

NEVER LAND - Pilot

"Except One"

Written by

Toby Scales

Based on the book
"Peter Pan" by J.M. Barrie

E: me@tobyscales.com
C: 206-372-8074

TEASER

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOWN - NIGHT

A full moon hangs over the hunched shoulders of mountains.

DOWN

Toward the flickering lights of a small mountain town.

ZOOMING

Along a darkened road lit by occasional streetlights.

A stoplight steps uselessly through its programmed routine.
There is no traffic here. There are not even any cars.

There is only light and dark, alternating slower as we

SWOOP around the corner of an empty intersection and

CRUISE down a suburban CUL-DE-SAC.

Every doorway lit, every house dark inside.

The whole town is asleep.

Toward the end of the cul-de-sac, we peel off the road and

FLOAT along the side of a large home with attached garage.

RISE UP through the branches of an ancient tree to

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME

A light in the upstairs bedroom.

PUSH IN across a narrow BALCONY and through the window.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BEDROOM

Bohemian, comfortable, located somewhere in that abyss
between childhood and adulthood. On the walls of her room:
several posters of Oasis and The Beatles' album covers.

A teenage girl sits at a desk. Long hair flows down her back.

This is WENDY. She's about to change her life forever.

WENDY (V.O.)

Everyone has to grow up sometime.

A vanity mirror adorned with photos of friends and magazine cut-outs, evoking both the era-- it is 1993 -- and a teenaged sense of irony.

The word PRETTY hovers over an image of a young Johnny Depp. Nike's JUST DO IT over an image of two hungry Indian boys.

Photos of wild horses. Madonna wearing her signature cones. And Wendy's Senior yearbook photo: big hair and sweater vest.

CLOSE on her hands cutting pieces out of a magazine.

WENDY (V.O.)

At least that's what they say. But
no one mentions that for seven
lousy years in between, you're a
teenager. Too old to believe in
fairies, too young to drink.

Wendy picks up a glue stick and goes to work on the cutouts.

WENDY (V.O.)

And for those seven years, you're
gonna get asked the same question
over and over again..

Satisfied, she picks up the page she's been working on.

FOLLOW

As she carries the note out of the bedroom and into the HALL.

The hallway is in chaos: linens pulled from the closet, stuff scattered across the floor ankle deep.

Passing by her parents' BEDROOM, she glances in to see the drawers all open and the closet ransacked.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Cushions ripped from couches. CDs and VHS tapes scattered across the floor.

From the top of the staircase, she surveys the damage below.

WENDY

"What do you want to be when you
grow up?"

The note in her hand. A strange secret smile on her lips.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EPISODE TITLE: "EXCEPT ONE"

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Establishing. The same cul-de-sac we saw in the opening.

A flashlight beam bounces around the street, but we probably don't notice it.

PUSH IN

To the same house we saw earlier.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

To the LIVING ROOM, which is now clean and orderly: floral patterns, pastel walls. A tall CD rack beside the faux-wood entertainment center.

FLOAT

Toward the KITCHEN, where a pot of spaghetti sauce boils angrily, spitting red all over the stove and backsplash.

FOLLOW

The sound of a VIDEO GAME down a short flight of stairs and into--

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Brown wood paneling. Warm lights. Carpeting.

A large TV encased in wood emits a triumphant victory sound.

REVEAL

The ending frame of a level in Super Mario Bros, which says **"Thank you Mario! But our princess is in another castle."**

WENDY

Wait that's it?

Wendy sits by her brother JOHN MICHAEL on the couch. He's a big, awkward fifteen year-old who has never had real friends.

Wendy's hair is red, her skin pale. She's usually the smartest person in the room, but rather than giving her confidence this difference weighs on her.

She longs to be liked but hates to be bored.

JOHN MICHAEL

That was the end of the world.

WENDY

How many worlds are there?

JOHN MICHAEL

Like: six more.

WENDY

Ugh, I thought that was the end of the whole thing! Mom said one hour a night. It's already been two hours.

JOHN MICHAEL

Aw come on! This is a night world.

WENDY

No, it's too much. Come on.

She turns off the TV over his protests.

She goes upstairs and he trudges behind.

Today he would be diagnosed on the autism spectrum. But in the early nineties, autism is a condition reserved for Rain Man-- and John Michael is called "special" or "kinda slow."

We stay downstairs for a moment; just long enough to see a flashlight appear in the basement window and sweep the room.

Followed by the face of a young boy, pressed against the glass. This is PETER.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Peter lies on the ground, shining his light through the window of Wendy's house.

TINK (O.S.)

Peter!

He rises and turns. Tinker Bell (TINK) stands beneath a street lamp with a large black dog, SHADOW.

She wears, as usual: a pixie haircut, dark eyeliner, a pair of combat boots and two plastic fairy wings on her back.

She is a bit younger than Peter and does not like to be told how she ought to smile more, how pretty she is, or how she should behave in any situation, ever.

Peter joins her. His hair is a tangled mess of childish innocence and his smile is all dimples and devilry.

He is impish, impulsive, impertinent. Charming and complex.

Tink points at a darkened house in the next cul-de-sac over.

Peter nods and looks around.

Puts his finger to his lips and addresses his dog, noiselessly whispering shhh.

He flicks off his flashlight and jogs toward the house. Tink and Shadow follow.

EXT. DARKENED HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter approaches a gate on the side of the house. He reaches over and lifts the lock.

He gestures for Tink and Shadow to wait.

FOLLOW

Peter as he slips around the back of the house.

Flashlight playing across a wide open yard: a plastic crate for toys. A Big Wheel. A pair of roller blades. A pogo-ball.

A concrete patio and a sliding glass door leading to the kitchen.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN

RIIIING the sound of a telephone jumps the cut.

WENDY (TO PHONE)
Hello? Oh, hey Mom.

She takes the lid off a pot of noodles, which have all stuck together into a single mega-noodle.

WENDY (CONT'D)
We're fine. Everything's fine. Umm?

She pokes her head into the DINING NOOK, where John Michael stares at a Gameboy in his hands.

WENDY (CONT'D)

He's- fine. Everything is fine. How about you? How's the retreat?

She takes the corded phone around the corner, into the stairwell leading to the basement.

WENDY (CONT'D)

When are you coming home?

She shuts the door behind her, blocking us out.

JUMP TO:

EXT. DARKENED HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter tries the sliding glass door but it won't open.

He shines a light inside: the layout is similar to Wendy's house, but the furnishings look much more expensive.

There's even an envelope on the kitchen counter that appears to be filled with bills; presumably for a cleaning person.

PETER

Damn!

He backs up and shines his light along the exterior. Around the side of the house is a small sash window - accessible from the fence - that appears to be open a crack.

Peter looks back at the plastic toy crate.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE

Wendy on the phone.

WENDY

How can you not know? Mom, come on this is totally unfair.

JOHN MICHAEL

(off screen)

Wendy! I'm hungry!

WENDY

(to her brother)

Just a minute!

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

It's the summer after high school,
I'm supposed to be having fun not
baby-sitting my stupid-- I have
been thinking about other people,
I've been thinking about other
people my whole stupid life and
now...

Anger rises in her throat and she chokes it down.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know. Sometimes I just wish
I could... not be the responsible
one. For once. No, you're right.
I'm sorry. I love you too.

She hangs up the phone. Suppresses a scream.

