

NEVERLAND

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NYC ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Your standard NYC mess. Dim lights flicker above.

A neon sign reflects off wet pavement. Revealing the partial name of a bar: "GIR... Z".

Step aside, land-lubbers. There's nothing to view.

But one rag-clad figure thinks there is. Hunched over a dumpster, the bum collects bottles and throws them in a CART.

A bespectacled, rotund gentleman we'll know as SMEE.

Something SIZZLES overhead.

SMEE

That blasted L wink out again?

Smee's fists close on two BOTTLES. One: a health drink. Smee grunts; turns to liquid treasure on his right:

Captain Morgan Rum. Some backwash left: Smee gulps it down.

SMEE

Blimey, *that* hits the spot!

He squints at the label.

SMEE

That hand ain't right.

Smee tosses the dead soldier in his cart. More SIZZLING above. Smee glances towards the sound.

Three specks of LIGHT glimmer in thin air. They wave like loose fabric, attached to nothing. Something on the "other side" seems to be trying to break through.

And *does*. A microscopic FOOT in a green slipper glows daintily. Smee rubs bloodshot eyes.

SMEE

Cor and doubloons. No!

The lights merge into a rip.

A SWARM of tiny lights dart out: radioactive gnats on Adderall. The lights zip back and forth - in patterns that hint these specks have minds.

Smee's grizzled face splits into a grin.

SMEE

Skull and Crossbones. It's true!

He thrusts an arm into the swarm.

Some lights scatter. One "rebel" dives into Smee's hand, backstrokes around. Smee hisses into his palm.

SMEE

Welcome to NYC, old friend! This
territory's the *East Village*.
Bigger than Injun tribes back home.
Let's settle down, share a snog.
Catch up on old times and song!

The light darts under Smee's middle finger, shoves the digit towards his face. The cloud of lights tinkles with laughter.

The rogue speck trampolines off Smee's nose. Zips off and joins its friends.

The lights rise like hornets, flow through a broken window into the bar. As fast as they arrived: they're gone.

Smee rubs his nose.

SMEE

Spirit like that warms my heart.
(eyes his bottle)
Almost as much as rum.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - WENDY'S FLASHBACK/DAYDREAM

A swarm of YOUNG CHILDREN run hog-wild. Native American TEE-PEE's and A MOCK PIRATE SHIP dot the lawn.

Along with a "two story" CHILDREN'S PLAYHOUSE - large enough for just one child.

MICHAEL (5) plays inside. Platinum hair, bright blue eyes. A stuffed CROCODILE (Tick-Tock) under one arm.

At a bench, WENDY (30s) sews and monitors her son.

Her cell phone CHIMES. Distracted, Wendy answers. And hears:

BYRON (V.O.)

Wendy! Busby let us off early.

WENDY

He did? That's fantastic, Dear -

BYRON (V.O.)
I thought I'd surprise you and
Michael. Hence, I'm home. Less
fantastically: *you're both gone.*
Did you have to go shopping now?

WENDY
Shopping? Heavens no. We're at
Diana Memorial Park.

BYRON (V.O.)
Outdoors?

WENDY
(giggles)
Silly, that's where parks are.

BYRON (V.O.)
You dragged the poor sitter there?

WENDY
Ruby's home. Though I wish you were
here. The weather's *delightful*
today!

Wendy smiles at the sky. White bird-shaped clouds drift by.

BYRON (V.O.)
You didn't let Michael on the
Jungle Gym, I hope? It's too high:
he could snap his neck!

WENDY
Don't fret, Darling. I'm watching
our son carefully. The fresh air's
good for him. And I'm just a few
feet away.

BYRON (V.O.)
Keep him off that rope bridge!
Whoever designed that deathtrap's a
sociopath, you ask me.

WENDY
Relax, Byron. And come join us!

BYRON
I sure as Sherlock will. Don't
move. I'll fetch the car now!

Byron hangs up. SNAP. Wendy rolls her eyes.

She glances towards her son in the playhouse. Michael throws
open shutters, sticks out an impish face:

MICHAEL

Peek a boo!

WENDY

Don't hide, my tiny pirate. Your
brave father's on his way!

Wendy resumes sewing, motherly devotion on her face.

WENDY (V.O.)

I wish you could remain this way
forever, Michael. Innocent. Full of
life. You shall *always* be my little
boy. But no matter how much bluster
your father might expend, all
children except one grow up.

Michael sticks out his tongue. Wendy waves. Then winces.

WENDY

Ow!

She stares down at her sewing: a NEEDLE'S pierced her skin.
Sucking blood from her fingertip, she looks up.

Unfamiliar children block her view. Wendy's heart thuds;
where's her son?

She darts to the playhouse. The plastic shutters flutter in a
breeze. Tick-Tock lies belly-up on the floor.

Michael's gone!

On impulse, Wendy peers upward. For a second, one cloud
resembles - a pirate ship?

She blinks. The mirage fades. Children scream with joy. Wendy
yells over the noise:

WENDY

Michael, come to your mother. Good
boys mustn't fly away!

Byron's footsteps echo.

BYRON (O.S.)

I hope you're happy, Wendy. I broke
the speed limit. Ran through a red
light. Dodgy business, but I've
arrived. Wait - where's Michael?

WENDY

I'm not sure.

Followed by - BLACK OUT.

BYRON (O.S.)
See what happens when you don't
listen?

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - LONDON - PRESENT DAY

SUPER: "Six months later"

Decorated to loving detail, this room once was bright. Now, a
TV REALITY SHOW provides the only light.

Wendy lies in bed, a boy's comforter pulled to her chin.
"Tick Tock"'s her companion. Tears streak her pale face.

At the doorway, Bryan clears his throat.

BYRON
Wendy, did you hear me?

WENDY
(mumbles)
Can't this wait 'til *after* my show?

BOYS race across the TV screen. Credits roll: "*12 and Counting*". Byron snorts.

BYRON
What's more important? Us, or this
blathering tripe?

WENDY
12 and Counting's not tripe. It's
about family. And children.

Byron positions himself between the TV and Wendy. He crouches
down, voice soft.

BYRON
No-one lives in fantasy-land
forever. Don't you ever stop
daydreaming, Dear?

He reaches out. Wendy recoils.

WENDY
No! The case is -

BYRON
Still open, I know. But we have to
face facts. All I ask is you see a
doctor.

Busby recommended an expert to me.
A man who deals with things like
this all the time.

WENDY

A *psychiatrist*, you mean?

BYRON

After we sort you out, we'll go off
on vacation. Take a break from
memories... and home.

Wendy bolts up.

WENDY

I'm not crazy!

BYRON

I said no such thing.

WENDY

You're the one pretending
everything's settled. That's not
reality, Byron!

BYRON

It's what you told the constables
that's got me concerned.

WENDY

I told them the Truth!

BYRON

Darling, that's your conscience
playing tricks. Rather than blame
yourself, your mind makes up all
sorts of crazy stories. About
Neverland, Fairies, and Pirates...

WENDY

There's that crazy word again. You
blame me for losing Michael.

BYRON

Wendy, you just made a tragic
mistake. And you're confused. For
both our sakes, let's grow up, and
do what's right.

