HOOK!

The Return of the Captain

Story By

JIM HART & NICK CASTLE

Screenplay by

JIM HART

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

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

--James Barrie, page 1.

"To die will be an awfully big adventure."

--Peter Pan

"No little children love me."

--Captain James Hook
EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

MUSIC

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

INT. SHIP'S HOLD - LIMBO

MUSIC

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

ELEGANT VOICE (OC)

Oh there's no place like home...

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

ELEGANT VOICE (OC)

..There is no-oo place like home...

--Be it ever so humble--

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

ELEGANT VOICE (OC)

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PERFECT BLUE SKY - DAY

MAINTITLES

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

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

LIZA (OC)

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

CUT TO:
INT. CHILDREN’S NURSERY - WINDOW - DAY

TITLES CONT’D

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

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

LIZA (OC)
Wendy Mum—thought I’d be finding you here,

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

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

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

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

LIZA
(taking over the brush)
Excuse me for saying, but you’re
having a hospital named after you
this evening for helping orphans and
homeless children—not for staring
cut windows—

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

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

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

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. STORMY SKY - DAY

TITLES CONTINUED

THUNDER CRACKS! LIGHTNING FLASHES! A BRITISH AIRWAYS 747 bucks the storm like a wild horse.
INT. 747 - MOVING DOWN THE AISLE - CONTINUING ACTION

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

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

PETER
(worry wart)
Jack--Jack?--

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

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

JACK
Good--I can't breathe.

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

PETER
(gasp 2-3-4-)
Moira--

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

MOIRA
Peter....?

PETER
Switch.

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

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

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

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

MAGGIE

Daddy—I can't breathe—

PETER

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

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

PETER

Can you show Daddy what you're drawing?

MAGGIE

—that's me. Aren't I cute. That's you—

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

PETER

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

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

Jack hangs over the seat with a devilish grin—

JACK

Yo--Dad--the wing's gone—

CUT TO:

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

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

PETER

Jack—stay close—Moira? Passports?

Moira holds them up for the 37th time.
PETER
Stay together. We're moving.

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

TIGHT ON PASSPORTS - THE BANNING FAMILY

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

CUSTOMS MAN
(stamping passports)
Moira Darline Banning, Jack—Mmmm,
Peter Banning—And where is your little girl—Margaret?

PETER
Here she is. Right here.

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

PETER
(searching the crowd)
MAGGIEEEEEEEEEE!

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

MAGGIE
Daddy--Daddy--half to go to the bathroom.


EXT. HEATHROW - CAB CUE - DAY

TITLES CONT'D

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

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY

TITLES CONT'D

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

INT. LONDON TAXI - KENSINGTON ROAD - BARELY MOVING

Peter is engrossed figuring exchange rates on his electronic filofax. Maggie sits in Moira's lap taking in the sights at the window.
MOIRA
That's where Princess Di lives--
And there's Kensington Gardens. Can
you tell me what famous statue's there?

MAGGIE
"Peter Pan"

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

PETER
(without looking up)
Head inside.

Maggie "knee-jerks" her head back inside.

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

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - THE PETER PAN STATUE - DAY

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

SUPER: DIRECTOR TITLE CARD

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

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

PETER
---Uncle Tootles--hello--

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

I'm outta here, dudes.

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

LIZA

Welcome home---

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

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

INT. #14 - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUING ACTION

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

LIZA

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

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

LIZA

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

PETER

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

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

LIZA

Wendy Mum is so anxious to see you--

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

PETER'S POV - THE DINING ROOM

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

PETER

(motioning)
Maggie--don't bother Tootles--
MAGGIE
(skipping to him flapping her arms)
Uncle Tootles is going to teach me to fly.

PETER
Fine. Good. Be nice.

JACK
He can’t even talk, dorkette

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

INT. PARLOR - LIZA SWINGS THE DOORS OPEN

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

REVEAL: WENDY ANGELA MOIRA DARLING

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

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

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

Maggie rushes to her--

PETER
Careful--Granny Wendy might break--

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

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

WENDY
This couldn’t be Jack. Who’s this giant?

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

JACK
Gran--I’m s’posed to congratulate
you--for getting that kid’s hospital
named after you. That’s really rad.
GRANNY WENDY
I am, am I? Is "rad" good?

Jack nods giving some "attitude".

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

JACK
Chill out, scuzzbrain.

PETER
(intervening)
Kida. Manners.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He does. Jack loves it. Maggie giggles.

CUT TO:

INT. 4TH FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

PETER (on phone)
We're not "folding our tent"--
Moira appears, stunning in her evening dress. She needs a zip-up. Peter cradles the phone, zipping her up--

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

MOIRA
And we’re going crazy with you here.

She forces his mouth into a smile with her fingers.

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

PETER
C’mon--I do not.

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

She shakes out her hair in the mirror. Beautiful.

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

PETER
Nothing’s going on.

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

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

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

MOIRA
When was the last time you had a good one?

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

CUT TO:
EXT. NURSERY WINDOW - NIGHT

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

GRANNY WENDY (OC)
"All children, except one, grow-up."

INT. NURSERY - CONTINUING ACTION

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

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

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

(showing the page to Maggie)
There—I am Wendy, or I was—a long time ago.

ON THE BOOK

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

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

MAGGIE
80 years ago? Did they have TV then?

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

MAGGIE
(mesmerised by the book)
That's why Daddy only lets me watch 2 hours of TV a week. He's afraid my eye balls will get sick and fall out.
PETER
Bedcheck in one minute, Princess.
Let's get those bodyclocks back on
schedule--

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

PETER
(picking up toys)
Did you brush your teeth 20 up and
20 down--
(turns to Jack)
Whoa--Jack--

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

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

Jack slouches into the other kiddiebed hating it--

JACK
Yeah--they have bars on them.

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

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

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

GRANNY WENDY WATCHES from the door, deeply disturbed.

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

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

MAGGIE
You don't believe in the tooth faerie
and Santa Claus either--but I still
love you anyway--

PETER
--Did I say there's no Santa Claus?--
Granny Wendy laughs her soothing glassy tinkle.

WENDY
Your father worries too much about a great too many things.
(remembering)
Of course when I first met him, he couldn’t read a word. He didn’t even know his name, or who his Mummy and Daddy were. Just a poor little orphan boy—he was.

MAGGIE
Is that why he grew up to be a lawyer?

GRANNY WENDY
(girlish laughter)
Your father used to be a very wild and rambunctious child, believe it or not.

Jack perks up at the window, suddenly interested.

JACK
I don’t believe it.

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

She trails off lost in the memory.

MAGGIE
Our Daddy?

JACK
(deadpan)
What would you name him now?

She visibly flinches as Peter enters decked in his tux.

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

He helps her up. She kisses Maggie, waves to Jack and heads for the door, perturbed at Peter’s manner.
He tucks her in. She hands him a Paddington Bear sheet all tangled with curtain cord. He inspects it--puzzled.

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

PETER
(grim appreciation)
Thanks, Princess. It's... really... uh...

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

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

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

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

JACK
(sarcastic)
Yeah, sure, great...

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

IN THE HALL - CONTINUING ACTION

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

Granny Wendy startles him in the dim light.

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

PETER
(defensive)
You do--you miss this?
Peter is tense again. His momentary relief gone.

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

Silence. Granny Wendy stares him right in the eyes.

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

Hold on Peter. She's right.

**CUT TO:**

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

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

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

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

**CUT TO:**

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

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

**INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUING ACTION**

A huge banner heralds:

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

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

**LORD WHITEHALL**
Millions know the Wendy in Sir James Barrie's classic children's story--
AT THE HEAD TABLE, Wendy looks grand, Moira at her side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INTERCUT: NURSERY - SAME TIME

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

THE VIEW GLIDES TO THE WINDOW. Lights sparkle outside.
MUSIC DANCES. Faeries? UFOs? Rain?
DOWNSTAIRS

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

RESUME: PETER

PETER
Please—stand up—if your lives were changed by this Woman—stand up—

PAN THE AUDIENCE

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

INTERCUT: NURSERY

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

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

DOWNSTAIRS — TOOTLES

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

LIZA
What? Tootles?

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

RESUME: GRANNY WENDY

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

THE WENDY DARLING FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

INTERCUT: NURSERY

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

RESUME: GRANNY WENDY

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

CUT TO: BLACK
FADE IN: EXT. #14 - NIGHT

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

PETER

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

Moira stops at the door, puzzled--

MOIRA

Peter?---

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

PETER

What--is it--?

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

PETER

(reading)

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

Gran pales at the words. Moira steadies her.

GRANNY WENDY

Good God--Hurry!

INT. #14 - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

Moira hurries in. Peter follows--

MOIRA

--Liza!?--Tootles?--

PETER AND MOIRA BOUND UP THE STAIRS

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

LIZA

(barely conscious)

The children...children...

Moira looks to Peter. Hoping--praying--

INT. HALLWAY - THE NURSERY DOOR

Stuck fast. Peter slams against it--again--again--
INT. NURSERY - CONTINUING ACTION

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

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

MOIRA
Jack? Maggiee? Sweetheart?

EXT. NURSERY WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION

Peter leans out, searching the row-yards below.

PETER
Jackkkkk! MaggieeEEE! Where are youuu?!!

A raspy voice cackles from the night freezing Peter cold.

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

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

TOOTLES
Have to fly--Have to save Maggie!
Have to save Jack! Hook'e backkkk!

PETER AT THE WINDOW

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

INT. DINING ROOM - TIGHT ON GRANNY WENDY

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

GRANNY WENDY
It...is...true...

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

CUT TO:

EXT. #14 - NIGHT - LATER

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

MEDICS bring Liza out front in a gurney, resting quietly.
EXT. BACKYARD - THE TREE - NIGHT

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

TOOTLES (mumbling)
Think happy thoughts. Lost my marbles. Think--happy thoughts--happy thoughts--

MOIRA pushes through the FIREMEN looking for Peter.

