

112. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - TWILIGHT

Peter hides by the entrance to his own tree, which has a little window set in the base. Presently the redskins come stealing along on the warpath. They carry tomakawks and knives, their naked bodies gleam with paint and oil, and strung around them are scalps, of little boys as well as pirates. They are led by Great Big Little PANTHER - a brave of so many scalps that they somewhat impede his progress. Bringing up the rear is TIGER LILY, the belle of the Piccaninny tribe, coquettish, cold and amorous by turns.

Peter peers closer as Tiger Lily passes by. She suddenly turns, looks straight at him. Peter darts back out of sight, then cautiously peeps out again. She remains looking at him with a gaze that is hauntingly familiar. He watches her a moment, then turns sharply away. Tiger Lily also reverts her eyes to the front as she follows her tribe on into the darkness.

113. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

The cave has undergone a remarkable transformation under Wendy's supervision: clothes are now folded neatly away, the floor swept, the washing-up almost finished. Wendy washes the plates, passing them to Tootles who dries, then on to Curly who stacks them away.

WENDY  
(surprised)  
Hullo, Peter.

The others look round to see Peter standing at his own entrance, watching them abstractedly. Wendy waits for his reaction to the transformed home.

WENDY  
(expectantly)  
Well?

Peter looks at her a beat, shrugs.

PETER  
They came after me ... but I  
scared 'em off.

A pause. Wendy turns to the boys -

WENDY  
Now into bed, all of you, and then  
I'll tell you the story.

The boys tumble into their newly-made bed, but Peter goes to the wall where a sword is hanging.

WENDY  
You too, Peter.

PETER  
(shaking his head)  
The pirates are carousing tonight,  
and there are sure to be wolves on  
the prowl.

Wendy senses Peter's mood, moves towards him as he takes  
down the sword -

WENDY  
(gently)  
What is it, Peter?

PETER  
I just told you.

WENDY  
No, I mean ...

TIGHT SHOT: Peter turns to find Wendy about to touch him.  
He instinctively draws back, holding the sword between  
them. They gaze at each other in silence. She tries to  
comprehend him; he tries to comprehend himself.

TOOTLES (O/S)  
We're ready for the story.

Wendy looks round to see all fourteen boys sitting up in  
bed, bright as pins, eagerly awaiting her company. She  
looks back at Peter, smiles weakly, then walks to the bed.

All the boys crowd round Wendy as she sits on the edge of  
the bed, her manner brightening as she begins the story  
from memory.

WENDY  
(smoothing down her dress)  
Now then. Once upon a time there  
lived a rich merchant who had  
three daughters, each more lovely  
than words can tell. ...

114. INT. PETER'S TREE & UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter enters the hollow shaft that leads to the top of his  
tree. Before closing the little door, he looks back almost  
against his will through the bamboo bars at the cozy scene  
from which he is chosen to exclude himself.

WENDY  
He loved all his daughters, but  
best of all he loved the youngest,  
because she was the kindest and  
the most loving ...

TIGHT SHOT: Peter gazes through the bars.

115. EXT. DECK & POV INTO HOLD - PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

Hook's pirate crew, carousing down in the hold, viewed from on deck through a barred window --

PIRATES  
(singing)  
Yo ho, yo ho, the frisky plank,  
You walks along it so ...

116. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Wendy and boys in F/G, Peter visible thru the bars in L/S -

WENDY  
One day the merchant went on a  
long journey ...

Wendy can sense him watching, but when she half-turns, he is gone.

117. INT. HOLD - PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

The Pirates in F/G, passing a keg of rum among them as they continue singing. Hook is visible at the barred window above, staring in from the deck.

PIRATES  
(singing)  
Till it goes up and you goes down  
To Davy Jones below!

Hook turns from the vulgarities of his crew.

118. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - SUNSET

HIGH ANGLE, SHOOTING DOWN from the treetops: Peter marches up and down the woodland path below in EXTREME L/S guarding the entrances to the hollow trees.

119. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE, SHOOTING DOWN from the Crow's Nest: Hook paces up and down the deck, the pirate song dimly audible O/S.

PIRATES  
(singing, O/S)  
Yo ho, yo ho, when I say paw,  
By fear they're overtook ...

120. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - TWILIGHT

The light has almost gone. Peter sits outside the entrance to his tree in M/S, resting his head between his legs. A warm light glows in the little window, from which Wendy's voice is just audible --

WENDY (O/S)

... Beauty found the Beast, but  
there was no life in his body. She  
put her slender arms round his ugly  
neck and kissed him tenderly ...

121. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & WATER - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING across the water towards the pirate ship, at anchor in the moonlit bay. There is a light in Hook's cabin, set low in the stern.

PIRATES

(dimly audible, O/S)

Naught's left upon your bones when  
you  
Have shaken hands with Hook!

A pause, then the light goes out.

122. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

MEDIUM C/S: Peter has fallen asleep by the window. The glow has gone, and all is now silence and night. He stirs in his sleep, as if dreaming. Presently another light glows, illuminating Peter's face, where a tear rests on his cheek.

123. INT. HOOK'S CABIN - PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

MEDIUM C/S: Hook lies asleep in his bunk, also dreaming, his troubled face etched with moonlight from the window. An alarm clock ticks on the bedside table.

124. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

EXTREME C/U: Tink enters SHOT, regards Peter lovingly, gently strokes away the tear and kisses him. A pause, then a familiar voice echoes in the stillness --

MOTHER

(V/O, anxiously)

Is that you ...?

125. INT. HOOK'S CABIN - PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

EXTREME C/U: Hook, remembering, as the young Barrie gives his lonely reply --

JIMMIE (V/O)

No, it's no' him - it's just me.

A long pause, then a shadow creeps over Hook's face. The mood is suddenly shattered by a crash of glass O/S. He sits bolt upright, his eyes shot with terror --

HOOK'S POV: the gigantic jaws of a CROCODILE gape wide before him, its head thrust through the broken window -- In a series of SHARP CUTS: Hook screams -- the jaws thrash closer -- he grabs the alarm-clock, hurls it down the crocodile's throat -- the huge jaws snap shut -- Hook's eyes bulge wide in terror -- the beast's eyes bulge even wider as the alarm goes off inside its epiglottis -- It swallows hard, then effects a rapid departure from whence it came, leaving Hook cowering in the corner of his bed, the sheets pulled up around him, biting his iron claw and trembling from head to foot. The entire incident takes no more than ten seconds, followed by a swift

FADE TO BLACK.

126. EXT. FROZEN WASTES - DAY

FADE UP on a VISTA SHOT of the frozen wastes of the Neverland. Presently a sledge appears over the horizon in L/S, bearing Peter, Wendy and the Lost Boys, drawn by a shirt converted into a sail.

127. EXT. SNOW/SAND SLOPE & LAGOON - DAY

The sledge skids into view round the corner of a great glacial berg fretted with icicles. CAMERA PANS with the children as they hurtle past us and on down the slope of a huge sand dune towards the shimmering, turquoise waters of a distant lagoon.

128. EXT. MERMAIDS' LAGOON - UNDERWATER - DAY

SHOOTING just beneath the water into a deep chasm, crystal clear, with dark caverns visible amid the splashes of coral reefs. Something from above the surface causes the water to glitter in F/G. Presently a thin, silvery form emerges from one of the caverns. She rises towards us: a mermaid of pre-Raphaelite beauty, with long golden hair flowing about her silken, shimmering body. Other mermaids follow at a cautious distance as she glides closer, lured by the tantalizing gleam.

Suddenly a hand plunges through the water, scaling the mermaid down to the size of a trout. It scoops her out of SHOT, the other mermaids turning tail like a shoal of minnows and vanishing into the depths.

129. EXT. MERMAIDS' LAGOON - ROCK-POOL - DAY

Wendy gazes with wide-eyed wonder at the tiny mermaid, wriggling about in Peter's hands. Michael and John are equally struck by the novel creature, though to the others she is an everyday sight.

WENDY

Oh, she's heavenly ...!

MICHAEL

But why's she so small?

SLIGHTLY

She's a baby, stupid.

PETER

No she's not. You see Michael -

As Peter continues, the mermaid wriggles free and plops back into the rock-pool --

... there are mermaids, and  
there are mermaids. That was a  
Shiverlight Mermaid.

Peter dangles Wendy's silver locket over the water so that it sparkles reflected light across the surface.

See? That's what they feed on --  
shivering light.

JOHN

Can't we see any bigger ones?

PETER

I can see two over there --

Peter points to where two larger mermaids are frolicking near a large rock out in the lagoon. They are dark green, and about the same size as Michael.

They're Catchmeiffycans.  
(slower, for Michael)  
Catch-me-if-you-cans.

130. EXT. LAGOON & COVE - DAY

The two mermaids watch with delight as the 14 children take up the challenge, diving into the lagoon in pursuit of them. The mermaids live up to their name, leading the Wendy and the boys on a merry chase over an ever-widening area. Occasionally one of them is allowed to get within striking distance, only to be flipped into the air on the end of a mermaid's tail. So engaged are the children in their sport that none of them notice a blanket of mist rolling in from the open sea beyond.

131. EXT. LAGOON & MAROONER'S ROCK - DUSK

The children divide up into two groups, each in pursuit of a mermaid. One group swim towards the shallows, while Wendy, John, Michael, Curly, Nibs and Tootles swim after Peter as he disappears behind the rock in the middle of the lagoon. By the time they catch up with him, the mist is upon them, and the mermaid is nowhere to be seen.

