

PAN

by

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BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "All children, except one, grow up."

THUMP! - Electricity arcs through darkness.

Sound of MACHINERY turning on: Sowing machines THUMPING needle and thread. Old fashioned MUSICAL toys dancing and spinning. Various clocks starting; second hands TICKING away.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A streetlight flickers, creating dappled, shifting shadows before a large gated estate. Down the street: a puke green JUNK YARD CAR, white top, idling in the darkness...

INT. HURON HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark, covered in remnants of an 11 year old's birthday party: half-eaten cake, balloons, streamers. Moving up creaking stairs to the 2nd floor, where light spills out an open door.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

Cars pass outside, headlights throwing a kaleidoscope of shadows across the room.

MICHAEL HURON, 11, a scrawny kid with wild hair and a STUTTER, is put to bed by his mom, MRS. HURON, 40s.

MRS. HURON
How does it feel to be eleven?

Michael shrugs. She crosses to close the windows.

MRS. HURON
Just another candle, huh?

MICHAEL
Why wasn't d-dad here?

MRS. HURON
Because he's reliving his youth
with "what's her name"-- Wherever
he is, just know that he loves you.
So how about that bedtime story?
What do you say?

Michael nods. We follow mom out into the:

HALLWAY

Left looking through the doorway at Michael. His attention is drawn to the door -- CREAKING as it ever so slowly closes all on its own...

Mrs. Huron comes back with a book, opens the door and --

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

She stops suddenly. ALL THE WINDOWS ARE OPEN. FALL-COLORED LEAVES blanket the floor. Michael's pale white, shaking.

MRS. HURON

Michael. Why did you open the windows?

MICHAEL

I d-didn't.

MRS. HURON

Well someone must have.

She closes them, then picks up the scattered leaves.

MICHAEL

Not me.

MRS. HURON

Then who?

Michael looks behind her, shakily lifts a finger, and points.

MICHAEL

(small voice)

He d-did...

She slowly turns and... there's nothing there, except for her shadow cast on the wall.

MRS. HURON

What did I tell you about making up stories? It's the same as lying.

Michael's about to speak when... THE SHADOW ON THE WALL MOVES, its finger going before its lips. Shhh...

MRS. HURON

Part of growing up means taking responsibility for your actions. You can still be a boy and not be childish, okay? Don't be like your father.

Michael doesn't respond, too scared to speak.

MRS. HURON

I'll read you a story another time.
I want you to think about what I've
told you.

MICHAEL

D-d-don't g-go...

MRS. HURON

I'm tired, Michael. Go to sleep.
I'll see you in the morning.

She leaves, closing the door behind her...

BUT HER SHADOW IS STILL THERE, pasted on the wall! It's chest
rises and falls, breathing. Then it stands and looks at
Michael.

Michael's stock-still, watching in horror as THE SHADOW
DETACHES FROM THE WALL and moves toward him...

FADE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A fluorescent light hangs from the ceiling, flickering,
casting shadows from POLICE CAPTAIN JAMES HOOK who stands
beneath it, staring intently before him at a pane of glass,
like a detective scrutinizing a line up of criminals:

Frozen dinners. Hundreds of types, brands, family size. He
looks confused because he is, standing in the long frozen
food aisle beside his empty cart.

At 40, Hook was a once handsome man, now haggard and worn.
There's a brooding quality to him, a sadness in his eyes.
He's seen things, bad things. Things that you can never
forget.

Totally out of his element here, trying to act normal, to
learn how to be normal, and grocery shopping is as normal-
everyday as it comes.

He stares at them blankly. Reaches in and take out a chicken
pot pie, reading the directions on the back of the package.
Squints at them. Might as well be Greek. Puts it back.

Down the aisle - a WOMAN, filling her cart. Looks like she
knows what she's doing. So Hook tails her like a cop would.
Except she isn't a suspect. She's normality.

Whatever she puts in her cart, a second later Hook is there, putting that same thing in his. Frozen broccoli, check. Can of soup, check. Cereal, check. Super plus tampons, check.

He loses sight of her, missing her handoff with the milk section, leaving him to do the dirty work himself.

He steps up before the various brands of milk. Nonfat, 2%, half and half, cream, soy, rice, chocolate...

Making sure no one is looking, he opens a carton of nonfat. Tastes it. Doesn't like it. Puts the open carton back on the shelf. Tries the same with soy - almost pukes, spits it out. Zeroes in on 2%, opens the carton, sips. Shrugs - it'll do. Puts it back and grabs an unopened one.

Eyes a KID down the aisle with his father. The kid is staring at him. Hook, caught red handed. The boy makes a motion to wipe his mouth. Hook realizing he has a milk mustache, wipes it off. Nods his thanks. Kid nods back. Mission complete.

CHECKOUT LANE

Hook is at the express check out lane. Struggles to scan the barcode of milk, as it beeps and beeps. People behind growing impatient. He kicks the machine, tries scanning again. Beep.

Giving up, putting the damn milk on the scale where it DINGS, price popping up on the register \$1.38. Success. Finally. Customers shake their heads - ready for their turn to check out... until Hook produces his checkbook from his pocket. More groans.

EXT. MERMAID'S LAGOON, BOAT DOCKS - DAY

SQUAWKING seagulls take flight as Hook's beat up pickup truck pulls to the edge of the docks. He exits with his milk carton, makes a beeline down the dock past the moored boats, comes to:

A lonely HOUSEBOAT, christened "JOLLY ROGER". A pirate flag flaps on the stern, skull and crossbones greeting visitors.

And standing there - COMMANDER SMEE, 50s. He wipes the stress from his face, trapped in place by a snarling Newfoundland.

HOOK (O.S.)

Nana, heel.

NANA whimpers back to her owner, as Hook locks eyes on Smee, a moment passes between them, history, and not all good.

HOOK

Smee.

SMEE

Hook.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Dark and depressing, a sprawl of furniture. A floatable motor home. Hook flops down on the couch. Plucks a bottle of aspirin from an end table, washes it down with bourbon.

We see a tarnished plaque for humanitarian work in finding missing children -- now being used as a coaster.

SMEE

So this is what awaits my golden years? Retired in splendor, eh?

HOOK

Forced retirement. You come to feed the animals, or just looking to feel better about yourself?

Smee tosses a case file onto the table. Hook stares at it like a dead body.

HOOK

You know, I've played this scenario in my head a thousand times over. Seeing you come here. A second chance --

SMEE

Well here it is.

HOOK

But then I remember. What happened. Why I'm here and your there.

SMEE

This one's different.

HOOK

Always is.

Smee takes out a PHOTO: Michael blowing out birthday candles.

SMEE

Name's Michael. Just turned eleven. That's the last photo taken of him.

Hook stares at it arduously, then places it face down.

SMEE

Kidnapper left a message--

Smee goes to open the file, but Hook closes it.

HOOK

What are you doing, Smee?

SMEE

74 percent are murdered within the first three hours. It's been two days. We're losing.

HOOK

Don't ask me to do this.

SMEE

You got a gift, a goddamn way about you. I need someone who can see through their eyes. Someone who gives a shit.

HOOK

I'm not that person anymore. I wouldn't be useful to you.

SMEE

Come on, Hook. You're forty years old pushing sixty. What are you going to do with yourself out here?

HOOK

Whatever retired people do. Work on the boat, play shuffle board. Lead a normal life.

SMEE

People like us don't lead normal lives. They do, because of us.

Smee waits for a response, gets none. He flicks off the lights on his way out.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Dark, illuminated by a tiny lamp and the flicker from an old TV, complete with antenna and turn knobs. Nana's on the sofa.

Hook flicks the TV off to the solitude of his existence. A CROCODILE CLOCK TICKS. The refrigerator HUMS.

He lifts his hard-earned carton of milk when it slips through his fingers, to the floor, spilling out. He stares at it.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Hook's truck pulls to the curb. The door opens, discarded coffee cups spilling out, lighting Hook in the drivers seat. After a moment he climbs out, glancing up from a folded street map to:

THE HURON HOUSE, right out of a Norman Rockwell painting, yet somehow sinister in its vacancy. It ought to be littered with bicycles and wagons: signs and symbols of suburban normalcy.

INT. HURON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hook enters, holding Michael's photo. This place has been picked apart by the police. Furniture skewed. Cabinets cleared out. Walls smeared with fingerprint powder.

KITCHEN

The refrigerator's open. Hook leaning inside, moves contents around, pushing aside birthday cake. Just when we think he's being a bit too meticulous...

He comes out with a bottle of beer. Pops the cap, downs half of it. Sees the blinking ANSWERING MACHINE. Hits 'play'.

MAN (ON MACHINE)
...from the Daily News regarding
the recent abduction of your child.
You can reach me at--

Hook hits delete, cuing the next message.

WOMAN (ON MACHINE)
Peter, Peter pumpkin eater, Had a
wife but couldn't keep her; He put
her in a pumpkin shell; And there
he kept her very well.

He stops, hits 'rewind', then 'record' on his TAPE RECORDER.

WOMAN (ON MACHINE)
Peter, Peter pumpkin eater, Had a
wife but couldn't keep her --

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

Hook stands in the doorway, forcing himself to step inside. He takes in the room: curtained windows, posters, toys, trash can - full of fall-colored leaves.

He looks at the photo on the dresser, Michael and his DAD.
Takes in the sheets, rumped as if from a nightmare.

Hook kneels to the carpet, close. Smells it. Follows the
trail to the wall where the shadow was, touches it.

It's starting to get to him.

BATHROOM

Hook rests his hands on the sides of the sink, gathers
himself. He opens the medicine cabinet, searches through.
Can't see, turns on the light.

Nothing inside but children's medicine, toothpaste, band-
aids. Hook chews a couple Flintstone's vitamins. He closes
the cabinet, then notices something behind him...

REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR: bathroom light spills out into the
bedroom, creating a frame of light onto the wall above the
bed. There, something jagged, discolored...

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

Hook steps out from the bathroom, eyes glued before him at a
MESSAGE CARVED CRUELY INTO THE WALL, words misspelled:

*Com to the window,
My baby, with me,
nd look at the stars,
That shine on the sea.*

EXT. HURON HOUSE, ROOF - NIGHT

Hook sits on the shingles, as thoughts crash like thunder in
his head. Taking in the city and stars. One in particular
stands out: second to the right of a crescent moon.

HOOK
(into recorder)
Fuck you, Smee.

We can see it in his eyes: he's back in.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The carved message is projected onto a screen. Smee steps
before it, stopping at the podium.

SMEE
Alright. Settle down!

A dozen cops sit before him, taking notes, trading conversation. Food and coffee cups litter the desks.

SMEE

This is what we know. No point of entry. No witnesses. No physical evidence. Three days. Means we're not looking hard enough. As you know, the Hurons have friends in high places, and Commissioner wants this resolved quickly and quietly.

(beat)

Dr. Mullins.

Standing with Smees are a couple experts: MORGAN "SKYLIGHTS", 30s, a forensic pathologist with thick glasses, and DR. ROBERTA MULLINS, criminal psychiatrist.

DR. MULLINS

Cases like these usually involve deep seeded motive, dreams, living out some type of childhood fantasy.

DETECTIVE CECCO, 40, heavysset, CHUCKLES with his peers, curbed by Smees's murderous glare.

DR. MULLINS

(turns to message)

The sloppy handwriting, the misspelled words -- it appears to be the work of a child, perhaps even the child in question. What it means, I'm not quite sure--

HOOK (O.S.)

Come to the window, my baby with me, and look at the stars, that shine on the sea.

The room goes SILENT. Heads turn to Hook as he shambles up. He looks like he hasn't slept. He certainly hasn't shaved.

HOOK

There are two little stars, that play bo-peep, with two little fish, far down in the deep, and two little frogs, cry "Neap, neap, Neap", I see a dear baby, that should be asleep.

(beat)

It's a nursery rhyme. For kids.

Behind his back, whispers and pointed sneers. It's apparent that they don't like him or want him here.

SMEE

Most of you know Captain Hook, some personally, some by reputation. He'll be assisting on the case.

CECCO

What the fuck...

SMEE

Detective Cecco. You got something you want to add?

Cecco bristles, shakes his head. Hook writes on the board:

HOOK

Largest number of missing children is "runaways", followed by "family abductions", then "lost", injured, or otherwise missing. The smallest category, but the one in which the child is at the most risk, "non-family, stereotypical abductions."

(beat)

Michael was in bed at the time of the kidnapping.

SMEE

Yeah.

Hook crosses off "lost" on the blackboard.

SKYLIGHTS

Locks were secure, no prints. Could easily be a runaway.

HOOK

Then why didn't he take anything with him? Why no note?

Hook crosses off "runaways".

HOOK

Report didn't mention a father.

SMEE

Absent. You think he's involved?

HOOK

No. Michael was too scared for it to be the father.

CECCO

And you know that how, exactly?

HOOK

There was a struggle--

Hook steps over to a group of crime scene photos posted on the wall. Points to one of the carpet, same spot he smelled.

HOOK

Here. Carpet smelled like urine. He wet himself.

A few cops look at each other... this guy is good.

HOOK

Assume he was taken by force. The perpetrator's likely of unknown identity or a slight acquaintance.

Crosses off "family abductions". Circles "stereotypical".

SMEE

We ran everything through the database. Carved message, bedroom, eleven year old boy. Nothing.

HOOK

No. There wouldn't be.

CECCO

All bullshit hunches and theories.

HOOK

That evidence supports. That's what cops do.

CECCO

And how the fuck would you know about that?

DR. MULLINS

We compiled a profile. White male, 20 to 29, loner, unemployed or working in unskilled labor--

HOOK

Forget about the kidnapper.

CECCO

The hell are we looking for then?

Hook points to the photo on Michael.

HOOK

Michael.

SMEE

I want SWAT on 24 hour standby.
Dicks, get the word out on the
street - snitches, snatches, the
usual bunch. Rest of you, your
assignments are on the sheet.

Cops grumble as they file out. Cecco passes Hook on his way
out, looking less than friendly.

CECCO

Gives all us a bad name being here.

HOOK

I got a name for you.

SMEE

Enough! Both of you! I won't have
this preschool shit in my house.

Smee slides Hook a police badge and cell phone.

SMEE

Badge. Phone. Desk is outside.

Hook looks over the mobile phone. No idea how to use it.

HOOK

Short leash, huh?

SMEE

The shortest. And a choke collar.
The kind with those prongs on it.

HOOK

C'mon, Smee. What the hell am I
doing here?

SMEE

Finding a lost kid.

He tosses Hook an electric shaver.

SMEE

And, Hook, big favor. Try to fix
yourself up, if you can manage it.
At least look the part.

Hook grabs the phone and heads out.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - DAY

A circus of RINGING phones, CLATTERING keyboards, and police looking busy. Hook sits at his solitary desk amid prying eyes. Spots his reflection in the computer monitor. Doesn't like what he sees.

He looks around the precinct, memories flooding back. He's home here, and there's that hope in his eyes that he can stay, but he's too proud to let it last.

He rearranges the desk the way it used to be when he was active -- computer monitor as a bulletin board, files to his right, phone in a desk drawer. The rest of the junk he shoves off into the trash bin. Getting back to a place he knows. But something is missing...

An OFFICER passes.

HOOK
Know where they keep the
typewriters?

OFFICER
Yeah. In a museum.

Cecco passing.

CECCO
Don't get too comfortable there.

Hook shoots a rubber band at the back of his head. Cecco turns to look for the culprit. Hook points to the Officer.

As Cecco goes after him, Hook sits back, looking intently at Michael's photo. Traces the outline of his face.

HOOK
Okay, Michael. Talk to me. Tell me
why he took you. You're a good kid,
whole life in front of you.

His eyes catch the birthday cake in the picture.

HOOK
Eleven years old. Your birthday. He
planned this. Took the time to
carve a message. Foresight. It's
the act that's important. He took
you because it was your birthday.

Hook grabs the photo and heads out.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECORDS ROOM - LATER

A basement of cold cases, closed files, legal documents filling dusty shelves and filing cabinets. Hook stands next to an old, neglected table, his initials "JH" carved into the wood. This was his second home in this secluded cave, with many memories when --

PLOP. A dusty box is placed down on the table over his initials by wormish clerk, CHAS, 20.

CHAS

Don't see many cops using microfilm anymore. Not since they put it all on computer.

HOOK

Computers don't seem to like me.

CHAS

I hear that's a common problem with you.

Hook casts a look of intimidation on Chas, who quickly changes gears, taking down a box dated 1989.

CHAS

Here we are. Need help loading up the machine--
(off Hook's look)
Or I can get out of your way.

CLOSE ON A MICROFILM MONITOR - MOMENTS LATER

Scrolling past old newspaper articles in the Daily Reporter. Hook sits behind the machine, scanning various headlines on child abductions. There are a lot of them.

LATER

Hook's still at it. Losing himself to the collage of photos and stark words. Up to year 2007. He stops, looks closer.

ON THE MONITOR: grainy newsphoto of a 14-year old girl with accompanying story ("Captive Girl Found Alive"), dated 2007. Scrolls: "11-year-old"; "birthday"; "abducted from bedroom".

Hook jots down notes on his pad, rolls his chair to the nearby computer. A beat as he reconsiders.

HOOK

Hey, clerk guy.

CHAS
(steps up)
It's Chas.

HOOK
I need you to run a search for me.

Hook hands him the piece of paper. Chas speed types.

CHAS
There you go.

ON SCREEN: Wendy Darling - Psychiatric Ward.

EXT. ASYLUM - LATE DAY

A SIGN on a chain link fence topped with razor-wire reads: PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE. Beyond it squats an imposing four-story Gothic building. The sky overhead is bleak grey, bubbled with storm clouds, threatening rain.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - LATE DAY

Hook pulls into an "employee only" parking spot. Kills the engine. He shaves with the electrical razor, using the rear view. The razor slows and dies, leaving Hook half-shaven.

HOOK
Shit.

INT. ASYLUM, WAITING ROOM - LATE DAY

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind security glass, typing out form after form of dull clerical work.