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

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

MOIRA (she looks up)
Peter--my god--oh shit--Peter--

WITH PETER - ASCENDING THE RESCUE LADDER

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

PETER (terrified whisper)
Easy, Toots. Take it easy.

TOOTLES LUNGES, clutching Peter like a drowning man.

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

PETER AND TOOTLES - DESCENDING

Tears stream down Tootles craggy face. Bravado gone.

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

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

Tootles kicks and screams. Peter holds onto him for dear life.
TOOTLES
You have to fly. You have to save them. Fly, Peter--fly--

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

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

Moira rushes to Peter--both shell shocked.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

WENDY
Liza--

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

WENDY
---the children---

Moira grips Peter, trying not to break down.

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

WENDY
(grief stricken)
I want--everybody to leave--Leave--

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

WENDY
Peter.....you stay.

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

They're alone. Wendy points to the ragged copy of Peter and Wendy on her nightstand.
WENDY
Hand me my book, please--

PETER
What is going on, Gran?--

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

WENDY
Patience was never one of your virtues.
You must trust me with all your heart
for you will surely think me insane.
   (grips his hand with
   surprising strength)
I knew something was wrong tonight.
I felt a chill I haven't had since I
was a young girl...Peter, I know what
has happened to your children has to
do with who and what you are.

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

PETER
Gran--what are saying--What?

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

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

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

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

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

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

WENDY
No--No I have tried so many times to
tell you--
(clutching the book)
The stories here are true. Tootles
grew up just like you. He went crazy
trying not to. He never forgot--
(she drifts, losing it)
...You forget the child inside you.
You gave up immortality in one world
for the pain and joy of life and death
in this one. Now the world you left
has come to seek revenge...
(dead serious)
--Only you can save your children.
Somehow you have to go back--think as a
child--believe in childish things again
--become the child you were--the child
we all were once...Oh, Peter...don't
you know who you are?

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

TIGHT ON THE BOOK

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

MOIRA
What did she say?

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

PETER
Nothing... She fell asleep again.

She searches his face--hoping, praying. The doctor enters
the bedroom. Moira follows.
06/21/90

INT. DINING ROOM - PETER ENTERS

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

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Inspector Good appears in the door.

PETER
(racked with grief)
Inspector--

Moira wipes her eyes trying to make herself presentable.

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

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

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

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

Moira and Peter don't want to hear this.

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

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

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

Moira disintegrates in tears. Finally letting go.

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

FADE TO: BLACK
EXT. # 14 - THE NURSERY WINDOW - NIGHT - LATER

Dark. Lifeless.

INT. STUDY - TIGHT ON PHONE

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

INT. GRANNY WENDY'S BEDROOM - LATER

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

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

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

INT. NURSERY - LATER

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

PETER
(drunked slur)
Hi kids, don't forget to brush...teeth.

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

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

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

Peter scoffs, wiping his tears--

PETER
Whoa -- you're blasted, Banning.

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

THROUGH THE WINDOW KNOCKING PETER FLAT!

ZIPPING ABOUT, trailing energy like a cosmic spider web--
THE LIGHT TOPPLES BOOKS OFF SHELVES--CHECKS EVERY ROOM IN
THE DOLLHOUSE--THEN BUZZES PETER

PETER RETREATS swatting at the strafing light--

INTO THE ADJOINING BATHROOM

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

PETER
Whoa--bells--what are those bells?

INTENSE LIGHT glows through the keyhole. Peter peaks.

HIS FOV - THROUGH KEYHOLE - TINKERBELL

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

TINK
It's not the tooth fairy, Sweetie.

RESUME: PETER

PETER
(non-plussed)
A talking faerie?....Nayyy--

WITH TINK

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

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

INTERCUT: PETER

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

INT. DOLLHOUSE - WITH TINK

She rummages the contents of the tiny fridge in the
kitchen. None of the food is real and she is starving.
TINK
You know every time a child says 'I DO NOT BELIEVE IN FAERIES' there is a faerie somewhere that falls down dead!

RESUME: PETER

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

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

INT. BEDROOM - PETER PEEKS IN

He tries to focus through his enebriated state.

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

She sneaks a peek as Peter wobbles to her.

PETER
Oh my God--I think I killed it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TINK
You're scum, Pan. No card. No letter all these years. Leaving me for that Wendy ditz. What's she got--I haven't got. Huh?
Seething, she poses her mini-body next to Maggie's Barbie doll. Seeing the competition, Tink rips Barbie's head off.

**PETER**

I've had enough of this crap, faerie.

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

**TINK**

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

(pulling his flab)

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

Tink shrinks back in horror.

**PETER**

See--I'm not Peter Pan!

Tink releases him, checking her nails in the moonlight.

**TINK**

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

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

**PETER**

(forming each word with effort)

Captain Hook? How--do--you know about my kids?

**TINK**

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

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

Tink **YANKS** him by the ear toward the window--
PETER
Owww! Where are we going?

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

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

EXT. NURSERY WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION

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

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

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

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

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

A NEIGHBOR opens her window across the garden--

NEIGHBOR
Are you quite alright, Sir?

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

He points. Tink ducks behind a curtain.

NEIGHBOR
(humoring Peter)
Oh--yes. Isn't she pretty. Don't go anywhere--I'll be right back--
The Neighbor disappears. Peter sours, chastising.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TINK
You know you shouldn't drink and fly!

THE ODD COUPLE ASCENDS into the starry sky.

THE NEIGHBOR RETURNS to her window, on the phone.

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

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

TOOTLES is there--staring up at the sky.

2 BOBBIES hurry into the backyard--

BOBBIE
Here now--what's all this--

The Neighbor points to--

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

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

FOLLOW THE SHOOTING STAR TO DARKNESS.

CUT TO: BLACK
FADE IN: EXT. SKY - MORNING - LOOKING UP

True blue. Almost too perfect. Gulls cry.

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


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

ZIGGY (OC)

Is he dead?

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

ACE (OC)

Yep, he's dead.

ZIGGY (OC)

I god dibs on his shooot. I god dibs.

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

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

PETER

delerious

Jack...Maggie....Run...

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

PETER

cleans imaginary cotton off his tongue

Ohhhhhqggg--tongue. Whoa--weird dream.

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

PETER

Okay--I'm in...London. Hyde Park.
I've got to get back to...Gran?
Mumbling, he negotiates a painstaking process to stand up—joints stiff—muscle aches—throbbing head—finally balancing like a Wind Surfer trying to find his tack. He tries to take a step, but it's too scary.

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

PETER

HELLO!?  

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

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

HIS POV - UPSIDE DOWN - TWISTING

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

PETER

SOMEBODY HELP! I'M BEING MUGGED!

LOST BOYS

SOMEBODY HELP! I'M BEING MUGGED!

The Lost Boys mimic his cry—laughing derisively.

PETER

HELP! POLICEEEEEE!

LOST BOYS

HELP! POLICEEEEEE!

RUFIO PUSHES THROUGH

RUFIO

Police? We ain't got no stinking Police.

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

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

ZIGGY

I caught 'im, Rufa, I did. Stinko Pirate.
Rufio POPS Ziggy’s nose between his fingers like a gun.

RUFIO
Duzz thu stinkin’ Pirate got any gold?

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

PETER
(glottal, gagging)
I-am-not-a-Pirate-

RUFIO
All grownups are scumgum Pirates!

PETER
(total confusion)
I’m a lawyer!

The boys shrink back, appalled.

RUFIO
Thatz worse, Mon. Kill the laywer!

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

ACE
Me first!

ZIGGY
No fair. You went first last time.

The Boys load their bows and slingshots—ready spears—

PETER
(facing reality)
Okay—this is a bad dream and it’s time to wake up—right now. 1—2—

They all count with him.

PETER/LOST BOYS
33333333!

LOST BOYS FIRE
A HAIL OF PROJECTILES FILL THE AIR
A FLASH OF LIGHT ZOOMS FROM THE SKY SEVERING THE ROPE
PETER CRASHES TO THE GROUND
THE FUSILLADE of darts and arrows dissect the foliage and trees behind him. A familiar VOICE BOOMS--

TINK

Just what do you think you’re doing?

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

TINK FLITS BACK AND FORTH

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

TINK

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

Everybody freezes. The name whispers through the boys. “Peter Pan?” “Pan’s back?” THEY ALL MOVE TO--

PETER--sitting there on his bum, having a very animated conversation with himself, occasionally acknowledging their presence--(CARY GRANT in “Arsenic” and “Baby”)

PETER

I’m not asleep--so I’m not dreaming. I’m talking to “Tinkerbell” and the “Lost Boys” in “Neverland”?

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

ZIGGY

(melting to disappointment)

Bud Peter--you promised you’d never grow up. Never grow up.

Peter shoos Zig back like an annoyed parent.

RUFIO

Sheesh, mon, he looks awful. He’s fat. He’s old.

Peter reacts sucking in his tummy, resenting “old”.

RUFIO

You think this guy’s gonna make peace with Princess Ti’s gang’a “Skins” and lead us all against Captain Hook--?
The Lost Boys rumble in disagreement.

RUFIO
(continuing)
Huh? Look at him. He drools. If that’s Pan—Princess Ti’ll kill him first—then ella us. Forget about Hook.

ACE
Rufio’s right, Tink. How are we s’posed to fight Hook with him?
You sure you got th’ right “Peter”?

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

TINK
Do you think I’d risk this face [her own] to go into their world to get the wrong one? Tell me? Do you? Hmmm?
(Boys mumble “No”, “Unhunh”)
He married Wendy’s great-granddaughter! He has a family, a mortgage and a few extra pounds but he’s still our Pan!

ACE
Married?

ZIGGY
(blasphemy)
Kids?—ooo buggars.

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

RUFIO
Okay—let’s see ‘im fly—or die—
(palming his knife)

TINK
Uh—we’re still working on that part.

Rufio laughs derisively.

