

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

06/21/90

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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:

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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--grimmest. 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 embarassed 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 kiddybed 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
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 ascarded 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...Moirra.

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.

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. Bannning--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--

06/21/90

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 tatooed 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 shooz. 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)
Ohhhhgggg--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 crocodeddles
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 kidnapp-
ing--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 tatooed 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--HOOOKKKK!

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 youuuu?

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

(distraught)

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--embarrass 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

Dadeeeeeeee!

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 embarrassed 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".

PRINCESS TI (OC)

We come to celebrate the great Pan's return. To make peace between our tribes. And join as one in the "Never War" against the black Hook---

THE LOST BOYS sit in a row on a palm log. Long faces, elbows on knees, chins at half-mast. They face PRINCESS TI, the sculpted MALAYSIAN and 4 WARRIORS, dressed in war gear.

PRINCESS TI

(continuing)

--but I heard it through the grapevine...
Pan is dead....Bad timing.

Princess Ti and her delegation stand. She breaks a spear in half with her bare hands and hurls it to the ground.

PRINCESS TI

No Pan. No truce. We catch you in our territory--we rip out your hearts.

Princess Ti leads her delegation disappearing silently into the forest. Rufio waits until they're out of sight--then--

RUFIO

Whoa--c'm back, Skins. Yo wanna fight?

ACE holds Rufio back, who isn't about to fight.

Lost Boys sit in total defeat. ZIGGY tries to comfort TINK. She's an emotional mess crying her eyes out.

TINK

I did this to him. I hauled his cookies back here. Now...he's gone...

ZIGGY

Id's okay, Tink. Nobody blames you. I juld wish I'd been nicer to'im when I med'im.

RUFIO

Fightin' Hook was always a stupid idea. Bildin' this boat was a stupid idea.

(spits on the hull)

Waitin' for du great Peter Pan ta lead us was a stupid idea.

ZIGGY

Whuddaboud Peter's kids? In 3 dayze, Hooky's gonna kill'em.

ACE

We have to save them. They can live here--with us. And the others--the galley slaves? Pan or no Pan, I say we attack.

Rufio bats ACE about the head.

RUFIO

You crazy, dumb, Mon? Yo wanna to git usselves killed?

TINK blurs right up to Rufio's face, turning volcanic red, cursing him in faerie-speak. We don't need a translation.

RUFIO

Get oudda my face faerie--
(whipping out his knife)

TINK

I'M SAYING YOU'RE RIGHT!

Rufio double-takes Tink. He doesn't believe his ears.

TINK

Rufio's right. Without the Indians--we don't have a chance against Hook. Princess Ti will only follow the one true Peter Pan...

Everybody lets down. Dejected sighs.

PETER (O.C.)

HULLOOOO!

All heads turn--

EXT. KIDD COVE - SUNSET

An amazing sight. Like a float in the Rose Parade by Maxfield Parrish. A raft of giant clam shells, adorned with Mermaids--tropical flowers--towed by a team of Dolphins.

THE RAFT - CLOSER

PETER! Standing at the helm flanked by Una, Babs and Angelika. Hands on his hips in familiar pose. Still 35--but a more youthful aura about him. His clothes have slowly changed to a Polo/Robinson Crusoe look.

Ziggy leads the boys down the beach to meet him.

ZIGGY

Id's Peder! He came back.

Peter jumps ashore and waves goodbye. Dolphins pull the raft away. Mermaids wave, chattering their sea sounds--

ANGELIKA/UNA/BABS
Goodbye Peter--We love you, Peter!

The Boys surround him, genuinely glad to see him.

Tink can't fight it, she flits to him and pecks his cheek with her little faerie lips turning all shades of the rainbow. Peter touches the spot, embarrassed.

TINK
Oh, Peter--you're alive. I'm so---
(catching herself, she huffs up)
What're you doing with the Aquatic
Bimbos....

PETER
They saved me, Tink.

TINK
(incredibly jealous)
I'll just bet. Did you tell them you're
married? Hmm? Did you? Huh? Forget
to mention your Kids? Uh-hunh.

PETER
Tink--will you listen? They saved me.
That's all----

A hunting horn BLEATS O.C.. Everyone cringes. The Boys part. ZIGGY appears from his hut, blowing his ram's horn, dragging a long sword behind.

ZIGGY
I found it! Look! Id's yours.

Ziggy hoists the blade reverently to him. Peter holds it awkwardly--turning it, weighing it, a kid with a new toy.

RUFIO
Who gives a sheet, Mon? Whot can you
do with Grandpa in 3 days? Who youse
gonna call?

Rufio cackles, grabbing his crotch, jock style at Peter.

PETER
(vowing)
I'll do anything to save my kids.
If I have to fly--I'll fly. If I
have to fight--I'll fight!

BOYS CHEER, beating their weapons, howling, dancing around Peter and Tink.

Peter dramatically JERKS the heavy sword from the sheath--the sheath goes flying--nearly hitting Rufio, razzing on the sloop.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOK'S GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

HOOK SITS alone at the table head, completely depressed.

HOOK

My life...is over.....

SMEE tends trying to cheer the Captain up with a lavishly spread dinner. Fine linen. Sparkling crystal. Solid gold cutlery. Cuisine fit for a 4-star King. Smee tucks his napkin in for him, decanting the wine--He props a golden fork in Hook's hand and fastens a knife to his hook.

HOOK

Why did I listen to that scheming Pixie? Pan's not coming back. She can't change him in 3 days or 3 decades. There's not going to be any war....

(big sigh of self pity)
Cheated from my own destiny by a.....chicken.

SMEE

Aye, Cap'n, "chicken". "Coq Au Vin".
Just like your Mum made it.

Hook regards the steaming bird before him. With courtly manners, he splays the dressed drumlegs, rips off the little booties--and buries his hook deep in it's groin --gouging and ripping and disemboweling the carcass with a vengeance until nothing is left but....grease...

HOOK

My Mum sent me to Boarding School.

(a little sigh)
...The bitch....

Smee eyes CECCO, the handsome Italian, standing guard with Jukes. Big trouble. They back slowly away seeking cover.

HOOK

Do you know what I hate, Smee--I mean really hate?--I really hate looking forward to something--the planning--

Hook rearranges the table--

HOOK
(continuing)
--the anticipation--
(blinks his eyes in anticipation)
the excitement--
(big wide gasp--eyes wide)

He explodes raking the table with his claw--

HOOK
--JUST TO BE DISAPPOINTED! I HATE
BEING DISAPPOINTED! I HATE NEVER
LAND! AND I HATE PETER PANNNN!

Hook grabs a diamond studded dueling pistol from his sash--

HOOK
MY LIFE IS OVERRRRR!

--and shoves the barrel in his mouth.

SMEE
CAP'NNN!

HOOK PULLS the trigger. SMEE LUNGES, jamming his pointy finger in the hammerlock as it snaps shut. Smee yells. Hook yells--prying Smee's finger loose--he jams the barrel on his nose. Smee grabs the gun with his hands. Hook and Smee wave the gun around the Great Cabin--

HOOK
I just want to...dieeee!

SMEE
That's not the answer, Cap'n!

CECCO AND JIKES can't escape the line of fire. Every place they bob and weave and crash and hide, Hook finds them.

HOOK AND SMEE PANCAKE the table. Food flies. The gun FIRES!

THE COOK wheeling in the dessert cart drops dead in a pile of pastry. A gaping bullet hole in his heart--

HOOK
(even more suicidal)
Look what you've made me do! Who's
going to make me creme broule' now?
I can't go on like this. No dessert!?
(shoves another pistol in his mouth)

SMEE
(sincere, devoted)
Aww, now--what kind of world would
it be without Captain Hook? Aye?

Deeply moved, Hook pulls the gun from his mouth--pondering
the question before him.

HOOK
Good form, Smee. What would the
world be without Capt. Hook?

The eternal question. He clutches Smee in an endearing
hug--unaware he's clawing Smee's back. Suddenly paranoid,
listening, he releases Smee--who's in severe pain.

HOOK
What's that ticking?

He slashes his drapes with his sword--slicing Cecco--

HOOK
Where is it? Tick-tick-tick. There!
Over here! Hah! Make it stop! SMEEE!

Hook crawls on hands and knees frantic, looking under the
table. He's up inspecting the food, running his sword out a
series of portholes, slashing his chaise--

SMEE
There is no ticking, Cap'n. You
kilt that Croc years ago. We threw
all the clocks overboard--remember?

Hook grabs an hour glass--listening to see if it's ticking.
He smashes it. "Hooking" Smee under the collar, he lifts
the bulbous man in the air.

HOOK
(ever so polite)
Are you saying--there is no ticking
in this room? Hmmm? That I am, shall
we say, mentally unstable because I
hear ticking and you do not? Is that
your gist, Mr. Smee?

Smee motions frantically to Cecco--who is sitting on the
floor near faint from his sword wound.

HOOK
Do you know what I really hate?
(putting the gun to Smee's head)
PEOPLE WHO DON'T HEAR TICKING WHEN
I HEAR TICKING. IT TICKS ME OFFFFF!

Smee ticks his hand back and forth at Jukes. Finally--

JUKES/CECCO

"tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock"

Hook abruptly drops Smee--listening as if hearing angels.

HOOK

There...See? "Ticking".

SMEE

(pouring him a drink)

Cap'n, me thinks you need a little somethin' to take yer mind off this Pan business. Let's go ashore'n kill some Indians. You hate Indians, too.

HOOK

(whining like a spoiled kid)

We always kill Indians. I don't want to kill Indians. I want to kill Pan.

Hook curls up in a fetal ball on the baywindow seat.

SMEE

Don't torture yersef, Cap'n. Y'can't let the men see you this way.

HOOK

(curling in a tighter ball)

I don't care. It's all I've been living for. This little boy of youth and joy--all goody and sweet. And I, Jas. Hook--I would gut the conceited arrogant pest like a pig and feed his adolescent entrails to the bilge rats.

(punctuating with mimed sword)

What fun....

(he wells up)

What's the use? What's the point? He's taken all the joy out of it. He's not worth killing. Pan's done it again...Peter the Schlub beat me. Why can't I win just once? Is that too much to ask?

SMEE

Lookit the bright side, Capn', if'in Pan doesn't show--you still git to deep 6 his ruddy rotten curtain crawlers.