Suddenly: the TV sputters. Wendy leans past Byron, and sees -

ON-SCREEN NEWS: A MALE REPORTER. His backdrop: NYC.

The skyline morphs to a familiar sidewalk. "GIR... Z" blinks over a bar that's seen better days:

INTERCUT BETWEEN BAR, TV REPORTER AND BEDROOM

Glowing SPECKS dance in the bar windows; the ones that taunted Smee before.

Wendy stares. The Reporter fills in details:

MALE REPORTER

From our "strange yet true" file,
we bring you news across the pond.
A Bohemian NY neighborhood known as
Alphabet City has been shuttered,
due to an infestation of... lights!

The camera zooms in on the window. The lights are blurred.
With a *hint* of human wings and legs.

WENDY

Byron - look!

BYRON

At what?

WENDY

Right there!

MALE REPORTER

Some say homeless squatters have
taken over *Nib's Fly Girlz Bar and Grill*. Others speculate radioactive
cockroaches are to blame. But until
the phenomenon can be clarified,
NYC's finest has cordoned off the
city's East Village to tourists and
residents of all stripes.

BYRON

"Radioactive cockroaches"? Posh!

A light of *recognition* sparks in Wendy's face. She jumps up.

WENDY

Those are Neverland Fairies. They
haven't changed a bit!

Wendy yanks a suitcase from a closet. Pries it open, starts
to pack. Random clothes. Stuffed Tick Tock. Byron spins his
wife around.

BYRON

Where do you think you're going?

WENDY
To Manhattan. Come along!

BYRON
What for?

WENDY
To find Michael! Fairies can fly everywhere. So they surely must know where he's gone.

Byron's face darkens. Wendy's not confused: she's nuts.

BYRON
Darling, I'll call the doctor. Just please - rest. And put that down.

Wendy ZIPS up the suitcase. Throws a coat over her nightgown.

WENDY
You're the one who said we should "go off on vacation."

BYRON
Not now. And not...
(points at the nightgown)
... like that.

WENDY
I'm going: with or without you.

BYRON
You've never even been out of London.

WENDY
I have. Very Long ago.

BYRON
You can't locate NY on a map!

Byron blocks the exit. Wendy pushes past, defiant.

WENDY
Then it's high time I did.

She slams the door closed in Byron's face. Bang!

INT. PLANE - EVENING

Engines RUMBLE. The plane's in flight.

Dressed in airport clothes that still bear tags, Wendy stares out the dark window. Her reflection frowns back.

A STEWARDESS stops. Her "anxious passenger" radar primed.

STEWARDESS
First time flying?

WENDY
In a plane? Yes.

STEWARDESS
It gets easier, I promise. Take a few more laps, you too can be a pro of the Friendly Skies. Not that sort of "pro", of course.

Wendy giggles. The stewardess hands her several sodas.

STEWARDESS
Try Ginger Ale, it calms the nerves.

WENDY
I... didn't bring cash. I left in something of a rush.

STEWARDESS
No worries, Dear. On the House.

The Stewardess turns to leave. Wendy grabs her arm.

WENDY
How much longer until we reach NY?

STEWARDESS
Time enough for you to get some sleep. A few more hours, we'll be there. Straight on 'til morning. Second star on the right.

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

Wendy fidgets in her seat, sips more Ginger Ale. She struggles with an map: can't convince it to fold.

Her rumpled hair and shirt show time's gone by.

NYC STRAPHANGERS lean into her: BUSINESSMEN in fancy clothes. Others - like Wendy - resemble BUMS.

A TEENAGED PUNK flips through Youtube. He elbows a GRUNGE FRIEND, and flashes him the phone.

TEEN PUNK
Check this out!

Wendy peeks. It's a recording of *Nib's Bar*.

ON-SCREEN: The video's shaky. Lights dance behind frosted windows. And pause - as if aware they're being watched.

The specks form into a message:

"Fuk off, Hoomons. Go hoom."

The Grunge Friend laughs and rewinds. Zooms in on the words.

GRUNGE FRIEND
That's got to be Photoshopped.

TEEN PUNK
What if it's biological warfare?
Radioactive cockroaches. I heard
that... somewhere.

GRUNGE FRIEND
Cockroaches that fly and talk?

TEEN PUNK
Genetically engineered ones could
be smart.

GRUNGE FRIEND
Smart? They can't even spell!

The teens realize Wendy's eavesdropping, and stop.

TEEN PUNK
You got a question?

WENDY
I don't mean to be rude. But that
video's the reason I'm here.

GRUNGE FRIEND
(sarcastic)
Nice accent. Where you from?

WENDY
Out of town. London England. So I
could use travel tips. I've never
ridden the NY Tube before.

GRUNGE FRIEND
Tube? We call it the subway, *Ma'am*.

TEEN PUNK
 Watcha gonna ask for next:
 directions to the Loo?

The two snicker. Wendy squares her shoulders.

WENDY
 I need to locate Alphabet City.
 That's not listed. Where do I stop?

TEEN PUNK
 "Fairie Town"? That's quarantined.
 You come all this way for *that*?

Her face falls. Grunge Friend shows Wendy mercy.

GRUNGE FRIEND
 Stop at Union Square. Transfer to
 the L and 1st Ave. The authorities
 won't let you get close enough to
 see shit, but you can tell your
 friends at home you did.

On cue, the train rumbles to a halt. Wendy grabs her luggage,
 and heads for the door. She flashes a smile at the boys.

WENDY
 I appreciate the help.

GRUNGE FRIEND
 Keep an eye out for muggers, Lady.

WENDY
 I've fended off "hardened felons"
 in my time.

TEEN PUNK
 If you hang around the barricades
 dressed like that, I guarantee a
 Cop'll bust your ass!

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - EAST VILLAGE - DAY

Barricades and cops everywhere. Wendy leans against a
 sawhorse, cranes her neck towards *Nib's Bar*.

OFFICER JOHNSON (20s) eyes Wendy's mismatched clothes.
 Suspicion glows on his African All-American face.

OFFICER JOHNSON
 Can't you read the sign? Get lost!

WENDY

I wasn't touching anything. I just came to have a look.

Wendy pulls an ANTIQUE TELESCOPE from her coat, raises it to her eye. Johnson reaches for his gun.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Halt!

Someone else nabs Wendy from behind, a beefy hand over her mouth. A boozy voice bellows to Johnson over her shoulder.

BOOZY VOICE

Officer, she don't mean nuttin'.
Ivy's just off her meds!

Johnson takes a step. LT. STARKEY (30s) pulls him aside.

LT. STARKEY

Johnson, our motto is Protect and
Serve, not "Riddle With Bullets".
Put your weapon away. Now!

OFFICER JOHNSON

Lieutenant, it could've been a gun!

Wendy hears no further. Her assailant yanks her into...

EXT. NYC ALLEYWAY - DAY

Different than before. Wendy cat-scratches her kidnapper.

BOOZY VOICE

Ow!

He lets go. Wendy staggers against a wall, and clutches her telescope like a baseball bat.

WENDY

Unhand me, you -

Through tangled hair, Wendy spies Smee. The old man holds out her luggage, a bashful expression on his face.