TINK
He’s just out of practice! I can teach him. He’ll fly and fight just like the old Peter. He just forgot. We have to make him remember. ACE—you can handle a sword. Teach him. It’ll come back to him. He’s... ...rusty.
Rufio yanks ACE by the hair, reminding him who's boss.

RUFIO

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

Peter shakes his head waving them all away, mumbling.

ZIGGY

Wull—if Tink sez so, mabee we can teach himb.

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

RUFIO

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

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

PETER

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

RUFIO

Not reel?

Rufio street kicks Peter in the stomach.

RUFIO

How zat for reel, Grandpa?

PETER

(doubled over in pain)

Owww—it—hurts!

RUFIO

Az much az this?—

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

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

ACE the boys in pursuit. Rufio holds up his bloody knife—
RUFIO
Let 'im go, Mon. The crocodile's
are hungry. Let Hooky kill 'im--
(cruel laugh)
--The great Peter Pan. Guy's a dick.

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

RUFIO
Yo' old boyfriend want that way--

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

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

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

TUMBLING DOWN A STEEP HILL--
And skitters to a stop right at the edge of a high
precipice. Waves crash on jagged rocks 200 feet below.

REVEAL: SWEEPING PANORAMA - NEVERLAND - DAY
It's not a cartoon. It's not a painting. It's real.
To the North 2 perfect rainbows arch over a high turquoise
waterfall which tumbles into a lagoon.

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

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

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

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

TINK
.........Are you okay? Peter?

Peter turns, "seeing" her for the first time. His heart
racing. He can barely breathe.
Do you know where we are?

He nods—unable to make himself say it.

TINK

Who am I?

PETER

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

TINK

Say it, Peter. Say it.

PETER

Or you’re real....."Tinkerbell".

TINK

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

PETER

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

TINK

Children believe.

Tink wraps his cut hand with his handkerchief.

PETER

(bewildered)
My children—

TINK

That’s right. Jack and Maggie are here.

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

PETER

That’s an 18 pounder—124 foot hull.
She can do 14 knots under full sail.
46 galley cars for ramming speed. 35
cannon—Where’s the ship?

(he stops, confused)
My kids are onboard?
INK
Think, Peter. Think. What do you have to do to save your children?

It's coming. The words of Granny Wendy.

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

INK
(willing it out of him)
"Think"..."Believe"..."Become"...
Yes, Peter. YES! To do battle with Captain Hook! You'll need an army!
And your sword—not to mention fly---

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

Another cannonade echoes. Peter hurries along the cliff.

INK
Where do you think you're going?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PIRATE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

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

SHEE catches two cleanly severed halves of a watermelon placed in the guillotine headblock. A small bowling ball of a man, with John Lennon glasses and wirey hair bulging from under his hat, eats ravenously, SPITTING SEEDS---
--AT A LINE OF SLAVES carrying supplies to a LAUNCH at the
dock. Most are KIDS. The rest--MALAYSIAN & SOUTH AMERICAN
INDIANS. BILL JUKES, a big African Pirate tattooed all over,
CRACKS a mean whip, driving the slaves hard.

EXT. EDGE OF PIRATE TOWN - DAY

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

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

EXT. OUTBUILDING - CONTINUING ACTION

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

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

She looks him up and down, disgusted--

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

PETER
I've had just about enough of this.

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

PETER DIGS BACK AROUND THE CORNER

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

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

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

CUT TO:
EXT. OUTBUILDING - MINUTES LATER

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

TINK

You look good.

PETER

I look stupid. Where do we go?

Tink points toward the docks.

FOLLOW PETER & TINK [IN HIS HAT]

Into the throng headed toward a launch at the dock.

TINK

Loosen up. Swagger.

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

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

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

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

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

PETER

{horrified}

They’re just children.

TINK

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

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

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

At anchor in the Cove. "A rakish looking craft foul to the hull". 2 bodies swing from the bowsprit.
VOICES ROAR from the ship like a football game.

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

TIGHT ON PETER

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

TIGHT ON HOOK'S FLAG

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

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

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

PIRATES
HOOK! HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!

INT. HOOK'S GREAT CABIN - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. DECK - PETER CLIMBS ABOARD

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

PIRATES
HOOK! HOOK! HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!

INTERCUT: HOOK AND PETER

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

PETER: A stadium-style PIRATE WAVE starts at the bow rippling toward him—He watches it go by to the stern and back up the other side.
TINK
Why did I let you talk me into this?

Tink plugs her ears trying to make the noise stop.

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

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

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

HOOK'S GLEAMING BLACK BOOTS ASCEND STAIRS TO:

EXT. QUARTER DECK - SMEE APPEARS FIRST

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

CANNONS FIRE one after another!

THE GREAT CABIN DOORS FLING OPEN

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

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

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

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

Hook bows, a matinee idol taking a curtain call.

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

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

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

HOOK MOTIONS for "silence". He gets it.

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

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

HOOK silences them with a "look".

HOOK
At last--the ultimate duel between--

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

HOOK
(starting again)
The ultimate duel between--
(coughing interrupts again)
The ult--

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

Thanky, kindly, Cap'n---

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

HOOK
(sadistic mirth)
--God bless you--[Gedzundteit]

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

BELOW, SHARKS churn the waters, feasting.

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

TINK

Seen enough? Let's get out of here.

PETEY

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

HOOK "AHEMS" quietly. The hubbub stops instantly.

HOOK

Now--where were we? Ah--"ultimate duel between good and evil".... Dark and light? Handsome and ugly--
(to himself--to Smee)

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

PIRATES, CUTLASSSES RAISED HIGH----

PIRATES

HOOK--HOOK--HOOK!

HOOK

WHY?

PIRATES

HANDSOME--HANDSOME--HANDSOME

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

HOOK

AND WHAT IS HOOK?

SMEE

(blurting out)

GOOD--GOOD--GGG!!!!
Hook wheels his gleaming blade reared to strike.

HOOK

SMEEEE?

SMEE

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

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

HOOK

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

He pauses dramatically milking the moment.

HOOK

Who sails with Captain Hook!

PIRATES ROAR in support.

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

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

DOWN IN THE HOLD

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

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

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

HOOK

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

JACK

Let us go! We didn't do anything!

WITH PETER

PIRATES CHEER around him, firing guns, adding to his horror. He tries to PUSH through. TINK PULLS the seat of his pants.
TINK
No, you're not ready. Don't--

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

TINK (beside his ear)
Listen to me--You can't help them yet--

Peter BATS her to the deck.

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

PETER pushes angrily through.

PETER
(yelling for attention)
EXCUSE ME! HULLOO! CAPTAIN HOOK!
I think I'm the man you're looking for.

HOOK FACES PETER ACROSS THE DECK

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

Jack and Maggie can't believe their eyes.

JACK/MAGGIE
Daddy? It's daddy--DADDYYYYYY!

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

HOOK
(disgusted by the word)
Daddy? Who are vouuu?

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

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

TINK can barely make herself watch from the cannon.

HOOK regards Peter from afar.

HOOK
SMEEEELL!!

SMEE APPROACHES like a dog who isn't house trained.
HOOK
I ordered you to find me the one true Pan. Any thoughts, hmmm...

Smee produces a leather pouch, pulling out documents.

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

PETER
(distraught)
Can I see those?

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

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

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

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

SMEE
(checking)
Aye, Cap'n. A little blue one! Cute little thing.

Peter flushes red. Pirates laugh derisively.

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

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

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

Where is your sword?

PETER

I---don't have a sword.

HOLD

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

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

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

JACK HOLDS MAGGIE tight.

TINK PEEKS FROM the cannon, hands over her eyes.

HOLD

Prepare to die--Peter Pan.

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

PETER

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

Peter pulls out his checkbook.

PETER

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

TINK BANGS her head repeatedly against the cannon wall.

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

PETER

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

HOOK SLAMS PETER against the mast--the hook at his throat. His blue eyes burn deep red--his voice from the grave.
HOOK
(up close and personal)
Do you mean to tell me--I escaped
"death by crocodile"--waited and
suffered years of misery and boredom
in this dreadful awful place--Nothing
to do but kill Indians, chase dirty
little boys and dally on the beach--
all for that special moment in time
when I could fulfill my destiny--
--assume my rightful place in history
--and THIS [Peter] is my reward?
(his blue eyes well up)
How could you do this to me, Peter?
How could you--embarrass me so--?

Hook sags with major disappointment. Humiliated.

HOOK
(sheathing his sword, destroyed)
I will not soil my steel with your
blood. You...you...WIMP! KILL HIM!
KILL HIM DEAD!

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

PETER
Wait--you can't do this--

JACK SHAKES THE NET--screaming. Maggie convulses tears

JACK
Fight, Dad, fighttttt!

MAGGIE
Dadaaaaaaaaa!

FOLLOW PETER

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

PETER
This is crazy--! Let my kids go!

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

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

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

TINK
What about the name "Hook"? ?

HOOK
Are you in on this too, Miss Bell!?.

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

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

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

TINK
You're a codfish and a coward!

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

HOOK
(cringing)
Hook? A "coward"? Bad form.

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

Snee levels a blunderbuss pointblank behind Tink. Standoff.

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

TINK
(punctuating with her dagger)
You promised people the war of the
century! The ultimate battle between
the forces of good and evil. That's
what they came to see--INDIANS, PIRATES,
LOST BOYS clashing in brutal combat.
Action--danger--feasts of derring do.
glory!.....Hook vs. Pan!

HOOK
---That---is not "Pan".
(points disgustingly at Peter)
PETER wobbles on the plank, looking down at the uninviting waters 50 feet below. Vertigo takes hold.

TINK
He will be. 7 days. Think about it.

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

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

PAN THE CREW

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

HOOK
2 days.

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

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

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

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

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

SMEE
......rats?

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

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

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

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

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

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

PETER
I can’t flyyyyy!

TINK - FROZEN IN MID-AIR

TINK
(to herself, desperate)
He...can’t...fly....

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

JACK AND MAGGIE collapse into each other wailing anguish.

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

HOOK
(through his frozen smile)
I’m so depressed. Peter Pan...
(depressed pause)
grew up to be.....a Mugg.

