

PETER PAN

Screenplay by

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And
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Based on the story by

J.M Barrie

Eight Draft
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(revised scene #'s)

Sounds of a forest. TITLE: All children grow up.

The words fade. Then:

TITLE: Except one.

INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT.

WENDY DARLING, almost thirteen, is telling a story...

WENDY

...And as Cinderella stepped from the golden carriage she found herself most impertinently surrounded by Pirates.

Pull back to reveal her audience of three: younger BROTHERS JOHN (11), MICHAEL (8), and NANA, a large NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

JOHN

(incredulous)
Pirates?

WENDY

(sternly)
Why, John, don't you believe in Pirates?

JOHN

(realizing this turn of events
makes the story much more
exciting)
Rather!

WENDY

There was Cecco, who cut his name on the back of the governor of the prison at Goa; Bill Jukes, every inch of him tattooed; Noodler, whose hands were fixed on backwards...

MICHAEL AND JOHN

(in gleeful disgust)
Oooooeeerrr...

As WENDY speaks we pull back to reveal the careworn NURSERY.

WENDY

And the cruelest of them all... Hook, with eyes blue as forget-me-nots, save when he clawed your belly with the iron hook he has instead of a right hand, at which time his eyes turn red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We have now moved out of the NURSERY, out through the half open window to reveal a SHADOWY FIGURE listening to the story... which is quite impossible as we are three floors up.

WENDY (CONT'D)

'Girly', said he, 'We come for ye glass slippers'. 'Why you thundering curmudgeon!' She cried, 'Who be you to order me about and call me 'girly'?!'

JOHN plucks a wooden sword from the toy box.

JOHN

Then Hook unsheathed his cutlass!

JOHN's 'cutlass' hovers menacingly beneath WENDY's chin.

WENDY

The brave English girl boldly met his gaze. 'Sir, I am a Lady, and the tip of my sword...

JOHN

Your sword?

WENDY reveals her own wooden blade.

WENDY

'...my sword -granted me by my fairy godmother- will soon teach you some manners!'

A sword fight! MICHAEL leaps about with excitement.

MICHAEL

Oh, Wendy, you tell the best, best, bestest stories!

NANA notices a dim shape at the window. She lumbers over for a closer look...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, what happened then? Do stop fighting and tell!

WENDY leaps onto a bed.

WENDY

As Hook came she flung herself down in front of him so cleverly that he took a header right over her and impaled himself upon his own iron hook...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN falls to the floor, mimes impalement on his hook.
MICHAEL cheers.

WENDY (CONT'D)

And before he could rise again the brave
Cinderella settled the matter once and
for all with her revolver...

JOHN

(now Wendy has gone too far)
Her revolver?

As NANA reaches the window a tiny FIST-SHAPED BALL OF LIGHT
illuminates two shining eyes. NANA barks. The CHILDREN rush
to the window... but there is nothing to see but the lights
of LONDON circa 1895. The CUCKOO CLOCK strikes six.

MICHAEL

I won't be bathed, I won't, I won't!

JOHN

(to Nana)
Two minutes more, one minute more?

WENDY notices something on the window sill: a single SKELETON
LEAF.

NARRATOR

The night on which the extraordinary
adventures of these children may be said
to have begun was the night Wendy found
the leaf.

WENDY examines it in the moonlight.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It was a leaf too strange to have come
from any tree in England, but what
troubles a grown-up will never trouble a
child.

WENDY drops the leaf. It spirals away into the darkness.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For instance, a child may remember to
mention, years after it happened, that
they once met a ghost and had a lovely
game with it.

As WENDY disappears into the NURSERY, a HEAD -silhouette
against the night sky- pops out from over the rooftop.

2

INT. DARLING ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

2

AUNT MILLICENT arrives for dinner. She is welcomed by MR and MRS DARLING. The glass in the ENTRANCE HALL CHANDELIER tinkles from the ruckus above.

MRS DARLING
(referring to chandelier)
Bathtime.

3

INT. DARLING HALLWAY. NIGHT.

3

MICHAEL, naked save for an Indian headdress, runs away from NANA.

MICHAEL
I will not be bathed!

NANA waddles back up the hallway. MICHAEL looks victorious. But when NANA reaches the NURSERY, she turns and CHARGES towards MICHAEL, her head lowered like a bull...

MICHAEL screams, takes flight... NANA flips MICHAEL onto her back, rushes him towards the open bathroom door and dumps him into a tub full of warm water.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Not fair!

NANA licks his face. MICHAEL, overcome with forgiveness, hugs her tightly.

4

INT. DARLING DRAWING ROOM.

4

AUNT MILLICENT grandly sets down her pre-dinner drink.

AUNT MILLICENT
Dear ones... There has been talk. It is said that in the basement of Miss Fulsom's school, where the nurses wait for their charges, the Darling nurse lays on the floor.

MRS DARLING
But that is the only difference.

AUNT MILLICENT
(appealing to Mr Darling)
George... consider your position in the bank. A dog for a nurse?

MRS DARLING
George, Nana is a treasure.

(CONTINUED)

MR DARLING

No doubt...

(this is hard for him to say)

But, I sometimes have an uneasy feeling,
Mary, that... that she does not admire
me.

MRS DARLING

Oh no, George, I know she admires you
tremendously.

MR DARLING

(pleased)

Indeed?

(reassured, to Aunt Millicent)

There, Sister... all is well.

NARRATOR

There never was a happier, simpler
family...

5

INT. DARLING DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

5

After dinner. MR DARLING sings a popular ditty while MRS
DARLING accompanies on piano. MICHAEL grins as he watches
WENDY and JOHN dance. JOHN is dressed as Napoleon, his idol.

NARRATOR

Mr Darling was one of those deep ones who
knew all about stocks and shares. Mrs
Darling was the loveliest lady in
Bloomsbury with a sweet mocking mouth
that had one kiss on it that Wendy could
never get, though there it was perfectly
conspicuous in the right hand corner.

AUNT MILLICENT, enthroned, casts suspicious glances at NANA
who lies by the roaring fire.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And sometimes there was Aunt Millicent,
who had a passion for being exactly like
her neighbors.

As the song finishes, WENDY and JOHN collapse on the sofa.

MICHAEL

Wendy's turn!

JOHN

Wendy must tell a story!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Cecco, who carved his name on the
Governor at Goa!

JOHN

Noodler, with his hands on backwards!

AUNT MILLICENT

(appalled)

Good Heavens!

MICHAEL

(triumphantly)

Hook!

AUNT MILLICENT

Hook?

JOHN

Hook, whose eyes turn red as he guts you.

AUNT MILLICENT

Upon my soul, how children are educated
nowdays.

WENDY

I am afraid I am not learned at all,
Aunt, but I do know a thing or two about
Pirates. My unfulfilled ambition is to
write a great novel in three parts about
my adventures.

AUNT MILLICENT

What adventures?

WENDY

I have yet to have them, but they will be
perfectly thrilling!

AUNT MILLICENT

But child, novelists are not highly
thought of in good society, and lady-
novelists are not thought of at all.

(to Mr and Mrs Darling)

And there is nothing so difficult to
marry as a novelist.

WENDY

'Marry'?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(incredulous because the
intended is Wendy)
'Marry'?

MRS DARLING
(taken aback)
Aunt, Wendy is not yet 13.

AUNT MILLICENT
Stand up dear, so that I may appraise
you.
(Wendy stands)
Kindly turn around.
(smiles)
Yes... Quite as I expected.
(with absolute authority)
Wendy possesses a woman's chin.

Everybody looks at WENDY's chin.

AUNT MILLICENT (CONT'D)
Had you not noticed? Observe her mouth.

Everybody peers at WENDY's mouth.

AUNT MILLICENT (CONT'D)
(playfully)
There... hidden in the right hand
corner...
(triumphantly)
Is that a kiss?

Gasps! Even MRS DARLING is starting to think she can see it.

MICHAEL
(whispering to John)
A kiss!

JOHN
Like Mother's kiss.

MICHAEL
The one we cannot get.

WENDY and MRS DARLING involuntarily touch the corners of
their mouths.

AUNT MILLICENT
A hidden kiss. Perfectly conspicuous for
those with eyes to see.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

(horrified)

But what is it for?

AUNT MILLICENT

It is the first kiss, dear one... And it can only be given once, so choose wisely.

(her eyes moisten)

I... His name was William. He was so very tall, with brown hair... I blushed the deepest pink. He did not; something had happened, a miss Cicely Pemberton...

(a rueful sigh, then brightly)

But if I had had a Maiden Aunt to advise me... Perhaps I should be telling a different story today.

6

INT. DARLING DRAWING ROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT.

6

The CHILDREN and NANA hide in the hallway, eavesdropping.

AUNT MILLICENT

She must spend less time with her brothers and more time with me.

The CHILDREN gasp.

AUNT MILLICENT (CONT'D)

She must leave the nursery and be given a room of her own.

Horrors! NANA begins to whimper.

AUNT MILLICENT (CONT'D)

George, the daughter of a clerk cannot hope to marry as well as that of a Manager. You must attend more parties, make small talk with your superiors at the bank -wit is very fashionable at the moment.

7

INT. NURSERY. NIGHT.

7

The depressed CHILDREN are raked with moonlight.

WENDY

It is the end of me. My Waterloo.

JOHN

Never. We shall defeat them. You must keep your mouth covered.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

MICHAEL

And don't turn pink.

8

Later... WENDY sleeps uneasily. A light breeze stirs her hair. Her eyes flutter open, and instantly widen as she sees

8

A face floating directly above hers

PETER PAN, floating close to the horizontal, springs back weightlessly against the wall; he and WENDY lock eyes. He bares his teeth, growls.

WENDY cries out. NANA bursts from her kennel, springs at PETER. He dives for the open window...

But not before NANA's teeth sink into his SHADOW. She pulls on it dragging PETER back into the NURSERY...

WENDY fumbles for her nightlight...

PETER pulls on his SHADOW, but NANA won't give in. The window suddenly closes and there is a brief tearing sound... NANA, the shadow in her mouth, rolls backwards over the floor...

PETER is gone.

WENDY rushes to the window... but the street is too dark for her to see. She runs to the hallway, just as the SHADOW escapes NANA's mouth. The SHADOW darts for the window, but cannot pass through frame and glass.

9

INT. HALLWAY. SAME TIME.

9

WENDY takes a CANDLE from the sideboard and hurries down the stairs, leaving the drawer open. The SHADOW flies into the HALL with NANA in pursuit; it travels down the wall and into the drawer. NANA leaps for it, and the drawer slides shut TRAPPING THE SHADOW INSIDE.

10

EXT. STREET BESIDE DARLING HOUSE. SAME TIME.

10

WENDY searches the street.

NARRATOR

But there was no sign of a body, for none had fallen.

She looks up at the NURSERY WINDOW -it is a 30 foot drop- and then to the night sky... where she sees a SHOOTING STAR.

11

INT. CLASSROOM IN MISS FULSOMS SCHOOL. AFTERNOON.

11

While the other SCHOOLGIRLS work on decorative-art needlework, WENDY sketches a stick figure on a bed looking up at another stick figure which floats. She frowns...

NARRATOR

Certainly she had been dreaming.

WENDY adds wings to the figure above the bed. That's better. The TEACHER'S SHADOW falls across the paper...

12

INT. MISS FULSOMS OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

12

HEADMISTRESS, MISS FULSOM points at WENDY's sketch.

MISS FULSOM

If this is you in bed...

(points to the hovering figure)

What is this?

WENDY

A...

(a dry swallow, then casually)

...a boy.

MISS FULSOM looks aghast...

NARRATOR

Miss Fulsom dispatched a letter of outrage to Mr Darling that set new standards of prudery even for her.

The letter is handed to a MESSENGER BOY.

13

EXT. LONDON STREET. AFTERNOON.

13

NANA escorts the DARLING CHILDREN through the bustle and roar of LONDON's horse-drawn traffic.

NARRATOR

Wendy walked as one condemned. And then...

An EARLY-MODEL MOTORCAR almost collides with a HORSE-DRAWN CART. A MESSENGER ON A BIKE crashes to the footpath before the CHILDREN. It is the same BOY we saw at the school.

MISS FULSOM'S LETTER, addressed to MR DARLING at his work place, lands face up at WENDY's feet.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...Fate.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

The letter!

She reaches for it, but the MESSENGER BOY picks it up, pushes off on his bike. WENDY chases after the MESSENGER BOY.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Wait! Stop!

14 EXT. LONDON BUSINESS DISTRICT. AFTERNOON.

14

THUNDER RUMBLES as we establish a large Victorian office building: THE FIDELITY BANK AND ASSURANCE COMPANY..

15 INT. FIDELITY BANK AND ASSURANCE COMPANY.

15

A vast room in which tense CLERKS sit hunched over high desks, writing into massive ledgers.

MR DARLING is one of the CLERKS. He has written a list of sentences such as 'I say, nice weather we are having' and 'What a splendid silk tie, Sir Edward'.

NARRATOR

Mr Darling had been practising 'small talk' all afternoon, and now his opportunity had arrived...

MR DARLING looks towards a DISTINGUISHED ELDERLY GENTLEMAN with a handle-bar moustache. This is none other than...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sir Edward Quiller-Couch, the President of the bank, was a man who enjoyed small talk almost as much as a good balance sheet.

MR DARLING approaches SIR EDWARD and his coterie of MANAGERS.

16 EXT. FIDELITY BANK AND ASSURANCE COMPANY. SAME TIME.

16

WENDY pursues the MESSENGER BOY to the columned entrance of the bank. Following WENDY are NANA, JOHN and MICHAEL. The heavens open in a sudden CLOUDBURST.

17 INT. FIDELITY BANK AND ASSURANCE COMPANY. SAME TIME.

17

MR DARLING reaches SIR EDWARD and the MANAGERS. They break their conversation, turn expectantly to MR DARLING... who finds himself speechless... Finally, he hands a loan request to the MANAGER.

(CONTINUED)

MR DARLING

I advise refusal of this loan, sir. It seems to me that Lord Caversham lives entirely for pleasure.

SIR EDWARD

(scrutinizing the request)

Pray, how should a peer of the realm live?

MR DARLING

(without hesitation)

For the approbation of his creditors, Sir.

SIR EDWARD QUILLER-COUCH regards MR DARLING through his pince-nez... and then roars with laughter. MR DARLING looks surprised -for he had no idea he was being funny.

SIR EDWARD

Well said, young fellow!

(hands the request to the Manager)

Refuse this loan.

(to Mr Darling)

Well, sir, we shall have to keep an eye on you. What is your name?

But as MR DARLING opens his mouth to reply...

SHRIEKING VOICE

Father!

They all turn to see...

WENDY charging through the bank in pursuit of the MESSENGER who is just about to hand the LETTER to MR DARLING.

WENDY

I can explain!

NANA charges into the bank. Her wet paws slide across the polished marble floor... She extends her claws, but keeps on sliding, her large body turning completely around slamming butt-first into WENDY.

WENDY falls onto NANA's back and the two of them slide towards the MESSENGER, hitting him behind the knees... He lands on WENDY and MR DARLING watches in horror as all three SLIDE TOWARDS HIM, SIR EDWARD and the MANAGERS...

Wham! They all go down like skittles.

18

EXT. BACK YARD OF DARLING HOUSE. EVENING.

18

MR DARLING leads NANA out of the house and ties her to a post in the backyard.

MR DARLING
(with heavy heart)
You are not a nurse.