A "Stop Smoking" ad sits just above a cigarette vending machine, which is where we find Hook, pounding the already-dented dispenser. He shakes his head, muttering.

RECEPTIONIST
Captain Hook. He's ready for you.

INT. ASYLUM, COOKSON'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

DR. RICHARD COOKSON, 65, the clinical, yet warm chief of staff, sits behind a vast desk piled with paperwork. Overworked. Undermanned. He looks over crime scene notes and flips through photos.

Hook sits before him, eyeing a framed PHOTO of a teenage boy on the desk.

DR. COOKSON
I'm not going to lie to you. I have
my reservations.

HOOK
It's a routine follow up.

DR. COOKSON
About what exactly?

HOOK
Similarities in the cases.

DR. COOKSON
A boy went missing, not a girl. I'm
no detective, but this seems quite
different to me.

HOOK
That's why you're no detective.

Cookson looks at the files. Hook getting antsy being here.

HOOK
You going to let me see her or not?

DR. COOKSON
(considering)
No.

Hook is quick to grab the file and head for the door.

DR. COOKSON
We've never violated a patient's
trust, and we never will.

HOOK
You want to see a violation?

He slaps the photo of Michael down before Cookson, right in front of the photo of his son.

HOOK
11 years old. That's a violation.

A loud, metallic BUZZ-CLACK, locks disengaging as --

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR, UPPER FLOOR - LATE DAY

A heavy steel gate opens, revealing barred cells lining the walls. Observation windows show glimpses of shadowy occupants moving about. Robe-clad patients scurry out of the way of Cookson and Hook.

DR. COOKSON

Local police found her wandering in a catatonic state three years after her abduction. Two suicide attempts later, her parents turned custody over to the state.

HOOK

She say anything about the missing years?

DR. COOKSON

She believes she was held by a monster in some fantasy place.

HOOK

A monster, huh?

DR. COOKSON

It's not uncommon for patients to invent impossible answers to quell real-life fears. It helps them cope, to understand.

HOOK

They way you're going on, it sounds like she's still a kid.

DR. COOKSON

In many ways she is. Wendy never had a chance to grow up. Her abduction stunted that development in her. Her mind still answers questions as a child's would, with its imagination.

HOOK

That why she's still here? Afraid to leave?

DR. COOKSON

Closets, windows, monsters under the bed. She still believes in all of it. We've even resorted to using soft lighting in her room.

HOOK
Why is that?

DR. COOKSON
She's afraid of her own shadow...

Cookson stops at one of the SOUNDPROOF STEEL DOORS.

DR. COOKSON
...literally.

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM - LATE DAY

The door opens. Cookson enters with Hook behind. The room is empty of all furnishings save the bed, sink and toilet.

DR. COOKSON
Good morning, Wendy. You have a visitor.

WENDY DARLING, 18, sits huddled in the corner. Wrecked as she is, we see the beauty in her face, the deep, lonely eyes.

DR. COOKSON
His name is James Hook from the Metropolitan Police Force. He has some questions he'd like to ask you, if that's alright.

Wendy gazes listlessly at her barely visible shadow. Withdrawn, pallid. Still a scared little girl.

Hook stares down at her, no idea how to approach her, how to talk to a child in an adult's body.

DR. COOKSON
It's okay. She can hear you.

HOOK
A little boy was taken a few days ago. Circumstances surrounding his disappearance are similar to yours. Far as I can tell, you're the only one to ever escape, so I thought you'd be able to fill me in on some missing details.

She seems not to even see him. Her dull eyes past him. He can't provoke a reaction.

HOOK

I know what you're going through.
That's why I'm here, to stop this
from happening to other kids. I
just need to know what happened,
what you saw. A name. Anything.

Wendy senses someone. Looks up, sees Hook staring down at her.

HOOK

It's okay, Ms. Darling.

Wendy stays rigid. Hands clutching her robe. Hook tries a different tactic.

HOOK

Mind if I crouch?

Wendy slowly slides away, giving Hook most of the floor. Hook crouches. Wendy fidgets, returns to staring at her lap.

Hook smiles at Wendy. His eyes drift down to her arms. The smile disappears.

Her arms are covered in tiny cuts and bruises. Some almost healed. Some fresh. Hook looks around to gather himself.

HOOK

You know, in the past, a lot of
people faked being crazy. Did it
just to get inside a sanatorium.
Which, in and of itself, is a bit
crazy.

WENDY

(soft)

Why?

Hook takes a beat, wasn't expecting her to respond.

HOOK

Well. Some were trying to get out
of jail time. Others were hiding
out. That's where the name asylum
comes from. People seeking asylum.

Wendy looks up.

WENDY

What were they hiding from?

HOOK

Bad people, mostly.

WENDY

What happened to them?

Hook studies Wendy's anxious face.

HOOK

Most got what they were looking for. Safety.

WENDY

Then why would they ever want to leave?

HOOK

I guess different reasons. Maybe the bad guys were arrested. Maybe they were ready to move on, live their lives without fear.

Hook and Wendy stare at each other.

WENDY

Are you a good policeman?

HOOK

I got an award once. But I've kinda been retired for a while. Like you, I guess. Hiding out. Away.

WENDY

Do you have a gun?

Hook nods.

WENDY

Have you ever killed anyone?

HOOK

No.

WENDY

Guns won't save you. Not from him. I'm tired now. Goodbye.

HOOK

From who? Wendy? Ms. Darling? Tell me who did this to you.

But she has clicked off, lying down, facing the wall. Hook stares at her, finally rises. Puts a reassuring hand on her arm. A connection. Wendy just stares blankly at Hook's hand.

WENDY

You can't help me.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Hook joins Cookson in the hall as the door is bolted shut.

HOOK
I need copies of her files and
taped sessions.

DR. COOKSON
Examination and interview materials
are confidential.

HOOK
Not to me.

DR. COOKSON
And why is that?

HOOK
Because deep down you know that you
can't save her. And maybe I can.

INT. WENDY'S ROOM

Wendy, slumped under the lights. As the echoing FOOTSTEPS recede, she looks at her arm where Hook touched her. Her eye tears. She's not as catatonic as one might think. There's something else going on in there.

EXT. BOAT DOCKS - NIGHT

Hook walks toward his boat, head down. The RAIN BEATS on him. Under his arm he carries a cardboard VCR box.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

He enters, soaking wet. Switches on the lamp. Depressing. Nana appears, tail a-thumping. Hook reaches atop the refrigerator, grabs a bag of jerky. Tosses it to the dog.

He stops before a pile of mail collecting. "Over Due" and "Final Notice" stamped on them. He opens the VCR box, stares at multitudes of wires. Opens the instruction manual. Page 1.

LATER

Wires everywhere. TV reads: No Signal. Hook is on the sofa with a bottle of bourbon.

Hook flips through a thick, stained folder. The cover reads "Case File: / DARLING, WENDY."

INSIDE: Psychological forms, some handwritten, phrases:
"Emotionally disturbed", "Delusional", "Persecuted".

Hook flips to the DRAWINGS: dark flowing SHADOWS; white, blank FACES; BROKEN CLOCKS; a MANGLED TREE. All drawn in shadows, abstract splotches and scratches scrawled in smeared ink. The images begin to lose their shape as they grow more erratic, overlapping. The last page is completely black.

FADE TO:

VOICES SINGING
Happy birthday, to you...

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eleven birthday candles flicker atop a frosted cake. MATTHEW CURLY, 11, sits before it. Friends and family hover nearby.

MRS. CURLY
 Blow out the candles, make a wish.

Matthew closes his eyes, about to blow them out when --
 Whoosh! Every candle goes out on its own. Confused looks,
 until MR. CURLY notices the open window.

MR. CURLY
 The window...

MRS. CURLY
 I thought you closed it.

MR. CURLY
 (to Matthew)
 It's all right, champ, we'll light
 them again.

Mr. Curly closes the window, not noticing, parked across the
 street, that green junk yard car, blanketed in leaves.

MATTHEW
 But what about my wish?

FRIEND
 If you don't blow out all candles,
 the wish is reversed, like a jinx.

MATTHEW
 Liar!

Matthew digs his hand in the cake and goes to put it on his
 friend when Mr. Curly stops him.

MR. CURLY

Hey, be nice you two. Go wash up,
and we'll sing again, okay?

HALLWAY

Matthew moves slowly down the dark, creepy hall, past even darker rooms. A CREAKING noise comes from ahead. He freezes, shivers, scared eyes scanning the shadows.

INT. BATHROOM

Matthew dashes in, flicks the light on, breathes easier. A MOBILE hangs from the ceiling, spinning ever so slightly from its cord. Oddly shaped shadows arc across the walls.

Matthew turns to the sink, stopping suddenly. He pulls out a fall-colored LEAF, the small window cracked open. He shuts it, then washes his hands. Behind him, shadows from the mobile stop moving, even though the mobile continues...

The SHADOWS begin to group together on the wall, gathering, taking the shape of a HULKING FIGURE. The shadow's arm elongates along the wall, to the door...

HALLWAY

...and closes it.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAWN

Hook lies on the sofa, staring up at the ceiling. The TV is on STATIC. RAIN BEATS on the windows, throwing odd shadows across his face.

The cell phone RINGS and RINGS. He ignores it. Then the land line RINGS and RINGS. He glances over at it, as if knowing what the call is about. He closes his eyes.

EXT. CITY - MORNING

The blue hours before dawn. Laconic movement outside. The city dragging itself out of bed.

A newspaper vendor lays out tabloids at the front of his stand. Headlines read "BIZARRE KIDNAPPING!" and "BIRTHDAY BOY ABDUCTED" -- all in huge, black print.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - DAY

The computer monitor is being put to good use -- as a mock bulletin board. Michael and Curly's photos are taped to it.

Hook looks at crime scene PHOTOS of Curly's bedroom, and the misspelled message carved above the bed:

*What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails,
And puppy dog tails,
That's what litte boys are made of.*

The phone RINGS. Hook chins the receiver.

HOOK
Yeah, hello. Hello...?

Nothing. He looks at the phone's dozen blinking buttons. He guess, presses one. Squealing SPEAKERPHONE.

HOOK
Dammit--

Picks another.

HOOK
Hello?

CHAS (ON PHONE)
Yes, this is Chas--

HOOK
Who?

CHAS (ON PHONE)
(sighs)
Clerk guy. I tracked down Wendy's parents, George and Mary Darling. I actually used a really cool cypher search I invented --

HOOK
You know what's really fascinating about that?

Chas waits for an answer. Hook doesn't produce one.

CHAS
Anyway. Mom died of natural causes. Dad was a suicide in a convalescent home. Also, I got those items you requested. Do you want me to--

Hook hangs up and hurries off.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Hook sits among the disarray of Curley's possessions. He opens a box, taking out a child's toy. A WOODEN TROLLEY CAR. Smee, Chas and a bored Cecco stand and watch behind.

CHAS

Been in here all day. Just sits and stares at the stuff.

SMEE

It's how he works. Some people have a gut feeling. For Hook, it's real. He can see things we don't.

CHAS

What, like a psychic?

SMEE

More like empathy, projection. He can assume your point of view and mine, and some other points of view that scare the hell out of him.

CECCO

Waste of time if you ask me.

Cecco walks off. Smee approaches Hook.

HOOK

I can't see it. I get to the same point, the moment it happens. And then, it all goes dark.

SMEE

You're just rusty is all.

HOOK

No. This is something different.

Hook loses himself in his thoughts.

HOOK

(catches Smee's look)
You think I'm crazy?

SMEE

We're all a little crazy, Hook.
It's what keeps us sane.

Hook looks at the trolley and takes in Smee's words.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Hook shuffles through an old, musty box labeled: Met PD / Evidence: Case File D-11734 / Wendy Darling. Pulls a fat file folder, thumbs through police reports.

INSIDE: Wendy's abduction. "*Reported missing: 5/11/04.*" Hook scans to: "*Kidnapped night of 5/9/04.*"

HOOK
(into recorder)
Parents reported Wendy missing two
days after the fact. Why wait?

PHOTOS: grainy enlargements of Wendy when found -- dirty, hair matted, nightgown torn, eyes bloodshot.

HOOK
She was kept in a dark place.

PHOTOS of the crime scene - Wendy's bedroom: something's off. Hook can't place it, flips to a shot of the wall behind the bed, blank wallpaper, dawning...

HOOK
...no nursery rhyme.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - DAY

Hook pushes his way down the hall, grabbing a ring of keys off the nurses' station. A NURSE picks up the phone, dials.

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM

Wendy's curled up on the floor when a CLATTERING makes her sit upright. The door opens and Hook storms in forcibly.

HOOK
Another kid went missing last
night. He's not going to stop.

She shakes her head, unwilling - or unable - to say anything. Hook's starting to get angry. He crouches to her eye level.

HOOK
We can save them, Wendy. You can
save them. All I need is a name, a
description. Anything at all.

Wendy's eyes are filled with tears. Hook's expression drains of anger as Wendy Darling begins to cry.

WENDY

I don't want to be scared anymore.

Wendy's sad eyes stare up at Hook.

HOOK

I won't fail you.

Hook's face is filled with emotion. Wendy is suddenly hit by his passion. She looks at Hook with different eyes.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)

What the hell is going on?

EXT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Hook paces as Cookson, backed by two orderlies, argues.

DR. COOKSON

I don't throw my children into the deep end to teach them to swim. She's not ready for it out there.

HOOK

I need to see what she saw, and I can't do that with her locked up in here.

DR. COOKSON

I read up on you, Mr. Hook. I understand why you do what you do.

Hook shifts. Doc's getting too personal.

DR. COOKSON

You'll protect children at any cost. What concerns me is your use of violence to do it. Do you regret what you did to Bill Jukes? To the others?

HOOK

I weep for them--

DR. COOKSON

That's good. Sympathy is good.

HOOK

-- because I know what I'm going to do when I catch them.

DR. COOKSON

Is that a joke?

Hook meets his gaze. Guess not. Cookson puts his hands on his head, thinking.

DR. COOKSON
And you truly believe you're the
one to protect her, to save her?

HOOK
It's the only thing I'm good at.

WENDY (O.S.)
Pan.

They turn to Wendy, framed in the doorway. Her eyes alert. There is intensity and resolve in them.

WENDY
His name was Peter Pan.

EXT. ASYLUM - LATER

Hook waits by his truck, ear pressed to his cell phone.

HOOK
Nothing on Peter Pan? Birth
certificate? Alias? Keep looking.

Hook hangs up, eyes Cookson and Wendy exit the asylum. The girl immediately goes white. Every cell in her body still with fear.

Eyeing the overcast sky, her diffused shadow... Making sure she doesn't step in it, or on cracks in the sidewalk.

Wendy stays rigid. Hands clutching a handful of her oversized, second hand jacket.

DR. COOKSON
You have my number. Call when
you're ready to come back, okay?

She hugs him, like a small child hugging a father. Then hurries fast to the truck, past Hook who holds the door open for her, quickly slips inside.

She sits for a moment. Then turns on all the interior lights of the car. Calms a bit. Rolls down the window. A beat. Quickly rolls it back up. Having a hard time sitting still. Turns on the front headlights. Brights. Settles.

Hook watches, in over his head. Shares a look with Cookson, who watches them drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DUSK

The once prosperous enclave in the city now lives in the shadow of its former glory. The sun sets over lifeless mansions jammed with 'For Sale' signs.

EXT. DARLING HOUSE - DUSK

Hook's truck arrives at 14 Bloomsbury Way -- a huge three story home. Gone to shit. He and Wendy head up the walk to the door. Wendy's on edge, every noise and light jars her.

HOOK

So this is where you lived, huh?

Wendy doesn't answer, trembling eyes focused on the house. Hook tries the door. Locked.

HOOK

Got a hairpin I can borrow?

She pulls one from her hair, watching Hook jimmy the lock open. He hands the mangled hairpin back.

HOOK

Sorry. I'll get you a new one.

INT. DARLING HOUSE - DUSK

Dark, musty. Boarded windows, covered furniture. Forgotten things. Hook tries the light switch. No power. Flicks on his flashlight. Rats skitter. There's a loneliness here, an echo of desperation.

Wendy glances around nervously, looking small and fragile.

HOOK

Your parents stopped coming to see you after they moved. That right?

Wendy's mind is somewhere else as she paces the room.

HOOK

Do you remember anything about their last visit?

WENDY
(soft)
They were scared.

HOOK
Of what?

Wendy pauses at the stairs leading up to the bedrooms.

WENDY
...Me.

INT. DARLING HOUSE, TOP FLOOR LANDING

Cresting the top of the stairs, Hook notices Wendy isn't beside him, turns back to her standing there on the stairs. Her body very still. She just stands there and stares into the darkness of the hall. Toward the far end:

The door to Wendy's bedroom, covered with wooden planks.

Beat. Wendy makes a decision. She looks like she is going to cry, but fights it back. She walks toward it.

Hook yanks the boards free. Wendy shivers, her life ended inside there. She stares at the door like she doesn't want to go in.

HOOK
Ready?

Wendy nods very softly, "No."

WENDY
Don't leave me alone.

Hook nods. Wendy turns and stares quietly at the door. She waits a long time before reaching for the doorknob.

She opens the door with a CREAK, old dust billows out.

INT. DARLING HOUSE, WENDY'S BEDROOM

Windows are barred shut, and dust has settled like a powdery sheet. Above the bed, wallpaper. No carved message. Wendy is shaking. Looks like she could come apart at any moment.

Hook watches from just inside the doorway as Wendy walks around, slowly, touching her childhood possessions.

HOOK

Can you to take me through that night? The night it happened.

WENDY

I don't... I can't remember.

HOOK

Did you see him come in?

CLOSE ON WENDY fighting tears, on the verge of a breakdown. The image BLURS...

WENDY

He... came through the closet.

SHE IS SEEING, IN FLASHBACK: a closet door slowly open, and 11-year old Wendy - watching as a shadow moves out... before we abruptly return to --

ADULT WENDY, losing it, runs out.

Hook, alone, looks at the wall. No closet. He doesn't see it. Can't. Wondering if this was such a good idea after all.