SMEE

M'lady, this is yours?

Wendy grabs the bags and rubs her eyes.

WENDY

You look familiar.

SMEE

I'm the bloke who just saved you
from Death by Cop.

WENDY

You live around here?

SMEE

Literally? Aye. Sometimes.

He waves at the alley. Wendy gets the drift.

WENDY

Oh. You're - without a home?

SMEE

At the moment. But a "man of the
world" is the more genteel term.

He nods at Wendy's bags.

SMEE

I see you hail from out of town. So
- no-one knows where you are?

Smee steps towards her. Wendy backs off, holds her luggage
like a shield.

WENDY

I don't have money.

SMEE

Didn't say I want any.

WENDY

Perhaps this will serve as thanks?

Wendy pulls a Ginger Ale from her coat, offers it to Smee.

SMEE

That's not my preferred beverage.

He laughs, moves closer. Wendy recoils.

WENDY

I have to go.

SMEE

Then there's a Starbucks down the
street. Ask for the code, you'll do
fine. Do you even have lodgings for
the night?

WENDY

No...

SMEE

Ah - a lost lass with no plans.

(points)

Steer left at the entrance, hoof by foot two blocks. You'll find a hotel named *St. Mark's* on your right.

Wendy turns to go. Smee yells after her.

SMEE

Watch out for muggers!

WENDY

So I've heard.

SMEE

And if you're still jonesin' for an eyeful of old *Nib's* bar, stop by again at nine. That's when the "law" changes shift most nights!

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - ST. MARK'S HOTEL - EVENING

Cheap and landmark, all in one.

Dressed in her one outfit, Wendy perches on the bed and sews. She keeps an eye on the clock: now Six PM.

Her other eye's on TV News. A FEMALE ANCHOR reports.

FEMALE ANCHOR

In Chelsea this evening, hundreds came to protest Mayor Gangee's quarantine of the East Village. Our team spoke with lifelong residents who expressed concern -

The screen switches to a CHANTING CROWD. The camera zooms in on a HIPSTER's angry face.

HIPSTER

An entire block shut down! You know what that does to small business? And how about those gang lootings? Half the windows in my store are smashed. They must've had a ladder. It's on the upper floors!

A YUPPY WOMAN's featured next:

YUPPY WOMAN

What if those lights are asbestos
contamination? We have to protect
our children, learn the Truth!

Wendy looks up from her sewing, frowns.

WENDY

I promise, I'll find out.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT - 9PM

Wendy approaches the barricades. The police presence has
changed. ONE LATINO COP (OFFICER PEREZ) remains.

Wendy slips under yellow tape. Perez turns towards her,
yawns.

She ducks behind a dumpster. A RAT scurries between Wendy's
feet. Squeamish, she jumps. Looks down.

The rodent's gone.

In its place: a broken UMBRELLA. Wendy scoops it up, tries a
practice "swipe." As a weapon, this'll do.

She peeks around the dumpster: is the coast clear?

FOUR GANG TEENS walk by. Members of the "Rats", strands of
striped hair flow down their backs.

A skinny, tattooed punk named BILLY JUKES (15) leads.

Jukes throws a hand gesture at Perez, laughs. The cop glares.

Wendy grabs the opportunity and darts silently across the
street, down the block.

EXT. NIB'S FLY GIRLZ BAR AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

The neon light still sputters. Holding the umbrella like a
sword, Wendy tiptoes to the door.

Dancing lights in one window catch her eye. She inches over.
The specks shy away.

Wendy's face reflects her disappointment. She holds a hand to
the pane.

WENDY

Come back?

As if listening, the lights return. On the other side of the glass, they trace Wendy's splayed fingers and palm.

Wendy recoils. A dotted outline of her hand remains.

The lights fade into the darkened bar. But Wendy's determination shines.

WENDY

We will have words!

The window's unlocked. Wendy slides it up, and climbs inside.

INT. NIB'S FLY GIRLZ BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Her feet touch down.

WENDY

Hello?

No-one answers. *Nib's Bar* is a scary sight. Shadows paint every wall.

Abandoned booths - where imagination conjures ghosts. A JUKEBOX occupies one corner, near a STRIPPER POLE.

A DEER HEAD looms over the bar.

Wendy takes a timid step. Clack.

WENDY

I saw *something*. Reveal yourself!

SCRRRRRRRRRREAK. A flash of bone and fur streaks towards her. The Deer Head launches from the wall!

Wendy raises the umbrella in self-defense. The Deer Head throws her back. Clang!

She's pinned to the wall by antlers - arms locked over her head. Wendy looks for her attacker. Dead, black deer eyes meet her gaze.

And reflect... something bright and small.

A BLUE DOT WITH WINGS zips between the antlers and hovers before her face.

Wendy's eyes cross. She sneezes. The wings made her itch!

Tiny bells tinkle. The dot pauses, awaits a reply.

Wendy forces her eyes to focus. One squint and she sees:

A tiny female form: bright blue eyes and punk black hair.

WENDY
I'm *not* insane?
(whispers)
Or perhaps I am.

The dot darts forward, inhales Wendy's scent.

WENDY
You're Tinkerbell, aren't you? What
have you done to your hair?

The dot TINKLES again, annoyed.

WENDY
I'm sorry, Tink. Peter was my
interpreter. I never spoke Fairy
well!

The dot zips to a glassy deer eye. It breathes on it, creates
a haze. Then skates across it - forming words:

"Not Tink. Iz Clairra."

WENDY
(strained)
A pleasure meeting you, Clairra.
Please release me now. My arms are
starting to hurt!

"Clairra" wheels around and dog-whistles to the jukebox:

A SWARM OF FAIRIES rise. All but one race over - surround
Wendy and the Deer Head with dots of light.

The Fairies pull. The Deer Head separates from the wall:
Crack.

Wendy collapses on a beer stained floor. Fairies dance around
her head like cartoon "stars".

Each one sniffs her, then departs.

The Jukebox Fairy flares red and buzzes at Clairra. Clairra
tinkles back. Based on her "tone", she doesn't care.

The Jukebox Fairy turns green, and zooms towards the bar.

Other Fairies disperse across the room. Business as usual:
Wendy's left behind.

Wendy staggers to her feet, stares at the sight.

WHIRR. Fairies plug in the Jukebox. Speakers boom an ABBA song. A purple Fairy darts over, switches the tune to PRINCE.

WENDY

Someone, please talk to me! I've traveled a vast distance. Used up my savings to be here. Hello?

The Fairies pay her no mind. Wendy glances towards the bar.

On the counter: a bottle of open ABSINTHE on its side. Only a pool of liquid remains.

The Green Fairy sulks inside. The bottle magnifies her face: blonde hair and a familiar pout.

WENDY

Tink!

Wendy grabs the bottle, and raises it to her eyes.

The Green Fairy sloshes back and forth. She pounds on the glass. Pissed off, it's obvious. This is TINKERBELL alright!

WENDY

Oops. My bad.

Wendy sets the bottle on the bar. Tink braces her arms against glass walls; slips and slides.

Wendy squats down; lips level with the bottle's mouth.

WENDY

I know we had our differences, but it's delightful to see your face!