JUMP BACK TO:

EXT. DARKENED HOUSE

CLOSE on Peter's foot as it lands on a wooden fence post.

PETER

Unh!

He steadies himself against the house. Looks back to see the
plastic toy crate which he backed against the fence.

On the other side, Tink and Shadow look up at him.

He gestures at the window. She nods.

He leans out to wedge his fingers in. The angle is tough. He
has to readjust. Leaning forward, his left hand cocked around
the back of the house. His right foot dangling in space.

He gets his fingers under. Cracks a smile. Winks at Tink.

He starts to lift the window, struggling with the angle.

CLOSE ON a little white box on the inside glass: an alarm.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS STAIRWELL

Wendy sits with the phone in her hand. Silently crying.

JOHN MICHAEL (O.S.)

Wendy!

(pause)

Wendy? WENDY!

All at once Wendy begins screaming back at him, a sudden high-pitched shriek and we

JUMP TO:

EXT. DARKENED HOUSE

The window lifts and an ALARM WAILS.

Shadow starts BARKING wildly.

Tink tries to calm her but she bolts off.

Peter loses his balance.

PETER
Fffuuuh--!

INT. KITCHEN

CLUNK! Wendy drops a plate of noodle and sauce in front of her brother.

Without missing a beat she pulls open a kitchen drawer, digs at the back and withdraws a pack of Virginia Slims.

JOHN MICHAEL
Was that Mom?

WENDY
Yes.

JOHN MICHAEL
How is she?

WENDY
Fine.

JOHN MICHAEL
Did she say hi to me?

WENDY
No.

She slams the drawer shut and walks toward the back.

JOHN MICHAEL
Are those Mom's?

WENDY
Yes.

JOHN MICHAEL
Are you smoking them?

Wendy opens the sliding glass door and steps onto the

PATIO

without answering. She closes the door behind her and lights the cigarette, sucking deep and making a face at the taste.

She smokes for a while, before gradually becoming aware of a WHIMPERING SOUND.

She peers into the darkness but can't make anything out.

Flicks on the back porch light, revealing a hunched-over form by some wooden crates. It's Peter.

He turns toward her. Tears sparkle in his eyes. He looks much younger for a moment; childlike.

WENDY
Hello, boy. Why are you crying?

He stands up and the illusion is gone: he's a young man.

Wendy steps back, afraid.

From Peter's POV she is a backlit silhouette.

PETER
I didn't mean no harm, ma'am I was tryin' to retrieve my mutt from this here contraption is all.

WENDY
You mean my hutch?

PETER
Ma'am?

Wendy moves into the light. Peter's struck by her beauty.

WENDY
Your dog's stuck in my rabbit hutch?

PETER
Well I suppose that's the long 'n short of it, and the reason you find me here scufflin round your yard without permission.

Just then Shadow lets out a mournful yowl.

PETER (CONT'D)
I think she may be hurt.

WENDY
Wait here.

Wendy stubs her cigarette out and goes inside.

John Michael looks up from his pasta.

JOHN MICHAEL
What's going on?

WENDY
Nothing. If you hear me scream lock
the door and call the police.

JOHN MICHAEL
Is everything okay?

WENDY
It's fine. Everything's fine.

CLOSE ON a junk drawer as Wendy opens it and searches through
for a flashlight.

When she finds it, it's not the sleek little LED kind but the
old school C-battery kind. She flicks it on, then thumps it
against her hand a couple times to awaken the light.

JOHN MICHAEL
Who are the people out there?

WENDY
Nobody. Remember, if you hear me
scream--

JOHN MICHAEL
Lock the door and call the police.

Wendy kisses him on the forehead as she passes.

WENDY
It's fine. Everything's fine.

EXT. PATIO

Wendy lingers near her door, shining the flashlight out.

WENDY
So. You live around here?

PETER
I live a lot of places.

WENDY
Are you homeless?

PETER
I'm a musician.

WENDY
So yes, then.

He laughs. An easy laugh. Those dimples. That mop of hair.
She's staring.

PETER
Can you not shine that in my eyes?

WENDY
Sorry.

PETER
I don't mean to rush you but we're
in a bit of a hurry on accounta the
band expecting us back by now--

WENDY
All right. Take a chill pill.

She walks tentatively across the yard to him.

WENDY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Please don't be a psychopath.
Please don't be a psychopath.

CLOSE on Shadow's leg, caught up in chickenwire.

WENDY (CONT'D)
She's caught up in the chickenwire.
We put this chickenwire in to keep
the foxes away. We used to have
foxes. When we had rabbits.

She feels herself rambling.

Takes a deep breath and hands Peter the flashlight.

He holds it while she goes to work. Scuffling. Dog sounds.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Just a little... more... damn it!

She pulls her hand away. Blood runs down her finger.

Peter grabs her hand, shoves it in his mouth and sucks.

He takes her hand away, spits, then sucks again.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I live right there, I can get a--

He takes her hand away and spits again. Then draws her hand toward his waist, where a roll of electrical tape dangles from his belt loop.

He quickly pulls a segment off and wraps her finger with it.

PETER

Homeless first aid. See? Good as new.

He grins at her. She smiles wanly.

WENDY

Hold the light.

She resumes futzing with the dog. Peter stares at her hair.

Suddenly Shadow lets out a bark and is free.

PETER

Rock n roll! Rock n roll rock n
roll rock n roll!!

Shadow runs laps around the yard, happy to be free.

Peter wrestles her, lets her knock him over and nuzzles her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Who's the best, Shadow? Huh? Is it me? Who's the best?

Tink clears her throat. She's standing off to the side, smoking idly as if a disinterested bystander.

PETER (CONT'D)

Beg pardon, uh, miss, uh-- this
here is my-- well this here is
Tinker Bell.

Tink steps closer and Wendy sees her: looking like Tank Girl with fairy wings. Or Joan Jett with sparkles. Intimidating.

WENDY

Tinker--?

PETER
You can call her Tink. And my
name's Peter.

WENDY
I'm Wendy. Wendy Darling.

She extends her hand.

Tink ignores the offer, rolls her eyes and walks toward the
front of the house.

PETER
Don't pay her no nevermind, 'at's
just Tinker Bell. She don't like
girls too much.

WENDY
So you two are... musicians?

(She wanted to ask something else.)

PETER
'at's right. You're talkin to the
lead singer and acting general
manager of the soon-to-be world
famous Lost Boys.

WENDY
Wow. Good for you.

PETER
We're on our way to Seattle to get
signed with Never Land Records.

OFF her look.

PETER (CONT'D)
You never heard of Never Land
Records?

WENDY
No.

PETER
Why they're nothin' short of the
biggest publisher of underground
music in the country!

WENDY
Is that so.

PETER

There's a revolution going on right now in music, Miss Wendy. All these underground acts breaking into the mainstream: bands with a real voice, singers with somethin to say. There's never been anything like it! Why I wouldn't be surprised if it changed the whole entire world. How 'bout you? What are you doin with this vast blank canvas we call life?

WENDY

Oh, uh. I'm going to Dartmouth. In the fall. So. Premed. Probably.

PETER

That sounds cool. What's Dartmouth?

WENDY

It's a... college. In New Hampshire.

PETER

Right on.

She searches desperately for a reason to keep him there.

WENDY

Do you have a cigarette? I only have my Mom's Virginia Slims.

Peter flips out a pack and knocks free a Lucky Strike.

PETER

Hope you don't mind unfiltered.