EXT. DARLING HOUSE - NIGHT

Hook opens the driver's door and gets in.

HOOK

It's okay. We'll start smaller.

Wendy's face, tear-stained, turns from us. Hugging herself. Hook, no idea how to reach her.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Filled with mugsheets and piles of paperwork. Smee's at his desk going over a report. Cecco KNOCKS on the open door.

SMEE

Yeah, detective, what is it?

CECCO

He shouldn't be here.

SMEE

He isn't here. Not officially.

Cecco holds his ground. Smee looks him in the eye.

SMEE

Listen. Hook's a rattlesnake. A coiled one at that. You can only poke at him for so long before he bites back.

CECCO

Like he did to Bill Jukes--

SMEE

These people are the worst our kind has to offer. Can't do this job without it taking its toll.

CECCO

And wait and see who he hurts next?

SMEE

That won't happen.

CECCO

If he gets too close like last time? You ready for that? Cause I ain't.

Cecco walks out. Smee sits, taking it all in.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - NIGHT

Hook and Wendy stand at the door, under the lights. Shadows play inside the parlor. Wendy stares at them, can't make up the nerve to move inside. Hook sees it.

HOOK

Grab a table. What do you want?

WENDY

New York Super Fudge Chunk with sprinkles. On a waffle cone.

HOOK

What?

WENDY

That's my favorite flavor. New York Super Fudge Chunk.

HOOK

New York...?

WENDY

Super Fudge Chunk.

HOOK
Vanilla. Don't talk to anyone.

Hook steps into the store. Wendy takes a seat at an outdoor table. Waits under the lights.

LATER

Table's covered with forms, case reports, ice cream. Hook is seated beside Wendy, guiding her through crime scene photos.

HOOK
Anything?

Wendy's eye catch one of the photographs. She pales.

WENDY
Wait...

She takes the photo of the nursery rhyme carved on the wall.

WENDY
Nursery rhymes.

HOOK
He's been carving them on victims' walls. Some type of calling card.

WENDY
Pan, he... had a book. He would make me read them over and over.

HOOK
You're sure it was these?

She nods tightly. Not something she could forget.

HOOK
All houses had one except yours. I thought it was because, far as I can tell, you're the only girl he's ever taken.

WENDY
Father always wanted a boy.

HOOK
After you were found, police searched the area for this place you were held. Couldn't find any trace.

WENDY
You have to believe to see it.

HOOK

Then help me. Help me see it.

Wendy looks down at her ice cream, distracted.

HOOK

Tell me about his face.

WENDY

(beat)

No face. A mask. He wears a mask.

HOOK

What kind of mask? What does it
look like?

IN WENDY'S HEAD: the flash of a WHITE MASK. She jolts, like waking from a nightmare. Ice cream falling to the ground. Shaking. Done for the night.

ACROSS THE STREET: that puke green junk yard car, white top, shadowy figure inside, watching them.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A mess like the rest of Hook's bachelor pad. He tosses piles of clothes off the bed, kicking them into the closet. Wendy's large eyes take in everything around her.

HOOK

Sorry about the mess. Don't get
company all that much.

WENDY

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."
That's what my father said.

Hook suddenly feels uncomfortable in his own home.

HOOK

Yeah, well, mine didn't give a
shit. There's a couch. If you want
to sit. Or there if you prefer. Or
the couch. I'll get you a pillow.

Hook heads out. Wendy takes everything in, almost tripping on a weathered cardboard box sticking out from under the bed.

She pulls it out and sits on the floor, hunched over it. Making sure Hook isn't around, she opens it.

INSIDE: newspaper clippings, glossy photos, missing fliers, case files, postcard mailers, the backs of milk cartons - all on past kidnapping cases. HEADLINES: "*Six Year Old Girl Found*", "*Young Boy Rescued By Police*".

These are all the kids Hook saved.

Stopping on an article about an abducted girl: "*Hero cop crosses the line*", "*Police Brutality Lets Perp Walk*," A PHOTO of Hook being arrested, along with a male cross-dresser, arms bloody and bandaged.

And at the bottom of the box, a lone article: a poster and photo of an eight year old girl, and a caption: "*Found Dead*". Her name: LILY HOOK. Hook's sister. The one he couldn't save.

The boat rocks slightly, enough for the closet door to creak open. Wendy hears it, turns. She stops breathing.

The darkness seems to ripple, as if something's inside there, waiting to come out.

Hook walks in with a spare pillow, sees the open box of clippings. He's quick to close it.

HOOK

These are private. You have to
learn to respect other people's--

Wendy's near catatonic, rigid with fear. Can't look away.

HOOK

Hey, you okay? Wendy...?

A tear rolls down her cheek, more from not blinking than anything else. He follows her gaze to the closet.

HOOK

What is it? The door? Hold on.

Hook looks for something to help with the door. Nothing.

HOOK

Sonofa--

He grabs the closet door and YANKS IT CLEAR OFF ITS HINGES.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT, DOCKS - NIGHT

The calm, dark water - and the closet door, floating atop it.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, BEDROOM - LATER

Wendy lays rigid in bed. Lights all on. Blankets bundled around her as a shield. Her eyes are fixed on the wall.

Hook takes a seat next to her.

WENDY

Will you stay until I fall asleep?

Hook nods, "Yes." Wendy pulls the covers up to her chin and turns to the small section of shadowed wall.

LATER

The lights are still on. The crocodile clock TICKS. Hook's fallen asleep on the chair. He snaps awake. Alert. Trembling. Face bathed in sweat. He grabs for the bottle of bourbon, shakes it. Empty.

His eyes slowly turn and survey the room, the shadows. Find nothing. Hook returns to watching Wendy.

INT. DELAWARE TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The Delaware's are engaged in their nightly chaos: MRS. DELAWARE is washing dishes. MR. DELAWARE is working on accounting forms.

It proves difficult with his two pajama-clad kids chasing each other all over the house. JANE, 8, running after her brother JOHN, 11, who's made off with her DOLL HOUSE.

JANE

Give it back!

JOHN

Gotta catch me first!

MR. DELAWARE

Knock it off, you two.

John races past and up the stairs. Jane's close behind.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

John runs in, slams the door closed, holds it in place. Jane KNOCKS, tries the knob.

JANE (O.S.)

Come on, John. Don't be a jerk.
I'm gonna tell dad...

She's heard heading downstairs.

JANE (O.S.)

Dad...!

John wades through the scattered toys and clothes on the floor, tossing the doll house next to the wall. He hops into bed, about to turn off the lamp when he spots...

A TOY MERRY-GO-ROUND on the bedside table. Old and handmade, standing out from the rest of the toys. John winds it up, but it doesn't seem to work.

JOHN

Piece of junk...

He gives up, turns off the lamp and settles in for sleep.

When - the room brightens with crackling WIND-UP MUSIC.

The merry-go-round has STARTED TURNING ALL BY ITSELF, lit up by colored lights that play against the walls, creating odd shapes and twirling shadows.

Now John is trying to turn it off, checking for batteries, a switch, anything. Unnerved, he tosses the toy to the floor where it lands near the closet, and goes silent.

He lies back in bed. A beat. John's eyes snap open. He sits bolt upright, back against the wall, staring hard across the room...

At the CLOSET on the wall - WHERE THERE WAS ONLY WALL BEFORE.

We MOVE IN on the doorknob... it starts to turn. Slowly. Suddenly the door CLICKS open a couple inches. Impenetrable darkness inside. Steadily opening... widening.

John, paralyzed with fear, breath coming quick and jagged.

SHADOWY HANDS come out... elongating up the wall, onto the ceiling, over the bed. John pulls the covers over his head.

The two spindly SHADOW ARMS DETACH FROM THE CEILING and reach down for him...

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Colored light dances beneath the door to John's room.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

As the door swings open, the lights vanish. Jane tiptoes inside to retrieve her doll house... toward the wall where the closet stood moments earlier, except the creases that marked the door are GONE. The whole wall is continuous.

The DOOR NOW VANISHED back into solid wall.

Jane stops suddenly when she notices the carpet... and the IMPRINT OF A LARGE BARE FOOT.

She turns to the bed. JOHN'S GONE. She SCREAMS.

THE CARPET slowly corrects itself, erasing the indentation.

EXT. DELAWARE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Now a beehive of activity, bathed in a glare of TV lights. Emergency vehicles choke the street; cops, reporters, and curious civilians swarm ineffective barricades.

Hook's truck pulls to a stop, parting the crowd.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - SAME

Wendy looks across the street where a group of kids play on a lawn, watching the show across the street. They laugh as they chase each other. Tag - you're it.

HOOK

I want you to stay in the car.

WENDY

I thought I was here to help.

HOOK

You don't need to see this.

The SOUND of children playing outside filter in through the windows. Wendy turns her head and stares out the window. Hook takes in the sad version of this girl. It affects him.

INT. DELAWARE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Police and forensics canvas the scene for clues. Hook moves through. He pauses at the landing to look at framed photos on the wall: John - happy and hopeful at each age. Eyes a half-eaten birthday cake on the table.

The Delaware's on the sofa. Smee and Cecco question them. Mrs. Delaware sobs quietly, wipes her tears. Mr. Delaware is broken up but not yet to the point of crying.

SMEE

Do you remember if you locked the doors? Windows?

While Cecco and Smee sit across from the parents, Hook, being Hook, sits down between them. Eating a slice of birthday cake, like it was the most natural thing in the world. Uncomfortable stares.

CECCO

Christ...

MR. DELAWARE

I did it myself, same as always.

SMEE

See any strange people about?

MRS. DELAWARE

No. Well... There was a car parked across the street. Pale green. It had one of those white fabric tops.

CECCO

Get a plate number? Anything?

MRS. DELAWARE

No.

SMEE

Can you think of anyone that might want to hurt John?

A look is shared between the two parents. Hook notices.

MRS. DELAWARE

We told you, we don't know of any.

HOOK

(re cake)

Coconut? It's good.

They just stare at him as he eats. Who the hell is this guy?

MRS. DELAWARE

What is this?

SMEE

We're just looking for any leads into who would do this.

HOOK
Did he brush his teeth before bed?

MR. DELAWARE
What?

HOOK
Was he wearing pajamas? Did you
kiss him good-night?

MR. DELAWARE
I think we're done here.

HOOK
For now.

Hook heads to the stairs, Smee's eyes following.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

FLASH - a burst of white light. Cameras photograph the
misspelled message carved above the bed:

*The cock oth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
Tis time to ise.*

Hook takes it in. Skylights stands next to him.

SKYLIGHTS
Same handwriting. Not the kid's.

Smee walks up behind. Cecco leans against the wall, watches.

SMEE
You want to tell me what that was
about down there?

HOOK
Parents should pay more attention
to their kids.

Hook absorbs everything this room can tell him. Bonding with
the space. He smells a pillow. Thinking.

SMEE
Give me something, Hook. My ass is
on the line here.

HOOK
Birthday cake.

CECCO
What the hell is it with you and
birthday cake?

Looks at the toys scattered, feeling the stuffed animals.

HOOK
You don't think it's strange that
these lost boys were all taken on
their eleventh birthdays?

Smee and Cecco exchange glances. That it strange.

Hook spots the merry-go-round on the floor. He sits next to it, right in the middle of everyone's way. Winds it up. It spins, playing the CREEPY MUSIC.

The room gradually falls silent. Looks are shared. Cecco shakes his head, walks out.

SMEE
What is it?

HOOK
This toy... it isn't John's.

SMEE
How do you know that?

HOOK
Look around. This doesn't belong.

Skylights bags it as Smee turns to the door.

SMEE
Ma'am, you're not allowed in here.

Heads turn to Wendy, fixed on the carved message with dread.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wendy watches the collage of shadows on the floor. She steps around them, like a child stepping over cracks in a sidewalk. Her shoes are off, next to the door, manners of a child.

Hook and Smee talk off to the side as police scurry past. Hook eyes Wendy, moving about like a little girl, and her SHOELESS FEET.

HOOK
From what I can tell, she's the
only one to escape this guy alive.

SMEE
Where'd you find her?

HOOK
...Psych Ward.

SMEE
Jesus, Hook. A goddamn crazy person? The hell are you doing bringing her to a crime scene?

HOOK
(innocent)
I told her to wait in the car.

Smee notices officers watching.

SMEE
C'mere.

He yanks Hook into the kitchen.

Wendy regards Jane at the dining room table, playing with her DOLL HOUSE. Hook and Smee are ARGUING in the background.

Wendy walks to her, passing two COPS gossiping about Hook.

COP 1
Bill Jukes all over again?

COP 2
Give it time. He'll crack. You'll see.

Wendy sits across from Jane, who doesn't look up. The two girls don't say anything for a while. Wendy turns to her.

WENDY
Hi.

JANE
Hi.

Wendy, mirror image of the prepubescent Jane. Chin resting on the tabletop, making the doll house nearly life-size. They can see each other through the open windows and doors.

The little girl finally looks up. She has the saddest eyes.

JANE
John's not coming back.

Beat. Wendy staring at this helpless little girl, seeing herself in her, what is at stake.

JANE

You're not like the other ones, are you?

Wendy shakes her head, "No."

JANE

You're a policewoman?

WENDY

No. Just a girl. Like you.

Jane stares at the figurine of the boy in the bedroom's bed. Wendy watching this. Reaches out and picks up the doll of the girl. Now Jane watching her, as Wendy walks the doll up the stairs toward the bedroom.

Wendy walking the doll to the bedroom, eyeing Jane, as she shakes her head no at Wendy walking the doll into the wrong room. Wendy walks the doll out, Jane nodding. Moving the doll into the other bedroom. Another small nod.

The doll to the bed. Jane shakes her head no. Wendy walks the doll to the far wall of the room. Jane's eyes going bigger as she sits up, stares right at Wendy. Nods.

Wendy notices the bedroom's wall where the doll has stopped -- marked crudely in red and black marker, covered in scratches.

And a drawing of a CLOSET, with a CLAWED FOOTPRINT before it.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Hook grabs a beer from the fridge. Smee puts it back.

SMEE

Where's the logic in this? You said it yourself, her case doesn't match up. Can't be the same guy.

HOOK

Fuck logic. It's a feeling. Come on, how many kids go missing on their eleventh birthday?

SMEE

Christ...

HOOK

They're so similar, Smee. They have the same mannerisms. Same expressions.

(MORE)

HOOK (cont'd)
The same thing hanging over them.
It might be some kind of abuse.
Some trauma.

SMEE
She's not Margaret. And she sure as
hell ain't your sister.

HOOK
Why bring me back? You know my
methods. You know what I do.

SMEE
I guess I thought you learned from
your mistakes.

HOOK
Then I guess you were wrong.

A beat as they weigh each other.

HOOK
I have to do this. You know that.
That's the only way I know how to
work. I failed Margaret. I won't
give Wendy a chance to say those
words to me. I won't.

SMEE
(beat)
You better know what you're doing
with this crazy girl, because this
can turn out very ugly, very fast.

They turn to the doorway where Wendy stands, having
overheard. She holds the doll house in her hands.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

No closet on the wall. Hook scans the doll house, comparing
where the closet would be. He crouches, examines the carpet.

HOOK
Skylights.

Skylights kneels, examining the carpet through thick glasses.

SKYLIGHTS
Black light.

Forensics hands him the portable black light. He angles it on
the carpet -- illuminating the indent of a bare FOOTPRINT.

SKYLIGHTS
Box cutter! Now!

INT. DINER - DAY

The TV is ON above the counter. A MUTED press conference at the Delaware house. A man of 51 stands, impressive and well dressed. The caption reads: POLICE COMMISSIONER ED TEYNTE.

Hook sits in the window booth with Wendy. The city's afternoon rush passes by outside. The cafe is noisy.

HOOK
The doll house. How'd you know?

WENDY
It's how kids think, express
themselves -- they draw.

The WAITRESS arrives with their food: smiley face pancakes, French fries, milk shakes.

HOOK
I didn't order this.

WENDY
You were in the bathroom. You don't
like smiley face pancakes?

HOOK
Never had them.

WENDY
What kinda childhood did you have?

HOOK
The kind where you don't order
smiley face pancakes.

Hook stares into the black deep recesses of his coffee, a sore subject for him. Wendy dives in with gusto. Takes a long, noisy slurp from her shake, sucking up the dregs with her straw as she studies Hook. The two sit in silence.

Finally:

WENDY
Who's Bill Jukes?

The unexpected question throws Hook. He becomes completely motionless. Works to hide his shock.

WENDY

I overheard them talking about you.
They said you were a bad guy. You
don't seem like a bad guy.

HOOK

That just means I'm good at it.

WENDY

It's okay, you know. Whatever you
did. Everybody's done something bad
in their life --

He and Wendy stare at each other a long time.

HOOK

I was pursuing him for a couple
years. Kids were going missing. It
started to take its toll.

Hook, visibly uncomfortable, shifting.

HOOK

He was insane. A cross-dresser.
Played the motherly role to abduct
girls. He'd take them to a shed
behind his house and... do things
to them.

(beat)

When I tracked him down, he was
with a girl. Margaret. He had a
knife. So I shot off his hand.

(beat)

And then I shot off his other one.
Some said it as police brutality,
the courts, my superiors. He
walked, I lost my badge. He might
not be behind bars, but Tinkerbelle
will never lay another finger on a
child again.

Wendy pauses, then asks with 11-year-old innocence:

WENDY

But you saved her? Margaret?

Beat. But Hook isn't listening. He's somewhere else.

A young GIRL WAILS in a booth, throwing a tantrum. The diner
sounds fade out as the mother takes the girl toward the door.
This becomes the only sound in Wendy's world. The WAILING
sound carries right into:

EXT. CITY - DAY

A cacophony of SOUND and LIGHT. Cars are stopped dead on the street. Exhaust fumes hang in the air. Rain wages its war.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, LAB - DAY

CLOSE ON a mold cast in the shape of a large deformed foot.

CECCO (O.S.)
That's one hellova big foot.

Hook, Smee and Cecco are with Skylights. The cut carpet from the scene is now in an acrylic case.

