

PAN

by

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NEW LINE CINEMA
ENERGY ENTERTAINMENT

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BLACK.

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

THUMP! - Electricity arcs through darkness.

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

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A streetlight flickers, creating dappled, shifting shadows.

INT. HURON HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

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

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

MRS. HURON

How does it feel to be eleven?

Michael shrugs. She crosses to close the windows.

MRS. HURON

Just another candle, huh?

MICHAEL

Why wasn't d-dad here?

MRS. HURON

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

Michael nods. We follow mom out into the

HALLWAY

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

Mrs. Huron comes back with a book and goes to open the door. It sticks. She gives it some muscle and it pops open.

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

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

MRS. HURON
Michael. Why did you open the windows?

MICHAEL
I d-didn't.

MRS. HURON
Well someone must have.

She closes them, then picks up the scattered leaves.

MICHAEL
Not m-me.

MRS. HURON
Then who?

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

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

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

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

Michael's about to speak when...

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL MOVES, its finger going before its lips. Shhh...

MRS. HURON
Part of growing up means taking responsibility for your actions.
(MORE)

MRS. HURON (cont'd)
 You can still be a boy and not be
 childish, okay? Don't be like your
 father.

Michael doesn't respond, too scared to speak.

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

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

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

She leaves, closing the door behind her...

BUT HER SHADOW IS STILL THERE, pasted on the wall!

It's chest rises and falls, breathing. Then it stands and
 looks right at Michael.

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

FADE TO:

EXT. MERMAID'S LAGOON, BOAT DOCKS - DAY

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

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

HOOK (O.S.)
 Nana, heel.

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

POLICE CAPTAIN JAMES HOOK, 38. A once handsome man, now
 haggard and worn. There's a brooding quality to him, a
 sadness in his eyes. He's seen things, bad things. Things
 that you can never forget.

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

HOOK
Smee.

SMEE
Hook.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

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

We see a tarnished plaque for humanitarian work in finding missing children issued to Police Captain James Hook -- now being used as a coaster.

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

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

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

Smee tosses a case file onto the table.

HOOK
That ain't my thing any more.

SMEE
This one's different.

HOOK
Always is.

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

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

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

SMEE
Kidnapper left a message--

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

HOOK

What are you doing, Smee?

SMEE

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

HOOK

Don't ask me to do this.

SMEE

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

HOOK

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

SMEE

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

HOOK

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

SMEE

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

HOOK

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

SMEE

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

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

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

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

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

He goes to the closet, removes a weathered cardboard box. He sits on the floor, takes a shot of bourbon. Opens the box.

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

These are all the kids Hook saved.

One in particular stands out: a poster and photo of an eight year old girl, and a caption: "Found Dead". Her name: LILY HOOK. Hook's sister. The one he couldn't save.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A beat-up pickup truck pulls to the curb. The door opens, lighting Hook in the drivers seat. After a moment he climbs out, glancing up from a folded street map to:

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

INT. HURON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hook enters, holding Michael's photo. This place has been picked apart by the police. Floorboards and sections of carpet have been removed. Cabinets have been cleared out. Walls are smeared with fingerprint powder.

KITCHEN

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

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

MAN (ON MACHINE)

...from the Daily News regarding
the recent abduction of your child.
You can reach me at--

Hook hits delete, cuing the next message.

WOMAN (ON MACHINE)

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

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

WOMAN (ON MACHINE)

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

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

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

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

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

It's starting to get to him.

BATHROOM

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

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

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

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

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

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

He should have read the case file.

EXT. HURON HOUSE, ROOF - NIGHT

Hook sits on the shingles, taking in the city and stars. One in particular stands out: second to the right of a crescent moon.

HOOK
(into recorder)
Fuck you, Smee.

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

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

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

SMEE
All right. Settle down!

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

SMEE
This is what we know. No point of entry. No witnesses. No physical evidence. Three days. Means we're not looking hard enough.
(beat)
Dr. Mullins.

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

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

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

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

HOOK (O.S.)
*Come to the window, my baby with
 me, and look at the stars, that
 shine on the sea.*

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

HOOK
*There are two little stars, that
 play bo-peep, with two little fish,
 far down in the deep, and two
 little frogs, cry "Neap, neap,
 Neap", I see a dear baby, that
 should be asleep.*
 (beat)
 It's a nursery rhyme. For kids.

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

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

CECCO
 What the fuck...

SMEE
 Detective Cecco. You got something
 you want to add?

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

HOOK
 Largest number of missing children
 is "runaways", followed by "family
 abductions", then "lost", injured,
 or otherwise missing. The smallest
 category, but the one in which the
 child is at the most risk, "non-
 family, stereotypical abductions."
 (beat)
 Michael was in bed at the time of
 the kidnapping.

SMEE
 Yeah.

Hook crosses off "lost" on the blackboard.

SKYLIGHTS

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

HOOK

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

Hook crosses off "runaways".

HOOK

Report didn't mention a father.

SMEE

Absent. You think he's involved?

HOOK

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

CECCO

And you know that how, exactly?

HOOK

There was a struggle--

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

HOOK

Here. Carpet smelled like urine.
He wet himself.

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

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

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

Hook writes on the blackboard:

HOOK

Three common motives: "money",
"revenge", "molestation". No
ransom calls, letters?

SMEE

None.

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

HOOK

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

Crosses off "molestation", leaving "revenge".

SMEE

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

HOOK

No. There wouldn't be.

CECCO

All bullshit hunches and theories.

HOOK

That evidence supports. That's
what cops do.

CECCO

And how the fuck would you know
about that?

SMEE

Any idea how he gained ingress?

HOOK

There were leaves in the trash.

SMEE

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

CECCO

Maybe he flew in.

DR. MULLINS

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

HOOK

Forget about the kidnapper.

CECCO

The hell are we looking for then?

Hook points to the photo on Michael.

HOOK

Michael.

SMEE

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

Cops grumble as they file out. Cecco approaches Smees.

CECCO

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

SMEE

That's right.

CECCO

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

SMEE

On my authority as Commander, and
your boss.

CECCO

Gives all us a bad name being here.

HOOK

I got a name for you.

SMEE

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

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

CECCO
You're nobody.

Smee slides Hook a police badge and cell phone.

SMEE
Badge. Phone. Desk is outside.

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

SMEE
Finding a lost kid.

Hook takes the badge, leaves the phone.

HOOK
I don't do cell phones.

SMEE
You do now.

HOOK
Short leash, huh?

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

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

Hook grabs the phone and heads out.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, LOBBY

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

HOOK
Got a requisition on a sidearm.

Hook slides his badge under the grate.

STARKEY (O.S.)
Son of a bitch.

Hook turns to Swat Leader STARKEY, ex military.

HOOK

Starkey. They still letting you carry a gun?

STARKEY

They tried to take it from me once. Their mistake. Listen, whatever anyone says, cops respect what you did. Took balls. I respect it.

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

No one seems to notice. Except Hook.

DAD

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

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

DAD

Fuck you doin'?! Goddamn crazy!

HOOK

Want to see how crazy I can get?

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

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

What's your name?

SON

... Billy.

HOOK

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

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

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN

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

SMEE

You could have killed him. You have a thing for helping kids. I get that. But there are other ways to handle it.

HOOK

Not my ways.

SMEE

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

Smee puts an electric shaver on the desk.

SMEE

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

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

HOOK

Hey. Know where they keep the typewriters?

OFFICER

Yeah. In a museum.

Hook sits back, looking intently at Michael's photo. Traces the outline of his face.

HOOK

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

His eyes catch the birthday cake in the picture.

HOOK

Eleven years old. Your birthday. He planned this.

(MORE)

HOOK (cont'd)

Took the time to carve a message.
Foresight. Methodical. It's the
act that's important. He took you
because it was your birthday.

Hook grabs the photo and heads out.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECORDS ROOM - LATER

A basement of cold cases, closed files, and legal documents.
A wormish clerk, CHAS, searches dusty filing cabinets with
dates from 1960 to 1999. Hook steps over from another row.

CHAS

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

HOOK

Computers don't seem to like me.

CHAS

I hear that's a common problem with
you.

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

CHAS

Here we are. Need help loading up
the machine--

(off Hook's look)

Or I can get out of your way.

CLOSE ON A MICROFILM MONITOR - MOMENTS LATER

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

LATER

Hook's still at it. Losing himself to the collage of photos
and stark words. Up to year 1995. He stops, looks closer.

ON THE MONITOR: grainy newsphoto of a 14-year old girl with
accompanying story ("Captive Girl Found Alive"), dated 1995.
Scrolls: "11-year-old"; "birthday"; "abducted from bedroom".

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

HOOK
Hey, clerk guy.

CHAS
(steps up)
It's Chas.

HOOK
I need you to run a search for me.

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

CHAS
There you go.

ON SCREEN: Wendy Darling - State Psychiatric Ward.

EXT. STATE ASYLUM - LATE DAY

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

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - LATE DAY

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

HOOK
Shit.

INT. ASYLUM, WAITING ROOM - LATE DAY

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

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

RECEPTIONIST
(on speaker)
Captain Hook. He's ready for you.

INT. ASYLUM, COOKSON'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

DR. RICHARD COOKSON, 40s, the clinical, yet warm chief of staff, sits behind a vast desk piled with paperwork. He looks over crime scene notes and flips through photos.

Hook sits before him, eyeing a framed PHOTO of a teenage boy on the desk. His tape recorder set to record. Cookson closes the file and slides it back to Hook.

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

HOOK
It's a routine follow up.

DR. COOKSON
About what exactly?

HOOK
Similarities in the cases.

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

HOOK
That's why you're no detective.

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

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

HOOK
You going to let me see her or not?

DR. COOKSON
(considering)
No.

