosmic spider web--

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THE LIGHT TOPPLES BOOKS OFF SHELVES--CHECKS EVERY ROOM IN  
THE DOLLHOUSE--THEN BUZZES PETER

PETER RETREATS swatting at the strafing light--

INTO THE ADJOINING BATHROOM

He slams the door--hyperventilating. He covers his ears.  
His head throbbing in pain.

PETER

Whoa--bells--what are those bells?

INTENSE LIGHT glows through the keyhole. Peter peeks.

HIS POV - THROUGH KEYHOLE - TINKERBELL!

The one--the only. No longer than your hand. Her exquisite  
gown cut low and square "through which her figure can be  
seen to best advantage". Puckish red hair piled on her  
delicate but pronounced head. Flashing green eyes, pointed  
ears jangling with tiny rare gems. Ruby lips at full pout.

TINK

It's not the tooth fairy, Sweetie.

RESUME: PETER

PETER

(non-plussed)

A talking faerie?....Nayyyy--

WITH TINK

Feisty. Sexy. The class of Kate Hepburn--the sass of Vivien  
Leigh with a large helping of Carol Lombard. She paces in  
mid-air. Major pixie-huff.

TINK

I'm a "pixie". Or can't you tell the  
difference anymore?

INTERCUT: PETER

PETER

(going with the drunken dream)  
I don't know any pixies. I don't  
believe in faeries. Do you?

INT. DOLLHOUSE - WITH TINK

She rummages the contents of the tiny fridge in the  
kitchen. None of the food is real and she is starving.

TINK

You know everytime a child says 'I DO NOT BELIEVE IN FAERIES' there is a faerie somewhere that falls down dead!

RESUME: PETER

PETER

I DO NOT BELIEVE IN FAERIES!-----

O.C., A horrendous GAGGING SHRIEK--a THUNDERING CRASH--

INT. BEDROOM - PETER PEEKS IN

He tries to focus through his enebriated state.

The dollhouse--capsized on the floor like a mini-earth quake. TINK LAYS SPRAWLED under a tiny sofa--doing her best Miss Scarlett. Her light flickering weak.

She sneaks a peek as Peter wobbles to her.

PETER

Oh my God--I think I killed it.

TINK

(vamping, suffering)  
You do believe--you do believe--

PETER

(clutching his head)  
I didn't say that.

TINK

You did too. Now clap your hands  
Clap. It's the only way to save me.  
Clap, Peter, CLAP!

PETER

(clapping under duress)  
Okay--I'm clapping. Just stop ringing--

TINK

You didn't really mean it. And ME--  
the most important faerie in your life?

TINK SITS UP--livid. She straightens her gown, shaking herself all over and huffs away through the debris--

TINK

You're scum, Pan. No card. No letter all these years. Leaving me for that Wendy ditz. What's she got--I haven't got. Hmm?

Seething, she poses her mini-body next to Maggie's Barbie doll. Seeing the competition, Tink rips Barbie's head off.

PETER

I've had enough of this crap, faerie.

He heads for the door, rubbing his temples. TINK SWIRLS AROUND HIM checking him out like a mad doctor--teeth, throat--flab on his belly--

TINK

You used to call me "Tink"--You never talked "ca-ca". Look at you. You're not the Pan who walked out on me. Is this what happens when you grow up? You're really out of shape. What are these? Gross. Yuk.

(pulling his flab)

Look at those buns. How do you expect to fly with those? You used to have great buns. Ahhhh. You shave!???

Tink shrinks back in horror.

PETER

See--I'm not Peter Pan!

Tink releases him, checking her nails in the moonlight.

TINK

Oh--fine then who's going to fight Captain Hook in the ultimate duel between good and evil and save your kids? Hmm? Who? Not me. No way.

Peter sobers for a millisecond--staring hard at the faerie before him, trying desperately to get her in focus.

PETER

(forming each word with effort)  
Captain Hook? How--do--you know about my kids?

TINK

Everybody knows Hook's got your kids, Peter. He's waiting for you. Why else would I be here? I've got a life.

She splashes PETER with FAIRY DUST. He grimaces, sputtering, spewing--then marvels at himself--glowing like a giant firefly turning his golden hands in wonder.

Tink YANKS him by the ear toward the window--

PETER

Owww! Where are we going?

TINK

"Second to the right and straight on til morning." Do I have to draw you a picture? Neverland! Remember?

PETER

(waving her off, weaving)  
The crowds are terrible there in the summer. You have to stand in line for hours on all the good rides...

EXT. NURSERY WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION

Tink coaxes him out on the ledge. He's very shakey, tangled in Maggie's parachute.

TINK

We don't have rides in Neverland.  
Grownups don't believe it exists.  
It's a "stage" or a "syndrome" or a "delusion with no sensory or objective evidence." That's a crock.  
Adults just can't cope. Let's fly.

PETER

(trying to crawl back inside)  
Fly? Uh--I'm afraid of heights....

TINK

(pulling him back)  
You forgot that too. Just close your eyes--think happy thoughts.

PETER

(shrugs, closing his eyes)  
Well--as long as I'm hallucinating---

A NEIGHBOR opens her window across the garden--

NEIGHBOR

Are you quite alright, Sir?

PETER

No--I'm Peter Pan--This is Miss Bell.

He points. Tink ducks behind a curtain.

NEIGHBOR

(humoring Peter)  
Oh--yes. Isn't she pretty. Don't go anywhere--I'll be right back--

The Neighbor disappears. Peter sours, chastising.

PETER

You can't really see her. Don't encourage a drunk!

He loses his balance--AND FALLS OFF THE LEDGE!

PETER PLUMMETS AT US! Yelling. The little shower ring fixed to the harness fapping him in the face. He YANKS IT!

