

PAN

by

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NEW LINE CINEMA
ENERGY ENTERTAINMENT

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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. A basket of thimbles RATTLING. 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.

INT. HURON HOUSE - NIGHT

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

We follow her out into the

HALLWAY

and are 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 and goes to open the door. It sticks. She gives it some muscle and it pops open.

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, making sure the latch is secure this time, then picks up the scattered leaves.

MICHAEL
Not m-me.

MRS. HURON
Then who?

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

MICHAEL
(small voice)
He d-did...

She slowly turns to the wall behind and... there's nothing there, nothing except for her own shadow.

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. 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 some other 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 right at Michael.

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

FADE TO:

EXT. MERMAID'S LAGOON, BOAT DOCKS - DAY

SQUAWKING seagulls take flight as a man pushes through, walking past the moored boats. COMMANDER SMEE, 50s. Genial, Irish, glasses. He wipes the stress from his face, comes to:

A lonely HOUSEBOAT, christened "JOLLY ROGER". A pirate flag flaps on the stern, skull and crossbones greeting visitors. He takes a step up the plank, met by a snarling Newfoundland.

HOOK (O.S.)

Nana, heel.

NANA whimpers back to her owner, emerging from below...

POLICE CAPTAIN JAMES HOOK, 38. 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.

He locks eyes on Smee, a moment passes between them, history, and not all good.

HOOK
Smee.

SMEE
Hook.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Dark and depressing with 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 issued to Police Captain James Hook -- now being used as a coaster.

Smee looks around, flicks on the light. Hook shields his eyes.

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 eyes it painfully, looks away.

HOOK
That ain't my thing any more.

SMEE
This one's different.

HOOK
Always is.

Smee takes out a PHOTO, puts it down in front of Hook -- Michael, blowing out the candles on his cake.

SMEE
Name's Michael. Just turned eleven. This is the last photo taken of him.

Hook stares at it, affected, 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

You know the drill. 74 percent are murdered within the first three hours. It's been two days.

HOOK

Don't ask me to do this.

SMEE

You got a gift. A goddamn way about you. I need someone who thinks the way you do. You see things differently. Not as a cop does, but as a victim. You're my last option here. We're losing.

HOOK

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

SMEE

Come on, Hook. You're thirty eight 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.

HOOK

I don't know what you're talking about.

SMEE

You know. You exist to do this work, and I don't think you can deny it. But, maybe I'm wrong.

Smee waits for a response, gets nothing. He flicks off the lights on his way out, leaving Hook in the dark.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT, DECK - LATER

Hook is at the open engine hatch, pounding away at a rusty valve. He sparks a gusher, spraying his clothes with water.

HOOK

Goddamnit!

He tosses the hammer into the ocean, leans against the rail. Through the porthole window: Smee's file, untouched.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Dark, illuminated by a tiny lamp and the flicker from an old TELEVISION, 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 goes to the closet, removes a weathered cardboard box. He sits on the floor, takes a shot of bourbon. Opens the box.

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

These are all the kids Hook saved.

One in particular stands out: a poster and photo of an eight year old girl, and a caption: "*Found Dead*".

Her name: LILY HOOK. Hook's sister.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A beat-up pickup truck pulls to the curb. The door opens, 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: the 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. Floorboards and sections of carpet have been removed. Cabinets have been cleared out. Walls are smeared with fingerprint powder.

KITCHEN

The refrigerator's open. Hook moves contents around, pushing aside the 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)
It was him, wasn't it? Call me.

He freezes, hits 'rewind'.

WOMAN (ON MACHINE)
It was him, wasn't it? Call me.

Hook pops the tape out, pockets it.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

Dark, just like the night Michael was taken. Hook lies on the bed, hits record on his TAPE RECORDER.

He takes in the room as a child would -- the curtained windows, posters, scattered toys, the trash can -- full of fall leaves. Sees the storybook on the dresser.

HOOK
She didn't read to you that night,
did she? She didn't believe you.

He looks at the photo next to the book, Michael and his DAD.

HOOK
She had other things on her mind.

His takes in on the rumpled sheets.

HOOK

You thought you could hide under
the sheets.

Hook gets up, kneels to the carpet, close. Smells it.

HOOK

You were scared.

He follows the trail to the wall where the shadow was,
touches it.

HOOK

You don't believe in monsters. But
they believe in you.

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 and band-
aids. Hook chews a couple Flintstone's vitamins. He closes
the cabinet, then notices something behind him...

REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR: the 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.*

He should have read the case file.

EXT. HURON HOUSE, ROOF - NIGHT

Hook sits on the shingles, 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
 All right. 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.
 (beat)
 Dr. Mullins.

Standing with Smee are a few 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, a heavysset cop, CHUCKLES with his peers, curbed by Smee'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
blackboard:

HOOK

Largest number of missing children
are "runaways", followed by "family
abductions", then "lost", injured,
or otherwise missing. The smallest
category, but the one in which the
child is at the greatest risk,
"nonfamily, 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? And 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.

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 most likely of unknown identity or a slight acquaintance.

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

HOOK

797,000 kids went missing last year, 115 defined as stereotypical. Given the age range of 6 to 11, we can narrow that number down to 25. *Twenty five kids* out of 797,000.

CECCO

It's rare, we get it.

Hook writes on the blackboard:

HOOK

There are commonly three reasons these occur: "money", "revenge", "molestation". There were no ransom calls, letters?

SMEE

None.

Hook draws a line through "money" on the blackboard.

HOOK

The message, the time and care it took to do this -- it wasn't a victim of opportunity, like most sexually assaultive crimes.

Crosses off "molestation", leaving "revenge".

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?

SMEE

Any idea how the he gained ingress?

HOOK

There were leaves in the trash.

SMEE

We saw those, figured he came in through the window, but there weren't any marks, prints, nothing.

CECCO

Maybe he flew in.

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 approaches Smee.

CECCO

Took the force a year to get over
him. A year before people started
taking us seriously again. And now
you're bringing him back?

SMEE

That's right.

CECCO

On whose authority? I doubt the
Commissioner knows about this.

SMEE

On my authority as Commander, and
your boss.

CECCO

Such bullshit. It's my case. He
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.

Cecco passes Hook on his way out, looking less than friendly.

CECCO

You're nobody.

Smee slides Hook a police badge and cell phone.

SMEE

Badge. Phone. Also got a desk you can use.

HOOK

C'mon, Smee. They don't want me here. I don't want me here. So what the hell am I doing?

SMEE

Finding a lost kid.

Hook takes the badge, leaves the phone.

HOOK

I don't do cell phones.

SMEE

You do now.

HOOK

Short leash, huh?

SMEE

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

HOOK

Don't expect too much from me, all right?

Hook grabs the phone and heads out.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, LOBBY

Hook pushes through the array of pimps, prostitutes and low-lives, up to the appropriations desk, where an OFFICER fills out paperwork behind the grated screen.

HOOK

Got a requisition on a sidearm.

Hook slides his badge under the grate.

STARKEY (O.S.)

Son of a bitch.

Hook turns to Swat Leader STARKEY, ex military.

HOOK

Starkey. They still letting you carry a gun?

STARKEY

They tried to take it from me once.
Their mistake.

SWAT (O.S.)

Starkey, let's go.

STARKEY

Duty calls. Listen, whatever
anyone says, cops respect what you
did. Took balls. I respect it.

Starkey heads out. Hook signs for his gun when RAISED VOICES
come from behind. A DAD yells at his 12 year old SON,
gripping his arm a little too forcefully.

No one seems to notice. Except Hook.

DAD

I ain't gonna tell you again, boy.
Sit down and be quiet, hear?

Dad shoves the son into the chair. Hook sees red. He's on
the dad in a heartbeat, grabs him with force and slams him up
against the wall, holding him there by his neck.

DAD

Fuck you doin'?! Goddamn crazy!

HOOK

Want to see how crazy I can get?

Hook is slowly squeezing the life out of him. Four cops try
to pull Hook off. They're genuinely having a hard time.

HOOK

Lay a hand on him one more time, I
swear I'll devote my life to ending
yours. Clear?

Dad, face blue, manages a nod. Hook lets go. Dad hits the
floor, gasping. Hook turns to the scared son, kneels.

HOOK

What's your name?

SON

B-Billy.

HOOK

Listen, Billy. If dad here ever
hurts you again, call 911. Okay?

Billy nods. Dad ushers him away. Hook sees all eyes on him, judging. He walks to the bullpen, passing a pissed-off Smee.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN

A circus of RINGING phones, CLATTERING keyboards, and police looking busy. Hook sits at his solitary desk amid prying eyes. Smee walks up.

SMEE

You could have killed him. There are other ways to handle it.

HOOK

Not my ways.

SMEE

This is my ass on the line here, not yours. You're already unemployed. So do your goddamn job, or get the hell out of here. End of the day, Cecco's right. You're not a cop anymore.

Smee puts an electric shaver on the desk.

SMEE

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

Smee heads off. Hook spots his reflection in the computer monitor. Doesn't like what he sees. An OFFICER passes.

HOOK

Hey. Know where they keep the typewriters?

OFFICER

Yeah. In a museum.

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. Why take you on your birthday? Coincidence? No. He planned this. Took the time to carve a message. Foresight. Methodical. 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, and legal documents. A wormish clerk, CHAS, searches dusty filing cabinets with dates from 1960 to 1999. Hook steps over from another row.

CHAS

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

HOOK

I don't trust anything I can't touch. Besides, 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 1995. He stops, looks closer.

ON THE MONITOR: grainy newsphoto of a 14-year old girl with accompanying story ("Captive Girl Found Alive"), dated 1995. 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 - State Psychiatric Ward.

EXT. STATE ASYLUM - LATE DAY

A SIGN on a chain link fence topped with razor-wire reads:
STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

Beyond it squats an imposing four-story Gothic building. The sky overhead is bleak grey and 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 droll 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
(on speaker)
Captain Hook. He's ready for you.

INT. ASYLUM, COOKSON'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

DR. RICHARD COOKSON, 40s, the clinical, yet warm chief of staff, sits behind a vast desk piled with paperwork. 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. His tape recorder set to record. Cookson closes the file and slides it back to Hook.

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

HOOK
It's a routine follow up.

DR. COOKSON
About what exactly?

HOOK
Similarities in the cases.

DR. COOKSON
What about this carved message?
I'm no detective, but this seems
quite different to me.

HOOK
That's why you're no detective.

DR. COOKSON
True, but then again, neither are
you. I read about you in the paper
a while back. Those things you
did... I respect your intentions,
but not your actions.

(beat)
We're a lot alike. We both try to
get inside the minds of children
order to save them. Difference is,
I use words, you use a badge... and
your gun.

HOOK
You'd rather see them free?

DR. COOKSON
Not free. Cured.