HOOK

(brightens then delfates, morose)
Kill Pan's kids?--That would be....
"bad form". But a deal is a deal. And
Jas. Hook is a man of his word.

SMEE

Cap'n--there is another way. You don't
have to kill'em--ef'en they sign the
blood oath and join your crew--

Hook thinks about it. Devious. But "nayyyyyy".

SMEE

Wait--better. Yes, a thousand times
blacker--Make the little morons love you--

HOOK

It's Pan they love. Even you, Smee,
are lovable. No little children love me.

Crushed with rejection, Hook grabs his second pistol and
shoves it in his mouth again. Smee pulls it out--

SMEE

That's the point, Cap'n! The ultimate
revenge! Pan's kids in love with Hook!
The ultimate "pay back", Cap'n.

Hook relaxes his trigger finger, piqued.

SMEE

Can you 'magine the look on Peter's
puss when he faces you and his kids
standing right beside you! Ready to
fight for the sleaziest sleaze of the
seas....Cap'n Hook!

HOOK

(caught up)

I like it. It has a certain symmetry.

SMEE

You'd make a fine father, Cap'n, if
I do say so, mesef.

We are horrified. Hook is horrified. Then intrigued. Then
enamored. Hook begins to laugh at the notion, almost giddy.
escalating to hysterical. Smee joins in. Then Cecco and
Jukes roaring with uncontrollable laughter.

HOOK

"Captain Hook--and Family!" "The
Family Hook!" Captain Hook--Family Man!"

TIGHT ON CAPTAIN HOOK

He subsides. A serene smile on his face.

HOOK

The Hooks...A family...to love...

Hook sucks slowly on the barrel like nursing Mum's breast.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S HOLD - NIGHT - TIGHT ON CHAINS

RATS follow the chains across barefeet. Maggie and Jack huddle, chained to their oars. She SCREAMS. Jack kicks at the ugly things. A HAND snatches a big Rat on Maggie's leg.

The YOUNG SLAVE chained next to her dangles the squealing vermin by it's tail. He smiles, showing his rotty teeth.

YOUNG SLAVE

The big ones always go for the freshies like youse two.

Maggie buries her head against Jack.

MAGGIE

I want to see Mommy. Daddy won't forget us---will he?

JACK

What's the difference. We're on our own, squirt.

YOUNG SLAVE

I been in in this scumhole 20 years. Don't remember what a "Daddy" or "Mommy" is. Yu'll fogit, too. Y'fogit everthing.

The kid can't be more than 12. He whams the rat by the tail against the floor until it's dead. He offers it.

YOUNG SLAVE

You can have firsties.

Maggie gags. Jack holds her close trying to make it go away. It won't.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: INT. TREEHOUSE - MORNING - TIGHT ON PETER

Sleeping. A Ram's horn enters frame next to his ear.
BAROOMP! Ziggy blows hard. Peter jerks awake, bonking his head on Tink's little house hanging above.

ZIGGY

Move it! You got 2 minutes! GO! GO!

Ziggy drops down a rope-slide 30 feet to the ground.

TINK EMERGES from her little house, stretching, yawning from a bad night. Her hair looks like the Bride of Frankenstein. No sparkle. Eyes bloodshot.

Peter looks askance. He's never seen her like this before.

TINK

(major morning grouch)

What're you looking at. You don't look so hot in the morning either.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOST BOY CAMP - MORNING

Lost Boys load a giant slingbow onto the Avenger. Lots of activity can be seen all over the ship.

ZIGGY

Marches back and forth dragging Peter's long sword in the dirt, tripping at each about-face. Peter sits on a log trying to take the little guy seriously.

ZIGGY

Thu only way tu be a kid is to akt like uh kid. Thad takez a lod of un-discipline--tons of not following orders....and no naps!

ACE

Go play in the quicksand, Zig.

ACE shoves Ziggy out of the way.

ZIGGY

Hey, Scuzz, I'm running this part.

ACE

Who made you God? Beat it, porklips.

ZIGGY

You wanna make me, zitface?!

The two boys rip into each other kicking and punching.

PETER

Hey! Cut it out! Hey!

--pulling ACE off Ziggy. Ziggy takes the opportunity to kick ACE repeatedly.

PETER

Did you hear me!? Cut it out or you are going to get in big trouble!

ACE and Ziggy stop immediately--copping attitudes.

ZIGGY

Wur goin' to "ged in big trubull"?

ACE

That's adult talk, Peter. Cut it if you wanna be a kid again.

PETER

We've only got 2 days! You're wasting time. What am I supposed to say?

ZIGGY

Whend you're mad at some scug, you say, "Go suck a dead dog's nose"

Peter, shakes "No way"--"Get serious". They wait.

PETER

(monotone)

Okay, "go suck a dead dog's nose"
That's disgusting.

ACE

Mean it!

PETER

Go suck a dead dog's nose!!

ACE/ZIGGY

LOUDERRR!

PETER

(starting to get angry)
GO SUCK A DEAD DOG'S NOSE!

ZIGGY

That's better.

SHARP CUT TO:

PETER & ACE - LATER - ARGUING FACE TO FACE

ACE
IN YO FACE, CAMEL CAKE!

PETER
I know you are but what am I?

Ziggy whistles, urging Peter on, whispering hints between phrases.

ACE
SCUM GUMS! DIRTBAG! SLIMEBALL!

PETER
I know you are but what am I?

ACE
BUTTFACE! BUTTHEAD!

Peter waves Ziggy off trying one on his own.

PETER
PARAMECIUM BRAIN!

Silence. ACE and Ziggy look at each other. "What?"

ZIGGY
Whudz uh pear-uh-mezium?

PETER
(timid, unsure of the rules)
...A one celled animal with no brain?

Peter waits hoping for approval. ACE and Zig grin.

ACE/ZIGGY
YEAH! AWRIGHT! YEAH!

EXT. CAMP - LATER

LOST BOYS load large rocks onboard the ship.

BY THE TREEHOUSE

Rufio readies "engarde" with Peter's sword.

RUFIO
I'm only doin' this one time--watch.

ACE and Ziggy hurl continuous coconuts at him.

IN A BLUR, Rufio slices and cracks each coconut skewering the last on the tip of the blade--chugging the fresh milk.

Peter, overwhelmed, looks at Tink, now her feisty beautiful self, watching from underneath a sunflower umbrella, doing her toes. She's all smiles. "Piece of cake".

RUFIO

Your turn, Grandpa.

Rufio holds out the sword. Peter reaches for it. Rufio drops it in the dirt, passing by Tink who sneers at him.

Peter holds the heavy sword in both hands. Nervous. Rufio juggles 3 coconuts pitching them at him.

Peter doesn't even get close with the sword. 3 direct hits to his head. BONK. BINK. KERFLOPADA.

Tink hangs her little head. Long day.

Rufio gloats. ACE and Ziggy fold their arms and shake their heads. Clearing throats. One release of flatulence.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF - AFTERNOON

TINK PACES in mid-air, all business.

TINK

It's just like swimming. You just have to jump in and remember. Right?

Peter stands on a mound overlooking the Camp and Cove. Nervous, nodding, shaking out his arms.

PETER

Swimming. Okay. Got it.

ZIGGY, ACE and the other boys wait at the other end of the clearing. ACE has a "spyglass" for tracking.

HIGH IN HIS TREE - RUFIO WATCHES

Reclining on his hammock.

TINK goes over a little "pre-flight" checklist

TINK

(marking list)

Pixie dust?

Peter grabs her wings shaking glowing dust all over him.

PETER

Check.

TINK

Happy thought?

Peter. Blank look. Then a lecherous grin. He closes his eyes and runs--flapping his arms--

PETER

Angelika! Una! B-B-Babs! Oo-Oo-ahh--

PETER LEAPS AND CRASHES to the ground--right in front of the Lost Boys. They laugh and jeer.

Ziggy marks Peter's landing with an "x" in the dirt--

ZIGGY

(trying to stay positive)

Altitude--2 feet. Distance--2 feet.

RUFIO hoots hysterical heaving his half-eaten mango.

RUFIO

He flies like uh fatto elephant!

PETER ROLLS OVER just as the juicy pit splats him.

TINK

(hovering over him)

Think as a child--not a sex-maniac.

PETER & TINK - SECOND ATTEMPT

He glows with pixie dust.

TINK

Try "Christmas".

Closing his eyes, he starts to run, flapping again.

PETER

Christmas--christmas--snow--presents.

(euphoria disintegrates)

Bills..bills I can't pay--Credit
cards--with sharp pointy teeth--

He CRASHES HARD, skidding into a bamboo water flume--
collapsing the entire structure--drenching himself.

TINK PACES, disgusted.

TINK

"Christmas" always works. You're such
a--a--"grownup".

Spoken like the worst expletive. Rufio cackles in the b.g.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. SHIP'S HOLD - DARKNESS

The hatch opens. Light streams down on Jack and Maggie.
Slaves shrink back, blinded by the light.

HOOK APPEARS, blocking the light. Charming smile.

HOOK

Time for school.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOK'S GREAT CABIN - DAY

Hook, the ultimate teacher's nightmare, is holding class.
He writes in elegant hand on a chalk board.

WHY PARENTS HATE THEIR CHILDREN

HOOK

Now pay attention, "Class"--

Jack and Maggie sit ill at ease at Hook's ornate desk, with
quill and ink and paper.

MAGGIE

Where's my daddy? My Mommy doesn't
hate me--you mean stinky old man.

Hook smiles, tracing his claw down her cheek.

HOOK

Is that any way to address your
teacher. You don't want to bring
down the grade curve for the rest
of the class, do you. Hmmm?

Jack pulls Maggie to him, motioning her to be quiet.

HOOK

A wise young man. If you don't fail
the exam--you don't die.

He smashes his ruler down hard on the desk, startling both
children.

HOOK

First question. What do parents really
mean when they say "I love you"?

Maggie raises her hand, begging to be called on.

MAGGIE

I know--I know--

Jack wants no part of this, pulling Maggie's hand down. She insists. Hook scans the room as if it were full.

HOOK
(pointing to Maggie)
The cute little urchin in the front row.

MAGGIE
They mean we make them really really
really really happy all the time.

HOOK
(slamming his ruler)
WRONG!

Maggie recoils, near tears. Jack is riveted.

HOOK
Mommy and Daddy love you only when
you do what they tell you--

Jack squirms uneasy. This is scary.