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

DR. COOKSON

Wendy's fragile. The slightest provocation could set her off. We've never violated a patient's trust, and we never will.

HOOK

You want to see a violation?

He takes the photo of Michael from the file and slaps it down before Cookson, right in front of the photo of his son.

HOOK

11 years old. That's a violation.

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

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR, UPPER FLOOR - LATE DAY

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

DR. COOKSON

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

HOOK

She say anything about the missing years?

DR. COOKSON

She believes she was held by a monster in a place called "Neverland".

HOOK

A monster, huh?

DR. COOKSON

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

HOOK

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

DR. COOKSON

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

HOOK

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

DR. COOKSON

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

HOOK

Why is that?

DR. COOKSON

She's afraid of her own shadow...

Cookson stops at one of the SOUNDPROOF STEEL DOORS.

DR. COOKSON

...literally.

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM - LATE DAY

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

DR. COOKSON

Good morning, Wendy. You have a visitor.

WENDY DARLING, 26, sits huddled in the corner. Wrecked as she is, we see the beauty in her face, the deep, lonely eyes.

DR. COOKSON

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

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

DR. COOKSON

It's okay. She can hear you.

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

Tell me who did this to you.

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

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

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

HOOK

I need copies of her files and taped sessions.

DR. COOKSON

Examination and interview materials are confidential.

HOOK

Not to me.

DR. COOKSON

And why is that?

HOOK

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

One look at Hook, and Cookson knows he's right. Heads off.

INT. WENDY'S ROOM

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

EXT. BOAT DOCKS - NIGHT

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

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

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

He opens the VCR box, stares at a multitude of wires. Opens up the instruction manual. Page 1.

LATER

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

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

Psych Evaluations 12/15/95
SUBJECT: Wendy Darling / AGE: 14

The image fades up on Wendy, sitting in an all white room. She stares at her faint shadow on the floor.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Are you ready to begin? Wendy...?

She looks up at him, just off screen.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Perhaps we should start from where
we left off last week.

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

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

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

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

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Is this what you see in your head?

WENDY
I wish I had a pretty house, the
littlest ever seen, with funny
little red walls, and roof of mossy
green.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
That's very good, Wendy. Where did
you learn that?
(silence)
I want to talk about your fear of
shadows. Can we talk about that?

WENDY
I don't like them. Dark places...

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

WENDY
Next I think I'll have gay windows
all about, with roses peeping in,
and babies peeping out.

DR. COOKSON (O.S.)
Wendy, I need you to stay focused,
okay? What about the shadows?

WENDY
That's where he lives...

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

LATER - HOOK

lies on the sofa, staring up at the ceiling. The TV is on
STATIC. RAIN BEATS on the windows, throwing odd shadows
across his face. As he drifts toward sleep, we slowly...

FADE TO BLACK.

VOICES SINGING
Happy birthday, to you...

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

MRS. CURLY

Blow out the candles and make a wish.

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

MR. CURLY

The window...

MRS. CURLY

I thought you closed it.

MR. CURLY

I did too.

(to Matthew)

It's all right, champ, we'll light them again.

MATTHEW

But what about my wish?

FRIEND

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

MATTHEW

Liar!

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

MR. CURLY

Hey, be nice you two.

MRS. CURLY

Why don't you wash up, and we'll sing again, okay?

HALLWAY

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

INT. BATHROOM

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

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

He shuts it, then washes his hands. Behind him, shadows from the mobile stop moving, even though the mobile continues...

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

HALLWAY

...and closes it.

EXT. CITY - MORNING

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

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

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

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

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

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM--

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

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM--

As the paper target is ripped apart, incinerated. On Hook's eyes, intense, somewhere else. He lowers the smoking gun. This isn't practice for him, it's therapy.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - DAY

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

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

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

Dr. Mullins takes a seat on the edge of the desk. Smiles.
Hook's eyes never leave the photograph.

HOOK

Not today.

DR. MULLINS

I read our file. I understand why
you do what you do.

Hook shifts. Doc's getting too personal.

DR. MULLINS

I admire you, James. Your track
record, your tenacity. You'll
protect children at any cost. What
concerns me is your use of violence
to do it. Do you regret what you
did to Bill Jukes? To the others?

HOOK

I weep for them--

DR. MULLINS

That's good. Sympathy is good.

HOOK

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

DR. MULLINS

Is that a joke?

Hook meets her gaze. Guess not. The phone RINGS.

DR. MULLINS

When you're ready.

She walks off. Hook chins the receiver.

HOOK
Hello. Hello...?

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

HOOK
Yeah, hello?

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

HOOK
Who?

CHAS (ON PHONE)
(exhaling)
The clerk guy. I got those items
you requested. Do you want me to--

Hook hangs up and hurries off.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, STORAGE ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

CHAS
What, like a psychic?

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

CECCO
Waste of time if you ask me.

SMEE
No one's keeping you here.

Cecco walks off. Smee approaches Hook.

HOOK

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

SMEE

You're just rusty is all.

HOOK

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

SMEE

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

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

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Hook shuffles through an old, musty box labeled: Met PD /
Evidence: Case File D-11734 / Wendy Darling.

HOOK

How about the parents, George and Mary Darling?

CHAS

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

HOOK

So look.

Hook pulls a fat file folder, thumbs through police reports.

INSIDE: Wendy's abduction. *"Reported missing: 5/11/91."*
Hook scans to: *"Kidnapped night of 5/9/91."*

HOOK

(into recorder)

Parents reported Wendy missing two days after the fact. Why wait?

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

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

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

HOOK
 There's no goddamn nursery rhyme.

ON THE PHOTO: Blank wallpaper. No nursery rhyme.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - DAY

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

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DR. COOKSON
 What the hell is going on?

EXT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

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

DR. COOKSON

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

HOOK

Only way she's going to get better is to catch this guy. I need to see what she saw, and I can't do that with her locked up in here.

Cookson puts his hands on his head, thinking.

DR. COOKSON

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

HOOK

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

WENDY (O.S.)

Pan.

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

WENDY

His name was Pan.

EXT. ASYLUM - LATER

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

HOOK

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

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

DR. COOKSON

You sure about this?

WENDY

No. But I don't want to be afraid anymore.

DR. COOKSON

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

WENDY

Thank you. For everything.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DUSK

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

EXT. DARLING HOUSE - DUSK

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

HOOK

So this is where you lived, huh?

WENDY

It was different back then.

Hook tries the door. Locked.

HOOK

Got a hairpin I can borrow?

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

WENDY

Keep it.

INT. DARLING HOUSE - DUSK

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

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

Do you remember anything about
their last visit?

WENDY

They acted like they were scared.

HOOK

Of what?

Wendy pauses at the stairs leading up to the bedrooms.

WENDY

Me.

INT. DARLING HOUSE, TOP FLOOR LANDING

The door to Wendy's bedroom is covered with crisscrossed planks. Hook yanks them free and the door CREAKS open, old dust billows out. Wendy shivers, her life ended inside here.

INT. DARLING HOUSE, WENDY'S BEDROOM

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

HOOK

Hey, look at me. I'm right here.
Nothing bad is going to happen.

She walks around, slowly, touching her childhood possessions.

HOOK

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

WENDY

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

HOOK

Did you see him come in?

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

WENDY

He... came through the closet.

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

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

EXT. DARLING HOUSE - NIGHT

Hook opens the driver's door and gets in.

HOOK

It's okay. We'll start smaller.

Wendy's face, tear-stained, turns from us. Hook drives off.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

SMEE

Yeah, Doc, what is it?

DR. MULLINS

He shouldn't be here. It's too soon.

SMEE

He isn't here. Not officially.

Mullins holds her ground. Smee looks her in the eye.

SMEE

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

DR. MULLINS

Like he did to Bill Jukes--

SMEE

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

DR. MULLINS

He doesn't see the world like us.

SMEE

Which is what makes him such a good cop.

DR. MULLINS

And a dangerous one.

SMEE

Let him be. Let him do his job.

DR. MULLINS

And wait and see who he hurts next?

SMEE

That won't happen.

DR. MULLINS

You're willing to take that chance on him?

SMEE

If it means saving a kid, then yeah, I am.

DR. MULLINS

If he gets too close like last time?

SMEE

I'll pull him.

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

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

The table's covered with forms and case reports. Hook is seated beside Wendy, guiding her through crime scene photos.

HOOK

Anything?

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

WENDY

Wait...

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

WENDY

Nursery rhymes.

HOOK

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

WENDY

Pan, he... I read them to him. He had this book. He would make me read them over and over.

HOOK

You're sure it was these?

She nods tightly. Not something she could forget.

HOOK

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

WENDY

My dad always wanted a boy.

HOOK

After you were found, local police scoured the area for Neverland. They couldn't find any trace of it.

WENDY

You have to believe in Neverland to be able to see it.

HOOK

Then help me. Help me see it.

Wendy paces the boat, looking at Hook's things. Distracted.

HOOK

Tell me about his face.

WENDY

(beat)

No face. A mask. He wears a mask.

HOOK

What kind of mask? What does it look like?

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

INT. HOUSEBOAT, BEDROOM

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

HOOK

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

WENDY

My father always said, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

HOOK

Yeah, well, mine didn't give a shit.

WENDY

Not a great childhood either, huh?

HOOK

I'll get you a pillow.

Hook heads out. Wendy takes everything in, stopping at an old framed photo: Hook, standing with his Navy Seals unit.

She almost trips on a box sticking out from under the bed. Hook's clippings of missing children.

She looks through, stopping on an article about an abducted girl named Margaret, headline reading: "*Hero cop crosses the line.*" A PHOTO of Hook being arrested, along with a male cross-dresser, arms bloody and bandaged.

The boat rocks slightly, enough for the closet door to creak open. Wendy hears it, turns. The darkness seems to ripple, as if something's inside there, waiting to come out.