The rock had seemed quite small and insignificant when viewed from the shore, but now, in the layers of mist and gathering dusk, it has acquired an aspect of menace. Wendy climbs onto one of the lower rocks to rest, then reacts to the muffled sound of a boat being rowed towards them. Peter hears it too, his eyes glinting, his whole body tingling with excitement.

PETER

Danger!

The sound of the rowing-boat moves to the farther side of the rock, then stops. We hear the noise of oars being set down followed by the clank of chains. Wendy looks anxiously at Peter. A strange smile plays about his face; she sees it, and shudders. He motions them to stay where they are, then cautiously creeps up the steep slope of the rock, CAMERA CRANING UP with him as indistinct voices gradually become audible, O/S --

TIGER LILY (O/S)

I will not speak with him.

STARKEY (O/S)

No doubt your mind will change with the tide.

TIGER LILY (O/S)

I have no fear of dying.

Peter crouches behind a rock as he sees Starkey and Smee chaining Tiger Lily to an iron stave, driven into a shelf of rock near the top.

SMEE

Aye, my beauty - but to feel the water slowly creeping up your neck ... oh, 'tis too horrible! Why not do as the captain asks? All you have to do is track down Peter Pan -- we'll do the rest.

TIGER LILY

I will not be spy for paleface pirates.

SMEE

But Peter's a paleface too, my dove. He's your enemy as well as ours.

Tiger Lily remains proud and aloof.

STARKEY

Leave it to the Captain, Smee.  
His hook is more persuasive than  
your tongue.

SMEE

Aye, but what a waste ... she's  
such a little beauty.

Suddenly a voice calls out from the gloom --

HOOK (O/S)

Ahoy there, you scugs ... is the  
redskin ready to taste the hook?

STARKEY

Aye, sir - ready and waiting.

HOOK (O/S)

Then set her free.

Starkey looks astonished, Smee delighted, Tiger Lily  
bemused.

STARKEY

Set her free, sir?

132. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BASE - DUSK

The voice is Hook's, but the speaker is Peter, crouching  
near Wendy and the boys, puffing out his chest in a perfect  
imitation of the pirate captain --

PETER

Do as I say or I'll plunge me hook  
in you!

133. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

SMEE

(to Starkey)

We must do what the Captain  
orders.

Starkey nods reluctantly, calls out -

STARKEY

As you wish, sir.

Smee hurriedly unchains Tiger Lily, who vanishes into the  
mist, leaving Starkey perplexed.

It's passing queer, Smee - passing  
queer.



134. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

Tiger Lily reaches the bottom of the rock - catches sight of Peter, stares at him in disbelief. Peter grins cockily. She smiles in brief gratitude, dives into the water. Peter and the children are about to follow when they hear another boat pulling in on the far side of the rock, followed by a familiar voice --

HOOK  
(calling, O/S)  
Ahoy there, you scugs ...

The children listen in panic, John whispering an urgent "Come on", but Peter cannot resist waiting to see the outcome --

135. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

Starkey and Smee look somewhat surprised by Hook's lightning move from one side of the rock to the other.

HOOK  
(hovering into view)  
Is it done?

STARKEY  
Aye, sir ... we've let her go.

HOOK  
(stopping short)  
Let her go?

SMEE  
Just like you ordered, Captain.

HOOK  
(shouting)  
I gave no such order!

Smee clings to Starkey as Hook clambers up the slippery rock, using his hook like a grappling iron --

PETER  
(as Hook, O/S)  
Bad form to tell such lies!

Hook stops short --

HOOK  
(in hushed astonishment)  
Faith, what cozening is here?

He peers into the gloom, calling out --

Spirit that haunts this dark  
lagoon, who are you?

136. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

To the boys' delight and Wendy's dismay, Peter is now top-heavy with conceit --

PETER  
I'm James Hook, Captain of the  
Jolly Roger!

137. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

HOOK  
(astonished)  
Then who am I?

PETER (O/S)  
A scribbler, just a scribbler!

Smee turns to Starkey, aside -

SMEE  
Have we been captained all this  
time by a scribbler?

STARKEY  
It's lowering to one's pride.

Hook's suspicion grows -

HOOK  
Have you another name?

138. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

Wendy urges him to quit, but Peter takes the bait --

PETER  
Ay, ay.

139. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

HOOK  
(thirstily)  
Vegetable?

PETER (O/S)  
No.

HOOK  
Mineral?

PETER (O/S)  
No.

HOOK  
Animal?

140. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

Peter glances doubtfully at John, who nods.

PETER  
Yes.

HOOK (O/S)  
Man?

PETER  
(scornfully)  
No.

HOOK (O/S)  
Boy?

PETER  
Ay!

141. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

Hook's suspicion grows --

HOOK  
Ordinary boy?

PETER (O/S)  
Nay.

HOOK  
Wonderful boy?

142. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

PETER  
(to Wendy's distress)  
Yes!  
(pause)  
Do you give up?

HOOK  
(craftily, O/S)  
I give up!

PETER  
(exultant)  
Well then, I'm Peter Pan!

143. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

Peter trills triumphantly on his pipes, O/S --

HOOK

(eyes ablaze)

Pan ...!

(to Starkey & Smee)

Take him, bullies - dead or alive!

144. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

Peter lies low as Starkey and Smee materialize above him, his hands gripping a carpet of seaweed. As they step onto it, he pulls the seaweed from under their feet, spinning them up in the air and into the water some distance away --

PETER

Lam into them, boys -- but leave  
Hook to me!

The boys spring into action, diving into the water in pursuit of the pirates, while Peter penetrates the gloom above, leaving Wendy alone.

145. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

Peter moves stealthily through the mist - sees Hook with his back to him a little lower down, peering round a rock.

TIGHT SHOT: Hook reacts to the trill of pipes behind him, spins round to see Peter perched on the rock above him, cockily playing his pan-pipes, back-lit against the hazy light. Hook gazes at the arrogant boy with a look of bewildered fury and fascination.

HOOK

(mesmerized)

Who are you, Pan?

A pause, then Peter laughs in his gay, abandoned manner. No one else can be so gay as Peter, nor so sad, nor so gallant, nor so cocky. His laugh embraces all these elements, and is enough to goad the pirate captain into a frenzy. He lashes out at him with his iron claw, Peter springing lightly back out of reach, laughing all the while.

146. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK & LAGOON - DUSK

Starkey and Smee have reached their boat, and are now trying to row free of the boys who swarm after them. John manages to board the boat, grabs at Smee, falls back in the water with his bobble hat.

147. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

Wendy moves over the slippery rocks, trying to catch a glimpse of the boys in pursuit of the pirates. She puts out a hand to steady herself on a smooth boulder covered with barnacles, peers O/S --

148. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK & LAGOON - DUSK

Starkey and Smee manage to free themselves from the boys, who nevertheless pursue them as they head for the shore.

149. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

TIGHT SHOT: Wendy continues to peer O/S, suddenly reacts to the rock moving beneath her hand. It rears up before her: not a rock at all, but a hideous mermaid, her seal-like body encrusted with barnacles. Wendy screams in terror at the toothless hag --

150. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

Peter reacts to the echo of Wendy's scream, turns away from Hook to look O/S --

151. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - BOTTOM - DUSK

Wendy topples backwards into the sea, the mermaid plunging in after her like a great walrus --

152. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TOP - DUSK

Further cries from Wendy echo up from the sea below. Peter glances down over his shoulder, then back at Hook, exulting at the opportunity to show off. With effortless grace, he performs a backward somersault of such perfection that Hook is left momentarily stunned, gazing down into the void after him.

153. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK & LAGOON - DUSK

The mermaid hag has gripped Wendy by the hair and is trying to drag her under the water. Peter surfaces behind them, leaping onto the mermaid's shoulders and hauling back her head by her seaweed hair. Suddenly Hook plummets down through the mist, holding his nose with his hand. He lands in the water behind Peter, swims up to him, brandishing his claw, and is about to strike when Wendy calls out in warning. Peter ducks, and the hook sinks deep into the mermaid's neck, producing a spurt of green blood, causing Wendy to faint. Hook is now confronted by his hideous catch, but as he struggles to disengage his claw from her, something still more terrifying arrests his attention: the unrelenting march of time, creeping up behind him in the form of a ticking clock.

Hook turns with a look of stark terror to see the gaping jaws of the crocodile yawning out of the mist a few yards behind him. In a valiant attempt to yank his claw from the mermaid's neck, he succeeds in swinging her round and into the gaping chasm of the crocodile's mouth. The jaws clamp shut just short of the iron hook, decapitating the hag and freeing the Captain, who swiftly turns tail and strikes out wildly for his rowing-boat, moored further round the rock. The crocodile makes short work of the mermaid, then swims off in dogged pursuit of Hook, leaving Peter and Wendy alone. He looks round to see her lying on a rock by the water's edge, her eyes closed, still in a dead faint. Peter moves closer, watches her with an air of strange curiosity.

154. EXT. WOODLAND TRACK - TWILIGHT

The lost boys tramp homeward, light of heart and singing the pirates' song. John wears Smee's hat and Slightly brandishes a bottle of rum gleaned from the boat. Only Michael seems bothered by the absence of Peter and Wendy.