SKYLIGHTS
A size 18, from our measurements.
There's a deformity at the
metatarsophalangeal joint, here.

CECCO
In English.

HOOK
He has a bunion.

SMEE
Why would he take off his shoes?

Hook pauses, going back in his mind of Wendy's shoeless feet.

HOOK
...that's what people do when they
enter a house.

CECCO
A kidnapper with manners?

HOOK
He put more weight in that spot.
Standing there. Watching.

SKYLIGHTS
Why it was facing the wall, I have
no idea.

HOOK
Like there was a closet there...

Shared looks.

SMEE
Can you get prints off it?

SKYLIGHTS

Better.

Skylights rolls his chair to a microscope. He looks through, adjusting focus, seen on a video screen next to it.

ON THE SCREEN: a BLURRY image gradually sharpens, resolving into two separate specks of dirt. Successively closer views, until we see individual molecules, like miniature stars.

SMEE

What am I looking at?

SKYLIGHTS

Traces of dirt found in the carpet.
Magnesium and toxins imbedded in
the molecules. It's rare.

CECCO

Goddamn fairy dust.

SKYLIGHTS

Garbage, more likely. It came from
someplace pervaded with waste.

SMEE

I want every garbage dump canvassed
within a thirty mile radius. Junk
heaps, dumpsters, everything.

Hook steps to the merry-go-round, now flanked by two other hand-made toys: A WOODEN SAILBOAT and the TROLLY CAR. Each are labeled with a name: John, Michael, Curly.

SMEE

What do you see?

HOOK

I don't know. Misspelled nursery
rhymes, toys, the bare foot...
(beat)
It's almost like he's a kid.

CECCO

No way some kid's doing all this.

HOOK

Maybe not, but he thinks like one,
and acts like one.

An OFFICER sticks his head in the door.

OFFICER

Hook! Out here...

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Hook pushes through the crowd to find Wendy under his desk, catatonic.

HOOK

Wendy. Tell me what's wrong.

Wendy is trembling. Hook follows her gaze to the wall.

HOOK

I don't see anything.

WENDY

Be real still.

Hook turns back to the wall. His body becomes very still.

WENDY

Remember how it felt at night, in
your bedroom when you were a child?
The underside of the bed. The
closet. Those dark corners...

And for the briefest moment, Hook goes back there, to his childhood - and feels it.

As a headlight from outside flares against the wall, for the smallest of moments, ILLUMINATES A CLOSET DOOR.

But when the light passes, the door is gone, out of Hook's vision, out of his head. He shakes it off. Trick of light.

WENDY

I'm not crazy. Why can't you
believe me?

Hook turns back to Wendy, tears in her eyes. She looks at him desperately.

WENDY

Please make him leave me alone.

Hook stares helplessly. Wendy is a nervous wreck, cradled in Hook's arms, both under his desk in the busy, cop-filled bullpen. Cecco and Smee stand in the doorway, watching.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - LATER

Out the window, Wendy sits at Hook's desk in the bullpen.

HOOK

Pan. Someone called Pan. I don't know.

Hook turns from her to Smee, behind his desk.

HOOK

I ran a check. Got nothing.

SMEE

So, what, she made him up?

HOOK

She believes it. Flying in through bedroom windows, closet doors... Childhood shit. Whatever it is, it terrifies her.

Spotting her, Hook doesn't look so tough for a moment.

SMEE

What are you doing, Hook? You can't save them all, you know. Some are just out of our reach.

HOOK

It's different this time. I just can't see it yet, you know? I can't see it.

Hook seems to be shaking. The case is getting to him. Smee can see it in Hook's manner. He's getting too close again.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Smee stands at a podium next to a video screen. An aerial photo of SKULL ROCK is projected on it.

SMEE

Forensics just confirmed a positive match on the dirt found at the Delaware house to a garbage dump, known as Skull Rock.

We slowly pass the hardened twelve-man SWAT TEAM. They're seated in full tactical gear: bulletproof vests with the word POLICE stenciled across. Led by SWAT Team Leader, STARKEY.

Hook sits in back with Wendy, nursing a stale cup of coffee and cigarette. Note pad open.

SMEE

Now there's a good chance our
killer works, or even resides here.
Keep in mind the victims may also
be on site.

STARKEY

Rules of engagement?

SMEE

We take him alive --
(eyes Hook)
-- if possible. Busses leave in
twenty.

Chatter among cops as they file out. Hook turns to Wendy.

HOOK

You're not coming.

WENDY

I'm the only person who's seen him.

HOOK

We catch him, then you can eye him.

WENDY

I thought we were partners.

HOOK

I'm not your partner. I'm your
guardian.

WENDY

Angel?

HOOK

What? No. Just guardian.

WENDY

Please stop treating me like I'm
some tourist in this. Every night I
go to sleep I'm back in that dark
place. You want to save those kids?
Well, so do I.

Hook looks squarely at her. Considering.

EXT. REAR PRECINCT HOUSE - LATE DAY

The late afternoon sun disappears behind buildings. SWAT vans
and cars pull out of the fenced-in lot. Hook's truck follows.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Hook's eyes are unwavering, intense. Nervous, Wendy opens the window, feels the air on her face. She sneaks a glance at him, knows enough not to speak.

Hook breaks from his thoughts and looks at Wendy who watches him with unwavering attention.

WENDY

It's sad they're lost, isn't it?

Hook looks at her. Wendy stares out the window, reliving it.

WENDY

They would cry at night. The other ones. Young boys. But without food or water, the cries got fainter. And after a week, I never heard them again. He played with them like they were toys, and then like kids do, he got bored with them, and looked for something else to play with.

Beat. Wendy wipes her eyes quickly. Sees Hook watching her.

WENDY

Why are you sad?

HOOK

(beat)

What makes you think I'm sad?

WENDY

You think that if you save me, you'll make it up to her. Your sister. But you're wrong.

Beat. Hook and Wendy sit in silence. Then:

HOOK

That's it up ahead...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - EVENING

The motorcade heads down the dusty road toward the junkyard... SKULL ROCK.

Like an alien planet whose inhabitants forgot to flush. Fog shrouds mounds of junk, gutted cars. A bum's paradise.

EXT. SKULL ROCK, PERIMETER - EVENING

The caravan pulls to a clearing, headlights off. SWAT leap from vans. They check and recheck weapons - automatic rifles, shotguns, flash-bangs.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - SAME

Hook turns off the ignition. Checks the clip in his gun.

WENDY
Where's my gun?

HOOK
You don't get one.

WENDY
But what if we engage the enemy?

HOOK
Engage the-- Christ you've been hanging around me too long. Stay in the car.

Hook exits the car.

EXT. SKULL ROCK, PERIMETER

And Wendy is right behind him, headed to the gathered cops.

HOOK
Stay in the car.

She still follows. Hook gives up. Wendy taking in the area - the sights, the smells, the sounds. Something is wrong.

WENDY
No... this isn't right. This isn't the place.

HOOK
Wendy, now isn't the time --

WENDY
They're wrong. This is wrong. Please listen to me. You're looking in the wrong place.

HOOK
Lock the doors. You see anything, beep the horn. Okay?

Frustrated, Wendy gets back in the car, plops back, arms cross. Staring straight ahead. Angry at Hook's inability to believe her.

Hook sighs, shakes his head and heads toward the assembly, passing Starkey, who has witnessed the exchange.

STARKEY

Brought a date to the raid? That's
a new low, even for you, Hook.

HOOK

Blow me.

STARKEY

(to men)

Round it up, let's go. I want tight
formations. No one does shit 'til I
tell 'em to. Clear?

Smee is staring at Hook's blankness, unconsciously spinning the chamber to his revolver.

STARKEY

Alright ladies. Let's do this.

They fan out through towering heaps of rubble, entering...

THE JUNK YARD

Starkey motions at a path through this metallic bone-yard, keeping an eye out in all directions. Hook follows, on edge. There's something up ahead...

They approach cautiously, fanning out to set up angles of fire, kneeling for cover behind rusting collections of broken refrigerators and gutted cars, aiming guns before them at:

A SMALL TIN SHACK

Adorned with scrap garbage in odd works of art. A stature of a person built with car parts - mufflers for legs, a hubcap for a head, shocks as arms. Metal wind chimes hang from the roof, clanging in the breeze.

Noticing a car parked to the side of it: that same car, green, white top.

Starkey signals. SWAT positions at the door. He nods to Swat 1, who steps before the door and...

INT. SHACK - SAME

BOOM! -- the door blows open, hard enough to shatter wood. Everything happens in a blur. Starkey follows his gun inside, moving low, as other Swat charge in behind him.

SWAT
Police! Police!

Offal furniture from every decade, a small gas grill, dolls, and parts of dolls, a mattress mended with duct tape. And lights strung out everywhere, blinding.

There's a SHAPE underneath the blanket... a person.

SWAT converge. Starkey whips back the covers to reveal: a DEFORMED MANNEQUIN. HANDS GONE, replaced with METAL HOOKS.

SWAT 1
Fuckin-A...

STARKEY
Clear! We're clear!

SWAT 2
Cap. Might want to check this out.

Hook and Starkey follow to the side of the room, flashlights playing off the plywood wall there...

A lit candle illuminates a doll, casting its small SHADOW on the wall to look like Pan - and around that shadow, a SHRINE:

Covered in mutilated figurines to look like Pan, newspaper clippings of our missing kids, dozens of photos of the houses and kids taken - Michael, Curly, John, Wendy...

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - SAME

Wendy plays with the RADIO, no signal. Two uniformed OFFICERS stand nearby, next to the convoy of vehicles, occasionally glancing in Wendy's direction.

WENDY
(sotto)
I'm not crazy... I'll make you
believe me.

With the officers looking away, she grabs a flashlight, unlocks the door and steps out into the open air.

EXT. SKULL ROCK - SAME

Wendy cautiously walks away from the safety of the car, making sure as to not be spotted.

Under elevated subway tracks. A train ROARS overhead. Blue sparks spit off the third rail, throwing her shadow long down the deserted path.

Moving right up to a hard line of shadow that blocks her path. Stops, staring into the inky darkness.

WENDY
(to the shadows)
Peter. Peter Pan.

No response. She turns on the flashlight, cutting a swatch of illumination, stepping into that narrow path of light.

WENDY
Come on, I know you're here. Come
out, come out where ever you are.

As her flashlight dims - she is frozen as the shadows invade her fading bubble of light - the light flickers out entirely.

And then it begins... shadows swirl and come alive around her. Wendy backing away from them, realizing her mistake. This was a bad idea...

She runs as darkness races after her.

Over a junk pile, trips to the ground. Cuts her arm. She looks up, surrounded by DOORS AND WINDOWS - worst nightmare.

EXT. SKULL ROCK

Hook moves around rubble, looking for hiding places. We lose sight of Swat behind the junk yard's massive pieces. Visibility limited in the fog.

Shadows shift, appearing to come alive. One looks a lot like a hand, beckoning him, pointing. He must be losing his mind.

He follows it, spots another SHADOW move close by. This one is different. Real. A shadow of a FIGURE, looming, watching the police, unaware of Hook slowly creeping up behind...

Until Hook's shoe CRACKS a shard of glass. The Figure takes off, weaving in and out of junk like a pro. Hook chases.

HOOK
Police! On the ground!

Suddenly, there's a sawed-off pump shotgun in his hand. The Figure jerks the trigger - BOOM! - pellets sizzle past Hook's feet as he dives out of the way.

Hook scrambles for cover. BOOM! Dives behind gutted kitchen appliances as metal explodes around him, shrapnel flying.

Grabs a shard of mirror, using it to peek around, sees a flash of a dark figure fleeing.

Hook peels himself up and chases, the Figure scaling a 50 foot tower of crushed, pancaked cars that form a long line resembling a mini skyline.

TOWER OF CARS

Hook climbs, scaling the cars, as up above, the Figure peers down at him - and DISLODGEs one of the cars. Hook flings himself inside a car as it flies past, crashes below.

He climbs out the other side and continues up. The silhouette running along the treacherous tops of high piled cars. Hook chases. Sharp metal and broken shards of glass jutting out.

BOOM! BOOM! Hook takes cover as shotgun blasts around him. Then CLICK - shotgun empty.

Hook drops, rolls and FIRES back blindly. The Figure runs for the adjacent tower of cars and leaps across the gap, landing.

Hook runs at full tilt - toward the edge of the car roofs. Jumps - flies awkwardly through space --

The edge of the car roof approaching fast, and Hook hits it, nearly losing his grip, clinging onto a car door that swings open, five stories of empty space beneath him.

Hook gets a second hand on the car, pulling himself up. When the tower of cars wobble, teeter, precariously balanced. Tipping over...

Hook runs as the tower of cars tilts, jumping to the next adjacent tower as the previous one topples.

As Hook struggles to find his footing - Smack! He's nailed in the face with the shotgun.

Hook is stunned, the Figure grabs for Hook's gun, trying to wrestle it away, finger on the trigger and POP-POP-POP-CLICK! Emptying Hook's pistol.

Hook is punched in the side of the face, head-butted, goes down. The Figure stands, stomps on Hook's head. Hook rolls out of the way - and right off the edge of the piled cars.

Hook falls three stories to - THUD! - a car roof below, a shorter pile of cars.

The Figure looks down at Hook, who looks half-dead. Backs away into the shadows.

JUNK YARD

The Figure hurries to an old station wagon, starts it up.

Something falling toward the hood and WHAM! Hook smashes down on the car.

The Figure reacts, punches the gas, whips the wheel hard. Hook rolls off the hood, snags the side mirror and tries to pull himself up.

The Figure trying to see past, trying to dislodge him, SLAMS the car into a pile of junk, wheels spinning, no traction.

And Hook is right there, punches the Figure several times. Grabs and hauls him out of the window, throwing him down to the ground with force.

Hook gets on top, holding him down with a foot to his neck, gun pressed to his head.

HOOK

Don't move. Not a fucking inch.
Let me see your hands!

He obeys. First thing Hook notices -- this man has NO HANDS.

HOOK

Oh Jesus...

Hook turns him over: BILL JUKES, aka TINKERBELL.

Fat and sloppy, with a lazy eye, covered in tattoos. Lipstick smeared on his lips. He smiles at Hook.

JUKES

'ello, Cap'n.

Swat race up, guns ready, move to take over containment.

STARKEY

We got him.

Hook's eyes are wild. His gun hand is shaking. Losing it.

HOOK

You're Pan...

STARKEY

Hook! We got him!

Hook releases, breathing heavy, turns away. Swat cuff Jukes and lead him away.

JUKES

You brought her here... din't you?

Jukes smiles just as -- a car horn BEEPS in the distance, takes a second to register.

Hook runs full out, headlong down the path, up to his banged up truck. The passenger door is open.

BEEEEEEEEEP. From the left. Hook races over, comes to a gutted-out car just as SHADOWS DISSIPATE. Blinking away the vision.

HOOK

Wendy?!

Then he hears her, cowering on the floor of the backseat, mumbling nonsense, eyes closed, hands over her ears.

HOOK

What were you thinking?

WENDY

I wanted to show you... I wanted you to see...

Hook helps Wendy back to the car and awaiting officers. Smee steps up, a solemn look on his face.

EXT. SKULL ROCK, FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Hook follows Smee to an opening in the rubble.

He takes a numb step forward, past gawking cops, out into a small, cleared out field. WE PULL AWAY to reveal:

DOZENS OF SMALL GRAVES

Padded dirt, all buried in twos. Carved tombstones adorn them -- the same sloppy handwriting as the nursery rhymes.

LATER

Two photographers stand atop tall ladders. Flash-photo after flash-photo is taken of the graves, in the process of being dug up. Small wooden caskets are carefully opened.

Hook sits nearby, battered, beaten, intense. Smee appears. He studies Hook, his lack of emotion unsettling.

SMEE

Some of the bodies... it's hard to tell, but it looks like they starved to death. Signs of neglect. It doesn't look like our boys are here. Means we still got a chance. Three days, without food or water.

If Smee was expecting a reaction, he isn't going to get one.

HOOK

I want to question him.

SMEE

You promise to control your temper?

HOOK

No.

Hook heads to Wendy, an EMT patching her arm in an ambulance.

WENDY

It's not him.

HOOK

Look, it's been a long night. We're all tired--

WENDY

I thought I was here to help. It's why I'm here. And I'm sure - it's not Pan. I'd know. I'd feel it.

HOOK

Goddamn it! Grow up! There is no Pan!

Like a slap in the face. Wendy, hurt but trying to conceal it. Tears form regardless.

HOOK

You're getting in the way. Okay? I thought maybe this could work, but it can't.

WENDY

I don't understand.

HOOK

You made him up, some mental block
to make sense of what happened.
It's Jukes. It has to be.

Wendy's lip trembles and tears faucet down her cheeks.

WENDY

What did I do wrong?

Hook keeps staring straight ahead.

WENDY

I'm sorry... I didn't mean to...

SMEE

You didn't do anything wrong. Hook,
tell her.

Wendy cries, elbows in her hands, arms clutching her gut.
Hook, tortured, can't look at her. His face shows his losing
battle against his emotions.

Smee watches him walk off, hands on his head. Breaking point.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Interior lights are on. Hook driving home. Glances down to
his right.

Wendy's curled up asleep. She looks like an 11 year old girl.
Hook stares helplessly at her. Hates himself for his actions.

WENDY

(in her sleep)

Don't fail me...

Hook's face frowns in deep concern. Her words weigh heavily.
He lays a hand on Wendy's head as he drives.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE, FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

A throng of reporters shift anxiously. A line of policemen
hold them back. Commissioner's sedan pulls up. The press
swarm lurches, flashbulbs exploding. Teynte steps out, walks
up the steps, brushing off reporters' barrage of questions.

REPORTER 1

Commissioner Teynte! Can you
confirm reports that the man in
custody is Bill Jukes, otherwise
known as Tinkerbelle?

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE
Not at this time.

REPORTER 2
Is it true Captain Hook's been
reinstated and is leading the case?

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE
James Hook has not been reinstated,
nor will he ever be.