HOOK
"Wake up", "get dressed", "brush your
teeth", "don't get cavities", "don't
make bad grades", "clean your room",
"eat your breakfast", "don't forget
your lunch", "don't eat sweets", "don't
eat junk between meals", "do your home-
work", "don't pick on your sister",
"don't pick your nose", "don't watch TV",
"turn the music down", "sit up straight",
"use your napkin", "don't talk with
your mouth full", "say please and thank
you", "don't talk back", "go to bed
right now", "don't cross the street",
"don't talk to strangers" "turn that
light out this instant" "don't do this
--don't do that", "don't have fun",
"don't even breathe" and DON'T PLAY
NEAR OPEN WINDOWS!

Maggie is crying by the end of Hook's tirade. Hook leans,
daubing her eyes. He smiles politely right in Jack's face.

HOOK
Ring a bell....Jack?

He gestures like a symphony conductor. Smee appears with a
tiny "triangle" and tings it. "TINGGGGGG". Jack nods ever
so shakey.

HOOK

And now--the dreaded "pop quiz".

Hook flips the chalk board over, reading the one lone question aloud.

HOOK

"Do my parents love me?...A, yes....

B, no...."

(passing out paper)

Remember, your future depends on it.

You may begin.

Hook turns over a large hourglass.

Maggie instantly marks her test paper "A" and turns it over. She looks to Jack--

He's vapor locked, staring at his paper, completely stumped. Sweating, ringing his hands in anguish.

Maggie elbows him hard. "Jack....?"

Hook is delighted with the progress.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOST BOY CAMP - EVENING - EAT TO THE BEAT MONTAGE

A log table. Food piled high. Peter sits between ACE and Zig. He has a black eye, a head bandage, bruises, aches and pains. The Lost Boys dig in--eating with their hands. Belching. Talking with their mouth full.

Peter picks up his knife and fork. Everybody stares.

PETER

What?

ACE

We don't use'em.

ACE grabs Peter's cutlery and hurls them away.

PETER

(adult logic)

If you don't use them--then why are they here?

ZIGGY

(child logic)

So we don'd have to use'em.

ACE jams Peter's hands in his food. Peter eats. It's messy.

Ziggy shows him how to wipe his hands on his shirt and his mouth on the back of his sleeve like a third base coach giving the "hit and run".

Peter tries it. A tentative wipe. The Boys cheer.

Tink applauds from her seat at the head of the roast pig in the center of the table.

PETER

Please pass the--

ACE

(whips out his broadsword)
You said the "P" word.

PETER

Okay, okay--

ACE

Not "Okay, okay--"
(stuffs food in his mouth)
Okaf Okaf...

PETER

(stuffing food in his mouth)
Okaf..Okaka...

Ziggy opens his mouth showing Peter his chewed food. So do the others, showing the disgusting contents.

Peter gags it up, opening his showing them back.

ACE lets out the world's longest belch.

Ziggy starts the cacaphony of BELCHES around the table. Long, short, juicy, terminal. All eyes turn to Peter.

Peter sucks in and sucks in--a little belch escapes...

The Boys react like he split the first atom. Tink laughs so hard she falls off the roast pig.

CUT TO:

INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

ZIG BLAMS PETER right in the snotlocker with his pillow. Peter staggers back, swinging his pillow wildly. Feathers fly. Lost Boys rain blows on Peter in a major pillow war.

TINK WATCHES him from her little apartment up in the ceiling. Peter is having a ball. She is elated.

ACE and Zig hold Peter down, tickling him. Others pile on. He laughs uncontrollably.

PETER

Stop it--Enough!--Hey!--STOP IT!

Peter grabs Zig, shoving him away with his foot. He stands--chastising the boys. An adult again.

PETER

Are you deaf? Didn't you hear what I said? STOP!

The boys stare at him dumbfounded. Tink is crushed. Peter knows he blew it. Instant remorse. He storms out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

Peter leans against a deck limb, staring out at the cove. All 3 Neverland Moons shine full in different colors.

Tink lights beside him. They sit in silence.

TINK

You sure know how to kill a party.

PETER

I can't do it, Tink....

TINK

You've got to. Find one pure innocent "happy thought" and hold on to it... What used to make you happy is what makes you fly.

PETER

What if I can't? My kids will...die.

He trails off in grim silence. Tink, softening for the first time in her faerie life, takes his hand in her tiny one and squeezes it tight.

TINK

Think happy thoughts, Peter.

FADE SLOWLY TO BLACK:

FADE IN: THE MOUTH OF "LONG TOM" CANNON - DAY

It KABOOMS belching fire and smoke right at us.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - CONTINUING ACTION

A giant palm tree takes a direct hit, exploding into toothpicks. Coconuts disintegrate.

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

Hook lounges in his lounge chair under an open Caravan tent pitched on the deck. The "Long Tom" cannon smoking on one side of him, a lavish spread of food on the other.

SLAVE BOYS reload "Long Tom".

JACK AND MAGGIE appear from the hold escorted by Jukes. They react to the bright sun like little Vampires.

SMEE bounds up and bows low.

SMEE

And 'ow would you like to see
a real live Mermaid, Miss Maggie?

MAGGIE

I don't like you. My Mommy showed me
where to kick mean men like you and run.

Smee guards himself taking her firmly by the shoulder. He escorts her away. Jack doesn't like it.

HOOK (OC)

Jack--my boy.

Hook beckons from his tent lighting his twin cigars, boots propped on the cannon.

JACK

Where's he taking my sister?

HOOK

Come aboard. Come aboard. We'll
discuss it, like..."Men". Breathe
that sea air.

(breathes deep, exalting)

Hungry? Have some breakfast. I'm
trying out a new chef. I'm very
interested in your opinion.

Jack gapes at the huge spread of nothing but desserts.

HOOK

I recommend the Napoleon. Fabulous.
Chocolate eclairs. Bavarian creme--

PUSH IN ON JACK: Torn. He shakes his head reluctantly "no".

HOOK

(pats the cannon fondly)
"Long Tom"'s just a big toy, Jack. The truth be known, I'm just a big kid at heart...I just have bigger toys. And like all children...I have a natural born talent for..destruction.

He touches off the cannon again. It ROARS!

EXT. PIRATE TOWN - CONTINUING ACTION

A direct hit on a building. Raining brick and timber everywhere.

RESUME: HOOK

Placing his arm around Jack's shoulder, admiring his aim.

HOOK

The best part--nobody is going to make you clean up the mess.

JACK

(backs away, resisting)
I'm not allowed to play with guns.

HOOK

Not allowed? NOT ALLOWED? Who said? Sounds like some adult who doesn't trust you. A Daddy who broke promises. Someone who says they love you...but is never there when you need them most.....

Hook has pushed the button on Jack's pent up anger.

HOOK

Now if I were 10 or 11, and someone gave me a cannon to play with--- Well....who knows...

Hook hands Jack a lit cigar, bows and leaves. Jack stares at the cigar--he takes a taboo drag--feeling his power.

FOLLOW HOOK

Up the stairs to his great cabin. KABOOM! The Cannon roars in the f.g. Hook stops, savoring the moment. He does a little "Bojangles" tap up the steps and enters his cabin.

HOOK (VO)

Good form.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOST BOY CAMP - DAY 2

PETER sets "en garde". He's ready. He blurs through a series of parries, slashes and thrusts. Wow!

ACE and Ziggy give the "thumbs up" to Tink.

ZIGGY

Looking good.

RUFIO WINDS UP, indicating "curve ball". He delivers.

PETER CUTS a swathe--missing. The coconut knocks him to the ground. Faces fall.

ZIGGY pitches a coconut UNDERHANDED to Peter. He swings! He misses! The sword goes SAILING--

TINK DUCKS! The sword just misses her. She curses in faerie-speak, kicking over her umbrella.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF - AFTERNOON

The Lost Boys line the ridge, holding their collective breath. Tink bristles checking over Peter's flight list.

TINK

You're going to fly today even if I have to beat a "happy thought" into you. From the top. "Birthdays".

Peter, exhausted and battered, grimaces. "Again"?

PETER

Birthdays...

Closing his eyes, he starts to run flapping again.

PETER

Presents! Yes! More presents!

He jumps getting airborne--feet pedaling air. Up! Up! This is it! Yes!

PETER

(continuing)

Another year older. Getting older--Dead! Dying! I hate birthdays...

HE STALLS! HE DROPS like a rock--A perfect full layout SPLAT into the bog below.

JACK

I'm not supposed to eat sweets
before breakfast.

HOOK

This is breakfast, Jack.
(holding one in Jack's face)
Besides...who's going to stop you?

Jack's starving. He woofs down an eclair--devouring a
Napoleon. Hook smiles, turning back to the view.

Jack hesitates. He reaches out--taking Hook's sword hanging
on the chair--he lunges--chopping at Hook's black mane--

Hook's right arm BLURS--CLANG!--blocking the blow against
his GLEAMING HOOK without even looking. He wrenches the
blade away from Jack.

HOOK

(long sardonic smile)
Jack..Jack...Jack...fine name, "Jack".
How about "Red-Jack"? Has a ring to it--
(rings a goblet with his hook)
Smoke?

Opening his humidor--puffing perfect smoke rings.

JACK

(why didn't Hook kill me?)
I don't smoke.

HOOK

Good form. Shows strength of charac-
ter. I have none of course. There
are some advantages to this disgusting
habit that balance the dangers---

He languidly droops his twin cigar ashes over the fire port
on Long Tom. The fuse hisses.

The CANNON FIRES belching fire and smoke between them. Jack
covers his ears ducking away.

EXT. COASTLINE - CONTINUING ACTION

A beautiful rock formation explodes. Sand and water erupt.
MERMAIDS sunning dive into the waters seeking cover.

RESUME: HOOK

HOOK

(sadistic laugh)
Try your luck? Hit the target--win
a prize.

Rufio turns leading the Lost Boys away one by one. Only Ziggy remains on the ridge with Tink.

WITH PETER - IN THE BOG

He gets up, slinging mud.

PETER

That's it! I quit!

Ziggy and Tink rush up.

PETER

I can't think like a kid--I can't act like a kid because I'm not a kid.

He pushes by railing at everything and everyone.

PETER

I can't fight and I CAN'T FLY! Tootles was right. You grow up, you stop believing, you find out life sucks-- and then you die.

(grim silence, he subsides)
We'll just have to find some other way....to get Maggie and Jack...

TINK

There is no other way, Peter!