MICHAEL

Do you think they're all right?

JOHN

Course they are. They've probably  
flown home ahead of us.

(to Slightly)

I say, pass the rum.

The boys continue on their way without further thought.

155. EXT. BEACH & POV OF LAGOON - TWILIGHT

The low pall of mist has begun to lift with the evening breeze, and the rock, now much smaller, is dimly visible far out in the lagoon. Presently a sound is to be heard, moving across the waters: a strange, haunting sound, at once the most musical and melancholy in the Neverland.

156. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - TWILIGHT

Wendy lies on the shelf near the top of the rock where Tiger Lily was to meet her end, only now the waters are lapping close by. Peter sits near her, listening to the strange, musical sound.

PETER

Listen ...

Wendy's eyes are open, but she still seems in a dreamlike daze. She sits up, reacting to the sound.

WENDY

What is it?

PETER

The mermaids calling the moon to  
rise.

Peter points out to sea, where the moon has begun to rise over the horizon, as if in answer to the mermaid's call. Wendy listens a moment, entranced, then notices the water lapping at her feet.

WENDY

Look how the water has risen.

PETER

(untroubled)

I know. Soon the water will cover  
the whole rock.

Peter indicates the stave, where the skull-and-crossbones flag flutters from the top.

WENDY

Perhaps we should go back.

PETER

(listening to the music)

I suppose so.

Peter makes no move.

WENDY

But I'm so tired ... I don't think  
I can swim.

(carefully)

Do you think perhaps you might  
carry me, Peter? Just this once?

Peter hesitates a moment.

PETER

I can't. I can neither swim nor  
fly. Hook wounded me.

WENDY

(anxiously)

Where?

PETER

(shrugs)

Forgotten.

Peter bears no sign of any wound. He takes out his pan-pipes, plays in answer to the mermaids. A long pause.

WENDY

But shan't we both be drowned?

PETER  
(through his pipes)  
Yes. It seems a pity, but there's  
no way out.

WENDY  
(quietly)  
I don't want to die.

PETER  
It's only pretend.

WENDY  
(gently)  
I know it is for you, but it might  
not be for me.

PETER  
What's the difference?

Wendy hesitates.

WENDY  
You wouldn't understand.  
(pause)  
Please can you find a way out for  
me?

PETER  
(carelessly)  
Oh, alright.

Peter gets up, looks about him a moment - then glances up  
at the black flag.

LOW ANGLE L/S: Peter, silhouetted against the moon as he  
lowers the pirates' flag. The mermaids' call has taken on  
the aspect of an ANTHEM (a la Tallis's 40-part Motet,  
"Spem in alium") - contrapuntal waves of sound, ebbing and  
flowing in a gradual fusion of harmonic unity. Now the wind  
rises, adding its own particular melodic line.

Wendy ties the ropes of the flag round her waist while  
Peter holds the flag. The operation is carried out with  
calm solemnity.

WENDY  
Perhaps we should draw lots.

PETER  
And you a lady? Never!  
(pause)  
Are you ready.

WENDY  
Yes.  
(playing the game)  
Goodbye, Peter.



PETER  
(stoically)  
Goodbye, Wendy.

Peter moves to the top of the rock, holding the folded flag high to catch the wind. To the rising sound of the mermaid's ANTHEM, Wendy is borne into the sky by the flag and carried out of sight across the lagoon.

DISSOLVE INTO:

157. EXT. MAROONER'S ROCK - MOONLIT NIGHT

The moon is now high in the sky, while the rock has diminished to a tiny stain in the middle of the moonlit sea. The mermaids' anthem has faded, likewise the wind, and all is as still as salt. Peter sits by the water's edge, playing on his pan-pipes and watching the gleaming eyes of mermaids, mocking him from the depths. Presently one of them raises her head above the water, laughing at him with a toss of her hair. Peter smiles.

PETER  
You think I'm frightened?

The mermaid laughs gaily in response. Others emerge beside her, all mocking him in the same heartless manner. Now the mermaid's ANTHEM is heard again, as if calling to Peter. He rises and moves to the top of the rock, the ANTHEM building as more mermaids surface to taunt him. Pale rays of light mingle with the moving clouds. The whole rock is now surrounded by a ring of mermaids, the moonlight glistening on their silvery scales.

Why should I be frightened?

Yet perhaps Peter is afraid at last, for a tremor runs through him, like a shudder passing over the lagoon; but on the lagoon one shudder follows another, whereas Peter feels just the one. The ANTHEM lulls before the climax as he stands erect on the rock, looking up at the stars, with that smile on his face, and a drum beating within him as if he were a real boy a last --

To die will be an awfully big  
adventure!

The cry echoes up with both ANTHEM and CAMERA as they soar into the sky until Peter and the sea and the night are one.

FADE TO BLACK

158. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & TREES - DAY

FADE UP on the branches of the trees above the underground home. The summer leaves gradually turn yellow, then gold, then slowly flutter to earth leaving the branches bare. The

redskins have now based their camp in a clearing near the trees, and several Indians stand guard over the entrances to the underground home.

159. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

The home has undergone a remarkable transformation since last seen, and is now a haven of domestic bliss. The boys are sitting at little desks, except for Peter who is not present, and Michael who stands in the corner, wearing a dunce's cap. Wendy stands in front of a slate board which bears the outlines of a man, a woman, and a dog. She points to the woman --

WENDY

Now then, who can tell me the colour of mother's eyes?

(Nibs looks at John's eyes)

No cheating, Nibs.

(Tootles holds up hand)

Yes, Tootles?

TOOTLES

Were they green, Miss?

WENDY

No, Tootles, they were not.

(John holds up hand)

Well, John?

JOHN

Brown?

WENDY

Really, John - I should have expected you to have known better. Go and relieve Michael in the dunce's corner. Yes, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY

Blue, Miss?

WENDY

Well done, Slightly. Yes - cobalt blue, with a dash of ultramarine.

As John repairs to the dunce's corner to replace Michael, Tootles puts up his hand.

WENDY

Yes, Tootles dear?

TOOTLES

Excuse me, Miss, but may I be a dunce?

WENDY

No, Tootles - it's awfully difficult to be a dunce.

TOOTLES

Well as I can't be anything important, would any of you like to see me do a trick?

OMNES

No.

TOOTLES

(subsiding)

I hadn't really any hope.

Michael puts up his hand --

WENDY

Well, Michael?

MICHAEL

May I sit in Peter's chair as he's not here?

WENDY

In your father's chair? Certainly not.

JOHN

(from the corner)

He's not really our father. He didn't even know how to be a father till I showed him.

160. EXT. TREES & WOODLAND PATH - DUSK

Peter approaches along the woodland path, carrying a gun and game-bag. Tiger Lily guards the entrance to his tree. As Peter reaches it, she gives the silent sign of friendship, bows low. Peter acknowledges her homage with a brief, imperial gesture of the hand, then descends his tree, leaving her gazing wistfully after him.

161. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - DUSK

Wendy holds up her hand for silence --

WENDY

Children, I believe I hear your father's step. You know how he likes you to meet him at the door.

The children abandon their desks and run forward to greet Peter as he enters, as if from a weary day's work.

OMNES  
Hello, father!

PETER  
A little less noise there.

MICHAEL  
Any sport, father?

PETER  
(nonchalantly)  
Two tigers and a pirate.

JOHN  
(suspiciously)  
Where are their heads?

PETER  
In the bag.

Peter holds up the empty bag as proof. John is about to look, but Wendy intercepts --

WENDY  
Why they're beauties!

PETER  
Aye, old lady, aye.

Peter goes to hang up his gun -

JOHN  
(aside, to Michael)  
It was me who told him mothers are called old lady.

Wendy follows Peter, carrying his slippers. He hangs up his gun, then settles down by the fire.

PETER  
I was just thinking -- It is only pretend, isn't it?

WENDY  
Is what pretend?

PETER  
That I am their father?

WENDY  
(drooping)  
But they're our children, Peter -- yours and mine.

PETER  
But not really.

WENDY  
(dejectedly)  
Not if you don't wish it.

PETER  
(flatly)  
I don't.

A pause. Wendy turns away with a bruised look, then sees the children watching her.

WENDY  
(clapping her hands)  
Ready for bed, chop chop if you want a story.

The children bustle into their pyjamas while Wendy sits in her rocking-chair opposite Peter and takes up her darning, as of habit.

162. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

The redskins sit around their campfire, smoking a peace-pipe. Tiger Lily remains apart, moodily watching the entrance to Peter's tree.

163. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter sits by the fire, whittling his pipes in a pre-occupied manner.

WENDY  
(while darning)  
You were crying in your sleep again last night.

PETER  
No I wasn't. I never cry.

WENDY  
Was it a bad dream?

Peter pauses, shrugs.

PETER  
Forgotten.

Wendy watches him out of the corner of her eye, trying to sound casual.

WENDY  
What are your exact feelings for me, Peter?

PETER  
Those of a devoted son.

WENDY  
(gently)  
I thought so.

PETER  
What is it you want me to be?

WENDY  
It isn't for a lady to tell.

A pause, interrupted by Tootles, who sits on the edge of the bed with the other boys -

TOOTLES  
You promised to tell us a story as soon as we were in bed.

WENDY  
Now I may be wrong Tootles, but as far as I can see you are not in bed.