He enters his great cabin and closes the door.

PIRATES
HOOK! HOOK! HOOK!

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

TINK
Swim! Peter! You can swim can’t you?
(nothing, just bubbles)
I told you you weren’t ready! Didn’t I?
Didn’t I say that?...Damn you, Peter Pan!

CUT TO:
EXT. UNDER THE SEA

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

LIFE FLASH TO:

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

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

MOTHER

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

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

HOOK

Who and what art thou?

RESUME: PETER -- DROWNING

Screaming! Water choking his lungs.

LIFE FLASH TO:

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS -- NIGHT -- 1902

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


RESUME: PETER -- DROWNING

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

LIFE FLASH TO:

EXT. LONDON -- AERIAL VIEW -- NIGHT -- 1915

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

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

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

RESUME: PETER

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

MOTHER (VO)
Peter? If you shut your eyes and you
are a lucky one, you may see a shape-
less pool of lovely pale colours
suspended in darkness.

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAGOON - A FIERY ORANGE AFTERNOON SUN

A female silhouette blocks the glare.

MOTHER (VO)
Wake up, Peter. You must.

TIGHT ON PETER - GLASSY EYED STARE

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

PETER
Mother?

PETE'S POV - THE VIVID COLORS TAKE SHAPE

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

ANGELIKA
Only if you want to be.

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

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

PETER
You know who I am?

The 3 MAIDENS laugh seductively. Nodding in agreement.

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

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

BABS
Of course you are. We should know.

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

ANGELIKA
Why didn't you fly away?

PETER
I can't fly.

UNA
Yes you can.

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

BABS
Well, why didn't you fight then?

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

ANGELIKA
You're only old if you want to be.
BABBS
You're strong. Look at those muscles.
She strokes his muscleless arms. Peter flushes. Unnerved.

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

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

BABBS
Ohhhh--You're perfect.

ANGELIKA
See for yourself. The waters do not lie.

She smoothes a water surface to the stillness of glass.

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

IN THE WATER

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

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

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

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

PETER
Wait? How do I find it?

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

BABBS
(flirting her assets)
It's my turn to show him. Let me.
ANGELIKA

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

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

PANORMAMA - MERMAID LAGOON - SEA MAIDENS AND MERMAIDS

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

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

All call his name and wave--

MERMAIDS

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

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

UNA

Come on in, Peter.

BABS

Jump! Jump, Peter!

ANGELIKA

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

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

PETER

[naughty devilish grin]

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. KIDD COVE BEACH - SUNSET

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

A 2 masted Sloop that has seen better days rests on launch blocks at the edge of the water. Haphazard repairs and renovations evident. A nameplate; "THE DARK AVENGER".
PRINCESS TI (OC)
We come to celebrate the great Pan’s return. To make peace between our tribes. And join as one in the "Never War" against the black Hook---

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

PRINCESS TI
(continuing)
--but I heard it through the grapevine...
Pan is dead....Bad timing.

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

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

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

RUFIO
Whoa--c’em back, Skins. Yo wanna fight?

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

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

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

ZIGGY
Id’s okay, Tink. Nobody blames you. I jus wish I’d been nicer to’im when I med’im.

RUFIO
Fightin’ Hook was always a stupid idea. Buildin’ this boat was a stupid idea. (spits on the hull) Waitin’ for du great Peter Pan ta lead us was a stupid idea.

ZIGGY
Whuddaboud Peter’s kids? In 3 dayza, Hooky’s gonna kill’em.
ACE

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

Rufio bets ACE about the head.

RUFIO

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

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

RUFIO

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

TINK

I’M SAYING YOU’RE RIGHT!

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

TINK

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

Everybody lets down. Dejected sighs.

PETER (O.C.)

HULLOOOO!

All heads turn—

EXT. KIDD COVE — SUNSET

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

THE RAFT — CLOSER

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

Ziggy leads the boys down the beach to meet him.

ZIGGY

Id’s Peder! He came back.
Peter jumps ashore and waves goodbye. Dolphins pull the raft away. Mermaids wave, chattering their sea sounds—

ANGELIKA/UNA/BABS
Goodbye Peter—we love you, Peter!

The Boys surround him, genuinely glad to see him.

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

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

PETER
They saved me, Tink.

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

PETER
Tink—will you listen? They saved me.
That’s all—

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

ZIGGY
I found it! Look! It’s yours.

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

RUFIO
Who gives a sheet, Mon? What can you do with Grandpa in 2 days? Who youse gonna call?

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

PETER
(vowing)
I’ll do anything to save my kids.
If I have to fly—I’ll fly. If I have to fight—I’ll fight!
BOYS CHEER, beating their weapons, howling, dancing around Peter and Tink.

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOOK’S GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

HOOK SITS alone at the table head, completely depressed.

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

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

HOOK
Why did I listen to that scheming Pixie? Pan’s not coming back. She can’t change him in 3 days or 2 decades. There’s not going to be ANY WAR....

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

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

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

HOOK
My Mum sent me to Boarding School.
(a little sigh)
...The bitch....

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

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

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

He explodes raking the table with his claw--

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

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

HOOK
MY LIFE IS OVERRRRR!

--and shoves the barrel in his mouth.

SMEE
CAP’NNN!

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

HOOK
I just want to...dieeee!

SMEE
That’s not the answer, Cap’n!

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

What's that ticking?

He slashes his drapes with his sword—slicing Cocco—

HOOK

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

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

SMEE

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

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

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

Do you know what I really hate?

(putting the gun to Smee's head)

PEOPLE WHO DON'T HEAR TICKING WHEN I HEAR TICKING. IT TICKS ME OFFFFFF!
Smee ticks his hand back and forth at Jukes. Finally--

**JUKES/CECCO**

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

Hook abruptly drops Smee—listening as if hearing angels.

**HOOK**

There...See? "Ticking".

**SMEE**

(pouring him a drink)

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

**HOOK**

(whining like a spoiled kid)

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

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

**SMEE**

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

**HOOK**

(curling in a tighter ball)

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

(punctuating with mimed sword)

What fun...

(his walls up)

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

**SMEE**

Lookit the bright side, Cap’n, if’in Pan doesn’t show—you still git to deep 6 his ruddy rotten curtain crawlers.
HOOK
(brightens then delfates, morose)
Kill Pan's kids?--That would be....
"bad form". But a deal is a deal. And
Jas. Hook is a man of his word.

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

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

SMEE
Wait--better. Yes, a thousand times
blacker--Make the little morons LOVE YOU--

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

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

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

Hook relaxes his trigger finger, piqued.

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

HOOK
(caught up)
I like it. It has a certain symmetry.

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

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

HOOK
"Captain Hook--and Family!" "The
Family Hook!" Captain Hook--Family Man!"
TIGHT ON CAPTAIN HOOK

He subsides. A serene smile on his face.

HOOK

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

YOUNG SLAVE

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

Maggie buries her head against Jack.

MAGGIE

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

JACK

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

YOUNG SLAVE

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

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

YOUNG SLAVE

You can have firsties.

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

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

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

ZIGGY

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

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

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

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

TINK

(major morning grouche)

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

CUT TO:

EXT. LOST BOY CAMP - MORNING

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

ZIGGY

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

ZIGGY

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

ACE

Go play in the quicksand, Zig.

ACE shoves Ziggy out of the way.

ZIGGY

Hey, Scuzz, I'm running this part.

ACE

Who made you God? Beat it, porklips.
ZIGGY
You wanna make me, zitface?!
The two boys rip into each other kicking and punching.

PETER
Hey! Cut it out! Hey!
--pulling ACE off Ziggy. Ziggy takes the opportunity to kick ACE repeatedly.

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

ACE and Ziggy stop immediately--copping attitudes.

ZIGGY
Wur goin' to "ged in big trubull"?

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

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

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

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

PETER
(monotone)
Okay, "go suck a dead dog's nose"
That's disgusting.

ACE
Mean it!

PETER
Go suck a dead dog's nose!!

ACE/ZIGGY
LOUDERRR!

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

ZIGGY
That's better.
PETER & ACE - LATER - ARGUING FACE TO FACE

ACE
IN YO FACE, CAMEL CAKE!

PETER
I know you are but what am I?

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

ACE
SCUM GUMS! DIRT BAG! SLIME BALL!

PETER
I know you are but what am I?

ACE
BUTTFACE! BUTTHEAD!

Peter waves Ziggy off trying one on his own.

PETER
PARAMECIUM BRAIN!

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

ZIGGY
Whudz uh pear-uh-mezium?

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

Peter waits hoping for approval. ACE and Zig grin.

ACE/ZIGGY
YEAH! AWRIGHT! YEAH!

EXT. CAMP - LATER

LOST BOYS load large rocks onboard the ship.

BY THE TREEHOUSE

Rufio readies "en garde" with Peter's sword.

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

ACE and Ziggy hurl continuous coconuts at him.

IN A BLUR, Rufio slices and cracks each coconut skewering the last on the tip of the blade--chugging the fresh milk.
Peter, overwhelmed, looks at Tink, now her feisty beautiful self, watching from underneath a sunflower umbrella, doing her toes. She's all smiles. "Piece of cake".

RUFIO
Your turn, Grandpa.

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

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

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

Tink hangs her little head. Long day.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF - AFTERNOON

TINK PACES in mid-air, all business.

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

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

PETER
Swimming. Okay. Got it.

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

HIGH IN HIS TREE - RUFIO WATCHES

Reclining on his hammock.

TINK goes over a little "pre-flight" checklist

TINK
(marketing list)
Pixie dust?

Peter grabs her wings shaking glowing dust all over him.

PETER
Check.
TINK
Happy thought?

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

PETER
Angelika! Una! B-B-Babs! Co-Co-ahh--

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

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

ZIGGY
(trying to stay positive)
Altitude--2 feet. Distance--2 feet.

RUFIO hoots hysterical heaving his half-eaten mango.

RUFIO
He flies like uh fatto elephant!