WENDY

I don't mind.

AROUND THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Tink seethes as she watches Peter light Wendy's cigarette.

Then grins as Wendy takes a drag and begins coughing loudly.

BACK WITH WENDY

Still coughing. Peter patting her back.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Fine. I'm fine. These are good!

Peter grins broadly at her.

PETER
You know what? I bet you're gonna
remember this night forever.

WENDY
Why's that.

PETER
Cause this is the night you met me.
And I'm gonna be famous some day.

Wendy coughs on her smoke again, sort of a laugh. Then she realizes he's serious and she's not sure what to say.

WENDY
Um. Sure, I guess I will.

He leans close, as if to kiss her-- but winks at her instead.

PETER
Goodbye forever!

He runs around the front of the house, Shadow at his heels.

Tink gives Wendy a sort of glaring smirk.

Then the two of them pick up their skateboards from the sidewalk and ride off down the street, Shadow between them.

Wendy watches them go, then catches her reflection in the window.

WENDY
"I guess I will?" Stupid!

She goes back inside.

UP to the crescent moon.

ACT OUT

ACT TWO

EXT. CAMPSITE - SUNSET

MUSIC.

A bare bones campground overlooking a small mountain town in the foothills of the Rockies. A beat-up 1979 Chevy Nomad van parked on a flat patch of earth. One tent.

Peter sits on the picnic table wearing a pair of headphones with orange foam pads, connected to a CD-cassette player.

He has a big leather binder of CDs open on his lap.

Presently the van door slides open and Tinker Bell emerges.

She sees Peter. The sun setting beyond him.

Walks over slowly, tentatively. As if not wanting to disturb a sleeping animal.

Gently she climbs up the bench and sits beside him.

Peter presses PAUSE on the cassette recorder.

Ejects the CD and hunts through the binder for another.

Tink lights a cigarette and stares at the setting sun.

Their silhouettes-- his with headphones, hers with wings.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

ZIIIIIP!

The front of the small tent unzips and a skinny, pale kid with several ear piercings and long-sleeve tattoos emerges.

This is TAD. He's fidgety, with a high frequency energy that makes him unpredictable and a bit scary. He's the other guitarist in the band besides Peter.

There's a fire lit nearby, but this is not the only source of light. The bright half moon, hanging low on the horizon, illuminates the entire campsite with an eerie glow.

Tad nods at ALISON, who sits by the fire wrapped in a sweatshirt.

She's skinny, too, and has her hair cut short. In general she moves and acts like the other boys, though perhaps with a more subtle masculine energy.

Today she would be diagnosed with gender dysphoria, but in the nineties she's referred to as a "late bloomer."

TAD
Where's Peter?

Alison shrugs very slightly.

TAD (CONT'D)
I need some goddamn pixie dust. I'm getting chills here.

ALISON
We're out.

TAD
Out! When did this happen? Where's the bumblebee?

ALISON
With Peter.

TAD
Those two are always going off together. It's not fair! She's trying to break up the band, you know.

Tad's eyes bulge, his energy is even more manic than usual.

Alison looks at him calmly.

ALISON
Happy thoughts.

Tad kicks the dirt.

ZIIIIIIIP!

MELVIN sticks his head out of the tent. He's got glasses and a bowl cut, wears collared shirts and tight pants. Sort of a proto-hipster in the mold of Weezer/The Rentals.

He plays keyboard and washes his hands more than necessary.

MELVIN
Where's Peter? I'm hungry.

TAD
Nobody knows where Peter is!

MELVIN

Whoa dude. Happy thoughts.

ALISON

I think there's some tuna fish left
in the van.

MELVIN

Great. I hate tuna fish.

He walks over to the van and slides open the door with a loud
KA-CHUNK.

Inside is a little nest of blankets, put together in such a
way that we know this is where Tink sleeps.

Melvin climbs in and digs through some plastic grocery bags.

Tad walks over to the fire.

TAD

Seriously. What is the plan here?

Alison shrugs.

TAD (CONT'D)

Are we moving into this craphole,
or what? Because I can't listen to
that idiot snore one more night, I
really can't.

ZIIIIIP! The tent goes again.

WILLARD (O.S.)

I do not snore.

Willard is a big guy, the only one of the boys who can grow a
real mustache.

He's very gullible, and bangs the hell out of the drums.

TAD

You snore like a sawmill!

WILLARD

Where's Peter?

TAD

Nobody knows dude! Are you deaf or
stupid?

WILLARD

Whoa. Chill out.

TAD
One more person tell me to chill
out. One more goddamn person!

AT THE VAN

Melvin finishes foraging.

MELVIN
Well, it's official: we're out of
tuna fish.

TAD
Seriously? There were like ten cans
in there this morning!

Melvin takes out some bread, digs through the bags to find
something to put on it.

ALISON
I had one for lunch.

MELVIN
So did I.

WILLARD
I had a couple this afternoon.

TAD
A couple? You ate ten cans!

WILLARD
I didn't, I swear. There were two
left after I was done.

TAD
Then who the hell ate those?

TINK (O.S.)
I did. And I gave one to Shadow.

Tad turns to see Tink returning from town, ascending the dirt
road to their camp with Shadow trotting along beside her.

She carries her skateboard and a bulging plastic bag.

TAD
You gave our last can of food to
your goddamn dog?

TINK
Tad, seriously. Chill out.

Tad grabs her by the throat and pins her against the van.

TAD
Do not. Tell me. To chill out!

MELVIN
Whoa! Jesus dude.

Melvin sits in the van with a butter knife in one hand and a slice of bread half-coated in Cheez Whiz in the other.

He gestures toward Tad.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
Let her go dude-

Tad whirls on him, grabs his hand and twists-- causing him to drop both knife and bread.

TAD
Pull a knife on me?

MELVIN
Dude it's a butter knife!

TAD
What if I pull a knife on you, huh?

He slips a Bowie knife out of a hidden sheath in his boot.

Presses it against Melvin's neck.

TAD (CONT'D)
Go ahead, smart boy. Say something smart. I didn't think so.

Tad releases him, slips the knife back in his boot.

Tink shoves him.

TINK
Jerk!

TAD
What? We were just messing around.
Weren't we, dude.

MELVIN
Screw you.

TINK
You need to chill out Tad, or when Peter comes back--

TAD
I'm chill. Dudes, I'm chill. I'm
frickin Kool-Aid bro! OH YEAH!!

He laughs maniacally.

PETER (O.S.)
When Peter comes back what?

ALL
Peter!

Peter bounds into the camp with a case of beer.

Everyone gathers around him.

TAD
Did you get pixie dust?

PETER
Tink got her prescription filled
yesterday.

TAD
Holding out on me, bumblebee?

TINK
Saving it for the road.

MELVIN
Speaking of... how long are we
planning to stick around here,
Peter?

PETER
I don't know. We need more money.

ALISON
It's been two weeks.

WILLARD
No doubt. This town is boring.

TAD
This town sucks.

Peter looks around at them all, unsure what to say.

PETER
Hey, who wants to get wasted?

MUSIC UP. The Mermaids again; a female singer lamenting over
a minor-chord dirge played through an electric fuzzbox.

MONTAGE/INTERCUT BETWEEN:

- INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Wendy lies in her bed staring up at the ceiling.

John Michael creeps downstairs alone.

The reflection of the moon in Wendy's mirror.

The blue light of the TV in John Michael's eyes.