THE GROUND RUSHES UP--PETER SNAPS TO A HALT--hanging limply. Bedsheet parachute open above him. He whoops. It works! He begins to ASCEND.

TINK hangs onto the sheet with both hands, wings buzzing, struggling to gain altitude.

TINK

Gahh--you gained weight, "Lardo". Ugh.

PETER

(eyes closed, kicking)  
I hate to flyyy! I'm going-to-be-sick--

TINK

You know you shouldn't drink and fly!

THE ODD COUPLE ASCENDS into the starry sky.

THE NEIGHBOR RETURNS to her window, on the phone.

NEIGHBOR

Yes--Another one. He's on the ledge--

The ledge. Empty. She looks down. Nothing. She looks to the Nursery window--suddenly startled.

TOOTLES is there--staring up at the sky.

2 BOBBIES hurry into the backyard--

BOBBIE

Here now--what's all this--

The Neighbor points to--

TOOTLES SMILING. Hope has returned. He points at the sky. Everyone looks up.

A SHOOTING STAR lights the universe for a flash. Mythic.

FOLLOW THE SHOOTING STAR TO DARKNESS.

CUT TO: BLACK

FADE IN: EXT. SKY - MORNING - LOOKING UP

True blue. Almost too perfect. Gulls cry.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING - GOD'S POV - LOOKING DOWN

A familiar bedsheet is tangled in a tall tree. A grassy knoll. Lush. Manicured. PETER! Sprawled lifeless. The VIEW DESCENDS right to his face. No vital signs.

WHISPERS O.C. A grimey boy's hand checks Peter's pockets. A tattooed Mermaid visible on the dirty forearm.

ZIGGY (OC)

Is he dead?

Another dirty hand drops a TARANTULA on Peter's chest. It trundles up his neck and disappears. Peter doesn't move.

ACE (OC)

Yep, he's dead.

ZIGGY (OC)

I god dibs on his shoos. I god dibs.

Ziggy's CHUBBY HANDS slowly untie Peter's sneaker. MORE DIRTY HANDS inspect and poke at him--checking his teeth. One tries to pull Peter's wedding ring off. Stuck. A big hunting knife poises to cut-off Peter's finger--

Peter SNORTS--ALL HANDS DISAPPEAR. Feet scurry about. WE HEAR O.C. "Shhhhh"; whispers; "shut up"; "I saw him first".

PETER

(delerious)

Jack...Maggie....run...

The groans of a bad night. His eyes pop open. The bright sun hurts like hell. This is not bed. He sits up--bad idea. His eyes roll up--He falls back clutching his head.

PETER

(cleans imaginary cotton off his tongue)  
Ohhhhg---tongue. Whoa--weird dream.

He sits up ever so slowly. Fingers pressed to his temples, turning his whole body instead of his neck to check out his surroundings.....A forest. Dense. Tropical.

PETER

Okay--I'm in...London. Hyde Park.  
I've got to get back to...Gran?

Mumbling, he negotiates a painstaking process to stand up--joints stiff--muscle aches--throbbing head--finally balancing like a Wind Surfer trying to find his tack. He tries to take a step, but it's too scary.

O.C., FEET PAD through the trees. STRANGE BIRDS CALL.

PETER

HELLO!?

His own voice hurts his head. O.C. ANIMALS and CREATURES answer with horrible SCREECHES and ROARS.

Peter reacts, clutching his head. He manages to take some "old man" steps toward the trees--WHOOSH--a rope snare cinches his left foot jerking him UPSIDE DOWN into the air.

HIS POV - UPSIDE DOWN - TWISTING

STREET KIDS rush from the trees, yelling, pounding on primitive but sophisticated weapons [slingshots with scopes], jabbing him, making rude gestures. Young savages. Lords of the Burbs. Their garb from many times and places. Painted faces. Painted hair. A necklace of teeth--earrings. Your worst Dickens/Rock'n Roll nightmare--THE LOST BOYS?

PETER

SOMEBODY HELP! I'M BEING MUGGED!

LOST BOYS

SOMEBODY HELP! I'M BEING MUGGED!

The Lost Boys mimic his cry--laughing derisively.

PETER

HELP! POLICEEEEE!

LOST BOYS

HELP! POLICEEEEE!

RUFIO PUSHES THROUGH

RUFIO

Police? We ain't got no stinking Police.

A melting pot kid about 14. Wild dark braids--flashing dark eyes--worn leathers, wrist bands made of HUMAN GOLD TEETH.

ZIGGY, the squared off barefoot one with the "puckish", face, freckles, chubby arms and flaming red hair, gives Peter another push---

ZIGGY

I caught'im, Rufe, I did. Stinko Pirate.

Rufio POPS Ziggy's nose between his fingers like a gun.

RUFIO

Duzz thu stinkin' Pirate got any gold?

He grabs Peter by the hair stopping him with a savage jerk. His STILLETTO SPRINGS OPEN. He forces Peter's mouth open--probing his teeth with the gleaming blade.

PETER

(glottal, gagging)

I-am-not-a-Pirate-

RUFIO

All grownups are scumgum Pirates!

PETER

(total confusion)

I'm a lawyer!

The boys shrink back, appalled.

RUFIO

Thatz worse, Mon. Kill the laywer!

ACE, the kid with the mermaid tatoo, long hair, buckskins and crocodile vestments, spins Peter on the rope--

ACE

Me first!

ZIGGY

No fair. You went first last time.

The Boys load their bows and slingshots--ready spears--

PETER

(facing reality)

Okay--this is a bad dream and it's time to wake up--right now. 1--2--

They all count with him.

PETER/LOST BOYS

33333333!