PETER ROLLS OVER just as the juicy pit splats him.

TINK
(hovering over him)
Think as a child--not a sex-maniac.

PETER & TINK = SECOND ATTEMPT

He glows with pixie dust.

TINK
Try "Christmas".

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

PETER
Christmas--christmas--snow--presents.
(sustained disintegrates)
Bills...bills I can't pay--Credit
cards--with sharp pointy teeth--

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

TINK PACES, disgusted.

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

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

CUT TO: BLACK
INT. SHIP’S HOLD — DARKNESS

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

HOOK APPEARS, blocking the light. Charming smile.

HOOK

Time for school.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOK’S GREAT CABIN — DAY

Hook, the ultimate teacher’s nightmare, is holding class. He writes in elegant hand on a chalkboard.

WHY PARENTS HATE THEIR CHILDREN

HOOK

Now pay attention, “Class”--

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

MAGGIE

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

Hook smiles, tracing his claw down her cheek.

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

A wise young man. If you don’t fail the exam— you don’t die.

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

HOOK

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

Maggie raises her hand, begging to be called on.

MAGGIE

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

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

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

HOOK
(slamming his ruler)
WRONG!

Maggie recoils, near tears. Jack is riveted.

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

Jack squirms uneasy. This is scary.

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

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

HOOK
Ring a bell....Jack?

He gestures like a symphony conductor. Snee appears with a tiny "triangle" and tings it. "TINGGGGGG". Jack nods ever so shakey.
HOOK
And now--the dreaded "pop quiz".

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

HOOK
"Do my parents love me?...A, yes....B, no...."
(passing out paper)
Remember, your future depends on it. You may begin.

Hook turns over a large hourglass.

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

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

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

Hook is delighted with the progress.

CUT TO:

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

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

Peter picks up his knife and fork. Everybody stares.

PETER
What?

ACE
We don't use 'em.

ACE grabs Peter's cutlery and hurls them away.

PETER
(adult logic)
If you don't use them--then why are they here?

ZIGGY
(child logic)
So we don't have to use 'em.

ACE jams Peter's hands in his food. Peter eats. It's messy.
Ziggy shows him how to wipe his hands on his shirt and his mouth on the back of his sleeve like a third base coach giving the "hit and run".

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

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

**PETER**

*Please pass the--*

**ACE**

*(whips out his broadsword)*

You said the "P" word.

**PETER**

Okay, okay--

**ACE**

Not "Okay, okay--"

*(stuffs food in his mouth)*

Okaf Okaf...

**PETER**

*(stufing food in his mouth)*

Okaf...Okaka...

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

Peter guts it up, opening his showing them back.

**ACE lets out the world's longest belch.**

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

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT**

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

TINK WATCHES him from her little apartment up in the ceiling. Peter is having a ball. She is elated.
ACE and Zig hold Peter down, tickling him. Others pile on. He laughs uncontrollably.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

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

Tink lights beside him. They sit in silence.

TINK
You sure know how to kill a party.

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

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

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

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

TINK
Think happy thoughts, Peter.

FADE SLOWLY TO BLACK:

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

It KABOOMS belching fire and smoke right at us.
EXT. BEACH - DAY - CONTINUING ACTION

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

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

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

SLAVE BOYS reload "Long Tom".

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

SMEE bounds up and bows low.

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

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

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

HOOK (OC)

Jack--my boy.

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

JACK
Where's he taking my sister?

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

(breathes deep, exalting)

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

Jack gapes at the huge spread of nothing but desserts.

HOOK
I recommend the Napoleon. Fabulous.
Chocolate eclairs. Bavarian creme--
PUSH IN ON JACK: Torn. He shakes his head reluctantly "no".

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

He touches off the cannon again. It ROARS!

EXT. PIRATE TOWN - CONTINUING ACTION

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

RESUME: HOOK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOLLOW HOOK

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

HOOK (VO)

Good form.

CUT TO:
EXT. LOST BOY CAMP - DAY 2

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

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

ZIGGY

Looking good.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF - AFTERNOON

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

TINK

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

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

PETER

Birthdays...

Closing his eyes, he starts to run flapping again.

PETER

Presents! Yes! More presents!

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

PETER

(continuing)

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

HE STALLS! He DROPS like a rock--A perfect full layout SPLAT into the bog below.
JACK
I'm not supposed to eat sweets before breakfast.

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

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

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

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

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

Opening his humidor—puffing perfect smoke rings.

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

HOOK
Good form. Shows strength of character. I have none of course. There are some advantages to this disgusting habit that balance the dangers—

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

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

EXT. COASTLINE — CONTINUING ACTION

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

RESUME: HOOK

HOOK
(sadistic laugh)
Try your luck? Hit the target—win a prize.
Rufio turns leading the Lost Boys away one by one. Only Ziggy remains on the ridge with Tink.

WITH PETER — IN THE BOG

He gets up, slinging mud.

PETER
That's it! I quit!

Ziggy and Tink rush up.

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

He pushes by railing at everything and everyone.

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

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

TINK
There is no other way, Peter!

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

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

ZIGGY
Peter, I'membur Toodles. He wuz one of us. Lookit. Theez are his marbuls. Theez are his happy thoughds. He lefd them behind. They don't work for me... Maybe they'll fur you....

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

PETER
They're just marbles, Ziggy.

ZIGGY
Wull, whad happened to Toodles?

TINK LIGHTS on Peter's hand, checking out the marbles like a diamond merchant.
TINK
Wendy took him back with the others—to grow up and go to school—and go to an office—and be a gentleman.

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

ZIGGY
(welling up)

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

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

ZIGGY
Whad? She'll barbecue our buddies.

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

She blurts away leaving Peter and Ziggy at a loss—

ZIGGY
Beddurr do whad she sez. She gerdz like this sometimes. I guess I'll never understand Pixies.

Zig waddles off in the other direction.

PETER
Tink! Where're you going?

Peter limps after her—all aches and pains.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE SILVERY WOOD — LATE AFTERNOON

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

PETER
SLOW DOWN TINK!....
(banging his shin)
I'll kill her. I swear I will.
(stops in awe at the sight ahead)
PAN UP THE GIANT "NEVER TREE"

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

PETER

I know this place....

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

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

TOOTLES

PETER

"Tootles"...

CURLY SLIGHTLY NIBS

JOHN MICHAEL WENDY

PETER

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

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

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

HIS POV - THE GIANT TREE

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

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

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

Peter, compelled, bows his head in return.

PETER

Tink....you're....beautiful.
TINK
(blushing)
Oh puhleeze. Do you like the dress?

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

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

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

PETER
Help me?

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

INT. UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT - LIMBO

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

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

REVEAL: THE FADED SECRET UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT

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

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

TINK
Do you know where you are?

PETER
(nodding sadly)
What...happened?

TINK
Hook burned it when you didn't come back.

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

PETER
Wendy's house. Tootles and Nibs built it for her. I remember. I remember.
Emotions and memories flood in.

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

PETER

I need music lessons too, Tink.

He pitches the flute, angry remorse.

PETER

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

(kicking around)

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

TINK

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

PETER

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

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

PETER

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

TINK

What else? Tell me...

PETER

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

TINK

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

The truth...

PETER

Yeah...it is....
Peter is overwhelmed with the realization.

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

TINK
You’re only...human...

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

Peter hits bottom. Complete remorse.

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

PETER
I DON’T KNOW! I CAN’T REMEMBER!

Breaking point. He hurls Taddy into the void—

TADDY RISES

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

TIGHT ON PETER - WATCHING THE VISION

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

TINK MOVES IN

TINK
What, Peter? What is it?

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

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

PETER (V.O.)
I’m.....flying....

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

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

BACK TO: LIFE FLASH - 1902

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

PETER (V.O.)
Fly me. Taddy! Fly me--

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

PETER (V.O.)
---Taddy? No...DADDY! Fly me--Daddy--

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

PETER (V.O.)
I---love---you.....

TIGHT ON PETER
Tears of joy stream from his closed eyes.

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

THE LIFEFLASH CHANGES

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

TIGHT ON PETER
He opens his eyes--disoriented--clutching his bear.

PETER
Tink! I know--Whoaaaa!

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

He drops. Tink zooms up beside him.

TINK
--HOLD THAT THOUGHT--
He reaches for her—automatically flying in her direction.

PETER

TINKKKKK! I can flyyyyy!

Peter bounces off the cavern wall, rappelling at Tink.

TINK

---FOLLOW ME!

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

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

TINK CLIMBS toward us lacing her glowing web.

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

FAERIES PEEL OFF in Busby Berkeley precision and collect on the giant tree—chiming and waving "good bye."

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVERLAND - AERIAL VIEW - SUNSET

TINK BURSTS through a pink cloud and stops.

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

PETER

How do I stop!

TINK

(tapping her temple)

It's all in the mind, ya now!

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

PETER & TINK - HOVERING

Staring at the Neverland sunset.

TINK

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

TINK

(seeing his tears)

Why are you crying?
PETER
(wiping his eyes, embarrassed)
I don’t know--I was just thinking.
I just wish---

He looks at Tink, trying to find the words.

TINK
You can wish, Peter. Whatever you want.

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

He pushes off speeding toward the huge ball of orange.

PETER
It is like swimming! Watch this!

WITH PETER - FLYING

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

TINK DIVES with him. Both screaming toward the ocean.

EXT. OCEAN - LOW LEVEL

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

PETER
You’re too low. Pull out! Pull out!
[doing John Wayne]
Easy, Pilgrim, the force is with us.

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

PETER
(doing "JAWS")
Doct-dah-doct-dah-doct-dah---

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

TINK SHRIEKS, dodging a hungry shark.

EXT. OCEAN - FLYING POV

WHALES SOUND ahead. Spuming cascades of spray.

PETER & TINK blow through it, exulting with pure ecstasy.
EXT. MERMAID LAGOON - SUNSET

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

WITH PETER & TINK - FLYING

Surrounded by the magnificent birds.