Wendy brings her hand to her pillow and caresses her taped-up finger with her thumb.

- EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Tink cuts up lines of white powder on a CD case, with the CD turned inside out to offer a reflective surface.

The CD case is passed around the fire with a rolled-up bill.

ON the Lost Boys in the order they emerged from the tent:
SNIIIIFF, SNIIIIIFF, SNIIIIIFF!

When each one takes a hit, he shoots a few feet into the air.

Everyone hovers a few feet above the ground, laughing and drinking beer around the fire.

PAN UP to the mountains and the half moon.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A public high school administrator's office: austere, functional, with high school colors tastefully accenting.

On the desk, a large beige computer tower and chunky monitor.

Wendy kneels beside some large filing cabinets, inserting folders as the principal's Administrative ASSISTANT -- middle-aged with smile-shaped wrinkles -- hands them to her.

ASSISTANT

So have you thought about... what
you want to do after college?

Wendy rolls her eyes at the camera.

WENDY

Yeah, I figured: land a man, have a baby, give up on my dreams.

ASSISTANT

Oh!

WENDY

I'm kidding. I really don't know. My parents want me to go to med school? But blood freaks me out. So I don't know. I kinda want to study Psychology, but.

ASSISTANT

But what?

WENDY

The average salary for a Psychology major in the United States is like thirty thousand dollars a year.

ASSISTANT

That's more than I make.

WENDY

I know.

ON the Assistant's reaction.

ASSISTANT

Last one!

WENDY

Are you sure?

ASSISTANT

Yes.

WENDY

I didn't see anyone named Peter in there, did you?

ASSISTANT

I don't think so. Why?

WENDY

Doesn't matter. Another dumb joke.

MISS DONAHUE (O.S.)

Um, Wendy?

MISS DONAHUE stands in the doorway.

She's barely older than Wendy, timid and on the verge of tears as she speaks.

WENDY

Yes?

MISS DONAHUE

It's your brother, I don't know what happened-- he won't stop, he won't stop, I've tried and he's hurting himself but I can't make him stop! Please! (AD LIB)

Her AUDIO FADES and everything SLOWS DOWN.

Wendy drops the folder from her hand.

Pages slide and fly about.

She's out the door.

FOLLOW

As she moves down the hall, not quite running but nearly so. Everything in dreamy, invisible-mud SLOW MOTION.

Miss Donahue and the Assistant emerge from the office several steps behind her.

She runs down the empty high school hallway and suddenly

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

The dreaminess stops immediately. Wendy stands in the doorway, aghast.

At the far side of the class, her brother bangs his head against the wall repeatedly.

His forehead is dark red and caked with blood.

The rest of the class-- a half-dozen "remedial" students-- are gathered on the far side of the room gawking at him.

John Michael grunts awfully with each hit.

JOHN MICHAEL

Hunh! Hunh! Hunh! Hunh!

Wendy takes a deep breath and crosses to him.

Some students are confused, most are intrigued.

Wendy places her arm around John Michael's massive back.

He doesn't slow his pace at all.

JOHN MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hunh! Hunh!

She wraps her other arm around his chest and squeezes tightly, standing up on her tiptoes to sing in his ear:

WENDY

(the Toys R' Us song)

"I don't wanna grow up,
I'm a Toys R Us kid..."

He hesitates. She restarts the song, louder.

WENDY (CONT'D)

"I don't wanna grow up, I'm a Toys
R Us kid..."

He looks at her intensely. But his eyes don't register recognition just yet.

WENDY (CONT'D)

"I don't wanna grow up, I'm a Toys
R Us kid..."

JOHN MICHAEL

"They've got a million toys at Toys
R Us that I can play with!"

He hugs her happily. Relief washes over her face.

Miss Donahue and the Assistant arrive.

The Assistant gasps at John Michael's bleeding forehead.

ACT OUT

ACT THREE

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

SUPER MARIO jumps into a block repeatedly, eliciting coins.

John Michael sits on the couch playing. The wound in his forehead is taped up with fresh gauze.

WENDY (O.S.)
He's fine Mom. Yes, I'm sure.
Totally fine.

She's halfway down the stairwell, holding the corded phone.

JOHN MICHAEL
Is that Mom? Can I talk to her?

Wendy holds the phone out at arm's length, a gesture indicating that the cord won't stretch any further.

John Michael ascends the stairs to take it from her.

The doorbell starts to RING urgently.

WENDY
Who the hell...?

UPSTAIRS

The front door flies open.

STAIRWELL

NANA (O.S.)
Where is he! Where's my baby?!

Wendy rolls her eyes as she goes upstairs to intercept.

INT. KITCHEN

The spaghetti sauce from the other night remains uncleared, and Chinese takeout detritus is now stacked in front of it.

NANA enters in a whirl of performative worry. She is Wendy's paternal grandmother: a squat, round woman with jowly cheeks.

NANA
Is he all right?

WENDY

He's fine.

NANA

This is exactly what I told her
would happen! Don't feel bad, dear,
it isn't your fault!

WENDY

I know.

NANA

You're simply far too young to be
caring for a troubled child.

WENDY

He's fine, Nana.

NANA

You should have stayed with me from
the beginning! Now we'll have to--

She gasps as John Michael enters holding the phone. An island
of blood spreading in the bandage.

NANA (CONT'D)

Merciful God in heaven!

Nana bites her knuckles.

JOHN MICHAEL (TO PHONE)

Okay I'm about to get the warp
whistle Mom so I gotta go. Yeah.
Love you too. Bye.

He hands the phone to Wendy and goes back downstairs.

Nana seizes the phone from her granddaughter.

NANA

Helen? It's your mother-in-law. I
have no interest in playing the
blame game with you, Helen when
this is clearly your fault. Helen?

She turns toward Wendy.

NANA (CONT'D)

She hung up on me!

WENDY

Sorry.

NANA

Darling child. It's not your fault.
None of this is your fault. Now.
Let's go pack your bag, and help me
put one together for your brother.

WENDY

Nana, it's fine.

NANA

Fine! You call that crater in your
brother's head "fine?"

WENDY

It looks worse than it is. The
bandage just needs changing.

NANA

There are a whole lot of things
that need changing around here!

She casts an aspersing eye around the room.

Wendy tries to appeal to her weakness for perfection:

WENDY

Oh, geez Nana... you know I've been
prepping so hard for my SATs I
haven't had time to clean up.

But it backfires, and Nana grabs her cheeks--

NANA

You haven't taken the SATs?! You
sweet, unfortunate child. If only
my son had seen it sooner.

WENDY

Seen what?

NANA

What we've been telling him all
these years, what's been painfully
apparent to the rest of us: your
mother is sick. Clinically
depressed. And yet she refuses to
accept help! He's been a patient
man, a good provider and still...

WENDY

Still what.

Nana's eyes moisten with sympathy.

NANA
We can talk about it tomorrow.
Let's get you packed up!

Nana starts up the stairs.

Wendy searches around for an escape, spots the tea kettle.

WENDY
Oh, Nana-- I'll take care of that.
Do you want some tea?

NANA
Tea?

WENDY
Why don't you have some tea and
I'll pack the bags.

NANA
Oh that sounds lovely, dear. You're
such a sweet, loving, tender child!

FOLLOW Nana into the living room, where she sits heavily.

INTERCUT with

INT. KITCHEN

Wendy puts a tea kettle on to boil.