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

HOOK

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

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

HOOK

Hey, you okay? Wendy...?

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

HOOK

The door? Hold on.

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

HOOK

Fuck.

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

EXT. HOUSEBOAT / DOCKS - LATER

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

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER

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

BEDROOM

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

INT. DELAWARE TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

JANE

Give it back!

JOHN

Gotta catch me first!

MR. DELAWARE

Knock it off, you two.

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

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

JANE (O.S.)
Come on, John. Don't be a jerk.
I'm gonna tell dad...

JOHN
Go ahead. I dare you.

She's heard heading downstairs.

JANE (O.S.)
Dad...!

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

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

JOHN
Piece of junk...

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

The room brightens with crackling WIND-UP MUSIC.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

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

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

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

The DOOR NOW VANISHED back into solid wall.

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

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

THE CARPET slowly corrects itself, erasing the indentation.

EXT. DELAWARE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Now a beehive of activity, bathed in a glare of TV lights. Emergency vehicles choke the street; cops, reporters, and curious civilians swarm ineffective barricades. Hook's truck pulls to a stop, parting the crowd.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - SAME

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

HOOK

Wendy. You okay?

She meets Hook's gaze and nods.

HOOK

I want you to stay in the car.

WENDY

I thought I was here to help.

HOOK

You don't need to see this.

Hook gets out and heads to the officer holding court.

INT. DELAWARE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

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

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

CECCO

Do you remember if you locked the doors? Windows?

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

MR. DELAWARE

I did it myself, same as always.

SMEE

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

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

MRS. DELAWARE

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

HOOK

Any cake left?

CECCO

Christ...

MR. DELAWARE

I'm sorry?

HOOK

Birthday cake. Any left?

MRS. DELAWARE

His party was at a pizza parlor. What is this?

SREE

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

HOOK

Did he brush his teeth before bed?

MR. DELAWARE

What?

HOOK

Was he wearing pajamas? Did you
kiss him goodnight?

MR. DELAWARE

I think we're done here.

HOOK

For now.

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

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

Hook takes it in. Skylights stands next to him.

SKYLIGHTS

Same handwriting. Not the kid's.

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

SREE

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

HOOK

Parents should pay more attention
to their kids.

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

SMEE

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

HOOK

Birthday cake.

CECCO

What the hell is it with you and birthday cake?

Looks at the toys scattered, feeling the stuffed animals.

HOOK

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

Smee and Cecco exchange glances. That it strange.

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

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

SMEE

What is it?

HOOK

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

SMEE

How do you know that?

HOOK

Look around. This doesn't belong here.

Skylights bags it as Smee turns to the door.

SMEE

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wendy watches the collage of shadows on the floor. She steps around them, like a child stepping over cracks in a sidewalk. Hook and Smee talk off to the side as police scurry past.

HOOK

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

SMEE

Where'd you find her?

HOOK

...State Asylum.

SMEE

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

HOOK

I told her to wait in the car.

Smee notices officers watching.

SMEE

C'mere.

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

WENDY

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

She shrugs. Wendy takes a seat across from her.

WENDY

You know, when I was your age I had a doll house just like this. Not as nice as yours, though.

JANE

(soft)

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

WENDY

Who did? John?

JANE

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

WENDY

I know. It's not your fault.

Jane plays with her doll house. Wendy notices its bedroom -- marked crudely in red and black marker, covered in scratches. And a drawing of a CLOSET, with a CLAWED FOOTPRINT before it.

WENDY

(on edge)

Jane, can I borrow this for a sec?
Promise to bring it right back.

Jane thinks it over, nods.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

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

SMEE

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

HOOK

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

SMEE

Christ...

HOOK

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

SMEE

I guess I thought you learned from your mistakes.

HOOK

Then I guess you were wrong.

SMEE

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

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

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

HOOK
Skylights.

Skylights kneels, examining the carpet through thick glasses.

SKYLIGHTS
Black light.

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

SKYLIGHTS
Get me the box cutter! Now!

INT. DINER - DAY

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

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

HOOK
The doll house. How'd you know?

WENDY
After I was found, I drew pictures.
Jane did the same. Its how kids
think, express themselves.

The WAITRESS arrives with their food: smiley face pancakes.

HOOK
I didn't order this.

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

HOOK
Never had them.

WENDY
What kinda childhood did you have?

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

Hook stares into the black deep recesses of his coffee, a sore subject for him. Wendy watches. Finally:

WENDY
Who is Bill Jukes?

The unexpected question throws Hook.

WENDY
I'm sorry. I overheard. They said
you got too close and... snapped.

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

WENDY
The article in your box, it said he
was a victim. They let him go
because of you, of what you did.

HOOK
Quiet the detective, aren't you?

WENDY
Just curious.

Hook, visibly uncomfortable, shifting.

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

WENDY
How did you catch him?

HOOK
Found a piece of metal in a victim.
Painted yellow. There was lead in
the paint, the kind they used for
old playground equipment, and
school busses. Jukes was a driver.

(beat)
When I tracked him down, he was
with a girl. Margaret. He had a
knife. So I shot off his hand.
(beat)
And then I shot off his other hand.
Tinkerbell would never lay another
finger on a child again.

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

WENDY

But you saved her? Margaret?

HOOK

Forensics should be done by now.
We should finish up.

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

WENDY

I haven't had real food in so long,
I almost forgot how good it was.

She smiles, but Hook isn't listening. He's somewhere else.

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

EXT. CITY - DAY

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

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, LAB - DAY

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

CECCO (O.S.)

That's one hellova big foot.

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

SKYLIGHTS

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

CECCO

In English.

HOOK

He has a bunion.

SMEE

Why would he take off his shoes?

HOOK

That's what most people do when
they enter a house.

CECCO

A kidnapper with manners?

HOOK

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

SKYLIGHTS

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

HOOK

Like there was a closet there...

Shared looks.

SKYLIGHTS

We covered the rest of the house.
It's the only impression we found.

SMEE

Can you get prints off it?

SKYLIGHTS

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

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

ON THE SCREEN: a BLURRY image gradually sharpens, resolving
into two separate specks of dirt.

SMEE

What am I looking at?

SKYLIGHTS

Traces of dirt found in the carpet.

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

SKYLIGHTS

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

HOOK

How rare?

SKYLIGHTS

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

CECCO

Goddamn fairy dust is what that is.

ALF MASON (O.S.)

I highly doubt that.

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

SKYLIGHTS

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

Alf avoids everyone, moving right up to the soil as if it was the Hope Diamond. Eyes glued down the microscope.

ALF MASON

(to dirt)

Oh yes, you are special aren't you?

SKYLIGHTS

He doesn't get to interact with people all that much.

SMEE

So Professor, what can you tell us?

ALF MASON

Garbage. It came from someplace pervaded with waste. Definitely.

SMEE

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

SKYLIGHTS

I'm on it.

ALF MASON

I was told I could keep this.

SMEE

You were told wrong.

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

SMEE

What do you see?

HOOK

I don't know.

SMEE

You must have some idea.

HOOK

Misspelled nursery rhymes, toys,
the bare foot...

(beat)

It's almost like he's a kid.

CECCO

No way some kid's doing all this.

HOOK

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

A SKINNY OFFICER sticks his head in the door.

OFFICER

Hook! Out here...

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hook pushes through the crowd at the door to find Wendy under the desk, catatonic. Mullins is kneeled before her.

HOOK

Wendy, it's me. Hook. Tell me
what's wrong.

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

HOOK

Get that window!

OFFICER

What?

HOOK

The window! And the blinds!

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

WENDY

Save me... save me...

HOOK

It's okay. It's all right.

Hook and Wendy are left alone in the room, in the dark.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - LATER

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

HOOK

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

Hook turns from her to Smee, behind his desk.

HOOK

I ran a check. Got nothing.

SMEE

So, what, she made him up?

HOOK

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

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

SMEE

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

HOOK

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

Hook seems to be shaking. The case is getting to him.

SMEE

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

Hook joins Wendy and leads her out. Smee can see it in Hook's manner. He's getting too close again.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE, PEGLEG POINT PLAZA - DAY

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

WENDY

I'm not crazy.

He looks at her steadily, then nods.

WENDY

But you don't believe me. How's that work?

A couple passes, holding hands, kissing.

WENDY

Did you know that I've never kissed a boy? Never had a job. Still don't know how to drive. Graduated high school in the institution. He took that away from me. My life, the things we're never supposed to forget. He took that away from me.

HOOK

If I could get that back for you, I would. Best I can do is catch him.

WENDY

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

HOOK

Something like that.

WENDY

I'm not your sister. Saving me won't bring her back. Or Margaret.

Hook reacts. Uncomfortable.

WENDY

There's a reason kids are afraid of the dark. If you can't see that, you'll never catch him.

HOOK

A monster didn't take my sister.
My father did.

WENDY

You can't stop Pan by thinking of
him as a man. You need to see him
as his victims see him, a monster.
You were a kid once. You must
still remember what it was like.
What happened to that little boy?

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

HOOK

(into phone)

Yeah.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

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

SMEE

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

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

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

SMEE

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

STARKEY

Rules of engagement?

SMEE

We take him alive --

(eyes Hook)

-- if possible. Busses leave in
twenty.

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

HOOK
You're not coming.

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

HOOK
We catch him, then you can eye him.

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

Hook looks squarely at her. Considering.

EXT. REAR PRECINCT HOUSE - LATE DAY

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

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK (DRIVING) - EVENING

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

HOOK
That's it up ahead...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - EVENING

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

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

EXT. SKULL ROCK, PERIMETER - EVENING

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

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - SAME

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

WENDY
Where's my gun?

HOOK
You don't get one.

WENDY
But what if we, like, engage the enemy?