HOOK
Yeah, well, I cure them. Are 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
Wendy's fragile. The slightest
provocation could set her off.
We've never violated a patient's
trust, and we never will.

HOOK
You want to see a violation?

He takes the photo of Michael from the file and slaps it 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, some padded. 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 four years after
her abduction. Two suicide
attempts later, her parents turned
custody over to the state.

HOOK
The parents ever mention why her
abduction was never public?

DR. COOKSON
They were private people.

HOOK

She say anything about the missing years?

DR. COOKSON

She believes she was held in someplace called "Neverland".

HOOK

Neverland?

DR. COOKSON

Wendy's not one to open up easily.

HOOK

She mention who took her? A name?

DR. COOKSON

'Fraid not. I very much doubt this "bogeyman" exists. Patients often invent impossible answers to quell real-life fears. It helps them cope, to understand.

HOOK

Is that why she's still here?
Afraid to leave?

DR. COOKSON

Look, Mr. Hook, Wendy's gone through a lot. And it's taken its toll. She has a fear of closets and windows. We've had to resort to using soft lights 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, 26, sits huddled in the corner. Wrecked as she is, we see the beauty in her face, the deep, lonely eyes.

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

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

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 this man, 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.

Hook puts a reassuring hand on her arm. A connection.

HOOK
Tell me who did this to you.

Wendy just stares blankly at Hook's hand on her arm.

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
But you will do it.

DR. COOKSON
And why is that?

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

Cookson studies Hook -- knows he's right. Hook follows him
down the hall.

INT. WENDY'S ROOM

TIGHT ON WENDY, slumped under the diffused lights. Totally
out of it. Or so it seems...

As the echoing FOOTSTEPS recede, Wendy 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 open the VCR box, stares at a multitude of wires. Opens
up the instruction manual. Page 1.

LATER

It's not pretty, but the VCR is working. Hook slides a video
in, presses play. Takes a seat on the sofa with a bottle of
bourbon. Drinks.

ON TV: the video sputters to life. A title screen:

Psych Evaluations 12/15/95
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.

Hook turns from the TV, looks at the thick, stained folder in his lap. The cover reads "Case File: / WENDY DARLING."

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

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Tell me about your drawings, Wendy.

Hook flips to the drawings: dark flowing SHADOWS; white, blank FACES; BROKEN CLOCKS, time stopped; a MANGLED TREE.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Can you tell me why you draw these?
Is this what you see in your head?

WENDY
I wish I had a pretty house, the littlest ever seen, with funny little 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
I don't like them. Dark places...

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
What about them?

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 dark places?

WENDY
 That's where he lives...

Wendy goes back to staring at her shadow, eyes tearing up.

LATER - 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. As he drifts toward sleep, we slowly...

FADE TO BLACK.

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 and 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
 I did too.
 (to Matthew)
 It's all right, champ, we'll light
 them again.

MATTHEW
 But what about my wish?

FRIEND
 If you don't blow out all the
 candles yourself, the wish gets
 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.

MRS. CURLY

Why don't you wash up, Matthew, 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. Matthew 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 it's cord. Oddly-shaped shadows arc across the walls.

Matthew turns on the faucet, stopping suddenly. He reaches in and pulls out a lone, fall-colored LEAF. He looks at 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.

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 busy stand. The paper's headlines read "BIZARRE KIDNAPPING!" and "BIRTHDAY BOY ABDUCTED" -- all in huge, black print.

SOUND UPCUT - a steady, rapid series of GUNSHOTS --

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

-- as a half dozen officers test their skills. Controlled firing, paper targets moving back and forth on racks. All very neat and orderly. Until...

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM--

Repeated gunfire tearing into a target. Non-stop. An empty clip is quickly changed. More gunfire. Relentless. Officers lower their weapons and take note.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM--

As the paper target is ripped apart, incinerated.

On Hook's eyes, intense, somewhere else. He lowers the smoking gun. This isn't practice for him, it's therapy.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - DAY

The computer monitor is now being put to good use -- as a mock bulletin board. Michael's photo is taped to it, along with Curly's.

Hook looks at crime scene PHOTOS of Matthew 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.*

Dr. Mullins takes a seat on the edge of the desk.

DR. MULLINS

Department wants me to interview
you, make sure you're fit for duty.

Hook's eyes never leave the photograph.

HOOK

Not today.

DR. MULLINS

James, this is as much for you as
it is for them. You get inside the
heads of the kids. It traumatizes
them, and they're lucky compared to
you. It only happens to them once.

Hook meets her gaze. Doc's getting too personal. The phone RINGS.

DR. MULLINS
When you're ready.

She walks off. Phone RINGS again. Hook chins the receiver.

HOOK
Hello. Hello...?

Nothing. He looks at the multiline phone and it's dozen blinking buttons. He guess, presses one. The SQUEALING SPEAKERPHONE. He hurries to hang up. Picks another line.

HOOK
Yeah, hello?

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

HOOK
Who?

CHAS (ON PHONE)
(exhaling)
The clerk guy. 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 TROLLY CAR. He merely sits and stares at it.

Behind, Smee, Chas and a bored Cecco and stand and watch.

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. Hook, he takes
it a step further. It's not a
feeling for him. It's real. He
can see things.

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. We should be out there looking, not locked away in some basement.

SMEE

No one's keeping you here.

Cecco walks off. Smee approaches Hook.

HOOK

I can't see it. I get to the same point every time. The moment it happens. And then, it all goes dark. Same thing with Michael.

SMEE

You're just rusty is all.

HOOK

No. This is something different.
(catches Smee's look)
You think I'm crazy?

SMEE

We're all a little crazy, Hook.
It's what keep 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 labelled: Met PD / Evidence: Case File D-11734 / Wendy Darling.

HOOK

How about the parents, George and Mary Darling?

CHAS

Mom died of natural causes. I haven't been able to locate the dad. It'll take some looking into.

HOOK

So look.

Hook pulls a fat file folder, thumbs through.

INSIDE: police reports on Wendy's abduction. Key phrases jump out: *"reported missing: 5/11/91."* Hook scans down to: *"Kidnapped the night of 5/9/91."*

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
(into recorder)
Eyes bloodshot. She was kept in
the dark for a long time.

PHOTOS of Wendy's bedroom: there is something off about it. Hook can't place it, flips through to a close shot of the wall behind the bed. It dawns on him...

HOOK
There's no goddamn nursery rhyme.

ON THE PHOTO: Blank wallpaper. 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 hurries in.

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

She shakes her head, unwilling - or unable - to say anything.

HOOK
All I need is a name, a
description. Anything at all.

Hook's starting to get to her. He crouches to her eye level.

HOOK

You're scared, I know, but I can help. No one's going to hurt you ever again. I promise.

She looks up at him, eyes tearing. She believes him.

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 tried to help you and this is how you repay me?

HOOK

I need her.

DR. COOKSON

She's not ready for it out there.

HOOK

Who is? Only way she's going to get better is to catch this guy.

DR. COOKSON

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

HOOK

It's the one thing I'm good at. Trust me.

WENDY (O.S.)

Pan.

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

WENDY

His name was Pan.

EXT. ASYLUM - LATER

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

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

Hook hangs up, eyes Cookson and Wendy exiting the asylum.
 She takes in the overcast sky, her diffused shadow.

DR. COOKSON
 You sure about this? I don't trust
 him.

WENDY
 I do. I need to do this.

DR. COOKSON
 I know. You have my number. Call
 when you're ready to come back.

WENDY
 Thank you. For everything.

She hugs him, then walks to Hook and gets in the truck. Hook
 shuts her door, nods to Cookson, who watches them drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DUSK

A once prosperous enclave in the city, the rotting
 neighborhood of Kensington Gardens 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 country home with a spacious lawn. Gone to shit. He
 and Wendy climb out and head up the walk to the front door.

HOOK
 So this is where you lived, huh?

WENDY
 It was different back then.

HOOK
 Yeah, I remember, until the steel
 mill closed and everyone struck
 camp. Can't say that I blame.

Hook tries the door. Locked.

HOOK
Got a hairpin I can borrow?

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

WENDY
Keep it.

INT. DARLING HOUSE - DUSK

Dark, musty. Windows boarded. Cob-web covered furniture and boxes. Forgotten things. Hook tries the light switch. No power. He flicks on his flashlight. Rats skitter.

HOOK
It's okay. You're safe with me.

Wendy takes his hand, slow to enter. Visibly shaking. Her life ended here. She walks around, taking in the nostalgia. There's a loneliness here, an echo of desperation.

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

WENDY
I heard from them once or twice.
They acted like they were scared.

HOOK
Scared of what?

Wendy pauses at the stairs leading up to the bedrooms.

WENDY
Me.

INT. DARLING HOUSE, TOP FLOOR LANDING

The door to Wendy's bedroom is covered with crisscrossed planks -- a creepy image. Hook yanks them free and the door CREAKS open, old dust billowing out. Wendy shivers, on edge.

INT. DARLING HOUSE, WENDY'S BEDROOM

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

HOOK
I'm right here with you. Nothing
bad is going to happen.

She 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?

WENDY
He... came through the closet.

CLOSE ON WENDY fighting tears, as the CAMERA WHIRLS AROUND
her, on the verge of a breakdown. The image BLURS...

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

ADULT WENDY, losing it, runs out. Hook looks at the wall.
No closet.

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. Hook drives off.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

SMEE
Yeah, Doc, what is it?

DR. MULLINS
I've done some reading up on James
Hook. He shouldn't be here.

SMEE

He isn't here. Not officially.

DR. MULLINS

It's too soon.

SMEE

It's been a year.

Mullins holds her ground. Smee looks her 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.

DR. MULLINS

That's an interesting analogy, Commander, but I'm not sure--

SMEE

Let him be. Let him do his job.

DR. MULLINS

And wait and see who he hurts next?

SMEE

That won't happen.

DR. MULLINS

I think that's a dangerous attitude to take, Sir. May I remind you about what he did to Bill Jukes--

SMEE

I know all about Jukes, Doc.

DR. MULLINS

And if he gets too close like last time?

SMEE

I'll pull him.

Mullins turns and walks out. Smee sits, taking it all in.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

The table's surface is now covered with various forms and case reports. Hook is seated beside Wendy, guiding her through crime scene photos of the nursery rhymes.

HOOK
Mean anything to you?

WENDY
Should they?

HOOK
All houses had one except yours. I
thought it was because you were the
first. That and...

WENDY
And what?

HOOK
Far as I can tell, you're the only
girl he's ever taken.

WENDY
My dad always wanted a boy.

Wendy stands, looking over Hook's everyday things. Adjusting
to her new surroundings. Anything to take her mind off it.

HOOK
Maybe we should wait on this.

WENDY
It's okay. I'm okay.

HOOK
Can you tell me about Neverland?
What you saw?

WENDY
It was dark. Always dark.