Wendy's breath blasts Tink's wings. The Fairy pinches her nose shut, and frowns.

WENDY

Please, Tink. You're all I've left!

Tinkerbelle flashes a cynical smile at Wendy's words.

She zooms from the bottle. Does a loop de loop around Wendy. Then lands on the bar, near an INVOICE PAD.

Tink starts to drag it over. Wendy assists with one finger, causes the diminutive Fairy to trip.

Irrked, Tink hugs a BALLPOINT PEN to her chest and flies straight up. Clumsily, she tries to write.

On the Invoice Pad: "Wendee. Letz talk. Drink."

WENDY

Liquor? Oh, I couldn't.

Tinkerbell shoves a SHOT GLASS over. Stomps her foot.

MOMENTS LATER

FAIRIES orbit the stripper pole. Seen from one angle, they resemble a human dancer, wrapped in Christmas lights.

Tinkerbell straddles an open bottle of HOT SAUCE and doodles red words with her foot.

TINKERBELL

(all dialog written)

You smell like Neverland, is Y we let you in. Other hoomons all run off.

WENDY

In the dark, you are most formidable! That deer practically stopped my heart. But this is NY. How long do you suppose a floating head can keep folks away?

TINKERBELL

Claire has idea. She try to lead. Silly Ass.

Wendy sips a shot of Absinthe. Giggles. Covers her mouth.

WENDY

You never tire of saying that! But - lead? Isn't Peter still around?

TINKERBELL

(frowns)

Peter flew away.

WENDY

Where, when and why?

TINKERBELL

For adventure. He not return. Hook kilt him. Or he growed up.

Tink's foot trails off. That's a topic she won't discuss.

WENDY

So you came to this world -

TINKERBELL

To escape.

WENDY

I came here for that, as well.

Wendy's face lights up in sudden hope.

WENDY

I lost my son, Michael. And I
suspect you know where he is!

A Fairy of few words, Tink draws "?" with her foot.

WENDY

Perhaps he joined the Lost Boys?

Tink shakes her head. "No."

WENDY

But, you could still help me find
him! Fairies fly over land and sea.
You can look in the tiniest places,
track him down...

TINKERBELL

If he alive.

Wendy gulps her shot, slams the glass down.

WENDY

Michael's my world. You get that -
right?

The former adversaries assess each other.

Tink flies to the bar's CASH REGISTER, and tap dances on
buttons. Ding.

The drawer flies open, reveals BILLS. Tink tosses a bundle in
Wendy's lap.

Alighting again on the hot sauce, Tink wobbles drunkenly. And
writes in red with her big toe.

TINKERBELL

Wendee, letz deal. You have voicz.
But are big and ugly and need
clotz.

INT. NYPD PRECINCT - NEXT MORNING

The room buzzes with activity. COPS, not Fairies this time.

Lt. Starkey barks commands at Officer Perez. The flustered
rookie's juggling shifts, so it seems.

LT. STARKEY

You saw members of the *Rats* near St. Mark's - but didn't ask what they were doing there?

OFFICER PEREZ

Detain kids just 'cause they sport colors? Lieutenant, you know that ain't right.

LT. STARKEY

I didn't say stop and frisk. Just ask about the break-ins. And drugs.

Starkey slaps a CORONER'S REPORT on his desk:

INSERT: MANGLED TEEN PHOTOS festoon the page. Someone tumbled from a freaky height.

On the Toxicology Report: "Unidentified substance in blood. Hallucinogenic compound: Schedule I-V drugs ruled out."

LT. STARKEY

This kid dove off *Manhattan Mall's* roof and impaled himself on a sign. Only Ketamine, PCP or Bath Salts could do that! Call me psychic, but I'll bet my Playstation Two the *Rats* are involved.

OFFICER PEREZ

You got a Playstation Two? They're up to Four.

Perez stares at the photos. Starkey's voice softens.

LT. STARKEY

Perez, you've got a 14 year old boy at home?

OFFICER PEREZ

Yeah.

LT. STARKEY

So you're experienced at talking to teens?

OFFICER PEREZ

I wouldn't go that far. Sometimes.

LT. STARKEY

Then visit the *Rats* and ask for help. Tell 'em it's for *their* own good. And kids like *him*, as well.

Perez scuttles off. Revealing in Starkey's line of sight -

Wendy: showered and dressed in new clothes. Looks like she put Tink's stolen bar cash to work.

LT. STARKEY
Miss, do I know you?

Wendy approaches Starkey's desk: a rabbit braced to run.

WENDY
We met yesterday. I think the
Avenue was called "B."

Wendy sits. Starkey squints. His blue eyes as bright as Tink's! He's handsome, too.

LT. STARKEY
You're the woman who -

WENDY
Almost got plugged by your officer?
Unfortunately, that's true.

LT. STARKEY
But you look -

WENDY
Better? I had jet lag. And clean up
well.

The two share chemistry. Starkey breaks it first, grins.

LT. STARKEY
I apologize for Officer Johnson's
rash response. What can I do for
you today? My name's Lt. Starkey.

WENDY
It's a matter of extreme
importance. Regarding the situation
in *Nib's Bar* downtown.

LT. STARKEY
What's your name, Ms.?

WENDY
Wendy D -

OFFICER JOHNSON (O.S.)
Sir!

Officer Johnson lunges towards Starkey's desk. Wendy instinctively recoils. Until she sees what Johnson holds:

A BLACK AND WHITE PITBULL PUPPY, seven weeks old. Distinct Newfoundland "Landseer" markings on it, despite the breed.

WENDY

A Nanny Dog; how darling! She looks just like my childhood friend!

Officer Johnson stares. Doesn't remember who Wendy is.

OFFICER JOHNSON

A Nanny Dog? What's that?

WENDY

You know, Bull Terriers? Like that classic "Our Gang" show of yours?

LT. STARKEY

Aka: *The Little Rascals*?

Johnson doesn't get the reference. Wendy pets the puppy. Officer Johnson recoils.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Watch out. Pitbulls bite! Lt. Starkey, we can't house this mutt. What do I do with her, Sir?

LT. STARKEY

Send her to CACC?

OFFICER JOHNSON

Doggie Death Row? Sure.

Wendy grabs his arm. She and Johnson lock wits and eyes.

WENDY

Aren't there Rescues in the States?

OFFICER JOHNSON

For Spaniels and Pugs? Of course. But Pitbulls? No fuzzy dice. Where have I seen you before?

WENDY

Perhaps I'm your conscience. Release that sweet creature to me!

Johnson looks to Starkey for guidance. The Lieutenant shrugs.

LT. STARKEY

Beats the alternative.

Johnson hands the pup to Wendy. It yawns, and nestles in her arms. Starkey waves off Johnson, and reclines.

LT. STARKEY
You were about to tell me
something?

Wendy smiles at her new furry pal.

WENDY
I should feed her, take her home.
Might we walk and talk for now?

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - DAY - LATER

The puppy waddles on a brand new leash. Bemused, Starkey trails at Wendy's side.

STARKEY
I deduce you're the impulsive type?

WENDY
What makes you say that, Mr.
Starkey?