LOST BOYS FIRE

A HAIL OF PROJECTILES FILL THE AIR

A FLASH OF LIGHT ZOOMS FROM THE SKY SEVERING THE ROPE

PETER CRASHES TO THE GROUND

THE FUSILLADE of darts and arrows dissect the foilage and trees behind him. A familiar VOICE BOOMS--

TINK

Just what do you think you're doing?

PETER SITS UP, rattled, watching the unbelievable scene before him. Completely aghast--

TINK FLITS BACK AND FORTH

Pulling ears, knocking weapons down, wagging her finger in their faces; kicking ACE's butt with her faerie feet; poking Ziggy in the eyes--

TINK

Don't you know who that is? Do you  
you know who you're shooting at?  
You silly asses! That's Peter Pan!

Everybody freezes. The name whispers through the boys.  
"Peter Pan?" "Pan's back?" THEY ALL MOVE TO--

PETER--sitting there on his bum, having a very animated conversation with himself, occasionally acknowledging their presence--[CARY GRANT in "Arsenic" and "Baby"]

PETER

I'm not asleep--so I'm not dreaming.  
I'm talking to "Tinkerbell" and the  
"Lost Boys" in "Neverland"?

Ziggy looks him up and down--awe and wonder. Other boys crowd around. Whispering. "It's Peter." "He came back."

ZIGGY

(melting to disappointment)  
Bud Peter--you promised you'd never  
grow up. Never grow up.

Peter shoos Zig back like an annoyed parent.

RUFIO

Sheet, mon, he looks awful. He's fat.  
He's old.

Peter reacts sucking in his tummy, resenting "old".

RUFIO

You think this guy's gonna make peace  
with Princess Ti's gang'a "Skins" and  
lead us all against Cappytan Hook--?

The Lost Boys rumble in disagreement.

RUFIO

(continuing)

Huh? Look at him. He drools. If that's Pan--Princess Ti'll kill him first-- then alla us. Forget about Hook.

ACE

Rufio's right, Tink. How are we s'posed to fight Hook with him? You sure you got thu right "Peter"?

Tink hovers in front of Peter, pleading her case. Peter swats at her like a mosquito.

TINK

Do you think I'd risk this face [her own] to go into their world to get the wrong one? Tell me? Do you? Hmmm?

(Boys mumble "No", "unhunh")

He married Wendy's great-grandaughter! He has a family, a mortgage and a few extra pounds but he's still our Pan!

ACE

Married?

ZIGGY

(blasphemy)

Kids?----oOOO buggars.

TINK

And Hook kidnapped'em. We have to help Peter save his kids. Got it?

RUFIO

Okay--let's see'im fly---or die--  
(palming his knife)

TINK

Uh--we're still working on that part.

Rufio laughs derisively.

TINK

He's just out of practice! I can teach him. He'll fly and fight just like the old Peter. He just forgot. We have to make him remember. ACE--you can handle a sword. Teach him. It'll come back to him. He's....  
...rusty.

Rufio yanks ACE by the hair, reminding him who's boss.

RUFIO

"Rusty"? De guy's junk. Garbage.

Peter shakes his head waving them all away, mumbling.

ZIGGY

Wull--if Tink sez so, mabee we can  
teech himb.

Rufio SLINGS A ROCK--KNOCKING Tink against a tree. She drops, stunned cold.

RUFIO

Don't listen ta that faerie, Ziggymon.  
I, Rufio, Lord of the Lost, ban her  
pixie-bum.

Peter stands, dusting off his tux pants his golf shirt, albeit tattered and torn. He's calm--resolute.

PETER

I figured this all out. This is what  
insanity is. I'm lying in a hospital  
bed in a coma. This is what happens  
in one. It's so real...But this is  
not real. And neither are any of you.  
No offense.

RUFIO

Not reel?

Rufio street kicks Peter in the stomach.

RUFIO

How zat for reel, Grandpa?

PETER

(doubled over in pain)  
Owww--it--hurts!

RUFIO

Az much az this?--

He slits the palm of Peter's hand with his stiletto.

Peter stares in horror. The blood comes. This is real. He pushes madly through the Lost Boys in a complete panic, heading into the jungle.

ACE the boys in pursuit. Rufio holds up his bloody knife--

RUFIO

Let'im go, Mon. The crocoddles  
are hungry. Let Hooky kill'im--  
(cruel laugh)  
--The great Peter Pan. Guy's a dick.

He leads the Lost Boys into the jungle. TINK regains her senses in a major snit--

RUFIO

Yo' old boyfriend went that way--

--making kissy sounds. The Boys razz her. Tink counters with an obscene gesture--even for a faerie. She BLURS AWAY.

WITH TINK - FLYING

Dodging in and out of trees at faerie-light-speed.

WITH PETER - RUNNING

Crashing through vines--dense undergrowth; clutching his hand--completely out of his head. He falls--

TUMBLING DOWN A STEEP HILL--

And skitters to a stop right at the edge of a high precipice. Waves crash on jagged rocks 200 feet below.

REVEAL: SWEEPING PANORAMA - NEVERLAND - DAY

It's not a cartoon. It's not a painting. It's real.

To the North 2 perfect rainbows arch over a high turquoise waterfall which tumbles into a lagoon.

To the South, smoke curls from an exotic Carribean style Indian Village.

Before him, the perfect pirate cove. Hundreds of pink flamingoes flood the sky overhead. He kneels, awed by the unbelievable view before him. A virtual dream come true....

PETER

Oh.....my.....god...

TINK ARRIVES. Catching her own breath at the sight of Peter coming to grips with the truth.

TINK

.....Are you okay? Peter?

Peter turns, "seeing" her for the first time. His heart racing. He can barely breathe.

TINK

Do you know where we are?

He nods--unable to make himself say it.

TINK

Who am I?