Tink stews in one direction. Peter in another. He trips over a log right in the mud. Ziggy helps him up.

They sit on the log. Peter broods. Ziggy removes a leather pouch from around his neck, weighing it like precious gems.

ZIGGY

Peder, I'membur Toodles. He wuz one of us. Lookit. Theez are his marbuls. Theez are his happy thoughtds. He lefd them behind. They dond work for me... Maybe they wull fur you....

He dumps the marbles in Peter's hand. Non-descript.

PETER

They're just marbles, Ziggy.

ZIGGY

Wull, whad happened to Toodles?

TINK LIGHTS on Peter's hand, checking out the marbles like a diamond merchant.

TINK

Wendy took him back with the others--
to grow up and go to school--and go to
an office--and be a gentleman.

PETER

"Poor kind Tootles." He didn't make
a very good grown-up.

ZIGGY

(welling up)

Toodles god old? Heez gonna die? Don'd
led Toodles die. Give him back theez.

It hits Tink. Staring at her distorted reflection in a big
Cat's Eye marble.

TINK

Ziggy--you've got to do this. Get the
Boys and go to Princess Ti. Beg a truce.

ZIGGY

Whad? She'll barbecue our budds.

TINK

Tell her the one true Pan is coming.
Trust me. C'mon, Peter! Hurry!

She blurs away leaving Peter and Ziggy at a loss--

ZIGGY

Beddur do whad she sez. She gedz
like this sometimes. I guess I'll
never understand Pixies.

Zig waddles off in the other direction.

PETER

Tink! Where're you going?

Peter limps after her--all aches and pains.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE SILVERY WOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun's rays barely penetrate the dense forest. Peter
climbs over a huge felled tree. Tink's aura twinkles ahead.

PETER

SLOW DOWN TINK!....

(banging his shin)

I'll kill her. I swear I will.

(stops in awe at the sight ahead)

PAN UP THE GIANT "NEVER TREE"

A sprawling ancient sentinel. Burned and charred, but refusing to fall. Limbs, trunk and branches twist and turn 100 feet into the sunset sky.

PETER

I know this place....

Peter approaches the monument. Drawn to it by a powerful force. He traces the charred bark reverently with his hand. A stray ray of sunlight illuminates the trunk before him. Something is carved on it. He brushes away the soot and ash with building anticipation--

Letters take shape in the trunk. Names. Carved like ancient Rhunes---Peter rejoices with each revelation!

T O O T L E S

PETER

"Tootles"...

C U R L Y	S L I G H T L Y	N I B S
J O H N	M I C H A E L	W E N D Y

PETER

"Wendy"...I'm home, Wendy, I'm...home.

Tracing her name--with manly tears of lost youth and days that will never be again.

The light on the carvings grows and spreads. Peter looks up shading his eyes from the glare.

HIS POV - THE GIANT TREE

Filled with a 1,000 beams of intense twinkling lights descending toward him. The air alive with chiming voices.

FAERIES and PIXIES and NYMPHS and SYLPHS of all ages and species descend to him--buzzing in close for a good look, then darting away--speaking their singsong language.

TINK LIGHTS on his outstretched hand. She is regal. Wearing a magnificent crown and flowing gown fit for a queen. She bows low with all the poise of a great ruler.

Peter, compelled, bows his head in return.

PETER

Tink....you're....beautiful.

TINK

(blushing)

Oh puhleeze. Do you like the dress?

She does a full turn. Peter nods like a big kid--the grown man part can't take his eyes off her.

TINK

These are my kind, Peter. I am their Queen. They came to help....

Faeries whizz and buzz about him. A little one pulls his hair. Another plops on his nose sizing him up. Peter chuckles, making faces, completely at ease and enchanted.

PETER

Help me?

FAERIES PULL AND TUG him like a big puppet into the trunk of the giant tree. The entire tree glows from within.

INT. UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT - LIMBO

Peter descends in a rickety wicker basket contraption into a black void.

FAERIES STREAM DOWN from above following Tink lighting up a cavernous room.

REVEAL: THE FAMED SECRET UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT

Where Wendy played Mother to Peter and the Lost Boys. A huge-walkin fireplace dominates one end of the vast room. The remains of beds the other. A smashed rocking chair. Everything is charred from a great fire. Mushrooms abound.

Peter is stunned, elated and saddened as he touches down.

TINK

Do you know where you are?

PETER

(nodding sadly)

What...happened?

TINK

Hook burned it when you didn't come back.

Peter sadly rummages the ruins of a kid-sized red playhouse. It's burned and chopped to pieces.

PETER

Wendy's house. Tootles and Nibs built it for her. I remember. I remember.

Emotions and memories flood in.

In the fireplace, he discovers his "Pan" flute. He savors it, attempting a few notes. He gets mouth full of soot.

PETER

I need music lessons too, Tink.

He pitches the flute, angry remorse.

PETER

Why did you bring me here? There's nothing here....but...sad things.

(kicking around)

This is not working, Tink. Let's get out of here.

TINK

There's no place else to go, Peter. You were happy here once upon a time.

PETER

It's gone. It's all gone. Everything.

He kicks at the charred remains of his youth. Something catches his attention. He picks up a Teddy Bear. Charred. One eye missing.

PETER

"Taddy"...aw Taddy. My "Mother" put Taddy in my pram...to keep me company.

TINK

What else? Tell me...

PETER

I remember my Mother--and my Father looking down at me--talking about how I would grow up, and go to a fine school, and be smart and learn things--then go off to an office and be an important businessman. And then fall in love, get married...and raise a family...and be happy...

TINK

Isn't that what all Grown-ups want for their children?

The truth...

PETER

Yeah...it is.....

Peter is overwhelmed with the realization.

PETER

But I was afraid. I ran away from 2 people who loved me--because I didn't want to grow up.....and die.

TINK

You're only...human...

PETER

That's what I've been trying to tell you...I never even told them I loved them...

Peter hits bottom. Complete remorse.

TINK

But you went back, Peter. You left here and went back. What made you stop being afraid to grow up and...die?

PETER

I DON'T KNOW! I CAN'T REMEMBER!

Breaking point. He hurls Taddy into the void--

TADDY RISES

Turning in dream-like motion--FAERIES swarm around it, catching it. They float the bear slowly back toward Peter.

TIGHT ON PETER - WATCHING THE VISION

Something snaps inside him. A memory. He reaches up. Taddy lands gently into his outstretched hands--

TINKS MOVES IN

TINK

What, Peter? What is it?

TIGHT ON PETER - HE BLINKS: A LIFE FLASH - 1902

A perfect blue sky. The INFANT, PETER rises into the air. Completely free. No fear. His little belly rumbling the laughter of innocence and mirth that can only happen before you know something is wrong with the world--

PETER (V.O.)

I'm.....flying....

Peter the infant descends, big giggling grin, little arms flapping--A WOMAN'S ARMS REACH UP--catching him. Peter's BEAUTIFUL MOTHER nuzzles him--all loving--

RESUME: PETER

PETER

Mother....catches me. She's soft...

BACK TO: LIFE FLASH - 1902

Mother pitches Peter into the air again. He rises toward us flapping and giggling--higher--reaching to the birds above him. He peaks, laughing, and turns, slowly descending--

PETER (V.O.)

Fly me, Taddy! Fly me---

A MAN'S ARMS REACH UP. Peter descends toward a handsome smiling YOUNG MAN--"DADDY"!

PETER (V.O.)

---Taddy? No...DADDY! Fly me--Daddy--

He floats into his Daddy's arms who rubs his nose with his and vaults him back into the sky.

PETER (V.O.)

I---love---you....

TIGHT ON PETER

Tears of joy stream from his closed eyes.

PETER

I have my happy thought. I know why
I went back. I know....

THE LIFEFLASH CHANGES

ARMS REACH up to catch Maggie. It's Moira! ARMS REACH UP to catch Jack. It's Peter!

TIGHT ON PETER

He opens his eyes--disoriented--clutching his bear.

PETER

Tink! I know--Whoaaaa!

He looks down. He's sitting cross-legged 15 feet above the cavern floor! Faeries buzz about tinkling and chiming.

He drops. Tink zooms up beside him.

TINK

--HOLD THAT THOUGHT--

He reaches for her--automatically flying in her direction.

PETER

TINKKKKK! I can flyyyy!

Peter bounces off the cavern wall, rappelling at Tink.

TINK

---FOLLOW ME!

TINK spirals toward the ceiling. Peter punches his hands "up" and ascends. Faeries swirl about him like bubbles.

EXT. NEVER TREE - HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN - SUNSET

TINK CLIMBS toward us lacing her glowing web.

PETER ASCENDS behind her, crowing--that's right--giggling like the child he was, full and free. Whooping and shouting with the rush of flight!

FAERIES PEEL OFF in Busby Berkley precision and collect on the giant tree--chiming and waving "good bye"

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVERLAND - AERIAL VIEW - SUNSET

TINK BURSTS through a pink cloud and stops.

PETER FOLLOWS. Tink ambushes him. Blowing a raspberry and fanning her ears. He dodges tumbling into a cloud bank.

PETER

How do I stop!

TINK

(tapping her temple)

It's all in the mind, ya now!

Peter thinks. He stops. Wow. Tink blurs up to him.

PETER & TINK - HOVERING

Staring at the Neverland sunset.

TINK

You did it. You found your happy thought. It's yours forever, Peter. No one can take it away.

TINK

(seeing his tears)

Why are you crying?

PETER
(wiping his eyes, embarrassed)
I don't know--I was just thinking.
I just wish---

He looks at Tink, trying to find the words.

TINK
You can wish, Peter. Whatever you want.

PETER
(breaking the moment)
Would you look at that unbelievable
Sunset! I know what my kids mean now
when they say, "Awesome, Dudeeee!"

He pushes off speeding toward the huge ball of orange.

PETER
It is like swimming! Watch this!

WITH PETER - FLYING

He stalls like a highdiver doing a "dying swan". He dives,
making sounds like an airplane--just like a kid.

TINK DIVES with him. Both screaming toward the ocean.

EXT. OCEAN - LOW LEVEL

Peter and Tink dive at us. Peter doing his airplane noises.

PETER
You're too low. Pull out! Pull out!
(doing John Wayne)
Easy, Pilgrim, the force is with us.

He levels off skimming the surface. SHARK FINS knife the
waters ahead.