All dive into bed.

164. EXT. PETER'S TREE & POV THRU WINDOW - NIGHT

SHOOTING THROUGH the bars on the window of the underground home: Peter can be seen in L/S, sitting by the fire below, while Wendy sits on the children's bed.

WENDY  
Now then, where did we get up to?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Tiger lily in F/G, watching Peter in the underground home below.

NIBS  
The wicked father had chained up the faithful Nana ...

CURLY  
... and the children had flown away to the Neverland to live with the Lost Boys.

165. INT. TINKERBELL'S APARTMENT - UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Another female watches Peter from behind bars: Tink, kneeling inside her little apartment and peeping out through the curtains --

WENDY  
That's right -- and there they lived happily for a year and a day. But now let us...

TOOTLES  
Was one of the Lost Boys called Tootles?

WENDY  
I believe he was.

TOOTLES  
(dazzled)  
I'm in a story at last!

166. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Tootles is beside himself with joy, continuing in a rush -

Oh, Wendy - tell us what Tootles  
said, tell us what Tootles did,  
tell us what Tootles was like --  
was he funny, was he sad, was he...?

PETER  
(a note of irritation)  
A little less noise there!

Tootles is silenced. A pause.

WENDY  
Now I want you all to consider the  
feelings of the unhappy parents  
with all their children flown away.  
Think, oh think of the empty beds!

TWINS  
(grinning)  
It's awfully sad.

CAMERA begins to TRACK slowly towards Peter, who grows more  
and agitated as the story progresses --

WENDY  
But our heroine knew that her  
mother would always leave the  
window open for her children to  
fly back.

MICHAEL  
(cheerily)  
Did they ever?

WENDY  
(comfortably)  
Let us now take a peep into the  
future. Years have rolled by,  
and who is this elegant lady of  
uncertain age alighting at a  
London station?

CAMERA HOLDS on Peter, listening against his will to the  
story that he hates more than any other.

NIBS

Who is she?

WENDY

(swelling)

Can it be - yes - no - yes, it is the fair Wendy, escorted by her noble brothers, now grown to man's estate. "See, dear brothers," says Wendy, pointing upwards, "there is the window still standing open." So up they flew to their loving parents, and pen cannot inscribe the happy scene over which we now draw a veil.

The children sigh with satisfaction, O/S, but Peter lets out a low, hollow moan.

Peter - what is it?

Peter turns away as she runs to him, bending over and gripping his waist as if in physical pain.

Where's the pain?

PETER

(darkly)

It isn't that kind of pain.

The children watch from their bed in affright at their captain's anguish. He suddenly turns to Wendy in passion -

Oh, Wendy - you're wrong about mothers! I thought like you about the window, so I stayed away for moons and moons, and then I flew back, but the window was barred. My mother had forgotten all about me, and there was another little boy in her arms.

This is a general dampner.

WENDY

Are you sure all mothers are like that?

PETER

It's in their nature.

NIBS

(hotly)

The toads!

Wendy considers briefly, then turns to John and Michael with sudden firmness --



WENDY

John, Michael -- we must go back.

The lost boys look bewildered by the announcement.

167. INT. TINKERBELL'S APARTMENT - UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

There is one, however, who greets the news with glee. Tink jingles merrily as she watches them from her apartment -

MICHAEL

What - now?

JOHN

Tonight?

WENDY

At once! Peter, will you make the necessary arrangements?

168. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter is evidently hurt by Wendy's priorities and responds with crushing indifference -

PETER

If you wish. I'll ask Tink to go with you.

Peter walks over to Tink's apartment while the lost boys gather menacingly around Wendy -

CURLY

We won't let you go!

NIBS

Let's chain her up!

The others chorus Curly's threat. Wendy turns to Tootles, with one of those inspirations women have, in an emergency, of making use of some male who need otherwise have no hope.

WENDY

Tootles - I appeal to you.

Flattered beyond belief, Tootles rises to his calling -

TOOTLES

I am just Tootles and nobody minds me, but the first who does not behave to Wendy like an English gentleman, I shall blood him severely.

For a brief instant, his sun is at noon.

WENDY

Thank you, Tootles.

NIBS

(to Wendy)

But who will give us breakfast  
when you're gone?

CURLY

And darn our socks?

NIBS

And tell us stories?

MICHAEL

(forgetting he is going too)

And kiss us goodnight?

Peter returns with an eager Tink. Wendy glances at him, an  
idea coming to mind --

WENDY

Perhaps if you came with us,  
mother might adopt you?

The invitation is meant for Peter, but each of the boys  
takes it to mean himself, and all jump for joy. Wendy  
watches Peter for a response, but gains none.

TOOTLES

May we go, Peter?

PETER

(shrugs)

If it would amuse you. Tink's  
ready to lead the way.

Peter wanders back to his fireside chair while the boys  
scurry off to dress for their adventure.

WENDY

(with a sinking)

You too, Peter.

PETER

Not me.

He sits down, puts the finishing touches to his pipes.  
Wendy walks over.

WENDY

(firmly)

Yes, Peter.

PETER

(blowing through his pipes)

No.

WENDY  
(coaxingly)  
Not even to find your real mother?

PETER  
I can manage well enough without  
a mother. It's only mothers who  
think you can't.

169. EXT. PETER'S TREE & POV THRU WINDOW - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT: Tiger Lily listens to Peter from above, sharing Wendy's pain. A hand suddenly creeps in from behind her, gags her across the mouth and hauls her out of SHOT --

170. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

The boys run gaily back to Peter and Wendy, each carrying a stick with a bundle on the end of it. Wendy looks at them gloomily.

WENDY  
Peter's not coming.

All faces go blank.

MICHAEL  
Peter not coming?

TOOTLES  
(overthrown)  
Why, Peter?

Peter lies back, feigning indifference --

PETER  
No one's going to catch me, lady,  
and make me a man. I just want  
always to be a boy and to have fun.

Peter plays carelessly on his pipes - but only for a brief moment, for the air above is suddenly rent with shrieks and the clash of steel. Peter leaps to his feet, seizes his sword from the wall, the lust of battle in his eye --

PETER  
Danger!

171. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

The recent fall of snow has allowed Hook and his pirates to creep up on the redskins in silence, and they now fall upon them pell-mell. Much of the fighting takes place among the great bullrushes, and it is the carnage of these flowers that we witness rather than the Piccaninnies. Each sweep of a pirate's sword fells a stem until the field of slaughter resembles a game of chinese matchsticks.

172. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter tries to reach the entrance to his tree, but Wendy and the boys cling desperately to him --

PETER  
I must help them!

WENDY  
(imploringly)  
Protect us!

Further pleas become redundant as a sudden, eerie silence falls on high. The boys glance anxiously at the little window, but no clues are visible since it is now blocked by a large object.

PETER  
It's finished.

WENDY  
But who's won?

173. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT: Hook, his face blackened with cork, cautiously hauls aside the head of a slain Indian and listens at the window --

PETER (O/S)  
If the redskins have won, they'll  
beat the tom-tom -- it's always  
their sign of victory.

Hook's eyes, periwinkle pale in the darkness of his visage, glint into CAMERA --

174. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

A long pause as the children strain their ears. Then the muffled sound of the tom-tom. No doubt the cheers that follow are as music to the black hearts that lurk above. Only Peter looks mildly disappointed at the lost adventure.

PETER  
Well ... at least you'll be safe  
from the pirates. Good-bye, boys.

Peter goes to return his sword to the wall.

WENDY  
Won't you change your mind and  
come with us?

PETER  
(carelessly)  
Nay.

Tootles and Michael start to whimper --

PETER

Now then, no fuss -- no  
blubbering. Tink, lead the way.

Tink jingles impatiently to them, and the boys move off  
to their individual exits. Wendy turns back --

WENDY

You will remember about changing  
your flannels, won't you?

PETER

(without looking at her)  
Ay, ay.

WENDY

(moves on, turns back)  
And your medicine ... you won't  
forget to take it, will you.

Wendy indicates a small bottle sitting in a niche near  
Slightly's entrance, but Peter doesn't look round.

PETER

I shan't forget.

Wendy reaches the entrance to her tree. She looks back to  
see Peter with his back to her - and us - whittling his  
pipes.

WENDY

I shall sometimes come back to see  
you, Peter.

PETER

You'll never come back.

All the children have now left except Wendy. She opens the  
little wicker door, pauses.

WENDY

But you'll sometimes come to my  
window, won't you?

PETER

Perhaps. But I shall never let  
you know I'm there.

(impatiently)

Now go.

Wendy registers a brief pang, then turns and is gone. A  
long pause. Peter remains with his back to CAMERA, angrily  
brushing his cheeks as he continues to whittle his pipes.

175. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

A series of TIGHT SHOTS: as each of the boys emerges from his tree, so he is seized by a pirate before he can utter a cry, tossed like a bale of cotton from one pirate to another until he reaches Smee who then trusses him up like a chicken.

176. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter plays on his pipes in a forlorn attempt to prove to himself that he does not care, then suddenly throws them aside.

177. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

The packaging process continues above, with a neat pile of boys stacked in the snow next to Smee. The operation is as silent as it is swift.

Last to emerge is Wendy, who is given preferential treatment by Hook himself. He bows to her as she appears, raising his tricorne hat, then gags it over her astonished mouth before she has time to utter a cry.

178. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter sits gloomily on the edge of the big bed, then spots something on the floor. He leans forward, picks up Wendy's locket with the acorn on it, squeezes it a moment, then suddenly flings it aside, lies face down on the bed.

179. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

The pirates stand ready to go, each bearing a bundle of boy on his back like a barrel of rum. Ever anxious to display good form, Hook personally binds up Wendy with his own crimson sash, then passes her to Starkey.

HOOK

(sotto voce)

Return them to the ship and  
prepare the plank.

Hook turns away --

STARKEY

Where are you going, sir?

HOOK

(indicating the children)

These are only the bees, Mr  
Starkey. I want the honey.

Hook steals back towards Peter's tree, leaving the pirates to set off with their cargo along the snowy woodland path.

TIGHT SHOT: Hook kneels by the redskin corpse at the base of Peter's tree --

180. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE: Peter lies on the bed, gazing vacantly at the empty home. Then he manages a smile -- turns over on his back -- forces the smile into a laugh. Far above him, out of his eyeline, the face of the Indian corpse is pulled aside and replaced by Hook's, peering in through bars, but unable to see Peter.

181. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

Hook replaces the corpse in front of the window, looks round at the various trees, then spots Slightly's entrance - the largest of all.

HIGH SHOT: As Hook skulks across to Slightly's tree, a familiar glow enters F/G, followed by Tink herself. She hovers in C/S with a look of helpless desperation, watching Hook as he begins to worm his way through the entrance.

182. INT. SLIGHTLY'S TREE - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT: Hook's malevolent face burrows towards us, his eyes like hot coals in the darkness --

183. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE: As Hook's boots slither through F/G down the hollow trunk, Tink flies down to the window at the base of Peter's tree, only to find it blocked by the redskin corpse. She starts trying to tug the head-dress away in order to gain entry --

184. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING UP past the bed in F/G: The merest glimmer of Tink's glow appears in the window high above the bed as she toils away, tinkling out a muffled warning to Peter below. We cannot see Peter's face from this angle - only the top of his arched knee. But he is evidently asleep, for he makes no response.

SHOOTING across the bed towards Slightly's entrance, as if from Peter's POV. A long pause, then a hand suddenly gropes through the bars on the little wicker door. Fingers weave like tentacles towards the handle, but it is just out of reach. The hand retreats. Another pause before two eyes appear, burning in the darkness beyond the bars. They roam the room a moment, then alight on us.

MEDIUM C/S: Hook gazes into CAMERA, his forehead dripping like a candle, his eyebrows contracting at what he sees.

HOOK'S POV: Peter lies on the bed, one arm drooped over the edge, one leg arched in the air, and the unfinished part of his laugh stranded on his mouth. "It is such a personification of cockiness as, taken together, will never again one may hope be presented to eyes so sensitive to their offensiveness."

C/S, moving into EXTREME C/U on Hook, his expression suddenly softening into one of anguished recollection. He is no longer the villainous pirate captain, but a sad second-best of a man, gazing in bewilderment at the golden image of eternal boyhood. As the CAMERA MOVES IN, we slowly DISSOLVE THROUGH into a simultaneous MOVE IN on Peter. The angle - and image - is almost identical to the one used in the opening sequence, when the boy had lain in a coffin, wearing the same enigmatic smile. A slight movement causes his hair to lift a whisper, and we now see again the faint scar on his forehead. A pause, then Peter turns in his sleep, moving out of SHOT.

LOW ANGLE MEDIUM C/S: The author checks himself, remembering his mission, and once again channels his thoughts through the disordered brain of his nefarious creation. Glancing about the room, he notices Peter's medicine bottle perched in the little niche beside the door. He reaches round for it, holds it up to his eye, then proceeds to squeeze his eyeball between two fingers until a yellowish puss oozes forth and dribbles down into the medicine.

185. EXT/INT. POV OF UNDERGROUND HOME FROM WINDOW - NIGHT

Tink has managed to remove the head-dress from the corpse, and now watches in dismay as Hook poisons the medicine with his own foul secretions --

186. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Hook shakes the bottle with his thumb over the end, then returns it to the shelf. With a last gloating look at the sleeping boy, he turns and slithers back into the darkness.

187. EXT. WOODLAND PATH & HOLLOW TREES - NIGHT

Hook emerges from Slightly's tree like the very spirit of evil breaking from its hole. He is suddenly attacked by Tink, who flies at his face like a hornet, kicking him in the eye. Hook stumbles back, but manages to beat off a second assault with his hook, tearing at her wing. Tink flutters off, leaving Hook free to proceed on his way. Donning his tricorn at its most rakish angle, he winds his cloak around him, holding one end in front as if to conceal his person from the night, of which he is the blackest part, then picks his way through the snow-covered corpses.

Tink hides behind a tree, nursing her torn wing. She waits until Hook has gone, then flutters like a wounded bird towards Slightly's entrance.



188. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT: Peter sleeps on. Presently his face begins to glow, accompanied by a faint tinkle O/S. He opens his eyes, starts up at the sight of Tink fluttering weakly before him.

PETER

What is it, Tink? What's the matter?

Tink jingles out her tale of woe --

The redskins defeated?

(further tinkles)

Wendy and the boys captured by the pirates?

Far from being dismayed by Tink's news, Peter is positively exhilarated. He leaps to his feet, makes for the sword on the wall.

I'll rescue her, I'll rescue her!

Tink tries to continue her tale, but Peter is now busily preoccupied with sharpening up his sword on the grindstone. She flutters over to the medicine bottle, alighting on the open neck, and tinkles out a further warning.

Nonsense! Just because Wendy told me to take it, you want me to believe it's poisoned. I promised her I'd take it, and take it I will - as soon as I've sharpened my sword.

Tink looks at Peter, cut to the quick, then vanishes inside the bottle.

Peter glances up a moment later, sees Tink's glow inside the bottle. He marches angrily over, picks up the bottle and shakes Tink out onto the floor, along with the few drops of medicine left inside.

Why Tink, you've drunk my medicine!

Tink answers him in a thin, pathetic tinkle. Peter looks momentarily stunned.

To save me? But why? I don't mind dying ... it's only a game.

Peter kneels down beside Tink, picks her up in his cupped hands and carries her over to her little apartment.

What do you mean it isn't?

(faint tinkle)

Of course you will, I mean you ... I mean it's only pretend ...

*Silly* *es.*

189. INT. TINKERBELL'S APARTMENT - UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter lays Tink on her little bed, his own anxiety increasing as her light grows fainter and fainter --

PETER

No, Tink - you'll get well again,  
I promise you! Tink ...? Oh,  
Tink, **dear** Tink ... don't really  
die! You're my only friend --  
don't leave me like the others!

TIGHT SHOT: Peter bends very close to Tink, the tears welling in his eyes. She smiles up at him, tinkles quietly.

But I do love you ... of course I  
love you!

Although her light is almost out, Peter's words bring a renewed glow to her eyes. A tear splashes down onto her wing --

Look, Tink - I'm crying! ~~I've~~ *stet.*  
~~never cried before in my life!~~

Tink smiles, feels his tear on her cheek, then closes her eyes. A brief pause before Peter cries out --

No! Please ... ~~I beg~~ you --

190. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter turns sharply into C/S, looking directly into CAMERA.

PETER

Don't let her die!  
(searching)  
Perhaps if enough people believed  
in her, she might get well again.  
Oh, yes -- that must be right --  
believe in her as I believe in  
her! Oh, say quick that you do  
believe in her! If you believe,  
clap your hands!

Assuming they do, Peter glances over his shoulder at Tink, sees her light growing brighter -- turns back to CAMERA --

That's it -- louder!  
(gleaming)  
Oh, you do believe, you do! I knew  
you would, I just knew it!

191. INT. TINKERBELL'S APARTMENT - UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter turns back to Tink, whose whole apartment is now glowing with her light.

PETER

You see? I knew I could save you!

Tink jingles something, indicating the AUDIENCE.

(grudgingly)

They did a little ...

192. INT. UNDERGROUND HOME - NIGHT

Peter swings into CAMERA with an exultant cry --

But oh, the cleverness of me!

Without giving Tink another thought, Peter runs off to collect his sword --

And now to rescue Wendy!

TIGHT SHOT: Tink watches him leave, for once concealing her jealousy behind a smile. She draws her curtains.

193. EXT. POV OF PIRATE SHIP FROM GROTTO - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE: The Pirate Ship, basking in the moonlit cove in EXTREME L/S, viewed through the open mouth of a grotto, fringed with icicles. One green light squints above her stern, and the echo of the pirates' song drifts across the still water. Presently a flow of ice creeps stealthily into F/G SHOT from behind CAMERA, gradually moving out towards the ship as the surface freezes over.

194. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAY

Hook stands alone on deck, communing with himself in the quietude of the night as he gazes out across the sea.

HOOK

How still the night is. Nothing sounds alive. Now is the hour when...

Hook breaks off, reacting to the raucous noise of the pirates, singing in their quarters with renewed vigour.

195. INT. PIRATE SHIP - CREW'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Starkey, Smee and the other pirates lie sprawled about their smoke-filled quarters, carousing with the aid of a few kegs of rum.

PIRATES

(singing)

Yo ho, yo ho, the pirate life,  
The flag of skull and bones!  
A merry life, a hempen ...