HOOK
Tell me about his face.

WENDY
He has 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. Shaking.

WENDY

Is it okay if we finish tomorrow?
I'm kind of tired.

HOOK

Yeah. Sure.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, BEDROOM

A mess like the rest of Hook's bachelor pad. He tosses piles of clothes off the bed, kicking them into the closet.

HOOK

I'm sorry about all this.

WENDY

I like it messy. It's a nice--

HOOK

No. I'm mean I'm sorry.

The sincerity in Hook's voice touches Wendy. She nods.

HOOK

I'll get you a pillow.

Hook walks out as Wendy takes everything in. She stops at an old framed photo: Hook, standing with his Navy Seals unit.

The boat rocks slightly, enough for the closet door to creak open. Wendy trembles, can't look away. Hook walks in with the spare pillow. Wendy's near catatonic, rigid with fear.

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 door.

HOOK

The door? Hold on.

Hook looks for something to help him with the door. Wendy shakes harder, uncontrollably.

HOOK

Fuck.

He grabs the closet door and YANKS IT CLEAR OFF ITS HINGES. Wendy calms, sees Hook's eyes on her, and turns away.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT / DOCKS - LATER

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

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER

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

BEDROOM

The door cracks open. Hook peers in at the empty bed. Wendy's asleep on the floor, Nana by her side.

INT. DELAWARE TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The Delaware's are engaged in their nightly chaos: MRS. DELAWARE is at the sink washing dishes. MR. DELAWARE is watching the news. Accounting forms cover the coffee table.

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 and slams the door closed, holding it in place. Jane KNOCKS, tries the knob.

JANE (O.S.)

Come on, John. Don't be a jerk.

MR. DELAWARE (O.S.)

I want you both in bed by the time
I get up there, you hear?

JANE (O.S.)
I'm telling.

JOHN
Go ahead. I dare you.

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 John's 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.

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 wall, creating odd shapes and twirling shadows.

Now John is trying to turn it off, checking the thing for batteries, a switch, anything.

Unnerved, John tosses the toy to the floor where it lands near the closet, and goes silent.

He turns off the light and 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 start to 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, she pulled back covers. 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 the 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

Wendy. You okay?

She meets Hook's gaze and nods.

HOOK

I want you to stay in the car.

WENDY

I thought I was here to help.

HOOK
You are. But you don't need to see
this.

Hook gets out and heads to the officer holding court.

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.

He wanders to the Delewares on the sofa, where 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.

CECCO
Do you remember if you locked the
doors? Windows?

While Cecco and Smee sit across from the Delawares', Hook, being Hook, sits down next to them. Uncomfortable stares.

MR. DELAWARE
I did it myself, same as always.

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

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

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

HOOK
Any cake left?

CECCO
Christ...

MR. DELEWARE
I'm sorry?

HOOK
Birthday cake. Any left?

MR. DELEWARE
His party was at a pizza parlor.
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. DELEWARE

What?

HOOK

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

MR. DELEWARE

I think we've answered all your
questions.

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.

HOOK

It's 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.

SREE

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

HOOK

Birthday cake.

CECCO

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

Looks at the toys scattered about, feeling the stuffed animals. Looking at the poses of action figures.

HOOK

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

SREE

That is strange.

Hook spots the toy merry-go-round on the floor. He sits next to it, right in the middle of everyone's way. Winds it up and it spins, playing the CREEPY MUSIC. The room gradually falls silent. Looks are shared.

SREE

What is it?

HOOK

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

SREE

How do you know that?

HOOK

Look around. This one doesn't belong.

Skylights bags it as Sree turns to the door.

SREE

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

Heads turn to Wendy, standing in the doorway, staring with dread at the carved message on the wall.

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. Hook and Smee talk off to the side as police scurry past.

HOOK

Her name's Wendy Darling. From what I can tell, she's the only one to ever escape this guy alive.

SMEE

Where'd you find her?

HOOK

...State Asylum.

SMEE

Jesus, Hook. A goddamn crazy person? The hell are you doing?

HOOK

You wanted this case solved. I'm solving it. Everything we need to catch this guy is inside her head.

SMEE

Fine. Then you question her. You don't bring her to the crime scene!

HOOK

I told her to wait in the car.

Smee notices all the officers are watching.

SMEE

C'mere.

He yanks Hook into the kitchen. Wendy regards Jane at the dining room table, playing with her retrieved DOLL HOUSE. Hook and Smee are heard arguing in the background.

WENDY

Hi, Jane. My name's Wendy. Mind if I join you?

She shrugs. Wendy takes a seat across from her.

WENDY

That's a very pretty doll house.
When I was your age I had a doll
house too. Not as nice as this
one, though.

JANE

(soft)

It's my favorite. That's why he
stole it.

WENDY

Who did? John?

JANE

I got mad at him. I didn't mean
for this to happen.

WENDY

I know. It's not your fault.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Hook grabs a beer from the fridge. Smee's 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 birthdays?

SMEE

Christ...

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.

SMEE

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

But Hook isn't listening, his eyes are on Wendy and Jane, and
more importantly, the doll house.

HOOK

The girl found John missing, right?

SMEE

Yeah, so what?

Hook hurries out to the

DINING ROOM

Picks up the doll house, examining it. Notices the bedroom --
marked crudely in red and black marker, covered in scratches.
And a drawing of a CLOSET, with a CLAWED FOOTPRINT before it.

HOOK

Can I borrow this?

Jane thinks it over, nods. Hook runs up the stairs.

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 faint indent of a bare
FOOTPRINT.

SKYLIGHTS

Get me the box cutter! Now!

INT. DINER - DAY

A TV is ON above the counter. A MUTED press conference. A prominent figure of 51 stands outside the Deleware house, impressive and well dressed. The caption on the screen 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 is staring into the black deep recesses of his coffee. Wendy is watching him. Finally:

WENDY

How did you know to look at the doll house?

HOOK

Kids don't talk about their feelings, they express them. After you were found, you drew pictures. Jane did the same.

WENDY

Are all detectives like you?

HOOK

I hope not.
(checks watch)
Forensics should be done by now.
We should finish up.

WENDY

Why you aren't you a policeman anymore?

Hook pauses.

WENDY

I'm sorry. I overheard.

HOOK

I'm retired.
(off Wendy's look)
Mandatory retirement after Bill Jukes. A police brutality charge.

WENDY

How did it happen?

HOOK

Jukes was insane. He liked to cross dress, play up the motherly role to abduct girls. He'd take them to a shed behind his house and... do things to them.

(beat)

I was tracking him for a couple years, getting inside the heads of the kids, seeing what they saw. It started to take its toll. I knew whoever took them was someone they all knew, someone they trusted. I found a piece of metal in one victim. Painted yellow. There was lead in the paint, the kind they used for old playground equipment, and school busses. Jukes was the driver.

(beat)

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

(beat)

And then I shot off his other hand. Tinkerbelle would never lay another a finger on a child again.

WENDY

You saved Margaret?

Hook nods, looks away.

WENDY

What happened to Tinkerbelle?

HOOK

Case was dismissed and they let him go. He pressed charges against me and the precinct. I lost. Now he's out there because of me, of what I did.

Wendy changes the subject, taking a bite out of her sandwich.

WENDY

I haven't had real food in years. Almost forgot how good it was.

She smiles, but Hook isn't listening. He's somewhere else. Wendy's quiet as she finishes her meal.

A young GIRL WAILS in a booth, throwing a tantrum. The diner sounds fade out as the mother takes the girl toward the door. The girl continues to bawl. 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. A few forensic technicians are off doing their own thing. The cut carpet from the scene is now in a clear 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
That's what most people do when
they enter a house.

CECCO
A kidnapper with manners?

HOOK
He put more weight in that spot.
Like he was standing there for a
while. Watching.

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

HOOK

Like there was a closet there.

Shared looks.

SKYLIGHTS

I didn't see a closet. We covered the rest of the house. This is the only impression we found.

SMEE

Can you get prints off it?

SKYLIGHTS

Carpet fibers don't hold prints too well. But electron microscopy can reveal fiber "signatures" that are nearly as distinct as fingerprints.

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.

SMEE

What am I looking at?

SKYLIGHTS

Small traces of dirt found in the carpet fibers.

ON THE SCREEN: successively closer views of the dirt, until we are seeing individual molecules, like miniature stars.

SKYLIGHTS

Those coruscations you're seeing, like shimmering stars, it's magnesium and toxins imbedded in the molecules. It's rare.

HOOK

How rare?

SKYLIGHTS

Rare enough that I don't know what the hell it is. What I can tell you is that it's not local.

CECCO

Goddamn fairy dust is what that is.

ALF MASON (O.S.)
I highly doubt that.

They turn to the door where a 40-something geek stands.
PROF. ALF MASON. Shirt reads: "I Eat Dirt For Breakfast."

SKYLIGHTS
This is Professor Alf Mason from
the University. An expert in soil
retrogression, among other things.

Alf avoids everyone, moving right up to the soil as if it
were free gold. Eyes glued down the microscope.

ALF MASON
(to dirt)
Oh yes. You're special. They
don't respect you, I know. They're
just stupid humans.

SMEE
This guy for real?

SKYLIGHTS
He's the best. Unfortunately it
means he doesn't get to interact
with people all that much.

SMEE
So Professor, what can you tell us?

ALF MASON
Garbage.

SMEE
You have no idea?

ALF MASON
Garbage. As in, it came from
someplace pervaded with waste.

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

SKYLIGHTS
I'm on it.

ALF MASON
I was told I could keep this.

SMEE

You were told wrong.

Hook steps to the merry-go-round, now flanked by two other old-fashioned toys: A WOODEN SAILBOAT and the TROLLY CAR. Each are labelled with names: John, Michael, Curly.

SMEE

What do you see, Hook?

Hook's attention is riveted on the toys.

HOOK

I don't know.

SMEE

You must have some idea.

HOOK

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.

A SKINNY OFFICER sticks his head in the door.

OFFICER

Hook! Out here...

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hook pushes through the crowd of inquisitive officers watching at the door to find Wendy under the desk, near catatonic. Mullins is kneeled before her, consoling her.

HOOK

I got it! Wendy, it's me. Hook.
Tell me what's wrong.

Wendy manages a look across the room -- at an open window.

HOOK

Get that window!

OFFICER

What?

HOOK

The window! And the blinds!

The officer hurries to comply. As darkness settles in, Wendy calms, a nervous wreck, shaking, cradled in Hook's arms. Mullins passes Smee on her way out, sharing a look.

WENDY

Save me... save me...

HOOK

It's okay. It's all right.

Hook and Wendy are left alone in the room, in the dark. Hook stares up at the ceiling. Lost in his head.

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... 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.

Smee studies him, compassionately, then:

SMEE

Go. Get her some fresh air. I'll
cover for you.