PETER
(doing "JAWS")
Doot-dah-doot-dah-doot-dah--

He ZOOMS BY fapping shark fins with a forehand--a backhand.
He signals a slamdunk--"Two!"

TINK SHRIEKS, dodging a hungry shark.

EXT. OCEAN - FLYING POV

WHALES SOUND ahead. Spuming cascades of spray.

PETER & TINK blow through it, exulting with pure ecstasy.

EXT. MERMAID LAGOON - SUNSET

Peter and Tink bank across the sun and descend. Hundreds of Flamingos rise up from the Lagoon filling the sky.

WITH PETER & TINK - FLYING

Surrounded by the magnificent birds.

BELOW - MERMAIDS FROLIC

Angelika, Una and Babs leap with Dolphins.

THE TRIO

It's Peter! He found it! Hi, Peter!
He's such a hunk.

WITH PETER - FLYING

PETER

Hullo, Ladies! Look at me! I'm flying!

He does an "Inside Loop" showing off.

Tink speeds up, lights on his shoulder and covers his eyes.

PETER

I don't want this to end, Tink. I
don't want to ever come down.

TINK

(empathizing)

Save your strength, flyboy. You're
going to need it.

She steers him down over the island.

PETER

Hey--there's the Indian Camp. I can't
wait to see the look on Rufio's face.

He whoops and yahoos all the way down.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON RUFIO - INDIAN CAMP - NIGHT

Terrified. Staked out for torture with Ziggy, ACE, and the rest of the Boys. Warriors chant their imminent death.

PRINCESS TI stands before Rufio, oiled and painted for battle. She pets a deadly "Black Adder" snake like a kitty.

TI

The Great Pan is not coming. You die.

RUFIO

Princess Ti, babe, itz not us. Itzat
dam faerie. Itz all her fault. Her and
that scumball old Mon. Truss me--

The snake hisses in his face. Ziggy hears it first.
WHOOPING and HOOTING above. He looks up. He grins.

ZIGGY

Look! Heez no "Scumball"! Heez "Peder Pan"!

ALL HEADS LOOK UP--

PETER - DIVING

Out of the night sky, screaming the cavalry charge.

He lands hard right in front of Ti sliding in the dirt like
he's stealing second. He jumps up making the call complete.

PETER THE UMPIRE

Safe! You're in there!

Indians back away in fear. Peter leaps to Rufio, pinching
his cheeks and checking his teeth.

PETER

Rufio! My Mon. Whadz happening?

He winks at Ziggy and darts to Ti, bowing low in mid-air.

PETER

Forgive me, Princess Ti, I was....
surrounded, yeah, by...Pirates. There
must've been...a 100. No. 200! We ran
out of pixie dust. I barely escaped.
You see--nothing could keep me from
you--and this moment. Let's party.

TINK PLOPS on a branch overlooking the scene. Exhausted.
She marvels at the "Old Pan" back in rare form as Peter
kisses Ti's hand.

Ti studies Peter. She raises her "kissed" hand in the air.
Warriors draw their bows and cock their spears. Ti's stone
face suddenly melts into a girlish grin. With her hand, she
pulls Peter close for a torrid kiss.

Everybody CHEERS. Warriors free the Lost Boys. Drums beat.

TINK lets out a big sigh. Happy for Peter, but hurting inside. She's done her job. Peter is Pan again.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN CAMP - LATER - NIGHT

A major tribal celebration is in full sway. Warriors and Lost Boys jam with long cane flutes, primitive stringed instruments and all kinds of percussion gear.

Rufio watches from the sidelines, chugging some drink from a huge gourd. He's getting surly by the mouthful.

AT THE WAR COUNCIL RING

Peter sits with Ti. Ziggy and ACE on his side, 2 huge Warriors on Ti's. Peter points with his sword around a battle map drawn in the sand. We see the island.

Ziggy guides Hook's ship. Ti motions. The Warriors push sticks from their position to cut Hook off.

ACE surprises Hook with the Dark Avenger amidships. Peter arcs a little Pan doll in a circular flight plan sneaking up behind.

Suddenly, SAND KICKS IN ruining the battle map.

RUFIO kicks sticks and ships away with a vengeance.

RUFIO

So--IT can fly--but can IT fight?

PETER

Easy, Rufio. Save IT for Hook.

Rufio laughs. Without warning, he wheels, hurling a coconut at Peter--

Peter ducks. His hand instinctively BLURS with his sword SKEWERING THE COCONUT perfectly--

Rufio glares in disbelief. So does Peter. Rufio madly hurls another and another--

Peter whirls--parrying and slicing them cleanly in two.

Coconut pieces land in front of Ziggy. He's amazed.

RUFIO

Let's go for some "real".

--drawing his sword in one hand--stiletto in the other.

Ti backs everyone up giving them room. She digs the action.

PETER

I don't want to fight you--

Rufio attacks. Peter's hand instinctively blocks and counters every blow. Rufio backs off amazed.

Peter shrugs at Ziggy. "What"? Zig shrugs back, loving it.

ZIGGY

Yur Pan, man. A natural.

Rufio attacks while Peter is in a fog. Peter ducks with a 6th sense, sweeping Rufio to the dirt, blade at his throat.

PETER

It's just like riding a bike, Rufe.

RUFIO

Kill me, old mon. You won.

PETER

(leaning on his blade)
The thought did cross my mind. But
I need you, Rufio. When I face Hook,
you better be there covering my butt.

Rufio hesitates, looking at everybody around them. He realizes what a complete butthead he's been.

RUFIO

Me? R' you talkin' to me?

Peter removes his sword extending his hand. Rufio takes hold, pulling himself up.

RUFIO

You truss me? Okay, cool. Yur on, Mon.

Peter grins. Rufio shows all his gold teeth. They bearhug. The Lost Boys high-five Rufio. All is forgiven.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S HOLD - NIGHT

Noodler pounds a spike fixing Maggie's shackles fast to a beam. He locks her other manacles onto an oar.

MAGGIE

Where's Jack? Where's my brother?

Noodler's sadistic laugh echoes through the galley.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOK'S GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

Jack, spiffed and cleaned, stands in front of a mirror. Smee hands a Louis the 14th wide brimmed plumed hat to Hook with great pomp and circumstance. Hook places it atop Jack's head, cocking it just so.

Snapping his fingers, Smee hands over a gentleman's box. Hook opens it for Jack--

A BRACE OF DIAMOND ENCRUSTED DUELING PISTOLS

Jack's jaw drops at the sight. Hook indicates "for you". Hook snaps his fingers again. Jack grins slow and wide--

A BEAUTIFUL CABIN GIRL pours Jack a tall chocolate malted. Her ample bosoms filling his view as she leans in front of him topping it off with gobs of whipped cream.

Hook places a straw in the concoction.

HOOK

Welcome to Neverland.

Jack takes a long pull on the straw. This is great.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

The first rays of morning sun sneak over the horizon.

EXT. LOST BOYS CAMP - DAWN - ON THE DARK AVENGER

The Lost Boys are sprawled about the deck asleep. Some still sport souvenirs from the Indian celebration. Ziggy snores up in the Crow's nest. Tink is nowhere to be seen.

Peter, unable to sleep, watches the sun come up. He shivers with a spine chill. He gazes up at the treehouse.

Tink's faerie aura flickers from the window.

INT. TREEHOUSE - PETER ENTERS

PETER

Hullo? Tink? I just want to say--
thanks, you know--for everything.

Quiet sobbing drifts down from Tink's house. Her glow is weak. He stands on tiptoe, peeking in.

INT. TINK'S ROOM - PETER IN VIEW

An "exquisite boudoir and bedroom combined". Tink is lying on her 4 poster, quietly sobbing. By the looks of her, she's been at it all night.

PETER

Tink--are you okay? What's wrong?

TINK

Of course I'm okay. Nothing's wrong.

She rolls away, sobbing harder and bigger tears.

PETER

If nothing's wrong, why all the tears?

TINK

Because...I'm sad.

PETER

What are you sad about? Look, I'm my old self again. Isn't that you wanted?

She nods, blowing her little nose.

PETER

No matter how this turns out--I'm not afraid anymore. You, Tink--you gave me back something I'd lost. I forgot what it was like to be alive. I'll never forget this feeling. Ever.

TINK

(moribund)

Great. I'm so happy for you.

PETER

Well then--nothing's wrong. Right?

She sits up facing him, summoning her courage.

TINK

Everything's wrong. If Hook doesn't kill you today, you get your kids and go home--where you belong.

Peter turns away, speechless. He wasn't ready for this.

PETER

I'll...come back.

TINK

No you won't. It'll be just like before.
You'll forget. This place won't mean
anything anymore. Neither will I. I'll
never see you again.

She runs crying behind a tiny dressing curtain. Her
silhouette shaking--face buried in her tiny hands.

PETER

Wait--Tink--I--

She SCREAMS in anguish. Her light winks out behind he
curtain. Peter panics. He checks. She's gone!

PETER

TINK!? Wait....

Tink's aura glows strong on his back--filling the entire
treehouse room. Peter turns facing an absolute vision.

PETER

Oh...Tink...you're...big...

THE FULL-SIZED TINK STANDS BEFORE HIM

TINK

It's the only wish I ever made for
myself.

Radiant in her gown, she lets down long flowing tresses
cascading around her shoulders.

He tries to speak. Tink covers his lips--

TINK

I love you Peter. I always have.
Let this be our one time together--

Peter slides his arms around her, lost in her eyes, her
hair, all that she is--

TINK

Then, even when we're apart....
...We'll always have Neverland....

Yes! YES! Their lips draw closer--closer--

A CANNON SHOT WHINES OVERHEAD. AN EXPLOSION O.C. rocks the
treehouse. The roof crashes down. Peter covers Tink.

PETER'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW - THE AVENGER

Another round EXPLODES in the Cove. The Lost Boys are up and active. Ziggy points from the Crow's nest.

ZIGGY

Hook! He's attacking!

PETER'S TELESCOPE POV - HOOK'S SHIP

Oars churning. Pirates on the rigging unfurling sails. Long Tom fires again. The shot lands dangerously close to the Avenger.

PETER

Tink! This is it!

He turns from the telescope mounted at the window. His heart sinks. Their one passionate moment is gone--forever.

TINK BELTS on her dagger, back to pixie size. Her feisty self once again.

TINK

What are you looking at? Let's go
save your kids....

(she blasts him with pixie dust)
Eat your heart out, flyboy.