He strips NANA of her bonnet.

MR DARLING (CONT'D)
(the awful truth)
You are a dog.

JOHN and MICHAEL watch sadly from the nursery window.

19

INT. WENDY'S NEW ROOM. EVENING.

19

AUNT MILLICENT and MRS DARLING reverently lay out antique hair brushes upon the vanity table in WENDY'S NEW ROOM. WENDY sits sadly on the frilly bed.

WENDY
(tragic)
Mother, might I spend one last night in
the nursery?

20

INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT.

20

A gloomy silence rules as MRS DARLING lights the night-lights. She wears an elegant WHITE EVENING GOWN. We hear NANA barking.

MICHAEL
She sounds awfully unhappy.

JOHN
That is not her unhappy bark. That is her
bark when she smells danger.

MRS DARLING sits on the side of WENDY's bed.

WENDY
Mama... must you go to the party?

MRS DARLING
Your father is a brave man, but he will
need the 'special kiss' before he can
face his colleagues tonight.

JOHN
Father? Brave?

(CONTINUED)

MRS DARLING

There are different kinds of bravery, John. There is the bravery of thinking of others before oneself. Your father has never brandished a sword or fired a pistol -thank heavens- but he has made many sacrifices for his family and put away many dreams.-

MICHAEL

Where did he put them?

MRS DARLING

(with a smile)

In a drawer. And sometimes late at night we take them out and admire them. It gets harder and harder to close that drawer. But he does. And that is why he is brave.

21

EXT. DARLING HOUSE. NIGHT.

21

The front door opens revealing MR DARLING in top hat and tails, MRS DARLING resplendent, and AUNT MILLICENT, baby-sitting. MR DARLING steps over the threshold, then retreats.

MR DARLING

(takes off his hat)

It is snowing. We shall catch our death.

AUNT MILLICENT

Better death than gossip. You must enter that Drawing room with head held high.

MR DARLING

I can't do it. I cannot face them.

MRS DARLING gives MR DARLING her 'special kiss'...

WENDY watches from the NURSERY WINDOW...

MR DARLING blushes like a schoolboy, his chest swells... He places his hat on his head and he and MRS DARLING set off down the street.

22

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE NURSERY. SAME TIME.

22

The DRAWER in the sideboard begins to rattle...

23

INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT.

23

MICHAEL

Listen... father's dreams...

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

The rattling stops. WENDY's eyes close...

24

INT. DARLING SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

24

AUNT MILLICENT reads 'The War Of The Worlds' by fire-light.

25

INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT.

25

The NIGHT-LIGHTS blink three times and go out. The latch on the window silently turns... and then The WINDOW slides up...

A BALL OF LIGHT bursts into the nursery, hurtles around the room, darts under the beds, pulls open drawers, rummages the wardrobe, shoot up inside the grandfather clock -all accompanied by a TINKLING OF BELLS.

The DRAWER IN THE HALLWAY gives a rattle. The BALL OF LIGHT whisks out of the clock...

WENDY sits up in bed and blinks in the darkness...

The BALL OF LIGHT zips into the NIGHT-LIGHT BY THE WINDOW and stays very still, glowing... WENDY comforted by the sight of the NIGHT-LIGHT returns to sleep...

A TINY FACE peers through the filigreed glass of the light. It is TINKERBELL, the loveliest of fairies. She flies out to...

26

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

26

The sideboard and peers into the drawer through the keyhole.

27

INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT.

27

A PAIR OF BARE FEET float in and land silently on the floor. PETER PAN stands silhouette against the window. TINK flits around him. The BOY lifts into the air as easily as a bird.

28

INT. HALLWAY.

28

He floats to the sideboard, opens the DRAWER... The SHADOW springs out, up the wall, flinging out its arms and legs in release...

TINK rushes for it, but the SHADOW bats her down into the DRAWER, darts off... PETER gives chase, his foot accidentally kicking the DRAWER SHUT, trapping TINK inside.

PETER yanks the SHADOW back... It grabs him by the throat, choking him. They wrestle across the floor, then up the wall; all the while TINK is rattling inside the drawer, her angry light flashing through the keyhole.

29 INT. DARLING SITTING ROOM. SAME TIME. 29

AUNT MILLICENT hears sounds, closes her book...

30 INT. HALLWAY. 30

PETER is on the ceiling now, his SHADOW wrapped around him like a boa constrictor. He bursts free and with a wild roundhouse punch knocks his SHADOW across the floor and up the wall, where it freezes on the arrival of AUNT MILLICENT upon the top step.

AUNT MILLICENT stares at the SHADOW before her. She cocks her head. The SHADOW cleverly cocks its head.

AUNT MILLICENT walks to the nursery, keeping her eyes upon the troubling SHADOW which glides along the wall beside her, stopping when she stops. She looks into the nursery...

The CHILDREN sleep. Behind AUNT MILLICENT the SHADOW tip-toes away, but does not get far before a hand REACHES FROM ABOVE and yanks it up out of sight.

AUNT MILLICENT turns to find her SHADOW gone. She gasps as she sees it on the opposite wall (this is, of course, her real shadow). She shakes her head, walks to the stairs.

31 INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT. 31

PETER places a BOOK-END upon the SHADOW'S CHEST, pinning it to the floor. He sits and tries to stick the SHADOW'S FOOT to his own. It won't. He tries licking the end first. No dice. PETER slumps forward and sobs.

WENDY'S VOICE

Boy... why are you crying?

PETER leaps up in surprise -quite a few feet into the air.

WENDY

You can fly!

PETER returns cautiously to the floor and bows to her. Thrilled, WENDY bows back.

WENDY (CONT'D)

What is your name?

PETER

What is your name?

WENDY

Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(suddenly disturbed at its
brevity)
Peter... Pan.

WENDY
Is that all?
(he nods)
Where do you live?

PETER
(*"Main and Elm"*)
Second star to the right and then
straight on till morning.

WENDY
They put that on the letters?

PETER
Don't get any letters.

WENDY
But your mother gets letters?

PETER
Don't have a mother.

WENDY
(stunned)
No wonder you were crying.

PETER
(defensively)
I wasn't crying about mothers, I was
crying because I can't get my shadow to
stick.
(beat)
And I wasn't crying!

WENDY tentatively approaches... PETER draws back. WENDY
kneels and gingerly picks up the SHADOW'S FOOT.

WENDY
(to the shadow)
Excuse me...
(after a moments thought)
I could sew it on for you.

PETER shrugs. WENDY retrieves a small sewing kit.

WENDY (CONT'D)
This may hurt a little...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

PETER snorts -but eyes the needle with alarm as she begins to thread it.

32 INT. DRAWER IN SIDEBBOARD.

32

TINK, peeking through the keyhole of the drawer, is alarmed to see WENDY on her knees in apparent worship before PETER.

33 INT. NURSERY.

33

WENDY bites off the excess thread, done. PETER stands, lifts his feet one after the other. The SHADOW sticks. PETER crows in delight.

PETER

Oh, the cleverness of me!

WENDY

(stunned)

Of course, I did nothing!

PETER

You did a little.

WENDY

(wounded)

A little! Good night!

With a haughty flounce she is again in bed with the sheet pulled up to her face.

PETER

Wendy, don't withdraw. I can't help crowing when I'm pleased with myself.

She ignores him.

PETER (CONT'D)

(in a voice no woman can resist)

Wendy... one girl is worth more than twenty boys.

WENDY

You really think so?

PETER

I live with boys. The lost boys. They are well named.

WENDY

Who are they?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Children who fall out of their prams when the nurse is not looking. If they are not claimed in seven days they are sent to the Never land to defray expenses.

WENDY

Are there girls too?

PETER

(craftily)

Girls are much too clever to fall out of their prams.

WENDY

Peter, it is perfectly lovely the way you talk about girls! I should like to give you a kiss.

34

INT. DRAWER.

34

TINK hears this, rushes to the keyhole.

35

INT. NURSERY.

35

PETER holds out his hand in expectation of 'a kiss'.

WENDY

Don't you know what a kiss is?

PETER

(hotly)

I shall know when you give me one.

Not to hurt his feelings she gives him a THIMBLE.

PETER (CONT'D)

I suppose I'm to give you one now?

WENDY

If you'd like.

She inclines his face towards him, closes her eyes.

36

INT. DRAWER.

36

TINKERBELL is frantic. She bounces up and down on the bottom of the drawer loosening the bottom from the sides.

37

INT. NURSERY.

37

PETER finds AN ACORN on his person and presents it to WENDY.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY
(deeply moved)
Thank you.

She hops out of bed and takes a slim gold chain from her jewelry box. She attaches the acorn to the chain and puts it around her neck.

WENDY (CONT'D)
How old are you, Peter?

PETER
Quite young.

WENDY
Don't you know?

PETER
(blithely)
I ran away. One night I heard mother and father talking of what I was to be when I became a man.

WENDY -pierced by his words- looks at herself in the mirror.

PETER (CONT'D)
I wanted always to be a boy and have fun; so I ran away to Kensington Gardens. And I met Tink.

WENDY
'Tink'?

PETER
Tinkerbell. She is my fairy.

WENDY
But there are no such thing as...

PETER
No, don't say that! Every time somebody says that, there is a fairy somewhere who falls down dead!
(he begins to search the room)
I shall never find her if she's dead.

WENDY
(beside herself)
You don't mean to tell me that there is a fairy in this room?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

We come to listen to the stories. I like the one about the prince who couldn't find the lady who wore glass slippers.

WENDY

Cinderella! Peter, he found her. And they lived happily ever after.

PETER

I knew it.

She stops before him, misty eyed with joy.

WENDY

Peter... I should like to give you... a thimble.

PETER

What's that?

She puckers her lips, leans into him... PETER starts back.

PETER (CONT'D)

You mustn't touch me.

WENDY

Why?

PETER

(perplexed)

I don't know. No one ever touches me.

WENDY

It won't hurt.

She puckers again. PETER decides to risk it, inclines his face towards her...

Suddenly the cupboard doors of the sideboard BURST OPEN and TINKERBELL flies like a comet towards WENDY. She grabs WENDY's hair and pulls her from PETER. WENDY screams.

PETER

Tink! Tink, stop it!

TINK continues to pull in fury. PETER grabs TINKERBELL, pitches her across the room. She hits WENDY's pillow.

PETER (CONT'D)

She is not very polite. She says if you try to give me a thimble again she will kill you.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

Oh! And I had supposed fairies to be charming.

TINKERBELL flies out the open window. PETER follows.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Peter, don't go!

PETER

(already on the window sill)
I must tell the others about Cinderella.

WENDY

(how to stop him)
But... I know lots of stories. The stories I could tell to the boys!

PETER

(gleaming)
Come with me.

WENDY

(nervous)
I.. I cannot fly.

PETER

I'll teach you.

WENDY

(gasps)
How lovely to fly!

PETER

I'll teach you to ride the wind's back and away we go! Oh Wendy, when you are sleeping in your silly bed you might be flying about with me saying funny things to the stars.

Overwhelmed, WENDY fixes on the familiar forms of her SLEEPING BROTHERS; blurts impulsively

WENDY

Could John and Michael come too?

PETER shrugs indifferently.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(rushing to them)
John! Michael! There is a boy here who is to teach us to fly.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL rubs his eyes sleepily. JOHN fumbles for his spectacles, stares at PETER.

JOHN

You offend reason, sir.

PETER floats effortlessly into a graceful backwards somersault and lands on the end of JOHN's bed. JOHN gapes for a moment, then quickly hops out of bed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I should like to offend it with you.

PETER

You just think happy thoughts...
(he is off again)
...And they lift you into the air!

JOHN

You are so nippy at it; couldn't you do it slowly once?

PETER does a slow outside loop...

PETER

Sloooowly...
(he spins like a high-diver)
Quickly...

He swings, upside down, like a pendulum past WENDY's face...

PETER (CONT'D)

Lovely...

JOHN

I've got it! I've got it!

Using his bed as a runway, JOHN launches himself into the air...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Swords... daggers... Napoleon...

He tumbles across the floor. PETER grabs TINKERBELL and shakes FAIRY DUST over JOHN. MICHAEL climbs onto his bed, revs up for takeoff...

MICHAEL

Pudding... ice-cream... mudpies...
(races down the bed)
...never-having-to-take-a-bath-again...

(CONTINUED)

He tumbles head first through a shower of FAIRY DUST AND IS MAGICALLY BORNE ACROSS THE ROOM. JOHN finds himself floating up into the air.

JOHN
I'm flying! I'm flying!

MICHAEL comes to rest on the top of a bookshelf.

MICHAEL
I flewed! I flewed!

PETER blows FAIRY DUST from the palm of his hand over WENDY. With a squeal of delight she rises into the air...

38 EXT. BACK YARD OF DARLING HOUSE. NIGHT. 38

Through the nursery window NANA can see the CHILDREN flying around. She barks loudly, breaks free of her chain.

39 INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT. 39

PETER
Come away! Come away to Never land!

WENDY's anxiety sinks her back to earth.

WENDY
Oh! What about mother?

JOHN and MICHAEL sink to the floor.

JOHN
Father...

MICHAEL
Nana...

PETER
There are mermaids.

WENDY
(delighted)
Mermaids?

WENDY begins to rise into the air.

PETER
Indians.

JOHN AND MICHAEL
Indians!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN and MICHAEL rise into the air.

PETER
Pirates!

JOHN MICHAEL AND WENDY
Pirates!

WENDY
Who is Captain?

PETER
The worst there ever was...
(the trump card)
Hook!

With a roar of delight JOHN soars out the window. MICHAEL grabs up his TEDDY BEAR and flies after JOHN. WENDY hesitates...

PETER (CONT'D)
Forget them, Wendy! Come with me where you'll never, never have to worry about grown-up things again!

40

INT. BLOOMSBURY MANSION DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

40

A PARTY of repressed Victorian propriety. MR DARLING nervously introduces MRS DARLING to SIR EDWARD QUILLER-COUCH. SIR EDWARD melts into forgiveness. But before MR DARLING can breath a sigh of relief...

NANA crashes through the DRAWING ROOM DOOR and slides across the polished floor towards MRS DARLING, SIR EDWARD, A WAITER WITH A TRAY OF DRINKS and a horrified MR DARLING...

41

INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT.

41

WENDY steps onto the window sill...Her eyes turn to PETER...

WENDY
'Never' is an awfully long time...

42

INT. DARLING HOUSE FOYER.

42

MR and MRS DARLING, led by NANA, rush into the house, up the stairs... AUNT MILLICENT, in her chair, startles awake...

NARRATOR
It would be delightful to report that they reached the nursery in time...

43

INT. DARLING NURSERY.

43

The door swings open to reveal the empty nursery...

NARRATOR

But then there would be no story.

44

EXT. SKY OVER BLOOMSBURY. NIGHT.

44

WENDY is flying, skimming the rooftops, PETER beside her. As the CHILDREN fly over a tree-lined street we see an open horse-drawn carriage just ahead.

SIR EDWARD QUILLER-COUCH and WIFE sit in the CARRIAGE. PETER buzzes overhead, followed quickly by the DARLING CHILDREN. JOHN plucks the top hat off SIR EDWARD, who looks around wildly...

LADY QUILLER-COUCH

(looking up at the sky)

I do believe it's rain...

SIR EDWARD

Nonsense!

PETER swoops up to a low hanging CLOUD and tears it open. The CLOUD dumps its load of water into SIR EDWARD's carriage.