HOOK  
(bellowing, O/S)  
Quiet, you dogs - or I'll cast  
anchor in you!

Hook glares down from the skylight window above, bringing their ditty to an abrupt end.

196. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - NIGHT

Hook returns to his former station, gazes out to sea as before and resumes his soliloquy.

HOOK  
(communing with his ego)  
How still the night is. Nothing  
sounds alive. Now is the hour when  
children in their homes are a-bed,  
their lips bright-browed with the  
good-night chocolate. Compare with  
them the children on this boat  
ready to walk the plank. ...

Hook looks down through the bars into the hold --

197. INT. PIRATE SHIP - HOLD - NIGHT

UPSHOT: Hook gazes down into the hold, where the wretched children lie gagged and chained in the darkness.

HOOK  
Split my infinitives, 'tis my hour  
of triumph!

198. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAY

Hook turns away from the hold, starts to tread the deck in thought. He tucks his claw inside his jacket, enhancing his Napoleonic pose, while his mood owes much to Richard III on the eve of Bosworth Field.

HOOK  
The vile and bloody act is set, my  
most arch deed since I struck  
Barbecue from the lists of man! A  
holocaust of children - there is  
something grand in the notion!  
(pause)  
And yet ... and yet ...  
(faltering)  
Why am I not bellied out with the  
winds of my success? Why is there  
no elation in my gait? What  
greater triumph do I yet seek?

A pause, then an answer comes to him from across the years: the distant tolling of a church-bell, mingling with the evocative sounds of the countryside at dawn.

HOOK

But soft -- how now -- what's this?

He listens a moment, his eyes misting over as the memories take shape. CAMERA MOVES in TIGHT on Hook, his voice reverting to that of his creator --

(very quietly)

Ah, yes ... The Lovely Moment ... finest dream in the world. That it is early morning, and I am out on a Highland road. It is a time before I knew anything of the world, and its pain and sorrow.

(one from the heart)

I am a boy again. It is the morning of my life.

A brief pause, then Hook snaps back to his former self, brushing aside his tears with a dismissive curse at his emotional lapse.

Out, out, damn'd heart - I'll have done with thy sentiment yet!  
(pause)

All mortals envy me - yet better perhaps to have had less ambition? Ah, envy not Hook! I should be feeling deevy, yet over me broods a disky spirit, a premonition of impending doom, embracing me inexorably like a closing umbrella. Let me now make my dying speech, lest when dying there may be no time for it. ...

199. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & SEA/ICE - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING UP from the sea towards the bows. Hook looks out to sea, extending his arms in dramatic pose --

HOOK

O fame, fame thou glittering  
bauble -  
(a reflective pause)  
Farewell?

Hook pauses a moment, then turns slowly away and is gone. CAMERA PULLS BACK as the ice flow moves into SHOT, like a stain of white blood seeping ever closer towards the ship,

DISSOLVING INTO:

200. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & ICE - PORT SIDE - DAWN

VISTA SHOT: The pirate ship silhouetted against the dawn horizon, frozen fast in a glistening seascape of ice. This and subsequent images of the ship are reminiscent of Gustave Dore's visionary illustrations to The Ancient Mariner, as well as Herbert Ponting's 1912 photographs of Scott's "Discovery", icebound in the Antarctic wastes. The sound of sawing can be heard in the distance, emanating from the far side of the ship. Presently a familiar shadow flies in from behind CAMERA, skimming out across the frozen surface towards the spectral brig.

201. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & ICE - STARBOARD SIDE - DAWN

LOW ANGLE: the gigantic Black Murphy heaves up and down in F/G, sawing a hole through the ice, his swarthy body steaming in the chill dawn air. The great white ship towers above him, her masts and rigging fretted with icicles. Presently a black plank noses out from the gunwale directly above him.

202. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAWN/DAY

The morning sun sparkles on the frosty deck, now busy with pirates preparing the scene of execution. While Jukes and Cecco tie off the plank, Starkey and Smee stand above the hold, hauling their bleary-eyed captives up onto the deck.

Hook emerges from the stairwell leading to his cabin, wrapped up like Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow. He walks briskly across the deck to where Starkey has lined up the boys, ready for his inspection.

HOOK

Now then, you bullies, ten of you are to walk the plank, but I have room for two cabin-boys. Which of you is it to be?

TOOTLES

I don't think my mother would want me to be a pirate ...

HOOK

(cutting in)

Stow that gab!

(to John)

You, boy - you look as though you've got pluck in you. Didst never want to be a pirate, my hearty?

JOHN

Well ... but could we still be loyal subjects to Queen Victoria?

HOOK

You would have to swear, "Down with Queen Victoria!"

JOHN

Then I refuse!

MICHAEL

And I refuse!

HOOK

That seals your doom!

(to Smee)

Blindfold the prisoners.

(to Starkey)

Bring up their mother, Mr Starkey.

203. EXT. POV OF PIRATE SHIP FROM GROTTO - DAY

The ice-bound ship in EXTREME L/S, viewed from inside the grotto fretted with icicles.

An incongruous ticking SOUND from behind CAMERA preludes the appearance of the crocodile. It plods into SHOT from beneath us, moving with steady resolve towards a small pool just beyond the entrance, then slithers from view beneath the murky green water.

204. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAY

Wendy stands before Hook, her hands bound behind her back, while Smee blindfolds the boys.

HOOK

So, proud heart, you are to see your children walk the plank.

WENDY

(with noble calmness)

Are they to die?

HOOK

They are. Silence, all, for a mother's last words to her children.

WENDY

These are my last words. I feel I have a message to you from your real mothers, and it is this, "We hope our sons will die like English gentlemen."

Hook smiles benevolently, then, noting her shivering with cold, nobly removes his own cloak and drapes it around her shoulders.

HOOK

Lest it be thought you were  
shiver-ing in fear.

He turns abruptly to Smee --

HOOK

Now tie her to the mast!

Now shivering himself, Hook walks back towards his cabin,  
leaving Smee to tie Wendy to the mast.

SMEE

(sotto voce)

See here, honey -- I'll save you  
if you'll be my mother. Tell me a  
story. Tell me about the Babes in  
the Wood.

WENDY

I'd sooner die!

SMEE

Then die you shall, my dove.

Hook suddenly stops, reacting to the SOUND of Peter's pipes  
echoing up the stairwell from his cabin below. The familiar  
trill is indeed music to the ears of Wendy and the boys,  
but is enough to freeze Hook's blood. Fumbling for a quick  
solution, he calls out to the unwitting Jukes.

HOOK

(hoarsely)

Jukes, fetch the cat from my  
cabin.

JUKES

Aye, aye, sir.

While the simple Jukes goes to the cabin, Hook endeavours  
to drown out the thin sound of the pipes --

HOOK

(singing)

Yo ho, yo ho, the scratching cat,  
It's tails are nine, you know,  
And when they're writ upon your back,  
You're fit to go below!

As he sings, Hook exhorts the other pirates to join in, but  
no sooner have they obliged than they break off, reacting  
to a cry from the cabin. The pipes have stopped playing.

SLIGHTLY

(aside, to John)

One!



HOOK

Cecco -- go and see what's up with Jukes.

Cecco obeys, goes towards the stairwell --

205. INT. PIRATE SHIP - HOOK'S CABIN - DAY

Cecco enters the darkened cabin, reacts in strangled horror to the sight before him, O/S, then quickly bolts out again. CAMERA remains in the cabin, slowly TRACKING BACK as Hook questions Cecco, O/S --

HOOK (O/S)

What's the matter wi' him?

CECCO (O/S)

The matter with him is he's dead.

PIRATES

(incredulous, O/S)

Bill Jukes ... dead?

CECCO (O/S)

Aye, stabbed. The cabin's as black as a pit, but there's something terrible in there.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK to where the tattooed body of Jukes is lying spread-eagled across the strings of the harp, stabbed between the ribs. A shadow flits across him -- the pipes resume their play.

HOOK

(menacingly, O/S)

Then fetch it out.

CECCO (O/S)

No, Captain!

206. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAY

LOW ANGLE: Cecco kneels beseechingly before Hook, his back to CAMERA --

HOOK

Did I hear you say you would go?

CECCO

(wringing his hands)

Captain, I beg you ...

Hook curtails his supplication with a swift sweep of his iron claw. It rips across his throat, though all we see from this angle is a rubbery organ caught on the end of the hook, distressingly like a wind-pipe. It expands like an elastic-band as the hook continues its upward sweep, then

snaps in two, both ends recoiling back into the hapless pirate's throat. Cecco keels over on the deck, as dead as Jukes. Slightly grins at John --

SLIGHTLY  
(a whisper)

Two!

Hook wipes his claw on his sleeve, advances on Starkey.

HOOK  
Did I hear you volunteer, Mr  
Starkey?

STARKEY  
(backing away)  
No, by thunder!

HOOK  
My hook thinks you did. I wonder  
if it wouldn't be advisable to  
humour the little hook?

STARKEY  
I'll swing before I go in there.

HOOK  
Aye, Starkey -- from the end of  
this!

Hook lashes out at Starkey, but he springs up onto the bulwarks out of reach and dives overboard. His departure is followed by a sickening crunch O/S, reminding us of what Starkey overlooked: the frozen surface below.

SLIGHTLY  
Three!

The crew cower before Hook as the careless, taunting melody echoes up again from the cabin.