She flies out the window. Peter closes his eyes, lamenting the one who got away. He curses Hook and flies after her.

EXT. TREE HOUSE - CONTINUING ACTION

A round screams overhead. The TREEHOUSE BLOWS UP!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - UNDERWAY - DAWN

A kid-sized CAPT. HOOK, complete with wide hat, long coat and sword, raises his hand beside the Long Tom cannon. It's Jack! He turns, smoking a cigar. Even an eyepatch.

JACK

FIRE!

He ignites the fuse port. Long Tom FIRES!

EXT. ISLAND - HIGH CLIFFS - CONTINUING ACTION

The round explodes against the cliffs cascading rocks down onto the Indian village below.

RESUME: SHIP

Hook lounges in his great chair checking Jack's destruction with opera glasses. He laughs with sadistic delight.

HOOK

Ah, the Indians are awake. Good form...
"Son". I believe you've got it.

A SLAVE BOY beats a drum roll. SMEE spiels through a megaphone, doing "color".

SMEE

Good mawnin' Neverland! It's a perfect day for the Never War. Captain James Hook's Crew is fit and ready for blood.

ALONG THE GUNWALES - TRACKING

Pirates ready for battle. Loading cannons, sharpening swords, adjusting their eyepatches--

SMEE

--The forces of Pan--according to latest scouting reports--don't have a snow ball's chance in hell of a win.
So--LET THE WAR BEGIN!

CHEERS go up from the Pirates. Driven to animal frenzy by the long awaited "urge to kill".

JACK parades on the quarterdeck, "hook style".

JACK

This is more fun than Nintendo.
(raising his spyglass)
Range 500 yards....elevation...
On my command. FIRE!

Pirates reload and duck. The ramrod still in the barrel. Jack hits the fuse. BOOM! The ramrod sails through the air.

Hook cheers.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP - CONTINUING ACTION

PRINCESS TI stands in the lead War Canoe. MORE WARRIORS launch outriggers in the b.g. The cannon shot screams overhead. WATER EXPLODES beside her. She doesn't blink, fastening her leather helmet.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK AVENGER - CONTINUING ACTION

Lost Boys hammer launch blocks. Rufio hacks the mooring ropes. Tink flies to Ziggy in the crow's nest.

ZIGGY

They're rounding the point!

Peter flies by hacking the other mooring rope clean.

PETER

Take command, Rufe. Go for his sails first. I'm counting on you.

RUFIO

You got it, Mon. I mean, "Cap'n Pan".

Rufio swings aboard on his line, pumped up. ACE salutes from the deck with the other boys. Peter salutes back.

ZIGGY

Don'd ged killed, "parameezeum braid."

TINK & PETER - HOVERING

PETER

(fondly)

Get outta here, "scum face"!

The Dark Avenger slides into the water with a big SPLASH. Lost Boys cheer on deck. Ziggy unfurls their flag--A HOOK IN A RED CIRCLE WITH THE "NO" SLASH through it! "NO HOOK"!

Peter exults. He climbs with Tink and speeds toward Hook's ship in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - CROW'S NEST - DAWN

LOOKOUT PIRATE

(pointing)

Skins! Dead ahead!

EXT. WATER - DAWN

Ti leads 7 War canoes toward Hook's ship.

RESUME: SHIP - HOOK & JACK

HOOK

(opera glasses up)

Oh, goody. "Skins". Live targets at last Jack. Lucky for you.

Jack stares at the approaching Indians in shock. "Live?"

HOOK

Come about, Mr. Smee. Engage.

SMEE SPINS the wheel. The mighty ship comes about.

SMEE

(on megaphone)

And we pick up the pace here in
this first round of action--

The SLAVE BOY beats his drum faster. PIRATES TAKE AIM,
pounding their weapons hungry for a "kill".

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUING ACTION

NOODLER CRACKS his whip up one side of the Slaves and down
the other. JUKES POUNDS the rowing beat faster.

JUKES

Pull--you little vermin. Pull yer
bleedin' guts out--

MAGGIE, dirty and weak, is too short to row, being lifted
and dumped with each stroke.

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

Tink and Peter swing wide out to sea with a breathtaking
view. They bank toward Hook's ship in the distance.

EXT. WATER - WAR CANOES - DAWN

Ti signals. Warriors loose a flight of arrows. Many aflame.

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - COMING ABOUT

Jack hides behind Long Tom as arrows land everywhere. Hook
doesn't move, daring any shaft to hit him. He grabs one in
flight and blows out the flame.

HOOK

Do you believe those Skins? Shooting
at us with their little bows and
arrows. How primitive.

Pirates drop from the rigging, stuck with arrows. Flamers
hit the fo'scle. The canvas ignites.

JACK

(pointing at the flames)

FIRE!

CANNONS THUNDER in a 12 gun broadside!

JACK clutches his ears, quaking with each blast.

EXT. WAR CANOES - BEARING DOWN ON HOOK'S SHIP

3 EXPLODE with direct hits. Warriors hit the water.

Ti presses on. Warriors fire a flight. Arrows fill the sky.

MERMAIDS SURFACE. Angelika grabs a wounded Warrior pulling him toward shore. Una and Babs share another.

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - QUARTERDECK

Pirates cheer the destruction. More arrows rain down. HOOK FINDS JACK cowering in the smoke.

HOOK

Your first broadside, Jack. Good form.

JACK

It was an accident. I didn't mean to hurt anybody.

HOOK

(jerking Jack up)

But that's the idea! What's a few less Skins anyway. You're going to be a Pirate--feared on the 7 seas!

Jack pulls away, terrified. He freezes--pointing starboard.

JACK

Look!

THEIR POV - THE DARK AVENGER

Bearing down from the cove. Giant sling weapon and Lost Boys visible on deck. The "NO HOOK" flag waving proudly.

RESUME: HOOK

HOOK

(peering through opera glasses)
The Lost Boys. What a weenie roast!
No sign of Pan. Where is that green wuss?

JACK

(pointing astern)

LOOK!

Hook pivots his opera glasses astern.

THEIR POV - TWO SPECKS - FLYING LOW

Bright green. Headed for the ship. Glowing like UFOS.

WITH PETER AND TINK - FLYING

He draws his sword, dropping the scabbard into the sea. He levels it and yells the "charge". Tink yells with him.

RESUME: HOOK

Staring through his opera glasses in total disbelief.

HOOK

Pan...HAH! Got his wings back, did he?
(calling out with glee)

SMEEEE! PAN ASTERN!

SMEE is all smiles urging the slave boy to drum faster.

SMEE

(megaphone)

See Cap'n--dreams do come true.

HOOK & JACK

HOOK

Shoot it Jack! The big green one.

Jack instantly sights along the barrel at the approaching objects. He puffs his cigar--coughing--lowering it to fire.

PETER

(in the distance)

JACKKKK?!

Jack freezes in total shock. Hook groans, grimacing.

JACK

Dad?...My Dad's flying? He hates to fly.

HOOK

Don't think, Jack, just do. This is what you've been training for. Shoot him. Do it.

WITH PETER & TINK - FLYING - CLOSER AND CLOSER

PETER

You put that cannon down right now,
young man!

Peter, the parent again, suddenly loses altitude. Tink pulls him back up.

RESUME: JACK & HOOK

HOOK

There he goes again, telling you what to do. Don't listen to him. Shut him up, Jack....forever.

Jack weakens--lowering the cigar to the fuse--

PETER & TINK - FLYING - CLOSER - CLOSER

PETER

I love you Jack!

HOOK & JACK

HOOK

He said the "L" word. You know what that means--right Jack?! SHOOT HIM!
It's what you want to do.

QUICK CUTS TO: JACK - PETER & TINK - THE CANNON - HOOK

JACK

(snapping)

NOOOOO!

--pulling away--Hook forces Jack's cigar down on the fuse.

BABOOM!

PETER & TINK - FLYING

TINK

Lookout!

She RAMS Peter sending him tumbling off course.

The Cannon shot SMACKS TINK like a freight train and EXPLODES! Tink is gone! Glowing dust sprinkles the sea.

PETER SPIRALS UP to the heavens, screaming in horror.

PETER

TINKKKKK!!

HOOK & JACK

Hook exults. Jack runs away, convulsing in angry tears.

EXT. DARK AVENGER - BEARING DOWN

The Lost Boys watch horrified as pixie dust settles.

RUFIO
"NO HOOK"! NO HOOK--NO HOOK--

The boys pick up the cry pulling back a giant arrow in the huge cross-bow cum slingshot mounted forward. The arrow is covered with grafitti. "HOOK IS A CODFISH", "HOOK SUCKS", "LOST BOYS RULE", "PAN LIVES"... "TINK FOREVER"

The giant arrow RUSHES FORWARD arcing into the sky.

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN

Cannons fire blowing canoes away on the portside. Cannons fire ripping into the Avenger off to Starboard.

The giant arrow CRASHES into the mainmast tearing away the sails. The top mizzen mast falls like a felled tree.

HOOK & SMEE watch in disbelief. The mast splats in the sea.

SMEE
Is that fair, Cap'n?

HOOK
Attack speed! Ram those little bastards!

Smee ducks flaming rigging crashing down. He spins the wheel aiming for the Avenger.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUING ACTION

MAGGIE and slaves row at killer pace under Noodler's whip.

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - PETER FLYING

He bursts through the billowing cannon smoke, his sword up like a Samurai hacking and chopping and bending each oar until it breaks--

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUING ACTION

Oars break sending Slaves tumbling like dominoes.

Noodler whips mercilessly. Maggie and the Young Slave pull hard. Their oars snap--they sail--knocking Noodler down.

The Young slave smacks Noodler with his chain. Maggie grabs the key. She unlocks manacles as fast as she can.

ON DECK - HOOK

iring his pistols at Peter just missing him.

KILL HIMMM!
HOOK

PII ES FIRE FROM THE GUNWALES

As Peter darts and weaves hacking oars. A CANNON FIRES in front of Peter. He ducks back. Another FIRES behind him.

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - PORT SIDE

War canoes draw alongside. TI LEAPS scaling the hull. Warriors follow. Arrows fly. Pirates drop. Guns fire. Indians fall.

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP & THE DARK AVENGER - SIDE BY SIDE

ACE & Rufio release catapults. Rocks fly.

QUICK CUTS: ROCKS CRASH onto the deck. Pirates scatter.

ROCKS CRASH into gunports smashing cannon.