She takes a coffee mug down from the shelf.

NANA (O.S.)
At my age, I'm afraid, stairs are
no longer easily navigated. When I
was younger of course I could
easily bound up and down (AD LIB)

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

Wendy throws open a medicine cabinet.

She takes out a bottle of cough syrup.

Checks the label: MAY CAUSE DROWSINESS.

She fills the bottom of the mug with the purple liquid.

INT. KITCHEN

Wendy retrieves the kettle and pours hot water on top.

Adds a tea bag and carries it out to the

LIVING ROOM

...where Nana hasn't stopped to take a breath.

NANA

--as much as I used to. Two dollars
for a gallon of milk! I mean it
really is highway robbery, and yet
here we all are, paying the ransom--
thank you, dear.

WENDY

I'll pack, you just sip and relax.

Nana takes a sip of the tea and makes a face.

NANA

Mmm... refreshing!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - LATER

Wendy walks Nana to her car.

NANA

I don't know what came over me, I'm
simply exhausted-- I'm so sorry
dear I came here to help and--

WENDY

That's all right, Nana. You should
get home. Then I'll have time to
clean the house and you can pick us
up first thing in the morning.

NANA

Such a darling girl. The thing is
at my age, you never know when
you're going to get overwhelmed by
a fit of exhaustion... (AD LIB)

Nana's monologue fades through the transition to:

INT. KITCHEN

Wendy dials a number on the phone.

WENDY

Mom? It's me. Yeah, she came over.
She wants us to come stay with her.
We don't have to, do we? ... But I
thought you were coming back soon?
I don't understand, I thought-- you
what? ... Did you say divorce? ...
No, Mom, I don't understand. You
never tell me anything! ...
Downstairs. He's fine. ... So when
are you? ... August? Wow. (AD LIB)

IN THE BASEMENT STAIRWAY

John Michael presses his ear against the door, listening.

His expression reveals nothing; it is perfectly blank.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Establishing.

In the distance, light emanates from a 24-hour minimart. It's
an island of light surrounded by a vast, dark parking lot
which it shares with a nearby shopping mall.

In the parking lot is the Lost Boys' van.

INTO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

CLOSE on a paper bag. A black sharpie runs over it, sketching
in a pair of fangs on a not-bad rendering of a snake's head.

Tad in the driver's seat. Melvin next to him. Alison and
Willard in the back. Willard works the sharpie over the bag.

Tad finishes cutting eye holes into a bag in his hands,
offers the pair of scissors to Melvin.

Willard starts to add a few scales to his snake while Melvin
cuts his bag.

Tad punches his arm.

MELVIN

What the hell? You almost made me
cut myself dude.

TAD

Check it.

He turns toward Melvin wearing the paper bag over his head, a pair of large round eyeholes cut out and a grin drawn underneath them with dollar signs in place of teeth.

ALISON

Nice.

Alison puts hers on: it's a regular smiley face, but she ripped the eye holes out instead of waiting for scissors which gives the mask a ragged, menacing look.

TAD

Siiick!

She and Tad high-five.

Willard is lost in his drawing.

TAD (CONT'D)

Dude! Why you takin so long?

WILLARD

Check it out. Snake.

He holds the bag up for Tad to see. It's pretty good, which Tad takes as a provocation-- if not an outright insult.

TAD

I said to draw a smiley face.

WILLARD

I know but this is better.

MELVIN

Aw crap. I screwed up.

He's wearing his bag too. But the smile is upside down.

The others all break into laughter.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Does it look stupid? Really?

No one can stop laughing long enough to respond.

Melvin angles the rearview to look at himself.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
All right. Gimme another bag.

TAD
No more bags. Anyway it doesn't matter. You'll just be the driver.

MELVIN
Are you serious?!

TAD
As a heart attack dude.

Willard finishes cutting a pair of slits in his bag and puts it on. It looks pretty cool.

WILLARD
How's it look?

ALISON
Pretty cool.

MELVIN
Come on dude. Let me get another bag real quick.

TAD
No time.

MELVIN
It'll take five minutes, let me run in and buy something.

TAD
No time! Rock 'n roll!!

EXT. PARKING LOT

The Lost Boys pile out of the van with their bags on.

The image of these masked teenagers in an empty parking lot should feel sinister and unsettling.

SMASH TO:

INT. MINI MART

Quiet. A lone CLERK flips lazily through a porno mag.

The distant hum of florescent lights.

Suddenly the door flies open and Tad enters with his knife drawn. He jabs it at the clerk.

TAD
Hands in the air, dirtbag! Back
away from the counter and don't
make me repeat myself.

The clerk lifts his hands slowly.

TAD (CONT'D)
Good. Real good.

He nods at Alison, who takes up a position by the front door.

Then he nods at Willard, who doesn't move.

He nods at him again.

POV WILLARD - he really can barely see through the slits.

TAD (CONT'D)
Hey! Big idiot. Back door please?

Willard nods and goes to stand near the back entrance.

TAD (CONT'D)
All right dirtbag. Move slow,
follow directions, and you'll go
home to your family tonight.

POV WILLARD - through narrow slits.

His breathing is HEAVY and FAST.

TAD (CONT'D)
Take one of those plastic bags you
got. Take the money out of your
drawer, one stack at a time. Show
me each one before you put it in.

The clerk's hands shake as he tugs loose a fresh plastic bag.

CLERK
(gesturing)
I have to...

TAD
Go ahead.

He snaps the bag in the air to open it up.

This startles Willard, who makes an audible sound.

TAD (CONT'D)
It's okay. Just the bag.

Willard inches sideways a little.

POV WILLARD

His breathing QUICKENS.

He adjusts the bag to see through the slits- the clerk holding up stacks of cash, one at a time.

CLERK (O.S.)
Twenties. Tens. Fives. Ones.

TAD
Good. Now lift up the drawer.

CLERK
Three hundreds and some checks.

TAD
Put it in.

ALISON
Headlights!

TAD
All right keep cool! Cool!!

POV WILLARD

Breathing rapidly now. The slits are off-kilter again.

He adjusts his mask and then things move very rapidly:

OUTSIDE THE STORE

A pair of headlights swings into a front parking spot.

INSIDE THE STORE

Alison turns and catches sight of a DUDE about to enter the rear door-- returning from the bathrooms outside.

ALISON
Behind you!

Willard's POV turns around.

A shot is fired.

Glass shatters. An alarm begins to sound.

CLERK
What the hell Dale!

Dale holds a gun at the kids. He just shot out the glass at the front of the store.

POV WILLARD

Barely able to see through the slits, he lunges at Dale.

TAD
God. Dammit.

Alison grabs the bag by the register and runs out the door.

The headlights flick off: it's the van, with Melvin wearing his upside-down bag in the driver's seat.

Willard and Dale wrestle on the floor for a moment. Miraculously Willard gets the gun from him.

He is suddenly vicious, even terrifying as he points the gun:

WILLARD
DOWN! Stay down!!

Tad gives the clerk a wicked glare, then pulls several candy bars from under the counter and shoves them in his pockets.

Willard and Tad make it out the front door.

EXT. MINIMART - NIGHT

The kids pile into the van, shouting over each other:

ALISON
Are you in?

WILLARD
I'm in!

TAD
Go go go go!

IN THE VAN

Melvin pops the clutch and kills the engine, sending everyone jerking forward.

TAD (CONT'D)
Oh come on!