STARKEY
That's Lieutenant. Let's review the
facts. You arrived from London
yesterday. You haven't searched for
an apartment, but you've already
graced my precinct with your...
lovely presence. And, you're
already committing to a pet?

WENDY
(mutters)
Committing to something.
Funny you call me impulsive. You
gave her to me, no questions asked.

STARKEY
Call it a hunch. I know animal
lovers when I see them.

WENDY
So now you're taking time off from
work: escorting a woman you don't
even know.

STARKEY
What's with the first degree? Are
you a lawyer, Ms. Darling?

WENDY
No, just naturally curious.

STARKEY

As am I. "Courteous", too. You're from out-of-town, so it's my duty to keep you safe. Let's get back to basics: what information do you have for me about *Nibs*?

They approach *St. Mark's Hotel*. The pup barks at clouds in the sky. Wendy smiles fondly.

WENDY

I think I'll call her "Nana".

STARKEY

Huh?

WENDY

The pup. It's a family name.

STARKEY

Does *St. Mark's* allow dogs?

WENDY

You're the expert on local rules.
You tell me.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - ST. MARK'S HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Newly christened "Nana" curls on the rug. TV NEWS REPORTS keep her entertained.

A "service dog vest" keeps her warm. Nana gnaws happily on a star-shaped chew toy.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - EAST VILLAGE - EARLY EVENING

Wendy and Starkey approach the barricades. Starkey's phone rings: he grabs his cell.

STARKEY

(into the phone)

I'm in the field, Perez. You got another substance call? Well, visit the "usual suspects". Gangee'll have our head if we don't!

Click. Starkey hangs up, annoyed.

WENDY

I'm grateful you've taken time out for me. You seem a busy man.

STARKEY

That's an understatement! My job's
a *Stealer's Wheel* these days.
"Gangbangers to the left of me,
East End Jokers to the right." And
I'm stuck in the middle of that -

Starkey swings towards Wendy, surprised at his own words.

STARKEY

- with you.
(beat)
Ms. Darling, you promised to
introduce me to someone who'll
explain these bizarro lights. Who
exactly would that be?

WENDY

An old friend. I'll let her fill in
the details. Trust me, she's...
unique.

On the opposite corner, a SHADOWY FIGURE watches. It flips
open a phone. A TEXT MESSAGE glows.

"Look lively. The ships have sailed!"

EXT. NYC ALLEYWAY - MOMENT LATER

Nib's neon light blinks. Starkey eyes the broken window
leading to the bar.

STARKEY

Ms. Darling -

WENDY

Call me Wendy. Please.

STARKEY

Wendy, if you've brought me on a
wild goose chase, I won't press
charges. I'll just... go.

Starkey turns towards the exit. Wendy grabs his arm.

STARKEY

We've been waiting twenty minutes.

WENDY

She promised to meet us here!

STARKEY

Does your friend understand the
concept of time?

WENDY

Not likely, given her life.

STARKEY

I've got a precinct to attend to.

Lights blaze behind him. Starkey turns:

FAIRIES flow from the window; warm over the alley's dead end
wall. In front of that: a green dot. Tink.

A Blue Dot hangs back: Clairra.

Tink flies to Starkey, flits before his eyes.

STARKEY

(gasps)

Did you drug me, Wendy? Some
Hallucination? MDMA?

WENDY

How? We didn't even share a drink.

STARKEY

Skin to skin contact works, too.

Tinkerbelle tinkles. Starkey shrugs, doesn't understand.

STARKEY

A girl-shaped firefly?

WENDY

The proper term is "Fairy."

STARKEY

Whatever you dosed me with, I want
the antidote. Right now!

Tinkerbelle tweaks Starkey's nose. Wendy stutters, explains:

WENDY

I don't understand all Tink's
words, but the Cliff Notes version
should do. The Fairies need a
translator. That's where I come in.

To Starkey, Wendy's voice echoes far away.

WENDY

Tink's from a parallel world called Neverland; one I frequented as a child. She and her friends have travelled here, due to civil war at home. Call them immigrants or refugees, if you will.

STARKEY

Fairies? Don't bullshit me.

WENDY

I wouldn't! But we need your help.

Starkey fumbles weakly for his belt.

WENDY

You must help us explain to the world they mean no harm. And they need our protection, too. Some of them have disappeared. Kidnapped by human youths, Tink says!

STARKEY

Kidnapped - how? And why?

His hand finds his holster.

WENDY

They don't know!

With that: the world explodes! The four Gang members from before swarm into the alley - like the "Rats" they are:

COOKSON (14): armed with a crossbow, his look screams skin-head: one braid sprouts from the back of his skull.

MULLINS (15): Not as lethal looking; goth and skinny. He packs a MAGNIFYING GLASS, and MASON JAR.

NOODLES (17): Carries an BUTTERFLY NET. Noodles is clearly muscle for the group - and the dumbest, despite his age.

And JUKES, who brandishes a KNIFE.

JUKES

Noods - take out the Cop!

Noodles hooks the net over Starkey's head from behind. The Lieutenant staggers. Unable to ID his attacker, Starkey can't turn around.

The lunk slams a fist into Starkey's skull. The cop drops, out cold. Cookson aims his crossbow at Wendy.

COOKSON

Don't move, and it won't hurt. One arrow through your pretty heart. I promise, you won't feel a thing.

WENDY

I've survived worse, vagabond!

COOKSON

Vaga - what?

Jukes presses his knife to Wendy's throat.

JUKES

Cooks, he *told* us not to ice the girl. Collect the merchandise!

Tink tries to rescue Wendy. A rainbow of freaked-out FAIRIES block her way.

Mullins and Noodles charge. Noodles swings his Butterfly net into the Swarm. He peeks in the squirming net and smiles:

NOODLES

I got's two. I win the prize!

Mullin scoops a FAIRY into his jar. She pounds on the glass - it holds.

Her Fairy "friends" hover over Mullin's head; too terrified to get close.

The rest of the Fairy Swarm stampede back to the bar. Some bounce off glass. Others fly into window holes, disappear.

Except for a few brave souls. Tink. Clairra. A few more.

Wendy struggles to escape. Jukes yanks her hair back, snarls.

JUKES

Don't you ever listen?

WENDY

According to my husband? No!

She pulls a KNITTING NEEDLE from her coat, and jams it into Jukes' thigh.

JUKES

Bitch. Ow!

But pain doesn't convinced Jukes to let go.

Starkey struggles to his feet. In the dark, it's hard to see.

STARKEY

Wendy? Where are you?

Claira and Tink circle each other: blue and green swirls.

CLAIRA

(subtitled "tinkles")

You care about Hoomons more than
Fairy?

TINKERBELL

(subtitled)

Wendy's here because of us. Unless
you like hiding in that nasty cave,
Wendy is our only hope!

CLAIRA

(subtitled)

Stubborn hag. But if we must -

The two Fairies dive bomb Jukes' face. He swats them; drops
his knife.

Wendy ducks under the teen, runs away.

Tinkerbelle glows red. She "winds up", aims for Jukes' eyes.

As Tink zips by, Clairra extends a subtle, floating foot. Tink
trips: tumbles head over slippered feet, until -

Jukes grabs Tink in his fist! Crunch! Tink screams.

Wendy whirls around.