ROCKS CRACK the hull.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUING ACTION

A ROCK CRASHES through. WATER SPEWS in.

Mag keeps unlocking chains. JUKES APPEARS. He grabs her lifting her up, choking her---

A BELAYING PIN SMACKS him in the head with deadly accuracy. He stiffens upright, choking Maggie harder. ANOTHER PIN BONKS HIM. He falls--

REVEALING: JACK! He runs to Maggie hugging her tight.

MAGGIE

Jack--I thought--you were one of them.

JACK

(major guilt)

I'm sorry Maggie--I almost was--Dad's here! I saw him! He's....Peter Pan!

Maggie gapes. A CHEER GOES UP from the Slaves. Jack leads them toward the hatch--taking command.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUING ACTION

JACK AND MAGGIE lead the Slaves pouring from the hatch.

A CHEER GOES UP as TI leads her Warriors swarming over the side clashing hand to hand with the Pirates.

A CHEER GOES UP as ZIGGY catapults himself from the Avenger crashing into 4 Pirates--knocking them overboard.

RUFIO LEAPS like a madman into the fray.

ACE leads the others onboard slashing and cutting.

WITH HOOK

Pacing the quarterdeck, watching the battle before him.

HOOK

The Lost Boys. No manners. Despicable.

He whirls and skewers a Young Slave with a harpoon.

HOOK

Look at the Rugrats! They should all be slaves. I HATE KIDS! ESPECIALLY PAN'S!

3 WARRIORS RUSH HIM. Hook runs 2 through and shoots one.

HOOK

Skins at least die nobly. BUT NO PAN!

The ship lists. Smee fights the wheel.

SMEE

We're sinking, Cap'n. Fast.

Hook STOMPS his boots in a big circle throwing a tantrum.

HOOK

Damn--damn--damn--damn--damn--Pan!
YOU BIG CHICKENNNN!

PETER DESCENDS landing behind Hook. Classic pose.

PETER

I know you are but what am I??!

Hook turns facing him. Long slow serpentine smile. At last.

HOOK

....Peter Pan. Has it been 3 days?
Surprise. Surprise. How time flies.

Smee crawls unseen behind the wheel. Peter is all concentration. Eyes fixed on Hook waiting for his move.

HOOK

(looking around)
Where is Miss Bell? Shopping?

PETER

(flashing deep anger)
You know where she is. I want my kids.

HOOK

"Proud insolent youth--prepare to die."

PETER

"To die will be an awfully big adventure."

HOOK

I wouldn't bet the ranch on it.

They leap at each other. SWORDS CLANGING in the morning sun. The ultimate duel between good and evil has begun.

FOLLOW THEM AROUND THE QUARTERDECK

Hook, a superior swordsman, attacks. Peter parries the rain of blows and thrusts, fighting for his life.

HOOK

You look marvelous. An amazing comeback, I must say. A 3 day wonder. How did you do it? Diet? Exercise?....An affair perhaps. The right woman can do wonders to restore a man's youth. Hmmm?

Peter surges with anger on the attack. Gaining confidence, his instinctive skills returning. Darting and flying to avoid Hook's slashes and slices--

HOOK

Look at you, Pan. Healthy. Fit. No bills! No nagging wife! You're having fun! Admit it! What a shame you have to die. Just when you find "life".

Peter hesitates. The truth. Smee crawls dragging a chain with a manacle trying to trap Peter's feet. He lunges, just missing--as Peter flies on the attack--

PETER

I'll kill you, Hook!

Hook dodges his thrust and slices Peter along the ribs.

HOOK

Wrong. You're the one who's bleeding.

Peter stares at the blood seeping from his side.

The ship lists acutely. CANNON BALLS roll across the deck. Peter hovers and Hook dodges them as they fight--Peter taking the offensive driving Hook back.

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ON THE MAIN DECK - IN THE FRAY

Jack spots Peter and Hook pointing them out to Maggie.

MAGGIE
That's Daddy?

She's elated and terrified at the same time watching her Father drive Hook back--then fly to avoid Hook's attack.

A PIRATE SCREAMS behind them--sword raised.

ZIGGY SWINGS on a rope blamming the Pirate with a ramrod to the groin.

JACK
Thanks.

Ziggy waves and drops another Pirate with his slingshot.

RESUME: PETER AND HOOK

Flaming rigging crashes down separating them. Peter leaps, flying up and over the debris landing in front of Hook.

HOOK
I love it when you do that.

They lock swords--a test of strength as each tries to shove the other overboard.

HOOK
You're probably asking yourself,
"Why did Hook wait so long to find me?"
I'll tell you. When you were young,
you made a fool of me. All the time.
I was no match for the Great Pan.
You were youth, you were joy, you said.
Not anymore. Even at the peak of your
form you're just "old Peter Pan".

He shoves Peter over the gunwale pressing his Hook down inches from Peter's eyes.

HOOK
However, I haven't aged a day. We're even!

Peter rolls away. Hook buries his claw in the rail. He whirls slicing Peter in the thigh as he flies away.

HOOK
Whoopsy. Not as quick as we used to be, are "We"....

Peter clutches his leg in pain. He's scared to death, but he fights on.

NEAR THE MAIN MAST

Rufio fights 3 Pirates at once. Ti guts one. ACE throws another overboard. Ziggy shields Maggie and Jack. Rufio doesn't have to be told who they are.

RUFIO

Get to the Avenger. This wreck's sinkin' fast, Mon.

TI

Go! We will help Pan!

Pirates cut them off. ACE boosts Maggie onto the rigging. A Pirate grabs her leg. She kicks him in the face.

Ziggy pitches Jack a sword. He clubs a Pirate with it.

THE CROW'S NEST - LOOKING DOWN - JACK AND MAGGIE

Climb to the tiny bucket hanging on the remains of the mast. The battle rages below.

PETER & HOOK

Battle on the ornately carved stern over the great cabin. The stern rises into the air as the ship continues to sink bow first. Peter falls, favoring his wounded leg.

HOOK

Aw--we're not getting tired are we?

MAGGIE (OC)

DADDYYYY!

Smee appears over the edge with the manacle--closer--Peter looks up spotting his kids.

IN THE CROW'S NEST - LOOKING DOWN

Jack and Maggie can see everything. Even Smee---

JACK

BEHIND YOUUUU!

Too late. SMEE SLAMS the manacles around Peter's ankle. PETER FLIES! He slams to the ground--A BALL AND CHAIN locked on his leg!

HOOK
(he preens)
Advantage...Hook!

HOOK CHOPS at Peter chasing him across the deck. Peter flies a few feet, tugging, dragging the chain, dodging, circling, blocking Hook's blows.

THE SHIP HEELS!

THE MAST CRACKS! JACK AND MAGGIE teeter in the bucket.

RUFIO & TI race to the rescue. FLAMES ROAR UP from the main hatch, cutting them off.

The DECK EXPLODES driving them back.

JACK AND MAGGIE duck in the bucket as the fireball roars up. Flames lick the mast pole toward them.

PIRATES LEAP OVERBOARD, abandoning ship.

ONBOARD THE AVENGER

ACE and Ziggy leap aboard with other Lost Boys and Skins.

ZIGGY
We can't leeve Pedur!

RESUME: HOOK & PETER

Peter circles him like a bird on a string. Hook yanks his chain, pulling Peter toward him like a balloon, fighting slicing. Peter flies away only to be jerked back again.

HOOK
What a waste. The real world has taken
its toll on you, Peter. Too much stress.
Too much tension. Too bad---

The deck pitches. The ball rolls toward the fiery hold dragging Peter with it. Helpless. Fighting on his back.

Suddenly Rufio leaps in front of Hook, attacking with a vengeance. Hook toys with him.

PETER
Get away, Rufe--It's me he wants!

RUFIO
Looky, looky, I got Hooky.

HOOK
Sadly, you have no future as a poet.

He runs Rufio through. The boys sag smiling at Peter--

RUFIO

You...are...Peter...Pan....Mon...

--and falls backwards overboard.

TI LEAPS from nowhere landing on Hook's back wielding her machete. Hook grabs her hair and kisses her!--She spits in his face--He heaves her screaming over the side.

The ship heaves. Peter's ball and chain drops into the flaming hold PULLING PETER, screaming, with it.

THE CROW'S NEST - JACK AND MAGGIE

Helpless, watching him fall a second time to certain death.

INT. FLAMING HOLD - LOOKING UP

Peter grabs a deck beam hanging on for dear life.

HOOK stands over him--his moment of triumph.

HOOK

This is it, Pan. Big Daddy fear is here! The fear you feel when your children don't come home on time. When the plane takes off. Or the fear you feel when you can't run as fast anymore and your body aches. I'm the quickie at the office--The Porsche and the red head with the big hooters. Take a good look. I'm your mortality, bucko. I'm your Christmas present from hell!

He raises his sword to chop off Peter's hand---

AERIAL POV - A SWORD FLIES THROUGH THE AIR

Sticking Hook right in the ass! Hook rears in excruciating pain pulling the blade from his buttocks. His hands covered in a putrid purple liquid.

HOOK

My...own...blood. You know--I really HATE THE SIGHT OF MY OWN BLOOD!

A FLASH OF LIGHT zooms by him diving into the void.

THE CROW'S NEST - JACK AND MAGGIE

The ship shudders again. The last rigging falls away. The mast sways--cracking more. Flames surge up.

INT. FLAMING HOLD - PETER HANGS

The flash of light swirls around, landing on his manacle. It's TINK! Hair singed, Big powder burns--but alive.

PETER

Tink! You're alive! I thought I'd lost you forever--

TINK

Say it, Peter. I wanna hear you say it--AND MEAN IT THIS TIME--

PETER

(his hands slip)

I BELIEVE IN FAERIES---I SWEAR I BELIEVE--I DO--

Satisfied, Tink picks the lock with a faerie bobby pin. The ball and chain drops into the inferno.

THE HOLD EXPLODES! TINK & PETER SURGE UP from the blast--
TO THE CROW'S NEST

Now teetering dangerously. Peter hovers alongside his kids, hugging them--kissing them--

PETER

C'mon--We're going to fly!

The kids hug the mast, terrified, shaking "no". Crying--
BELOW - HOOK

At his wit's end, alone on deck--He grabs a broadaxe and hacks like a mad man at the remains of the mast.