Teynte steps into the precinct. Reporters YELL after him.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON two different sized rubber hands resting on the table, attached to Jukes. One of his shoes is off, sock stuffed inside. Cecco sits across, questioning him.

PULL BACK to reveal we're looking through a one-way mirror in the observation room. Hook stands there, eyes burning. Smee's next to him in a rumpled suit, drinking stale coffee. From the look on his face, they aren't getting anywhere.

Smee knows what Hook's thinking. Sighs, nods.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY

Cecco steps out of the interrogation room, joining Smee.

CECCO
You pulling me? I was on a roll.

SMEE
Two hours. You had your shot.

CECCO
Bullshit. I was getting inside his head.

HOOK
Sure you were.

Hook walks past them, entering the interrogation room.

CECCO
What's this?

SMEE
Plan 'B'.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, INTERROGATION ROOM

Hook closes the door behind him. Jukes shifts, afraid to be alone with this man.

JUKES
Must be gettin' desperate, them,
sendin' you in.

Hook places photos of Michael, John and Matthew on the table.

JUKES
Strappin' young lads. Not my taste
as it were, know what I mean?

HOOKE
Folks here disagree.

JUKES
I ain't no fairy.

HOOKE
You live at the dump now. Seems
fitting.

JUKES
I accept what the Lord giveth. And
taketh away. How'd it feel when you
took my hands?

HOOKE
You were there. You must know.

JUKES
Make you feel good, what you did?
Like a man? Daddy's little boy?

Hook just stares, fighting to keep control of his emotions.

HOOKE
Tell me about the graves. Why are
they buried in twos?

JUKES
Reckon so they don't get lonely.
But you know all about that,
surrounded by your photos, your
milk cartons, your ghosts.

While Hook is controlled on the surface, underneath the table his hands shake uncontrollably, balling up into fists.

JUKES

I ain't the one killin' 'em, if
that's what you're gettin' at.

HOOK

But you've seen who is.

Jukes looks away, fear-stricken. Jaw trembling.

JUKES

Shadows is all. Talkin' shadows.

HOOK

And these talking shadows told you
to bring Wendy to them?

JUKES

He wants her. The one that got
away. I was just tryin' to do my
part. My civic duty.

HOOK

So, what, you're a fan?

JUKES

I admire him is all.

HOOK

You're just a spectator in this. A
copycat. I don't buy it. You built
your home on their graves. You got
their pictures, know their names.
Explain that.

JUKES

Me and the shadowman, we think
alike, see. We're professions. We
live in the same world. Eat it,
breath it. That fear, it has power.
By God it does. But I seen what he
can do. Saw him snatch up a boy
like no one's business. Figure out
the madness, figure out the motive.
Like minds. He ain't killin' them
kids. No. He's savin' them. You
ain't gonna catch him. Not this
one.

HOOK

What makes you so sure of that? I
got you.

JUKES

Gotta believe in the devil to be afraid of him.

HOOK

Funny. I always thought you were the devil.

JUKES

All types of monsters in this world, and the next.

HOOK

I don't believe in monsters either.

JUKES

Then you best start. We're all of us born into sin. Our choices are made for us.

HOOK

And those girls you killed? They didn't have a choice.

JUKES

And neither did I! And maybe this man you seek, maybe he don't got no choice neither. Maybe none of us do.

He's getting to Hook.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Skylights hands Smee Jukes' fingerprint card, smeared with a black-inked FOOTPRINT.

SKYLIGHTS

Size nine. No bunion. He ain't our Cinderella.

CECCO

Forensics found a pile of shoes out back, all different. Could easily have worn a bigger size to throw us off. Case closed.

SMEE

Maybe.

Commissioner Teynte hangs up his cell phone and steps up.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

I have to brief the mayor in
twenty. Is that our guy or not?

CECCO

History of kidnapping, jacket for
child abuse, murder. Car matches
up. The graves, the photos. No
maybes. He's guilty.

SMEE

This isn't your call, detective.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

No, it's mine. And I agree. Turn it
over to the Chief Prosecutor.
Tonight.

He steps out, followed by Cecco.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY

Hook leans against the wall, trying desperately to gather
himself. Cops pass, pretend not to look. Smee walks up.

HOOK

He's not Pan. Just a goddamn
copycat. I'm not helping her.

SMEE

Commissioner's put his foot down.
I'm sorry. Go home. Get some rest.

Smee walks into the interrogation room. Jukes smiles, waves a
prosthetic hand.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, MEN'S ROOM

Hook splashes water on his face. He looks deep and hard at
himself in the mirror.

The overhead fluorescents flicker, creating odd lines of
shadows across the mirror.

For an instant, there appears to be a FACE on the other side
of the mirror, watching him. A face with a white mask.

Hook stumbles back, crashes through a stall, lands on the
toilet seat as the stall door bangs closed. Then slowly,
momentum swinging the door wide open, a view of the mirror.

Now blank, just an ordinary mirror.

Smee bursts in, sees Hook spread out, face ashen. Follows Hook's eyes to the mirror. Sees nothing. They share a look.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Food ingredients scattered and spilled everywhere. Wendy is cooking, flour on her face. Stirring, mixing, pouring. All the while, the phone cradled between head and shoulder.

WENDY

(into phone)

No, everything's fine. I don't know why I called. I just needed someone to talk to. Okay. Thanks Dr. Cookson. I will. Bye.

The phone slips from its cradle right into the pot of food. Wendy picks it out, looks at it, puts it in the dishwasher.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

TUGBOAT HORNS sound low and deep. Hook approaches along the dock, ascends the plank. Wendy waits for him on the deck, next to a set table with dinner atop. With a smile:

WENDY

Hungry?

EXT. HOUSEBOAT, DECK - LATER

They sit across from each other eating the four-star dinner: mac & cheese. There's bourbon in Hook's glass. He takes a sip, almost spits it out. Examines it.

HOOK

...apple juice?

WENDY

Isn't that what you drink?

HOOK

I'm sorry, about before, I-- You were right. He's not Pan. I wanted Jukes to be him. Christ, you got me seeing shit in the shadows now. All your imaginary talk.

WENDY

You said he thinks like a child.
Maybe you can't see what he's doing
because you don't have that ability
anymore.

HOOK

Or maybe I never had it to begin
with, I don't know.

A beat.

HOOK

I can't help you.

Everything falls into silence.

WENDY

You're giving up?

HOOK

I have to.

WENDY

Don't fail me.

Hook looks up sharply.

HOOK

--What?

WENDY

You're the only one who can help
me. I know it.

Beat. Hook tries to stay composed. It doesn't work.

WENDY

You believe me, right?

A long pause. They both just stare.

HOOK

I don't know how to answer that.

Wendy searches for the answer in Hook's eyes. She finds it.
It's not the one she was looking for.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER

Hook sits on the sofa. His eyes glaze the dusty, coaster-used
plaque from the city. He leans his head back against the
sofa. Stares into the shadows. Drowns his thoughts.

Wendy comes down, sits across from him. They stare at each other for a beat. She wipes her eyes. Gathers her considerable strength, then:

WENDY

I'm ready to tell you my story.

Hook just watches her. There's a long beat as Wendy seems very upset, near tears.

WENDY

It was my birthday. I was in bed.

IN FLASHBACK

Wendy, 11, sits up abruptly in her bed. She's in the Darling house. Mid night. Strange, fearful shadows flicker on the walls. And a window, fogged by the cold; eerily open.

WENDY (V.O.)

I heard the windows slide open.

Wendy rises in her nightgown, feet touching cold floor. A CRUNCHING NOISE -- SCATTERING LEAVES, blowing in the wind.

WENDY (V.O.)

I remember leaves on the floor.
Except there weren't any trees.

Wendy crosses to close the windows, parts the curtains, rubs the glass.

HIGH ANGLE (2ND STORY) - WENDY'S POV

Streetlights shutter, manholes steam. A strange, surrealistic scene. Wendy shuts the window, gets in bed.

WENDY (V.O.)

I tried to go back to sleep, but
there was another sound... coming
from the closet.

The closet door's handle rattles...

WENDY (V.O.)

Except there wasn't a closet there
before.

Wendy is terrified; she covers her ears.

WENDY (V.O.)

I could hear someone inside... a
child's voice; giggling.

(MORE)

WENDY (V.O.) (cont'd)
(beat)
That's when I saw the shadow.

A SHADOW stretches underneath the door instead of up it, like there's no door there at all.

WENDY (V.O.)
Then it opened...

Wendy runs for the bedroom door. The shadow's arm extends out along the wall to the door and slams it shut.

WENDY (V.O.)
I wasn't fast enough.

The shadow grabs her and pulls her by the hair into the closet. The door closes on its own, vanishing into the wall.

A DARK ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Wendy, bound, eyes closed, lies in the damp little room. Listening to her BREATHING, to her HEART BEAT. So lonely, so frightening. A tear rolls down her cheek.

HOOK (V.O.)
Can you hear anything? Traffic?
Boat horns? Animals?

TIME LAPSE - Wendy, dirtier, thinner, hair in tangles. Trying to peer under the door, seeing colorful lights beneath.

WENDY (V.O.)
The ocean... and... a carnival.
He's whispering to me...

HOOK (V.O.)
What does he say?

WENDY (V.O.)
That I'm safe now. That he wants to play.

As a colorful TOY BALL rolls to her feet. Pan wants to play. Wendy cries, rolls the ball back, toward a DARK, HUNCHED SHAPE, barely discernible.

WENDY (V.O.)
I'm scared. He's going to kill me.

HOOK (V.O.)
You survived. How?

WENDY (V.O.)
I pretended I was somewhere else.

TIME LAPSE - Wendy, gaunt. Eyes sunken. Drinking dirty water that cascades down a wall, lips straining. Closing her eyes, imagining ice cream as she eats roaches.

HOOK (V.O.)

When you escape, what do you see?

As the door SLAMS closed, but doesn't latch, bouncing a slight bit open--

CORRIDORS

Wendy runs, coming to a series of passageways.

WENDY (V.O.)

I don't know. I'm just running. And then I'm lost. I'm running through hallways - and there are all these rooms, and I don't know where to turn. He's behind me. I can hear him. And I try to run faster. I just told myself to run and run.

HOOK (V.O.)

You get away. How? How do you get out?

WENDY (V.O.)

Light. And there was light up ahead in the tunnel. I went that way, the second from the right and I ran straight on till morning.

A SNOW COVERED STREET - DAWN (FLASHBACK)

MOVING ANGLE, down the road... coming at last to a stopped highway patrol car. Wendy stands in the car's headlights. Her nightgown is dirtied, torn. Her face dazed, in shock.

As two policemen get out of the car, shining lights on her...

BACK TO THE ADULT WENDY

Staring into the distance. She blinks and tears find their way, streaming down her face.

Hook stands, steps right before her, kneels to her level. She wraps her arms around him. Hook takes a second, then hugs her back. It's been a very long time since he's been this close to anyone.

Wendy's protector.

HOOK

What do you want to do? If you
could do anything at all?

WENDY

Anything?

She grins. Wide. Hook takes a step back, blanches: uh-oh.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A movie playing up on the big screen, people trying to watch,
but are interrupted from the patrons in the back --

Hook and Wendy sit next to each other, a bevy of police
lights forming a bubble of light around them, no shadows.

Wendy is engrossed in the movie, mesmerized, feet propped on
her chair, catching up on a lot of missing time.

Files and notes are spread out around Hook. He flips through
a heavy spiral notebook.

HOOK

The addresses... like the families
moved around a lot. Yours included.
Says the mill in Kensington Gardens
closed around that time.

A BANG from the movie causes Hook to reach for his gun. Wendy
places a hand on his, stopping him.

HOOK

Can't believe you talked me into
this.

A SHUSH from the PATRON behind them. Hook turns to him. Eyes
raining death down on this man.

HOOK

I will slap you across the face.
Understand?

The man quickly exits. Hook turns back.

HOOK

Fucking manners.

Wendy LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY at the movie, even though no one
else in the theater does. Hook looks at her, the innocence.
The pure childlike wonder on her face. A breakthrough for
her. She sees him looking.

WENDY

What?

HOOK

Nothing.

Hook and Wendy share a warm look.

Then - the door opens in the back, casting light onto the screen, and a silhouette of the person entering... a shadow.

Wendy goes still, reverting back to her old self. She now notices her elbow on the armrest, and an inch of shadow on it. She jerks back into the light, trembling, clamping up.

WENDY

I need to go...

HOOK

What?

WENDY

Now! I want to leave! Light. I need light! Can't breath...

A massive outburst, everyone looking at her.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

An all night coin-operated laundromat, lit by stark, bright, unflattering fluorescents, which is fine by Wendy, breathing in the light, kneeling before a dryer, watching the colorful clothes spin and spin.

Hook trying to do a load, dumps way too much detergent into the washing machine. Looks at a box of fabric softener sheets. No idea what these are, so throws a few in for good measure. What the hell. Coins in the slot, he starts it up.

Hook glances at the few other people doing laundry, stopping on a man sleeping on a chair, newspaper over his head. Hook - staring at the paper. And it hits him...

He rushes to the man, rips the paper off his face, zeroed in on the news stories. The man, startled, falls off the chair.

HOOK

Motive.

WENDY

What?

HOOK

I found you from a small news article about your recovery. Thing is, there was never any mention about you being taken.

WENDY

You said there was a police report.

HOOK

Yeah, issued by your parents two days after. But no print news.

WENDY

Maybe they were grieving.

HOOK

Why? You weren't dead. You were missing. I also searched for the victims recovered at Skull Rock. Same thing. No mention of their abductions. And unlike you, there weren't even case files.

WENDY

Like it was a secret.

HOOK

A kid goes missing, you don't keep it secret. You tell the world. Get their names out, photos, fliers. That's how most are found. Makes citizens come together.

WENDY

But not Kensington Gardens.

HOOK

Now why is that?

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY

Hook's truck whines to a jarring stop at the curb. Wendy gets out of the driver's side, Hook the passenger's. He's looking a bit worse for wear. She hands him the keys back.

HOOK

Never again.

Wendy just smiles, her first driving lesson. They take in the town's square -- post office, general store, diner, and the building they are headed to...

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING

At the counter, mid conversation with a SECRETARY who takes her job way too seriously.

HOOK

There's got to be paperwork,
something.

SECRETARY

If there is, it isn't here. Now if
you'd like to write up a request--

WENDY

Look, miss, we came all this way.

SECRETARY

Then it appears you've wasted your
time, and mine.

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - LATE DAY

Hook storms out with Wendy.

HOOK

We're chasing ghosts.

Wendy notices to an old man, SCOURIE, sitting before the general store. He seems forgotten as locals pass. An ancient dog lies at his feet, along with a cooler of soda. She approaches. Hook follows.

HOOK

Hi, excuse me. How much?

SCOURIE

Buck even. And the name's Scourie.

Hook trades him the dollar for the bottle, hands it to Wendy.

HOOK

Know anything about the Darling's
who used to live here, Scourie?

SCOURIE

Out on Bloomsbury Way, sure.
Private folk. Bad luck, what with
their daughter and all.

WENDY

Do you know why they moved?

SCOURIE

Can't say I do.

HOOK

Something to do with the mill
closing?

SCOURIE

You got it reversed, see. Mill
closed 'cause them folks started
clearing out, like a flood was
coming. Craziest thing. First the
Darling's, then the Huron's.

HOOK

Huron's...?

SCOURIE

Joan and uh...

HOOK

Steve...?

SCOURIE

That's it. Lived here maybe thirty
years. Left all their crap behind.

HOOK

How about the Delaware's?

SCOURIE

Sure. He was a lawyer I think.

HOOK

An accountant.

WENDY

Holy --

She cups her mouth: oops.

HOOK

-- shit.

WENDY

Holy shit.

INT. LIBRARY - LATE DAY

Books lie open on a long table: town ledgers, high school
yearbooks, phone books. Hook and Wendy flip through.

The SOUND of children laughing and playing come pouring out from the section. Carefree. Lives full of promise.

Wendy's expression changes to sadness as she watches. Hook leans across to her and whispers.

HOOK

Wendy...

She looks at him.

HOOK

One day... You're going to be just like them.

Beat. Wendy's chin starts to tremble. Her voice cracks.

WENDY

(whispers)

Promise?

Hook nods. Goes back to their research.

WENDY

Some of the kids weren't born here.

HOOK

No, but their parents were. They all grew up here, and cleared out around the same time. May 9, 2004.

WENDY

My birthday...

HOOK

The day you went missing. They all ran away. And wherever they went, Pan found them and took their kids when they turned eleven.

WENDY

You said he left them gifts. Toys. Why do that?

HOOK

He wants a friend... And the only people he knows are from here. From this town.

WENDY

Our families. He thinks we're family.

HOOK
But he didn't kill the parents.

Wendy stops on a page in the town ledger. Her expression changes as she looks up at Hook.

WENDY
...Because they grew up.

ON THE PAGE: a PHOTO of Kensington Gardens' past city council members: Darling, Delaware, Huron, Curly, SLIGHTLY, NIBS.

INT. HOOK'S CAR (DRIVING) - EVENING

Hook drives like a lunatic, one hand on the wheel, the other clutching the cell phone to his ear. Wendy holds on.

HOOK
(into phone)
Their lineage traces back to
Kensington Gardens. We found two
more. Theodore Nibs and...

WENDY
Jared.

HOOK
(into phone)
And Jared Slightly. It's Nibs'
birthday tonight. We're on our way
there now. I need you to track down
Slightly, put him under watch.

The car weaves through traffic, goes through a red light, barely colliding with a truck. Other cars blow their HORNS. The phone's signal WHINES and CRACKLES, then goes dead.

HOOK
Dammnit! What's Nibs number again?

Wendy checks Hook's notes.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

It's drizzling on an ordinary neighborhood of 5-story working class apartment houses. But the street is strangely quiet, deserted. Fall leaves tap-dance. Streetlights flicker on.

INT. NIBS APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The TV is on. Cartoons. THEODORE NIBS, 11, lies on the floor, immersed. He wears a cone-shaped birthday hat. His brother, JARED, 12, works on a puzzle at the table, headphones on.