BELOW - MERMAIDS PROLIC

Angelika, Uns and Babs leap with Dolphins.

THE TRIO

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

WITH PETER - FLYING

PETER

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

He does an "Inside Loop" showing off.

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

PETER

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

TINK

(empathizing)

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

She steers him down over the island.

PETER

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

He whoops and yahos all the way down.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON RUFIO - INDIAN CAMP - NIGHT

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

PRINCESS TI stands before Rufio, oiled and painted for battle. She puts a deadly "Black Adder" snake like a kitty.
TI
The Great Pan is not coming. You die.

RUFIO
Princess Ti, babe, itz not us. Itzat
dam fairy. Its all her fault. Her and
that scumball old Mon. Trust me--

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

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

ALL HEADS LOOK UP--

PETER - DIVING
Out of the night sky, screaming the cavalry charge.

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

PETER THE UMPIRE
Safe! You're in there!

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

PETER
Rufio! My Mon. Whadz happening?

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

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

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

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

Everybody CHEERS. Warriors free the Lost Boys. Drums beat.
TINK lets out a big sigh. Happy for Peter, but hurting inside. She's done her job. Peter is Pan again.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN CAMP - LATER - NIGHT

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

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

AT THE WAR COUNCIL RING

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

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

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

Suddenly, SAND KICKS IN ruining the battle map.

RUFIO kicks sticks and ships away with a vengeance.

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

PETER
Easy, Rufio. Save IT for Hook.

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

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

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

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

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

RUFIO
Let's go for some "real".

--drawing his sword in one hand--stiletto in the other.
Ti backs everyone up giving them room. She digs the action.

**PETER**

I don't want to fight you--

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

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

**ZIGGY**

Yur Pan, man. A natural.

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

**PETER**

It's just like riding a bike, Rufe.

**RUFIO**

Kill me, old mon. You won.

**PETER**

(leaning on his blade)

The thought did cross my mind. But I need you, Rufio. When I face Hock, you better be there covering my butt.

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

**RUFIO**

Me? R' you talkin' to me?

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

**RUFIO**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SHIP'S HOLD - NIGHT**

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

**MAGGIE**

Where's Jack? Where's my brother?

Noodler's sadistic laugh echoes through the galley.

**CUT TO:**
INT. HOOK’S GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

A BRACE OF DIAMOND ENCRUSTED DUELING PISTOLS

Jack’s jaw drops at the sight. Hook indicates “for you”. Hook snaps his fingers again. Jack grins slow and wide—

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

Hook places a straw in the concoction.

HOOK
Welcome to Neverland.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

The first rays of morning sun sneak over the horizon.

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

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

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

Tink’s faerie aura flickers from the window.

INT. TREEHOUSE - PETER ENTERS

PETER

Quiet sobbing drifts down from Tink’s house. Her glow is weak. He stands on tiptoe, peering in.
INT. TINK'S ROOM - PETER IN VIEW

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

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

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

She rolls away, sobbing harder and bigger tears.

PETER
If nothing's wrong, why all the tears?

TINK
Because... I'm sad.

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

She nods, blowing her little nose.

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

TINK
(moribund)
Great. I'm so happy for you.

PETER
Well then--nothing's wrong. Right?

She sits up facing him, summoning her courage.

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

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

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

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

PETER
Wait--Tink--I--

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

PETER
TINK!? Wait....

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

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

THE FULL-SIZED TINK STANDS BEFORE HIM

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

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

He tries to speak. Tink covers his lips--

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

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

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

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

A CANNON SHOT WHINES OVERHEAD. AN EXPLOSION O.C. rocks the
treehouse. The roof crashes down. Peter covers Tink.
PETER’S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW - THE AVENGER

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

ZIGGY
Hook! He’s attacking!

PETER’S TELESCOPE POV - HOOK’S SHIP

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

PETER
Tink! This is it!

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

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

TINK
What are you looking at? Let’s go save your kids....
(she blasts him with pixie dust)
Eat your heart out, flyboy.

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

EXT. TREE HOUSE - CONTINUING ACTION

A round screams overhead. The TREEHOUSE BLOWS UP!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOK’S SHIP - UNDERWAY - DAWN

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

JACK
FIRE!

He ignites the fuse port. Long Tom FIRES!

EXT. ISLAND - HIGH CLIFFS - CONTINUING ACTION

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

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

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

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

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

ALONG THE GUNNALES - TRACKING

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

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

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

JACK parades on the quarterdeck, "hook style".

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

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

Hook cheers.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP - CONTINUING ACTION

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

CUT TO:
EXT. DARK AVENGER - CONTINUING ACTION

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

ZIGGY
They're rounding the point!

Peter flies by hacking the other mooring rope clean.

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

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

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

ZIGGY
Don't get killed, "paramaesaum braid."

TINK & PETER - HOVERING

PETER
(fondly)
Get cutta here, "scum face"!

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

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

CUT TO:

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

LOOKOUT PIRATE
(pointing)
Skins! Dead ahead!

EXT. WATER - DAWN

Tl leads 7 War canoes toward Hook's ship.

RESUME: SHIP - HOOK & JACK

HOOK
(opera glasses up)
Oh, goody. "Skins". Live targets at last Jack. Lucky for you.
Jack stares at the approaching Indians in shock. "Live?"

HOOK
Come about, Mr. Smee. Engage.

SMEE SPINS the wheel. The mighty ship comes about.

SMEE
(on megaphone)
And we pick up the pace here in this first round of action--

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

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUING ACTION

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

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

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

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

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

EXT. WATER - WAR CANOES - DAWN

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

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - COMING ABOUT

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

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

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

JACK
(pointing at the flames)
FIRE!
CANNONS THUNDER in a 12 gun broadside!

JACK clutches his ears, quaking with each blast.

EXT. WAR CANOES - BEARING DOWN ON HOOK’S SHIP
3 EXPLODE with direct hits. Warriors hit the water.
Ti presses on. Warriors fire a flight. Arrows fill the sky.
MERMAIDS SURFACE. Angelika grabs a wounded Warrior pulling
him toward shore. Una and Babs share another.

EXT. HOOK’S SHIP - QUARTERDECK

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

HOOK
Your first broadside, Jack. Good form.

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

HOOK
(jerking Jack up)
But that’s the idea! What’s a few
less skins anyway. You’re going to
be a Pirate—feared on the 7 seas!

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

HOOK
Look!

THEIR POV - THE DARK AVENGER

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

RESUME: HOOK

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

JACK
(pointing astern)
LOOK!

Hook pivots his opera glasses astern.
THEIR POV - TWO SPECKS - FLYING LOW

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

WITH PETER AND TINK - FLYING

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

RESUME: HOOK

Staring through his opera glasses in total disbelief.

HOOK

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

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

SHEE

(megaphone)
See Cap'n--dreams do come true.

HOOK & JACK

HOOK

Shoot it Jack! The big green one.

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

PETER

(in the distance)
JACKKKK?!?

Jack freezes in total shock. Hook groans, grimacing.

JACK

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

HOOK

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

WITH PETER & TINK - FLYING - CLOSER AND CLOSER

PETER

You put that cannon down right now, young man!

Peter, the parent again, suddenly loses altitude. Tink pulls him back up.
06/21/90

RESUME: JACK & HOOK

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

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

PETER & TINK - FLYING - CLOSER - CLOSER

PETER
I love you Jack!

HOOK & JACK

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

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

JACK (snapping)

NOOOOO!

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

BABOOM!

PETER & TINK - FLYING

TINK
Lookout!

She RAMS Peter sending him tumbling off course.

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

PETER SPIRALES UP to the heavens, screaming in horror.

PETER

TINKKKKK!!

HOOK & JACK

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

EXT. DARK AVENGER - BEARING DOWN

The Lost Boys watch horrified as pixie dust settles.
RUFIO

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

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

The giant arrow RUSHES FORWARD arcing into the sky.

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

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

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

HOOK & SMEE watch in disbelief. The mast splats in the sea.

SMEE

Is that fair, Cap'n?

HOOK

Attack speed! Ram those little bastards!

Smee ducks flaming rigging crashing down. He spins the wheel aiming for the Avenger.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUING ACTION

MAGGIE and slaves row at killer pace under Noodler's whip.

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - PETER FLYING

He bursts through the billowing cannon smoke, his sword up like a Samurai hacking and chopping and bending each oar until it breaks--

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUING ACTION

Oars break sending Slaves tumbling like dominoes.

Noodler whips mercilessly. Maggie and the Young Slave pull hard. Their oars snap—they sail—knocking Noodler down.

The Young slave smacks Noodler with his chain. Maggie grabs the key. She unlocks manacles as fast as she can.

ON DECK - HOOK

iring his pistols at Peter just missing him.

HOOK

KILL HIMMM!
PIECE 15 FIRE FROM THE GUNWALES

As Peter darts and weaves hacking oars. A CANNON FIRES in front of Peter. He ducks back. Another FIRES behind him.

EXT. HOOK'S SHIP - PORT SIDE


EXT. HOOK'S SHIP & THE DARK AVENGER - SIDE BY SIDE

ACE & Rufio release catapults. Rocks fly.

QUICK CUTS: ROCKS CRASH onto the deck. Pirates scatter.

ROCKS CRASH into gunports smashing cannon.

ROCKS CRACK the hull.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUING ACTION

A ROCK CRASHES through. WATER SPEWS in.

Mag keeps unlocking chains. JUKES APPEARS. He grabs her lifting her up, choking her--

A BELAYING PIN SMACKS him in the head with deadly accuracy. He stiffens upright, choking Maggie harder. ANOTHER PIN BONKS HIM. He falls--

REVEALING: JACK! He runs to Maggie hugging her tight.

MAGGIE

Jack--I thought--you were one of them.

JACK

(major guilt)

I'm sorry Maggie--I almost was--Dad's here! I saw him! He's....Peter Pan!

Maggie gapes. A CHEER GOES UP from the Slaves. Jack leads them toward the hatch--taking command.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUING ACTION

JACK AND MAGGIE lead the Slaves pouring from the hatch.