HOOK

(child's voice)

"Oh, Daddy, I'm afraid"---KIDS RUIN EVERYTHING, PAN. DON'T YOU GET IT. THEY SUCK THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!! LEECHES!

ABOVE - THE MAST TEETERS

Jack and Maggie lurch and sway. Peter stays with them.

PETER

Don't listen to him. Take my hands. Jack! Believe me. Please, Maggie, you have to. Believe in yourselves. You can do anything if you believe in yourself!

HOOK - CHOPPING

HOOK
THEY WON'T TAKE CARE OF YOU WHEN
YOU'RE OLD!

PETER & KIDS

PETER
Tink--dust'em!

She splashes them with Pixie dust. They glow. Maggie reaches out, taking hold. Jack hangs back, unsure.

TINK
Do what your Father says. You've got
2 seconds to find a happy thought!

JACK
Home!

MAGGIE
Yeah--Mommy!

Jack grabs Peter's hand. The mast collapses! They jump--

FALLING AT US - HOLDING HANDS

ROARING RIGHT OVER HOOK and up into the morning sky!

WITH HOOK

HOOK
PAN! YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN NEVERLAND
AGAINNNN!

WITH THE PAN FAMILY - FLYING

Jack and Maggie screech with delight. Peter is greatly relieved like any flying father would be.

EXT. THE AVENGER - CONTINUING ACTION

Ziggy, ACE, the Lost Boys--Warriors--even Ti--safe and sound--wave and cheer as the PAN FAMILY does a "fly by" waving farewell.

WITH THE PAN FAMILY - FLYING

Peter salutes his "boys" and blows a big kiss to:

EXT. WATER - MERMAIDS

Waving goodbye. Angelika, Una and Babs blow bubble kisses.

WITH SMEE - ROWING

A dingy full of treasure from the sinking ship in the distance. He reflects as the Pan Family buzzes overhead.

SMEE

Aye--isn't that nice. Poor Cap'n.
He hates happy endings.

TIGHT ON HOOK

Screaming in a rage atop the last of his sinking ship.

HOOK

GO ON! FLY AWAY! JUST LIKE ALWAYS!
BUT I'LL STILL BE WITH YOU! EVERYDAY
FOR THE REST OF YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!
EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK--YOU'LL SEE HOOK!

WITH THE PANS - FLYING

Peter slows. Hook's voice booming in his head.

HOOK

LEAVE NOW AND YOU'LL LIVE IN FEAR--
UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE!

Tink looks back. She sees Peter clutching his head. He waves her on. She understands.

TINK

C'mon, kids. Race you to the moon!

She leads them toward the fading moon. The kids follow, cutting up, unaware.

WITH HOOK - GOING DOWN WITH HIS SHIP

HOOK

I'M YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE PETER!
I AM DEATH!

WITH PETER - FLYING

The fear seizes him. He pivots and dives--Primal scream--

PETER

HOOKKKKKKKkk!

AERIAL POV - DIVING AT HOOK

Hook exults. His sword ready. Laughing maniacal.

HOOK

PANNNNN IS BACK! AND HOOK'S GOT HIMMMM!

PETER AND HOOK COLLIDE - GOOD AND EVIL KNIGHTS

In a tremendous thundering burst of energy!

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Thunder CRACKS! Lightning IGNITES the heavens.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. #14 - THE NURSERY WINDOW - NIGHT

A ferocious storm. More THUNDER CRACKS!

INT. GRANNY WENDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

Moira spills her tea. Her nerves shot. GRANNY WENDY sits up in bed. Battling the unseen force--

GRANNY WENDY
Moira? The children--

A THUNDERING CRASH boom upstairs. The lights wink out!

MOIRA BOUNDS UP THE STAIRS--a flashlight waving wildly--

INT. NURSERY - MOIRA RACES IN

The windows flap open. Rain blasts in. Moira struggles to close them. Granny Wendy straggles in--weak, unsteady.

LIGHTNING FLASHES! Granny Wendy cries out--

JACK AND MAGGIE are hiding under their covers, crying and calling out. Moira rushes to them, hugging them, kissing their drenched wet faces. Both kids babble frantic--

JACK
We're back, Mommy--we made it.

MAGGIE
There were all these Pirates--and
Daddy saved us--We flew!

GRANNY WENDY
It's all right, dears, you're safe.

MOIRA
Where's your father. Where is he?!

They point to the window. Thunder! Lightning blinds them!

CUT TO: BLACK

FADE IN: EXT. SKY - MORNING

True blue. Almost too perfect. Gulls cry.

GOD'S POV - LOOKING DOWN

Raindrops drip from trees. A familiar grassy knoll. Lush. Manicured. PETER! Sprawled lifeless. Just as he was when he first woke in Neverland.

THE VIEW DESCENDS right to his face. No vital signs. A raindrop splatters his nose. He flinches.

PETER
(delirious)
Jack...Maggie...fly...

Another hits him. He sits up slowly looking around. He stands panicked. Not again! His clothes are tattered and torn. He doesn't know which way to go. Something rustles the bushes. He turns--ready to fight---

A cricket ball crashes through the brush and rolls to his feet. He stares at it--as if it might explode. He picks it up--turning it in his hands.

A YOUNG KID crashes through the brush in a ball uniform. He's eyes Peter in his dirty duds. Peter frowns, in a fog.

KID
Here--gimme yat ball, y'sodder--

Peter pitches it back following the kid through the bushes.

THE VIEW ASCENDS REVEALING: KENSINGTON GARDENS

Round Pound. The manicured green filled with PEOPLE playing cricket. Peter takes it all in--thoroughly confused.

GIRL (OC)
Mom--there's Peter Pan--

A LITTLE GIRL points at Peter--then runs past him to--

THE PETER PAN STATUE

Frozen in time. Forever young. Peter fixes on it. Something clicks.

PETER
My kids.....

The MOTHER eyes Peter suspiciously as she retrieves her little girl. Peter suddenly, anxious, starts to jog away--

TINK (O.C.)
Goodbye Peter. I love you....

He stops--turning back to the statue, as if it spoke to him.

PETER
Tink?

A GROUNDS KEEPER sweeps some empty bottles across the cement path. "Tink-tink-tink"--

PETER
(thinking)
Tink...

He shrugs. Whatever it meant, he's already forgotten. With new life, he races away down the path.

THE VIEW CLIMBS TO: TINKERBELL! Standing behind the statue's head. Her back to us as she watches Peter picking up speed, pulling farther away, until he's gone.

Tink turns. Glowing tears dot her face. She flies away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARLBOROUGH GATE - MORNING

Peter races by ~~... dodging and weaving~~ dodging and weaving through SUNDAY STROLLERS all reacting to his tattered appearance.

He dashes across Baywater Road dodging traffic ~~...~~

CUT TO:

EXT. #14 - THE NURSERY WINDOW - MORNING

Maggie, Jack and Tootles peer out the closed window. Morose. Suddenly Maggie lights up--jumping and pointing.

WITH PETER - RACING UP THE STREET

He stops, instinctively looking up to the window. He jumps up and down when he sees them--"they're alive"! Hooting and celebrating life--the "new" Peter hops up on the garden wall and walks it--doing exactly what he told Jack not to do--He makes it--all the way--without falling!

Bowing to his children applauding in the window, he leaps the garden fence and dashes the shortcut to the front door.

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INT. #14 - CONTINUING ACTION

Moira opens the door. Peter bursts in--sweeps Moira off her feet laughing like a lovesick teenager--and a serious kiss.

MOIRA

Oh, Peter---Peter--I thought I'd lost you. All of you. What happened last night, Peter?

PETER

(shocked confused)

Last night? I--don't know...All I know is--I love you Moira. I love you!

Maggie skitters down the stairs and sails into Peter's arms just like she flew.

MAGGIE

Daddy! I knew you'd come back. I never gave up.

Peter is suddenly facing Granny Wendy. He bows to her beautifully. [the way Pan did when he first met Wendy]

PETER

Hullo, Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

WENDY

Hullo, Peter. Do you know where you are?

PETER

Where I...belong. Where I want to be.

They embrace, filled with emotion and unconditional love. Peter spots Tootles watching at the foot of the stairs. He can't speak. He just grabs Peter and hugs him tight.

PETER

(something clicks)

Tootles--I've got something--I think belongs to you. I don't remember--

He removes the pouch from his neck. Tootles brightens, barely able to contain himself. Peter pours the marbles into his gnarly hands---

TOOTLES

See?--I didn't lose my marbles afterall.

Granny Wendy hugs him warmly. Tootles drifts upstairs, caressing his happy thoughts. He passes Jack--waiting on the stairs--feeling guilty--cut off.

Peter reaches up with both arms--just like his father and mother did---Jack can't fight his tears. JACK JUMPS--flying into his Daddy's arms. Moira hugs them both.

MOIRA

You're all safe. We're together. We can just be the way we were...before.....

PETER

(lucid, focused)

I love all of you so much. But we'll never be the same as before. There's something we've got to do. All of us--

He leaps up and touches the chandeleir--then bounds quickly upstairs, leading them all--Granny Wendy, too.

INT. NURSERY - THE WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION

Peter leads his family toward it--He scowls angry--

PETER

What did I tell you about this window? Huh? Well, let's open it!

Anger melts to mirth. He unlocks it throwing it open wide. Jack and Maggie open the other side.

EXT. THE WINDOW - WIDEN SLOWLY FROM:

The Darling/Bannings together. Joyous. Facing the world.

PETER

Take a deep breath everybody. Breathe. It's a great day to be alive. From now on--in this family--everyday is a great day--to be alive...

THE VIEW CLIMBS UP UP UP - FLYING OVER KENSINGTON GARDENS

Up through the clouds. We bank in a sweeping arc over Big Bend and the Thames River. London gleams in the morning sun. TOOTLES SWOOPS INTO VIEW! Whooping with pure joy. He shakes the last of Tink's pixie dust from his marble pouch on his craggy face, basking in the golden glow.

He pauses and waves goodbye to each of us. Then zooms away heading for Neverland. Laughing like that child he was. The child we all were. The child in us that can never die.

SUPER: "SECOND TO THE RIGHT AND STRAIGHT ON TIL MORNING"

--SIR JAMES BARRIE

END TITLES AND FLYING MUSIC

06/21/90

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TO JUDY, JAKE AND JULIA FOR ALWAYS BELIEVING...

IN MEMORY OF DAVID ALBERT HART, "UNCLE DEEDAH"

1950 - 1988