45

EXT. SKY OVER LONDON. NIGHT.

45

THE CHILDREN rise higher into the night sky, until all we see are THE FOUR SHADOWS racing over a sea of moonlit clouds. An opening reveals the twinkling city lights now far below...

The four tiny figures fly higher as they head out over the open ocean... They head towards the POLE STAR, which pulsates like a beacon. PETER looks at JOHN.

PETER

Who are you?

JOHN

(nervous)

I'm John...

PETER

John... take hold of this...

PETER rudely proffers his ankle... JOHN grips it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Pass it on!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(to Michael)
Take hold of my ankle!

MICHAEL
Wendy, take hold of my ankle!

PETER
(shouts)
Whatever happens... DON'T... LET... GO!

He throws his arms back which launches him into TURBO-SPEED... JOHN and MICHAEL hold on for dear life; WENDY shrieks hysterically, for she is tail of this human comet...

An ear-shattering sonic boom as the POLE STAR seemingly EXPLODES around them, sucking them into a TUNNEL OF BLINDING WHITE LIGHT...

TINK launches herself upon the fingers of WENDY's right hand. WENDY screams as her fingers are systematically prized loose from MICHAEL'S ANKLE...

PETER does not hear WENDY'S SCREAMS as he leads them through the star, light sparking off his head and shoulders...

WENDY swats at TINK with her free hand, but TINK zips back and sinks her SHARP LITTLE TEETH into WENDY's thumb. WENDY screams, falls...

Just as they burst from the tunnel of light and tumble gracefully into a GALAXY OF STARS...

MICHAEL's arms swing wide, his TEDDY BEAR strikes out and concentric circular ripples appear in the firmament, as from a stone thrown in a pond -and only now do we realize it is in fact a REFLECTION of the night sky in the black mirror of an upside down endless becalmed sea.

Flying with the CHILDREN we twist longitudinally in the air as the heavens reverse in a dizzying 180... And suddenly we are flying low over the inky vastness of this strange, star-filled sea as a NEW SUN rises over the ISLAND of...

WENDY
Never land...

PETER
We must find the lost boys! I left
Slightly in command!

JOHN
Is he a capable fellow?

46

EXT. PEAK OF MOUNT ALMOST. MORNING.

46

SLIGHTLY screams loudest as a pack of RAVENOUS WOLVES chase THE LOST BOYS down a blue, snow-lit mountain pass.

CURLY

(as he runs)

No offense, Slightly... but I hope Peter comes back soon!

The WOLVES, red eyed with blood lust, are gaining. The BOYS round a ledge to find their path blocked by fallen snow...

TOOTLES

What shall we do?

SECOND TWIN

What would Peter do?

CURLY

Peter would look at them through his legs!

As one THE LOST BOYS turn their backs, spread their feet and look between their legs at the snarling red-eyed enemy...

The WOLVES howl, turn tail and retreat.

SLIGHTLY

Oh, the cleverness of us!

The snow pack beneath their feet gives way and the BOYS plunge down the side of the mountain.

47

EXT. AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

47

They come to rest in a tropical jungle, for MOUNT ALMOST stops abruptly at the jungle's edge.

FIRST TWIN

(notices the new temperate surroundings)

Oh! This is a change!

Suddenly the sun's rays break through the clouds illuminating a lush valley; exotic flowers open and bloom. The BOYS know what this means...

NIBS

He's back!

48

EXT. PIRATE'S COVE. MORNING.

48

From the tangle of trees that skirt Pirates Cove we see a PIRATE SHIP anchored one mile off shore -or should we say trapped off shore for the sea is FROZEN ICE.

VOICES

Avast, belay, yo ho, heave to,
A-pirating we go,
An' if we're parted by a shot
We're sure to meet below!

49

EXT. PIRATE SHIP.

49

On deck PIRATES lean against the bulwarks, or sprawl by barrels playing games of dice and cards... The Hell's Angels of the 18th century.

Beyond is the CAPTAIN'S CABIN. The door creaks open, revealing...

The worlds ugliest PARROT, scrawny, featherless, one-eyed. It scuttles towards its favorite target...

Plump SMEE, boatswain, sleeps against the bulwark. The BIRD hops onto a box level with SMEE's unsuspecting ear... And then it unleashes a mighty... SQUUUUAAAAWWWWWWRRRRRRKKKKKKK!

SMEE shrieks awake, falls off his barrel. He pulls out his PISTOLS and fires...

SMEE

Devil bird!

The peg-legged polly disappears around a corner with a triumphant caw. SMEE becomes aware of a faint cracking sound. The ice that imprisons the SHIP is starting to thaw.

50

INT. HOOK'S CABIN.

50

The door opens with a creak... SMEE peeks in...

SMEE

Cap'n...?

A single flickering lamp pierces the gloom. SMEE can see something breathing in the shadows beyond the Captain's desk.

SMEE (CONT'D)

Cap'n, as I was sittin' wide-eyed on me watch, I noticed winter-time on the water but spring-time on the trees...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SMEE (CONT'D)

I says to meself 'that's early for spring
to be astir... Spring's not due 'till
3pm...'

(places his pocket watch on the
desk)

Check the time yaself, Cap'n, it...

A rough iron hook swings out of the darkness and smashes the
POCKET WATCH TO PIECES. SMEE gasps as we get our first look
at CAPTAIN JAMES HOOK -cadaverous and grim. He also eerily
resembles MR DARLING.

HOOK

I was dreaming, Smee... of Pan.

SMEE

(he doesn't like it when the
subject turns to Pan)

Pan, Cap'n?

HOOK

Oh, I was tearing him so splendidly...
And in the dream I was a kindly fellow,
full of forgiveness... I thanked Pan for
cutting off my hand and giving me this
fine hook for disemboweling and ripping
throats and such homely uses as combing
my hair and opening jars.

SMEE

(looking for the bright side)

So Pan done ya a favor then, Cap'n?

HOOK uncoils from his chair, grabs SMEE by the collar.

HOOK

(bellows)

A favor! You call this rusting
monstrosity a favor? He threw my hand to
a crocodile! The beast liked it so much
it has followed me ever since, licking
its lips for the rest of me!

He shoves SMEE away

HOOK (CONT'D)

Thank Lucifer the beast swallowed a clock
that goes tick, tick, tick inside him, or
it would have had me before now.

HOOK scoops it up the smashed pocket watch, carries it to a
small box filled with similarly smashed time-pieces.

(CONTINUED)

HOOK (CONT'D)

When I was a lad, I was offered a clerkship in the city. If I had taken it there wouldn't be a more honest man alive today. But to be tortured forever just because I took a wrong turning...

(crushes the timepiece in his good hand)

Why did you wake me, Smee?

He immerses his hook in a vat of bubbling solution on the wood-burning stove. Steam rises with a hiss and sizzle.

SMEE

(excitedly)

Like I said, Cap'n... the ice is thawin'...

HOOK withdraws his claw which now gleams as if new.

SMEE (CONT'D)

The sun is out, the flowers in bloom...

He turns swiftly, eyes flickering red.

HOOK

He's back.

EXT. CLOUDS ABOVE NEVER LAND. MORNING.

PETER, WENDY, JOHN and MICHAEL hide in a cloud high above PIRATES COVE. PETER looks through a spyglass, hands it to WENDY.

WENDY

Forty gunner. She must do 14 knots under full sail...

PETER is very impressed. JOHN takes the spyglass. He gasps.

JOHN

Hook!

PETER snatches the spyglass, watches HOOK cross the deck.

MICHAEL

(nervously)

Is he very big?

PETER

(impishly)

Not as big as he was.

52 EXT. PIRATE SHIP. 52

HOOK surveys the thawing waters and smiles knowingly at SMEE.

53 EXT. CLOUDS ABOVE NEVER LAND. 53

PETER

Let's take a closer look.

He leaps onto a CLOUD that passes beneath... the OTHERS follow. JOHN loses his HAT -it bobs away on the wind...

54 EXT. SHIP DECK. 54

HOOK scans the shore with a long brass spyglass. JOHN'S HAT drops from the sky and lands on the UGLY PARROT.

HOOK tilts his spyglass to the sky which is thick with cloud. The sun peeps through the upper layer illuminating FOUR SHADOWY FIGURES hiding within a low cloud. HOOK smiles.

HOOK

Fetch Long Tom.

55 EXT. CLOUD. 55

PETER

(scanning the ship)

There's some sort of activity on deck...

PETER brings into focus a gigantic long-barrelled CANNON pointed right at them. IT FIRES...

A CANNONBALL tears through the CLOUD. It sails past the CHILDREN, its tail-wind sucking WENDY up after it... She disappears through a hole punched in the CLOUD BEHIND THEM. JOHN and MICHAEL fall through the tear made by the CANNONBALL and find themselves hanging from the bottom of the cloud.

56 EXT. JOLLY ROGER. 56

The PIRATES point LONG TOM at the two dangling BOYS

57 EXT. CLOUD. 57

PETER

Tink, find Wendy! I'll draw fire!

58 EXT. JOLLY ROGER. 58

The distant figure of PETER swoops down towards the ship...

(CONTINUED)

HOOK

Pan! Keep with him! Keep with him!

Long Tom moves away from the BOYS and tracks PETER...

HOOK (CONT'D)

I've got you now! FIRE!

KA-BOOM! The CANNONBALL blasts right through the MAINMAST, bringing it down upon the deck.

59

EXT. CLOUD.

59

JOHN and MICHAEL desperately tread air...

JOHN

Michael! Are you shot?

MICHAEL

I haven't checked yet! But there's something worser!

JOHN

What could be worse?

MICHAEL

My thoughts... aren't...very... happy...

The CLOUD rips and the BOYS plummet to earth.

JOHN

(flapping his arms)

Swords... daggers... Napoleon...

AHHHHHHHH...

60

EXT. UPPER LAYER OF CLOUDS.

60

WENDY is lost in the upper layer of clouds. Suddenly a nearby cloud lights up from the inside.

WENDY

Tinkerbelle...?

Annoyed, TINK bursts from the cloud and streaks off.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Tink...? Wait!

(flies after her)

I don't know where I'm going!

51 EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE. 61

JOHN and MICHAEL crash through the jungle canopy and land in the boiling rapids of a river.

62 EXT. JOLLY ROGER. 62

Chaos on deck.

HOOK

Damnation! Re-load the cannon!

SKYLIGHTS

But 'e's gone, Cap'n.

HOOK pulls out his pistol and shoots SKYLIGHTS.

HOOK

Search the jungle! Bring me those children!

63 EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE. 63

Through a spyglass we see the small but recognizable figure of the flying WENDY, wobblingly coming towards us...

SLIGHTLY

It is a large white bird. Quite ugly too.

A familiar ball of light dives down to the LOST BOYS.

TOOTLES

Hullo, Tink! Where's Peter?

TINK flits to TOOTLES and whispers in his ear...

NARRATOR

Now Tinkerbell was not all bad; sometimes she was all good. But fairies are so small they only have room for one feeling at a time.

TOOTLES

Tink says the bird is called a "Wendy" and Peter wants us to shoot it down!

SLIGHTLY

We have our orders: Shoot the Wendybird!

64 EXT. SKY OVER TROPICAL JUNGLE. 64

WENDY sees an ARROW sizzling towards her...

65

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE.

65

The LOST BOYS watch as the arrow connects with WENDY. She spirals to the ground.

TOOTLES
(overjoyed)
I got it! I got it!

TOOTLES and the boys crash through the forest to a small clearing where WENDY lies motionless, the arrow protruding from her chest. A terrible silence falls.

NIBS
That is no bird.

CURLY
It is a lady.

FIRST TWIN
(realizing)
And Tootles...

SLIGHTLY
(accusingly)
Tootles has killed her.

NIBS
(with a gasp)
Now I see! Peter was bringing her to us!
A lady to take care of us.

CURLY
And Tootles...

ALL BOYS BUT TOOTLES
Tootles has killed her!

TOOTLES
(gulping)
I did it. When ladies came to me in dreams I said "Pretty Mother", but when she really came I shot her!

PETER drops in behind them.

PETER
Hullo, boys! I am back!

They turn, grouping together to hide WENDY'S BODY.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (CONT'D)

Great news! I know what happened to Cinderella! She defeated the pirates, married the Prince and lived happily ever after!

Nods of approval, forced smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)

Greater news! I have brought you *she* that told of Cinderella! She is to tell us stories! She is...

They part revealing the wretched sight.

SLIGHTLY

...Dead.

TINKERBELL laughs from a nearby branch. PETER kneels, plucks the arrow from WENDY's chest.

PETER

Whose arrow?

TOOTLES

(wretched)

Mine, Peter.

TOOTLES drops to his knees and bares his chest.

TOOTLES (CONT'D)

Strike, Peter! Strike true!

WENDY groans.

FIRST TWIN

The Wendy lives!

PETER kneels beside WENDY, his hand moving to the place where the arrow struck. He feels something hard beneath the fabric of the nightgown and reveals the damaged ACORN.

PETER

(awe)

My kiss... My kiss saved her.

SLIGHTLY

I remember kisses; let me see it... Aye, that is a kiss -a powerful thing.

NIBS

We cannot leave her out or she will spoil.

(CONTINUED)

SLIGHTLY

Let us carry her to down to the house.

CURLY

Wait! Is it sufficiently respectful for us to touch the Wendy?

PETER regards their dirty hands, shakes his head.

PETER

No. No, it is not.

TOOTLES

What shall we do?

SLIGHTLY

She must stay here and die.

PETER

No! We will build a house around her!

The BOYS cheer PETER's brilliant idea and set to work. The TWINS sidle up and whisper into PETER's ear. PETER approaches TINK sulking on her branch.

PETER (CONT'D)

Was it you Tink?

TINK is proud of her crime and says so.

PETER (CONT'D)

Then I am your friend no more.

TINK alights on PETER's shoulder and pleads.

PETER (CONT'D)

Begone from me forever!

TINK's tiny body is consumed with misery... Her light dims just a little. She zips off so no-one will see her cry.

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

WENDY wakes up in a small wooden house. She becomes aware of knocking. She finds a small wooden door and opens it. The LOST BOYS whip off their hats.

SLIGHTLY

Wendy-lady, for you we built this house, with a door-knocker and a chimney...

They all fall to one knee and hold out their arms.

(CONTINUED)

ALL

Please be our mother!

WENDY

(startled)

Oh!

(touched)

Well... It is frightfully fascinating,
but... you see, I have no real
experience.

FIRST TWIN

Do you tell stories?

WENDY

(the one thing she is most
proud of and they have asked
for it)

Yes.

CURLY

Then you are perfect.

WENDY

Very well... I will do my best.

The BOYS surround WENDY, lead her towards a large tree.

NIBS

Come and meet father!

They push WENDY through an opening in the trunk...

67 INT. UNDER THE GROUND. AFTERNOON.

67

She screams as she slides down a sloping PASSAGEWAY, racing
through tangled roots and stabbing beams of filtered light...

68 INT. THE HOME UNDER THE GROUND.

68

She lands with a thud on a floor of spongy moss. She blinks,
looks around the large subterranean space... to see PETER
sitting in a throne before the fireplace. He wears a crown.

PETER

Welcome, mother, to our happy home under
the ground.

The LOST BOYS slide in through various hidden entrances.

PETER (CONT'D)

Discipline! That's what fathers believe
in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PETER (CONT'D)

We must spank the children immediately,
before they try to kill you again.