Smee watches as Hook joins Wendy and leads her to the doors.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE, PEGLEG POINT PLAZA - DAY

Hook and Wendy are in the park, sitting on a bench, watching joggers, mom's with strollers, family picnics - normal lives.

WENDY

I'm not crazy.

He looks at her steadily, then nods.

WENDY

But you want to take me back.

HOOK

You'd be safer there.

WENDY

The why take me out in the first
place? You don't need me. I'd be
as much use to you in there as out
here. Or is it something else?

Hook reacts. Uncomfortable.

WENDY

You think if you're watching me
every minute of every day you can
protect me?

HOOK

Something like that.

WENDY

That's why you do this? For all
the kids you couldn't save?

HOOK

This isn't about me.

WENDY

Then what is it about?

Hook stalls. His cell phone RINGS. He can't figure out how
to answer it. Wendy flips it open for him.

HOOK
(into phone)
Yeah.

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, wearing bullet-proof vests with the word POLICE stenciled across. Led by 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 lost boys may also be on sight.

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
If we catch him, then you can eye him.

WENDY
Please stop treating me like I'm some tourist in this.
(MORE)

WENDY (cont'd)
Every night I go to sleep I'm back
in Neverland. You want to save
those kids? Well, guess what, so
do I.

Hook looks squarely at her. Considering.

EXT. REAR PRECINCT HOUSE - LATE DAY

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

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK (DRIVING) - EVENING

Wendy's nervous, opens the window, feels the air on her face.
Hook's eyes are unwavering, intense.

HOOK
That's it up ahead...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - EVENING

The motorcade heads down the dusty road toward the junk-
yard... SKULL ROCK.

Like an alien planet whose inhabitants forgot to flush.
Heavy fog shrouds the mounds of junk, gutted cars, forgotten
hand-me-downs. A bum's paradise.

EXT. SKULL ROCK, PERIMETER - EVENING

The caravan pulls up to a clearing, headlights off. SWAT
leap from vans, gathering near the entrance. They check and
recheck weapons - automatic rifles, shotguns, stun grenades.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - SAME

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

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

She nods, tight, hands shaking.

HOOK
Hey. It's okay to be scared.

WENDY

Are you?

HOOK

(beat)

Yeah.

Hook gets out, shuts the door. Wendy locks it.

EXT. SKULL ROCK, PERIMETER

Hook heads toward the assembly, passing Starkey.

STARKEY

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

HOOK

Blow me.

STARKEY

You wish.

(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

All right 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 looking 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 night breeze.

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!

Discarded furniture from every decade, a small gas grill, severed doll heads, and a pockmarked mattress on the floor, covered in a ratty blanket mended with duct tape.

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

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

SWAT 1
Fuckin-A...

STARKEY
(lowers rifle)
Clear! We're clear!

Hook stands in the doorway, then turns out.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - SAME

Wendy's playing with the RADIO, trying to get a signal. The surrounding lights dim and flicker, throwing odd shadows across the ground... over the car.

CLUNK! A NOISE FROM OUTSIDE.

Wendy goes rigid as darkness closes in, heart pounding, jaw quivering. She eyes the door lock.

EXT. SKULL ROCK - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy's screams are maddening as darkness races after her.

WENDY
NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

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

She scrambles, climbs over a pile of junk, trips, falls to the ground. Cuts her arm. She looks up, surrounded by scrapped DOORS AND WINDOWS -- her worst nightmare.

WENDY
LEAVEMEALONE!

She stumbles, runs, coming to a gutted car blocking her way.

EXT. SKULL ROCK

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

A SHADOW moves close by, 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!

The man cuts through the twisting corridors, losing Hook, races through a school bus and out the back of it when--

BAM! He's tackled to the ground. 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. And he's terrified of Hook.

JUKES
Get the fuck off me you crazy fuck!

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

STARKEY

We got him.

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

JUKES

Get him the fuck off of me!!!

STARKEY

Hook! We got him!

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

A car horn BEEPS in the distance, takes a second to register.

HOOK runs full out, headlong down the path, up to his car. The passenger door is open. Wendy isn't inside.

BEEEEEP. Coming from the left. Hook races over junk, comes to the gutted-out car.

HOOK

Wendy?!

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

MOMENTS LATER

Hook helps Wendy back to the car and awaiting officers.

HOOK

(to officer)

Watch her. Don't leave her side.

The officer obeys. Smee steps up, a solemn look on his face.

SMEE

Hook. We found something...

EXT. SKULL ROCK, FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Hook follows Smee to an opening in the rubble.

HOOK

Oh no...

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

A floodlit scene of barely controlled pandemonium. Flashing red lights, men shouting commands, SIRENS in the distance. Forensics check every nook and cranny.

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 on rubble nearby, his head in his hands, drained. He looks up wanly as Smee appears, offers him a cigarette. Hook takes it. Smee lights it, then his own. He studies Hook, his lack of emotion unsettling.

SMEE

Some of the bodies... it's hard to tell, but it doesn't look like our lost boys are here.

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

HOOK

I want to question him.

SMEE

Can you promise to control your temper?

HOOK

No.

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

HOOK

She all right?

EMT

Minor abrasion. Nothing serious.

WENDY

It's not him.

HOOK

How do you know? You said you never saw his face.

WENDY

I just know.

HOOK

Everything here says you're wrong.
The dirt, graves... Look, it's
been a long night. We're all
tired.

WENDY

It's not Pan. I would know. I
would feel it.

HOOK

Goddamn it! There is no Pan! You
made him up, some emotional block
to make sense of what happened.
It's him. It has to be.

Hook storms off, unable to deal with this.

SMEE

(to Officer)
Take Ms. Darling home.

The Officer leads Wendy to the squad car. Smees eyes Hook,
pacing about, hands on his head. Breaking point.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE, FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

A throng of reporters shift anxiously. A line of policemen
holds them back.

Commissioner Teynte's sedan pulls up. The press swarm
lurches, flashbulbs exploding. Teynte steps out, walks up
the steps, brushing off reporters' barrage of questions and
snapping orders to his aides in tow.

REPORTER 1

Commissioner Teynte! Can you
confirm or deny 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 from him, questioning him.

PULL BACK to reveal we are 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.

Hook turns to him. Smee doesn't have to look at him to know what he's thinking. Just exhales, 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 and we're nowhere. You had your shot.

CECCO

Bullshit. I was getting inside his head.

SMEE

Sure you were.

Hook walks past them, entering the interrogation room.

CECCO

What is this?

SMEE

Option 'B'.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, INTERROGATION ROOM

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

JUKES

They must be getting desperate, sending you in.

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

JUKES

Strapping young lads. Not really my thing though, know what I mean?

HOOK

Folks here disagree.

JUKES

It's a pig roast, but you know me better than that, Hook. I ain't no homosexual.

HOOK

Guess that makes you a saint, huh?

JUKES

We all have our hang-ups. What's yours? Your pa, perhaps? Or is it your little cunt sister?

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

JUKES

Your father, did he touch her much? I heard when they found her she'd been... violated. Shame on him. Bet she was a pretty little thing.

Jukes takes a big whiff, as if smelling her in his head.

JUKES

Yeah... pretty.

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

HOOK

You live at the dump now. Seems fitting.

JUKES

I accept what the Lord gives.

HOOK

Or takes away.

JUKES

Tell me, how'd it feel when you took my hands?

HOOK

You were there. You must know.

JUKES

Make you feel good, what you did?
Like a man? Chip off the old
block.

HOOK

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, don't
you? Sitting at home, surrounded
by your photos and milk cartons.

Hook looks up at him. He's getting too personal.

JUKES

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

HOOK

You've seen who is, though.

Jukes looks away, fear-stricken. Jaw trembling.

HOOK

You look scared. How can you be
scared of someone you've never met?

JUKES

I never done met the devil either,
but I'm damned scared of him.

HOOK

This figure you saw, you think he's
the devil?

JUKES

Oh yes. Best say I do.

HOOK

Funny. I always thought you were
the devil.

JUKES

We're all born into sin. My
choices were made for me.

HOOK

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

JUKES

And neither did I! And maybe this man you're looking for, maybe he don't got a choice neither. Maybe none of us do.

He's getting to Hook.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Smee looks through the mirror into the interrogation room.

SMEE

Come on, Hook, nothing stupid.

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?

SMEE

Maybe.

CECCO

History of kidnapping, a jacket for child abuse, assault. No maybe's. He's guilty. Would've already been locked up if it weren't for Hook.

SMEE

You don't know that.

CECCO

Coroner's report shows the weapon that killed those kids was some type of metal dagger. So happens it's also Juke's weapon of choice.

Smee hands them Juke's fingerprint card, smeared with a black-inked FOOTPRINT.

SMEE

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

This isn't your call, detective.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

No, it's mine. And I agree. Turn it over to the D.A. 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

It wasn't him.

SMEE

Go home. Get some rest.

HOOK

What aren't you telling me?

SMEE

Commissioner's put his foot down. They're booking him.

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

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
Is this... apple juice?

WENDY
Isn't that what you drink?

HOOK
(beat)
Listen, about before--

WENDY
Forget about it.

HOOK
I'm sorry.

WENDY
I know.
(then)
He's not Pan.

HOOK
Commissioner thinks otherwise.

WENDY
And you?

HOOK
I want it to be him.

A beat.

HOOK
Haven't had macaroni since I was a kid.

WENDY
It's the only thing I know how to make. My parents would go to these fancy dinner parties, leaving me home alone. I would make macaroni. My favorite. It's been a while...

Wendy struggles with memories that the food triggers.

HOOK
Were your parents at one of these parties the night it happened?

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

Street lights shutter, dim. Manholes steam. A strange, almost surrealistic scene... Wendy shuts the window and curtains, gets back 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.
(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 from the closet... along the wall to the door... and slams it shut. Wendy stumbles back, catching her balance...

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.

WENDY (V.O.)
It was so dark I wasn't sure if my eyes were really opened or not. So I kept them closed.

Listening to her BREATHING, to her HEART BEAT. So lonely, so frightening. A tear rolls down her cheek.

LATER - As images become clearer...

WENDY (V.O.)
After a while, I could make out shapes. Brick walls, cement floors, stains... and a ball.

A colorful TOY BALL rolls to her feet. Pan wants to play.

WENDY (V.O.)
He spoke in whispers, nonsense. And his name...

Wendy cries, rolls the ball back, toward a DARK, HUNCHED SHAPE, barely discernible.

WENDY (V.O.)
...Pan.

LATER - Wendy, untied, eating scraps of food and water left for her.

WENDY (V.O.)
He would come and go, moving in the shadows. I knew he was there. Always there. I was so scared to look - but I had to...

WENDY'S POV: in her cell, as the door opens behind her...

HOOK (V.O.)
And what did you see?

WENDY (V.O.)
A mask.