PETER

(fogged in, trying to reason)  
You're just...a composite of all the  
girls and women I thought I was in  
love with in my life--And I'm under  
anaesthesia right now for brain surgery.  
(seizing up, defenses failing)

TINK

Say it, Peter. Say it.

PETER

Or you're real....."Tinkerbell".

TINK

(elated to hear him say it)  
Pleased to meet you. Who are you?

PETER

(taking in the panorama)  
I just can't accept this. It's not  
rational adult thinking. I can't  
believe this is...possible.

TINK

Children believe.

Tink wraps his cut hand with his handkerchief.

PETER

(bewildered)  
My children--

TINK

That's right. Jack and Maggie are here.

CANNONS ROAR O.C. echoing across the island. Peter scans  
the cove, searching.

PETER

That's an 18 pounder--124 foot hull.  
She can do 14 knots under full sail.  
46 galley oars for ramming speed. 35  
cannon--Where's the ship?  
(he stops, confused)  
My kids are onboard?

TINK

Think, Peter. Think. What do you have to do to save your children?

It's coming. The words of Granny Wendy.

PETER

"...Think like a child, believe as a child, become the child I was...."

TINK

(willing it out of him)

"Think"... "Believe".... "Become"...  
Yes, Peter. YES! To do battle with Captain Hook! You'll need an army!  
And your sword--not to mention fly---

PETER

Just...wait. Whatever this is--whatever is happening to me--I'm still me. I can't fly. I'm not going to swordfight this Hook person. I'm going to go talk to him...Work it out...like....adults.

Another cannonade echoes. Peter hurries along the cliff.

TINK

Where do you think you're going?

PETER

To find this Hook get my kids and go home. That is why you brought me here, isn't it?

Tink flits after him, talking non-stop, as they disappear down the jungle path.

TINK

You always think everything is so ...easy. Hook is preparing for war. He planned it this way. The kidnapping--everything. You're not ready. He'll kill you.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIRATE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A guillotine juts into the sky. Blade gleaming. It drops with a rush. WE HEAR the sickening sound of contact O.C.

SMEE catches two cleanly severed halves of a watermelon placed in the guillotine headblock. A small bowling ball of a man, with John Lennon glasses and wirey hair bulging from under his hat, eats ravenously, SPITTING SEEDS---

--AT A LINE OF SLAVES carrying supplies to a LAUNCH at the dock. Most are KIDS. The rest--MALAYSIAN & SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS. BILL JUKES, a big African Pirate tattooed all over, CRACKS a mean whip, driving the slaves hard.

EXT. EDGE OF PIRATE TOWN - DAY

Peter appears down the path. He slows at the sights and the mass of Pirates. The urgency of battle preparations can be seen everywhere.

Peter heads into the square like he's going to the bank. TINK YANKS his suspenders pulling him back out of sight.

EXT. OUTBUILDING - CONTINUING ACTION

Peter lands against a pile of mangos. Tink's in a snit.

TINK

Where do you think you're going?  
Are all adults as dumb as you? Do  
you want to talk to Hook? Do you?  
Or see your kids? Get a grip Peter.  
All those Pirates are getting ready  
for your arrival...the "Great Pan".

She looks him up and down, disgusted--

TINK

And look at you. You've got a little  
horsey on your shirt!  
(pulling the "logo" on his  
golf shirt)  
You'll get 2 feet in that outfit.

PETER

I've had just about enough of this.

Peter dusts his "horsey", smoothes his hair and disappears around the corner. Tink leans against the wall, checking her nails, cursing in faerie speak. One second later--

PETER DIGS BACK AROUND THE CORNER

Running for his life--A BIG UGLY PIRATE right behind, slashing air with his wide cutlass.

TINK lets Peter pass. Non-plussed, she sticks her dainty foot out directly in the path of the Pirate--HE TRIPS!

TINK SNATCHES HIS HAT. He SMACKS headon into a brick wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTBUILDING - MINUTES LATER

"PETER THE PIRATE" peeks around the corner. Wearing the Pirate's outfit. Even the eyepatch. TINK PEEKS from the brim of the Pirate's hat.

TINK

You look good.

PETER

I look stupid. Where do we go?

Tink points toward the docks.

FOLLOW PETER & TINK [IN HIS HAT]

Into the throng headed toward a launch at the dock.

TINK

Loosen up. Swagger.

He's, stiff, uncomfortable, pulling at his pirate pants. His eyepatch causing him to bump into Pirates and things.

PIRATES SHARPEN CUTLASSES on sparking grist stones and STACK MUSKETS on racks.

MORE DRINK FLAMING RUM. One Pirate's face catches on fire. Others laugh and point.

Peter takes in the 30 foot long STUFFED CROCODILE hanging above a sleazy bar aptly named "LE CROC". The remains of a HUMAN RIGHT HAND stuck in its JAWS. So that's what happened to the Ticking Croc.

They reach the dock. SLAVES HOIST NEW CANNON onto "Gigs" [small launches] at the pier. SLAVES ROLL BARRELS on deck under Bill Juke's whip.

PETER

(horrified)

They're just children.

TINK

Hook's a scummy slaver. He makes a fortune selling Lost Kids and Indians.

Peter reacts. Any of them could be his children. He marches up the gangway onto the launch.

THE VIEW CLIMBS: REVEALING: HOOK'S SLEEK DARK BRIG

At anchor in the Cove. "A rakish looking craft foul to the hull". 2 bodies swing from the bowsprit.

VOICES ROAR from the ship like a football game.

PIRATES (O.C.)  
HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!

TIGHT ON PETER

Rocked by the vision. The same evil craft floating in a bottle back in Peter's other life.

TIGHT ON HOOK'S FLAG

The cadaverous pirate holding the hour glass in one hand and a bloody heart in the other. CHANTING GROWS LOUDER--

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - MAIN DECK - CONTINUING ACTION

Jammed with PIRATES up and down the gunwales, hanging from riggings, filling the decks. STOMPING! CLAPPING! Just like a Rock concert. The chant is DEAFENING.