PETER chases the BOYS around the room. He grabs up a sword.

PETER (CONT'D)

In fact we should kill *them*!

BOYS

Mother! Save us from father!

WENDY intervenes, sounding very wise and 'motherly'...

WENDY

Father... I agree they are perfectly
horrid, but kill them and they shall
think themselves important. I suggest
something more dreadful... Medicine.

The BOYS groan. WENDY plucks a TULIP growing in the floor,
then bends a nearby ceiling leaf, pouring rainwater into it.

WENDY (CONT'D)

It's most beastly stuff -the sticky,
sweet kind...

She hands the cup to SLIGHTLY, whose courage promptly wanes.

SLIGHTLY

Father must take it first!

WENDY

What a splendid idea, Slightly. As an
example to us all!

The BOYS jump and down squealing 'Yes, yes, as an example to
us all!' WENDY gives PETER the medicine. He is aghast.

PETER

(raises the cup)

I am not afraid of Pirates. I am not
afraid of Indians. Why would I be afraid
of this?

But he does not drink it.

TOOTLES

We are waiting, father.

PETER

Hold your tongue, sir!

He closes his eyes and drinks it down in one gulp. He says in
a brave but stricken voice...

(CONTINUED)

PETER (CONT'D)

There!

But he is clearly suppressing an urge to vomit...

PETER (CONT'D)

Now... I'll go stand guard. Because...

(uncertain)

Fathers stand guard... don't they?

WENDY

Oh, yes... My own father...

(trying to remember as she
refills the cup)

What did my father do? He would say 'A
little less noise there'... And sometimes
John...

(she suddenly realizes)

John!

(looks around)

Michael? My brothers!

PETER

(he has already forgotten them)

Who?

69

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE. LATE AFTERNOON.

69

JOHN and MICHAEL -wet, dishevelled, miserable- trudge through
the out-sized foliage of the jungle.

JOHN

(attempting to make sense of it
all)

The world is Probable... it is likely you
will be sent to school, grow up, get
married and die. It is unlikely you will
fight pirates, meet fairies or fly about.
Therefore Never land is Improbable.
Therefore I conclude none of this is
really happening.

A ROAR echoes through the treetops frightening hundreds of
butterflies into flight. Another roar and they run for it.

70

INT. CAVE.

70

They crash through thick foliage and hide in the mouth of a
dark cave.

MICHAEL

Hullo?

(CONTINUED)

At the sound of his voice thousands of GLOW WORMS, hanging on the roof of the cave, light up like tiny filaments illuminating A LONG TUNNEL.

MICHAEL and JOHN see signs of civilized life on the ground: a candelabra, a rusty sword, a barrel and...

Bones.

The floor is littered with bones. Skeletons leaning against the walls -PIRATE SKELETONS. JOHN and MICHAEL hear...

Ticking... getting closer. The BOYS hide in an opening in the tunnel wall. And then it passes...

A CROCODILE... easily 50 feet long, its mouth filled with razor-sharp teeth.

The BOYS stare in horror, not drawing a breath. The belly drags past...Tic-toc, tic-toc, tic-toc... Behind the BOYS is a crawl space. They scramble through the space, slide into an area illuminated by a shaft of sunlight coming from a crack in the rock. The light falls upon...

A large FRAMED PAINTING OF CAPTAIN JAMES HOOK leaning against the cave wall. It shows the young PIRATE conspicuously two handed. Around the painting is strewn jewelry, silverware and candlestick holders -reminiscent of a shrine.

The BOYS duck behind the painting of HOOK, as the CROCODILE drags its massive form through the archway. It rears back on its hind-legs, lifts its gnarled head and sniffs the air.

The beast whips its yellow-cat's eyes towards the painting...

The BOYS freeze as the CROCODILE places its cavernous nostrils against the painting and sniffs. And then the CROCODILE slowly LICKS HOOKS FACE, emitting a yearning growl.

It lumbers to the other side of the cave, curls up and closes its eyes. From across the SLEEPING CROCODILE we watch as the painting of HOOK sprouts legs and quietly crab-walks towards the archway...

The CROCODILE'S EYES shoot open. It uncurls with lightning speed and, with a mighty roar, is upon JOHN and MICHAEL, jaws gaping wide... JOHN sticks the painting in the CROCODILES mouth! The heavy frame wedges open the jaws...

JOHN and MICHAEL tear through the jungle, arms flapping wildly, trying to fly...

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Swords... Daggers... Napoleon...

...And suddenly they take off into the sky -FEET FIRST. They stop, swinging upside-down in the treetops, their feet held tightly in nooses of vine. Their NIGHTGOWNS fall down around their ears.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How humiliating.

MICHAEL peeks out from beneath his nightshirt and gasps.

MICHAEL

John... there is something worser.

JOHN

(lifts his nightshirt)

What could be... ?

And he pales as he confronts the greatest horror known to an 11 year old boy...

An 11 YEAR OLD GIRL -sitting on an opposite branch- staring in fascination at his... yes, that.

JOHN and MICHAEL begin to scream. The GIRL -a full-blood North American Indian- begins to laugh. She laughs so hard she loses her balance and falls out of the tree...

Landing at the feet of CAPTAIN HOOK and his cut-throats.

HOOK

Princess Tiger Lily... You give lie to the redskin's reputation for camouflage.

Two PIRATES instantly have her by the arms. HOOK looms over her. SMEE translates as he speaks.

HOOK (CONT'D)

We search for Peter Pan. One could go on doing so until doom cracks... However, two boys of his acquaintance were observed falling into this part of the jungle... Have you seen them?

JOHN and MICHAEL hold their breaths. PRINCESS TIGER LILY answers angrily in her native tongue, capping her invective with a contemptuous spit. SMEE translates tactfully:

SMEE

She respectfully says 'no', Cap'n.

(CONTINUED)

HOOK

My hook thinks you did. I wonder if it would not be advisable, Princess, to humour the hook.

The CLAW presses into her throat. JOHN can take no more.

JOHN

I say! Unhand that savage, you... Savage!

HOOK looks up... with one swipe of his hook he severs the knot that holds the BOYS and they plunge into captivity.

EXT. PIRATES COVE. NIGHT.

PETER blows three sharp notes on his pan pipes. A strange ethereal SINGING echoing the pipes. WENDY sees FIVE SILHOUETTE HEADS above the water-line some hundred yards off shore... They disappear with a flash of silvery tail...

WENDY

(overjoyed)

How sweet!

(off Peter's look)

Are mermaids not sweet?

PETER

They will sweetly drown you if you get too close, but they do know about pirates...

PETER speaks to the MERMAIDS via his pipes. WENDY, fascinated, settles close to PETER...

A slender translucent hand rises from the water and gently encircles WENDY's wrist... WENDY starts with fright, looks down to see...

The shadowed face of a MERMAID, eyes glowing...

WENDY looks into the eyes, mesmerized... The MERMAID pulls her towards the water... PETER snarls at the MERMAID and it releases WENDY, darting away with an angry plip-plop.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hook has your brothers. The Black Castle!

EXT. RUINED CASTLE. NIGHT.

A LONGBOAT approaches a crumbled medieval CASTLE jutting from a peninsula of black volcanic rock.

74

INT. RUINED CASTLE. NIGHT

74

The longboat glides beneath a giant rusting PORTCULLIS into the watery bowels of the CASTLE. SMEE and STARKEY pull at the oars; in the bow of the boat, their hands trussed behind them, are JOHN, MICHAEL and TIGER LILY; HOOK huddles low.

SMEE holds out his lantern illuminating a single black rock sticking out of the water. A bleached PIRATE SKELETON hangs from a set of IRON MANACLES driven into the lower exposed rock.

HOOK takes up a gleaming MARKSMAN'S MUSKET and steps onto stone stairs carved into the castle wall.

HOOK

Like all surprise attacks, it must be conducted improperly. Put them on the rock.

75

EXT. RUINED CASTLE.

75

PETER and WENDY alight on an exterior parapet of the CASTLE. Below them churns a stormy sea, above a raging storm.

PETER

I brought these...

He produces two gleaming RAPIERS, hands one to WENDY.

PETER (CONT'D)

Can you use it?

She looks unsure... PETER steps back, takes the ready posture of attack... WENDY brandishes her sword...

PETER (CONT'D)

There are three principle actions...

He comes at her...

PETER (CONT'D)

Thrust!

She answers with a flash of steel, deflects his blade...

PETER (CONT'D)

Rake!

He tries a trapping move, but she eludes him...

PETER (CONT'D)

Slice!

(CONTINUED)

Metal strikes metal, until PETER and WENDY are locked close together, blade upon blade, face to face. PETER smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)

And you a lady.

A timeless moment as the boy and girl stare at each other...

PETER (CONT'D)

Promise me one thing... leave Hook to me.

WENDY

I promise.

76

INT. RUINED CASTLE.

76

HOOK, concealed high up in a ruined parapet, his musket pointed at the rock, turns sharply... Did he hear a sound?

77

EXT. PARAPET OF RUINED CASTLE.

77

HOOK, brandishing his musket, steps onto the exterior parapet. WENDY hides behind a crumbled turret.

NARRATOR

Thus Wendy first lay eyes upon the dark figure that haunted her stories. She saw the black, bright eyes, and was not afraid, but entranced...

WENDY cannot take her eyes off him as he draws closer to her hiding place. She grips the rapier, but at the last moment HOOK turns away, searches the other end of the parapet...

78

INT. RUINED CASTLE.

78

STARKEY and SMEE lock the irons around the children's wrists, then shove them into the water. The water laps around their chins. As the PIRATES row away from the rock a familiar voice echoes off the castle walls:

HOOK'S VOICE

Mr Smee!

SMEE squints into the shadowy corners of the castle...

SMEE

Is that you, Cap'n...?

HOOK'S VOICE

Odds, bobs, hammer and tongs, what do you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

SMEE

We... we 'ave put the children on the
rock, Cap'n, like...

HOOK'S VOICE

Set them free!

SMEE

(confused)

Set 'em free? But what about ya trap,
Cap'n..?

We reveal PETER concealed high up the battlements, his hand
cupped to his mouth, throwing his voice in perfect imitation
of HOOK:

PETER

Set them free or I'll plunge my hook in
you!

SMEE

You 'eard the man, unlock them irons!

The two PIRATES hurriedly unlock the CHILDREN's irons. They
swim away.

HOOK'S VOICE

Mr Smee!

SMEE and STARKEY jump in fright, whirl around to see the
actual HOOK standing at the base of the stairs across the
water.

HOOK

Any sign of him?

SMEE

No, Cap'n!

HOOK notices the empty manacles on the rock.

HOOK

Where are the children?

SMEE

(proudly)

It's all right, Cap'n, we let 'em go.

HOOK

You what?

(CONTINUED)

SMEE
(not so certain now)
We... we let 'em go.

HOOK
(terrible)
Let. Them. Go.

STARKEY
(whimpering)
You... you called across the waters to...

HOOK shoots STARKEY with his musket. STARKEY flops into the briny.

HOOK'S VOICE
Mr Smee!

SMEE squeals in terror. HOOK silences SMEE with his hand.

HOOK
(calls)
Who are you, stranger?

PETER
I am James Hook, Captain of the Jolly Roger.

HOOK
You are not!

PETER
Brimstone and gall, say that again and I'll cast anchor in you!

HOOK
If you are Hook, then who am I?

PETER
You... are a codfish.

HOOK
(blankly)
A codfish?

HOOK motions SMEE to push the boat across to him.

HOOK (CONT'D)
Tell me, Hook... have you another name?

PETER
(falling to the lure)
Aye!

(CONTINUED)

HOOK
(thirstily, stepping into the
boat)
Vegetable?

PETER
No.

HOOK pushes off in the direction of the voice...

HOOK
Mineral?

PETER
No.

HOOK
Animal?

PETER has to think about this... Finally:

PETER
Yes.

HOOK reaches the far stairs that lead up to the battlements.

HOOK
Man?

PETER
(with scorn)
No.

HOOK silently mounts the stairs...

HOOK
Boy?

PETER
Yes.

HOOK
Ordinary boy?

He stealthily reloads his musket

PETER
No.

HOOK
Wonderful boy?

WENDY sees HOOK mounting the battlement where PETER hides.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Yes! Do you give up?

HOOK cocks his musket... He is inches away from PAN...

HOOK

(eagerly)

Yes.

PETER

All of you?

SMEE

(convinced he is listening to a
ghost)

Yes!

HOOK takes aims at the PETER's vulnerable back...

PETER

(crowing)

I am...

As HOOK's finger squeezes the trigger...

WENDY'S VOICE

Peter, look out!

HOOK fires, but the musket ball ricochets off the battlement... because PETER isn't there! He's shot straight into the air just in time... HOOK unsheathes his sword...

HOOK

(calls)

We have him!!

At the sound of HOOK's voice a PIRATE cuts the winch rope and the PORTCULLIS comes crashing down into the water. SKIFFS FILLED WITH PIRATES suddenly emerge from the shadows... including one weighed down with a CANNON...

PETER crows and THE LOST BOYS drop from the rooftop, sliding down long vines like Ninja warriors. They plunge into the SKIFFS either capsizing them or sending PIRATES flying into the water...

Up in the battlements HOOK bares down on PETER...

HOOK (CONT'D)

We meet again, "boy"!

PETER

Ready to lose the other one?

(CONTINUED)

HOOK swipes viciously with sword, then hook... But PETER is too fast for him and counters with a graceful slice...

WENDY watches the melee from a high vantage point... But not high enough! She whirls round to find PIRATE COOKSON approaching her with gleaming cutlass and a lascivious grin.

COOKSON

Yer gonna watch or fight, girlie?

She rises to her feet and brandishes her rapier.

WENDY

(at last)

Who be you to call me 'girlie'?

He charges her, their swords meet with a clang...

HOOK yells down to ALF MASON, who mans the CANNON ON THE BOAT.

HOOK

Fire!!!

The CANNON fires... the CANNONBALL misses PETER by inches, blowing out a great section of ceiling... PETER retreats through the hole luring HOOK outside onto the turret...

INT. CASTLE.

On the rocky ledge, WENDY slashes COOKSON's cheek...

WENDY

(shocked)

I *am* sorry!

COOKSON pulls out a pistol and shoots the blade off WENDY's rapier, leaving her nothing but the grip in her hand.

COOKSON grins, walks towards her... WENDY hurls the grip at him. It hits him in the forehead sending him reeling back off the ledge into the water.

Elsewhere JOHN, protecting MICHAEL and TIGER LILY, bravely duels with a massive PIRATE.

MICHAEL

(impressed)

John, you are winning! You are Napoleon!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(equally impressed)
Napoleon! That's who I am. He was little too.

80

EXT. TURRET.

80

HOOK now has PETER perched on the edge of the hole in view of the CANNON...

HOOK
'Tis some fiend fighting me! Why are you?
What are you?

ALF MASON fires... PETER somersaults over HOOK, landing behind him... HOOK turns, realizes that they've exchanged places. The CANNONBALL rips through the rooftop...

81

EXT. CASTLE.

81

Go wide for the mighty explosion... A mushroom cloud of smoke and flame rises into the dawn sky.

82

EXT. TURRET.

82

HOOK finds himself dangling by his hook from the jagged smoking hole in the turret floor. PETER floats safely to the rooftop...

HOOK
Help me, boy... And I'll surrender!

PETER
I have your word?