HOOK
Engage the--? Christ you've been hanging around me too much. Lock the doors. You see anything, beep the horn.

She nods, tight, hands shaking.

HOOK
Hey. It's okay to be scared.

WENDY
Are you?

HOOK
(beat)
Yeah.

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

EXT. SKULL ROCK, PERIMETER

Hook heads toward the assembly, passing Starkey.

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

HOOK
Blow me.

STARKEY
You wish.
(to men)
Round it up, let's go. I want tight formations. No one does shit 'til I tell 'em to. Clear?

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

STARKEY

All right ladies. Let's do this.

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

THE JUNKYARD

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

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

A SMALL TIN SHACK

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

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

INT. SHACK - SAME

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

SWAT

Police! Police!

Offal furniture from every decade, a small gas grill, dolls, and parts of dolls, and a mattress mended with duct tape.

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

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

SWAT 1

Fuckin-A...

STARKEY

Clear! We're clear!

Hook stands in the doorway, then turns out.

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - SAME

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

CLUNK! A NOISE FROM OUTSIDE. Wendy goes rigid as darkness closes in, heart pounding, jaw quivering.

WENDY

Hook...

She BEEPS the horn. Nothing. Eyes the keys in the ignition. Starts it up. Slams it into gear. Hits the gas and the car takes off in reverse, out of control.

Smashes into rubble, tires caught. She can't get it free. Screaming as the shadows move in.

WENDY

GOAWAY! LEAVEMEALONE!

EXT. SKULL ROCK - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy's screams are maddening as darkness races after her. She bolts under elevated subway tracks. A train ROARS overhead. Blue sparks spit off the third rail, throwing her shadow long down the deserted path.

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

WENDY

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

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

EXT. SKULL ROCK

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

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

He follows it, spots another SHADOW move close by, a MAN, looming, watching the police, unaware of Hook slowly creeping up behind...

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

HOOK
Police! On the ground!

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

BAM! He's tackled to the ground. Hook gets on top, holding him down with a foot to his neck, gun pressed to his head.

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

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

HOOK
Oh Jesus...

Hook turns him over: BILL JUKES, aka TINKERBELL. Fat and sloppy, with a lazy eye, covered in tattoos. Lipstick smeared on his lips. And he's terrified of Hook.

JUKES
Get the fuck off me you crazy fuck!

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

STARKEY
We got him.

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

JUKES
Get him the fuck off of me!!!

STARKEY
Hook! We got him!

Hook releases, breathing heavy, turns away. Swat cuff Jukes and lead him away. A car horn BEEPS in the distance, takes a second to register.

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

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

HOOK
Wendy?!

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

MOMENTS LATER

Hook helps Wendy back to the car and awaiting officers.

HOOK
Don't leave her side.

Smee steps up, a solemn look on his face.

EXT. SKULL ROCK, FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Hook follows Smee to an opening in the rubble.

HOOK
Oh no...

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

DOZENS OF SMALL GRAVES

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

LATER

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

Hook sits nearby. He looks up wanly as Smee appears, offers him a cigarette. Smee lights it, then his own. He studies Hook, his lack of emotion unsettling.

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

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

HOOK
I want to question him.

SMEE
You promise to control your temper?

HOOK
No.

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

HOOK
She all right?

EMT
Minor abrasion. Nothing serious.

WENDY
It's not him.

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

WENDY
It's not Pan. I'd know. I'd feel
it.

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

WENDY
(near tears)
How are you supposed to save me
when you don't even believe me?

Hook storms off, unable to deal with this.

SMEE
Take Ms. Darling home.

An officer leads Wendy to the squad car. Smee eyes Hook,
pacing about, hands on his head. Breaking point.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE, FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

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

REPORTER 1
Commissioner Teynte! Can you
confirm reports that the man in
custody is Bill Jukes, otherwise
known as Tinkerbell?

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE
Not at this time.

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

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

Teynte steps into the precinct. Reporters YELL after him.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Smee knows what Hook's thinking. Just exhales, nods.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY

Cecco steps out of the interrogation room, joining Smee.

CECCO
You pulling me? I was on a roll.

SMEE
Two hours. You had your shot.

CECCO
Bullshit. I was getting inside his head.

HOOK
Sure you were.

Hook walks past them, entering the interrogation room.

CECCO
What is this?

SMEE
Option 'B'.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, INTERROGATION ROOM

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

JUKES
Must be gettin' desperate, sending
you in.

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

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

HOOKE
Folks here disagree.

JUKES
I ain't no fairy.

HOOKE
You live at the dump now. Seems
fitting.

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

HOOKE
You were there. You must know.

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

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

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

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

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

JUKES

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

HOOK

But you've seen who is.

Jukes looks away, fear-stricken. Jaw trembling.

JUKES

Shadows is all. You ain't gonna catch him. Not this one.

HOOK

And why's that?

JUKES

Gotta believe in the devil to be afraid of him.

HOOK

Funny. I always thought you were the devil.

JUKES

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

HOOK

I don't believe in monsters either.

JUKES

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

HOOK

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

JUKES

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

He's getting to Hook.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Smee looks through the mirror into the interrogation room. Commissioner Teynte hangs up his cell phone and steps up.

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

SMEE
Maybe.

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

SMEE
You don't know that.

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

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

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

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

SMEE
This isn't your call, detective.

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

He steps out, followed by Cecco.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY

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

HOOK
It wasn't him.

SMEE
Go home. Get some rest.

HOOK
They're booking him, aren't they?

SMEE
Commissioner's put his foot down.
I'm sorry.

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

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, MEN'S ROOM

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

The overhead fluorescents flicker, creating odd lines of shadows. For an instant, there appears to be a dark face on the other side of the mirror, watching him.

Hook backs away. Just the light, mind playing tricks on him. Right? He moves toward the door. Pan's getting to him.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

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

WENDY
Hungry?

EXT. HOUSEBOAT, DECK - LATER

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

HOOK
...apple juice?

WENDY
Isn't that what you drink?

HOOK
Yeah. Listen, about before--

WENDY
Forget about it.

HOOK
I'm sorry.

WENDY
(then)
He's not Pan.

HOOK
I want it to be him. Christ, you
got me seeing shit in the shadows
now. All your imaginary talk.

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

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

A beat.

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

WENDY
It's all I know how to make. My
parents left me home alone a lot,
so I'd make macaroni. My favorite.
It's been a while...

Wendy struggles with memories that the food triggers.

HOOK
Were your parents away the night it
happened?

There's a long beat as Wendy seems very upset, near tears.

WENDY
It was my birthday. I was in bed.

IN FLASHBACK

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

WENDY (V.O.)

I heard the windows slide open.

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

WENDY (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

WENDY (V.O.)

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

The closet door's handle rattles...

WENDY (V.O.)

Except there wasn't a closet there
before.

Wendy is terrified; she covers her ears.

WENDY (V.O.)

I could hear someone inside... a
child's voice; giggling.
(beat)
That's when I saw the shadow.

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

WENDY (V.O.)

Then it opened...

Wendy runs for the bedroom door. The shadow's arm extends out along the wall to the door and slams it shut. Wendy stumbles back, catching her balance...

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

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

A DARK ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Wendy, bound, eyes closed, lies in the damp little room.

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

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

LATER - As images become clearer...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WENDY (V.O.)
A mask.

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

LATER - Wendy cracks open the door, peeks out.

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

CORRIDORS

Wendy runs, coming to a series of passageways.

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

A SNOW COVERED STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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

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

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

BACK TO THE ADULT WENDY

staring into the distance. She blinks and tears find their
way, streaming down her face. Hook takes her in his arms.

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

Holds her tight. Wendy's protector.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECORDS ROOM - DAY

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

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

Hook flips through the thousands of kids. Sighs.

CHAS

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

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

WENDY

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

HOOK

Yeah, but that ain't a crime.

Chas walks up with two Styrofoam boxes.

CHAS

You guys order food or something?

Inside, two orders of smiley face pancakes. Wendy looks at
Hook, her face mirroring the pancakes. Hook, embarrassed.

HOOK

Let's not make a big thing out of
it, okay?

WENDY

Maybe next we can go on a bike
ride, compare sticker collections.

Hook gives her a look. He knew it was a bad idea. Shifts
back to work, on the list of names.

HOOK

We have to look beyond what we're
given. See what other's don't.
It's the grey that's important.

CHAS

I like pancakes, if anyone cares.

WENDY

So what's the grey?

HOOK

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

WENDY

You said there was a police report.

HOOK

Yeah, issued two days after.

WENDY

Maybe they were grieving.

HOOK

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

WENDY

Like it was a secret.

HOOK

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

WENDY

But not Kensington Gardens.

HOOK

Now why is that?

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - LATER

Wendy and Hook sit before Smee's desk. Cecco stands behind.

SMEE

It's old turf. We picked that place clean. Locals didn't see anything.

HOOK

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

SMEE

Wendy, I'm sorry for everything you've been through--

(to Hook)

-- but Jukes is locked up.

HOOK

Then what harm can it do? Smee,
please. I'm asking for your
permission.

CECCO

Tinkerbell's insane. End of story.

SMEE

Wendy?

WENDY

He took four years of my life. I
want them back.

SMEE

(considers)

Do it.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - LATE DAY

The streets are full of shadows as the sun falls low. Hook's truck whines to a jarring stop at the curb. Wendy gets out of the driver's side, Hook the passenger's. He's looking a bit worse for wear. She hands him the keys back.

HOOK

Never again. I thought I was bad.

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

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING

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

SECRETARY

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

HOOK

There's got to be paperwork.

SECRETARY

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

WENDY

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

SECRETARY

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

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

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - LATE DAY

Hook storms out with Wendy.

HOOK

We're chasing ghosts.

WENDY

Then we look beyond what we're
given. See what other's don't.