They're watched by baby-sitter, LIZA, 17, cute, rebellious. She sits Indian-style on the couch, painting her fingernails. The house phone RINGS. Theodore gets up.

THEODORE
I'll get it!

LIZA
Maybe we should let the machine
pick up.

KITCHEN

Theodore runs in, cradles the phone.

THEODORE
(into phone)
Nibs residence? Yes. No, I haven't
seen anyone...

Liza enters, shaking her hand to dry her nails.

LIZA
Who is it?

Theodore shrugs. Liza takes the phone, puts it to her ear.

HOOK (ON PHONE)
...are your parents home?

Red alert.

LIZA
Excuse me, who is this?

HOOK (ON PHONE)
Listen, my name is Captain James
Hook. You're in danger--

LIZA
I'm hanging up. Don't call here
again.

She hangs up and smiles down at Theodore, to reassure him.

LIZA
Wrong number. Come on, it's time
for your bath.

She steals one last look at the phone as they step out.

INT. NIBS APARTMENT, BATHROOM

Theodore sloshes around in the bath, playing with a plastic submarine. Soap bubbles are piled on top of his head. As he dips the sub below the surface, a lone LEAF pops up. He examines it. Red and orange.

That's when the door unlatches all by itself, leading into Theo's dark bedroom, where more leaves blow across the floor.

He looks around, squinting to cover every inch of the room beyond. And then he sees it... a SHADOW standing on his bed. Roughly the size of a person.

THEODORE

Liza...?

The shadow shifts as if looking at him. No. Not Liza. It goes back to what it was doing -- carving something into the wall. As the door slowly begins to close...

A stuffed TEDDY BEAR sits on the rocking chair, eyes witness to the events.

INT. NIBS APARTMENT - NIGHT

BOOM! The front door is knocked off its hinges, Hook barreling in.

HOOK

Where's the kid?

Liza is stunned, on the sofa, no words escaping her mouth. Hook flashes his badge.

HOOK

The kid?!

Jared enters the room, scared.

JARED

What's happening?

HOOK

Theo? Theodore? Are you him?

JARED

I'm Jared. Theo's my brother.

WENDY
Jared Slightly?

From within the apartment, a high-pitched, life-or-death
WAIL. Hook bursts past, pulling his gun.

HOOK
Stay there!

Wendy follows as usual.

INT. THEODORE'S BEDROOM

Hook breaks through the door, Wendy right behind, just in
time to see Theodore being dragged into the closet by a DARK,
HUNCHED FIGURE.

HOOK
Peter!

The figure turns, a living breathing SHADOW. Wendy, frozen.

Hook FIRES, but the bullet goes right through the shadow. It
yanks Theodore into the closet. The door SLAMS closed and
VANISHES back into the wall.

Hook stumbles back, feeling the fabric of reality crumbling
around him. Chases after the shadow, out of the room, past
Wendy, focused on a carved, misspelled message on the wall:

*Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in th air.
The man in brown,
Soo brought him down!
Dickery, dickery, dare.*

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Hook bursts from the apartment, gun drawn, a glimpse of the
shadow dragging Theo fast down the hall to the stairs.

STAIRWELL

Hook spins and bounds down, turns a corner and leaps down
another flight. He peers over the railing into the
stairwell's center...

Catches a glimpse of Pan just as he disappears a floor below.

FOURTH FLOOR

Hook moves fast into the hallway, pans his gun down in each direction. Left, then right and -- there's Pan and Theo. Hook FIRES, bullet hits the fire extinguisher on the wall - an explosion of white mist and foam.

Pan stops, charges at the wall and PASSES RIGHT THROUGH IT.

Residents are peeking their heads out of doorways. Hook ignores them, kicks a door open into:

ANOTHER APARTMENT

An elderly couple watching TV as Hook moves through, HEARS a door slammed closed farther within the apartment.

He moves through, to the hallways where three doors line the wall, all closed. He goes to each one, shoves them open, pans his gun around, tense, expectant.

Nothing in the first room, goes to the second and Pan dashes through another closet.

HALLWAY

Hook emerges from the apartment, hauls ass down the toward the stairs, another flight down to the:

THIRD FLOOR

A SCREAM down the hall. He races that way, sees a startled WOMAN cowering, DOG BARKING furiously towards the far wall.

Hook hurries that way, sees Pan nearing the window. FIRES two rounds at him, both hitting their target - both PASSING RIGHT THROUGH PAN, unharmed.

No way he missed. Takes aim when -- a door opens, RESIDENT peering out, blocking Hook's line of sight.

HOOK
Get down! Move!

Hook pushes angrily past. Ahead, Pan can be seen moving through the window onto a fire escape.

Hook charges ahead, leaps right out the window and --

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, PLAYGROUND - SAME

Falls 25 feet to the ground, landing in a sand pit. Hauling himself up to find himself in a rundown playground.

Hook fans with his gun, searching. Empty. A swing slowly comes to a stop. A rusted metal horse rocks on a spring. The seesaw falls to one side.

Hook cautiously moves forward, past the jungle gym and monkey bars, toward the slide... Listening.

Passing the slide when the shadows SOLIDIFY, swinging out at Hook and -- THWACK! -- He's hit hard in the side of the face.

Goes down hard, dazed, unable to focus. Spitting up blood. Gun falling away.

As the shadow comes toward him and stops. PAN, out of focus to Hook. One hand clutching Theo by the hair, the other extending toward Hook, finger pointed. And then that finger waves back and forth at Hook. Uh uh.

And just then, a car's headlights splash past, and for the briefest second, swipe across Pan's face, illuminating it...

A round, distorted face... A MASK. Terrifying in its doll-like simplicity, inert, frozen in a perfectly symmetrical pattern within the shadowed form.

Pan shields himself from the light, as if burning him. And the light passes, Pan is off, dragging Theo away, disappearing back into the shadows.

Hook lies for a long moment, gasping. It's the first time we see it in his eyes -- fear.

INT. NIBS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Police have sealed the building off to reporters and gawkers. They comb the house for clues.

MRS. NIBS, 45, very skinny, smokes profusely, nursing coffee. She watches Jared playing "Go Fish" with Wendy and MR. SLIGHTLY, 48, a severe presence.

Hook stares at them. Hard. Ice pack to his face. Playing the scene out over and over in his head. Eyes on Jared. Unlike Theo, Jared has blond, curly hair.

SMEE

It's time to go home, Hook.

Hook isn't going anywhere. Up to the parents, glaring down at them.

HOOK
(to Wendy)
Take the kid for a walk.

Wendy nods, leads Jared out of the room.

HOOK
Jared turned 12 when?

MR. SLIGHTLY
Excuse me?

MRS. NIBS
Last April.

HOOK
Yet he's still here. He wasn't a target. Never was. Just Theo. How about you tell me why that is?

MR. SLIGHTLY
Now you listen. We're the victims.

HOOK
Not yet.

MRS. NIBS
He's adopted. Jared.

MR. SLIGHTLY
Don't tell them anything--

Hook takes out his tape recorder, hits 'play'.

WOMAN (ON RECORDER)
Peter, Peter pumpkin eater, Had a wife but couldn't keep her; He put her in a pumpkin shell; And there he kept her very well.

HOOK
That's your voice, Mrs. Nibs. You left that message for the Huron's.

This is too much for Mrs. Nibs, who walks out.

MR. SLIGHTLY
I want you out of my house. Now.

EXT. NIBS APARTMENT, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mrs. Nibs is in the small, rundown play yard, sitting on a swing, trying to light a cigarette with a trembling hand. Her face is wet and puffy from tears. Hook sits next to her.

HOOK

Never had kids myself. Closest I came was my sister, Lilly. My old man, he liked to drink. Liked to throw things. It was my job to keep him away from her. To keep her safe. Forced me to grow up real fast.

Mrs. Nibs nods her head in guilty agreement.

HOOK

One day, he skipped town. Took Lilly with him. Guess I couldn't save her that time.

MRS. NIBS

What happened to her?

HOOK

They found her a few years later. In a dumpster. I try not think about what she must have went through with him. But I do, every second of every day.

MRS. NIBS

Oh God...

HOOK

There are other kids out there like Theo, like Lilly, who don't have people to watch over them. That's why I do this. But I can't do it alone. I need your help.

Mrs. Nibs looks up at Hook with a pleading, guilty look. A long moment, then:

MRS. NIBS

He used to leave these for us.

She produces a PHOTOGRAPH, handing it to Hook.

IN THE PHOTO: a rundown shack of a house, tilted porch, skewed roof and chimney. Rusted cars off to one side, junk everywhere.

A large, TWISTED TREE in the background, framing a small 11 year old boy, face hard to make out in the shadow cast by the tree.

This is PETER. His clothes are dated, very second hand, patched and dirty.

Over the photo, crudely drawn and etched into the emulsion:

A FANTASY WORLD... A rejection of that reality with a child's imaginary place forced on top of it - a place where nothing bad ever happens. A place of joy and dreams and safety.

That grey sky is filled with rainbows and a smiling sun. Those rusted out cars are lions and crocodiles and walruses. The junk is wrapped presents and toys and teddy bears. And the tree behind Peter is a doorway to another world.

Written on the back of the photo is the "Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater" rhyme.

MRS. NIBS

The Pan's lived on the edge of town. Kept mostly to themselves. Until they had a son... Peter.

A beat as she collects herself.

MRS. NIBS

He had some skin disease, an allergy to sunlight. He was rarely seen in the day. Even then he would keep to the shadows. He had to wear this mask to protect his face. You have to understand, this was thirty years ago. We were just kids back then. We didn't know better.

HOOK

Sure. Kids will be kids, right?

MRS. NIBS

One day my parents grounded me, locked me in my room. Peter climbed in through my window. He wanted me to come with him to some imaginary place. The place in the photo. To "save" me. He did it to all of us. I felt sorry for him. I don't think his parents were real nice people. But whose are, you know?

Hook nods.

MRS. NIBS

George Darling wanted to give him a dose of his own medicine. It was just a joke - that went very wrong.

HOOK

What happened?

MRS. NIBS

We snuck out to his house, into his bedroom window. We dragged him out and tied him up to a tree. Then we waited for the sun to come out.

Mrs. Nibs breaks down crying.

MRS. NIBS

All I remember is that mask. That god-awful mask, just smiling back at us the entire time. Like those sad clowns, you know. We didn't know what to do. So we ran, pretended nothing ever happened.

HOOK

But something did happen.

MRS. NIBS

It started with George's daughter, Wendy. She was the first to reach 11. But we didn't know that mattered at the time. We thought it was the location, so we moved. And nothing happened for a while. We went about our lives. We got married around the same time, had kids around the same times. We were inseparable. United by what we did, like soldiers in war. But that changed when the next child went missing. Then another. All 11 years old. Peter's age.

HOOK

But he didn't stop, did he?

MRS. NIBS

We thought it was just us, but, he started going after anyone related to us. Cousins, nephews... He tried to save them too. To take them away.

(beat)

(MORE)

MRS. NIBS (cont'd)
I didn't take part in Peter's
murder--

HOOK
No. But you didn't do anything to
stop it, either. You covered it up,
made sure the abductions stayed out
of the paper. Except you missed
one... Wendy Darling. You never
figured on her escaping.

MRS. NIBS
No one seemed to notice.

HOOK
I did.

Mrs. Nibs weeps. Hook stands. She puts her hand on him.

MRS. NIBS
We didn't do anything wrong.

He stares at her, with pity and distaste, until she lets go.
Mrs. Nibs stares down, ruined.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Hook's truck pulls up to the curb, parks in the red zone. He
and Wendy get out, head up the stairs. Hook is in a sort of
daze, clearly in conflict about last night's events.

WENDY
You saw something, didn't you?

HOOK
I don't know what I saw. Shadows.

WENDY
That's how it starts.
(beat)
"Dickery, Dickery, Dare..." I read
that nursery rhyme to him, Hook.

Hook's on edge. Afraid of what he is about to say.

WENDY
What? What's wrong?

HOOK
Nothing. It's nothing.

WENDY

Would you please stop and talk to me like an adult? I can take it.

HOOK

Alright. I don't think these nursery rhymes are a calling card. I think he's leaving them, for you.

WENDY

He wants me back.

HOOK

Not gonna happen. I won't let it, you hear me? You're a beautiful, bright, innocent girl, and I'm not going to screw that up like everything else.

WENDY

Really, you think that?

HOOK

What?

WENDY

That I'm beautiful?

A beat.

HOOK

(deadpan)

No.

She looks up at him, tears in her eyes, and throws her arms around him.

WENDY

(whispers in his ear)

You're not a bad guy, you know.
You're just not a very good one.

Hook smiles.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - DAY

They walk past officers at their desks. A quiet seems to follow. Hook can feel their eyes on him, as if they know something he doesn't. Smiles and good moods fading fast.

WENDY

What's going on?

He spots Smee, standing in the doorway to his office.

HOOK

Wait here. I mean it this time.

As Hook approaches, Smee steps aside, revealing Dr. Cookson.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE

Smee closes the door behind them.

SMEE

Take a seat, Hook.

HOOK

I am sitting. What is this?

DR. COOKSON

From what I've been told, you
caught the man doing this, correct?

HOOK

You are not asking questions yet.
First you answer: what is this?

DR. COOKSON

Commander?

Smee looks away. He doesn't have Hook's back this time.

DR. COOKSON

This was a temporary arrangement.

HOOK

You can't take her. Not now. Not
yet.

DR. COOKSON

You care about her, I get that. We
all do. But don't let your personal
feelings dilute the situation.

HOOK

I'm thinking clearly.

DR. COOKSON

You took her to crime scenes, on a
police raid where she was injured.

HOOK

(to Smee)

You tell him that?

SMEE

I had nothing to do with this.

DR. COOKSON

What you did was irresponsible, and illegal. If you were thinking rationally, you'd see the only danger she's in is from you. She's not some a commodity--

HOOK

No, she's a frightened girl I'm trying to save.

DR. COOKSON

Wendy has been saved, Mr. Hook. She's alive. No thanks to you.

Hook watches as he walks to Wendy, filling her in. Wendy's eyes find Hook's. Pleading. All their dreams, hopes and promises slipping through their fingers.

Hook holds her glance, apologizing for everything. There's nothing he can do. He seems to crumble as he watches her go.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

A car waits for them at the curb. Cookson follows, studying Wendy in the glaring midday sun, watching his client, standing unafraid in the light for the first time.

DR. COOKSON

Wendy. Your shadow...

Wendy follows his gaze to her SHADOW on the sidewalk.

She's standing right in the center of it. Unafraid. She didn't even notice.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Hook stands at the window, watching as Wendy is put in car.

HOOK

She doesn't belong in there. We do.
Not her.
(goes rigid)
Son of a bitch...

He storms out. Smee steps to the window, sees Cookson handing Cecco PHOTOS from his briefcase.

SMEE

Ah shit...

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CECCO'S OFFICE

Copies of Hook's files are everywhere. Cecco puts the photos on his desk: Wendy at the crime scene, at Skull Rock. He looks up at the sound of FOOTSTEPS. Hook's here to kill him.

CECCO

Hey, listen--

Before he can finish, Hook hauls him up and throws him over the desk. Then up into a wall. Plaster cracks. Hook strangles him. Cecco gags.

Until Cecco's flailing hands finds Hook's .44. Yanking it from his waistband, Cecco smashes Hook in the forehead.

Hook reels. But, blind with rage, he moves back in, only to have the barrel of the gun placed right between his eyes.

CECCO

You're goddamn crazy, you know
that? This is your fault.

Smee stops dead in the doorway. Tension is chainsaw thick. Hook's seething, eyes burning holes into Cecco.

SMEE

Detective. Holster that sidearm
immediately. That's an order.

Cecco obeys. Hook turns, slamming his way through the door. Cecco is left shaking his head in his wrecked office.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - LATER

Hook's at his desk, staring at nothing. Mind going over everything he did wrong. The past repeating itself. He dumps files into the trash, leaving the desk the way he found it. Smee watching.

SMEE

Teynte's closing the case. Says we
got our guy.

HOOK

That's the real world explanation.

SMEE

The real world is where I live.
That's the explanation I'm looking
for.

(realizing)

You believe her. A shadow figure
who comes through windows and
closets that aren't really there
and lives in some imaginary fantasy
land?

HOOK

Why not?

SMEE

Commissioner's satisfied. Means I'm
satisfied.

HOOK

Guess if I thought like that I'd be
a Commander too.

A low blow, and Smee shoots daggers at him with his eyes.

HOOK

We got one day left to find these
kids, then that's it. It's all
over. They're dead and we lose.

SMEE

Goddamn it. There is no Pan.

HOOK

What happened to the cop I knew who
cared about the job? About hunches
and what his gut told him.

SMEE

He grew up!!!

Officers go quiet and look over. Hook got to Smee.

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM - DAY

A bed, washroom, and windows barred and sealed shut. The
"grown-ups" version of a room. Cookson watches Wendy sit on
the bed and look out the window at the sun lowering, a line
of shadow steadily creeping toward the building.

DR. COOKSON

Thought you'd like a bigger room.
Even have your own bathroom now.

His attempt to butter her up failing. Wendy distractedly stares out the window.

DR. COOKSON
You're not going to unpack?

WENDY
There's no point now, is there?

DR. COOKSON
After my son... I made a promise to myself that I'd never let another child suffer if I could help it.

Wendy nods, and Cookson heads out. Wendy lays back on the bed and looks around her new digs. Home. At least, until night - as the outside shadows encroach...

EXT. BOAT DOCKS - LATE DAY

Rain hammers the lonely little pit which Hook calls home.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LATE DAY

Dark, save for the flicker from the TELEVISION. TICK-TOCK goes the crocodile clock. Hook, bottle in hand, peers through slatted blinds. He looks tired, haunted.

His eyes glaze at the dusty framed plaque from the city shoved between two packing boxes. He leans his head against the chair. Stares into the shadows. Drowns his thoughts.