HOOK
Cross my heart and hope to die!

PETER reaches his hand to HOOK. HOOK takes hold of it... And then he tears PETER with his claw. PETER, shocked by the unfairness not the pain, lets go of HOOK...

SMEE rows to intercept his falling leader...

SMEE
I'll save ya, Cap'n!

HOOK plunges right through the bottom of SMEE's boat.

PETER tumbles through the hole, dropping into the water...

(CONTINUED)

HOOK pulls himself up onto the rock. Unseen by HOOK, PETER scales the rock on the other side. Suddenly they are face to face...

HOOK knocks the sword from PETER's hand. PETER falls back, the tip of HOOK's sword hovers beneath his chin...

HOOK
And now Peter Pan... you shall die.

PETER
(defiantly)
To die... will be an awfully big
adventure.

HOOK raises his claw high over PETER... But is stayed by the sound of...

TICKING.

The CROCODILE looms up out of the water behind HOOK! PETER rolls off the rock as the CROCODILE lunges... HOOK narrowly escapes the great jaws snapping closed... He splashes through the water towards ALF MASON's boat, kicks the CANNON towards the beast...

HOOK
Fire!!!

The CANNON explodes sending a CANNONBALL hurtling into the CROCODILE'S gaping jaws... The CROCODILE recoils, then SPITS the CANNONBALL back... It re-enters the muzzle sending the CANNON and ALF MASON through the back of the boat...

The CROCODILE leaps at HOOK, tipping the boat into the air... HOOK clambers up the hull to the stern.

HOOK (CONT'D)
SMMMMEEEEEEEEEE.....!!!!!!

SMEE has found another boat, and strikes out for HOOK...

SMEE
I'm comin', Cap'n!

The CROCODILE makes a leap for HOOK and nabs his trousers.

SLIGHTLY and NIBS pull wounded PETER into a commandeered skiff and row towards the PORTCULLIS which is being winched up by JOHN, MICHAEL and TIGER LILY...

HOOK and SMEE row furiously towards the PORTCULLIS, pursued by the CROCODILE...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOK
Faster, Smee! Faster!

PETER, outside the castle, waves at HOOK...

HOOK (CONT'D)
(fearing the worst)
No...

PETER nods 'Yes'. TIGER LILY lets go of the winch which brings the PORTCULLIS crashing down into the water... The CROCODILE leaps for HOOK... HOOK and SMEE duck as the CROCODILE flies over them, slams into the PORTCULLIS...

83 EXT. CASTLE. 83

The PORTCULLIS blows out of the wall bringing down half the castle with it.

84 EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE. NIGHT. 84

A bonfire illuminates the happy faces of the INDIANS as they dance in celebration with JOHN, MICHAEL and the LOST BOYS.

85 EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE. NIGHT. 85

PETER and WENDY move swiftly through the jungle. WENDY notices FAIRIES darting through the trees. She hears music... They come upon an enormous tree which THE FAIRIES enter through a cave-like opening in the roots of the trunk...

86 INSIDE THE TREE HUNDREDS OF FAIRIES DANCE IN A FAIRY BALLROOM. WENDY IS ENRAPTURED... PETER WATCHES HER UNAWARES. 86

PETER
What do you think, old lady?

WENDY
Old lady?

PETER
(uncertain)
Michael told me mothers are called 'old lady'.

She looks at him for a moment...

WENDY
I think... I should like to dance.

PETER
Dance away.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

With you.

WENDY takes his hand. He is startled by the sudden contact... but he does not withdraw.

WENDY (CONT'D)

It will be a different kind of adventure,
Peter.

PETER takes a breath, bravely slips his arm around her waist... She places her hand upon his back...

And they dance... rising into the air... passing TINKERBELL, who sits dejectedly on a branch.

87

EXT. PIRATE SHIP. NIGHT.

87

The music is carried on a breeze to Pirate Cove, reaches the JOLLY ROGER...

...wafts over the sleeping forms of the injured, humiliated pirates... reaches sleeping SMEE, and the UGLY PARROT perched beside him... You know the rest...

SMEE

(screaming awake)
Chicken from Hell!

Pistols blazing he chases the BIRD, passing the door of HOOK's cabin, calling forth the tormented figure of...

HOOK, a bandage around his head, eyes bloodshot from broken sleep... He becomes aware of music. In the distance, in the treetops, is a dim glow.

88

EXT. JUNGLE CANOPY.

88

PETER and WENDY are surrounded by hundreds of glowing FAIRIES... some watch, some dance with them as they spin around the tree trunks...

89

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE.

89

HOOK, following the music, makes his way through the jungle by lantern light. He parts the leaves to reveal...

HOOK

Pan! Dancing! With a... a...

He staggers back against a tree... where TINKERBELL sits on one of the branches. She tinkles miserably

(CONTINUED)

HOOK (CONT'D)

A Wendy? Oh, evil day! He has found himself a Wendy!

(he slumps against the tree,
slides to the ground)

While Hook is alone.

TINK alights on a root beside HOOK. She tinkles.

HOOK (CONT'D)

You too?

(she tinkles)

Banished you? The dog.

(as she sobs into his cuff)

There, there...

He offers her a lace handkerchief. She blows her nose into it.

HOOK (CONT'D)

Perhaps...

TINK looks up, sniffs.

HOOK (CONT'D)

You and I... should talk.

EXT. JUNGLE CANOPY.

The MUSIC reaches the final note. The FAIRIES applaud. PETER and WENDY remain in each others arms, but her gaze is making him nervous. The FAIRIES disperse...

PETER

Wendy... It is only make-believe, isn't it? That you and I are...?

WENDY

(drooping)

Oh, yes.

His sigh of relief is without consideration of her feelings. She sinks to the ground... PETER floats beside her.

PETER

(apologetically)

You see... It would make me seem so old to be a real father.

WENDY

Peter, what are your real feelings for me?

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(perplexed by the word)
'Feelings'?

TINKERBELL and HOOK watch from behind nearby foliage.

WENDY
Feelings. What you feel. Happiness...
Sadness... Jealousy...

PETER
Jealousy!
(making the obvious connection)
Tink!

TINK glowers from her hiding place.

WENDY
Anger...

HOOK
(despite himself)
Hook.

WENDY
Love.

PETER
Love?

HOOK and TINK are almost falling out of the bushes with curiosity. PETER instinctively backs away from WENDY.

PETER (CONT'D)
I have never heard of it.

WENDY
I think you have, Peter. I daresay you
have felt it yourself... for something...
or...
(bravely)
...someone.

PETER
Never. Even the sound of it offends me.

WENDY
Peter, why can't anyone touch you?

She takes hold of his hand... This time he yanks it away.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Because I do not wish it!

(in a panic)

Why do you want to spoil everything? We have fun, don't we? I taught you to fight and to fly! What more could there be?

WENDY

There is so much more!

PETER

What?

WENDY

(frustrated)

I... I don't know!

(she struggles for an answer)

I think it becomes clearer when you grow up.

PETER

(darkly)

Grow up?

WENDY

Yes... you feel...

PETER

'Feel'! 'Feelings' mean grown-up, don't they? I will not grow up! You cannot make me! I will banish you like Tinkerbell!

WENDY

I will not be banished!

PETER

Then go home! Go home and grow up! And take your feelings with you!

He flies off.

WENDY

Peter... Peter, come back...

EXT. SKY ABOVE JUNGLE.

He rockets into the sky, heading for the stars.

NARRATOR

But Peter did not want Wendy to leave.

92

EXT. DARLING HOUSE. NIGHT.

92

PETER makes his way through trees, until he comes to a familiar house... The Darling house... The NURSERY WINDOW.

NARRATOR

He had already made several visits to her home to see if Mr. and Mrs. Darling had closed the window yet.

The window is open... MRS DARLING can be seen asleep in a rocking chair, faithful NANA at her feet...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But as before, he saw Mrs. Darling in her chair by the window, her eyes tired with searching the heavens.

MR DARLING is improbably asleep in NANA'S KENNEL.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And Mr. Darling in the dog-house where he had been since the children flew off.

MRS DARLING is dreaming and her lips move in her sleep... PETER leans closer to listen... MRS DARLING's lips whisper:

MRS DARLING

(a low moan)

Wendy... Wendy... Wendy...

PETER

We can't both have her, lady.

He quietly closes the window... But there is a tiny imperceptible 'click'. MRS DARLING startles awake.

MRS DARLING

Wendy, John, Michael!

Her eyes desperately search the room... NANA barks at the closed window, waking MR DARLING...

MR DARLING

What... ? Have they returned?

MRS DARLING

The window! It has closed!

She pushes on the window, but it is stuck... Because PETER is pressing down on the top rail of the sash...

(CONTINUED)

MRS DARLING (CONT'D)

It must always be open for them, always,
always!

MR and MRS DARLING push on the window. PETER fights with all his might, but they win and the window slides up... PETER somersaults to the rooftop as the DARLINGS and NANA stick their heads out, scanning the skies...

MR DARLING

(crestfallen)

They have not returned.

(sighs)

Back to the dog-house...

MRS DARLING

George...

MR DARLING

No, dear one... It was I who chained up Nana that fateful night; It was I who was so sensitive to the opinion of the neighbors; I, George Darling, did it. This is the place for me...

(climbs into the kennel)

And here I stay until they return.

MRS DARLING

It is a punishment, isn't it, George? You are sure you are not enjoying it?

MR DARLING

I have wondered that, Mary... So I have taken steps to make it worse.

93

INT. FIDELITY BANK AND ASSURANCE COMPANY. DAY.

93

MR DARLING, in kennel, is conveyed into the bank by a CABBY and FRIEND... Customers and employees fall silent as the kennel is placed upon MR DARLING's stool before his desk.

SIR EDWARD QUILLER-COUCH and his coterie of MANAGERS stare down from the overhanging executive mezzanine. MR DARLING calmly sets about his work.

AUNT MILLICENT, standing at a nearby TELLERS WINDOW, colors with shame and gathers her things for a speedy exit.

94

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE. NIGHT.

94

TINKERBELL tracks WENDY as she makes her way through the jungle. WENDY finds the LITTLE HOUSE. She enters it, curls up on the floor and cries herself to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

PIRATES step into the moonlight, lift the house and place it upon their shoulders. Led by TINKERBELL's guiding light they set off through the jungle...

95

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

95

WENDY awakens to a gentle swaying, a rhythmic creaking sound. She opens the door to reveal the deserted deck of a pirate ship...

She becomes aware of MUSIC: the elegant tinkling of a harpsichord...

WENDY, secretly observed by Pirates concealed in the shadows, follows the music to the open door of HOOK'S CABIN...

96

INT. HOOK'S CABIN.

96

HOOK is seated at an antique harpsichord, playing expertly. A final musical flourish. HOOK smiles.

HOOK

Wendy Darling. You are, I trust, well?

WENDY

I feel rather frightened.

HOOK

(pleased)

You have heard of Hook?

WENDY

The only man whom Barbeque feared. And Flint himself feared Barbeque.

HOOK stands, pours himself a drink.

HOOK

A long time ago, my beauty. Before...

Anger engulfs him... the glass explodes in his hand.

HOOK (CONT'D)

(calmer than you'd expect)

Damnation.

WENDY

Why do you hate him so?

HOOK

Imagine a lion in a cage, and into that cage flies a butterfly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOOK (CONT'D)

If the lion was free it would pay no heed to such a creature... But the lion is not free, so the butterfly slowly drives it insane.

He indicates a small table set for two. WENDY sits at the table. SMEE, looking waiterly, emerges from the shadows

SMEE

(proffering a bottle)

Muscat, Miss?

WENDY

I am a little girl.

SMEE

Rum then?

WENDY

No. Thank you.

SMEE withdraws.

HOOK

I am told you ran away from home.

WENDY looks startled. TINKERBELL, concealed in a nearby lantern, listens avidly.

WENDY

I... I had never thought of it that way.

(nods)

I suppose I did.

HOOK leans into her, his eyes shining with admiration.

HOOK

How wonderful.

WENDY

My parents wanted me to grow up.

HOOK

Growing up is a barbarous business full of inconvenience and pimples.

WENDY

Grown-ups don't usually say so.

HOOK

Of course not. They pretend otherwise. But not one of them is happy to be old.

(as Smee serves dinner)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOOK (CONT'D)

Smee, do you enjoy being this wretched aging goat or would you rather be young?

SMEE

(sadly)

Young, Cap'n.

WENDY

Why do we grow up at all?

HOOK

Somebody has to be responsible. Grown-ups organize the world that children and pirates play in. We must thank them for that, and pity them all else. Poor dull things... Trapped by propriety, kowtowing to authority, tormented by feelings.

WENDY

Feelings?

HOOK

Dreadful things. I have been the victim of feelings all my life. Rage, principally. It has driven me to acts so unspeakable I scarcely recognize myself. What could be worse than rage?

WENDY

(softly)

Love.

HOOK

(thinks about it, nods)

Aye, love. That is worse.

WENDY

Things were simpler when I was younger.

HOOK

And then the mess starts. The feelings come. Pan is so lucky to be untroubled by them.

WENDY looks up.

HOOK (CONT'D)

He cannot love. It is part of the riddle of his being. The solution to the riddle eludes us all.

WENDY begins to cry. SMEE appears with a humidor.

(CONTINUED)

SMEE

Cigar?

HOOK kicks him. He retreats.

HOOK

It does not have to be this way.

(she looks up)

Didst thou ever want to be a pirate, my hearty? I do not kowtow, nor care what society thinks, and I have never, never loved.

WENDY

(shyly)

I once thought of calling myself redhanded Jill.

HOOK

And a good name too. We should call you that if you join.

WENDY

What would my duties be? I could not be expected to pillage.

HOOK

The modern pirate discountenances such behavior.

(casually)

Do you tell stories?

WENDY

Stories?

(nods, blushes)

Actually... I have told stories about you.

HOOK

I'm touched.

WENDY

(but then she realizes)

But I could not ally myself to you against Peter Pan!

HOOK

If you were to join me I should forget my vendetta against Pan.

WENDY

(eyes narrowing with suspicion)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

HOOK

No little children love me. I am told they play at Peter Pan, and that the strongest always chooses to be Peter. They would rather be a Twin than Hook; they force the dog to be Hook. The dog! That is not how I want to be remembered. I want someone to tell the true story of Hook, the good with the bad.

He crosses to WENDY, guides her to her feet.

HOOK (CONT'D)

A little fairy told me 'When Wendy Darling recounts an adventure...
(he escorts her to the door)
'...It is better than having it!'

TINK complains bitterly about this lie, but SMEE closes the lantern door and latches it, trapping her inside.

HOOK opens the cabin door to reveal his whole crew of CUTTHROATS seated cross-legged on the deck before a stool.

HOOK (CONT'D)

Brutes, I give you Redhanded Jill...
Storyteller.

Every bright, eager, scarred face turns to WENDY. HOOK indicates the stool. WENDY sits. Clears her throat.

WENDY

(timidly)
Once upon a time...
(her confidence building)
There was a girl named Wendy Darling...
Who found herself most impertinently
surrounded by pirates!

97

EXT. PIRATES COVE.

97

Wide shot of the Jolly Roger, WENDY on deck telling her story. The SILHOUETTE HEADS OF MERMAIDS rise to the surface of the water, and listen...

98

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP. NIGHT.

98

WENDY -her story finished -is surrounded by excited PIRATES. HOOK waits expectantly.

WENDY

Captain, might I have time to consider
your generous offer?