PIRATES  
HOOK! HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!

INT. HOOK'S GREAT CABIN - DAY

Lavishly appointed. Art Treasures. His great sword hangs on a statue by Michelangelo.

WE SEE HOOK in bits and pieces--like a puzzle being assembled. Never his face. O.C., "HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!"

2 INDIAN MAIDENS comb his long raven hair which is "dressed in long curls...like black candles, and give a singularly threatening expression to his handsome countenance".

EXT. DECK - PETER CLIMBS ABOARD

With other Pirates from the launch. He is overwhelmed. Tink gets a bird's eye view riding in Peter's hat.

PIRATES  
HOOK! HOOK! HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!

INTERCUT: HOOK AND PETER

HOOK: A sash of gold and scabbard of silver and emeralds is belted on. His cruel gleaming seductive sword sliding erotically into it. Fingers smooth his thin moustache. Two cigars glow in his double holder.

PETER: A stadium-style PIRATE WAVE starts at the bow rippling toward him--He watches it go by to the stern and back up the other side.

TINK

Why did I let you talk me into this?

Tink plugs her ears trying to make the noise stop.

HOOK: One Maiden proffers the velvet gentleman's box displaying all the cruel prosthetics and implements. Hook chooses--his voice educated....serpentine.

HOOK

Platinum. Elegant understatement  
with just the right touch of excess.

Hook inserts the platinum claw with a decisive CLICK. His back to us, he dons his broad black hat.

HOOK'S GLEAMING BLACK BOOTS ASCEND STAIRS TO:

EXT. QUARTER DECK - SMEE APPEARS FIRST

SMEE

Good mawnin' Neverlanddddd!  
(Pirates yell and scream)  
--Let me introduce to you, the one  
the only really true--Vilest of  
the vile. Darkest dream of faithful  
wives and pious women. Sleaze of  
the 7 Seas. Badder than bad---  
(facing the great cabin doors)  
CAPTAIN---JAMES--HOOKKKK!

CANNONS FIRE one after another!

THE GREAT CABIN DOORS FLING OPEN

THE HOOK FLASHES in the bright sun. A CHEER ERUPTS like nothing heard since "Lawrence of Arabia and "Ben Hur".

REVEAL: CAPTAIN HOOK! In all his evil splendor. A Super Star! Parading the quarter deck for all to envy and lust. Barrie describes the famed Captain perfectly.

"In the midst of them, the blackest and largest jewel in the setting...James Hook, or as he wrote himself, Jas. Hook....In person he was cadaverous and blackavized...His eyes were of the blue of the forget-me-not, and of profound melancholy, save when he was plunging his hook into you, at which time two red spots appeared in them and lit them up horribly."

Hook limbers up with his lethal sword.

HOOK

(to himself, sardonic)

Behold my multitudes of ignorant  
flotsam. There's not brains enough  
among you to count successfully from  
1 to 2. My body waste inspires more  
allegiance than the lot of you.  
I am marooned. Where are you, Pan?  
Oh the eternal hell I endure for  
fame, that glittering bauble...  
...It is mine.

Hook bows, a matinee idol taking a curtain call.

TINK leans down from the hat right in Peter's face. She  
doesn't like what she sees.

TINK

Let's go. Now. Okay? Can we go now?

PETER, eyes wide; heart in his throat. His jaw limp.

HOOK MOTIONS for "silence". He gets it.

HOOK

(loud for all to hear)

My loyal, courageous, inferior crew.  
--I have waited for many, many painful  
years with you parasitic scum. At last--  
the day is here. Reliable sources have  
confirmed--Pan is back and Hook has  
got him!

SMEE hoists PETER PAN in effigy on a pole. PIRATES CHEER.

HOOK silences them with a "look".

HOOK

At last--the ultimate duel between--

A HACKING COUGH O.C., stops Hook in mid-gesture. Uh oh.

HOOK

(starting again)

The ultimate duel between--

(coughing interrupts again)

The ult--

The HACKING COUGH gets worse. Pirates draw in their  
collective breath. HOOK DESCENDS the steps to the BIG  
COUGHING PIRATE-- whipping his fine silk handkerchief from  
his sleeve--offering it. The poor man reaches for it--

COUGHING PIRATE

Thanky, kindly, Cap'n---

Hook let's it drop. The Man bends to fetch it. Hook's EYES GLOW RED. He RAMS HIS HOOK into the man's gut.

HOOK

(sadistic mirth)

--God bless you---[Gedzundteit]

The bloodthirsty CREW goes berserk as Hook HOISTS the man high on his claw and HURLS HIM overboard.

BELOW, SHARKS churn the waters, feasting.

PETER hangs on the gunwale badly shaken. TINK TUGS him--

TINK

Seen enough? Let's get out of here.

PETER

Wait....Not yet.....

HOOK "AHEMS" quietly. The hubbub stops instantly.

HOOK

Now--where were we? Ah--"ultimate  
duel between good and evil"....

Dark and light? Handsome and ugly--  
(to himself--to Smee)

Hook vs. Pan to the death! AND WHO  
SHALL WIN?

PIRATES, CUTLASSES RAISED HIGH-----

PIRATES

HOOK-HOOK-HOOK!

HOOK

WHY?

PIRATES

HANDSOME-HANDSOME-HANDSOME

HOOK smiles. His teeth impossibly white. Sparkling like marble. His baby blue's shine.

HOOK

AND WHAT IS HOOK?

SMEE

(blurting out)

GOOD--GOOD--GGG!!!!

Hook wheels his gleaming blade reared to strike.

HOOK

SMEEEEEE?