MELVIN

Sorry I don't normally drive stick.

The van starts up again and lurches off.

As it does we hear them crowing--

TAD, MELVIN, ALISON, WILLARD

Rock n roll! Rock n roll! Rock n
roll!

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Peter sits on the picnic table with his CD-cassette recorder and orange foam headphones.

He hovers a few inches above the table.

As the VAN pulls up behind him he quickly stops the recording and pockets the tape.

CA-CHUNK!

The van door slides open and Melvin steps out-- without stepping down, since his feet don't touch the ground.

When he's clear of the van he immediately rises another foot or two off the ground, buoying as if on an invisible wave.

His eyes are bloodshot and he giggles-- high on pixie dust. He gnaws on a Snickers bar.

Willard steps out and the same thing happens, which surprises him and makes him grab clumsily for the roof of the van.

Both he and Melvin laugh hysterically at this.

Alison slides down out of the passenger seat, still floating but not quite as high as the others.

Tad shoots out of the driver's side and leaps up to the roof of the van, clutching the bag of cash over his head.

TAD

Six hundred and twenty eight
dollars, rock n' roll!

WILLARD

Plus candy bars.

Melvin and Willard laugh again.

PETER
What in hell did you do?

TAD
Rock and roll! Rock and roll!

The other boys join him in the chant.

Peter bounds up the side of the van and onto the roof.

PETER
Where'd you get this money?

TAD
We stole it. From the minimart on
Barrie Street.

PETER
You idiot! Those places got
cameras.

TAD
That's why we wore disguises.

He shows Peter one of the paper bags.

Peter snatches it from him and leaps to the ground.

PETER
Idiot!

Tad jumps down after him.

TAD
I thought you'd be happy.

PETER
Happy? You steal my van, put every
member of my band at risk for what?
Six hunnert bucks and candy bars?

TAD
You said we needed money.

PETER
I mean real money. Six hunnert
bucks don't get us to Seattle.

TAD
It gets us closer.

PETER
And then what? We knock over
another minimart?

TAD

Sure. Aren't you the one who said
"life is an adventure?"

PETER

That ain't what I meant. This ain't
what I meant.

TAD

I don't know what's gotten into you
lately, dude. But it seems to me
like maybe you don't want to leave.

PETER

'Course I wanna leave!

ZIIIIIP!

Tink emerges from the tent.

TINK

Then let's go.

Peter realizes they all agree with Tad.

He looks up at the full moon.

PETER

All right, we'll go. Tonight.

Cheers from the Lost Boys.

PETER (CONT'D)

Y'all get the camp packed. I gotta
do something first.

Peter grabs his skateboard from the picnic table and
disappears down the darkened road.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy lights a few candles and some incense.

She takes an ashtray out of her desk, carries it with her out
a pair of doors to her balcony.

Just as she lights a cigarette, Peter speaks--

PETER

Hello again.

ACT OUT

ACT FOUR

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - BALCONY

ON Wendy's shocked expression.

PETER

You can tell me to leave. D'you
want me to leave? I can leave.

WENDY

Stop saying 'leave.'

PETER

D'you want me to stay?

WENDY

I didn't say that. What are you
doing here?

PETER

How's your finger?

WENDY

Oh. Fine. It's healed.

PETER

I didn't mean to scare you. I
woulda rung your door bell but I
didn't want to wake your parents.

WENDY

Oh, good. Yes they're home. They're
here. But they're sleeping soundly.
They're both here. Asleep.

PETER

I made ya mix tape.

He holds it out for her. His dimples and his sparkling eyes.

WENDY

Wow. No one's ever made me a mix
tape. I mean my friends have, but
not a... what's on it?

PETER

The Breeders, The Pixies, The
Mermaids... Pearl Jam, Nirvana.
Buncha good stuff.

WENDY

Cool. Great. Thank you.

She takes it.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Do you want to come in?

She opens the door and leads him into--

INT. BEDROOM

Where there are only candles burning. She quickly turns on the lights, revealing all the Beatles posters on her wall.

PETER

Oh, wow. You really like The Beatles.

WENDY

Do you not like The Beatles?

PETER

I like em all right, I guess.

WENDY

They're kinda the greatest rock band of all time, so...

PETER

Now there we disagree. Greatest rock band of all time is The Velvet Underground.

WENDY

Who?

PETER

Exactly.

WENDY

You know just because a lot of people like something doesn't make it bad. Not everything good is obscure.

PETER

Ever'body likes The Beatles cause it's easy to like The Beatles. But what's their music about? Livin underwater with octopuses, holdin hands... peace and love?

WENDY

You got a problem with peace and love?

PETER

No ma'am, not at all. But love ain't easy. It's not all peace and light. There's darkness too. People don't like to look at that so much.

WENDY

Is that what you sing about? Darkness and depression? Are you like a Nine Inch Nails, goth-band?

PETER

Nah. We're like... roots. Bluesy, folksy kinda... American music.

WENDY

American music.

PETER

Like...

The lights change suddenly.

A spotlight appears on Peter, and he begins to sing "American Music" by The Violent Femmes.

An MTV-style music video slug appears in the corner.

PETER (CONT'D)

*Do you like American music?
I like American music.
Don't you like American music, baby*

CLOSE on a snare drum for the intro riff.

PULL BACK

From the drum and suddenly her bedroom looks like the set of American Bandstand. Everything is BLACK AND WHITE, with Peter in the center of the "stage" wearing Buddy Holly glasses.

The Lost Boys are all dressed in jackets and ties, grinning and playing their instruments behind him as he sings

PETER (CONT'D)

*I want you to hold me
I want your arms around me
I want you to hold me, ba-by*

On the last line, Peter and the Lost Boys spin around and their hair magically grows out by a foot.

The bedroom washes to color again, now with a trippy backslash like The Midnight Special.

PETER (CONT'D)

*Did you do too many drugs
I did too many drugs
Did you do too many drugs, too?
Ba-by*

Peter takes Wendy's hand and leads her to the balcony, pointing up at the moon as he sings the chorus:

PETER (CONT'D)

*You were born too late
I was born too soon
But every time I look at that ugly
moon it reminds me of you
It reminds me of you.*

Peter runs back inside, where Wendy's bedroom becomes a scene from Help! and the Lost Boys all wear Beatles bowl cuts.

Peter sings in a Liverpool accent:

PETER (CONT'D)

*I need a date to the prom
Would you like to come along?
Nobody would go to the prom with
me, ba-by*

Now he starts ripping the posters off the wall, his energy frenetic:

PETER (CONT'D)

*They didn't like American Music!
They never heard American Music!
They didn't know that music was in
my soul, oh, oh, oh, ba-by*

He wraps her up in one of the posters, then "unwinds" her by pulling it with him as he runs toward the balcony, the poster magically much longer than it was before.

Peter runs up to the edge of the balcony and jumps off.

Wendy gasps, as she stops her unwinding suddenly.

But Peter rises up over the edge of the balcony, singing

PETER (CONT'D)
*You were born too soon
 I was born too late
 But every time I look at that ugly
 lake
 It reminds me of me
 It reminds me of me*

He offers a hand to her.

She climbs out of the wrapped poster and runs toward him.

She's tentative about stepping off the balcony, but he takes her hand and she steps into the air alongside him, hovering.

He sings to her in the call-and-response part of the song.

PETER (CONT'D)
Do you like American music?

WENDY
I like American music.