(CONTINUED)

HOOK politely bows. He opens the door of the LITTLE HOUSE.

HOOK
My fellows will deliver you to whence
they found you.

WENDY hesitates before entering the house.

HOOK (CONT'D)
You will not be followed. My new
obsession is you, not...
(with admirable control)
...dear Pan or his whereabouts.

He lifts her hand with his hook, kisses it.

WENDY
What would mother think of my becoming a
pirate.

HOOK
(slyly)
Do you even remember your mother?

WENDY
(appalled by the suggestion)
Why of course I...

And then she frowns as she tries to remember her mother.

HOOK
(mission accomplished)
'Till we meet again.

He smiles as he closes the door.

99

INT. HOOK'S CABIN.

99

HOOK enters his cabin, lights a double-barrelled ivory cigar holder. He approaches TINKERBELL in her lantern.

HOOK
Alas, our association is finished.
(leans in, grins)
And so is Peter Pan.

TINK's eyes widen in horror.

100

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE. MORNING.

100

The LITTLE HOUSE safely back in the jungle. WENDY emerges and -satisfied that she is not being watched- approaches the tree. She slips in through the opening in the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

Her actions have been observed by the UGLY PARROT sitting on a low branch in a nearby tree.

101

INT. HOME UNDER THE GROUND. MORNING.

101

Breakfast time. All the BOYS but PETER are here. WENDY sits at the head of the table lost in troubled thought.

WENDY

(peering at him)

John, what is your father's name?

JOHN

(suspecting trick question)

My father's name? Peter.

WENDY

Michael, who is your mother?

MICHAEL

(also suspecting a trick question)

You are my mother, Wendy.

WENDY

(looking around at the lost boys)

And how long have we been here?

SLIGHTLY

'Tis hard to say. Time is different here. There isn't any.

NIBS

A day here might be a week on the mainland.

WENDY

(horrified)

'Might'?

SLIGHTLY

Or a month.

PETER strides in.

PETER

There is a new pirate aboard the Jolly Roger. The mermaids say she is called Redhanded Jill.

All the BOYS rush to arm themselves.

(CONTINUED)

TOOTLES

'Redhanded Jill'! She sounds quite fearsome.

PETER

She is just a story-teller.

WENDY

Just a story-teller?! Is that what you think of me?

PETER

You?

WENDY

I mean... I too tell stories. Does that make me just a story-teller?

(stands)

Redhanded Jill may be a brave swordsman.

PETER

Brave or not I shall run her through.

WENDY

Then arm yourself Peter Pan, for I am Redhanded Jill!

Shocked gasps all round.

TOOTLES

Mother!

JOHN

Wendy!

WENDY

(defiantly)

'Tis true, John. Your sister has been invited to piracy!

PETER glares at WENDY.

CURLY

But mother... Hook is a fiend.

WENDY

On the contrary... I find Captain Hook to be a man of feeling.

This last word was meant for PETER. He responds by drawing his sword and holding it to WENDY's throat. Gasps.

(CONTINUED)

TOOTLES

Mother and father are fighting again.

WENDY

(staring him down)

Sir, you are both ungallant and deficient.

PETER

How am I deficient?

WENDY

You are nothing but a boy.

PETER lowers his sword.

MICHAEL

Are you really to be a pirate, mother?

WENDY

No.

The smile returns to PETER's face. Until...

WENDY (CONT'D)

We are going home.

MICHAEL

Home?

JOHN

(aghast)

Leave Never land?

WENDY

We must. We have forgotten our parents.
We must leave at once. Before we in turn
are forgotten.

Uproar!

NIBS

No, Wendy!

CURLY

You can't go!

FIRST TWIN

Peter, stop her!

WENDY looks at PETER. She prepares for opposition.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

101

PETER
(coolly)
If you wish it.

The BOYS are stunned. PETER turns, ascends his tree.

102 EXT. TREE. DAY. 102

He shoots violently through the leaves and high into the sky. We think he is about to scream.... but he hangs weightlessly in the air, bereft.

103 INT. HOOK'S CABIN. DAY. 103

As opposed to HOOK who stands before a long mirror in full battle dress attended by SMEE and the UGLY PARROT. HOOK unscrews his hook and takes another hook from a polished box--this one TWIN-PRONGED.

SMEE takes the lantern containing TINKERBELL from the sideboard and HOOK screws in the shiny new CLAW by her light. He raises the claw high, brings it down hard upon his desk. The desk top splinters; TINK jumps in fright.

104 INT. HOME UNDER THE GROUND. DAY 104

The LOST BOYS watch in quiet panic as WENDY, JOHN and MICHAEL finish packing their few belongings.

TOOTLES
Please don't leave us.

WENDY turns to the boys. Her heart melts.

WENDY
If you were to come with me I feel almost sure I can get my mother and father to adopt you.

SLIGHTLY
But won't they think us rather a handful?

WENDY
Oh no, it will only mean having a few beds in the drawing room; they can be hidden behind screens at tea-time.

There is joy at this. PETER drops to the floor.

PETER
I have arranged a fairy guide to lead you back.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

(nervously)

Peter... we've been talking... What if you came home with us?

LOST BOYS

Can we go, Peter?

PETER

(after a moment)

If you wish it.

The BOYS cheer, scurry off to dress for the adventure.

WENDY

Get your things, Peter.

PETER

Would they send me to school?

WENDY wants to lie, but says softly:

WENDY

Yes.

PETER

And then to an office?

WENDY

I... I suppose so.

PETER

Soon I should be a man?

She nods.

PETER (CONT'D)

I don't want to go to school and learn solemn things.

WENDY

(steps towards him)

Peter...

PETER

(steps back)

You can't catch me and make me a man. I want always to be a little boy and have fun.

WENDY

You say so, but I think it is your biggest pretend.

(CONTINUED)

The LOST ONES run back happily carrying things in sacks and bags.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Peter isn't coming.

SLIGHTLY

Not coming?

(beat; quietly:)

I won't go either.

PETER

No. You all go.

(no one moves)

What are you waiting for? Go! I shall be here as always having fun.

To prove it he sits in the corner, plays his pan pipes.

105

EXT. TREE. DAY.

105

The cigar-puffing FAIRY GUIDE -old, grizzled, impatient as a New York Cabbie- waits on a low branch. As he hears the sound of the LOST BOYS ascending the tree, HOOK looms from the shadows behind and whispers:

HOOK

There's no such thing as fairies

The FAIRY GUIDE immediately stiffens... his light goes out and he drops off the branch -dead.

106

INT. HOME UNDER THE GROUND. DAY.

106

WENDY and PETER are alone now. She hesitates... Then impulsively plucks a tulip, pours dew into a cup.

WENDY

Don't forget your medicine.

She places it on the stump beside his hammock.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You will be awfully lonely in the evenings, Peter.

PETER

I shall have Tink.

(then he remembers)

Oh. It doesn't matter.

He turns away, lies on his hammock, his back to her.

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED:

106

She leaves. PETER turns, looks after her. The only sound in the room is the ticking of the clock upon the mantle.

107

EXT. TREE. DAY.

107

As WENDY emerges from the tree a rough hand is clapped over her mouth; her eyes widen as she sees the terrified BOYS bound and gagged by HOOK and his CREW.

HOOK

(almost rueful)

Do not fret, my dear. I free us both.

WENDY watches in mute horror as HOOK walks towards the opening in the tree. The CHILDREN are carried away.

108

INT. HOOK'S CABIN.

108

The UGLY PARROT stands on the table picking at left over food. The sound of TINKLING draws its attention to the lantern... where trapped TINK pulls a mocking face.

The UGLY PARROT blinks, not believing it's one eye.

TINK bends over, rudely waggles her bottom at the PARROT. The PARROT, furious, flutters off the table, hops its way up to the sideboard...

109

INT. UNDER THE GROUND.

109

HOOK, his red eyes gleaming in the dark, drags himself through one of the narrow passageways that lead into

110

INT. HOME UNDER THE GROUND.

110

HOOK emerges from the dark shaft beside PETER's hammock, where the unsuspecting boy lies face turned to the wall. HOOK steps forward, but the aperture of twisted roots is only wide enough to let in a child.

PETER turns. He is asleep. HOOK stretches his arm through the aperture... His double-claw stops an agonizing inch from PETER's exposed throat...

111

INT. HOOK'S CABIN.

111

The UGLY PARROT is in front of the lantern watching TINK pull a particularly mocking face. Then in an insulting impersonation, TINK closes one eye, flaps her arms like useless wings and hops up and down on one foot.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

The furious PARROT lifts the latch with its beak... TINK readies herself... The PARROT pulls open the door, lunges at TINK... TINK dives over the PARROT and out of the lantern...

She turns and swiftly kicks the PARROT in the rear end. It pitches head first into the lantern. TINK slams closed the door and latches it, trapping the bird inside.

112 INT. HOME UNDER THE GROUND. 112

HOOK's terrible claw brushes PETER's jugular. PETER, in the grip of a bad dream, whimpers uneasily and turns away... HOOK trembles with impotent rage...

Until he sees PETER's tulip medicine cup...

113 EXT. JUNGLE. 113

TINK hurtles through the jungle at breakneck speed...

114 INT. HOME UNDER THE GROUND. 114

From his great-coat HOOK extracts a small glass vial, glowing a vivid red.

NARRATOR

Lest he should be taken alive, Hook always carried upon his person a dreadful poison distilled when he was weeping from the red of his eye.

He pours three drops into the cup.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A mixture of malice, jealousy and disappointment, it was instantly fatal and without antidote.

HOOK disappears back into the dark passageway. PETER bolts awake.

PETER

(answering a voice in his dream)

I wasn't asleep!

(his eyes search the room)

Wendy? Are you there...?

He slumps sadly as he sees that he is still alone. His eyes fall upon the cup... He picks it up.

115

EXT. JUNGLE.

115

TINK bursts out of the foliage in time to see HOOK emerging from the tree, pocketing the vial of glowing red liquid... TINK finds another opening in the trunk and dives down the tree in a dizzying descent...

116

INT. HOME UNDER THE GROUND.

116

PETER solemnly raises the tulip cup in a last, bitter toast to WENDY... He brings the flower to his lips... TINK shoots across the room, pushes the cup away from PETER's mouth...

PETER

Tink!

(tries to wrest the cup from
his hand)

Tink, stop it!

(she tinkles urgently)

Poison? Why would Wendy give me poison?

(more tinkling)

Hook? Don't be silly! How could Hook get
down here?

He lifts the cup to his lips... TINK pushes it away...

PETER (CONT'D)

Stop it!

PETER bats her across the room. She lands in a pile of gold doubloons.

PETER (CONT'D)

I banished you! For this very reason!
Spitefulness!

He opens his mouth, tilts back his head... TINK flashes across the room STRAIGHT INTO PETER'S OPEN MOUTH... she gulps down the poison as it passes over his lips...

PETER gags and spits TINK out onto the floor. TINK staggers, the poison already taking effect. PETER gasps as he realizes the truth. He kneels beside her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Tink! Tinkerbelle!

TINK's light is rapidly fading.

PETER (CONT'D)

No... Dear Tink! Please don't die!

She falls back.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (CONT'D)
Tinkerbelle!

Her light goes out.

117 EXT. TREE.

117

PETER emerges from the tree holding TINKERBELL's body in his cupped hands. He kneels, gently places her upon a soft bed of moss. Tears run down PETER's cheeks. He cries out in misery.

The sun slips behind dark clouds; a cold wind rises...

118 EXT. PIRATE'S COVE. DAY.

118

Towering THUNDERHEADS on the horizon race towards the ship.

119 EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP.

119

The BOYS are lashed to the gunwales, WENDY roped to the mast. The PIRATES ready the PLANK.

SMEE
Cap'n! Look at the sky! The water!

HOOK scans the surrounds: the sea is dark and choppy; an ice flow glides by...

SMEE (CONT'D)
Ya done it, Cap'n! Pan must be dead!

As if in confirmation SNOW begins to fall...

HOOK
(shouts)
Ships company, hats off! A moments
silence for our fallen enemy, Peter Pan.

The CUT-THROATS bow their heads... Two seconds pass, then:

HOOK (CONT'D)
Let the revelry begin! We sail at dawn!

The PIRATES cheer, throw their hats into the air. Lightening cracks! WENDY and the BOYS look terrified

120 EXT. TREE.

120

PETER sobs over TINK

PETER
Please Tink... Don't leave me...

(CONTINUED)

He looks up to the dark heavens...

PETER (CONT'D)

I do believe in fairies... I do, I do...

A roar of thunder. PETER lifts his voice...

PETER (CONT'D)

I do believe in fairies... I do, I do...

Wind and snow lashes his face. PETER yells into the sky...

PETER (CONT'D)

I DO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES... I DO, I DO!

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP.

The PIRATES carouse on deck. SMEE, CECCO, ALSATION FOGARTY and COOKSON are in drunken reverie...

CECCO

Remember when Pan stole me hat an' give it to the Neverbird for a nest?

COOKSON

Or the day Pan thought our poisoned cake was a bomb an' dropped it on Smee's 'ead!
(over the laughter)
Remember Smee?

SMEE

I do! I do believe in fairies, I do, I do!

A look of surprise crosses SMEE's face.

CECCO

What?

SMEE

(covers his mouth)
Nuttin'.

ALSATION FOGARTY

Did ye jus' say somethin' about fairies?

SMEE

(furious)
Why would I be sayin' anythin' about fairies, or believin' in fairies, I do, I do, I do, I do!

(CONTINUED)

121

CONTINUED:

121

The other PIRATES gape at SMEE. SMEE feels possessed, claps his hands over his mouth. WENDY and the BOYS realize something is going on...

WENDY

I do believe in fairies... I do, I do...

She looks at the BOYS. They take up the chant.

WENDY AND BOYS

I do believe in fairies, I do, I do... I do believe in fairies...

ALSATION FOGARTY draws his SWORD, strides up the children.

ALSATION FOGARTY

Stow that gab or I'll run ya through
believe in fairies, I do, I do, I do!

ALSATION FOGARTY's eyes widen in horror.

122

EXT. TREE.

122

PETER shouts into the boiling heavens...

PETER

I DO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES, I DO, I DO!

Lightening flashes over TINK's lifeless body...

123

EXT. LONDON.

123

DARK CLOUDS roll across the city of LONDON, thunder reverberating through the sky...

124

EXT. DARLING HOUSE.

124

Through the open NURSERY WINDOW we see MRS DARLING asleep in her chair. She whispers in her sleep...

MRS DARLING

I do believe in fairies... I do... I do...

125

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP.

125

WENDY and the BOYS keep up their chant... The ship rocks in a violent snow storm...

WENDY AND BOYS

I do believe in fairies, I do, I do!

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

SMEE

I do believe in fairies, I do, I do!

SMEE screams, clamps white knuckles over his mouth, but he can't stop saying it...

126 INT. HOOK'S CABIN.

126

HOOK is changing his two-pronged claw for his regular hook, when the PARROT trapped in the lantern squawks...

PARROT

Awwwwwkkk! Fairies! Believe! I do! I do!
I do!

The color drains from HOOK's face.

127 EXT. TREE.

127

PETER shouts into the heavens, across the universe...

PETER

I DO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES, I DO, I DO!

The wind stirs TINK's hair... and now a faint flickering light traces the filigree of her delicate wings...

128 INT. LONDON BEDROOM.

128

A child asleep in bed...