A CHEER GOES UP as TI leads her Warriors swarming over the side slashing hand to hand with the Pirates.

A CHEER GOES UP as ZIGGY catapults himself from the Avenger crashing into 4 Pirates--knocking them overboard.
06/21/90

RUFIO LEAPS like a madman into the fray.
ACE leads the others onboard slashing and cutting.
WITH HOOK
Pacing the quarterdeck, watching the battle before him.

HOOK
The Lost Boys. No manners. Despicable.
He whirs and skewers a Young Slave with a harpoon.

HOOK
Look at the Rugrats! They should all be slaves. I HATE KIDS! ESPECIALLY PAN’S!

3 WARRIORS RUSH HIM. Hook runs 2 through and shoots one.

HOOK
Skins at least die nobly. BUT NO PAN!
The ship lists. Smee fights the wheel.

SMEE
We’re sinking, Cap’n. Fast.
Hook STOMPS his boots in a big circle throwing a tantrum.

HOOK
Darn--damn--damn--damn--damn--Pan!
YOU BIG CHICKENH--- MNN!

PETER DESCENDS landing behind Hook. Classic pose.

PETER
I know you are but what am I?!!
Hook turns facing him. Long slow serpentine smile. At last.

HOOK
....Peter Pan. Has it been 3 days?

Smee crawls unseen behind the wheel. Peter is all concentration. Eyes fixed on Hook waiting for his move.

HOOK
(looking around)
Where is Miss Bell? Shopping?

PETER
(flashin deep anger)
You know where she is. I want my kids.
HOLD

"Proud insolent youth--prepare to die."

PETER

"To die will be an awfully big adventure."

HOLD

I wouldn't bet the ranch on it.

They leap at each other. SWORDS CLANGING in the morning sun. The ultimate duel between good and evil has begun.

FOLLOW THEM AROUND THE QUARTERDECK

Hook, a superior swordsman, attacks. Peter parries the rain of blows and thrusts, fighting for his life.

HOLD

You look marvelous. An amazing comeback.
I must say. A 3 day wonder. How did you do it? Diet? Exercise?...An affair perhaps. The right woman can do wonders to restore a man's youth. Hmmmm?

Peter surges with anger on the attack. Gaining confidence, his instinctive skills returning. Daring and flying to avoid Hook's slashes and slices--

HOLD

Look at you, Pan. Healthy, fit. No bills! No nagging wife! You're having fun! Admit it! What a shame you have to die. Just when you find "life".

Peter hesitates. The truth. Smeè crawls dragging a chain with a manacle trying to trap Peter's feet. He lunges, just missing--as Peter flies on the attack--

PETER

I'll kill you, Hook!

Hook dodges his thrust and slices Peter along the ribs.

HOLD

Wrong. You're the one who's bleeding.

Peter stares at the blood seeping from his side.

The ship lists acutely. CANNON BALLS roll across the deck. Peter hovers and Hook dodges them as they fight--Peter taking the offensive driving Hook back.
ON THE MAIN DECK - IN THE FRAY

Jack spots Peter and Hook pointing them out to Maggie.

MAGGIE

That's Daddy?

She's elated and terrified at the same time watching her
Father drive Hook back--then fly to avoid Hook's attack.

A PIRATE SCREAMS behind them--sword raised.

ZIGGY SWINGS on a rope slamming the Pirate with a ramrod to
the groin.

JACK

Thanks.

Ziggy waves and drops another Pirate with his slingshot.

RESUME: PETER AND HOOK

Flaming rigging crashes down separating them. Peter leaps,
flyng up and over the debris landing in front of Hook.

HOOK

I love it when you do that.

They lock swords--a test of strength as each tries to shove
the other overboard.

HOOK

You're probably asking yourself,
"Why did Hook wait so long to find me?"
I'll tell you. When you were young,
you made a fool of me. All the time.
I was no match for the Great Pan.
You were youth, you were joy, you said.
Not anymore. Even at the peak of your
form you're just "old Peter Pan".

He shoves Peter over the gunwales pressing his Hook down
inches from Peter's eyes.

HOOK

However, I haven't aged a day. We're even!

Peter rolls away. Hook buries his claw in the rail. He
whirls slicing Peter in the thigh as he flies away.

HOOK

Whoopsy. Not as quick as we used
to be, are we....
Peter clutches his leg in pain. He's scared to death, but he fights on.

NEAR THE MAIN MAST

Rufio fights 3 Pirates at once. Ti guts one. ACE throws another overboard. Ziggy shields Maggie and Jack. Rufio doesn't have to be told who they are.

RUFIO
Get to the Avenger. This wreck's sinkin' fast, Mon.

TI
Go! We will help Pan!

Pirates cut them off. ACE boosts Maggie onto the rigging. A Pirate grabs her leg. She kicks him in the face.

Ziggy pitches Jack a sword. He clubs a Pirate with it.

THE CROW'S NEST - LOOKING DOWN - JACK AND MAGGIE

Climb to the tiny bucket hanging on the remains of the mast. The battle rages below.

PETER & HOOK

Battle on the ornately carved stern over the great cabin. The stern rises into the air as the ship continues to sink bow first. Peter falls, favoring his wounded leg.

HOOK
Aw—we're not getting tired are we?

MAGGIE (OC)

DADDYYYY!

Sme appears over the edge with the manacle—closer—Peter looks up spotting his kids.

IN THE CROW'S NEST - LOOKING DOWN

Jack and Maggie can see everything. Even Sme---

JACK

BEHIND YOUUUU!

Too late. SMEE SLAMS the manacles around Peter's ankle. PETER FLIES! He slams to the ground—A BALL AND CHAIN locked on his leg!
HOOK

(he preens)
Advantage...Hook!

HOOK CHOPS at Peter chasing him across the deck. Peter flies a few feet, tugging, dragging the chain, dodging, circling, blocking Hook's blows.

THE SHIP HEELS!

THE MAST CRACKS! JACK AND MAGGIE teeter in the bucket.

RUFIO & TI race to the rescue. FLAMES ROAR UP from the main hatch, cutting them off.

The DECK EXPLODES driving them back.

JACK AND MAGGIE duck in the bucket as the fireball roars up. Flames lick the mast pole toward them.

PIRATES LEAP OVERBOARD, abandoning ship.

ONBOARD THE AVENGER

ACE and Ziggy leap aboard with other Lost Boys and Skins.

ZIGGY

We can't leave Pedur!

RESUME: HOOK & PETER

Peter circles him like a bird on a string. Hook yanks his chain, pulling Peter toward him like a balloon, fighting slicing. Peter flies away only to be jerked back again.

HOOK

What a waste. The real world has taken its toll on you, Peter. Too much stress. Too much tension. Too bad---

The deck pitches. The ball rolls toward the fiery hold dragging Peter with it. Helpless. Fighting on his back.


PETER

Get away, Rufe--It's me he wants!

RUFIO

Lucky, looky, I got Hooky.

HOOK

Sadly, you have no future as a post.
He runs Rufio through. The boys sag smiling at Peter--

RUFIO
You...are...Peter...Pan...Mon...

--and falls backwards overboard.

TI LEAPS from nowhere landing on Hook's back wielding her machete, Hook grabs her hair and kisses her! She spits in his face--He heaves her screaming over the side.

The ship heaves. Peter's ball and chain drops into the flaming hold PULLING PETER, screaming, with it.

THE CROW'S NEST - JACK AND MAGGIE

Helpless, watching him fall a second time to certain death.

INT. FLAMING HOLD - LOOKING UP

Peter grabs a deck beam hanging on for dear life.

HOOK stands over him--his moment of triumph.

HOOK
This is it, Pan. Big Daddy fear is here! The fear you feel when your children don't come home on time, when the plane takes off. Or the fear you feel when you can't run as fast anymore and your body aches. I'm the quickie at the office--The Porsche and the red head with the big hooters. Take a good look. I'm your mortality, bucko.
I'M your Christmas present from hell!

He raises his sword to chop off Peter's hand--

AERIAL POV - A SWORD FLIES THROUGH THE AIR

Sticking Hook right in the ass! Hook rears in excruciating pain pulling the blade from his buttocks. His hands covered in a putrid purple liquid.

HOOK
My...own...blood. You know--I really HATE THE SIGHT OF MY OWN BLOOD!

A FLASH OF LIGHT zooms by him diving into the void.

THE CROW'S NEST - JACK AND MAGGIE

The ship shudders again. The last rigging falls away. The mast sways--cracking more. Flames surge up.
INT. FLAMING HOLD - PETER HANGS

The flash of light swirls around, landing on his manacle. It's TINK! Hair singed, big powder burns—but alive.

PETER
Tink! You're alive! I thought I'd lost you forever—

TINK
Say it, Peter. I wanna hear you say it—and mean it this time—

PETER
(his hands slip)
I BELIEVE IN FAERIES—-I SWEAR I BELIEVE—-I DO--

Satisfied, Tink picks the lock with a faerie bobby pin. The ball and chain drops into the inferno.

THE HOLD EXPLODES! TINK & PETER SURGE UP from the blast--

TO THE CROW'S NEST

Now teetering dangerously. Peter hovers alongside his kids, hugging them—kissing them—

PETER
C'mon—we're going to fly!

The kids hug the mast, terrified, shaking "no". Crying—

BELOW - HOOK

At his wit's end, alone on deck—-He grabs a broadaxe and hacks like a mad man at the remains of the mast.

HOOK
(child's voice)
"Oh, Daddy, I'm afraid"—-KIDS RUIN EVERYTHING, PAN. DON'T YOU GET IT. THEY SUCK THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!! LEECHES!

ABOVE - THE MAST TITTERS

Jack and Maggie lurch and away. Peter stays with them.

PETER
Don't listen to him. Take my hands. Jack! Believe me. Please, Maggie, you have to. Believe in yourselves. You can do anything if you believe in yourself!
HOOK - CHOPPING

HOOK

THEY WON'T TAKE CARE OF YOU WHEN
YOU'RE OLD!