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

HOOK

Hey, old timer. How much?

SCOURIE

Buck even. And the name's Scourie.

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

HOOK

What can you tell me about this
place, Scourie?

SCOURIE

Lived here all my life.

HOOK

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

SCOURIE

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

WENDY

Do you know why they moved?

SCOURIE

Can't say I do. Odd though, given
the pull he had 'round these parts.

HOOK

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

SCOURIE

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

HOOK

Huron's...?

SCOURIE

Joan and uh...

HOOK

Steve?

SCOURIE

(snaps fingers)

That was it.

Off Hook and Wendy's shock.

SCOURIE

Lived here maybe thirty or so
years. Left all their crap behind.

HOOK

How about the Delaware's?

SCOURIE

Sure. He was a lawyer I think.

HOOK

An accountant. Jesus...

WENDY

Any others around from back them?

SCOURIE

Not to my recollection. Best check
the ledger at the library.

WENDY

Thank you for your help.

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

HOOK

Son of a bitch is taking kids from
this town!

INT. LIBRARY - LATE DAY

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

WENDY

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

HOOK

No, but their parents were. They
all grew up here, and cleared out
around the same time. May 9, 1992.

WENDY

My birthday...

HOOK

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

WENDY

But why only males?

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

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

HOOK

You said your dad always wanted a
son. He ever say why?

WENDY

All dads want boys. To carry on
after them.

HOOK

To procreate, pass their last
names.

(beat)

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

WENDY
That's a lot of people.

HOOK
Pan's been a busy boy.

WENDY
Why not just kill the parents?

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

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

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

INT. HOOK'S CAR (DRIVING) - EVENING

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

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

WENDY
Jared.

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

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

HOOK
Smee? Damnnit! What's Slightly's
number again?

Wendy checks Hook's notes.

EXT. SLIGHTLY HOUSE - EVENING

Fall leaves tap-dance. Streetlights flicker on.

INT. SLIGHTLY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

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

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

THEODORE
I'll get it!

LIZA
Maybe we should let the machine
pick up.

INT. SLIGHTLY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

Theodore runs in, cradles the phone.

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

Liza enters, shaking her hand to dry her nails.

LIZA
Who is it?

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

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

Red alert.

LIZA
Excuse me, who is this?

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

LIZA

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

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

LIZA

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

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

INT. SLIGHTLY HOUSE, THEODORE'S BATHROOM

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

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

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

THEODORE

Liza...?

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

EXT. SLIGHTLY HOUSE - NIGHT

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

HOOK

Where's the kid?

LIZA

What?

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

HOOK

The kid! Where is he?!

LIZA

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

WENDY

No, he isn't.

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

HOOK

Stay there!

INT. THEODORE'S BEDROOM

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

HOOK

Pan...

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

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

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

Hook stumbles back, feeling the fabric of reality crumbling around him. He turns to the carved, misspelled message:

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

Wendy and Liza run in. Liza SCREAMS - blending with DISTANT POLICE SIRENS. A stuffed TEDDY BEAR sits on the rocking chair, eyes witness to the events.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

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

WENDY

You saw something, didn't you?

HOOK

I don't know what I saw. Shadows.

WENDY

That's how it starts.

(beat)

"Dickery, Dickery, Dare..." I read that nursery rhyme to him, Hook.

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

WENDY

What? What's wrong?

HOOK

Nothing. It's nothing.

WENDY

(stops him)

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

HOOK

All right. I don't think these nursery rhymes are a calling card.

WENDY

You think he's leaving them for me. He wants me back.

HOOK

That's why I'm here. To make sure that doesn't happen.

Hook takes Wendy's hand in his as they enter the precinct.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN - DAY

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

WENDY

What's going on?

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

HOOK

Wait here.

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

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE

Smee closes the door behind them.

SMEE
Take a seat, Hook.

HOOK
I think I'll stand. What is this?

SMEE
Doctor's here to take Wendy back.

HOOK
Not gonna happen.

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

HOOK
No, not correct.

DR. COOKSON
Commander?

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

DR. COOKSON
This was a temporary arrangement.
Wendy should've been returned days
ago. You care about her, I get
that. We all do. But don't let
your personal feelings dilute the
situation.

HOOK
I'm thinking clearly.

DR. COOKSON
Are you? You took her to crime
scenes, on a police raid where she
was injured.

HOOK
(to Smee)
You tell him that?

SMEE
I had nothing to do with this.

DR. COOKSON

I told you from day one that she was fragile, yet you chose to ignore it. What you did was irresponsible, and illegal. If you were thinking rationally, you'd see the only danger she's in is from you. She's not some a commodity--

HOOK

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

DR. COOKSON

Wendy has been saved, Mr. Hook. She's alive. No thanks to you.
(stands, walks out)
I'm sorry.

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

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

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

DR. COOKSON

I'm sorry, but I can't stand by and wait for you to get hurt, or worse.

WENDY

Part of growing up, right? Facing your fears.

DR. COOKSON

(stops, stares at ground)
Wendy. Your shadow...

Wendy follows his gaze to her SHADOW on the sidewalk.

DR. COOKSON

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

Wendy looks at it, unafraid. She didn't even notice.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

HOOK

She doesn't belong in there. We
do. Not her.

(goes rigid)

Son of a bitch...

He storms out. Smee steps to the window, sees Cookson
handing Cecco PHOTOS from his briefcase.

SMEE

Ah shit...

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CECCO'S OFFICE

Copies of Hook's files are everywhere. Cecco puts the photos
on his desk: Wendy at the crime scene, at Skull Rock. He
looks up at the sound of FOOTSTEPS. Hook's here to kill him.

CECCO

Hey, listen--

Before he can finish, Hook hauls him up and throws him over
the desk. Then up into a wall. Plaster cracks. Hook
strangles him. Cecco gags.

Until Cecco's flailing hands finds Hook's .44. Yanking it
from his waistband, Cecco smashes Hook in the forehead.

Hook reels. But, blind with rage, he moves back in, only to
have the barrel of the gun placed right between his eyes.

CECCO

You're goddamn crazy, you know
that? This is your fault.

Smee stops dead in the doorway. Tension is chainsaw thick.
Hook's seething, eyes burning holes into Cecco.

SMEE

Detective. Holster that sidearm
immediately. That's an order.

Cecco obeys. Hook turns, slamming his way through the door.

CECCO

Goddamn maniac.

SMEE

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

Cecco is left shaking his head in his wrecked office.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, REAR STAIRWAY

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

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

DR. MULLINS

Ready for that talk yet?

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

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SMEE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

SMEE

Teynte's removing the Nibs detail.
Says we got our guy.

HOOK

Then who was I shooting at?

SMEE

Copycat.

HOOK

That's the real world explanation.

SMEE

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

(beat)

You're starting to believe her.

HOOK

I've seen things, Smee. Things I
can't explain.

SMEE

A bulletproof shadow figure named
Pan who comes through closets that
aren't there and lives in some
mystical place called Neverland?

HOOK

Why not?

SMEE

Commissioner's satisfied. Means
I'm satisfied.

HOOK

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

SMEE

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

HOOK

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

SMEE

Goddamn it. There is no Pan.

HOOK

What happened to the cop I knew who
cared about the job? About hunches
and what his gut told him.

SMEE

He grew up!!!

Officers in the bullpen look over. Smee calms.

SMEE

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

HOOK

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

Hook walks out. He got to Smee.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BULLPEN

Starkey talks with his SWAT team when Hook walks up.

HOOK

Starkey. I need a favor.

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM - DAY

A bed, washroom, and windows barred and sealed shut. The grown-ups version of a room. Cookson watches Wendy unpack.

DR. COOKSON

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

WENDY

(distracted)

It's nice. Thank you.

DR. COOKSON

After my son... I made a promise to
myself that I'd never let another
child suffer if I could help it.

WENDY

I know. I don't blame you.

DR. COOKSON

You like him, don't you?

WENDY

When I'm with him I feel like Wendy
Darling, not some helpless little
girl. He made me realize how much
I missed out on, the whole world.
He may not act it, but there is
good inside him. I've seen it.

DR. COOKSON

I'll take your word for it.

WENDY

I'm different now. So is he.

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

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

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

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

INT. NIBS HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. NIBS HOUSE, JARED'S BEDROOM - SAME

Hook lies in the bed, staring across the room at the closet door. Getting into the mind-set of a child. Light from the hallway spills in as Smee enters. Seems he changed his mind.

SMEE

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

HOOK

Do they ever?

Starkey moves up behind.

STARKEY

You're on.

EXT. NIBS HOUSE - NIGHT

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

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

SWAT SNIPER #1 behind the balustrade in a prone firing position sighting through a rifle's night vision scope. A second high angle. SWAT SNIPER #2 sweeps the street and lawns with his rifle. He reacts to something to his right.

SWAT SNIPER #2

Movement, three o'clock.

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

HOOK

I got a visual.

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

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

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

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

Hook violently SLAMS into him, knocking him off his feet. The Driver catches his breath, turns to Hook, instead finds the barrel of a .44.

HOOK

Put your hands where I can see 'em!

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

DRIVER

Take it, man, whatever you want...

HOOK

Goddamn it!!!

(into mike)

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

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

DRIVER

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

SMEE

Stupid son of a bitch.

(to Swat)

Check his I.D, then take him home.

HOOK

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

SMEE

It's time to go home, Hook.

Hook moves toward the house with determination.

INT. NIBS HOUSE

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

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

An officer leads Jared out of the room.

HOOK
Jared's not a target. Never was.
How about you tell me why that is.

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

HOOK
Not yet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. NIBS HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

HOOK
Never had kids myself. Closest I
came was my sister, Lilly. My old
man, he liked to drink. Liked to
throw things. It was my job to
keep him away from her.
(MORE)

HOOK (cont'd)
 To keep her safe. Forced me to
 grow up real fast. Lost my
 childhood, but it was worth it.