White, childlike in it's simplicity. Grinning. As the door
SLAMS closed --

LATER - Wendy cracks open the door, peeks out.

WENDY (V.O.)
He didn't mean to leave the door
unlocked, but I didn't care. I
just ran.

CORRIDORS

Wendy runs, coming to a series of passageways.

WENDY (V.O.)
I guessed the second from the right
and went straight on till morning.

She finally sees a light above her, a sewer drain.

A SNOW COVERED STREET - NIGHT (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.

WENDY (V.O.)
That's when they found me.

As two policemen get out of the car, shining their lights on
her. She starts wearily towards them...

BACK TO THE ADULT WENDY

staring into the distance, trembling from the child's shock.
She blinks and tears find their way, streaming down her face.
Utterly vulnerable. Hook stands, takes her in his arms.

HOOK
No one is going to hurt you ever
again. You understand me? No one.

Hook holds her tight. Wendy's protector.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECORDS ROOM - DAY

A heavy spiral notebook is plopped down on the table before Hook and Wendy. Chas dusts off his hands.

CHAS
Every ten year old kid within a
fifty mile radius. Birthday's are
next to the names.

Hook flips through the thousands of kids. Sighs.

CHAS
Hey, you don't like it, there's
always your friend the computer.

Hook eyes the computer. The computer eyes him back. Wendy looks at the list of names.

WENDY
These current and past addresses...
Seems like they moved around a lot.

HOOK
Yeah, but that ain't a crime. We
have to look beyond what we're
given. See what other's don't.

WENDY
What aren't we seeing?

HOOK
Motive. I found you in 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 two days after.

WENDY
Maybe they were grieving.

HOOK
But why? You weren't dead. You
were missing. I also searched for
the victims recovered at Skull
Rock. Same thing.

(MORE)

HOOK (cont'd)

No mention of them being abducted.
And unlike you, there weren't even
case files.

WENDY

Like it was a secret.

HOOK

Exactly. When a kid goes missing,
you don't keep it secret. You do
the opposite. You tell the world.
Get their names out, photos,
fliers, milk cartons. That's how
most kids are found. Makes
citizens come together.

WENDY

But not Kensington Gardens.

HOOK

Now why is that?

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - LATER

Wendy and Hook sit before Smee's desk. Cecco leans against
the wall.

SMEE

Kensington Gardens is old turf. We
picked that place clean. Locals
didn't see it anything.

HOOK

They didn't see anything because
they didn't want to.

SMEE

Wendy, I'm sorry for everything
you've been through--
(to Hook)
-- but Jukes is locked up.

HOOK

Then what harm can it do? Don't
you want to know what connects
these kids? Why he took them?

CECCO

Tinkerbell's insane. End of story.

HOOK

That's the real world explanation.

SMEE

The real world is where I live,
Hook. That's the explanation I'm
looking for.

HOOK

Smee, please. I'm asking for your
permission.

SMEE

(considers)
Do it.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - LATE DAY

The streets are full of shadows as the sun falls low. Hook's truck whines to a stop at the curb. He and Wendy get out amid 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.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, but I'm not familiar
with that case.

HOOK

There's got to be paperwork.

SECRETARY

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

WENDY

Look, ma'am, we came all this way.

SECRETARY

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

She goes back to work, leaving Hook high and dry.

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - LATE DAY

Hook storms out with Wendy.

WENDY

My dad was well known. He practically built this town. It was his baby.

HOOK

Well no one's talking. We're chasing ghosts.

WENDY

You said to look beyond what you're given, right? See what other's don't.

Wendy motions 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.

HOOK

Hey, old timer. How much?

SCOURIE

Buck even. And the name's Scourie.

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

HOOK

What can you tell me about this place, Scourie?

SCOURIE

Lived here all my life. What's it you wanna know?

HOOK

Know anything about the Darlings who used to live out here?

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. Odd though, given the pull he had 'round these parts. That's when all them folks started clearing out, like a flood was coming. Craziest thing.

HOOK

I was led to believe people moved
because of the mill closing.

SCOURIE

You got it reversed, see. Mill was
doing fine until everyone left.
Started with the Darlings, then the
Hurons, then everyone else.

HOOK

Hurons...?

SCOURIE

Joan and uh...

HOOK

Steve?

SCOURIE

(snaps fingers)

That was it.

Off Hook and Wendy's shock.

WENDY

They lived here?

SCOURIE

Maybe twenty or so years. Left all
their crap behind.

HOOK

How about the Delawares?

SCOURIE

Sure. He was a lawyer I think.

HOOK

An accountant. Jesus...

WENDY

Any others around from back them?

SCOURIE

Not to my recollection. Best check
the ledger at the library 'cross
the way.

WENDY

Thank you for your help.

Scourie nods, going back to his business. Hook and Wendy make a beeline across the street for the public library.

HOOK
Son of a bitch is taking kids from
this town!

INT. LIBRARY - LATE DAY

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

WENDY
Some of these kids weren't born in
Kensington Gardens.

HOOK
No, but their parents were. Seems
like they all cleared out around
the same time... May 9, 1992.

WENDY
My birthday...

HOOK
And the day you went missing. They
all ran away. Hiding. And
wherever they went, Pan found them
and killed their sons when they
turned eleven.

WENDY
But why only males?

A father passes by, holding his young son's hand. Hook watches them pass. The father reaches to pick the boy up and carry him. The boy holds tight.

For some reason, this makes Hook ache with sorrow. He watches them disappear into the children's book section... Hook's onto something. He stands, paces.

HOOK
You said your dad always wanted a
son.

WENDY
Yeah. He told me more than once.

HOOK
He ever say why?

WENDY

All dads want boys. To carry on after them.

HOOK

Exactly. To procreate, pass their last names.

(beat)

Pan's wiping out each family's entire future bloodline.

WENDY

That's a lot of people.

HOOK

Pan's been a busy boy.

WENDY

Why not just kill the parents?

HOOK

I think he wants them to see what he's doing. To make them suffer.

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

ON THE PAGE: a PHOTO of Kensington Gardens' founding members: Darling, Deleware, 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. Every one of them. We found two more. Theodore Slightly and...

WENDY

Jared.

HOOK

(into phone)

And Jared Nibs. It's Slightly's birthday tonight. We're on our way there now. I need you to track down Nibs, 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
Smee? Dammnit! What's Slightly's
number again?

Wendy checks Hook's notes.

EXT. SLIGHTLY HOUSE - EVENING

Fall leaves tap-dance. Streetlights flicker on.

INT. SLIGHTLY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

The TV is on. Cartoons. THEODORE SLIGHTLY, 11, lies on the floor, immersed. He wears a cone-shaped birthday hat.

He's watched by baby-sitter, LIZA, 17, cute but 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.

INT. SLIGHTLY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

Theodore runs in, cradles the phone.

THEODORE
(into phone)
Hello? 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. SLIGHTLY HOUSE, THEODORE'S 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. 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...

EXT. SLIGHTLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Hook's truck hops the sidewalk, jolts to a stop. Hook is out running in a dead heat to the house. Wendy catches up as he pounds on the door, peers in the window. Liza opens up.

HOOK
Where's the kid?

LIZA

What?

He flashes his badge. Liza catches on. Something is wrong.

HOOK

The kid! Where is he?!

LIZA

I didn't know-- He's fine.

HOOK

No, he isn't.

From upstairs, a high-pitched, life-or-death WAIL. Hook bursts past Liza and races upstairs, pulling his gun.

HOOK

Stay there!

INT. THEODORE'S BEDROOM

Hook breaks through the door just in time to see Theodore being dragged into the closet by a DARK, HUNCHED FIGURE. The kid is in the way, Hook can't get a shot.

HOOK

Pan!

The figure turns, showing a round, distorted face... A MASK.

Terrifying in its doll-like simplicity, inert, frozen in a perfectly symmetrical pattern.

Hook FIRES, but the bullet goes right through the figure as it dissolves into a spindly shadow.

It yanks Theodore into the closet. The door SLAMS closed. Hook rips it open, revealing only empty closet. Hook stumbles back. This can't be real. Can it?

WENDY (O.S.)

Oh God... He was here...

Hook turns to Wendy, eyeing the carved, misspelled message:

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

Liza runs in, SCREAMS - blending with DISTANT POLICE SIRENS.

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

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.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - DAY

Hook and Wendy walk past officers at their desks. A quiet seems to follow. Hook can feel the eyes on him, watching, as if they know something he doesn't.

WENDY

What's going on?

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

HOOK

Wait here.

As Hook approaches, Smee steps aside, revealing Dr. Cookson sitting before the desk.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE

Smee closes the door behind them.

SMEE

Take a seat, Hook.

HOOK

I think I'll stand. What is this?

SMEE

Doctor's here to take Wendy back.

HOOK

Not gonna happen.

DR. COOKSON

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

HOOK

No, not correct.

DR. COOKSON
Commander? Is the man in custody,
or not?

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

DR. COOKSON
This was a temporary situation.
Wendy should have been returned to
the hospital days ago. 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
Are you? By taking her to crime
scenes, or to a police raid where
she was injured.

HOOK
(to Smee)
Did you tell him that?

SMEE
I had nothing to do with this.

DR. COOKSON
I told you from day one that she
was fragile, yet you chose to
ignore it. 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.
(stands, walks out)
I'm sorry.

Hook watches as he walks to Wendy, filling her in. Wendy's
eyes find Hook's. Pleading. There's nothing he can do.
Cookson's right. He seems to crumble as he watches her go.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

A car waits for them at the curb. Cookson follows, briefcase in hand, studying Wendy in the glaring midday sun.

WENDY

Please. I can't go back. I can't.

DR. COOKSON

I'm sorry, Wendy. I just can't stand by and wait for you to get hurt, or worse. This is the only way--

(stops, stares at ground)

Your shadow...

Wendy follows his gaze to her SHADOW on the sidewalk.

DR. COOKSON

...you're no longer afraid of it.

Wendy looks at 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, pummels him, then 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 .44 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

Goddamn maniac.

SMEE

That girl was the only thing he
cared about, and you took that away
from him. You'd do good to
remember that.

Cecco is left shaking his head in his wrecked office.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, REAR STAIRWAY

Hook bangs through the door, paces. He takes out a cigarette and goes to light it, hand trembling. It won't light.

He tosses the cigarette to the floor, puts his palms to the wall and breathes to calm himself. Dr. Mullins sits on a stair above, eating her lonely lunch.

DR. MULLINS

Ready for that talk yet?

Hook walks away. Mullins takes a bite of her tuna sandwich.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Hook sits before Smee's desk, an ice pack to his forehead.

SMEE

Teynte's removing the Nibs detail.

HOOK

What?

SMEE

My hands are tied. He's all over my ass on this one. Says we got our guy.

HOOK

Then who was I shooting at?

SMEE

Copycat.