SMEE

Good..in an evil sort of way, Captain.

Hook only tweaks Smee's nose with the blade. Relief.

HOOK

Once I have rid the world of Pan, I shall leave this place forever. And seek adventure where...a man of my intellect and talent is...appreciated.

He pauses dramatically milking the moment.

HOOK

Who sails with Captain Hook!

PIRATES ROAR in support.

JUKES WHIPS 2 INDIAN SLAVES to open the main hatch--

PETER strains to get a better view. He is horrified.

DOWN IN THE HOLD

CHILDREN, scores of them, chained to galley oars. The bright sun causing them to shrink like mice. Hands outstretched, begging, pleading for food--

NOODLER, a bald-headed ape of a man with his hands fixed backwards on his huge arms, HOISTS a cargo net up from the hold. JACK & MAGGIE hang captive inside. Terrified. Clutching each other. Too frightened to scream.

PETER--dying a thousand deaths--mouths their names silently. A father--helpless to protect his children.

HOOK

Let's give a warm welcome to Jack and Maggie Pan! Hi, kids! Isn't this fun?!!

JACK

Let us go! We didn't do anything!

WITH PETER

PIRATES CHEER around him, firing guns, adding to his horror. He tries to PUSH through. TINK PULLS the seat of his pants.

TINK

No, you're not ready. Don't--

PETER

Excuse me--pardon me--coming through--

TINK (beside his ear)

Listen to me--You can't help them yet--

Peter BATS her to the deck.

TINK DODGES BOOTS, STOMPING and KICKING her about. She scrambles into a cannon.

PETER pushes angrily through.

PETER

(yelling for attention)

EXCUSE ME! HULLOO! CAPTAIN HOOK!

I think I'm the man you're looking for.

HOOK FACES PETER ACROSS THE DECK

"High Noon". "Gunsmoke". "7 Samurai". All heads turn.

Jack and Maggie can't believe their eyes.

JACK/MAGGIE

Daddy? It's daddy--DADDYYYYYY!

PETER

Daddy's here! Everything's going to be all right!

HOOK

(disgusted by the word)

Daddy? Who are youuu?

PETER

I don't know who I am anymore or how this happened, but those are my children and I want to take them home.

PETER SHEDS his pirate gear causing a major stir in his tux pants, sneakers, and golf shirt.

TINK can barely make herself watch from the cannon.

HOOK regards Peter from afar.

HOOK

SMEEEEEEEE!

SMEE APPROACHES like a dog who isn't house trained.

HOOK

I ordered you to find me the one true Pan. Any thoughts, hmmmmmm?

Smee produces a leather pouch, pulling out documents.

SMEE

"Pan, P"...here we go. Adoption papers. Sworn affidavit by one "T Belle." Uh-- medical history. Dental records. Birth certificate. Social Security--It's all in order, Cap'n.

PETER

(distracted)

Can I see those?

Hook silences Peter with a look that could rot eggs. He motions Smee to check Peter out.

Smee approaches and pulls up Peter's golf shirt. Peter fights his ticklish spot.

SMEE

Aye. Here's the scar. "Hypertrophic". Right where you give it to'im, Cap'n, during the Tiger Lily incident. He's Pan or I've got a dead man's dingle.

HOOK

It can't be. This flabby--flobby--  
(squinting)  
Is that a little horsey on his shirt?!!

SMEE

(checking)

Aye, Cap'n. A little blue one! Cute little thing.

Peter flushes red. Pirates laugh derisively.

Hook droops in profound dejection. Hardly the "Pan" he envisioned. Suddenly, Hook's old evil smile returns--

HOOK

Hah! Up to your old tricks, eh Pan? You devil, you. Thought you could fool ole Hook, huh? Disguise yourself, eh? Trick Me, hah! Stand back, Scugs. Watch out--He'll fly! Hah! Watch'im! Ho!

--jabbing, feinting, slicing the air, closing the gap between them, trying to draw Peter out. Peter stands motionless. Hook stops, annoyed.

HOOK

Where is your sword?

PETER

I---don't have a sword.

HOOK

Surely you don't expect a man of my breeding and intellect to kill an unarmed foe?....Bad form.

HOOK LUNGES running his blade through the hilt of a Pirate's sword and, unfortunately, through the Pirate. Hook FLIPS it through the air at Peter--

--TWANGING THE BLADE into the mast beside Peter's head.

JACK HOLDS MAGGIE tight.

TINK PEEKS from the cannon, hands over her eyes.

HOOK

Prepare to die--Peter Pan.

Hook assumes "en garde". His sarcastic laugh echoing.

PETER

Listen, Mr. Hook--there's been a terrible misunderstanding. I don't completely know how all of this happened, but I'm not trying to trick you. This is no disguise--this is me. I can't fight you--I don't know how. I just want my kids back.

Peter pulls out his checkbook.

PETER

Now, if it's money you need, name your price...within reason. I won't press charges.

TINK BANGS her head repeatedly against the cannon wall.

HOOK EXPLODES leaping the final distance between them --impaling the checkbook on his sword.

PETER

Okay--Cash--no problem. I don't have much on me--Is there a...cash machine?

HOOK SLAMS PETER against the mast--the hook at his throat. His blue eyes burn deep red--his voice from the grave.

HOOK

(up close and personal)

Do you mean to tell me--I escaped  
"death by crocodile"--waited and  
suffered years of misery and boredom  
in this dreadful awful place--Nothing  
to do but kill Indians, chase dirty  
little boys and dally on the beach--  
all for that special moment in time  
when I could fulfill my destiny--  
--assume my rightful place in history  
--and THIS [Peter] is my reward?

(his blue eyes well up)

How could you do this to me, Peter?  
How could you--embarass me so--?

Hook sags with major disappointment. Humiliated.