PETER & KIDS

PETER

Tink--just' em!

She splashes them with Pixie dust. They glow. Maggie
reaches out, taking hold. Jack hangs back, unsure.

TINK

Do what your Father says, You've got
2 seconds to find a happy thought!

JACK

Home!

MAGGIE

Yeah--Mommy!

Jack grabs Peter's hand. The mast collapses! They jump--

FALLING AT US - HOLDING HANDS

ROARING RIGHT OVER HOOK and up into the morning sky!

WITH HOOK

HOOK

PAN! YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN NEVERLAND
AGAINNN!

WITH THE PAN FAMILY - FLYING

Jack and Maggie screech with delight. Peter is greatly
relieved like any flying father would be.

EXT. THE AVENGER - CONTINUING ACTION

Ziggy, ACE, the Lost Boys--Warriors--even Ti--safe and
sound--wave and cheer as the PAN FAMILY does a "fly by"
waving farewell.

WITH THE PAN FAMILY - FLYING

Peter salutes his "boys" and blows a big kiss to:

EXT. WATER - MERMAIDS

Waving goodbye. Angelika, Una and Babu blow bubble kisses.
WITH SMEE - ROWING

A dingy full of treasure from the sinking ship in the distance. He reflects as the Pan Family buzzes overhead.

SMEE
Aye--isn't that nice. Poor Cap'n.
He hates happy endings.

TIGHT ON HOOK

Screaming in a rage atop the last of his sinking ship.

HOOK
GO ON! FLY AWAY! JUST LIKE ALWAYS!
BUT I'LL STILL BE WITH YOU! EVERYDAY
FOR THE REST OF YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!
EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK--YOU'LL SEE HOOK!

WITH THE PANS - FLYING

Peter slows. Hook's voice booming in his head.

HOOK
LEAVE NOW AND YOU'LL LIVE IN FEAR--
UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE!

Tink looks back. She sees Peter clutching his head. He waves her on. She understands.

TINK
C'mon, kids. Race you to the moon!

She leads them toward the fading moon. The kids follow, cutting up, unaware.

WITH HOOK - GOING DOWN WITH HIS SHIP

HOOK
I'M YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE PETER!
I AM DEATH!

WITH PETER - FLYING

The fear seizes him. He pivots and dives--Primal scream--

PETER
HOOKKKKKKKKK!

AERIAL POV - DIVING AT HOOK

Hook exults. His sword ready. Laughing maniacal.

HOOK
PANNNNNN IS BACK! AND HOOK'S GOT HIMMMMM!
PETER AND HOOK COLLIDE - GOOD AND EVIL KNIGHTS
In a tremendous thundering burst of energy!

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT
Thunder CRACKS! Lightning IGNITES the heavens.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. #14 - THE NURSERY WINDOW - NIGHT
A ferocious storm. More THUNDER CRACKS!

INT. GRANNY WENDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

Moira spills her tea. Her nerves shot. GRANNY WENDY sits up in bed. Battling the unseen force--

GRANNY WENDY
Moira? The children--

A THUNDERING CRASH boom upstairs. The lights wink out!

MOIRA BOUNDS UP THE STAIRS--a flashlight waving wildly--

INT. NURSERY - MOIRA RACES IN

The windows flap open. Rain blasts in. Moira struggles to close them. Granny Wendy struggles in--weak, unsteady.

LIGHTNING FLASHES! Granny Wendy cries out--

JACK AND MAGGIE are hiding under their covers, crying and calling out. Moira rushes to them, hugging them, kissing their drenched wet faces. Both kids babble frantic--

JACK
We're back, Mommy--we made it.

MAGGIE
There were all those Pirates--and Daddy saved us--We flew!

GRANNY WENDY
It's all right, dears, you're safe.

MOIRA
Where's your father. Where is he?!

They point to the window. Thunder! Lightning blinds them!

CUT TO: BLACK
FADE IN: EXT. SKY - MORNİNG

True blue. Almost too perfect. Gulls cry.

GOD'S POV - LOOKING DOWN

Raindrops drip from trees. A familiar grassy knoll. Lush. Manicured. PETER! Sprawled lifeless. Just as he was when he first woke in Neverland.

THE VIEW DESCENDS right to his face. No vital signs. A raindrop splatters his nose. He flinches.

PETER

delerious

Jack...Maggie...fly...

Another hits him. He sits up slowly looking around. He stands panicked. Not again! His clothes are tattered and torn. He doesn't know which way to go. Something rustles the bushes. He turns—ready to fight—

A cricket ball crashes through the brush and rolls to his feet. He stares at it—as if it might explode. He picks it up—turning it in his hands.

A YOUNG KID crashes through the brush in a ball uniform. He's eyes Peter in his dirty duds. Peter frowns, in a fog.

KID

Here—gimme yat ball, y'sodder—

Peter pitches it back following the kid through the bushes.

THE VIEW ASCENDS REVEALING: KENSINGTON GARDENS

Round Pound. The manicured green filled with PEOPLE playing cricket. Peter takes it all in—thoroughly confused.

GIRL (OC)

Mom—there's Peter Pan—

A LITTLE GIRL points at Peter—then runs past him to—

THE PETER PAN STATUE

Frozen in time. Forever young. Peter fixes on it. Something clicks.

PETER

My kids.....

The MOTHER eyes Peter suspiciously as she retrieves her little girl. Peter, suddenly, anxious, starts to jog away—
TINK (O.C.)
Goodbye Peter. I love you....

He stops--turning back to the statue, as if it spoke to him.

PETER

Tink?

A GROUNDS KEEPER sweeps some empty bottles across the cement path. "Tink-tink-tink"--

PETER
(thinking)
Tink...

He shrugs. Whatever it meant, he's already forgotten. With new life, he races away down the path.

THE VIEW CLIMBS TO: TINKERBELL! Standing behind the statue's head. Her back to us as she watches Peter picking up speed, pulling farther away, until he's gone.

Tink turns. Glowing tears dot her face. She flies away.

CUT TO:

EXT. NARLBROUGHE GATE - MORNING

Peter races by dodging and weaving through SUNDAY STROLLERS all reacting to his tattered appearance.

He dashes across Haywater Road dodging traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. #14 - THE NURSERY WINDOW - MORNING

Maggie, Jack and Tootles peer out the closed window. Morose. Suddenly Maggie lights up--jumping and pointing.

WITH PETER - RACING UP THE STREET

He stops, instinctively looking up to the window. He jumps up and down when he sees them--"they're alive"! Hooting and celebrating life--the "new" Peter hops up on the garden wall and walks it--doing exactly what he told Jack not to do--He makes it--all the way--without falling!

Bowing to his children applauding in the window, he leaps the garden fence and dashes the shortcut to the front door.
INT. #14 - CONTINUING ACTION

Moira opens the door. Peter bursts in—sweeps Moira off her feet laughing like a lovesick teenager—and a serious kiss.

MOIRA
Oh, Peter---Peter—I thought I’d lost you. All of you. What happened last night, Peter?

PETER
(shocked, confused)
Last night? I don’t know...All I know is—I love you Moira. I love you.

Maggie skitters down the stairs and nails into Peter’s arms just like she flew.

MAGGIE
Daddy! I knew you’d come back. I never gave up.

Peter is suddenly facing Granny Wendy. He bows to her beautifully. [the way Pan did when he first met Wendy]

PETER
Hullo, Wendy Moira Angela Darling.

WENDY
Hullo, Peter. Do you know where you are?

PETER
Where I...belong. Where I want to be.

They embrace, filled with emotion and unconditional love. Peter spots Tootles watching at the foot of the stairs. He can’t speak. He just grabs Peter and hugs him tight.

PETER
(something clicks)
Tootles—I’ve got something—I think belongs to you. I don’t remember—

He removes the pouch from his neck. Tootles brightens, barely able to contain himself. Peter pours the marbles into his gnarly hands—

TOOTLES
See?—I didn’t lose my marbles after all.

Granny Wendy hugs him warmly. Tootles drifts upstairs, caressing his happy thoughts. He passes Jack—waiting on the stairs—feeling guilty—cut off.
Peter reaches up with both arms—just like his father and mother did—Jack can’t fight his tears. JACK JUMPS—flying into his Daddy’s arms. Moira hugs them both.

MOIRA
You’re all safe. We’re together. We can just be the way we were...before....

PETER
(lucid, focused)
I love all of you so much. But we’ll never be the same as before. There’s something we’ve got to do. All of us—

He leaps up and touches the chandelier—then bounds quickly upstairs, leading them all—Granny Wendy, too.

INT. NURSERY - THE WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION

Peter leads his family toward it—He scowls angry—

PETER
What did I tell you about this window? Huh? Well, let’s open it!

Anger melts to mirth. He unlocks it throwing it open wide. Jack and Maggie open the other side.

EXT. THE WINDOW - WIDEN SLOWLY FROM:

The Darling/Bannings together. Joyous. Facing the world.

PETER
Take a deep breath everybody. Breathe. It’s a great day to be alive. From now on—in this family—everyday is a great day—to be alive...

THE VIEW CLIMBS UP UP UP - FLYING OVER KENSINGTON GARDENS

Up through the clouds. We bank in a sweeping arc over Big Ben and the Thames River. London gleams in the morning sun. TOOTLES SWOOPS INTO VIEW! Whooping with pure joy. He shakes the last of Tink’s pixie dust from his marble pouch on his craggy face, basking in the golden glow.

He pauses and waves goodbye to each of us. Then zooms away heading for Neverland. Laughing like that child he was. The child we all were. The child in us that can never die.

SUPER: "SECOND TO THE RIGHT AND STRAIGHT ON TIL MORNING"

--SIR JAMES BARRIE

END TITLES AND FLYING MUSIC
TO JUDY, JAKE AND JULIA FOR ALWAYS BELIEVING...

IN MEMORY OF DAVID ALBERT HART, "UNCLE DEEDAH"
1950 - 1988