PETER
*I like American music, ba-by. Do
 you like American music?*

WENDY
I like all kinds of music.

PETER
*But I like American music best.
 Ba-by.*

They dance in the air together, an acrobatic kind of swing dancing as Peter throws her into aerial somersaults.

As they sing in unison for the final verse, they dance up a flight of invisible stairs to her roof.

WENDY & PETER
*Baby you were born too late
 And I was born too late
 But every time I look at that ugly
 lake
 It reminds me of me
 It reminds me of me*

They flop down side by side and stare up at the full moon, singing softly together as the song ends.

WENDY & PETER (CONT'D)
It reminds me of... me.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

DOWN FROM the full moon.

Tink squats by a tree to pee.

HER POV shows the campfire some hundred yards off, the Lost Boys' dialogue audible but unintelligible.

Suddenly a pair of square headlights swings down the road, coming to a stop near the campsite.

TINK

Crap.

She pulls her pants up.

A male adult voice- a forest ranger named TOM- calls out.

TOM (O.S.)

Hey fellas.

The Lost Boys turn toward him, but no one speaks.

His partner RICK opens his door and comes around the truck.

RICK

Nice night for a fire.

MELVIN

Yeah. Nice night.

The bright beam of Rick's flashlight plays through camp.

Tink ducks behind the tree.

The Ranger's flashlight settles on a beer bottle.

RICK (O.S.)

Looks like you boys been drinkin
tonight.

MELVIN

No sir. No we haven't.

With a sudden movement, we are HURTLING down the hill.

Tink mutters to herself as she runs.

TINK

Peter... where are you?

ACT OUT

ACT FIVE

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - ROOF

LOOKING DOWN--

Peter and Wendy lie side-by-side on her rooftop, looking up at the moon.

WENDY

What do you want to be, Peter? More than anything else?

PETER

Rock star, of course.

WENDY

But why a rock star?

PETER

Way I see it, rock stars live forever. Maybe your band breaks up, you fall off the charts, drugs, rehab, whatever. But someday some kid picks up your CD and listens to it. Hell maybe he tells his friends about it, makes tapes for 'em and stuff. Music lives forever, like them stars up there: they may be dead but their light shines on.

WENDY

It must be nice to be so certain about what you want.

PETER

Don't you know what you want?

WENDY

I want lots of different things but never the same thing for very long.

PETER

What d'you want right now?

WENDY

I feel pretty happy where we are.

PETER

Are your parents really home?

WENDY

No. They're at a marriage retreat. Kind of. It's like this month-long thing, and the idea is that at the end of it that either you decide to stay together or you agree to, you agree to divorce.

PETER

Oh. Damn.

WENDY

And so, I found out tonight, that's what they're doing. They're getting divorced. My parents are getting divorced.

PETER

Wow. I'm sorry to hear that.

He embraces her and she cries a little.

WENDY

I don't know where that came from. Sorry. It's the first time I said it aloud. I didn't expect to go full Beaches on you.

PETER

'sall right. It's beautiful. But at least you know your parents. I grew up in this place called Kensington Gardens? KG. It's a group home. Or kinda orphanage, I guess. Anyway they never tell you why you're there. Like, if your parents died, or didn't want you, or they just forgot you somehow. Least you know your parents. You know they love you. That's more'n I got.

Wendy brushes hair from his eyes.

She leans in to kiss him when

TINK (O.S.)

Peter! Peter!! Are you there?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Peter looks off the edge of the roof.

PETER

Tink! What are you doing here?

TINK

You need to come back to camp. Now.

Peter turns and gives an apologetic half-smile to Wendy.

PETER

Well I guess this is--

She pulls him toward her and kisses him.

WENDY

Goodbye forever?

He grins at her and leaps down to the ground.

He and Tink cruise away on skateboards as Wendy looks on.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The Lost Boys are seated on the picnic table in a row, their heads drooped in despair.

Tom sits in the passenger side of the truck with the door open, reading driver's license information over the CB.

TOM

(to intercom)

Last name Stacey, that's Sierra
Tango Alpha Charlie Echo Yankee...

The intercom replies with something indecipherable.

DOWN THE PATH

Peter and Tink approach. They see the truck's swirling lights and duck into the woods immediately.

Peter motions to Tink that he's going to climb a tree.

POV PETER/INTERCUT

Their camp is torn apart: the contents of the tent are already emptied into a pile, and all the instrument cases are opened in a line as Rick searches each in turn.

Presently he lifts a bag of cash from Tad's guitar case.

RICK

Tom.

PETER

Crap.

Peter drops down from the tree.

Whispers something to Tinker Bell.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER

Tom is in the front seat again, holding the cash.

TOM

(to radio)

Yeah this is Officers Pierce and
Rawlings up at Hyalite Reservoir,
we got a bag of cash here matches
the description of the baghead
robbery from last night. Over.

INSIDE THE VAN

Rick snaps photographs of evidence with a Polaroid camera:
cut up paper bags. The sack full of candy bars.

The hand gun.

A half-eaten slice of Whiz bread.

TINK (O.C.)

Hey.

He turns around and sees Tink standing a few feet away.

TINK (CONT'D)

You should let my friends go.

Rick smiles. He moves toward her.

RICK

Oh yeah, and why is that--

As soon as he ducks his head out of the van, Peter whallops
him with his skateboard from above.

His eyes roll back and he stumbles. Blood leaks out his ear.

He collapses to the ground and Tink quickly ties his hands up
with the dog leash.

Peter slips off the roof of the van and takes the hand gun.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF CAMP, Tom continues reading from another
driver's license.

TOM
Willard, that's Whiskey India Lima--

He stops short.

PAN TO REVEAL the gun against his temple.

PETER
Tell them you'll call them back.

TOM
Uh.

Rick lets out a muffled moan.

Tom turns to see him bound and gagged. Tink stands over him.

Peter pushes the barrel deeper.

TOM (CONT'D)
Let me call you right back.

CLOSE ON

Tink unlocking handcuffs from each of the Lost Boys in turn:
CLIIICK, CLIIIIICK, CLIIIIICK!

Peter sits near Tom, holding the gun on him as he supervises.

Alison, Willard and the others hurriedly pack the instruments
and load the van. There is an air of hushed urgency.

TOM (CONT'D)
I hope you know what you're doing.

PETER
Just a buncha teenagers having fun.

TOM
Fun? We're federal employees, son.
Carrying out an assault against us
is a ten year sentence, minimum.
Put on top of that armed robbery,
evading arrest. You're throwing
your life away. You sure you want
that?

The others stop loading up as they await his answer. He just
grins, flashing that devilish smile.

PETER
Life is a great adventure.

SLAM TO:

INT./EXT. VAN - DRIVING THROUGH TOWN

An echo of the opening sequence: the van FLIES down the road.
Peter drives, wild-eyed. Tink studies a paper map beside him.
Rapid dialogue overlaps.

TAD
That was SO rock-and-roll--

MELVIN
He assaulted a park ranger! That
was NOT cool--

TAD
He coldcocked that pig!

WILLARD
D'you think he's dead?

MELVIN
Oh Jesus Peter you killed a cop--

PETER
He's not a cop, first of all. And
he's not dead.

TINK
We have to head East.

TAD
East!

TINK
If we head East we can be in Kansas
in less than forty-five minutes and
that's--

ALISON
Across state lines.

MELVIN
Oh crap oh crap oh crap.