CHILD

(talking in her sleep)
I do believe in fairies...

129 INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM.

129

Another sleeping child...

2ND CHILD

I do...

130 INT. YET ANOTHER BEDROOM.

130

3RD CHILD

I do...

131 INT. AND YES, ANOTHER BEDROOM.

131

This time twins, both asleep, both chanting...

TWINS

I do believe in fairies...

132

INT. CATHEDRAL.

132

A sumptuous wedding in a London cathedral. The BRIDE and GROOM exchange vows before a stern VICAR...

BRIDE

I do.

GROOM

I do.

VICAR

Believe in fairies.

BRIDE, GROOM AND VICAR

I do, I do!

133

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP.

133

HOOK throws open his cabin door to see his entire CREW, and the CHILDREN, chanting...

PIRATES AND CHILDREN

I DO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES, I DO, I DO!

HOOK looks up to the heavens where a single shaft of sunlight breaks through the storm clouds.

134

EXT. TREE.

134

Another flicker of light passes through TINK's body...

PETER

I DO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES, I DO, I DO...

135

INT. BANK BOARDROOM.

135

SIR EDWARD QUILLER-COUCH, surrounded by stern MANAGERS, sits at the head of a long polished oak table...

SIR EDWARD

(mid-tirade)

...not believe my eyes! A clerk in the most esteemed financial house in London residing in a... a... dog hotel!

MANAGER

(offering gentle correction)

Kennel.

MR DARLING sits at the end of the table, head bowed, his offending kennel beside him.

(CONTINUED)

SIR EDWARD
Explain yourself, man!

MR DARLING
I... I...

136 EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP.

136

Sunlight falls upon WENDY's face...

WENDY
I do believe in fairies, I do, I do!

137 INT. BANK BOARDROOM.

137

MR DARLING continues to stammer in fear...

MR DARLING
I...

138 EXT. TREE.

138

PETER
I do believe in fairies, I do, I do!

139 INT. BANK BOARDROOM.

139

MR DARLING
(tentatively)
I... I do believe in fairies...
(smiles)
I do... I do...

140 EXT. TREE.

140

TINKERBELL's body gently pulsates with light...

141 INT. BANK BOARDROOM.

141

MR DARLING's voice builds...

MR DARLING
I do believe in fairies... I do... I
do...

142 EXT. TREE.

142

TINK's bodice moves up and down in shallow breath. Her glow
is stronger...

143 INT. BANK BOARDROOM. 143

MR DARLING leaps to his feet, dances spastically at the end of the table...

MR DARLING
I do believe in fairies, I do, I do!

144 EXT. LONDON. 144

Wide shot of the CITY OF LONDON spread out beneath the evening sky, and through windows we see hundreds of sleeping children, and in the air we hear the thunderclap of voices calling as one...

VOICES
I DO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES, I DO, I DO,

145 INT. BANK BOARDROOM. 145

The MANAGERS chorus in one voice with MR DARLING...

MANAGERS
We do believe in fairies, We do, We do!

146 INT. BATHROOM. 146

AUNT MILLICENT is singing in the bathtub...

AUNT MILLICENT
I do believe in fairrrriessss... I do, I do...

147 EXT. TREE. 147

TINK, burning as bright as new light bulb, shoots into the air, corkscrews around a joyous PETER

PETER
You're alive! You're alive! Oh, Tink, you're alive!

148 EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP. 148

HOOK watches as the sea calms, the snow stops falling...

HOOK
(stunned)
He's alive!

The CREW's chanting stops as HOOK screams...

(CONTINUED)

148

CONTINUED:

148

HOOK (CONT'D)
HE'S ALIVE!

149

INT. BANK BOARDROOM.

149

SIR EDWARD
DARLING!

MR DARLING and the MANAGERS fall silent.

SIR EDWARD (CONT'D)
My office!

150

INT. SIR EDWARDS OFFICE.

150

The room reflects SIR EDWARD personality -sombre and grey.

SIR EDWARD
The bookcase! Top shelf! 'Conduct and
Management in the British Financial
Institution'!

MR DARLING takes down a dark leather-bound tome.

SIR EDWARD (CONT'D)
Chapter 16: 'Discipline'!

MR DARLING places the volume on a bookstand, opens it... He
finds several beautiful ink drawings depicting FAIRIES
between the pages. They are all signed 'Edward Quiller-
Couch'. The artist himself stands beside MR DARLING.

SIR EDWARD (CONT'D)
(nervously)
I thought I was the only one...

He hugs MR DARLING tight.

SIR EDWARD (CONT'D)
(near tears)
Brother!

151

INT. HOME UNDER THE GROUND. EVENING.

151

PETER picks up his sword. TINK hovers beside him.

PETER
It's Hook or me this time!

'52

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP. EVENING.

152

HOOK
(psychotic)
Why is he? What is he?

He charges at WENDY, holds his claw to her throat

HOOK (CONT'D)
I shall have one more story before ye
die; the story of Peter Pan.
(presses the talon close)
Once upon a time...

WENDY
(terrified)
Once upon a time...

SMEE
(excited)
Brutes, Redhanded Jill is tellin' a
story.

The PIRATES gather around, sit cross-legged on the deck.

WENDY
There was a boy named Peter Pan who
decided not to grow up.

HOOK
Skip the prologue.

WENDY
So he flew away to the Never land where
the pirates are...

NOODLER
Was one o' the pirates called Noodler?

WENDY
Yes.

NOODLER
(dazzled)
Am I in a story? Cap'n, I am in a story!

HOOK shoots NOODLER.

HOOK
(prompting Wendy)
What fun he must have had.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

Yes... but he was rather lonely.

HOOK

Lonely?

WENDY

There was no one to tell stories.

HOOK

He needed a Wendy.

The gigantic MULLINS sighs ruefully...

MULLINS

I need a Wendy.

HOOK shoots him.

SMEE

(thrilled)

'Tis very excitin'. Two dead already.

HOOK

Why a Wendy? And not a Phoebe, or a Jane?
What makes Wendy the nicer?

WENDY

He liked my stories.

HOOK

What stories?

WENDY

Cinderella... Snow White... Sleeping
Beauty.

HOOK

Love stories.

WENDY

Adventures.

(bravely)

In which good triumphs over evil.

HOOK

They all end in a kiss.

HOOK gazes at her face, her mouth...

HOOK (CONT'D)

A kiss... He needed a Wendy. With a
kiss...

(CONTINUED)

HOOK's eyes light up.

HOOK (CONT'D)
He does feel. He feels about you.

HOOK giggles with glee, presses his claw into her throat...

HOOK (CONT'D)
After the stories, what then...?

WENDY
He taught me to fly.

HOOK
How?

WENDY
You just think happy thoughts... and they
lift you into the air.

HOOK
Alas, I have no happy thoughts.

WENDY
That brings you down.

The hook digs in...

WENDY (CONT'D)
(terrified)
Fairy dust! You need the fairy dust.

HOOK
And what of Pan? Will unhappy thoughts
bring him down?

WENDY
(defiantly)
He has no unhappy thoughts.

HOOK
How if his Wendy walks the plank?
(to his crew)
Hop to it, lads! We don't have much time.
The exciting conclusion nears.

SMEE
There's more?

HOOK
The best is yet to come.

As WENDY is untied from the mast, HOOK capers detestably.

(CONTINUED)

HOOK (CONT'D)

(singing)

Yo ho, yo ho, the pirate life,
The flag of skull and bones,
A merry day for she walks the plank,
And hey for Davy Jones!

WENDY, blindfolded, hands tied behind her, is led to the plank which protrudes over the ship's starboard side.

HOOK AND CREW

Avast, belay, ye curse yer God,
An' bravely out ye go!

Prodded by HOOK's cutlass WENDY steps onto the narrow board. HOOK leans into her ear and sings softly:

HOOK

An' if we part before we...

He kisses her cheek.

HOOK (CONT'D)

Fear not, we meet below!

He shoves her out over the black water... The BOYS squeal in fright as she totters on the edge of the plank, catches her balance, turning around to face the ship...

HOOK extends his cutlass, preparing to prod her off when...

The tick, tick, tick of the CROCODILE is heard...

HOOK (CONT'D)

Oh, the irony!

He stretches his arm across the plank until the tip of his cutlass hovers beneath WENDY's chin. She trembles with fear.

HOOK (CONT'D)

It comes for Hook and gets a story.

He wobbles the plank with his foot and WENDY falls off... The BOYS scream... No sound is heard.

SMEE

(unsettled)

No splash.

HOOK

The beast has swallowed her whole.

(CONTINUED)

And then the TICKING SOUND moves up the starboard side...
Then it is suddenly comes from port...

SMEE

Port side!

HOOK and the PIRATES run to the rail... It is too dark to
see, but they hear the TICKING travel up and down the side...

SMEE (CONT'D)

It looks for more, Cap'n!

HOOK

Then give it more!

(looks to the boys)

All eight courses! Move the plank!

The PIRATES draw in the plank, carry it quickly to port side.
HOOK draws his cutlass, strides towards the boys...

SLIGHTLY

Mercy, Mercy!

HOOK

Silence, pewling spawn! I'll show you the
road to dusty death!

He cuts MICHAEL's ropes, hooks his talon into the collar of
the boy's nightgown and hoists him into the air...

HOOK (CONT'D)

(conveying the kicking lad to
the plank)

A banquet of children, there is something
grand in the idea!

SMEE

Cap'n, It moves again!

They listen as the TICKING moves down the port side towards
the bow... CECCO and ALSATION FOGARTY chase the TICKING with
the plank... And then all faces turn upwards as the TICKING
leaves the water and lifts high into the sails...

SMEE (CONT'D)

Cap'n... It flies!

HOOK

(paling)

It's not possible!

ALSATION FOGARTY

The beast has wings!

(CONTINUED)

And then A LONG DARK SHADOW crosses the upper fore topsail.
HOOK drops MICHAEL.

HOOK
All this time it was a dragon!
(to his terrified crew)
Into the rigging with ye! Hunt it down!

SMEE
(unstrung)
No, Cap'n, no!

HOOK
Into the rigging or I'll cast anchor in
you!

The CUT-THROATS spread out across the deck and climb into the
rigging... HOOK aims his BLUNDERBUSS at the sails...

PETER PAN, holding WENDY, alights on deck behind HOOK. He
warns the captives with upraised finger to remain silent.
PETER gives WENDY his dagger and she begins to cut the BOYS
bonds. PETER slips into the armory.

SMEE clambers up the mainmast, surrounded on all sides by
broad white sails undulating in the breeze... For the moment
there is only the ominous sound of flapping canvas...

ALF MASON hangs off the foremast... He hears TICKING... Then
a SHADOW passes behind the sail in front of him. ALF MASON
jumps in fright, loses his balance, plunges into the sea...

HOOK (CONT'D)
What was that?

SLIGHTLY
(solemnly)
One.

SMEE pulls out his pistol... The SHADOW glides across the
main upper topsail... SMEE squeals, fires into the sail...
Hitting ALSATION FOGARTY who rips through the canvas and
falls into the water.

SLIGHTLY (CONT'D)
Two.

Down on deck HOOK sees the TICKING SHADOW pass behind the
main sail. He fires his BLUNDERBUSS... A scream rings out
followed by the body of COOKSON which drops into the sea...

(CONTINUED)

SLIGHTLY (CONT'D)
(as if he were a bell tolling)
Three!

BILL JUKES freezes in terror as the TICKING SHADOW crosses the sail. He yanks it aside ready to plunge his dagger into the BEAST's heart, but screams as he is confronted by...

A TICKING CLOCK

It is in the hands of TINKERBELL who has been flying amongst the sails, her radiant light casting the CLOCK'S SHADOW long and thick across the canvas... BILL JUKES loses his balance. TINK places the clock in his scrabbling hands and he plunges to the deck... landing at HOOK's feet.

PETER'S VOICE
Four!

HOOK whirls around to find PETER PAN

HOOK
So, Pan, this is all your doing!

PETER
Aye, James Hook, it is all my doing.

HOOK raises his cutlass.

HOOK
Proud and insolent youth, prepare to meet thy doom.

PETER raises his sword

PETER
Dark and sinister man, have at thee!

And with that they fall to, thrusting and parrying, lunging and riposting with dazzling speed. HOOK or PETER this time!

The PIRATES swing down from the rigging... But find the CHILDREN all armed with CUTLASSES.

The great battle begins! The melee swarms across the decks and up into the rigging, child against grown-up in an epic fight to the death. SLIGHTLY counts off each dispatched PIRATE...

SLIGHTLY
Six, seven...

(CONTINUED)

WENDY and JOHN each fight a PIRATE back to back. As they catch each other's eye an unspoken thought passes between them... They simultaneously duck, and the two PIRATES skewer each other.

SMEE peers out of the door of Hook's cabin, his pockets stuffed with jewels. He climbs over the side... But the tip of MICHAEL's sword touches his neck.

SMEE

Please lad, let me live...

(falls to his knees)

I'll turn over a new leaf, I swear...

I'll spend the rest of me days doin' good!

MICHAEL

(firmly)

You will join a nunnery.

SMEE

(nodding vigorously)

A nunnery! Good idea! Sister Mary Smee, 'ere I come!

SMEE starts to go; MICHAEL clears his throat loudly. SMEE stops, then, sighing, hands over his jewels. He leaps over the rail.

PETER presses HOOK back along the great ship's bowsprit. With a deft stroke HOOK whips PETER's sword from his hand... He lunges in for the kill, but PETER is already airborne, his fingers closing around the handle of his blade...

HOOK bellows with rage... His eyes search for TINKERBELL...

TINK pulls on the pigtails of Chinese Pirate QUANG LEE, sending him tottering overboard... She alights on a rope to find herself face to beak with the UGLY PARROT. As it snaps at her she thinks fast, throws fairy dust in its eyes... And the PARROT shoots up into the air like a helium balloon!

It is then that HOOK GRABS TINK, SHAKES HER OVERHEAD. With a roar of triumph he rises into the air in pursuit of PETER...

HOOK

It's Hook! He flies! And he likes it!

Their blades flash and cross... HOOK corners PETER against the main mast and hisses into his face:

HOOK (CONT'D)

I know what you are.

(CONTINUED)

PETER kicks HOOK... HOOK gracelessly tumbles head over heels, slamming into the crows-nest...

PETER
I'm youth, I'm joy!

HOOK torpedoes at PETER... PETER ducks and HOOK rips through the SAIL BEHIND...

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm a little bird broken out of the egg!

PETER kicks HOOK in the boots and HOOK cartwheels away... He soon rights himself...

HOOK
You are a 'might-have-been'.

He charges, their swords meet with a clang.

HOOK (CONT'D)
I dare say I 'might-have-been' an obsequious clerk in a bank instead of this uncommonly vicious pirate; you 'might-have-been' a great man instead of this tragic boy.

PETER
(scoffing)
Me? Tragic?

HOOK's eyes move to the deck below... Where WENDY duels with a PIRATE...

HOOK
She was leaving you, Pan. Your Wendy was leaving. And why should she stay? What have you to offer? You are incomplete. Not whole.

PETER angrily slashes, HOOK ducks...

HOOK (CONT'D)
She would rather grow up than stay with you.

PETER furiously strikes. Sparks fly as their blades lock...

HOOK (CONT'D)
Bulls-eye. Welcome to pain. I knew you had it in you.

(CONTINUED)

On deck the CHILDREN are prevailing, and SLIGHTLY is counting, ever counting...