HOOK  
You miserable dogs -- I'll fetch  
it out myself.

207. INT. PIRATE SHIP - HOOK'S CABIN - DAY

The music stops in response to Hook's approach, O/S, and a shadow flits briefly across F/G Hook cautiously enters his cabin, carrying a lantern. He glances round, somewhat puzzled to find it empty, apart from the late Cecco. Hook goes to the open window and looks out.

208. EXT. PIRATE SHIP AND ICE - DAY

LOW ANGLE: Hook peers up, down and around, but can see nothing other than the ice below and one of the starboard cannons above. As he turns back inside the cabin, Peter pokes his head out the barrel of the cannon, then swings like a monkey along the rigging just below the gunwales. CAMERA TRACKS with him in LOW ANGLE as he moves, HOLDING on Starkey's torso and legs as they enter F/G SHOT, poking up through the ice near the large hole under the plank.

209. INT. PIRATE SHIP - HOOK'S CABIN - DAY

As Hook walks back to the cabin door, he is startled by his own fleeting reflection in the looking-glass. He looks slowly back, sees the hazy image of his wraith-like doppelganger returning his gaze. Barrie (for it is he) pulls out a fob-watch from his waistcoat, regards the hour, then looks back at Hook with a cautioning raise of the eyebrow, as if to say "Time's nearly up."

210. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & ICE - DAY

SHOOTING towards the bows of the ice-bound ship, where Peter can be seen in L/S, crouching on the curved base of the anchor, awaiting his moment. A faint ticking is heard as the dark shadow of the crocodile glides through F/G beneath the ice, moving relentlessly on towards the ship.

211. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAY

All the pirates are crowded round the stairwell to Hook's cabin, anxiously awaiting the fate of their captain.

TIGHT SHOT: Peter's eyes surface over the starboard bulwark. He glances O/S to left and right, then darts over the side --

The F/G pirates peer past CAMERA down the stairwell. Beyond them, in L/S, we see Peter unfastening John's bonds, then running to Wendy, tied to the mast.

At last Hook appears at the base of the stairwell. The pirates lean forward, awaiting his word, but he remains silent.

SMEE

What is it, Captain?

Hook climbs the steps, still lost in his own thoughts. He pauses at the top, looks vacantly at the pirates, then snaps back into his old role.

HOOK

I've thought it out, lads. The ship's bewitched -- there's a Jonah aboard.

FLINT

(hidden from Hook's sight)

Ay, a man wi' a hook.

Hook ignores the muttered jibe, points to Wendy, her back to CAMERA, tied to the mast.

HOOK

It's the girl. Never was luck on a pirate ship with a woman around.

(to Smee)

Fling her overboard!

SMEE

Aye, aye, sir!

Smee advances on the hooded figure tied to the mast.

There is none can save you now, missy.

PETER

(O/S, imitating Wendy)

There is one who never fails.

TIGHT SHOT: Hook reacts with a look of dreadful foreboding.

HOOK

Who's that ...?

MEDIUM C/S: Peter swings round into CAMERA, flinging off the cloak as a butterfly discards a chrysalis, his sword drawn, his eyes ablaze, his whole body tingling with life.

PETER

(an exultant cry)

Peter Pan, the Avenger!

Peter flies up to the main boom above the deck and along its length, harvesting an armful of icicles as he goes --

HOOK

(to the pirates)

Cleave him to the brisket!

Peter swoops back down, skims before the boys at deck level, discharging his crop of icicles at their feet --

PETER

Down, boys, and at them!

The boys grab their weapons, using their blindfolds to ensure a good grip, then bear down on the pirates with wild, barbaric cries. Man to man the pirates are stronger,

but ice proves more deadly than steel and they quickly scatter, thus enabling their opponents to hunt in couples and choose their quarry. Some are sent skidding across the frozen brinny; others are dragged from dark recesses. There is no boy whose weapon is not reeking, except for Slightly, who runs about keeping an audible score of pirate fatalities.

Both Peter and Hook remain aloof from the proceedings, like star performers waiting in opposite wings while the support act warms up the audience with more predictable fare. Occasionally Peter enters the fray to help someone in difficulty, yet even then his intrusion is restricted to the role of a ringside referee, ensuring that fair play is observed on both sides. More than once he is obliged to restrain John from impaling a hapless pirate through the back, cautioning him with a sharp "Bad form!"

But throughout the battle, Peter's eye never strays far from Hook, who remains in the stairwell at the other end of the deck, watching the imbroglio with an air of faint scorn. He too keeps a mindful eye on Peter, and as the fight continues we INTERCUT with drumbeat regularity between the sideshow and the contenders for the main event. Sometimes their eye-lines meet, and at such times it seems that they are not rivals at all, but two people, loverlike, gazing intently at each other across a crowded room. Presently Hook slips back into his cabin, unobserved by all except Peter.

Meanwhile Wendy administers first-aid to the wounded, patching up their cuts and bruises before dispatching them back into the fray. She looks up in response to Michael, who has just felled his first pirate with an icicle -

MICHAEL

(elated)

Look Wendy - I've killed a pirate!

WENDY

(mildly perturbed)

Oh, Michael - you're really rather young for that sort of thing.

MICHAEL

No I'm not -- I love it, I love it!

212. INT. PIRATE SHIP - HOOK'S CABIN - DAY

Hook stands in front the looking glass, resplendent in his finest uniform, reserved for such occasions. A naval sword hangs from his waist. He makes a minor adjustment to the angle of his gold-braided tricorn, then takes a last, wistful look round his cabin.

HOOK  
(a brief sigh)  
Heigh ho.

Hook turns, walks to the door.

213. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAY

As Hook emerges up the stairwell from his cabin, several of the boys advance with swords gleaned from fallen pirates.

PETER  
(calling, O/S)  
Put up your swords, boys! ...

The boys stand aside as Peter flies down from the mainsail boom, his own sword drawn, landing within a few feet of his adversary.

(eyeing Hook)  
... This man is mine.

Hook gives Peter a look of faint disdain, moves slowly towards him, Peter stepping warily back as he approaches. Hook pauses a moment, glancing round at the carnage of his crew littering the deck. Only Smee remains alive, owing to his cowardice in having spent the major part of the fight tucked away in Long Tom's barrel.

HOOK  
So, Pan, this is all your doing?

PETER  
Ay, Jas Hook, it is all my doing.

Hook nods, slowly draws his sword, holds it at arm's length. Peter does the same. They measure swords with correct formality: making a sweeping motion with them, they bring the points to the deck, resting their hands upon the hilts.

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

PETER  
Dark and sinister man, have at  
thee!

Peter and Hook fall to without another word. Peter is a rare swordsman, and parries with dazzling rapidity. Hook, if not quite so nimble in wrist play, has the advantage of a yard or two in reach, but though they close he can never quite give the quietus with his claw, which seems to find nothing to tear at. It seems that he does not always quite see Peter, who is less like a boy than a mote of dust dancing in the sun.

214. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - POOP DECK & POV OF ICE - DAY

HIGH ANGLE, SHOOTING DOWN through the frozen rigging. The duel has moved to the poop deck, some distance from the children who crowd the top of the stairs leading up from the main deck.

From this angle, the ice-flow is visible beyond the gunwales, where the dark shadow of the crocodile can be seen moving in, ready for the kill.

215. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - POOP DECK - DAY

By some impalpable stroke, Hook's sword is whipped from his grasp, and when he stoops to raise it, a little foot is on its blade. He looks up to see Peter standing before him, with his hands on his hips and that smile on his face. Several of the boys call out from the stairs --

BOYS  
(exulting)  
Now, Peter - now!

Peter slowly raises the sword by its blade, and with an inclination of the head that is perhaps slightly overdone, he presents Hook with the hilt.

JOHN  
(clapping)  
Oh I say, good form!

Peter's magnanimous gesture and the adulation it inspires is a wound in Hook's heart more painful than any blade could inflict. He grips the hilt, then suddenly rips the blade from Peter's hand with such force that his evident intention is to slice off his fingers.

Peter stares at Hook, dazed and bewildered by his singular display of bad form. Hook seems equally dumbfounded - at first by his own lapse of fair play, then at the sight of Peter's hand. It is completely unharmed.

HOOK  
(backing away)  
'Tis some fiend fighting me!  
(accusingly)  
Pan, who and what art thou?

Peter hesitates, then smiles.

PETER  
(at a venture)  
I'm the sun rising -- I'm the poet  
dreaming -- I'm joy -- I'm youth  
-- I'm --

Peter breaks off from his improvised self-appraisal, turns to Hook, lowering on him --

I'm the one you could never be.

This is indeed a palpable hit below Hook's belt, and for a brief moment he bears the anguished gaze of his creator.

HOOK  
(a bitter rebuke)  
Oh, heartless, heartless ...

Hook pauses, then again lashes out at Peter in a series of lightning thrusts --

Death to you!

PETER  
(dancing aside)  
Cut me in pieces, and every piece  
will run at you -- the smaller I  
am, the more terrible!

Hook now has a damp feeling that this boy is the weapon which is to strike him from the lists of man. But the grandeur of his mind still holds, and true to the traditions of his flag he fights on like a human flail.

The duel now enters its last phase, wherein movement and music combine to create a sequence that is closer to ballet than battle. Every sweep of Hook's sword would sever in twain a mere mortal, but Peter flutters round and through and over these gyrations as if blown clear by the very wind that they produce, then darts back in and jags at Hook ...

216. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DECK - DAY

The boys leap clear as Peter parries with Hook down the stairs and back onto the main deck, gradually closing in behind them. The SHOTS are now so TIGHT that it comes as much a surprise to us as it does to Hook when he suddenly realizes that he is on the plank itself, being parried backwards along its length --

217. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & ICE - DAY

LOW ANGLE UPSHOT: The duel continues out along the plank, Peter forcing Hook inexorably towards his doom. The other boys have crowded onto the head of the plank, and as Hook reaches the end, he suddenly cries out --

HOOK  
Back, back, you pewling spawn! ...

218. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & PLANK - DAY

Even Peter takes a step backwards with the boys in response to Hook's command. He looks at them with an air of disdain, then throws down his sword on the plank.



HOOK  
... I'll show you now the road to  
dusty death.

PETER  
(offering to shake his hand)  
James Hook, thou not wholly  
unheroic figure ... Farewell.

Peter extends his hand. Hook considers it a moment, then  
sneers in response.

HOOK  
Peter Pan, no words of mine can  
express my utter contempt for you.

He turns his back on Peter, faces the open sea --

219. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & ICE - POV THRU HOLE - DAY

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING UP through the hole in the ice. Hook  
stands far above, his arms extended towards the sky --

HOOK  
(defiantly)  
O fame, fame - thou glittering  
bauble ...

Hook pauses, and in the brief silence that follows, we  
hear the faint ticking of the crocodile behind us ...

220. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - PLANK - DAY

M/S DOWNSHOT: Hook stands in F/G, looking up at us, with  
Peter visible beyond him in L/S He sighs a brief smile.

HOOK  
Farewell.

221. EXT. PIRATE SHIP - POV FROM CROW'S NEST - DAY

SHOOTING DOWN from the crow's nest, Hook stands at the end  
of the plank, poised above the gaping black hole in the ice  
beyond. With a last defiant cry, he leaps from the plank --

HOOK  
Floreat Etona ...!

Hook's aim is perfect: he lands feet first in the hole and  
disappears from sight beneath the murky water. A brief  
pause, in which Slightly is heard to call out -

SLIGHTLY  
Twenty six!

The score is greeted by cheers from the boys, followed by an improvised chorus of "Rule Britannia!" --

222. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & ICE - DAY

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING UP from the ice: As many boys as can squeeze onto the plank now surge along its length to where Peter stands at the end, looking down towards us. He is on the point of turning back to acknowledge his triumph when Hook's claw suddenly bursts up from the water in EXTREME C/U, thrashing wildly in the air, then plunging like a grappling iron into the ice.

PETER'S POV: the Captain's encore is mercifully short. His arm - the only visible part of him - twists and turns briefly in an effort to haul himself up, but he is evidently no match for the brute force at the other end, dragging him under.

This regrettable coda to Hook's otherwise courageous demise proves to be rather a dampener, casting a pall over the jubilant faces.

223. EXT. PIRATE SHIP & ICE - DAY

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING UP from the ice: Peter turns slowly away, and the others follow suit, CAMERA PANNING DOWN onto the large hole in F/G. An iron claw embedded in the ice is all that is left of the late Captain: a melancholy reminder of the brevity of human greatness.

FADE TO BLACK

(SCENES MISSING)

224. INT. KENNEL - DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

SLOW FADE UP on the darkened night nursery, viewed from within Nana's kennel. The dimensions of the entrance are conveniently contained within the narrower WIDE SCREEN RATIO, to which we have returned during the fade out. Mrs Darling is visible in L/S, asleep in a rocking-chair by the fire. A furry, dormant shape whom we may presume to be Nana lies in the F/G kennel.

Presently a shadow creeps across the floor, cast by the moonlit window O/S. It moves stealthily towards Mrs Darling, pauses. Two other shadows move up behind it. A pause, then John leans forward, examining Mrs Darling with a critical eye. He turns back to Wendy as she appears behind him, followed by Michael.

JOHN  
(whispering)  
Are you sure it's Mater?

WENDY  
It must be.

Michael glances towards the sleeping mound in F/G, and approaches for a closer look.

JOHN  
I say, let's give her a surprise.

WENDY  
No, we must break it to her gently.

Michael peers closely at the occupant in the kennel, looks faintly surprised. He turns back to Wendy --

MICHAEL  
Come and look at Nana - she's grown a moustache.

225. INT. DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE: Michael kneels beside Nana's kennel in F/G where Mr Darling is just visible inside the entrance, curled up asleep under a furry rug. Wendy and John tip-toe over to inspect. The nursery window is visible beyond them in L/S, the top half open, the bottom half barred. Peter sits on the top frame, silhouetted against the moonlit sky beyond.

WENDY  
I rather think might be father.

JOHN  
So it is.

MICHAEL  
He's not as big as the pirate I killed.

Tink appears from the night beyond, hovers by Peter's ear. He listens a moment, nods reluctantly.

JOHN  
Did he always used to sleep in a kennel?

WENDY  
(with misgivings)  
Perhaps we just don't remember the old life as well as we thought we did.

Wendy looks round just as Peter is poised to fly off.

Peter! Where are you going?

HIGH SHOT, with Peter in F/G as Wendy hurries over. Peter looks down at her in mild surprise.

PETER

Back to my ship - before the boys run her aground.

WENDY

(with sudden concern)

Oh dear, I do so worry about you all being pirates. It's such an unpredictable profession ... so insecure.

Peter smiles.

PETER

Goodbye, Wendy.

WENDY

(quickly)

Oh, but ... surely you'd like to meet my parents?

PETER

Not particularly.

WENDY

Not even Mother?

PETER

(simply)

You're my mother.

Peter flies up into the night with an abruptness that leaves Wendy quite numbed.

WENDY

(a whisper)

Goodbye, Peter.

226. EXT. DARLING NURSERY - POV THRU WINDOW - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT, SHOOTING through the bars: Wendy remains by the window a moment, gazing at nothing, oblivious to the muted voices in the nursery behind her, O/S

MRS DARLING

(O/S, disbelieving)

Michael ... is it really you?

MICHAEL (O/S)  
Course it's me.

MRS DARLING (O/S)  
And John?

JOHN  
(O/S, stiffly)  
Hello, mother.

MRS DARLING (O/S)  
Wendy ...?

A beat, then Wendy turns, looks O/S --

227. INT. DARLING NURSERY - NIGHT

Mrs Darling holds out her arms to Wendy. Without further thought for the heartless boy, Wendy runs to her mother, embracing her with the love we have grown to expect of her.

MRS DARLING  
(when she can speak)  
George, George ... my babies have  
come back!

Mr Darling has been rudely awakened by Michael, who is now tugging at his wrist and assaulting his senses with over-excitement --

MR DARLING  
A little less noise there!

MICHAEL  
Pirates, father - tons of them!

MR DARLING  
(alarmed)  
Pirates? Where? Quo vadis?

Mr Darling leaps up, banging his head on the kennel roof.

MICHAEL  
I killed one - all by myself!

And now Nana comes bounding in, adding to the joyful chaos.

JOHN  
I say, Pater - why the kennel?

MR DARLING  
Well ... it's a long story.

JOHN  
If it's a very long story, we'll  
excuse you telling it.

MR DARLING

Alright, in a word then - remorse!

The F/G images begin to blur as we slowly, imperceptibly REFOCUS onto the nursery window beyond. At first we see nothing, but as the CAMERA moves in closer, we become aware of a wistful face in the shadows behind the iron bars. There could scarcely be a lovelier sight than the Darling reunion, but there is none to see it except the strange boy who is staring in through the window. Peter Pan has ecstasies innumerable that other children can never know, but he is gazing at the one joy from which he must be forever barred.

228. INT/EXT. BARRIE'S STUDY & POV OF DARLING HOME - NIGHT

There is, however, one other onlooker: another lonely figure gazing at joys forever barred.

Peter remains visible in EXTREME L/S, kneeling on the ledge outside the Darling nursery. CAMERA PULLS slowly back, bringing the edges of another window into SHOT. Peter darts back against the wall as Mrs Darling appears in the nursery window and draws the curtains.

229. EXT. DARLING NURSERY - WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT: Peter crouches on the window ledge with his back to CAMERA, angrily brushing at his cheeks. He stops of a sudden, slowly looks up, as if aware that he is being watched. A pause, then he turns and looks O/S towards the other window.

230. EXT. PETER'S POV OF BARRIE'S WINDOW - NIGHT

EXTREME L/S: Barrie stands at his study window, looking up towards us.

231. EXT. DARLING NURSERY - WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT

C/S: Peter gazes searchingly into CAMERA --

232. EXT. BARRIE'S STUDY WINDOW - NIGHT

C/S: Barrie returns his intent gaze, looking into CAMERA. A pause, then he yields his rarest attribute: a brief smile, followed by a weary, sympathetic sigh --

BARRIE

Heigh ho.

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233. EXT. DARLING NURSERY WINDOW - NIGHT

C/U: Peter frowns, as if trying to understand. Then he melts, answering Barrie's tired smile with a boyish grin. Another instant and he is gone, leaving only iron bars to fill the SCREEN.

CUT TO BLACK

(N.B: EPILOGUE SCENES MISSING)

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