Mrs. Nibs nods her head in guilty agreement.

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

(beat)
 One day, he skipped town. Up and
 left. Took Lilly with him. Guess
 I couldn't save her that time.

MRS. NIBS
 What happened to them?

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

MRS. NIBS
 Oh God...

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

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

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

A beat as she collects herself.

MRS. NIBS
 He had some skin disease, an
 allergy to sunlight. He was rarely
 seen in the day. Even then he
 would keep to the shadows. He had
 to wear this mask to protect his
 face. You have to understand, this
 was thirty years ago.

(MORE)

MRS. NIBS (cont'd)
We were just kids back then. We didn't know better.

HOOK
Sure. Kids will be kids, right?

MRS. NIBS
I remember this one time my parents grounded me, locked me in my room. Peter climbed in through my bedroom window. He wanted me to come with him to some imaginary place he called Neverland. To "save" me. He did this to all us. I felt sorry for him. I don't think his parents were real nice people. But whose are, you know?

Hook nods.

MRS. NIBS
George wanted to give Peter a dose of his own medicine. It was just a joke that went very wrong.

HOOK
What happened?

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

Mrs. Nibs breaks down crying.

MRS. NIBS
All I remember is that mask. That god-awful mask, just smiling back at us the entire time. I thought he'd pass out from the pain. I prayed he would. We didn't know what to do. So we ran, pretended nothing ever happened.

HOOK
But something did happen, didn't it?

MRS. NIBS
About fifteen years later, the first child went missing. Then another. All 11 years old.
(MORE)

MRS. NIBS (cont'd)
Same age as Peter. Everyone
started to move away after that.

HOOK
But that didn't stop him, did it?

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

HOOK
That's why Jared wasn't taken...
He's adopted.

MRS. NIBS
I figured he'd be safe that way. I
didn't take part in Peter's murder--

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

MRS. NIBS
No one seemed to notice.

HOOK
I did.

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

MRS. NIBS
We didn't do anything wrong.

He stares at her, with pity and distaste, till she lets go.
Mrs. Nibs stares down, ruined. Hook makes for the house as
Smee steps out. He clears his throat, looking like there is
something very wrong.

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

INT. NIBS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

SREE

Seems the Slightly's were a little
paranoid with everything going on.
Not like it did them much good.

As the head is pulled off, we see twin zoom lenses in the
place of eyes. A hidden compartment on the back of the bear
is opened, revealing a tape recorder inside. A NANNY-CAM.

SREE

Nanny-Cam hidden inside a teddy
bear. What'll they think of next?

The tape's put in the video player. Hook leans in to watch.

ON THE MONITOR: The angled view from the rocking chair onto
Theodore's bedroom.

HOOK

Fast forward.

Sped up views of Theodore playing with toys, his mom and dad
kissing him goodbye. Then nothing until bath time.

HOOK

There. Play it in real time.

The Tech hits play. The image rolls on the empty room.

SREE

I'm not seeing anything.

HOOK

Keep watching.

He points to the screen... to the wall across from the bed...
The tape flickers with static, then... A CLOSET DOOR APPEARS
where there was only wall before.

SREE

The hell was that? Tape glitch?

The door opens. More static. Theodore appears in the
doorway of the bathroom. The tape flickers. We just make
out Theo's legs as he's dragged into the closet.

SREE

Jesus...

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

HOOK

Pause it.

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

Hook stares at the monitor, starting to tremble. Then the shadow's head turns... looking right at Wendy! It hits Smee like a punch in the face: PETER PAN ISN'T HUMAN.

SMEE

My God.

The shadow disconnects from the wall... reaching out for her.

HOOK

He knows...

Hook makes for the door.

EXT. STATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

A loud clap of THUNDER, as a flash of LIGHTNING illuminates the eerie towers and barred windows.

INT. ASYLUM, WENDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, objects in the room and shadows from windows form complex, confusing patterns. Wendy tosses and turns, having a hard time sleeping. She wakes up and goes into the

WASHROOM

to get a to drink. Water DRIPS from the leaky faucet. As she fills her glass, she notices a THIMBLE on the sink. Just then, wind WHISTLES in from the transom above the door.

It sounds almost like a whisper, "Wenddyyy..."

A long, morose silence. And then: nothing. She turns off the light and steps out, stopping suddenly.

BEDROOM

The glass of water falls out of her numb hand. A look of pure terror comes over her, knees buckling.

The sealed windows are open. Leaves scatter the floor. She follows their trail with her eyes to the newly carved nursery rhyme on the wall, misspelled like all the others:

*Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.*

As she stares at the message in unbearable dread, frozen. A CA-CLICK to the side.

The closet door opens next her... A closet that wasn't there before. Wendy's face draws tight as the door CREAKS open.

WHISPERING VOICE

Weeennddyyy...

Unmistakable. The voice strikes Wendy, invading her.

IT'S HIM.

A shadow moves out... elongating across the floor... She reacts, stricken by the image from her worst nightmares, SCREAMING and pounding on the locked door's window.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR

But no one can hear her pleas. The room's soundproof. Down the hall, staff go about their business, unaware.

INT. WENDY'S ROOM

The shadow detaches from the floor, rising upright to a standing position. And then a raspy whisper:

PAN

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

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

Pan is on top of her as she goes down... SCREAMING... pulled toward the closet. A slow motion nightmare as she tries to fight it off, to hold onto the bed frame. She's dragged across the floor, into the

CLOSET

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

FADE TO:

EXT. STATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

The street is full of patrol cars. Cops enter and exit from various doorways. Sawhorses are loaded off a flatbed truck as a police barricade is erected.

MOVING ANGLE on Hook as he climbs from his car, runs through heavy rain towards the main entrance.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hook walks as if in a dream state, forcing his way through the crowd. The men who see it's him clear a path. Silence follows in his wake.

Every few seconds, light from a camera's flash spills in from a nearby room. Hook stops at the door, forcing himself to look inside. It's like a sick joke.

DR. COOKSON

You promised me. And I trusted
you. Why did you bring this here?
Why?

Cookson's on the verge of losing it, as if Wendy were his own daughter. Hook can't even look at him.

And here comes Commissioner Teynte, moving like a sleep-depraved juggernaut. His entourage races to keep up.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone files inside. Teynte shuts the door and faces them.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

Jesus, Smee. Six goddamn months.
You could have retired with a full
pension, and now...

A long and very painful silence.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

I have no choice. You're suspended
pending further review. You'll
brief IAD, then transfer command,
effective immediately.

HOOK

Blame me. I was my fault.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

Not another word! You involved a civilian in a murder investigation. You're way out of line, and you're off this case. How the hell did you get in here, anyway? Smee gave you - what? Some temporary badge? Let's have it.

Hook hands it over.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

Goddamn circus is what this was.

Teynte tosses Hook's badge to Cecco on his way out.

EXT. STATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

The grim Gothic pile of the asylum looms overhead as Hook moves to his car. Smee intercepts him before he gets in.

SMEE

Hook...

HOOK

I lost her, Smee.

SMEE

What are you going to do?

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

HOOK

Go home.

FADE TO BLACK.

SOUND UPCUT: a scratchy recording of old PIPE MUSIC.

INT. NEVERLAND

CLOSE ON the needle of a Victrola, record spinning. MUSIC echoes cavernous walls. And darkness. Everywhere.

WE ARE MOVING through, into an even darker corridor...

WENDY (O.S.)

Help me! Please somebody help!

...underneath a door into:

A DARK ROOM

And there's Wendy, terrified, crying. Her hands scour the wall for a light switch... find the doorknob. She goes for it, pulling... but it won't give, locked from the other side.

A BREATH from the side of the room... and then NOTHING.

She tries to listen over her own RAPID BREATHING, every sound AMPLIFIED... could have just been a draft...

Trembling, she crawls on her hand and knees, feeling her way around odd scattered objects on the damp, dirty floor. Her hand brushes up against a lighter. She flicks it, like a strobe light...

Illuminating PAN - RIGHT BEHIND HER!

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

WENDY

No, no, no...

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

PAN (O.S.)

Mummmmyyy...

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

EXT. BOAT DOCKS - NIGHT

Rain hammers the lonely little pit, which Hook calls home.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Dark, save for the flicker from the TELEVISION. TICK-TOCK goes the crocodile clock. Hook, bottle in hand, peers through slatted blinds. He looks tired, haunted.

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

TV ANCHOR

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

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

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

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

EXT. HOUSEBOAT, DECK - LATER

Hook's at the railing with his box of clippings. He lets the fliers and photos slip out of his hands and into the water.

The phone RINGS inside. The machine picks up. A BEEP, followed by:

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

The machine cuts him off. On Hook, staring at his clippings as they drift and sink below the dark surface.

INT. CONVALESCENT HOME - DAY

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

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

HOOK
Mr. Darling. I'd like to ask you a
few questions, if that's all right?

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

HOOK
It's about your daughter. About
her abduction.

George bites his lip, moaning, disoriented.

HOOK

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

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

GEORGE

I don't... who are you?

HOOK

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

GEORGE

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

HOOK

Come again?

GEORGE

Grand old house, she was. Grand old house. We were the talk of the town, you know? All so jealous...

HOOK

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

GEORGE

Do I know you?

HOOK

The name Pan mean anything to you?

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

GEORGE

The scar...

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

GEORGE

We covered it up good and tight. Good and tight. Scar on the house.

HOOK

What scar?

He grabs Hook with a vice grip beyond his years.

GEORGE

The scar!!!

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

NURSE

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

George releases Hook and begins to cry, wheeled away, mumbling.

GEORGE

The scar... the scar...

INT. DARLING HOUSE, WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

HOOK

See it as a kid would...