HOOK

(sheathing his sword, destroyed)

I will not soil my steel with your  
blood. You...you...WIMP! KILL HIM!  
KILL HIM DEAD!

PIRATES SEIZE PETER--Smee ties his hands behind him.

PETER

Wait--you can't do this--

JACK SHAKES THE NET--screaming. Maggie convulses tears

JACK

Fight, Dad, fightttt!

MAGGIE

Dadeeeeeee!

FOLLOW PETER

Pirates prod him with swords and gaffs across the maindeck.  
He stares in horror down a one way bridge. THE PLANK!

PETER

This is crazy--! Let my kids go!

HOOK

KILL THEM! KILL THEM ALL! CANCEL THE  
WAR! I never want to hear the name  
"Pan" again!

JACK & MAGGIE drop from the net screaming and kicking right  
in the arms of Noodler and Jukes.

Pirates GROAN in dejection.

TINK ZOOMS from the Cannon, buzzing through Pirates--  
--TO HOOK--watching on the Quarterdeck.

TINK

What about the name "Hook"? ?

HOOK

Are you in on this too, Miss Bell!?

TINK

Is this the kind of war you want to be remembered for?--Making a middle-aged slobbo walk the plank followed by his kids? Is it? Hmmm? Is it?

HOOK

When I want advice from a faerie,  
I'll ask for it!

He swipes at her with his Hook--She dodges. It sticks fast in the rail. He struggles and yanks trying to free it.

TINK

You're a codfish and a coward!

Tink hovers in Hook's face, her dagger pressed right against his nose.

HOOK

(cringing)

Hook? A "coward"? Bad form.

TINK

7 days--a week--I'll get him in shape--

Smee levels a blunderbuss pointblank behind Tink. Standoff.

SMEE

It's a trick, Cap'n. Lemme blow her to pixie hell.

TINK

(punctuating with her dagger)

You promised people the war of the century! The ultimate battle between the forces of good and evil. That's what they came to see--INDIANS, PIRATES, LOST BOYS clashing in brutal combat. Action--danger--feats of derring do. Glory!.....Hook vs. Pan!

HOOK

---That---is not "Pan".

(points disgustingly at Peter)

PETER wobbles on the plank, looking down at the uninviting waters 50 feet below. Vertigo takes hold.

TINK

He will be. 7 days. Think about it.

Tink directs Hook's attention to the Crew, all waiting on the main deck in anticipation.

TINK

Look at your crew. Do you want to be stuck on the high seas with this bunch of psychos after you disappoint them. They'll be antsy, moody--no self esteem. I sure wouldn't want them on my hands.

PAN THE CREW

As Hook surveys them. Ansy, moody, no self-esteem, major disappointment, let down, goals destroyed, betrayed....

HOOK

2 days.

TINK

4 days. Bare minimum for a decent "Pan".

HOOK

3 days. That's my final offer--  
(whispering to Tink)  
We both need Pan, don't we Miss Bell.  
Are you sure you can deliver--

TINK

(whispering back)  
Does a crock tick in the dark?

Hook. "Perish the thought"--then with villainous aplomb.

HOOK

After further consideration, in the best interests of all concerned, I have agreed this so-called "Pan" will return in--3 days to commence the war between good--  
(thumbing his nose at Peter)  
and evil--to the death--or--the little rug rats die...like...like...

SMEE

.....rats?

Hook frees his claw from the deck to shake on it.  
A CHEER GOES UP from the Pirates on the deck below.

PIRATES

HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!

Guns fire! Pandemonium. SMEE POPS CHAMPAGNE spewing bubbly everywhere.

PETER inches his way back up the plank, trying to look grateful. Hook sneers at the other end--

HOOK

Go on--whatever you are. Get out of my sight. Fly your carcass out of here--

HOOK JUMPS UP AND DOWN real fast on the plank--

PETER CATAPULTS into the air--suspended for a moment--

PETER

I can't flyyyyy!

TINK - FROZEN IN MID-AIR

TINK

(to herself, desperate)

He...can't...fly.....

PETER--his sad face looking up--a failure--He plummets into the sea and disappears.

JACK AND MAGGIE collapse into each other wailing anguish.

HOOK makes his way through the celebration, unaware. He waves his hat ascending the stairs to his cabin--

HOOK

(through his frozen smile)

I'm so depressed. Peter Pan...

(depressed pause)

grew up to be.....a Wuss.

He enters his great cabin and closes the door.

PIRATES

HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!

TINK CIRCLES above Peter's point of entry, stunned.

TINK

Swim! Peter! You can swim can't you?

(nothing, just bubbles)

I told you you weren't ready! Didn't I?

Didn't I say that?...Damn you, Peter Pan!

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER THE SEA

Peter sinks, struggling to free his hands, kicking, slowly drowning. He blacks out. A BABY CRIES-- startling Peter awake--

LIFE FLASH TO:

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY 1902 - BABY'S POV - DAY

MOTHER leans in the "pram" kissing her beautiful new baby boy. She is everything a Mother should be. He coos and giggles the language of babies.

MOTHER

Are you talking to the faeries, my little man? Peter, you are youth-- you are joy--

Suddenly everything is dark. THUNDER CRACKS. Rain pours in the pram. Mother is gone. A DARK EVIL FACE leans in. Eyes glowing red. Peter screams--lifted toward the face--

HOOK

Who and what art thou?

RESUME: PETER - DROWNING

Screaming! Water choking his lungs.

LIFE FLASH TO:

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - NIGHT - 1902

The INFANT PETER wails abandoned on a small island in driving rain and thunder. Suddenly the trees are filled with twinkling lights--FAERIES, scores of them, light around Peter holding leaves to shield him from the rain.