Noodles blocks her way. Wendy points her bloody knitting
needle at his face.

WENDY

Don't you touch her. Or me!

NOODLES

As long as you don't die, it's okay
if I knock you out.

Noodles advances.

A SHADOWY FIGURE attacks him from behind! Like a rotted
redwood, Noodles crashes down.

His iPhone 4 clatters to the ground.

Wendy's skull bounces off exposed brick. Her world swims. She
reaches out to her dark savior:

WENDY

Peter. You've returned?

She faints. The figure - Starkey - stops her fall.

A Siren WAIL. The four gang members race past the couple, towards the safety of the street.

JUKES

I'll get you both later.

(to the others)

Grab the valuables. Let's go!

Just like that, the teens are gone.

A COP CAR screeches to the alley entrance. Starkey cradles Wendy in his arms.

WENDY

Where's Peter?

STARKEY

Peter who?

Officer Perez and Johnson run over.

PEREZ

Lieutenant, who did this?

STARKEY

Who do you think? The Rats!

JOHNSON

They tried to kill you? Damn!

STARKEY

No, they kidnapped -

He eyes the now-empty alleyway.

STARKEY

Er, tried to kidnap us. But failed.

Johnson picks up Noodles' lost phone.

JOHNSON

Hey, Evidence.

STARKEY

(grabs Noodles' cell)

Gimme that!

INT. NIB'S FLY GIRLZ BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

FAIRIES hover over unlit candles, makeshift flames.

Starkey drops Noodles' iPhone on the bar. Wendy perches on a stool, calms her nerves with top-drawer Rum.

WENDY

You won't get in trouble for lying?

STARKEY

If I told the precinct the truth,
they'd Psych Eval me, for sure.

He contemplates Wendy's face by Candle-Fairy light.

STARKEY

I'm still not convinced this isn't
just some long, strange drug trip.

WENDY

Would you say that to *her*?

She points at Clairra. The fairy taps her foot on Noodles' phone. Starkey reaches out to touch her. Clairra bites him.

STARKEY

Ow!

WENDY

Now are you convinced?

STARKEY

Well, the *pain's* realistic. By the
way, who's Peter?

WENDY

(blushes)
No-one important.

STARKEY

Is he your husband?

WENDY

You know I'm married? How?

STARKEY

You said so in the alley.

WENDY

Oh. My husband's name is Byron.

STARKEY

"Byron"? Like that crazy poet guy?

WENDY

Lord Byron? Don't be silly. Though I'm impressed you've heard of him.

STARKEY

Cops can dig literature.

WENDY

My Byron's an accountant. He and I've gone our separate ways. At least for now; due to this.

The two share a moment. Wendy's lost in Starkey's blue eyes.

WENDY

We share a common problem.

STARKEY

Because we're certifiably insane?

WENDY

No! Tink was captured 'cause of me. I have to save her from the Rats. And you have to exterminate them for.... Career reasons, I suppose.

STARKEY

Not "exterminate". But jail? Yeah.

WENDY

The question is: how?

Starkey flips Noodles' cell open.

STARKEY

Have you heard of "Find My Mac?"

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Starkey and Wendy cross a deserted street.

Claira and a few "FAIRY-DRONES" transport Noodles' cell over their heads.

They're tracing "Find My Mac" to the Rat's lair. Starkey points up at Claira.

STARKEY

That one's fast. What's her name?

WENDY

According to Tink, "Claira". Though I don't know her all that well.

STARKEY

(laughs)

Does that make her "Claira-bell"?

WENDY

Don't let her hear you say that!
Tink tells me Clair's got a wicked
streak. And is every name funny to
you?

STARKEY

Nah. Just those entwined with
literary references and puns.

Wendy stares at the NYC skyline, impressed.

WENDY

This city's beautiful. Like London.

STARKEY

If we survive tonight, I'll give
you and Nana the grand tour. That's
if I'm not stepping on Byron's
toes.

WENDY

It's Tink that matters. Will this
scheme work?

STARKEY

If the Mac's in Rat HQ. Otherwise,
we're SOL.

WENDY

Pardon me?

STARKEY

My bad. Shit-outta-luck. US slang.

In the air, Clair and a YELLOW FAIRY kill time.

YELLOW FAIRY

(subtitled)

You'd do this for Tinkerbelle?

CLAIRA

(subtitled)

Wendy won't find her. No way!

INT. RAT GANG HEADQUARTERS - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

"Rats" scurry about this tenth floor lab.

FAIRIES sulk in closed glass BEAKERS. Chemicals bubble like Frankenstein's meth-filled lair.

It's like *Lord of the Rings* meets *Breaking Bad*.

Here, Jukes is the 'One Who Knocks'. The others: foot soldiers in his world.

A female Rat - SKYE (16) - pokes her head inside.

SKYE

Juke, someone's here to see you. He says he's got an "appointment".

JUKES

Is it the cops, Skye?

SKYE

Naw. Some fat old dude.

JUKES

He got a grill, with gold teeth?

SKYE

Uh, he smiled at me. I saw a few.

JUKES

Damn. Escort the gentleman inside!

Skye opens the door.

Smee saunters in, King of his own Under World. He extends a jaunty hand to Jukes.

SMEE

Hail and hearty Congratulations. I hear your Hunt went well tonight!

Smee waves his hand in Jukes' tattooed face. The meaning of the gestures' clear.

Juke slaps \$15K into Smee's palm. Smee stares, unsatisfied.

SMEE

The bounty was \$10K doubloons per Fairy Head. Word on the street is, you scored three!

JUKES

(smirks)

Four. But who's counting?

SMEE

Where's the rest? Or can't you
count?

The Rats murmur. Will their leader put up with insults?

JUKES

In this world, information is key.
And you failed to give us enough of
that. So I'm deducting \$25,000 for
defensive costs. We had no choice.
The Law was there.

The other Rats close ranks. Smee realizes he's outnumbered.

SMEE

Pleasure doin' business, Jukes.

Imprisoned in a gilded bird cage, Tink flails her arms. She
catches Smee's eye at the door.

SMEE

(to Jukes)

By Jolly Roger's Beard! How in
earth or air did you capture that
one alive?

JUKES

Why? Is she some rare model?

Jukes raises a pierced eyebrow. Smee and Tink exchange looks.

SMEE

Not at all. That old one's... worn
out. The sight of her melts my
heart, but I doubt her powder's
even dry any more. For market
value, she might as well walk the
plank. But I'd hold onto her for
decoration anyhow...

Tink frowns at the word "old". But grins when Jukes buys
Smee's words.

The pirate exits, hat in hand. Winks to Tink as he goes.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Wendy and Starkey keep walking. One clue: the signs have
changed. The language is all Chinese now.

Claira and the Fairy-Drones blend in with sidewalk lights.

Noodle's phone beeps. Starkey points up at a tall building.

STARKEY

The Mac and Tinkerbell's in there.

WENDY

How can we know which floor?

STARKEY

This is where your winged friends
come in - as recon.

Wendy stares up at Clairra and the others.

WENDY

In Peter's memory - please?

Clairra rolls her eyes. She whistles to the Drone-Fairies,
zooms straight up: towards the building and pitch-black sky.