He closes the curtains, sealing the room in darkness, and lies on top of the bed. He takes in the room as a child would - the posters, the windows, a storybook on the dresser.

HOOK

He didn't read to you that night,
did he? He didn't believe you.
You weren't important.

His takes in the rumpled sheets.

HOOK

You thought you could hide under
the sheets.

His eyes find the bureau, and the handmade MUSICAL JEWELRY BOX affixed with a spinning ballerina atop it. He walks over, winds it up and it plays that same CREEPY MUSIC, just like the merry-go-round.

HOOK

He left this for you. Wanted you
to feel safe. Protected.

He moves toward the wall where the closet was. Touches it.

HOOK

You were scared, and right to be.

As he feels the WALLPAPER, the seam gives way, peeling back, showing a different print beneath it...

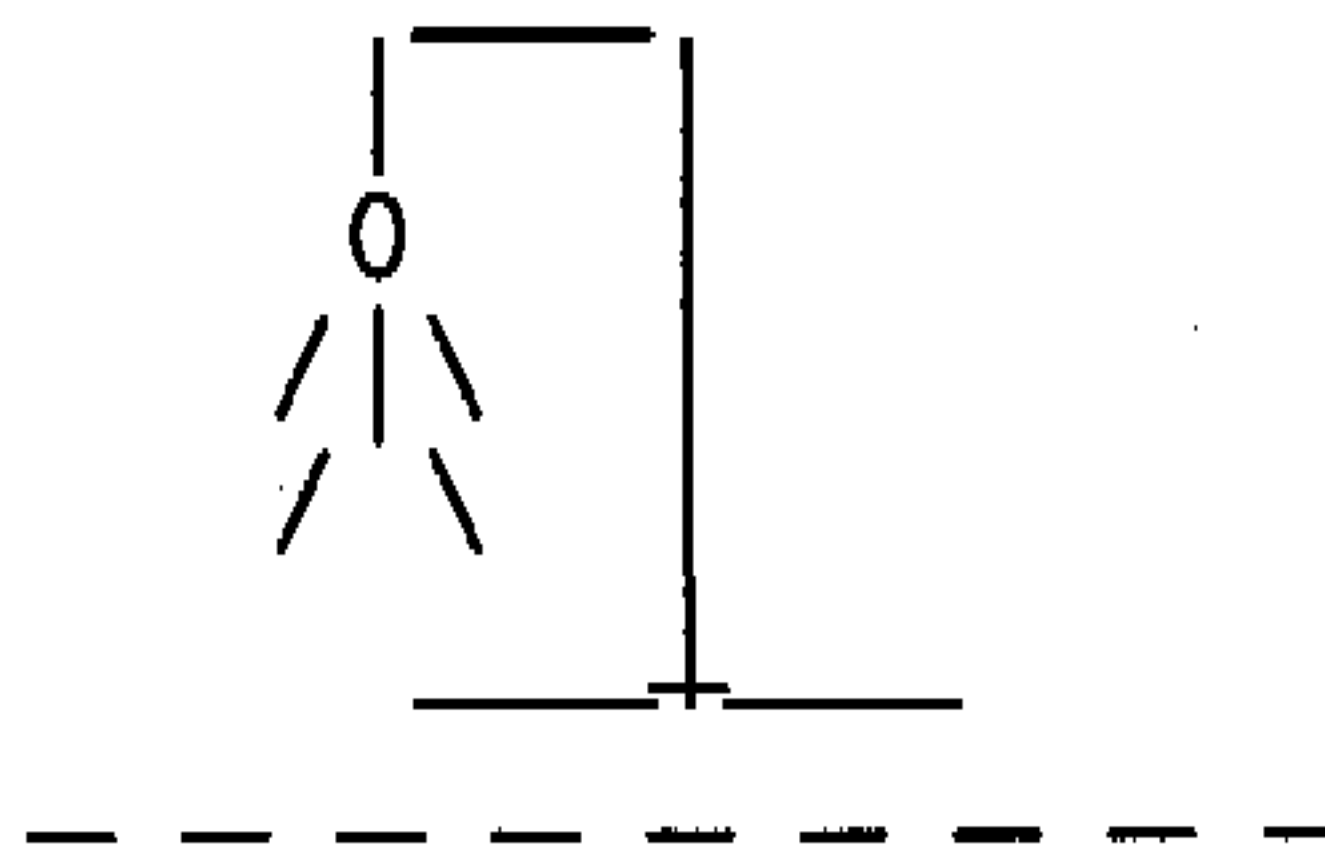
Hook hurries to the bed. He takes hold of the wallpaper and rips it back, revealing old wallpaper... along with JAGGED CARVINGS in the wall. A pattern.

HOOK

You don't believe in monsters...

As more wallpaper is removed, the entire message reveals itself:

A stick figure body hangs off a crossbar. Beneath it are nine dashes for letters.



THE HANGMAN GAME.

HOOK

... but they believe in you.

LATER

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

HOOK

Wendy drew pictures... expressed herself. You drew pictures too.

His eyes search each picture... one by one... stopping on: Wendy's drawing -- a MANGLED TREE in a field all by itself. There's a strong resemblance to the hangman tree.

HOOK

You wanted to get her attention, draw her out. You play games. Kid games. Hide & seek, hangman, tag.

Takes a photocopy off the wall. Pan's first note, the nursery rhyme containing misspelled words:

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

HOOK

Not misspelled... a game, a child's
game... a word jumble. Find the
missing letters...

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

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

Another missing letter: 'L'.

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

'D', 'R'.

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

'E', 'N'.

And the final message:

*Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will hae their choice,
Ad so will I have mine.*

'V', 'N'.

The missing letters: E-A-L-D-R-E-N-V-N. Nine exactly. He
moves them around, positions them to fit beneath the hangman.

HOOK

Christ...

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

N E V E R L A N D

INT. HOOK'S TRUCK - LATE DAY

Parked before the Daring house. A city map spread out on the dash, with hand-drawn markings, names of families who lived here. On the northern border is a small, tree-lined park.

Hook jots one last note on the map: Pan House / Neverland.

A sedan approaches in the rear view. Smee gets out, hefting a police gym bag down onto Hook's truck with a metal THUD.

HOOK

Wendy's dad reported her missing two days after the fact. He did it so he could cover up the message. His own daughter. Who does that?

SMEE

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

HOOK

I couldn't see it before, I couldn't see it... She trusted me and I didn't protect her.

SMEE

You did what you thought was right. We all did.

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

SMEE

You even know how to kill this thing?

HOOK

I was thinking violence. Solves most problems.

SMEE

Find her then. Bring her back.

Hook starts the ignition and drives off.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS, PARK - LATE DAY

CLOSE ON Wendy's drawing of the secluded tree. Hook lowers it to reveal the real thing standing a dozen yards away.

THE HANGMAN'S TREE. Horrible and mangled. Charcoal black. No grass, just scorched earth from a long time ago, and the charred foundation of a house, along with part of the frame.

But that's not what draws Hook's attention...

A single CLOSET DOORFRAME is still intact, imbedded in the tree that's grown around it. It almost looks like a doorway into the tree, minus the actual door. Hook feels it --

A FLASH INSIDE HIS HEAD: Peter locked in this very closet, distant adult VOICES yelling at him, and Peter's small voice:

PAN

In my world, no one never grows up.

Hook backs away, a bit in shock. This isn't some psychic ability, this is HOOK'S IMAGINATION, getting inside Pan's head. And it scares the hell out of him. He touches the tree, it's bark.

A FLASH INSIDE HIS HEAD: Peter being bound to the shadowed tree by the five children. The mask over his face. Sunlight creeps up on him. Crying out in agonizing pain, struggling to get away. The kids laugh, mocking him.

Hook releases his grip on the tree, shaking. He has to see this. Puts his hand back on it.

The light hits Peter's exposed arms. Skin turning red, blisters, smoking. The kids' laughter dies down. Peter cries for help but no one can seem to move.

The sunlight hits his head and the mask. Peter shakes violently as the mask fuses with his melting skin. The kids are horrified. This isn't what was supposed to happen.

They run, leaving Peter tied to the tree, still conscious as the sun eats away at him.

Hook is shocked back to reality, SCREAMING, feeling Peter's pain. He looks at his hand, singed with ash. He stumbles back. His foot catches on the foundation and he falls.

A FLASH INSIDE HIS HEAD: Peter horribly burnt, crawling inside, mask and clothes scorched in his flesh. He makes it into his closet, his dark sanctuary. The door slowly closes.

Hook's eyes snap open, shaken, horrified. He focuses on the doorframe as clouds block out the sun, casting a shadow.

In its place, a CLOSET DOOR HAS APPEARED ALL ON ITS OWN. Doorknob and everything. Painted bright RED. Very real.

On Hook, now seeing as a child does, the wonder, the fear.

Hand on the knob, he pulls it open. Rusted HINGES SQUEAL. A ladder leads down into darkness. No rationalizing this one.

INT. DARK ROOM

Wendy is now strapped to a school desk, hands and feet tied down. Her wrists are raw from struggling to free herself.

In her raw-nerved darkness, every SOUND is unnaturally magnified - the TRICKLE of water, her own terrified BREATHING.

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

WENDY

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

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

INT. SUBWAY TRACKS

A FLASHLIGHT shines in a haze of brown dust, over dirty gravel. TILT with the beam to see Hook walking by tracks and girders, passing hulking subway cars, to where the tunnel opens up into a series of passageways.

He recalls Wendy's story; picks the second tunnel on the right. We HEAR the distant SOUND of toy wind-up music, faint but unmistakable.

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

INT. ABANDONED TRAIN STATION

A ring of FLARES burns in the darkness; flickering orange, revealing a space buried in layers of dust and time.

THE REMAINS OF AN UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION.