HOOK

What is this bullshit?

SMEE

Look at it from my point of view. A bullet proof shadow figure named Pan who comes through closets that aren't there and lives in some mystical place called Neverland.

HOOK

I'm not making this up, Smee.

SMEE

Commissioner's satisfied. Means I'm satisfied.

HOOK

Guess if I thought like that I'd be a Commander too.

SMEE

I'm on your side in this, so don't tell me that I don't give a fuck, because I'm your only friend here.

HOOK

We can end this. We know who's next. For the first time, we have the upper hand, not Pan.

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 in the bullpen look over. Smees calms.

SMEE

It's over, Hook. I'm sorry about
Wendy, but it's done.

HOOK

Commissioner's wrong, and you know
it. You're a better cop than that.

Hook walks out. He got to Smees.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN

Starkey talks with a few SWAT when Hook walks up.

HOOK

Starkey. I need a favor.

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM - DAY

A bed, washroom, and windows barred and sealed shut. Cookson
watches Wendy unpack.

DR. COOKSON

Thought you'd like a bigger room.
Even have your own bathroom now.

WENDY

(distracted)
It's nice. Thank you.

DR. COOKSON

You're upset with about what I did.

WENDY

I know you mean well.

DR. COOKSON

After my son... I made a promise to
myself that I would never let
another child suffer as long as I
could help it.

WENDY

That's all Hook was doing.

DR. COOKSON

You like him, don't you?

WENDY

When I'm with him, I feel like me,
Wendy Darling, not some helpless
little girl. I like him because he
can't hide the good inside him.

DR. COOKSON

I'll take your word for it.

WENDY

I'm different now. So is he.

Cookson nods, heads out. Wendy lays down on the bed and looks around her new digs. Home.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

It's drizzling on an ordinary neighborhood of working class two and three-story houses. But the street is strangely quiet, deserted.

We become aware of movement - armed, dark-clad figures creeping swiftly from shrubs to garage corners, from parked cars to porches, appearing and then disappearing...

INT. NIBS HOUSE - NIGHT

Swat are positioned throughout. Surveillance is set up in the dining room, monitored by TECHS. Starkey hovers nearby.

MRS. NIBS, 45. Very skinny, smokes profusely, nursing coffee. She watches her son, JARED NIBS, 11, playing "Go Fish" with stepfather, MR. HASSELBACK, 48, a severe presence. Unlike his parents, Jared has blond, curly hair.

INT. NIBS HOUSE, JARED'S BEDROOM - SAME

Hook lies in the bed, staring across the room at the closet door. Light from the hallway spills in as Smee enters. He came after all.

SMEE

This isn't going to have a happy ending, you know.

HOOK
Do they ever?

Starkey moves up behind.

STARKEY
You're on.

EXT. NIBS HOUSE - NIGHT

A grainy image of GREEN AND BLACK HUES. Hook walks along the sidewalk. Rooftops across the way prove good vantage points for SNIPERS. The sky opens up with a steady patter of rain.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

SWAT SNIPER #1 behind the balustrade in a prone firing position sighting through a rifle's night vision scope.

A second high angle. SWAT SNIPER #2 sweeps the street and lawns with his rifle. He reacts to something to his right.

SWAT SNIPER 2
Movement, three o'clock.

HOOK turns right, hears something through the patter of rain. A low GROWL, getting closer...

HOOK
I got visual.

A RUSTY BLUE VAN moves up on the street, headlights off. The driver is lost in shadow behind the windshield.

Hook keeps pace as the van pulls to a stop across the street. His eyes are like taut wire about to snap. He moves up behind the van, on an angle just outside of the driver's line of vision.

The door opens, a black-clad boot stepping out. Hook's hand moves toward his holstered gun...

The Driver's feet splash down into the puddles, face hidden underneath a brimmed hat. He closes the door and --

Hook violently SLAMS into him, knocking him off his feet.

The Driver catches his breath, turns to Hook, instead finding the barrel of a .44.

HOOK

Put your hands where I can see 'em!

His hands shoot into the air. Hook puts pressure on the trigger, uses his free hand to rip the hat off the man: 16. High school kid. He holds out a bag of weed in a shaky hand.

DRIVER

Take it, man, whatever you want...

HOOK

Goddamnit!!!

(into mic)

Stand down. No target. Repeat, no goddamn target.

Walking away, Hook rips off his jacket and the Kevlar vest. Coming off the expectation of contact, Hook is explosive. Smee and Starkey are running in.

DRIVER

I swear it's not mine. I was just holding it for a friend.

SMEE

Stupid son of a bitch.

(to Swat)

Check his I.D, then take him home.

The Driver, on the verge of tears, is taken away.

HOOK

Something's wrong. He'd have shown by now.

SMEE

It's time to go home, Hook.

Hook moves toward the house with determination.

INT. NIBS HOUSE

Hook steps up to the parents, glaring down at them.

HOOK

(to officers)

Take the kid for a walk.

An officer leads Jared out of the room.

HOOK

Tell me, what kind of parents allow
their son to be used as bait?

MR. HASSELBACK

Now you listen. You asked for our
help. We're the victims here!

HOOK

Not yet. Want to know what I
think? You don't believe your
son's in any danger. Now how about
you tell me why that is?

MR. HASSELBACK

We don't know what's going on.

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

WOMAN (ON RECORDER)

It was him, wasn't it? Call me.

HOOK

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

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

MR. HASSELBACK

We're through here. I want you and
your men out of my house. Now.

The stepfather steps away. Hook looks out at the backyard.

EXT. NIBS HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mrs. Nibs sits on the swings, trying to light a cigarette
with a trembling hand. Her face is wet and puffy from recent
tears. Hook sits next to her and lights it for her.

HOOK

Never had kids myself. Closest I
ever came was my sister. Lilly.
My old man, he liked to drink.
Liked to through things. It was my
job to keep her away from him. To
keep her safe.

Mrs. Nibs to sobs, nodding her head in guilty agreement.

HOOK

You want what's best for your kid.
To protect them. Nothing wrong
with that.

(beat)

One day, he skipped town. Just up
and left. Took Lilly with him.

MRS. NIBS

What happened to them?

HOOK

They found her a few years later.
In a dumpster. Guess I couldn't
save her that time. I try not
think about what she must have been
through with him. But I do, every
second of everyday.

MRS. NIBS

Oh God...

HOOK

There are other kids out there like
Jared, 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

The Pan's lived in a shack on the
edge of town. They were poverty
stricken, kept mostly to
themselves. Until they had a
son... Peter.

A beat as she collects herself.

MRS. NIBS

It started with household pets
disappearing. A few times he was
seen in bedrooms, watching our kids
sleep. The children, they used to
tease him. Make up nursery rhymes.
One day they decided to sneak into
his house. It was just a prank...

HOOK

Sure. Kids will kids, right?

MRS. NIBS

His parents were sitting at the table, dead, as if nothing ever happened.

HOOK

He killed them?

MRS. NIBS

No, but the kids didn't know that. They cornered him, and... I don't know who threw the first stone, but soon everyone joined in.

HOOK

They stoned him to death. You covered it up.

MRS. NIBS

We had to. It was an accident. He was a disturbed child, a blight on everything we worked so hard to achieve. Our lineage, our status, everything was at stake. We went on with our lives after that, as if nothing happened.

HOOK

But something did happen, didn't it?

MRS. NIBS

About a year later, a child went missing. We didn't think much of it at the time. There were stories, sure. Be good or Peter Pan will come and take you to Neverland.

HOOK

Why Neverland?

MRS. NIBS

Because once you went there, you never come back. It was amusing at first, until another boy went missing, and another, all eleven years old. Same age as Peter.

HOOK

And Wendy Darling?

MRS. NIBS

She was the seventh. We all moved
after that. We ran.

HOOK

But that didn't stop Peter, did it?

MRS. NIBS

We thought it was just us, but...
he started going after anyone
related to us. Cousins, nephews...
anyone who shared our blood.

HOOK

(thinking)

That's why Jared wasn't taken...
He's not your son, is he?

MRS. NIBS

We always meant to have kids, but
after everything that happened...
We adopted him after we moved. I
figured he'd be safe that way. We
didn't take part in covering it up--

HOOK

No. But you didn't do anything to
stop it, either.

MRS. NIBS

How could we? The town gathered,
led by George Darling. They buried
Peter in an unmarked grave, then
burnt down his house. We covered
it up, everything, made sure the
abductions stayed out of the paper.

HOOK

Except you missed one. Wendy. You
covered up her abduction, you just
never figured on her escaping, and
being found by police.

MRS. NIBS

No one seemed to notice.

HOOK

I noticed. Christ...

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, till she lets go.
Mrs. Nibs stares down, ruined.

Hook makes for the house as Smee steps out. He clears his throat, looking like there is something very wrong.

In his hand, the TEDDY BEAR from the Slightly house.

INT. NIBS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Police Techs are dismantling the bear and readying playback equipment. Hook and Smee are nearby.

SMEE

Seems the Slightly's were 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 tape 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 and dad 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...as the tape flickers with static, then... A CLOSET DOOR APPEARS where there was only wall before.

SMEE

The hell was that? A glitch in the tape?

The closet 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 into the closet.

SMEE

Jesus...

ON THE MONITOR: Hook and Wendy in the room. But there's something off about the video.

HOOK

Pause it.

Hook's attention, riveted. As we PUSH IN toward the wall, a shape begins to take form... of a THIRD SHADOW in the room...

Hook stares at the monitor, starting to tremble. Then the shadow's head turns... looking right at Wendy!

SMEE

Oh my God...

It hits Smee like a punch in the face: PETER PAN ISN'T HUMAN.

The shadow disconnects from the wall... reaching out for her. Liza enters and screams as the shadow dissolves.

It's the first time we see it in Hook's eyes -- real fear.

HOOK

He knows...

Hook makes for the door. On Smee, feeling the fabric of reality crumbling.

EXT. STATE 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 wakes up and goes into the

WASHROOM

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. A look of pure dread comes over her, knees buckling.

The sealed windows are open. Leaves scatter the floor. She follows their trail 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.

Solidifying into PETER PAN. And then a raspy whisper:

PAN

Come back... Wendy, Wendy, Wendy...

Wendy loses all semblance of courage and sanity. Her entire body goes weak, terror flooding her face.

Pan is on top of her as she goes down... SCREAMING... pulled toward the closet.

A slow motion nightmare as she tries to fight it off, to hold onto the bed frame. She's dragged across the floor, into the

CLOSET

She manages to look back toward the door. The closet seems to extend forever, the dimming light coming from the doorway grows smaller and smaller, just a pinprick until the door slams closed behind her. Off Wendy's curdled SCREAM...

FADE TO:

EXT. STATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

The street is full of patrol cars. Cops enter and exit from various doorways. Saw-horses are loaded off a flat-bed truck as a police barricade is erected.