A YOUNG TINKERBELL slides down his head. A smile. Babytalk. Tink answers him. He understands. Giggling. Cackling.

RESUME: PETER - DROWNING

A GIANT FISHTAIL rushes by. HIGH PITCHED squeals echoing! Peter sees something wonderful. He smiles, reaching out.

LIFE FLASH TO:

EXT. LONDON - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT - 1915

Soaring past Big Bend then blurring to a row of houses on Kensington Road--landing outside a garret window. We know this window like the fondest memories of childhood.

## PETER'S POV - THE DARLING NURSERY

WENDY age 15, telling a story to a group of stuffed animals. She suddenly senses she's being watched. She faces the window. She rushes to us--laughing--crying--

WENDY

Oh--Peter--I knew you'd come back. I knew you would. I never gave up on you.

RESUME: PETER

He drowns.....DARKNESS CONSUMES US.....

MOTHER (VO)

Peter? If you shut your eyes and you are a lucky one, you may see a shapeless pool of lovely pale colours suspended in darkness.

PALE SOOTHING COLORS WASH OVER US FROM THE DARKNESS---

MOTHER (VO)

That's it. If you squeeze your eyes tighter, the colours become so vivid they must go on fire. Just before they do--you see it--See it, Peter?

THE COLORS INTENSIFY, BURNING BRIGHT--like the sun on the back of your eyelids--a burst of fiery orange--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAGOON - A FIERY ORANGE AFTERNOON SUN

A female silhouette blocks the glare.

MOTHER (VO)

Wake up, Peter. You must.

TIGHT ON PETER - GLASSY EYED STARE

No signs of life. Skin blue and pale. He doesn't blink. His lips icy. Webbed feminine hands lower a Nautilus shell over his mouth and nose. TURQUOISE LIPS blow gently into it. His chest heaves--He coughs up water--gasping for air!

PETER

Mother?

PETER'S POV - THE VIVID COLORS TAKE SHAPE

ANGELIKA, the face of an angel, UNA, a husky temptress, and BABS, turquoise lips and flaming orange hair, fawn over him. Their laughter is like tinkling glass.

PETER

Am I...dead?

ANGELIKA

Only if you want to be.

He's sprawled on a rock, his legs dangling in turquoise waters, clothes tattered and torn. He sees the Maidens from the waist up. It's an ample view. Angelika and Una caress him with langorous strokes. He's embarassed and aroused.

ANGELIKA

You're safe here, Peter. Forever...

PETER

You know who I am?

The 3 MAIDENS laugh seductively. Nodding in agreement.

ANGELIKA

Oh, don't be silly. Everybody knows Peter Pan.

PETER

...I really am...Peter Pan....

BABS

Of course you are. We should know.

UNA

We saw what happened. We saved you. Hook's so disgusting.

ANGELIKA

Why didn't you fly away?

PETER

I can't fly.

UNA

Yes you can.

PETER

No....I don't remember how.

BABS

Well, why didn't you fight then?

PETER

I can't fight. Look at me. I'm...old--

ANGELIKA

You're only old if you want to be.

BABS

You're strong. Look at those muscles.

She strokes his muscleless arms. Peter flushes. Unnerved.

PETER

I--do work out...but I'm not the same person I used to be.

Babs grabs his "love handles" on both his hips--

BABS

Ohhhh--You're perfect.

ANGELIKA

See for yourself. The waters do not lie.

She smoothes a water surface to the stillness of glass.

ANGELIKA

The lagoon reflects what's inside of you. What's inside of everyone.

IN THE WATER

Staring back at Peter is a BOY--age 12 or 13. Peter at that age. Mischief in his eyes. Hair wild. Body lean--muscular. He touches his face. The reflection does too. Peter slowly grins--so does his image. He is awestruck.

ANGELIKA

The child is there, Peter. You just have to find it.

Angelika's form blurs past him KERPLOPADA! Right in the center of the reflection. She has a tail! Babs and Una follow--their sleek fish-tailed forms knife into the water.

He hurries along the rock jetty in pursuit. The 3 Mermaids cruise beside him, splashing, laughing, flirting, displaying their incredible forms.

PETER

Wait? How do I find it?

UNA

(blatant solicitation)  
I'd love to show you, Peter.

BABS

(flaunting her assets)  
It's my turn to show him. Let me.

ANGELIKA

The choice is Peter's. He's a big boy.

They ogle him like a hunk at the beach. Peter, embarrassed, stops suddenly at the end of the rock. Under double rainbows, the magnificent lagoon spreads before him.

PANORMAMA - MERMAID LAGOON - SEA MAIDENS AND MERMAIDS

Cavorting with Dolphins, leaping in review for him. Sunning their incredible forms on the rocks raising up to see Pan.

Near the waterfall, Mermaids play a kind of basketball with brightly colored bubbles and giant clamshell goals at each end visible in the spray. [right out of Barrie]

All call his name and wave---

MERMAIDS

Hi, Peter! It's Peter! He's back!

---chanting in high pitched dolphin-like voices. A CACAPHONY of the most wonderful feminine sounds--

UNA

Come on in, Peter.

BABS

Jump! Jump, Peter!

ANGELIKA

C'mon, Peter! We're waiting for you!

Peter looks around like a 12 year old kid to see if his parents are watching. He finds us--

PETER

(naughty devilish grin)

I think...I'm having a happy thought.

No kidding? HE LEAPS---YELLING all the way down--a perfect CANNONBALL into the school of adoring Mermaids.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIDD COVE BEACH - SUNSET

The Lost Boy camp sits on a bluff. A tangle of haphazard treehouses, rope ladders and underground hideouts.

A 2 masted Sloop that has seen better days rests on launch blocks at the edge of the water. Haphazard repairs and renovations evident. A nameplate; "THE DARK AVENGER".