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

"NEVERLAND"

Hook freezes, sensing something, pivots, aiming at... A SHADOW ON THE WALL. He looks oddly at it. Is it him?

He slowly advances, gun primed. Reaching out to touch it -- hand wiping flat wall. He turns, sees its source...

MANNEQUINS have been moved out of a GARMENT SHOP, placed in various poses along the platform. Cracked faces, partially clothed. Shadows of them everywhere. Hook walks through...

...as one SHADOW turns and watches him.

He passes more spaces: CLOCK STORE, SMOKE SHOP, stopping at a TOY STORE, selling handmade merry-go-rounds, boats, trolleys, ballerina jewelry boxes -- all spinning and playing MUSIC.

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

INT. MEN'S ROOM

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

The cables end in a confusion of wires that slash out of the wall, leading to an ELECTRICAL BOX. Hook finds the lever.

Electricity sparks, illuminating the space in blinding white light. Odd graffiti covers the walls, disturbing child-like drawings done in crayon.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

CLICK. A small sting of naked, colored light bulbs overhead comes on, leaving pockets of shadows along the wall. The color gives the hall the feeling of entering a fun house.

A HUM comes from down the hall as a DOOR APPEARS in the wall, a pulsating iridescent blue light from underneath its jam.

INT. BUG ROOM

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

Dozens and dozens, all hanging from the ceiling. The ground is littered with insects, both dead and alive. Another, new doorway is REVEALED at the far end.

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

INT. MURAL ROOM

Hook passes a demonic life-sized MERRY-GO-ROUND on an endless loop. Horses adorning it are headless and painted black, some aflame and melting like birthday candles.

He stops at a large, faded mural covering the walls: a lagoon with mermaids, pirate ship, teepees and Indians -- all protruding out in an odd three-dimensional visage.

There's movement within it, as if the painting itself is alive. Hook touches the blue painted water, looks at his hand - wet and dripping.

This place is like some kind of twisted funhouse.

HOOK

Come on, show yourself.

A breeze hits his face, coming from a new, skewed doorway ahead. As he walks forward, his feet step on leaves, then grass.

The darkness clears and he finds himself looking at the impossible...

PAN'S HOUSE stands before him. Pre-fire, intact. Just like Hook saw it in his imagination.

He steps onto the porch, reaches for the knob, shoves hard and follows his gun inside, all in one quick move.

INT. PAN'S HOUSE / NEVERLAND

The house is completely empty. Spare and cold. A few rooms of blown leaves, broken windows and flaking paint.

A REFRIGERATOR sits against the far wall, filled with every type of food: turkey, peas, apple pie. Plastic children's toys. Except when Hook lifts one out, it becomes REAL.

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

A colorful TOY BALL rolls up to his feet. He looks in the direction where it came:

PETER'S BEDROOM

Cramped. Just a mattress, unsettling CLOWN WALLPAPER, and a lone BOOK atop the bed. He picks it up. NURSERY RHYMES.

He pans his light around and sees bare footprints in the dust-covered floor, large, misshapen -- leading into the CLOSET.

Opens it. Inside, the walls are drawn on, handmade toys on the floor. The original NEVERLAND inside Peter's head.

PARENTS BEDROOM

Hook stands in the doorway, staring at HANDMADE COFFINS. Michael, John, Curly and Slightly are carved on the surfaces.

INT. DOLL ROOM

Hook bursts out of the house, breathing heavy. He couldn't save them. Never had chance. He becomes aware of his surroundings, a different room than the one he entered from.

This one is full of DOLLS. All mangled, deformed, just like Pan. Faces burnt, some sliced off, some impaled with nails.

Their heads turn and watch him, eyes blinking. As Hook reacts with horror to this sight --

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

INT. DARK ROOM - SAME

Wendy frees herself from the desk. POUNDS on the door.

WENDY

Hook! Hooooook!!!

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

She hurries to the door and inserts the pin into the keyhole. Jimmies it around. CLICK. She turns the knob to freedom.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

The blackness surrounding Hook gives way to GLOW-IN-THE-DARK STAR STICKERS affixed to the walls, floor and ceiling. They move and shimmer, just like looking at the real night sky.

HOOK

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

The shadows surrounding him seem to ripple, like waves, as if the darkness itself were alive. Hook takes a step back, intense, ready to kill.

Something pale and small emerges from the dark... the outline of a FIGURE... STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HOOK. A ghostly face that seems to float in the eerie half-light.

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

HOOK

Wendy!

STAIRWAY

MOVING ANGLE WITH HOOK - hurrying down never-ending steps. He seems to get larger as he goes, perspective shifting crazily. He arrives at a door, huge compared to his now tiny body. It's as if Hook has reverted back to childhood.

PASSAGEWAY

More SCREAMS, louder, coming from the left. Doors appear and disappear at will, all looking the same.

HOOK

Wendy!

WENDY (O.S.)

Hook!

HOOK

I'm coming! Stay where you are!

Hook's voice echoes off the cavernous walls. He turns a corner, gun, extended below the level of his unseeing eyes. He eases forward, following his gun. A figure up ahead...

WENDY, hit by the beam of his flashlight. Hook runs to her.

HOOK

Oh God... Are you okay?

She shakes her head: no. All at once she is sobbing, her knees giving way, but Hook is there to catch her, hugging her fiercely. Wendy holds onto him.

HOOK

I'm here. I'm here.

PAN (O.S.)
I'm here...

Wendy's mouth opens in speechless horror. Hook turns.
Shadows fold and regroup in the darkness, resolving into...

...PETER PAN.

Ghostly, gnarled mask staring back; that freakish, evil grin.
Hook FIRES, emptying his entire clip. Pan looks oddly at the
bullet hits, then keeps on moving, unharmed.

HOOK
Shit. Time to go.

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

INT. PASSAGEWAYS

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

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

WENDY
What is that?

HOOK
Cover your eyes. Whatever happens,
don't look.

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

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

WENDY
Did it work?

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

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

HOOK
Run!

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

INT. MEN'S ROOM

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

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

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

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

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

WENDY

NO!!!

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

Wendy goes to push his head away, SWIPES OFF HIS MASK -- a deformed face so long out of the sun, it seems almost leached - except for the glittering white eyes, and wet red mouth.

Pan, an eleven year old trapped inside the body of an adult.

PAN

Fly away with me...

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

SEARING LIGHT reflects off the white tiled walls. Pan SCREAMS, whirling in pain as he clutches his blind eyes. Wendy rushes to Hook, helps him up and out.

HOOK

Wait...

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

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

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

PAN

Bad... form...

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

KA-BOOOM!!!

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

Hook and Wendy race toward the exit. The ground beneath them VIBRATES, growing LOUDER. Light from the bombs chase them to Peter's imaginary, intact house.

INT. PAN'S HOUSE / NEVERLAND

They race through as the house gives way to the heat. Only one way out. They run into

PETER'S BEDROOM

Hook pulls the closet door open. He follows Wendy inside and slams the door closed.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

They burst through the closet door in the tree as the blast of light and heat sends them sprawling to the ground. They watch as the hangman tree and closet door BURN to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - LATER

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

A COMMOTION is heard as a Towncar pulls up. Press rush it. Teynte steps out and faces the SHOUTING questions, joined by Cecco, his new right-hand. He smiles, moment of triumph.

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

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

REPORTER 1

What about reports we're hearing regarding a supernatural killer?

COMMISSIONER TEYNTE

This is the real world, with real crimes, real criminals. It's true, these men are monsters, but not the kind you read about in storybooks. I can assure you, what happened here today was no fairy tale.

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

WENDY

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

HOOK

Probably better off. Heard you've decided to leave the institution.

WENDY

I figure it's about time I grow up. Dr. Cookson's going to help me get a job, maybe something with kids.

HOOK

That sounds about right.

WENDY

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

HOOK

(beat)

Hey. An old friend of mine once told me that sometimes it's good to go a little crazy from time to time. It's what keeps us sane.

WENDY

That simple, huh?

Hook nods. That simple. Wendy kisses him on the cheek, gets in the car, closes the door. She presses her hand to the glass. Hook touches his side. Hand against hand.

The car moves. A turn out onto the street, then gone. Hook's all alone as he watches them go... and smiles.

SMEE
(walks up)
You okay?

HOOK
He was a kid. Peter. He was just
a fucked up, abused kid. And I
killed him.

SMEE
Or maybe you saved him. Sent him
to a better place. The real
Neverland, heaven, whatever.

HOOK
Yeah. Maybe.

SMEE
Guess I won't be seeing you around.

HOOK
I don't belong anymore. Not here.

SMEE
Where do you belong?

HOOK
Thought I might open a private
firm. Look into this whole
supernatural thing. Do some good
for once.

SMEE
Could sure use some of that around
here.

HOOK
(beat)
Ever have smiley face pancakes?

SMEE
Sure, when I was a kid.

HOOK
Come on. I know this great place.

As they head off into the sunset.

INT. NEVERLAND - LATER

Cops prowl the charred and gutted remains. Incinerated. Nothing left. The Neverland we saw has VANISHED BACK INTO PAN'S IMAGINATION. Cecco moves past, stopping in the:

INT. MEN'S ROOM

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

CECCO

Goddamn funhouse down here. What do you got?

SKYLIGHTS

We're hoping to find some teeth, traces of DNA, anything, but...

CECCO

Let me guess; don't hold my breath.

ON THE WALL: PAN'S SHADOW IS SCORCHED ONTO THE TILE, much like the victims of the Hiroshima atom bombs.

Cecco studies it as a young OFFICER steps up.

OFFICER

Captain. Uh, we got a call about a new case. Seems a little girl fell down a rabbit hole and... vanished.

CECCO

You shitting me? Get a name?

OFFICER

(checks notes)

Alice.

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

Shhhh...

FADE OUT.