MOVING ANGLE on Hook as he climbs from his car, runs through heavy rain towards the main 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 where Cecco and Smee are.

Hook stops at the door, forcing himself to look inside. It's like a sick joke, and it isn't getting any better...

DR. COOKSON

You promised me. And I trusted you. I lost everything. 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. I 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
A 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. Smee intercepts him before he gets in.

SMEE
Hook...

HOOK
I lost her, Smee.

SMEE

I know. What are you going to do?

Hook looks distractedly out at the street, drained. As he gets in his car:

HOOK

Go home.

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... where we hear the faint voice of:

WENDY (O.S.)

Help me! Please somebody help!

MOVING underneath a door into

A DARK ROOM

And there's Wendy, terrified, crying. Her hands scour the wall for a light switch... find the door knob. 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...

Trembling, she crawls on her hand and knees, feeling her way around across odd scattered objects on the damp, dirty floor.

Her hand brushes up against a lighter. She flicks it, like a strobe light...

Illuminating PAN - RIGHT BEHIND HER!

The lighter catches, flames. Pan is gone. Wendy turns, in a box of a room, ugly and confined. Brick walls, childhood possessions, and a heavy, locked door. The same room from Wendy's recollections.

WENDY

No, no, no...

She hears that BREATHING AGAIN, behind her, and a word:

PAN (O.S.)
Mummmmyyy...

She slowly turns... Pan rushes her to extinguish the light.

EXT. BOAT DOCKS - NIGHT

Rain hammers the lonely little pit which Hook calls home.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

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.

CLOSE ON the TV screen, where a TV ANCHOR reports in studio.

TV ANCHOR
...where a media blackout is in effect regarding the recent rash of child kidnappings.

SMEE is seen striding towards the door of the precinct, with Cecco and Swat. A cop moves quickly to wave the CAMERA back.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
The investigation continued throughout the night with little progress made, as state and local authorities --

CRASH! Hook tosses his bottle at the screen, shattering it. Nana cowers, afraid of her owner.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, BEDROOM - LATER

Hook sits on the floor next to the bed, in Wendy's spot. Crumbled. He shakes uncontrollably. The phone RINGS in the other room. The machine picks up. A BEEP, followed by:

CHAS (ON MACHINE)
Yeah, this is clerk guy. I tracked down George Darling if you still need it. You know where to reach--

He's cut off by the machine.

INT. CONVALESCENT HOME - DAY

GEORGE DARLING, 67, is in a wheelchair, planted before the television. Feeble and frail, eyes sunken in their sockets. He stares at the black screen, expression completely vacant.

Behind him, we see Hook at reception, and the NURSE who points our way, toward Mr. Darling. Hook walks up.

HOOK

Mr. Darling. I'm with the Metro
Police Force. I'd like to ask you
a few questions, if that's alright?

He looks up at Hook, mouth working away, jabbering, but the rest of George doesn't move. Hook sits on the sofa, close.

HOOK

It's about your daughter. About
her abduction.

George bites his lip, moaning, disoriented.

HOOK

Can you tell me what happened the
night of her disappearance?

He seems to nod, struggling for a memory, for anything that makes sense in his mind.

GEORGE

I don't... who are you?

HOOK

You daughter was kidnapped out of
your house when she was eleven--

GEORGE

My pride and joy. We bought her
right after our marriage.

HOOK

Come again?

GEORGE

Grand old house, she was. Grand
old house. We were the talk of the
town, you know? How they looked up
to us. They were all so jealous...

HOOK

Why do I get the feeling you have
no idea what I'm saying, George?

GEORGE

Do I know you?

HOOK

The name Peter Pan mean anything to
you?

Mr. Darling looks pained at the name, unconsciously shaking
his head. He's MUMBLING something.

GEORGE

The scar...

Hook's eyes narrow at this last bit of info.

GEORGE

We covered it up good and tight,
you see. The scar on the house.

HOOK

What scar?

He grabs Hook with a vice grip beyond his years.

GEORGE

The scar!!!

Hook is shocked by the strength and volume of George's jagged
voice. A nurse steps up, placing a comforting hand on
George's shoulder.

NURSE

It's okay, Mr. Darling. You can
let go of the gentleman now.

George releases Hook and begins to cry.

HOOK

I need a few more minutes.

NURSE

I'm sorry, visiting time is over.

GEORGE

The scar... the scar...

NURSE

Let's get you to bed, Mr. Darling.

George is wheeled away, shaking, mumbling.

INT. DARLING HOUSE, WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Hook places his files and tape recorder on the bed as he paces the room, looking for anything out of the ordinary.

He stops at the bureau, at a multi-tiered MUSICAL jewelry box affixed with a spinning ballerina. Closing it, he accidentally knocks a toy unicorn behind the dresser. He slides the heavy wardrobe from the wall, freezes.

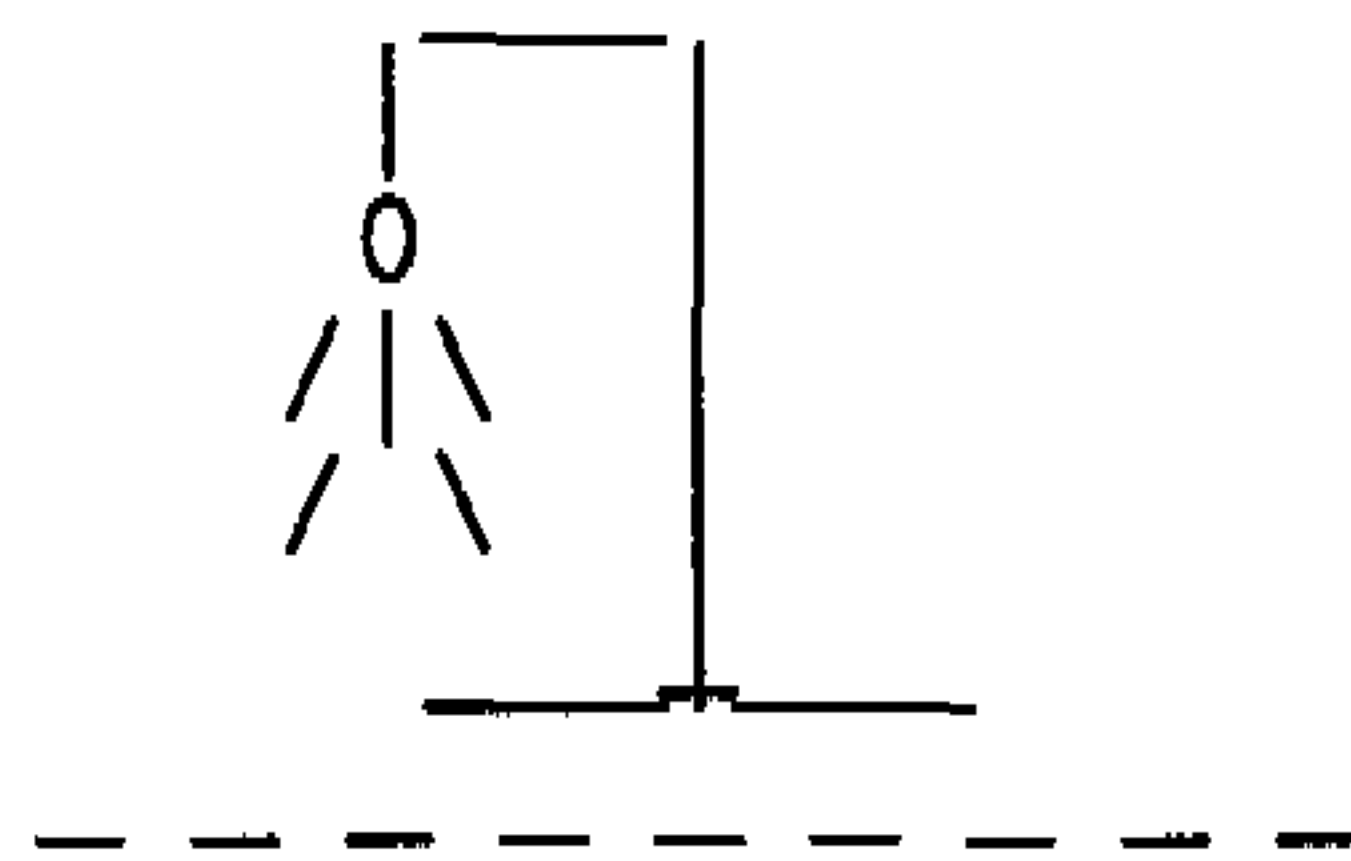
The WALLPAPER is peeled back from the baseboard, showing a different print beneath it...

Hook hurries to the bed. He takes hold of the wallpaper and peels it back, revealing old wallpaper beneath... along with something else...

Jagged carvings in the wall. A pattern.

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.

LATER

A collage-like collection is now pinned on the walls: files, photos, diagrams from case files, Wendy's drawings.

Hook stares, thinking. His eyes search each picture... one by one... 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 like to play games. Kid games.
Hide and seek, hangman, tag...

Takes a photocopy off the wall. Pan's first note, 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 child's
game... a word jumble. Find the
missing letters...

He writes down the omitted letters: 'E', 'A'.

Then 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'.

And the final message:

*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...

And then we see it - the hangman tree, and the word below it:

N E V E R L A N D

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - LATE DAY

Parked before the Daring house. A map of Kensington Gardens spread out on the dash, with hand-drawn markings, notes with the names of families who used to live 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 mirror, stops behind. Smee gets out, hefting a gym bag down on the door of 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 with wallpaper. His own daughter. Who does that?

SMEE

Seen a lot of things in my time. Nothing like this. Changes people. Changes everything.

Hook unzips the bag. INSIDE: flares and two dozen cylinder-shaped grenades -- police issue magnesium "FLASH-BANGS".

HOOK

You stole these from lock-up?

SMEE

I know what I saw. That's why I'm coming with you.

HOOK

He's going to kill her, Smee. She trusted me and I didn't protect her. This is my fight, not yours.

SMEE

You even know how to kill this thing?

HOOK

I was thinking violence. Solves most problems.

Smee stares at him, a long moment.

SMEE

Find her then. Bring her back.

Hook 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. Horrible and mangled. Charcoal black. No grass, just scorched earth from a long time ago.

The tree has grown over the spot the house once stood.

Hook kneels, sifts through the ash, brushing soot off an old charred sign: "Pan Train Yard".

Hook looks around. No sign of a train yard. But there is a fenced off city utility entrance nearby. "Off Limits", and from the look of it, abandoned.

Hook pries the door open as rusted HINGES SQUEAL. A ladder leads down into darkness.

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 BREATHING...

From out of the darkness, a COLORFUL BALL rolls to her feet. Wendy sobs quietly. Pan GRUNTS. She kicks it back. Pan freezes, hearing something only he can hear.