Looks down at the pile of tapes from Wendy's psych sessions, and that damn VCR. Now or never...

LATER

It's not pretty, but the VCR is working. Last of its kind. Hook slides a video in, presses 'play'. Takes a seat.

ON TV: the video sputters to life. A title screen:

Psych Evaluations 12/15/2007
SUBJECT: Wendy Darling / AGE: 14

The image fades up on Wendy, sitting in an all white room. She stares at her faint shadow on the floor.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Are you ready to begin? Wendy...?

She looks up at him, just off screen.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Perhaps we should start from where
we left off last week.

WENDY
I wish I had a pretty house, the
littlest ever seen, with funny red
walls, and roof of mossy green.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
That's very good, Wendy. Where did
you learn that?
(silence)
I want to talk about your fear of
shadows. Can we talk about that?

WENDY
Next I think I'll have gay windows
all about, with roses peeping in,
and babies peeping out.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Wendy, I need you to stay focused,
okay? What about the shadows?

WENDY
That's where he lives...

Wendy goes back to staring at her shadow, eyes tearing up.

The phone RINGS. Hook lets the machine pick up.

SKYLIGHTS (ON MACHINE)
Hook, it's Skylights. You better
get over here...

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, LAB - EVENING

A lot of commotion in the lab when Hook arrives, shaking off
the rain. Shares a look with Smee who walks in.

HOOK
What's this about?

SMEE
No idea.

Police TECHS are dismantling the TEDDY BEAR from the Nibs
house and readying playback equipment, overseen by Skylights.

SKYLIGHTS

Seems the Nibs clan was a little
paranoid with everything going on.
Not like it did them much good.

As the head is pulled off, we see twin zoom lenses in the place of eyes. A hidden compartment on the back of the bear is opened, revealing a recorder inside. A NANNY-CAM.

SMEE

Nanny-Cam hidden inside a teddy
bear. What'll they think of next?

The tape's put in the video player. Hook leans in to watch.

ON THE MONITOR: The angled view from the rocking chair onto Theodore's bedroom.

HOOK

Fast forward.

Sped up views of Theodore playing with toys, his mom kissing him goodbye. Then nothing until bath time.

HOOK

There. Play it in real time.

The Tech hits play. The image rolls on the empty room.

SMEE

I'm not seeing anything.

HOOK

Keep watching.

He points to the screen... to the wall across from the bed... The tape flickers with static, then... A CLOSET DOOR APPEARS where there was only wall before.

SKYLIGHTS

The hell was that? Tape glitch?

The door opens. More static. Theodore appears in the doorway of the bathroom. The tape flickers. We just make out Theo's legs as he's dragged toward the closet.

SMEE

Jesus...

ON THE MONITOR: Hook and Wendy burst into the room. But there's something off about the video.

HOOK

Pause it.

Hook's attention, riveted as the shadow's head turns...
looking right at Wendy! It hits Smee like a punch in the
face:

PETER PAN ISN'T HUMAN.

The shadow disconnects from the wall... reaching out for her.

HOOK
He knows...

EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT

A loud clap of THUNDER, as a flash of LIGHTNING illuminates
the eerie towers and barred windows.

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, objects in the room and shadows from windows
form complex, confusing patterns. Wendy tosses and turns,
having a hard time sleeping.

She gets up, takes in the room and goes into the:

BATHROOM

To get a to drink. Water DRIPS from the leaky faucet. As she
fills her glass, she notices a THIMBLE on the sink. Just
then, wind WHISTLES in from the transom above the door.

It sounds almost like a whisper: "Wenddyyy..."

A long, morose silence. And then: nothing. She turns off the
light and steps out, stopping suddenly.

BEDROOM

The glass of water falls out of her numb hand, knees
buckling. She loses all semblance of courage and sanity. Her
entire body goes weak, terror flooding her face.

The sealed windows are open. LEAVES scatter the floor. She
follows their trail with her eyes to the newly carved nursery
rhyme on the wall, misspelled like all the others:

*Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will hae their choice,
Ad so will I have mine.*

As she stares at the message in unbearable dread, frozen - a
CA-CLICK to the side.

The closet door opens next her... A closet that wasn't there before. Wendy's face draws tight as the door CREAKS open.

WHISPERING VOICE
Weeennddyyy...

Unmistakable. The voice strikes Wendy, invading her.

IT'S HIM.

A shadow moves out... elongating across the floor... She reacts, stricken by the image from her worst nightmares, SCREAMING and POUNDING on the locked door's window.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR

But no one can hear her pleas. The room's soundproof. Down the hall, staff go about their business, unaware.

INT. WENDY'S ROOM

The shadow detaches from the floor, rising upright to a standing position.

MATERIALIZING INTO PETER PAN. Flesh and bone and that white mask. And then a raspy whisper:

PAN
Come back... Wendy, Wendy, Wendy...

Wendy takes a steadying breath, gathers herself. Trembling. No escape. Resigned to her fate. Ready to face it head on.

She joins Peter at the closet, stepping through.

FADE TO:

EXT. STATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

The street is full of patrol cars. Cops enter and exit from various doorways. Sawhorses are loaded off a flatbed truck as a police barricade is erected.

Hook climbs from his car, runs through rain to the entrance.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hook walks as if in a dream state, forcing his way through the crowd. The men who see it's him clear a path. Silence follows in his wake.

Every few seconds, light from a camera's flash spills in from a nearby room. Hook stops at the door, forcing himself to look inside. It's like a sick joke.

DR. COOKSON

You promised me. And I trusted you.
Why did you bring this here? Why?

Cookson's on the verge of losing it, as if Wendy were his own daughter. Hook can't even look at him.

And here comes Commissioner Teynte, moving like a sleep-depraved juggernaut. His entourage races to keep up.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone files inside. Teynte shuts the door and faces them.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

Jesus, Smee. Six goddamn months.
You could have retired with a full
pension, and now...

A long and very painful silence.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

I have no choice. You're suspended
pending further review. You'll
brief IAD, then transfer command,
effective immediately.

HOOK

Blame me. It was my fault.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

Not another word! You involved a
civilian in a murder investigation.
You're way out of line, and you're
off this case. How the hell did you
get in here anyway? Smee gave you -
what? Some temporary badge? Let's
have it.

Hook hands it over.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

Goddamn circus is what this was.

Teynte tosses Hook's badge to Cecco on his way out.

EXT. STATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

The grim Gothic pile of the asylum looms overhead as Hook moves to his car. He stares into the night.

Smee intercepts him before he gets in.

SMEE

Hook... What are you going to do?

Hook looks distractedly out at the street, drained.

FADE TO BLACK.

SOUND UPCUT: a scratchy recording of old PIPE MUSIC.

INT. NEVERLAND

CLOSE ON the needle of a Victrola, record spinning. MUSIC echoes cavernous walls. And darkness. Everywhere.

WE ARE MOVING through, into an even darker corridor...

WENDY (O.S.)

Help me! Please somebody help!

...underneath a door into:

A DARK ROOM

And there's Wendy, terrified, crying. Her hands scour the wall for a light switch... find the doorknob. She goes for it, pulling... but it won't give, locked from the other side.

A BREATH from the side of the room... and then NOTHING.

She tries to listen over her own RAPID BREATHING, every sound AMPLIFIED... could have just been a draft... Scared shitless.

Trembling, she crawls on hands and knees, feeling her way around odd scattered objects on the damp, dirty floor. Her hand brushes up against a lighter. She flicks it, strobbing--

Illuminating PAN - RIGHT BEHIND HER!

The lighter catches, flames. Pan is gone. Wendy turns, in a box of a room, ugly, confined. Brick walls, childhood possessions, and a heavy, locked door. It's the same room.

WENDY

Nononononono...

She hears that BREATHING AGAIN, behind her, and a word:

PAN (O.S.)
Mummmmyyy...

She slowly turns... Pan rushes her to extinguish the light.

INT. DARLING HOUSE, WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Atop the bureau, a handmade MUSICAL JEWELRY BOX affixed with a spinning ballerina. It winds down, playing that same CREEPY MUSIC, just like the merry-go-round.

Curtains closed, sealing the room in darkness. Hook lies on top of the bed. He takes in the room as a child would - the posters, the windows, a storybook on the dresser.

HOOK
(sotto)
See it as a kid would...

He stares up at the ceiling. At the shifting shadows there. He doesn't move for a while.

He leans over the side of the bed, looks underneath it. Nothing. Lays back down. Eyes wandering. The house seems threateningly still. Too still. An unnatural silence fills each room.

Hook looks down at his arm - covered in goosebumps. The dark shadows fill the corners of the room...

HOOK
Someone there?

A long moment as he waits. The shadows seem to move, then become still.

Hook shakes off the moment. Lets his mind relax, drift. He stares into the darkness for a long beat. And then it happens...

A CLOSET DOOR APPEARS -- Right before his eyes.

Hook jerks back into the headboard, face turning the color of ash. He bolts up, turns on lights. The closet door is gone.

He moves toward the wall where the closet was. Touches it. Nothing there. Patience spend, he grabs a lamp and proceeds to SMASH the wall with it, creating his own CLOSET, caving in the wall, releasing his pent up anger on it.

He drops the lamp that FLICKERS on and off at his feet. Closing his eyes, breathing heavily, resting his forehead against the wall.

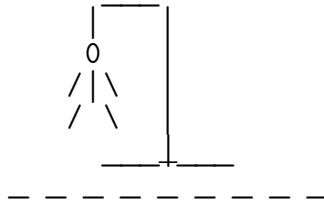
When he opens his eyes, he notices it... the WALLPAPER peeled back from his barrage, showing a DIFFERENT PRINT beneath it.

Hook rips it back, revealing old wallpaper... along with JAGGED CARVINGS in the wall.

HOOK

You don't believe in monsters...

As more wallpaper is removed, the entire message reveals itself: a stick figure body hangs off a crossbar. Beneath it are nine dashes for letters.



THE HANGMAN GAME.

HOOK

...but they believe in you.

LATER

A collage-like collection is now pinned on the walls: files, photos, diagrams from case files, Wendy's drawings.

HOOK

Wendy drew pictures... expressed herself. You drew pictures too.

His eyes search each picture... one by one... Hook's mouth opens in disbelief.

HOOK

Jesus Christ.

He sees it... the drawings, once just lines and circles and splotches -- now taking form in his mind, seeing it all differently. It's coming faster to him.

Stopping on: Wendy's drawing -- a MANGLED TREE in a field all by itself. There's a strong resemblance to the hangman tree.

HOOK

You wanted to get her attention,
draw her out. You play games. Kid
games. Hide & seek, hangman, tag.

Takes a photocopy off the wall. Pan's first note, the nursery rhyme containing misspelled words:

*Com to the window,
My baby, with me,
nd look at the stars,
That shine on the sea.*

HOOK

Not misspelled... a game, a word
jumble. Find the missing letters.

He writes down the omitted letters: 'E, A'. The next message:

*What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails,
And puppy dog tails,
That's what litte boys are made of.*

Another missing letter: 'L'.

*The cock oth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
Tis time to ise.*

'D', 'R'.

*Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in th air.
The man in brown,
Soo brought him down!
Dickery, dickery, dare.*

'E', 'N'.

*Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will hae their choice,
Ad so will I have mine.*

'V, N'.

The missing letters: E-A-L-D-R-E-N-V-N. Nine exactly. He moves them around, positions them to fit beneath the hangman.

HOOK

Christ...

He takes out the Peter photo given to Mrs. Nibs. Focusing on the tree in the background behind Peter - matching it up perfectly with the hangman tree. It is one and the same.

As he lowers the photo, we see it -- the hangman tree on the wall, and the word below it:

N E V E R L A N D

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - DAY

Parked before the Daring house. A city map spread out on the dash, with hand-drawn markings, names of families who lived here. On the northern border is a small, tree-lined park.

Hook jots one last note on the map: Pan House / Neverland.

A sedan approaches in the rear view. Smee gets out, hefting a police gym bag down onto Hook's truck with a metal THUD.

HOOK

Wendy's dad reported her missing
two days after the fact. He did it
so he could cover up the message.
His own daughter. Who does that?

SMEE

Seen a lot of things in my time.
Nothing like this. Changes people.
Changes everything.

HOOK

I couldn't see it before, I
couldn't see it... She trusted me
and I didn't protect her.

SMEE

You did what you thought was right.
We all did.

Hook unzips the bag. INSIDE: flares, flashlights, lanterns, flare guns, and a dozen police issue magnesium flash-bangs.

SMEE

You even know how to kill this
thing?

HOOK

I was thinking violence. Solves
most problems.

SMEE

This isn't going to have a happy
ending, you know.

HOOK

Do they ever?

Smee gets inside Hook's car, the passenger seat. Hook and him stare at each other for a beat. Then Hook nods. Starts the ignition and drives off.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS, PARK - LATE DAY

CLOSE ON Wendy's drawing of the secluded tree. Hook lowers it to reveal the real thing standing a dozen yards away.

THE HANGMAN'S TREE.

Same as the drawing, the hangman game, and the photo of Peter standing before it. Horrible and mangled. Charcoal black. No grass, just scorched earth from a long time ago, and the charred foundation of a house, along with part of the frame.

But that's not what draws Hook's attention...

A single CLOSET DOOR is still intact, imbedded in the tree that's grown around it. Bright red. It almost looks like a doorway into the tree.

SREE

Okay. That could be the creepiest thing I've ever fucking seen.

Hook feels it --

A FLASH INSIDE HIS HEAD: Peter locked in this very closet, distant adult VOICES yelling at him, and Peter's small voice:

PETER (V.O.)

In my world, no one ever grows up.

Hook backs away, in shock. This isn't some psychic ability, this is HOOK'S IMAGINATION, getting inside Pan's head. And it scares the hell out of him. He touches the tree, it's bark.

A FLASH: Peter being bound to the tree by the children. Mask over his face. Sunlight creeps up on him. Crying out in agonizing pain, struggling to get away. The kids mocking him--

Hook releases his grip on the tree, shaking.

SREE

Hook. What? What is it?

Hook staring dead ahead, mouth slightly open, trembling. He has to see this. Places his hand back on it.

A FLASH: Sunlight hits Peter's exposed arms. Skin turning red, blisters, smoking. The kids' laughter dies. Peter cries for help but no one can seem to move.

The sunlight moves up to his head. Peter shakes violently as the mask fuses with his melting skin. The kids are horrified. This isn't what was supposed to happen.

They run, leaving Peter tied to the tree, still conscious as the sun eats away at him--

Hook is shocked back to reality, SCREAMING, feeling Peter's pain. He stumbles back, trips to the ground. He looks at his hand, singed with ash.

HOOK

Can't you see it?

A FLASH: Peter horribly burnt, crawling inside, mask and clothes scorched in his flesh. He makes it into his closet, his dark sanctuary. The door slowly closes--

Hook's eyes snap open, shaken, horrified. Now seeing as a child does, the wonder, the fear.

He focuses on the tree door. Walks to it slowly. Hand on the knob, he pulls it open. Rusted hinges SQUEAL. A ladder leads down into darkness. Smee staring, jaw dropped.

INT. DARK ROOM

Wendy is now strapped to a school desk, hands and feet tied down. Her wrists are raw from struggling to free herself.

In her raw-nerved darkness, every SOUND is unnaturally magnified - the TRICKLE of water, her own terrified BREATHS.

From out of the darkness, a COLORFUL BALL rolls to her feet. Wendy sobs quietly. Pan GRUNTS. She kicks it back. Then Pan freezes, hearing something only he can.

WENDY

Help me!!! In here!!! I'm--

Pan's large, black-clad hand gags Wendy's mouth.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY TRACKS

A FLASHLIGHT shines in a haze of brown dust, over dirty gravel. TILT with the beam to see Hook and Smee walking by tracks and girders, passing old, hulking subway cars.

They're armed with lights to replace their sidearms, to where the tunnel opens up into a series of passageways. Smee sparks and drops a flare - bread crumbs to lead the way out.

Moving forward, we HEAR the distant SOUND of toy wind-up music, faint but unmistakable.

The floor beneath them suddenly changes, dissolving into tile. Smee sparks a few flares and tosses them into...

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION

A ring of FLARES burns in the darkness; flickering orange, revealing a space buried in layers of dust and time.

THE REMAINS OF AN UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION.

Hook shines his light at a bronze wall PLAQUE: "*Kensington Gardens Underground.*" Scratched through and replaced with:

"NEVERLAND"

Hook, breathing heavy. He becomes aware of his surroundings. Freezing, sensing something, pivots, aiming his light at...

A SHADOW ON THE WALL.

He slowly advances, flashlight primed. Reaching out to touch it -- hand wiping flat wall. He turns, sees its source...

MANNEQUINS have been moved out of a GARMENT SHOP, placed in various poses along the platform. Cracked faces, partially clothed. Shadows of them everywhere. Hook and Smee, on edge, walk through...

...as one SHADOW turns and watches them.

They pass more spaces: CLOCK STORE, SMOKE SHOP, stopping at a TOY STORE, selling handmade merry-go-rounds, boats, trolleys, ballerina jewelry boxes -- all spinning and playing MUSIC.

And before them - the dark tunnel that leads beyond...

MOVING WITH HOOK - down never-ending steps. He seems to get larger as he goes, perspective shifting crazily.

He arrives at a door, huge compared to his now tiny body. As if Hook has reverted back to childhood in size and mind.

INT. NEVERLAND, MURAL ROOM

CLICK. A small sting of naked, colored light bulbs overhead comes on, leaving pockets of shadows along the wall. The color gives the hall the feeling of entering a fun house.

Walls in this long, narrow area are covered with PAINTINGS and MURALS: Scarecrows in a field of wheat, as the blades of stalks move gently from the breeze within the painting. Birds flocking and flying over the Venice canals.

Hook stops before one... A lagoon with mermaids, pirate ship, teepees and Indians - all protruding out in an odd three-dimensional visage.

There's movement within it, as if the painting's alive. Hook touches the blue water, looks at his hand - wet and dripping.

HOOK

Do you see this...?