TINK
Stay under the speed limit. We
don't want to draw attention.

TAD
We can't go East, that's where we
came from!

TINK
South, then.

WILLARD
I hate Kansas.

PETER
Seattle is West. We're going West.

TINK
Peter, look. We have most of
Colorado left to cross, if you keep
going West they *will* catch us.

PETER
Not necessarily. Crap.

TINK
What?

WILLARD
(checking the dash)
We're low on gas.

PETER
Thanks to some idiots who took the
van into town--

MELVIN
I wanted to fill up but Tad--

TAD
Oh so now this is my fault!

MELVIN
It was your idea to rob the place
wasn't it?

ALISON
Can you guys put your dongs away
for five minutes while we figure
this out?

PETER
Alison's right. We're in this
together now. All of us. No one
person takes the heat-- we win or
die together. We're a band.

TINK
Where are you going? You missed the
entrance for the freeway.

He flashes his dimples at her.

The van SQUEALS around a corner as the stoplight blinks through the sequence from yellow to red.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The van WHIPS around the entrance to Wendy's cul-de-sac.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - WENDY'S BEDROOM

Wendy awakens gently.

In her window we see the headlights from the Lost Boys's van swing into her driveway.

CLOSE on the headlights reflected in her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

TAD (V.O.)
How long have they been in there?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Establishing. The beat-up Chevy van parked haphazardly.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Tad and Alison sit up front. The others crowd around behind.

ALISON
I dunno.

TAD
You think they're--

He circles the fingers on one hand and jabs his forefinger into it, looking pointedly at Tink.

TINK
No. I don't.

TAD
Then what the hell are we doing here?

TINK
Peter has a plan.

TAD

How do you know? How do you know he
has a plan?

She looks away. Her face betrays her unease.

Seeing this, Tad needles her.

TAD (CONT'D)

For all we know he's in there on
the phone with the police, telling
them exactly where we are so he can
go back to KG on misdemeanor while
we all spend the next ten years in
prison for assaulting an officer.

Tink looks a bit uncomfortable. She hadn't considered this.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - GARAGE

Orderly shelves stocked with artifacts of family fun: beach
umbrellas, camping gear, the like.

One half is occupied by a 1989 Westfalia Vanagon.

PETER

I promise, you will not even know
we're here.

WENDY

It's gonna be pretty hard to ignore
a half-dozen teenage boys camped
out in my backyard.

PETER

It's just a few days. A week at
most, till the heat blows over.

WENDY

And what am I supposed to tell my
parents?

PETER

Thought you said they're not home.

WENDY

They're not! But my grandmother is
coming by tomorrow and she's gonna
force John Michael and I to move in
with her.

PETER

She can't force you to do anything.
No one can.

WENDY

You don't know my grandmother.

PETER

Soon as you turn eighteen you are
legally an adult. Ain't no one can
tell you what to do then. Even
Grandma.

She knows he's right, but she still doesn't feel free.

WENDY

My Dad got this stupid van so we
could go on an epic family road
trip this summer.

PETER

Did you?

WENDY

(self-explanatory)
It's summer isn't it?

PETER

Sucks.

WENDY

Yeah. Sorry, Peter I'd like to help
you out but I can't have a bunch of
homeless teenagers... unless...

PETER

I unnerstand. Worth a shot, anyhow.

He starts to go.

WENDY

Wait, Peter.

PETER

Yeah?

That mysterious smile spreads across her lips.

SMASH TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

As in the beginning: Wendy stands at the top of the stairs looking down.

WENDY (V.O.)
You see the trouble is I spent my
whole life being grown up.

She walks down the stairs toward us, holding the paper.

WENDY (V.O.)
Taking care of my brother, getting
good grades, planning for
college...

FOLLOW her through the

KITCHEN

Where there are smashed dishes everywhere and the pantry's been emptied.

She pauses in front of the refrigerator and takes a sheet of paper out from behind a magnet: her final report card.

Her grades are A, A, A+, A, A+.

WENDY (V.O.)
Hell I've been planning for college
since I was in kindergarten.

She slides the note she's been carrying under the magnet instead, and goes toward the sliding glass door in back.

WENDY (V.O.)
So what do I want to be when I grow
up? That's easy. I don't want to
grow up. I want to stay young
forever.

She lifts up a crowbar placed just so by the door, and with a batter's swing she shatters the glass.

CLOSE on the note pinned under the magnet.

It's a kidnapper's ransom note, cut out of magazine letters:

WE HAVE YOUR DAUGHTER. SHE IS SAFE. WE WILL BE IN TOUCH.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

ROCK MUSIC. The garage door rises and the Vanagon pulls out.

DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Wendy look at each other in the front seats.

Tink looks on from behind.

In the back, the Lost Boys pass a bottle of whiskey around.

Tad hands it to John Michael. He appears tentative at first, but drinks anyway.

He sputters and coughs, as the others laugh.

He starts to laugh then, too - happy to be among friends.

Outside, the streets are empty. It's late at night.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOWN - NIGHT

The van slows to take a right turn beside a cowboy bar, whose neon sign glows with its name: **Second Star Bar**.

As the van trundles down the road in the distance, RISE UP TO REVEAL the name of the street it's driving on: **Till Morning**.

FADE TO BLACK.

END

ACT SIX/TEASER

INT. POLICE STATION - BATHROOM

On the wall: a clock. The SOUND of something almost like ticking, but too arrhythmic to be the clock.

Flick, flick, flick, flick...

Pushing around the edge of a half-open bathroom STALL we find a police CAPTAIN in his mid-forties, with a thick black mustache and three-day stubble.

He flicks a lighter repeatedly.

CAPTAIN

Come onnnn!

Finally the flame appears and he hovers the glass bulb of a crack pipe over it, sucks in for all he's worth.

As he exhales the blue smoke his body relaxes visibly. He presses a hand against the stall, holding himself up.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - BATHROOM - LATER

The Captain looks at himself in the mirror. His clothes look rumpled and his hair is messy. Nothing about him inspires confidence, except perhaps his badge.

He wears aviators and speaks under his breath to himself.

CAPTAIN

Just got in... been working the
Florida case...

ANOTHER OFFICER enters. Gives him a strange look.

The Captain lifts his sunglasses-- his eyes look hunted and wild-- and watches the man enter a stall.

Looking back at his reflection he continues muttering.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Washing my hands... nothing wrong.
Suspicious.

He looks down at the sink. His hands are covered in soap, but there's no water running.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE

Nana sits in the Captain's office, casting a wary eye around the room.

His desk and every available surface, including the chair beside her, are littered with stacks of papers. There are several piles on the floor as well.

She looks up at the clock: twenty minutes past the hour.

The Captain bursts in the door, speaking a little too loudly.

CAPTAIN

Sorry to be so late.

NANA

I understand. You're a busy man.

CAPTAIN

You don't know the half of it. I just got in, I was working a case in Florida. Still. It's no excuse for being late. I hate it when people are late.

He has to move some papers off his chair to sit down.

NANA

Yes.

CAPTAIN

First: I am so sorry to hear about your daughter's disappearance.

NANA

Granddaughter.

CAPTAIN

Granddaughter, of course. Well I can assure you we're going to find her. We're going to find her and bring her back alive. Don't you worry.

NANA

That's very reassuring, uh--

CAPTAIN

Hook. Captain James T Hook.

He puts his hand toward her.

END