WENDY

Help me!!! In here!!! I'm--

Pan's large, black-clad hand gags Wendy's mouth.

INT. SUBWAY TRACKS

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM shines in a haze of brown dust, over dirty gravel. TILT with the beam to see Hook walking by tracks and girders.

Passing hulking subway cars, to where the tunnel opens up into a series of passageways. He recalls Wendy's story; picks the second tunnel on the right.

The floor beneath him suddenly changes, dissolving into tile. Hook sparks a few flares and tosses them into...

INT. ABANDONED TRAIN 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.

He shines his light at a bronze PLAQUE on the wall: "*Kensington Gardens Subway Station.*" Except Kensington Gardens is scratched through, replaced with:

"NEVERLAND".

Hook freezes, sensing something, pivots, aiming at...

A SHADOW ON THE WALL.

He looks oddly at it. Is it him? He slowly advances, gun 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, some partially clothed. Shadows of them everywhere. Hook walks through...

...as one SHADOW turns and watches him.

He passes more spaces: CLOCK STORE, SMOKE SHOP, stopping at a TOY STORE, selling handmade merry-go-rounds, boats, trolleys - - all grey with dust.

Hook shines his light up at a thick cord of cables that HUM ominously with electricity. He follows them into:

INT. MEN'S ROOM

The flashlight reflects off stained white tiled walls. Dust covers everything. A forest of copper tubing and pipes where the sinks used to be.

The cables end in a confusion of wires that slash out of the wall, leading to an ELECTRICAL BOX, door dangling off.

Hook finds the lever. Electricity sparks, illuminating the space in brilliant, blinding white light. Odd graffiti covers the walls, child-like drawings.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

CLICK. A small sting of naked light bulbs overhead comes on, leaving pockets of shadows along the wall.

Hook moves, cautiously passing through a doorway, not seeing the door, quietly, slowly, closing behind him, sealing him off from the rest of the station.

An old REFRIGERATOR sits against the far wall, shelves filled with every type of food: a turkey, peas, an apple pie. Hook lifts one, taps it on the shelf. Plastic, toys for children.

A HUM comes from down the hall. Hook goes that way, entering a brick-walled passage - pipes over-head, more naked bulbs.

The noise is LOUDER. A pulsating iridescent blue light comes from underneath a door jam. He reaches for the knob, shoves hard and follows his gun inside, all in one quick move.

INT. BUG ROOM

Hook finds himself in a glow-in-the-dark chamber. BUZZING is loud in here, and we see we are surrounded by: BUG ZAPPERS.

Dozens and dozens, all hanging from the ceiling. Hook moves through, passes into another room.

INT. MURAL ROOM

A large, faded mural covers the wall: a lagoon with mermaids, a pirate ship, teepees and Indians -- all protruding out in an odd three dimensional painting.

This place is like some kind of twisted funhouse.

There is a public school desk chair combo. The name PETER neatly carved into it, then scratched out.

Hook's feet stumble, almost tripping on the floor, littered with plastic objects. He crouches, examining a TOY BALL.

He pans his light around and sees bare footprints in the dust, large, misshapen -- leading up to:

HANDMADE COFFINS.

Michael, John, Curly and Slightly are carved crudely on their surfaces. As Hook reacts with horror to this sight --

The hanging bulbs behind him POP out... one at a time... chasing up behind him... plunging the space into DARKNESS.

INT. DARK ROOM - SAME

Wendy POUNDS on the door.

WENDY
Hook! Hooooook!!!

She isn't going to wait here to die. She falls to her knees, searching the ground, discarding items until she finds what she's looking for... A HAIRPIN.

She hurries to the door and inserts the pin into the keyhole. She jimmies it around. CLICK.

Even Wendy can't believe it. No time for that now. She turns the knob to freedom.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

The blackness surrounding Hook gives way to GLOW-IN-THE-DARK STAR stickers affixed to the ceiling in constellations.

HOOK
Come on! Let's do it! You and me!

He takes a step back, intense, ready to kill. Something pale and small emerges from the dark... the outline of a FIGURE...

STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HOOK. A ghostly face that seems to float in the eerie half-light.

DISTANT SCREAMS. Female. As the face vanishes...

HOOK
Wendy!

MOVING ANGLE WITH HOOK - hurrying down the steps. More SCREAMS, louder, coming from the left.

HOOK
Wendy!

WENDY (O.S.)
Hook!

HOOK

I'm coming! Stay where you are!

Hook's voice echoes off the cavernous walls. He turns a corner, emerging in a half-crouch, arms out, both hands on the gun, extended just below the level of his unseeing eyes. He eases forward, following his gun.

Wendy's hit by the beam of his flashlight. Hook runs to her.

HOOK

Oh God... Are you okay?

She shakes her head: no. And then all at once she is sobbing, her knees giving way, but Hook is there to catch her, hugging her fiercely.

HOOK

I'm here. I'm here.

Wendy holds onto him. She opens her eyes behind him, mouth open in speechless horror. Hook turns to a dimly-lit FIGURE.

Shadows fold and regroup in the darkness, resolving into the tall figure of...

...PETER PAN.

Ghostly mask staring back; that freakish, evil grin. Clothes handmade from leaves and bark.

Hook FIRES, emptying his entire clip. Pan looks oddly at the bullet hits, then keeps on moving, unharmed.

HOOK

Shit. Time to go.

Hook grabs Wendy, pulling her away. Pan watches, then sinks into the floor, disappearing into shadow.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS

Hook and Wendy flee as he reloads, FIRES back. The shadows come alive before them, shaping into Pan.

They turn the other way and Pan comes out of the darkness above them, crawling on the ceiling after his prey. Hook reaches into his bag, takes out a flash-bang grenade.

WENDY

What is that?

HOOK

Grenade.

WENDY

That's not going to kill him.

HOOK

We'll see. Cover your eyes.
Whatever happens, don't look.

Hook arms the flash-bang, tosses it behind him at Pan. The bomb rolls to a stop. Hook covers Wendy with his body and...

BOOM! -- A massive burst of light and noise. As it fades, Hook looks back to see the damage. No Pan.

WENDY

Did it work?

Hook's dead silent, panning his beam. It reflects off the walls... revealing a third person standing right behind them!

They hear the ragged BREATHING. Hook spins to fire, but Pan knocks the gun away, sending Hook hard into the wall.

HOOK

Run!

Wendy takes off. Hook scrambles up after her. Pan gains, swimming through shadow. There's a door up ahead:

INT. MEN'S ROOM

They burst through, slam it closed, lock it. Then back away into the middle of the room. Pan moves through the shadowed wall like it wasn't even there.

Hook empties another clip, no effect. He charges... but passes right through as Pan dissolves into shadow.

Wendy moves for the door. Pan's shadowy arm shoots out and slams it closed.

Hook barrels into Pan, swings, but two more shadow arms form, catching Hook's wrists. He squirms, unable to get free.

Pan's other arm grabs Hook by the neck, drives him up into the ceiling head first. Hook falls like a rag doll.

WENDY

NO!!!

Pan turns to Wendy. Her turn. She backs away to the wall. Pan gets close, coddling her as if she were his mother.

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.

PAN
Fly away with me...

He pins her to the wall. She turns away, unable to look. Her hand brushes up against the LIGHT SWITCH on the wall. She thrusts down on the lever.

SEARING LIGHT reflects off the white tiled walls.

Pan SCREAMS, whirling in pain as he clutches his blind eyes. Wendy rushes to Hook, helps him up and out.

HOOK
Wait...

Hook reaches into his bag, arming the dozen flash-bangs. They hurry out, locking the door, and Pan inside.

Pan races after them, into the wall and bounces back, unable to move through it without a shadow.

In fact there are NO SHADOWS whatsoever in the space. Pan is trapped. That's when he sees the bag of bombs at his feet.

PAN
Bad... form...

For an instant his face opens up, and we catch a glimpse into hell itself.

KA-BOOOM!!!

INT. STATION - SAME

Hook and Wendy race toward the exit. The ground beneath them VIBRATES, growing LOUDER. Light from the bombs chase them to the metal ladder leading to the surface.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

They burst through the utility entrance as the immense blast of light and heat sends them sprawling to the ground. They watch as nearby, the mangled hangman tree BURNS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - LATER

Emergency crews abound. Reporters and their cameramen are held back. Firemen hose the remains of the hangman tree.

A COMMOTION is heard as a Towncar pulls to a stop. Reporters rush it, flashbulbs flashing. Commissioner Teynte steps out and faces the SHOUTING questions from the press. He's joined by Cecco, his new right-hand. He smiles, moment of triumph.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

Let me start of by first saying that the kidnapper has been killed in a valiant raid, led by our newly appointed Captain Cecco.

REPORTER 1

Any idea why he did it?

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

As you know, Kensington Gardens was once a prosperous neighborhood in out city. That all changed when the steel mill closed. The killer lost his job, blamed it on the town's council members. We believe he was seeking ransom, and things went awry.

REPORTER 2

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 sits in the back of a squad car, finishes answering questions with a uniformed cop. Hook walks up to her, watching the Teynte and Cecco show.

WENDY

They're never going to know the truth, are they?

HOOK

Probably better off.

WENDY

Yeah, I guess.

HOOK

I heard you've decided not to go back to the institution.

WENDY

Dr. Cookson's going to help me get a job, maybe something with kids.

HOOK

That sounds about right.

WENDY

You're a good cop, Hook. You saved my life in every way. I'll never forget it. Or you.

HOOK

(beat)

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. Wendy kisses him on the cheek, gets in the car, closes the door. She 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 makes his way to Hook. Stops next to him.

SMEE

You okay?

HOOK
Yeah. You?

SMEE
(nods)
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 whole
supernatural thing. Do some good
for once.

SMEE
Could sure use some of that around
here. Hell, I'm thinking of
quitting.

HOOK
You're full of shit.

SMEE
You'll need help opening the new
firm. Smee & Hook Investigations.
Nice ring to it, eh?

HOOK
That's a horrible name.

SMEE
What say we discuss it over a beer?

HOOK
Make it an apple juice and you got
a deal.

SMEE
Come again?

HOOK
(smiles)
Long story.

As they head off into the sunset.

INT. NEVERLAND - LATER

Cops prowl the charred and gutted remains. Incinerated. Nothing left. Cecco moves past, stopping in the:

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Skylights leads his team. Photos are taken, evidence bagged.

CECCO

Goddamn funhouse down here. 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 TILE, much like the victims of the Hiroshima atom bombs.

Cecco studies it as a young OFFICER steps up.

OFFICER

Detective--

CECCO

It's Captain now. Captain Cecco.

OFFICER

Right. 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.

As they walk off, we stay on Pan's scorched shadow...as its head slowly turns to us, finger going before its lips.

Shhhh...

FADE OUT.