Smee watching him, seeing nothing but faded, 2D paintings. Moving forward where the tunnel opens up to:

INT. NEVERLAND, CARNIVAL

Chipped, plastic horses in a circle. Cardboard boxes with large holes cut into them. A fenced off section filled with animal toys. A small, 3-foot tall slide.

Nothing special about it as Smee moves through. But Hook's eyes take it in as a child would - in wonder.

Carnival MUSIC PLAYS, colorful lights dancing all around him. Those plastic horses are a full-sized MERRY-GO-ROUND on an endless loop. Those cardboard boxes are GAME STALLS with prizes hanging from the walls. Those animal toys, A REAL LIFE PETTING ZOO. And that small slide, a massive ROLLER COASTER.

Hook is seeing the room like a child, with his IMAGINATION.

INT. LITTLE BOYS ROOM

The flashlight reflects off stained white tiled walls. A forest of copper tubing and pipes where the sinks used to be. The wall is covered in graffiti, disturbing child-like drawings done in crayon.

Hook stands before the mirror, trying to collect himself. But even the mirror is off - a funhouse mirror skewing his image.

SMEE

You alright?

HOOK

Something's happening...

SMEE

I need you here, with me.

(turns Hook to face him)

Hey. Are you focused?

He wipes the sweat off his face. Nods.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Smee drops a flare, illuminating the hall. Moving forward, they notice a door up ahead, and an odd blue light emanating from beneath the doorjamb.

INT. BUG ROOM

Entering, they find themselves encased in a glow-in-the-dark chamber. Pulsating iridescent blue light. BUZZING, HUMMING:

BUG ZAPPERS. Dozens, all hanging from the ceiling. The ground is littered with insects, both dead and alive.

Leading to a closet at the end of it. Flashlights trained as they slowly approach, wordless, ready for confrontation. A utility closet.

Hook puts his hand on the knob, nods to Smee, aiming his light. In a quick motion, Hook flings the door open, flashlights struggling to illuminate the darkened interior.

As faces materialize. White stained faces.

Hook and Smee stand in the doorway, staring at MICHAEL, JOHN, CURLY AND THEO - dirty, starving - huddled together in the dark closet. ALIVE.

OUTSIDE

The kids are huddled around Smee, protecting them.

SMEE

I got 'em. You go.

HOOK

Smee...

SMEE

Thank me later. Find her then.
Bring her back.

Smee watching Hook move through, then leads the kids out, following the flares.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Hook moves down the corridor, overhead bulbs flicker. The shadows surrounding him seem to ripple, like waves, as if the darkness itself were alive.

Then - a colorful TOY BALL rolls up to his feet.

Hook spins, shines his flashlight that way, illuminating his shadow on the wall. Or is it?

He waves his hand, steps to the side, lifts a leg - and the shadow - moving in sync with his own movements.

He slowly walks to it, reaches out, touching it. Relaxes. Just his own shadow.

Takes a shaky, unsteady breath when -- the shadow STRIKES OUT, grabbing Hook.

Hook struggles, pulls away, landing on the ground, backing away as the shadow disengages from the wall.

Something pale and small emerges from the dark... the outline of a FIGURE... STANDING RIGHT THERE. A ghostly face that seems to float in the eerie half-light.

Shadows fold and regroup in the darkness, resolving into...

HOOK

Peter Pan...

Ghostly, gnarled mask staring back; that freakish, evil grin. Hook shines his beam of light on him, unsteady in his hand.

Where the light hits Pan, his body changes from shadow to SOLID, living breathing human.

His skin, where hit by light, TURNS TO ASHES AND BURN MARKS. His solid arm grabs Hook, slams him into the wall.

Hook fires a flare, streaking through the air and BAM - nails Pan, who screeches. Falls back into the shadows. Black smoke sealing him up.

Hook stumbles for the flashlight, shines it Pan's way, barely catches a glimpse of him as he disappears into the wall.

The flashlight flickers, dies. Hook hits it. No go. Tosses it aside, grabs another, clicks it on, panning it through the darkness. Where did Pan go? Shit.

Until he hears that WHEEZING BREATH from above. Shining the light at the ceiling, where Pan is wedged against the wall.

Hook finds his feet, takes off running as the overhead string of bulbs POP out on by one, the darkness chasing him when the floor just end, and Hook is plummeting through a black void --

INT. NEVERLAND, SNOWLAND

Falls flat on his face in fresh SNOW...

Getting to his feet, finding himself in a WINTER WONDERLAND. Rolling lines of snow, pine trees and gingerbread houses. Snowmen scattered everywhere. Snow angels on the ground.

Hook moving forward, not noticing the SECOND SET OF FOOTPRINTS following his own.

And Pan's childlike GIGGLE right behind him.

Hook spins, panning the light, arming the flare gun when --

BAM! He's hit from behind from a snowball, knocking the air out of him, dropping him to a knee. He looks at the snowball, which is reality, is a brick.

He glances up - a split second to see another "snowball" coming at him, PELTING him in the chest, knocking him back.

Dizzy, staring up at the ceiling - REALITY SHIFTING WITH IMAGINATION - seeing he is just in a normal room as loose dust and silt from crumbling, decaying walls rain down, just like snow. Ladders everywhere, resembling pine trees.

A brick sails through the air at him - and this time, he rolls, avoiding it, and FIRES the flare gun that streams through the room - illuminating Pan propped up on a ladder.

When the world SHIFT BACK to the winter wonderland. Pan in the pine tree, growing angry, effecting the world...

Then it happens... the snow falling turns from white - to BLACK. And it isn't snow anymore, but soot and ash.

The snowmen warp and melt into misshapen images of Pan. The gingerbread houses crumble to dust. Pine trees move, blocking Hook's path, tripping him up as he takes off. Waving flares to create a path --

INT. NEVERLAND, CARNIVAL

Hook, injured, ribs broken, barrels into the carnival room. But things have changed...

Passing the now demonic Merry-Go-Round. Horses adorning it are headless and painted black, some aflame and melting like birthday candles...

And that cotton candy machine, whipping and weaving together human hair.

Horrified, losing his mind, Hook stumbles through, trips and falls at the petting zoo now occupied by diseased, emaciated livestock - eaten by CROCODILES, chained to the wall. They HISS, snapping, and Hook stumbles away, nearly losing a hand.

And there's Pan, walking steadily toward him, dragging something behind him across the floor. A massive, CARNIVAL-SIZED HAMMER, used in the strongman game.

INT. DARK ROOM - SAME

Wendy frees herself from the desk. POUNDS on the door.

WENDY

Hook! Hooooook!!!

She isn't going to wait here to die. She falls to her knees, searching the ground until she finds what she's looking for: A HAIRPIN.

She hurries to the door and inserts the pin into the keyhole. Jimmies it around. Just like Hook showed her. CLICK. Freedom.

INT. NEVERLAND, CARNIVAL

Pan swings at Hook, who dives out of the way as the hammer demolishes the ground. Ducking behind a carnival booth - no longer fun happy games:

Water from squirt guns streaming rusted, putrid water into mouths of severed human heads. A group of small skulls piled on a platform, waiting to be knocked off with a ball.

When WHAM - the hammer crashes through, nearly taking Hook's head off.

Another swing, another close call as Hook backpedals, trips. Pan fast upon him, swings, Hook rolling. The hammer imbues itself into the floor, stuck there.

Hook uses the moment to arm a flash-bang grenade, rolling it to Pan's feet, then turning to face the ground, covering his head and ears, eyes squeezed shut.

Pan looks at the strange metallic cylinder and --

BOOM! A massive flash of phosphorescent light, bright as mercury, and a ear shattering concussion of SOUND.

Pan HOWLS in pain, light searing into his skin.

Hook finds his feet and runs as Pan stumbles in pain.
Bursting through a door and --

INT. NEVERLAND, BEACH

Finds himself at the beach. The Neverland version. Water lapping up onto shore. Sand castles resembling the kidnapped children's houses, a perfect diorama of Kensington gardens, with the Pan house on the outskirts.

As the water FREEZES OVER. The sand turning to bits of glass. Bids dropping around him. Boats sinking.

And WHAM! He's grabbed and SLAMMED into a wall that has appeared out of nowhere.

Hook is pressed against the wall, held there by Pan, a semi grinding him into the wall. Bones on the verge of breaking.

And Pan, he feels Hooks face, his features, analyzing them. Hook - an adult in Pan's world.

PAN

Grown up... Don't belong here.

Pressing harder, Hook's head threatening to crush under the force, YELLING out when --

WENDY

Peter!

Peter turns and BLAM - he's hit by a beam of blinding light. Searing his bits of exposed skin. Dropping Hook.

Wendy keeps the beam on him, positioning the lamp on the sand, trapping him there. His skin turning solid with chalk white ash.

Wendy hurries to an injured Hook, helps him to his feet.

HOOK

Go! Get outta here!

WENDY

No. It's my turn. Let me save you.

She holds out her hand. Hook takes it. She hoists him up.

Hook, injured, stumbling through this giant play set, when in reality - seen through WENDY'S EYES, he is in a flooded room, where old furniture bobs and floats past like sailboats.

Water drips from the ceiling into dozens of buckets on the creating a crescendo of different TONES - sounding like the surf. The sand - just sawdust coating the floor.

Making it to a door, one last look back to see the lamp dim as it sinks into the water...

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Hook and Wendy flee in this upside down passage. Hook frightfully looking about, scared, a side of him we haven't seen before. A child in a nightmare. But Wendy SEES REALITY.

Staying clear of shadowed corners, shaken by the darkness that seems to await them around every corner.

WENDY

Hey. Look at me. Don't be afraid.
Everything's going to be alright.

Now taking on the adult role, Wendy leads Hook around a corner, flashlight extended below the level of her unseeing eyes. She eases forward, following her light when --

The shadows come alive before them, shaping into Pan. Shadow stretching up to the ceiling, crawling atop it.

Hook FIRES the flare gun, reloads, fires again. Orange star bursts of light hitting their target, each one turning that part of Pan solid.

Hook reaches into his bag, takes out a flash-bang. Arms it, tosses it behind at Pan. He covers Wendy with his body and...

BOOM! -- A massive burst of light and noise. Pan flashing solid, charred skin flaking off. Confused and pissed.

CLOSET DOORS APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR AT WILL along the walls, ceiling and floor, all looking the same.

HOOK

Which one?

Hook shines his light up at a thick cord of cables that HUM ominously with electricity. They follow them down the hall until a breeze hits their faces, coming from a new, skewed doorway ahead. Cables leading inside...

WENDY

Here!

As they move forward, their feet step on leaves, then grass, disappearing into:

INT./EXT. PAN'S HOUSE

The blackness surrounding them gives way to GLOW-IN-THE-DARK STAR STICKERS affixed to the walls, floor and ceiling. They move and shimmer, just like looking at the real night sky.

And they find themselves looking at the impossible...

PAN'S HOUSE. Pre-fire, intact.

HOOK
Inside, go!

They run to the porch, Hook shoves hard and inside they go.

INT. PAN'S HOUSE, NEVERLAND

They burst through, slam the door closed, lock it. Then back away into the middle of the room. The house is empty. Spare and cold. A few rooms of blown leaves, broken windows and flaking paint.

Hook spots a REFRIGERATOR against the far wall, filled with food: turkey, peas, apple pie - it's all real to him.

It's only when Wendy looks do we notice that it's all plastic children's toys of food. She can't see it anymore.

WENDY
It's just fake.

HOOK
Right... fake.

He slides it up against the door, barricading it.

HOOK
Get the lights. Look for a switch.

Wendy tries the light switch, no power.

WENDY
Doesn't work.

HOOK
There has to be power or a generator somewhere.

Hook spots those same bundled wires from earlier snaking across the ceiling, leading to the back bedroom.

HOOK
There!

WENDY

Hook!

He spins to a window opening, tendrils of shadow moving in...

Hook shines his light on the shadow, turning it solid, into Pan's arm. He slams the window down over and over on it, cutting into it, breaking bones, until Pan's arm retreats.

Hook locks the window shut. Notices the blood there from Pan. Black. Not blood. TAR.

Backing away, not noticing the shadows behind seeping down from the fireplace. Building up behind them, forming...

They hear the ragged BREATHING. Hook spins, but Pan knocks the light away, sending Hook hard into the wall. Lights scatter across the floor, creating streaks and shafts of jagged light.

Hook charges... but passes right through as Pan dissolves into shadow.

Hook swings, but two more shadow arms form, catching Hook's wrists. Pan's other arm grabs Hook by the neck, throws him at the door, angled in shadow, and he passes right through it --

INT./EXT. PAN'S HOUSE, NEVERLAND

And into the exterior of Pan's house where he hits the ground hard. He struggles to his feet, bangs on the door, shoulders it. Can't get it open because --

INT. PAN'S HOUSE

A twenty foot long arm made of shadow holds it closed, where Pan corners Wendy. She runs into the next room--

INT. PAN'S BEDROOM

Cramped. Threadbare mattress, unsettling CLOWN WALLPAPER, a public school desk/chair combo. The name "Peter" carved into it, then scratched out. A lone book of NURSERY RHYMES.

Pan coming at her. She trips backwards, backpedaling into:

CLOSET

Flashlight gone. Wendy sparks the lighter to keep Pan at bay, illuminating the interior of the closet... The walls are drawn on, handmade toys on the floor.

The original NEVERLAND inside Peter's head.

And those cables they were following, they all end in here. A confusion of wires that slash out of a fuse box.

Wendy is trapped, alone with Pan in his Neverland.

PAN
Fly away with me.

Her hand brushes up against the ELECTRICAL BOX.

WENDY
I'm sorry...

She thrusts down on the lever - Electricity sparks. SEARING LIGHT reflects off the walls, blinding white light.

Pan SCREAMS, whirling in pain as he clutches his blind eyes.

Wendy goes to push his head away, SWIPES OFF HIS MASK -- a deformed face so long out of the sun, it seems almost leached - except for the glittering white eyes, and wet red mouth.

Pan, an eleven year old trapped inside the body of an adult.

Sparks fly from old, faulty wiring, catching on the curtains and walls - an electrical FIRE combusting. Flames licking, spreading like a wild fire.

The roof threatens to give way. Wendy trapped within the flames on all walls. Pan - severely injured by the light and flames, his shadow form giving way to real life.

He sees Wendy succumbing to the smoke and flames, putting himself in harms way -- and grabs Wendy, dragging her toward the wall, toward the fire --

And HURLS her out the window, saving her life.

INT./EXT. PAN'S HOUSE, NEVERLAND - SAME

Wendy crashes to the ground, shaken, covered in soot. Hook rushes to her, helps her sit up. Coughing, eyes now filled with tears - part from the smoke, part from an understanding.

HOOK
Are you alright? Where's Pan?

She looks toward the house, where Pan's form is barely visible in the smoke and flames.

INT. PAN'S HOUSE - SAME

Timbers CRASH down around him, embers raining down.

PAN, HIS SHADOW FORM BREAKING DOWN, CRACKING AWAY AS BURNT BLACK SKIN FLAKES OFF. Dying...

With his last bit of strength, he drags himself back into the bedroom, back into his closet - his imaginary world, his safe room, his Neverland - and closes the door.

INT./EXT. PAN'S HOUSE, NEVERLAND

Hook and Wendy stand there, hand in hand, watching the house burn, and Pan with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAWN

Emergency crews abound. Reporters and cameramen are held back. Firemen hose the remains of the burnt hangman tree.

A COMMOTION as a Towncar pulls up. Press rush it. Teynte steps out and faces the SHOUTING questions, joined by Cecco. He smiles, moment of triumph.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

Let me start off by first saying that the kidnapper has been killed in a valiant raid, led by our newly appointed Captain Cecco. And the missing children have been rescued.

REPORTER 1

What about reports we're hearing regarding a supernatural killer?

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

This is the real world, with real crimes, real criminals. It's true, these men are monsters, but not the kind you read about in storybooks. I can assure you, what happened here today was no fairy tale.

Wendy stands beside a squad car, finishes answering questions with a cop. Hook walks up, watching Teynte and Cecco perform.

WENDY

He was a kid. Peter. Just a little lost boy. And I killed him.

HOOK

Or maybe you saved him. Sent him to a better place. The real Neverland, heaven, whatever.

WENDY

You're a good cop, Hook. A good guy.

Wendy kisses him on the cheek, gets in squad car, about to close the door when:

HOOK

Hey. An old friend of mine once told me that sometimes it's good to go a little crazy from time to time. It's what keeps us sane.

WENDY

That simple, huh?

Hook nods. That simple. She closes the door. Presses her hand to the glass. Hook touches his side. Hand against hand.

The car moves. A turn out onto the street, then gone. Hook's all alone as he watches them go... and smiles.

SMEE

(walks up)

Guess I won't be seeing you around.

HOOK

I don't belong anymore. Not here.

SMEE

Where do you belong?

HOOK

Thought I might open a private firm. Look into this supernatural thing. Do some good for once.

SMEE

Could sure use some around here.

HOOK

(beat)

Ever have smiley face pancakes?

SMEE

Sure, when I was a kid.

HOOK

Come on. I know this great place.

As they head off into the sunset.

INT. NEVERLAND - LATER

Cops prowl the charred and gutted remains. Nothing left. Neverland has VANISHED BACK INTO PAN'S IMAGINATION. Cecco moves past, stopping in:

INT./EXT. PAN'S HOUSE

Skylights leads his team. Photos are taken, evidence bagged.

CECCO
Goddamn funhouse. What do you got?

SKYLIGHTS
We're hoping to find some teeth,
traces of DNA, anything, but...

CECCO
Let me guess; don't hold my breath.

ON THE WALL: PAN'S SHADOW IS SCORCHED ONTO THE WALL like the victims of the Hiroshima atomic bombs.

Cecco studies it as a young OFFICER steps up.

OFFICER
Captain. Uh, we got a call about a
new case. Seems a little girl fell
down a rabbit hole and... vanished.

CECCO
You shitting me? Get a name?

OFFICER
(checks notes)
Alice. You want me to call Hook?

As they walk off, we stay on Pan's scorched shadow...

FADE OUT.