SLIGHTLY

Ten... eleven... twelve...

High above HOOK and PETER duel...

HOOK

Let us now take a peep into the future.
What is this I see? Can it be... yes...
no... yes! 'Tis the fair Wendy!

PETER ducks the hook, retaliates with a jab...

HOOK (CONT'D)

She is in her nursery. Crying.

PETER

She will smile soon enough when I fly in!

HOOK

The window is shut.

PETER

I'll open it!

HOOK

The window is barred.

PETER

I'll call out her name.

HOOK

She cannot hear you. She cannot see you.

It is now HOOK pressing PETER through the sails, consistently getting the better of him...

HOOK (CONT'D)

She has forgotten all about you.

PETER slashes with the charge of lightening... But HOOK blocks him...

HOOK (CONT'D)

And there is another boy in your place.

PETER shoves HOOK away... But he is losing his ability to fly...

HOOK (CONT'D)

He is called 'father'.

(CONTINUED)

PETER lunges again, but he is sinking lower and lower...

HOOK (CONT'D)

Her tears are tears of joy. The joy is called 'baby'.

Lower...

HOOK (CONT'D)

'Tis lovely. 'Tis what she has wanted all along.

PETER cries out, slashes blindly... But HOOK knocks the sword from his hand... it hits the deck with an awful clang...

And now the only one flying is HOOK...

PETER's feet are on the deck, the tip of HOOK's sword at his throat...

HOOK (CONT'D)

We who might-have-been how differently we should act at the second chance. But there is no second chance. The window is shut. The bars are up for life.

HOOK places his boot in the center of PETER's chest and pushes him back... PETER slams against the main mast...

HOOK swoops in, takes PETER by the throat... He raises his claw to deliver the final blow...

HOOK (CONT'D)

You die alone and unloved, Peter Pan,
just like...
(realizes; laughing)
...Just like me.

His pupils dwindle to two dazzling red points of fire...

WENDY leaps forward, grabs hold of the claw... HOOK shakes her off easily... She falls to the deck...

HOOK (CONT'D)

Silence all, for a Wendy's farewell.

WENDY

Peter... I am sorry I must grow up.
But... this is yours...

She leans towards PETER... HOOK's claw flies out, hovering beneath her chin...

(CONTINUED)

WENDY (CONT'D)

(to Hook)

'Tis just a thimble.

HOOK

How like a girl! By all means, my beauty,
give Peter Pan your precious thimble!

WENDY leans in close and says:

WENDY

This belongs to you... and always will.

She kisses him gently on the cheek...

JOHN and MICHAEL's eyes widen...

JOHN

That was no thimble...

MICHAEL

That was a 'hidden kiss'...

SLIGHTLY

Stand back, lads. 'Tis a powerful thing.

WENDY is pulls away from PETER... And she BLUSHES THE DEEPEST
PINK you have ever seen... And, more incredibly...

PETER PAN IS BLUSHING TOO...

HOOK stares agog...

HOOK

Pan... You're... pink!

The entire ship begins to shake with a LOW, DEEP RUMBLING...

TINKERBELL takes cover...

A tremendous force -invisible, powerful- blasts from PETER
PAN...

HOOK is flung into the air... A gust of wind blows the BOYS
backwards...

PETER explodes into the sky, spinning like a top...

HOOK hits a sail, grips the canvas...

PETER loops-the-loop, CROWS TRIUMPHANTLY, a boy re-born... He
swoops down to the deck, grabs up his sword...

(CONTINUED)

HOOK barely has time to lift his own blade before PETER is upon him... Their swords meet with a clang...

PETER

Hook... I may not be perfect... on the other hand, I may... But you are wrong about one thing... I. Am. Loved. And always will be.

HOOK bellows with rage, lunges at PETER... But PETER blocks the attack with ease... The CHILDREN begin to chant:

CHILDREN

PETER PAN IS LOVED! PETER PAN IS LOVED!

They hurl the words at CAPTAIN HOOK as if they were deadly missiles, which indeed they are... HOOK is sinking towards the deck...

HOOK

No! I have won!

PETER drives him down...

PETER

I am loved!

HOOK

I have won!

PETER

You are old!

HOOK slashes blindly at PETER...

HOOK

I HAVE WON!

PETER

And alone!

HOOK swings, breathless, exhausted...

HOOK

I... have... won...

PETER

You are done-for!

The TICKING has started... HOOK looks down...

In the heat of battle he has FLOATED AWAY FROM THE SHIP...

(CONTINUED)

Below is water... AND THE CROCODILE...

HOOK claws at the air, trying to gain altitude... The CHILDREN chant:

CHILDREN

Old, Alone, Done-for! Old, Alone, Done-for!

The terrible words drive HOOK down towards the gaping jaws... He tries to stay afloat with happy thoughts...

HOOK

Ripping... murder... stabbing...
torture...

The CHILDREN chant 'Old, Alone, Done-for!' TINKERBELL tinkles in time...

HOOK (CONT'D)

(flailing desperately)
Killing... choking... lawyers...
dentists...

But it is to no avail... The CROCODILE snaps at his feet... Finally, even HOOK gives up, and spits out the words that deliver him from torment...

HOOK (CONT'D)

Old, alone, done-for!

The BEAST leaps for him, rising up out of the sea like a charging Leviathan...

HOOK (CONT'D)

The end.

The jaws snap closed on him, engulfing him whole. The CROCODILE drops back into the water...

And then the hook is spit out, lands on the deck at the CHILDREN'S feet. A hushed silence... and then they cheer wildly.

PETER lands on the deck and skips about happily...

PETER

I am loved, loved, loved, loved, loved!

He suddenly stops. Looks at WENDY...

(CONTINUED)

PETER (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

Of course... I am just a little boy... so
I don't understand what that means... But
if I could do it... I would do it
tremendously!

The CHILDREN applaud! PETER somersaults backwards up to the
SHIPS WHEEL and dons HOOK'S plumed hat...

PETER (CONT'D)

Ready to cast off?

JOHN

(saluting smartly)

Ship is secure, Captain!

PETER

Then anchors awiegh, lads! East by
Southeast!

A powerful WIND fills the sails... A THOUSAND FAIRIES DESCEND
FROM THE SKY, lighting on the masts and sails... And as they
each tug upwards the ship LIFTS OUT OF THE WATER...

153

EXT. SKY. DAWN.

153

The flapping SKULL AND CROSSBONES breaks the surface of a
fiery sea of clouds at dawn... Seagulls breach the clouds
alongside the bow as if they were dolphins...

WENDY

Where are we bound, Captain?

PETER

For the mainland, Miss...
(then; faltering:)
...for journey's end.

154

EXT. SKY OVER LONDON. NIGHT.

154

The CLOUDS part, the glittering lights of LONDON appear
below...

The SHIP draws alongside A CHURCH STEEPLE and drops anchor...

155

We fly down through the clouds to the DARLING HOUSE, head for
the NURSERY where MRS DARLING sleeps in her chair by the open
window, NANA asleep at her feet...

156

INT. DARLING NURSERY. NIGHT.

156

Three SHADOWS fall across MRS DARLING...

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(remembering)
Mother...

MICHAEL
(Remembering)
Nana...

The sound of distant voices draws them to the window. They see hundreds of people following a CAB down the street... On the roof of the cab is a DOG HOUSE... And in the DOG HOUSE, waving to the admiring crowd, is...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Father!

JOHN
(perplexed)
Surely he used not to go around in a dog-house?

157 INT. DARLING ENTRANCE HALL.

157

AUNT MILLICENT opens the front door and MR DARLING is conveyed into house by the CABBY and FRIEND.

AUNT MILLICENT
It takes you ever so long to get home of an evening, George.

MR DARLING
It is the crowds, sister; they run alongside the cab cheering. I have been put on a picture postcard.

AUNT MILLICENT examines the postcard... it depicts MR DARLING, in kennel, on CAB, surrounded by fans.

AUNT MILLICENT
Extraordinary. Who would have suspected disgrace to be so profitable.

158 INT. NURSERY.

158

MRS DARLING stirs.

WENDY
Let us break it to her gently.

She slips between the sheets of her bed; MICHAEL and JOHN get into their beds. MRS DARLING's eyes flutter open...

(CONTINUED)

MRS DARLING

Oh, Nana... I dreamt my dear ones had
come back.

MRS DARLING and NANA look at the beds with their three bumps,
and smile...

MRS DARLING (CONT'D)

I dreamt they were asleep in their beds.
(her smile fades)
But they will never come back.

MRS DARLING leaves the room, followed by NANA. The CHILDREN
sit up in bed looking very perplexed.

159

INT. STAIRWAY.

159

MR DARLING is carried up the stairs. MRS DARLING arrives to
greet him.

MRS DARLING

Hullo, dearest. What sort of day...

She stops, her eyes widen... NANA'S eyes widen... They rush
back to the NURSERY, while AUNT MILLICENT goes to the front
door to answer a repeated knocking.

160

INT. NURSERY.

160

MRS DARLING and NANA burst in to find WENDY, JOHN and MICHAEL
standing there.

JOHN

Hullo, mother. It really is us.

MRS DARLING is too overwhelmed to reply... She falls to her
knees, throws open her arms... The CHILDREN rush to her.

MRS DARLING

(calling between kisses)
George! George! Come quickly!

161

INT. STAIRWAY.

161

MR DARLING struggles to get out of the dog house while the
CABBY and FRIEND struggle to keep it aloft.

MR DARLING

For Gods sake, let me out of this blasted
dog-house!

162

INT. DARLING NURSERY.

162

He rushes into the NURSERY.

MICHAEL

We are back, father. Did you miss us?

MR DARLING

(dumbly)

You are back.

(then it hits him)

You are back! You are back!

He hugs them all at once... AUNT MILLICENT enters with all the LOST BOYS but SLIGHTLY

AUNT MILLICENT

The silliest thing... these young gentlemen say...

(she sees the children, gasps)

My goodness! You are back.

(she shrieks with joy and

carries on in a silly fashion)

You are back! You are back!

WENDY, dries her eyes, crosses to the LOST BOYS who feel a little awkward in their appropriated pirate clothes.

WENDY

Father, mother... I would like to introduce the lost boys...

(plaintively)

May I keep them?

MR DARLING

I must say, Wendy, that you don't do things by halves.

Everybody awaits MR DARLING's answer. He wants to say yes, but...

MR DARLING (CONT'D)

The expense...

MICHAEL

Would this help, father?

MICHAEL innocently drops a handful of SMEE'S JEWELS upon his bed. MR DARLING clears his throat.

MR DARLING

Welcome to the family, boys.

(CONTINUED)

The LOST BOYS rush into the arms of MR and MRS DARLING. SLIGHTLY has arrived late and stands miserably in the doorway. AUNT MILLICENT notices him.

AUNT MILLICENT
What is the matter, child?

SLIGHTLY
I couldn't find the house... and now everyone has a mother except me.

AUNT MILLICENT's heart breaks. She smiles.

AUNT MILLICENT
Is your name Slightly?

SLIGHTLY
(surprised)
Yes.

AUNT MILLICENT
Then I am your mother.

SLIGHTLY
How do you know?

AUNT MILLICENT
I feel it in my bones.

SLIGHTLY hugs her

SLIGHTLY
Mother!

Hugs and cheers and tears all round. NANA barks happily. And now we PULL BACK until we reveal a lone figure floating in the darkness just outside the window...

NARRATOR
There could not have been a lovelier sight; but there was none to see it except a strange boy who was staring in at the window.

PETER watches in silence.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Peter Pan had ecstasies innumerable that other children can never know; but he was looking at the one joy from which he must be forever barred.

And then we hear PETER say softly to himself:

(CONTINUED)

PETER

To live would be an awfully big
adventure.

He turns to go... But WENDY notices the movement of his
SHADOW on the moonlit floor; she rushes to the window...

WENDY

Peter!

PETER hesitates in the air a few feet away

WENDY (CONT'D)

You won't forget me, will you?

PETER

Me? Forget?

He smiles winningly... And as WENDY's smile fades in
realization PETER gazes at her one last time.

WENDY

If another little girl... if one younger
than I...

(she can't go on)

Oh Peter, I wish I could take you in my
arms and...

He draws back.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Yes, I know.

He starts away. WENDY shouts after him:

WENDY (CONT'D)

Will you come back?

PETER

(shouts)

To hear stories about me!

And then he's gone. WENDY turns from the window... And meets
the warm and loving gaze of her family.

NARRATOR

But Wendy was not to see Peter Pan again.

We don't know this at first but it is twenty years later. The
NURSERY looks much the same as it was, except now there is
only one bed...

(CONTINUED)

in that bed is a little girl of about 7 years old. She is being told a story by her MOTHER, A YOUNG WOMAN whose voice we should recognize as that of our NARRATOR...

LITTLE GIRL

Did she mind very much?

The YOUNG WOMAN is WENDY.

WENDY

(lying)

No. I knew he would forget. He has so many adventures.

The LITTLE GIRL smiles. Her eyes start to close.

LITTLE GIRL

Good night, mamma...

WENDY

Good night, dear one.

She kisses her daughter's cheek, turns down the flame in the night lights. WENDY sits on cushions on the floor and darns by the light of the fireplace... The flames flicker in a breeze. She looks up...

The window has opened, the curtains billow...

And then PETER drops to the floor, looking exactly the same as before. He crosses to the bed and whispers:

PETER

Wendy... I have come for you.

WENDY huddles by the fire not daring to move, helpless and guilty, a big woman.

PETER (CONT'D)

Wendy...

WENDY

Hullo, Peter.

He turns, sees her silhouette by the fire.

PETER

There you are.

(indicating the figure asleep
in bed)

Is it John?

WENDY

No. John is not here now.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Then it is Michael.

WENDY

Michael has gone too.

PETER

Is it a new one?

WENDY

Yes.

(stands)

I cannot come with you Peter. I have forgotten how to fly.

PETER

I'll soon teach you again.

WENDY

It is more than that.

She hesitates... then crosses to a lamp. PETER does not know why, but he is afraid...

PETER

Don't turn up the light.

But WENDY lifts the flame in the lamp... it casts a soft glow upon her face. PETER gives a cry of pain, starts back.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, Wendy... You shouldn't have.

WENDY

I couldn't help it, Peter. I am a married woman now.

PETER

No, you're not.

WENDY

And the little girl in the bed is my daughter.

PETER

No, she's not.

PETER takes a step towards the sleeping child with his dagger upraised. He does not strike, of course. Instead he sinks to the floor and weeps. WENDY looks on helplessly.

The LITTLE GIRL opens her eyes... sits up blinking.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE GIRL

Boy... why are you crying?

PETER stops, stares, his tears instantly forgotten. He slowly rises.

PETER

I am Peter Pan.

LITTLE GIRL

Yes, I know. I have been waiting for you.

I am Jane.

PETER bows. JANE, pleased, bows in return. She looks to her mother.

JANE

May I go? He does so need a mother.

WENDY

(softly)

Yes. I know.

There is a sudden burst of light as TINKERBELL appears, flies around the Nursery... She hovers over JANE, covers her with FAIRY DUST... JANE squeals with delight as she rises into the air.

TINK lights on the window sill and bows low to WENDY. WENDY bows respectfully in turn.

PETER rises into the air, takes JANE by the hand... They take a single turn around the room, then soar out the window followed by TINK...

WENDY watches them recede into the sky until they are as small as stars.