STARKEY

I need that phone for evidence!

Clairra drops the phone. It smashes to bits on the ground!

INT. RAT GANG HEADQUARTERS - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

The four Fairy Prisoners-of-War pout in beakers.

Rat members gather around them for debate. Noodles pokes
Tinkerbell's new glass prison.

NOODLES

This one's pretty. I like Green.

MULLINS

That Fairy pimp say she worn out.

Inspiration lights Skye's painted face.

SKYE

Maybe color denotes potency?

NOODLES

"Potency"? What's that mean?

MULLINS

(snorts)

You of all people wouldn't know.

SKYE

That different colored Fairy dust
causes different highs. So far,
we've only tried a Yellow One.

Cookson points to TUPPERWARE. A dead FAIRY lies inside.

COOKSON

Good thing we scored a fresh batch.

Jukes' voice booms across the room. Relaxing in a recliner,
he wears a VR headset - plays a Shooter Game.

JUKES

Then experiment. R&D's crucial for
business start ups, if we ever want
an IPO.

He shoots at something on TV.

JUKES

So's selling a product that *don't*
kill consumers. Like that rich kid
on 59th who jumped off the roof.

MULLINS

I hear he was flying into stores n'
stealin' stuff.

COOKSON

Until he ran outta Fairy Dust.
Lousy timing, you ask me.

NOODLES

If he wuz rich, why wuz he stealing
anyway?

COOKSON

To pay for our product. Duh!

Cookson picks up a beaker containing a Blue Fairy (EVE). He
shakes it back and forth like a Christmas present.

COOKSON

What if color's not the point?
Maybe we need to extract purer
stuff.

NOODLES

Lemme shake her, Cooks!

SKYE

(hisses)
Like you did before?

She points at the Tupperware. Awkward silence in the lab.

COOKSON

No more amateur hand jobs. Let's
use a Nutri-bullet this time, blend
the "bug juice" up real good!

OUTSIDE THE LAB WINDOW: Clairra floats, unnoticed. Excited
Fairy Drones orbit her. They point to the street, far below.

DRONE FAIRY

(subtitled)

We have to tell the Hoomons!

CLAIRA

(subtitled)

Tinkerbelle thinks she Leader. Let's
wait and see what she do.

She eyes Tink through the glass - smirks.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - CHINATOWN - CONTINUOUS

Wendy and Starkey loiter at the entrance. Starkey jimmies the
lock. Wendy watches, scared.

WENDY

What if you set off an alarm?

STARKEY

I'm a cop. Who cares?

WENDY

We can't let them know we're here.

STARKEY

The police - why not?

WENDY

No, the gang. You know how to
break into buildings?

STARKEY

I had hobbies as a child.

He jiggles the door knob. It won't budge.

INTERCUT BETWEEN FRONT DOOR AND LAB

Mullins pops the top off Eve's beaker, reaches in. The dazed
Fairy staggers back and forth. He dangles Eve upside down.

MULLINS

Anyone want a Blue Fairy Smoothie?

Eve chomps Mullin's finger.

MULLINS

Ow!

At the window, Clairra cheers her "sister" on.

Cookson dashes Eve to the floor, stomps her with his boot.
Squish.

SKYE

Ew.

Clairra blazes with Blue Fury, whistles to Starkey below.

CLAIRA

(subtitled)

Hurry. They're up here!

DRONE FAIRY

(subtitled)

Hoomons don't speak Fairy, Clairra!

Clairra grits her teeth, and snarls. Wendy looks up.

A makeshift arrow of Fairy Lights flashes: pointing towards
the tenth floor. Starkey sees it. Prepares for battle.

STARKEY

Forgive me, oh Law, for what we do.

He smashes the door window. Reaches in and twists the latch.

He and Wendy duck inside. The elevator requires a *code*. So,
they take the stairs instead.

INT. RAT GANG HEADQUARTERS - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Cookson brings over a PERSONAL BLENDER.

COOKSON

This little gem handled Muscle Milk
during my bulk phase. 10-to-1,
it'll work here, too.

Skye scrapes up Eve's broken body - tries not to look.

SKYE

This is more than *wrong*.

MULLINS

Since when are you Ms. Vegan? I saw
you crush a cockroach last week!

SKYE

Unlike you, this ain't no
cockroach!

She waves a spatula in Mullins' face.

SKYE

Looks like a person to me.

COOKSON

You didn't mind "exploiting" that
Yellow Chick.

SKYE

I didn't kill her. Noodles did!

MULLINS

If it makes you shut up, why don't
you say a few prayers first?

SKYE

"Shutting up" and "Praying" are
mutually exclusive. Ass-wipe!

INT. STAIRWELL

The 5th floor landing approaches. Starkey and Wendy sprint.

WENDY

Flying would make this easier.

STARKEY

Hang on. We're *halfway* there!

He whips out his REVOLVER. Wendy stares.

WENDY

You carry a gun?

STARKEY

Since I was a rookie.

WENDY

Why didn't you use it in the alley?

STARKEY

I had a butterfly net on my head,
remember?

They stop at the 6th floor. Wendy doubles over, pants.

STARKEY

It's gonna be chaos. Stay here.
I'll go on.

WENDY

No! You need a translator. I may be
rusty at Fairy - but I'm still
better than you.

She and Starkey share a smile.

STARKEY

You're quite the committed... uh,
"Fairy" friend. Which makes you
loyal. And very brave.

WENDY

Not as much as you, Mr. Starkey. I
mean, "Lieutenant." Sir.

STARKEY

Enough talking - let's move!

INT. RAT GANG HEADQUARTERS - CHINATOWN

Skye holds the Spatula (and Eve) over the blender. Jukes
focuses on his game.

JUKES

High score. Yeah!

SKYE

(intones)

We know this is only "Blue's"
remains. Wherever bug-women go, we
pray her spirit's now at peace.

COOKSON

Get it over with, Skye.

SKYE

Don't hurry the Word of the Lord!

At the Window: Clairra tugs at loose METAL on the frame. Thank
God for old buildings: a strip rips free!

Clairra flips the metal around and uses it to pry glass. The
latch jitters; instantly loose.

SKYE

(still praying)

We hope "Blue" has flown to Heaven,
where she's a mini angel now. Wait -
maybe she was an Angel all the
time! But if that's true, we're so
dead!

MULLINS

Skye, gimme that!

He turns on the blender. Whir.

The lab door bursts open. Starkey and Wendy charge inside.

Jukes jumps up, VR helmet still on his head. Starkey whips
out his revolver.

STARKEY

Stop!

The Leader draws his toy gun. Starkey hesitates.

STARKEY

That's not real.

JUKES

(hisses)

What is, these days?

Noodles clocks Starkey from behind. This time, Starkey shakes
it off. He punches Noodles' gut, almost breaks his hand.

STARKEY

Yow!

Wendy runs towards Tink. Cookson grabs his crossbow.

COOKSON

Where'd we stop last time? Oh yeah,
British Shish-Kabob.

SCREEEEECH! Clairra forces the window open. She and the Fairy
Drones swarm inside!

Some dive at Jukes. Through the Helmet's visor, the Fairies
look like malevolent shadows... moving at light speed towards
Jukes' face.

JUKES

Ah!

He struggles with the Helmet's strap. It takes awhile to
loosen. Jukes throws it down.

He throws his knife at Starkey; spears the cop's shoulder.

Starkey howls, and shoots back!

The bullet hits Tink's beaker, shatters the neck. Tink ducks and covers. Shards "tinkle" down on her head.

Fairies fly to the other beakers, unleash captive friends.

Mullins inches towards the exit, magnifying glass and spatula in hand.

Claira darts at him, the metal strip pointed like a spear.

Mullins bats her with the spatula. Eve's body drops to the floor. Thunk.

Claira snarls and dives.

The teen raises the magnifying glass to shield his face. The reflection of Clairra swerves - spears Mullins' left eye!

Noodles whimpers and barrels out the door.

Wendy backs away from Cookson.

SMASH - glass beakers containing yellow powder fall. Wendy finds herself sandwiched against the wall.

Starkey runs towards Wendy. Jukes tackles him halfway there.

Cookson levels his crossbow at Wendy Darling.

COOKSON

Game over. Like 1776. You lose.

He shoots. The arrow flies.

Tink knocks it from the air.

The fairy tumbles; hits the wall near Wendy. Both females slide to the ground.

Jukes and Starkey roll across the lab. Thug youth vs. seasoned experience - which will win?

Wendy grabs the arrow, and jams it in Jukes' back.

He screams and rolls away. Over the spilled yellow powder.

JUKES

Yeah!

Jukes jumps to his feet - and glows. He grabs extra powder, sprinkles it on Skye and Cookson's heads.

JUKES

You know what to do!

COOKSON

Run away?

JUKES

This lab's trashed. Learn economics, dude. Sunk costs are... sunk. Time for a strategic retreat.

SKYE

What about Mullins? Not that I care.

She points. Mullins moans, clutches his ravaged eye.

JUKES

We can carry Mullins.

The teens grab Mullins and race to the window. It's already open, thanks to Clairra's "work".

Starkey draws his gun. Jukes stands at the threshold, yells.

JUKES

What are you waiting for? Go on and shoot. Far better things than bullets fly!

The teens turn - and jump! Shockingly, they don't fall.

The four zoom into the pitch black sky - Mullins kicks his legs, terrified.

Wendy and Starkey run over. Starkey stares at the skyline.

STARKEY

How?

Wendy scoops up a handful of yellow dust.

WENDY

Fairy dust. Want some?

Starkey looks towards the retreating, soaring teens. Then down at the street: a ten story - flesh mulching - drop.

STARKEY

I'll "just say no" and pass. How's Fairy Dust work?

WENDY

In my experience, it requires Happy Thoughts.

The sound of FAIRIES wailing. Wendy and Starkey whirl around.

Claira keens over Eve's crushed body on the floor. Tinkerbell touches the Tupperware Coffin, cries.

STARKEY

We're out of Happy Thoughts today.

INT. NIB'S FLY GIRLZ BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT - LATER

More candles flicker; real ones this time.

The bodies of Eve and the Yellow Fairy lie in matchboxes, on the bar.

Two mini-Funerals play out, surrounded by tinkling sobs.

FAIRIES flutter past, pay respects. Wendy and Starkey sit in a booth and WHISPER.

STARKEY

Fairies exist in the East Village?
This takes precedence over gangs.

WENDY

I talked with Tink. All she wants is the world to know they're here. And assurance the Fairies can be live in peace. She tells me humans are more dangerous than Mermaids. If you'd ever been to Neverland, you'd know that says tons.

(beat)

Getting a lease for *Nib's Bar* would be peachy, too. I don't think *St. Mark's* takes Fairies.

STARKEY

No. I've busted Nibs for selling to minors, prostitution, and drugs. I'm sure we can work out a deal.

WENDY

Tink and I have gravely important negotiations to settle, too.

STARKEY

Concerning.... What?

WENDY

Personal issues. Let's focus on you instead.

STARKEY

Me?

WENDY

Yes. What will you do now?

STARKEY

Get you home to Nana.

WENDY

Nana! Oh my stars, I forgot!

STARKEY

Wait. Some introductions first.

The front door to *Nib's* creaks open. Wendy swings around.

It's Officers Johnson and Perez. One look at the Fairies: the uniformed men freeze.

Tink alights on Johnson's hand and strikes a pose.

OFFICER PEREZ

What the fuck are these things?

STARKEY

You see them, too?

OFFICER PEREZ

Hell, yeah!

Starkey breathes a sigh of relief.

STARKEY

Good. That means I'm *not* stoned.

He walks over to Johnson - frozen under sexy Tink.

STARKEY

Johnson, this is Tinkerbelle. Tink, this is Johnson. An officer I've known for years. After the bravery you demonstrated tonight, I'm sure you'll be the best of friends.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Excuse me?

STARKEY

That's a compliment, Johnson.

WENDY
(nods)
Oh yes.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Starkey and Wendy approach *St. Marks*. A lamp light flickers over their heads.

STARKEY
Here we are. Home Sweet Home.

WENDY
I've only slept there once.

STARKEY
Maybe you'll find somewhere... else
to go.

Awkward silence reigns. Mutual attraction, too.

STARKEY
There's so much more to discuss.

WENDY
For instance, what?

STARKEY
How did Fairies get to NYC?

WENDY
Strange. I never thought to ask.

STARKEY
And: how did a wonderful creature
like you get here?

WENDY
Starkey, remember: I'm married.

STARKEY
Oh, that's right. My bad.

He pulls back. Still, Wendy darts in - kisses his cheek!

WENDY
I wouldn't call it "bad". Just yet.

She opens the hotel's front door.

WENDY
You'll call tomorrow?

STARKEY
To follow up on the case?

WENDY
No. For that grand tour you
promised Nana and me.

Wendy leaves. Her kiss burns Starkey's cheeks.

STARKEY
That's what how it feels to fly?

From the top of a lamppost, a DARK FIGURE glares.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - ST. MARK'S HOTEL - EVENING

Wendy opens the door, slips inside. Nana smothers her with
gooey puppy kisses. Wendy turns a lamp on.

WENDY
Relax, Nana! I love you, too.

Wendy scans the dark room. Nana's ripped *TV Guide* to
confetti. But thankfully - no potty "mistakes."

WENDY
Good girl! I'll never leave you
alone that long again!

Something RUSTLES behind Wendy. The curtains move!

She spins around. Nothing there. She looks up at the rod...

The figure jumps down. Lands feather soft, with no sound.

WENDY
If you're from that gang, just
leave. I promise not to press
charges!

It walks towards her, into the light. Revealing:

A TEEN BOY (14), with the face of a mischievous pixie. A
sword at his hip, he's clad in green. PETER PAN.

WENDY
Peter?

PETER
You left me alone. But I'm back,
Wendy. Are you glad?

WENDY

Amazed! Have you come for
Tinkerbelle?

PETER

No. I've come for you.

He cups Wendy's shocked face in his youthful hands.

PETER

(whispers)

Neverland's in trouble. More than
ever, we need your help!

Wendy's jaw drops. He kisses her...

FINAL FADE-OUT: