





BAT OUT OF HELL 2100

BY JIM STEINMAN

AN EXTENDED TREATMENT

"BAT OUT OF HELL 2100"

TITLE CARDS:

THE YEAR 2100

SOMEWHERE IN WHAT USED TO BE THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN

BUT WHICH SOMEHOW CHANGED...

into something else...

PROLOGUE:

(No music at all)

FADE IN:

INT: A MYSTERIOUS BEDROOM

(What seems to have once been a perfect bedroom for a fairy tale princess. Whites and pinks and lavenders, flowing satins and silks. Huge windows, lush layered curtains and drapes. A massive canopied bed.

But now there is a pervading sense of gradual decay and encroaching ruin. Shadows loom, dust whirls, and intricate webs insinuate themselves into the patterns of the walls and floor corners. Fabrics are torn. Wood is cracked. Glass is chipped. Things are lost.

It doesn't really seem to be a room where anybody lives-- it has the slightly unreal, frozen quality of a museum exhibit that has recently been left a bit too unattended...

After moving through the room we come to a woman standing close to one of the largest open windows -- There are sepulchral clouds over the moon and in the slats of light that filter through it is impossible to see her very clearly. She stands totally still, as she brushes her long golden hair, some of which hangs out over the window ledge.

She looks up and out and we do too, taking in the hazy outlines of a strange city skyline -- it seems both somewhat futurist and medieval, though so much is obscured by spirals of thick multi-colored smoke and plumes of what seems to be glittering black and gold ash. A few huge towers are barely visible, and the swooping beams of massive "industrial" searchlights leapfrog each other and careen about wildly.

Suddenly we CUT TO an EXT. As if we were on top of a tower across from her; and from that POV we see her brushing the flowing hair that falls outside the window and catches glinting sparks of moonlight. It is like an image of a very nocturnal Rapunzel.

The beginnings of an electrical storm break out. There is a violent blast of thunder and we see three vicious lightning bolts slash across the sky.

We abruptly CUT BACK TO the INT.

In the bedroom, the woman seems to feel a chill, and starts to close the windows as the wind increases. Looking out, we see that the three lightning bolts, most strangely, have not just come and gone. They remain in the sky, sizzling and flashing and pulsing, as if embedded in the thick air. More angry bolts join them, crisscrossing the skyline like jagged blades.

Fighting the wind, the woman closes the window, pulls the drapes, and moves through the room lighting candles. The dust makes her cough, and her eyes tear -- she lowers a veil over her face. She walks over to an imposing floor to ceiling ornate mirror. Its glass is shattered. She holds a candle out in front of her -- she touches her reflection in the glass, as if examining an unknown object.

She seems almost to be in a trance and is unaware of the gust of wind behind her ... and the drapes and curtains being blown away from the largest window, billowing out like banners ... and the amazing sight of what seems to be a motorcycle streak by in the night directly outside the high ledge ... and the "bike" gliding partly back into view, headlights first, and then magically "hovering" outside ... and the BOY leaping onto the ledge ...

(Very softly, the music of "IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW" begins...)

The BOY is Peter. The Woman is Wendy.

Peter comes forward. He is a tremendously striking teenager, endowed with a sleek power and feral grace. He looks like a renegade angel. He has wide, intelligent, wondering eyes, piercing and mischievous. Always looking on with new excitement that quickly becomes old and must be replaced by even newer excitement ...

All revved up with no place to go.
Except further.

He creeps up behind her, bringing his hands down on her shoulders, startling her so much she drops the candlestick. With a flashing movement, he catches it, places it down by the mirror and then wraps his hands sensually around her neck ... She tries to catch her breath, but doesn't turn around, instead watching in the mirror as he gathers her hair back, twisting it gently around and laying it over her shoulders ... He strokes it, and she shudders ...

PETER
(almost "ceremonial")

If light were dark
And dark were light
The moon a black hole
In the blaze of night
A raven's wing as bright as tin
Then you my love
Would be darker than sin

WENDY
(as if completing a secret password or code)

The sea is watching the sky ...
The sky is watching the sea ...
Nothing will ever happen ...

Nothing will ever happen ...

PETER
(smiling. cool.)

Not until now --

WENDY
(as he tries to turn her around,
she resists, still preferring to face
the reflection. Almost a plea.)

No ... No ... No--!

(harder)

Why didn't you come back!?
Why did you come back!?
Why!?

PETER

I promised. I came back because I promised --

WENDY

I've tried so hard to forget --

PETER

But you didn't --

WENDY
(defiant)

I tried!

You're the one who forgot -- It was "next summer".
You promised you'd come back "next summer"--

PETER

I know -- but so much has happened -- I can't
wait to tell you --

WENDY

That was over 20 years ago!

(This is certainly a shock to us, since he is clearly no
more than 18 or 19.)

PETER

I really am sorry --

WENDY
(achingly)

I really am sorry ...

(A deafening thunder clap, distant sirens, a bell tolls, and
the song begins.)

(She begins the song alone, but it builds into a duet. He holds
her from behind, encircling her. She tries not to give in, but
is gradually swept away, literally, as the song becomes a
dance and they swirl more and more rapturously around the
room ...)

(As the song progresses, and we hear the phrase "It's All
Coming Back To Me Now", this actually happens: the memories
physically return -- we see the images she remembers.
Flashes of the adventures they had appear all around,
one after another, ghosts come to life. More like holograms
than apparitions. They are flashbacks for her, but
mysterious flashforwards for us -- we don't have a clue
what these sudden, startling, and enticing "previews" are.
They pull us in along with the surging music and dance ...)

"IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW"

(DUET FOR PETER AND WENDY)

THERE WERE NIGHTS WHEN THE WIND WAS SO COLD
THAT MY BODY FROZE IN BED
IF I JUST LISTENED TO IT
RIGHT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

THERE WERE DAYS WHEN THE SUN WAS SO CRUEL
THAT ALL THE TEARS TURNED TO DUST
AND I JUST KNEW MY EYES WERE
DRYING UP FOREVER

I FINISHED CRYING IN THE INSTANT THAT YOU LEFT
BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE OR WHEN OR HOW
AND I BANISHED EVERY MEMORY YOU AND I HAD EVER MADE

BUT WHEN YOU TOUCH ME LIKE THIS
AND YOU HOLD ME LIKE THAT
I JUST HAVE TO ADMIT
THAT IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME
WHEN I TOUCH YOU LIKE THIS
AND I HOLD YOU LIKE THAT
IT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE BUT
IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME

THERE WERE MOMENTS OF GOLD
THERE WERE FLASHES OF LIGHT
THERE WERE THINGS I'D NEVER DO AGAIN
BUT THEN THEY'D ALWAYS SEEM RIGHT
THERE WERE NIGHTS OF SACRED PLEASURE
IT WAS MORE THAN ANY LAWS ALLOW!

AND IF I KISS YOU LIKE THIS
AND IF YOU WHISPER LIKE THAT
IT WAS LOST LONG AGO
BUT IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME
IF YOU WANT ME LIKE THIS
AND IF YOU NEED ME LIKE THAT
IT WAS DEAD LONG AGO
BUT IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME
IT'S SO HARD TO RESIST
AND IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME
I CAN BARELY RECALL
BUT IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW!

THERE WERE THOSE SUDDEN THREATS AND VICIOUS LIES
AND WHENEVER YOU TRIED TO HURT ME
I JUST HURT YOU EVEN WORSE
AND SO MUCH DEEPER

THERE WERE HOURS THAT JUST WENT ON FOR DAYS
WHEN, ALONE AT LAST, WE'D COUNT UP ALL THE CHANCES
THAT WERE LOST TO US
FOREVER

BUT IT WAS OVER LIKE THE SLAMMING OF THE DOOR
AND I MADE MYSELF SO STRONG AGAIN SOMEHOW
AND I NEVER WASTED ANY OF MY TIME ON YOU SINCE THEN!

BUT IF I TOUCH YOU LIKE THIS
AND IF YOU KISS ME LIKE THAT
IT WAS SO LONG AGO
BUT IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME
IF YOU TOUCH ME LIKE THIS
AND IF I KISS YOU LIKE THAT
IT WAS GONE WITH THE WIND
BUT IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME

THERE WERE MOMENTS OF GOLD
AND THERE WERE FLASHES OF LIGHT
THERE WERE THINGS WE'D NEVER DO AGAIN
BUT THEN THEY'D ALWAYS SEEMED RIGHT
THERE WERE NIGHTS OF ENDLESS PLEASURE
IT WAS MORE THAN ALL YOUR LAWS ALLOW!

WHEN YOU TOUCH ME LIKE THIS
AND WHEN YOU HOLD ME LIKE THAT
IT WAS GONE WITH THE WIND
BUT IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME
WHEN YOU SEE ME LIKE THIS
AND WHEN I SEE YOU LIKE THAT
THEN WE SEE WHAT WE WANT TO SEE
ALL COMING BACK TO ME --
THE FLESH AND THE FANTASIES
ALL COMING BACK TO ME --
I CAN BARELY RECALL
BUT IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW!

If you forgive me all this
If I forgive you all that
We forgive and forget
And it's all coming back to me
When you see me like this
And when I see you like that
We see just what we want to see
All coming back to me
The flesh and the fantasies
All coming back to me
I can barely recall but it's all coming back to me now ...

And when you kiss me like this
When you hold me like that
And if I touch you like this ...
And if we --

At the climax of the song, candles are knocked over and set fire to one of the drapes. She gasps. He hurls the drapes to the floor, stomping out the fire as dust swarms hysterically. A few tongues of flame leap onto her "veil". He tears it off, and with the drapes gone, and the clouds tearing away from in front of the moon, suddenly a full shaft of moonlight washes over her, and for the very first time he really can see her. He stares. The music stops. A clinical, shocked and stunned stare. She tries to hide her face, trembling and almost "ashamed". He won't let her hide, and stares numbly at her face, which we can't see, being from her POV.

PETER

What's happened to you? ... God, what's happened? ...
Your face ...

(soft, almost a plea)

Oh no ... No! -- No! --

(We hear her tiny cries. Fade to black.)

END OF PROLOGUE

(The NARRATOR begins as we fade:)

"What happened that night really started long ago.
Long before The Boy appeared on my window ledge
and long before he touched me ... Long before ..."

We assume the Narrator is Wendy. We will turn out to be wrong.

TITLE CARD:

THE YEAR 2060: FORTY YEARS EARLIER

The Narrator's initial exposition is intercut with the credits, and fluid tracking shots and dissolves, exploring this world as it being described. Her voice is lyrical and hypnotic.)

MAJOR EXPOSITION: (the following "summary" is not, for now, written in the narrator's true voice)

By this time in the future, Manhattan had gradually become so dangerous, anarchic, toxic, "contaminated", and out of control that it has been completely severed from the rest of the country, in all senses of the word.

A series of nuclear "mistakes", chemical disasters, a couple of earthquakes and one major volcanic eruption, years of social and economic chaos, and on the opposite end of the spectrum, sybaritic excesses and waste and unparalleled decadence have turned it into a "wild kingdom" that's drifted further out into the ocean, difficult to reach from the mainland.

The Federal Government has given up on trying to maintain and handle all this, and has sold the island to a private corporation. It has been renamed "OBSIDIAN" after the giant conglomerate that now owns it.

We see the huge gates:

"THIS CITY MADE POSSIBLE BY A GRANT FROM OBSIDIAN OIL"

A huge fire-breathing BAT with an awesome wing span perches on the gate like an infernal sentinel, always awake and alert. It will appear at various times and places during the story like a silent observer.

OBSIDIAN is a kind of Futuristic, Medieval Empire. It is ruled by a dark, brutal, triumvirate, whose relentless self-absorption and self-promotion adds a strong streak of comic exuberance to their villainy. They represent a great concentration of power and wealth.

DR. DARLING is a pillar of Science and Industry, a combination of the German munitions tycoon Krupp, Ivan Boesky, and Dr. Frankenstein. He made his first fortune after discovering how to make fuel from human blood, which was more in supply and cheaper than any other usable element. From those humble beginnings, he has built a colossal and frighteningly powerful organization, its profitable and ruthless tentacles reaching everywhere they want.

INTRODUCTION TO DR. DARLING

His face, seen in extreme close-up, is illuminated by an eerie blue glow. We pull back to see that he is staring into what looks like a large empty aquarium -- empty except for a viscous pale blue liquid, in which "float" three small creatures. He manipulates controls on a console -- the creatures are lifted up by mechanical metal "hands" and taken out of view. We see them as they "emerge": there is what appears to be a baby crocodile of strange sort; a bloated black spidery kind of "water beetle"; and a nasty looking miniature "squid" covered with eyes and teeth. We pull back further, he works the controls more excitedly.

DARLING

(as each is lifted out)

We take some from Column A ... some from Column B ... and, of course --

(A voice is heard behind him, an old tired voice)

VOICE

Do you ever think about all those cliches we used to laugh at -- "tampering with nature" and such --

(As the mechanical hands bring forth a mottled egg and place it on a blue velvet mat, like something from Faberge...)

DARLING

(his eyes are wild with anticipation, and he speaks with triumphant scorn.)

Nature!--

This will be the Era of the New Man, free from Nature, totally free!

Nature is the ladder we have climbed up by --
Now we kick her away!--

(The egg cracks open and out crawls a hideous combination of all three creatures, like some unimaginable miniature alien. Its eyes begin to blink, tiny teeth chatter, legs twitch, jaws open, and an ugly ribbon of black air floats out of its mouth, hanging over its head like a sinister cartoon balloon. Darling stares enraptured.)

MOTHER SUPERIOR is an unprecedentedly influential, revered, and feared, religious leader. Using unique technology, she is EVERYWHERE. She's a bit like Joan Crawford at her most extreme as Tammy Faye Baker. Starting out with just one cult, she now owns the licenses to all the most popular New Gods, and has created all the most successful New Churches, which are "franchised" throughout the world, selling miracles rather than Big Macs.

INTRODUCTION TO MOTHER SUPERIOR

We see her in extreme close-up, her face illuminated by a lurid red glow. She almost seems to be licking her lips, eyes wide. We pull back to see she is in front of a vast "computer screen", flashing all sorts of richly colored and designed data and graphs and what not ... We pull back further to see Darling standing behind her.

DARLING

This is the most successful Church you've ever launched! Within a year, it should hit the Top Five! --

I have never seen such contributions! ... And it's all because they love you so -- you realize that, of course --

MOTHER

(transfixed by the accelerating numbers on the screen)

I need all the love I can get --
(a pause. Even stronger.)

--And I need all the love that I can't get too ...

(Data dance like glittering specks in her eyes.)

CAPTAIN HOOK is the Police Chief of Obsidian. He is a cross between Daryl Gates and Darth Vader. He oversees a brutal and ruthless elite militia, who are pretty much uncontrolled, unregulated, and unrestrained ... except by Hook ...

INTRODUCTION TO CAPTAIN HOOK

CLOSE-UP: The face of a teen age boy. Tears of rage and terror fill his eyes and course down his cheeks. His left eye is horribly blackened and bruised.

CLOSE-UP: The Boy's POV: Captain Hook's face fills the screen, glaring down, ruthless and maleficent. Every child's nightmare ...

HOOK
(v.o.)

Lieutenant Smee, I think we're done with this one ...
Why don't you take him back to the -- vaults?

SMEE

Yes, Captain. Right away --

HOOK
(almost lascivious)

Wait!-- Look --

A drop of blood falls down his cheek -- one perfectly beautiful drop of blood --
(acting innocent, reverently
looking upwards, silkily sarcastic)

It fell from the sky --
I wonder who's being tortured up there --

(he laughs in an ugly, hoarse spasm)

NEXT!

CLOSE-UP: An even younger boy's face.

HOOK
(v.o.)
(a new approach, very soothing,
confiding, and paternal)

Hello. And how are you today? You're new here, aren't you?

(BOY nods "yes")

Well, don't believe all the stories you've heard...
You don't know me, do you?

(BOY nods "no")

HOOK

We've never met, you have no idea who I am, I've never seen you before, and yet I have a feeling we're going to be fast friends. And you'd like a friend here, wouldn't you?

(Boy nods "yes")

HOOK

Well, I think we're really going to enjoy getting to know one another. My name is Hook. What's yours?

(The Boy lets fly a gob of spit. Aimed beautifully right at Hook's disbelieving eye.)

CLOSE-UP: HOOK

(Caught off guard, he suppresses his fury, composes himself -- after all this is his "good cop" routine -- and with a long suffering martyr's look toward the heavens, he wipes his face with his handkerchief.)

HOOK

(hurt, sulking)

Lieutenant Smee --

SREE

Yes?--

HOOK

Why do people always take an instant disliking to me?

SREE

(trying to be helpful)

It saves time.

HOOK

(considers)

A reasonable answer --

(BLACK-OUT)

The Northern Half of Obsidian is a haven for the rich and powerful, who live in astonishing luxury, in a fortress-like safe development known as "PARADISE LOTS". They have been able to make billions bleeding the metropolis dry, discovering and exploiting confiscating great and valuable resources, natural and otherwise. They benefited greatly from the mass exodus of much of the population, those less daring, or greedy.

But The Southern Half of Obsidian is quite a different story. It is totally wild and lawless, dominated by extraordinary gangs, all of whom fight for and fight over turf, supplies, and control.

This is a world that may be somewhat referential to elements of "Blade Runner", "Streets of Fire", "The Warriors", "A Clockwork Orange" etc. But it should still be startlingly original.

It is raw, scary, and phantasmic. Though dangerous, there is an exciting kinetic pulse here that makes the place really ROCK. (Because most of the population are young, it is also like a "Post-Apocalyptic Dead End Kids".)

Southern Obsidian is sometimes savage and ominous, sometimes shockingly beautiful. Very primal, primeval, and futuristic all at the same time. This is a highly "fevered" place, a perfect setting in which magic and myths can grow wild and untamed.

Shimmering grunge -- hallucinatory urban detritus -- industrial ruins litter the landscape like slabs of Stonehenges to come. Automobile carcasses are everywhere, like rotting fossils. Massive chemical residues, toxins, and radiation have caused impressive "mutations", human and animal and environmental. Some are horrifying, others quite thrilling.

Subterranean caverns, tunnels, grottos, and passageways (former subways) -- spectacular chasms of light -- charred trees, flashing colors and looming shadows, gutted, graffiti-encrusted buildings -- skeletal towers and spectral power stations -- smoke and fog and mephitic vapors swirling ...

And every now and then something jaw-droppingly familiar appears to remind us that this was once, in fact, New York City ...

This is The Southern Half of Obsidian.
It is called NEVERLAND.

(partly because it is considered so treacherous that pilots will not bring their planes down there -- they will fly over, but they will never land ...
...And there are other reasons ...)

The action begins as Captain Hook is carrying out one of his beloved "search and destroy" missions, whereby he rounds up various gangs, destroys their hideaways, and takes them in for random, arbitrary, and excessive punishment. He hates them all for the threat and lawlessness they represent, their wildly reckless youth, as well as for the fact that they still prevent him from controlling the lower half of the Island, which he wants for himself and Obsidian Oil.

The Gangs themselves are mostly runaways, orphans, neglected, abandoned, and discarded kids of every kind. The Lost Boys are the supreme "biker gang" in Neverland, and one of the most striking of all. Tales about them are spreading, and they are viewed like rock stars in this world. Their leader is Peter, and they are all teenagers, except for Tink. He is almost like their "mascot" -- they let him hang out with them. Tink is 9 years old, and Peter is his hero, the big brother he never had, the parents he never knew.

Part of the Lost Boys' "legend" is their incredible prowess on their bikes, which happen to be able to fly. (They can't stay in the air indefinitely, but for varying intervals, depending on velocity, altitude, thrust, and power consumption. They can create a soaring, acrobatic "aerial ballet". Only a few in the other gangs, and the Police, have bikes like these.)

On this fateful day, The Lost Boys are among the gangs Hook has decided to capture. After a vivid, high-speed, hair-raising chase, they and the others are herded together and taken in to THE VAULTS OF PUNISHMENT.

INT. THE VAULTS OF PUNISHMENT

(An enormous room shaped somewhat like an "operating theatre", circular and rising high, with "galleries" ringing around it, allowing room for "spectators". This room narrows considerably as it gets lower, so that the effect of being on the ground level is like being at the bottom of a "snake pit". At this moment, there in the pit, about 60 gang members are locked within a large cage. Surrounding the area, behind a thick glass partition, technicians work at a vast console. On the second level, Dr. Darling, Mother Superior, and Captain Hook sit in judgement. It's like a nightmare Auto-da-Fe.)

HOOK

The presiding council has reached a verdict. The defendants are guilty of conspiracy to incite to riot, to promote subversion, to instigate disruption, to foster rebellion, and to encourage perversion.

(with sinister portent)

There are also outstanding speeding tickets ... many of them ...

(he smiles. he likes his joke)

DARLING

Get on with it!-- This is no laughing matter!
This could be a major breakthrough --

HOOK

The first sentence shall be --
Forty years!

(General uproar and cries ... They are silenced by Hook ...
And by the Guards, who bash at them, and take ten of the
gang members out of the cage. They are dragged to the center
of the pit. Two very large translucent capsules, shaped
like coffins, are lowered from the upper levels. Five gang
members are placed inside each one, bound and unable to move.
Four thick cables swoop down and attach themselves to
the ends of the capsules, coming from the console. The
capsules are bolted shut. The Guards withdraw.)

HOOK

Don't worry unduly -- if Dr. Darling is correct, this
won't take but a moment, and then it will all be over ...
like the prick of a needle ... we've managed to
streamline the laborious, and tedious prospect
of a long prison term --

(aside, to Darling)

You really think this will work?

DARLING

(extremely agitated)

Yes - yes! -- But we must be cautious, take it all
slowly, one step at a time. It's all still in the
early stages of development, I wouldn't want to make
any mistakes --

HOOK

(noticing a large round object next
to Darling, covered with cloth)

And what fresh hell is that?

DARLING

Oh, this! Excellent! See for yourself!

(he dramatically pulls away the cloth, revealing a
large fishbowl. Crawling up and down the sides frantically is
his newest "baby": the "croco-beetle-squid" combo.)

HOOK

(shuddering)

And what child hasn't longed for just such a pet -- ?

HOOK
(seeing that all is ready)

The sentence is forty years! LET THE SENTENCE BE
CARRIED OUT NOW!

CLOSE-UP: Technicians turning on the controls at the console.

CUT TO:

The room becomes pitch black.

CUT TO:

More activity at the console.

CUT TO:

The coffins are illuminated from within by light.

CUT TO:

Dr. Darling gives a signal.

CUT TO:

The capsules lifting up into a vertical position.

CUT TO:

Technicians wildly adjusting controls, under Darling's
more and more excited and animated supervision.

CUT TO:

The capsules fill with a misty vapor being injected through
the cables.

CUT TO:

The capsules begin to rotate, spinning faster and faster in
a complete circular cycle.

CUT TO:

Mother and Darling looking on with ravenous glee.

CUT TO:

The interior of the capsules. The ten kids writhe and
twist helplessly as they are smothered by the vapor,
which now totally fills the capsules.

CUT TO:

The faces of the other gang members, frozen. They can only
see those in the capsules as the rotation spins by them, like
the effect of a strobe light. The flickering glimpses they
catch fill them with awe, pity, rage, and horror.

CUT TO:

Within the capsules, the vapor thickens and congeals into a
thick mucus-like blanket that covers the kids' bodies.
It settles on their faces like a life-mask. The kids'
struggling gradually ceases.

CUT TO:

The caged gang members beginning to scream, howl, and "bark" wildly, as they begin to realize what is happening, making futile desperate efforts to break out of their cages, crying as if the tears could melt the bars.

CUT TO:

Darling giving another signal.

CUT TO:

A hand turns a dial from "0" to "40".

DARLING

THE SENTENCE IS BEING CARRIED OUT NOW!

CUT TO:

The inside of the capsules. A monstrous transformation as the "prisoners" are instantly aged a full 40 years before our eyes.

CUT TO:

All the faces in the room staring in amazement. Mother and Darling grasp each other's hands. Hook leans forward, breathing heavily, eyes ablaze. They are "transported", as if in the presence of a miracle.

CUT TO:

The console. Switches and dials are turned off. Power subsides.

CUT TO:

The capsules open. The mist is gone. Only the thick blanket of residue remains, layered on top of their bodies. Suddenly it begins to "crack", fissures appear, and like a discarded "second skin", it tears, peels, shrivels up, and falls away. The kids scream in agonizing pain, as if their own flesh were ripped away.

CUT TO:

We pan across the ten gang members, all of whom are feeble, withered, infirm, hobbling, ravaged, and pathetic old people ... they stare in numb disbelief and shock ...

At this point, Hook, Mother, and Darling are ecstatic! It works! They have found a way to control the genetic velocity of DNA evolution, an incredible acceleration of the aging process. Hook is beside himself, and wants to try more, to go further -- Darling stresses that they must stop now ...

More research is needed! Conditions must be right! The console must be given more time to cool down! Everything is overheated and overloaded! There are electrical storms in the area! ... Hook refuses to listen.

Hook orders all The Lost Boys, the gang he hates the most, to be placed in the capsules. He shrieks out the sentence: EIGHTY YEARS!!!

And then, during the hideous process, all hell breaks loose. The capsules spin out of control, and we are suddenly in something like "Bride of Frankenstein". The console starts to smoke, air horns blast, lightning hits the top of the vault, everything short circuits, fire breaks out, tidal force "sprinklers" are released, and finally there is a massive explosion. The capsules split wide open, and the Lost Boys are "released".

What follows is a furious melee, as the gang members make their escape. Hook personally tries to attack Peter, who, desperately looking for a weapon, sees the large fishbowl. He smashes it to the ground, and wielding a large jagged shard of glass, somehow manages to accidentally sever Hook's right hand at the wrist. Since Hook is in the process of hurling his arm back to strike at the time, the hand is hurled into the air and goes flying across the room, then skittering across the floor, finally ending up at the foot of the "croco-beetle-squid", who, while enjoying his new spacious freedom, still has time to sniff, lick, and finally devour the hand with one gluttonous gulp. Since it is only a bit bigger than the hand, though it does seem to be noticeably bigger than before, this is an impressive feat. It seems to lick its chops as it slithers out the door along with all but the "newly aged" gang members, leaving behind total pandemonium ...

CLOSE-UP ON MOTHER AND DARLING:

DARLING

(frantic, jabbering)

This is incredible! I just scanned the Lost Boys through the genetic fluouroscope -- when the console blew up, all the vapors were released at the same time! That has never happened before, nor could it ever happen again, at least never in that exact way! It was random! It was not logical!

MOTHER

What are you talking about!?

DARLING

We can't reproduce this! It was an accident!
Add to that the sudden implosion of pressure,
the sonic overload, the radioactive overflow,
the thermonuclear poison dispersal, the
vibratory occlusions, the electro-laser
interference, the bacterial assault --!

MOTHER

WHAT!!!? --

DARLING

We're fucked ...
The fluourosopic scan shows that the genes of The
Lost Boys have been frozen, their development
totally halted! I have no idea how long they will
stay that way, but as long as they do, they will
never age, not another year, not another month,
nor week, nor day, nor hour, nor minute,
not another second --

MOTHER

(mercifully stopping him)

I GET IT!!!

(suddenly sees it differently)

Oh my ... endless youth ... we could have it! ...
"The Moisturizer of the Gods" ...

HOOK

(from behind them, as Smee attends to his wounds)

It hardly matters, since, if I have my way, they'll all be
dead soon anyway! After all, there's more than one way
to never grow up --

DARLING

NO! They must be isolated and studied! Experiments must
be done! We need their secrets! They're our only clues!

MOTHER

(to herself)

The religious possibilities ... the profits ... and
it's so much easier to accessorize when you're young --

DARLING

They've got to be captured alive! --

Darling is left brooding, Mother is ripe with anticipation of going even further and restoring youth, and Hook nurses his bloody stump, snarling, thinking of revenge ...

Meanwhile, out in the streets, a little mutant reptilian "medley" crawls into a sewer, as we see a pinky finger stuck between its discolored, chattering teeth ...

FADE TO BLACK

(And thus, the true Legend of the Lost Boys is born ... and Hook, with a brand new, shiny, razor-sharp metal appendage to complement his name, grows in dark stature also ...)

TITLE CARD:

THE YEAR 2080: TWENTY YEARS LATER

The drums crash in and the song begins.

"LIFE IS A LEMON AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK!"

(This is the first all-out, large scale musical sequence interweaving realistic dramatic action, heightened and stylized almost "choreographed" action, and pure "choreography", designed with the dramatic action as the basic motivating force. It should all be seamless, explosive, muscular, and dizzyingly virtuosically intense. What we need here is a very new incarnation of what Jerome Robbins did years ago, a hot-wired AMPLIFIED "WEST SIDE STORY".)

The Lost Boys are exactly the same as we left them 20 years earlier -- clearly Darling was right. They have not aged a second, and since they have been teenagers for two decades, they are, understandably, a pretty wild group. They are completely overloaded on hormones, adrenaline, unchained dreams, unreasonable desires, insatiable appetites, and the constant need for new sensations, adventures, and excitement.

Since it's hard to satisfy all that, to say the least, they are also pretty adept at expressing the pent-up, head-banging, fist clenching, heart howling pissed-off frustration of JUST NEVER GETTING ENOUGH!

And, during the song, as Peter "gathers up" the Lost Boys, bringing them together for a "mission", we cut from one section of Neverland to another. We see them scattered about, alone or in small groups. Their lives are clearly NOT EASY: Neverland is no picnic. They are seen fighting rival gang members, stalking "prey", scavenging, confronting the terror of all sorts of predators, human and otherwise. They are seen STRUGGLING. But as each one leaves and joins Peter, a very powerful unified PACK takes shape. They belong with each other. This is a true convocation, and the song is their national anthem. (A much better beat than that "Star-Spangled" thing.)

The various characters of each Boy start to emerge in the song -- like the "Little Rascal" or the "Dead End Kids", they are very distinct personalities, and there is an almost tribal pecking order and assignment of roles here.

And though their lives are raw, and like the ultimate adolescents they truly are, they complain constantly, there is a constant energized pulse drumming through their lives that makes everything "jugular" and EXTREME ... which is, of course, very cool, but also takes its toll, as we shall discover ... The musical number itself, with its contrasts of caged fury and unleashed and reckless abandon, is ultimately joyous simply because it is so kinetically thrilling.

The final portion of the number is the human equivalent of turning on the ignition and going full throttle. A display of strength, a surge of fire, a summoning forth of powers held ready ... they are getting psyched, like athletes before a life or death game ...

(Note: The lyrics of the song are distributed among all the Lost Boys, though Peter sings a lot of it, sometimes alone, but often with them in various combinations. The middle section, the "catechism" ("It's defective!"), is particularly effective for a "call and response" structure, building to a thunderous "choral" peak.)

LIFE IS A LEMON AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK

IT'S ALL OR NOTHING
AND NOTHING'S ALL I EVER GET
EVERYTIME I TURN IT ON
I BURN IT UP AND BURN IT OUT

IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING GOING WRONG
THAT'S THE ONLY GUARANTEE
THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT

IT'S A NEVER ENDING ATTACK
EVERYTHING'S A LIE AND THAT'S A FACT
LIFE IS A LEMON AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK!

AND ALL THE MORONS
AND ALL THE STOOGES WITH THEIR COINS
THEY'RE THE ONES WHO MAKE THE RULES
IT'S NOT A GAME -- IT'S JUST A ROUT

THERE'S DESPERATION
THERE'S DESPERATION IN THE AIR
IT LEAVES A STAIN ON ALL YOUR CLOTHES
AND NO DETERGENT GETS IT OUT

AND WE'RE ALWAYS SLIPPING THROUGH THE CRACKS
THEN THE MOVIE'S OVER -- FADE TO BLACK
LIFE IS A LEMON AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK

WHAT ABOUT LOVE?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
IT'S ALWAYS BREAKING IN HALF

WHAT ABOUT SEX?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
IT'S NEVER BUILT TO REALLY LAST

WHAT ABOUT YOUR FAMILY?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
ALL THE BATTERIES ARE SHOT

WHAT ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS?
THEY'RE DEFECTIVE!
ALL THE PARTS ARE OUT OF STOCK

WHAT ABOUT HOPE?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
IT'S CORRODED AND DECAYED

WHAT ABOUT FAITH?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
IT'S TATTERED AND IT'S FRAYED

WHAT ABOUT YOUR GODS?
THEY'RE DEFECTIVE!
THEY FORGOT THE WARRANTY

WHAT ABOUT YOUR TOWN?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
IT'S A DEAD END STREET TO ME

WHAT ABOUT YOUR SCHOOL?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
IT'S A PACK OF USELESS LIES

WHAT ABOUT YOUR WORK?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
IT'S A CROCK AND THEN YOU DIE

WHAT ABOUT YOUR CHILDHOOD?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!
IT'S DEAD AND BURIED IN THE PAST

WHAT ABOUT YOUR FUTURE?
IT'S DEFECTIVE!!!
AND YOU CAN SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!!!

IT'S ALL OR NOTHING
AND NOTHING'S ALL I EVER GET
EVERYTIME I TURN IT ON
I BURN IT UP AND BURN IT OUT

IT'S A NEVER ENDING ATTACK
EVERYTHING'S A LIE AND THAT'S A FACT
LIFE IS A LEMON AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK

AND WE'RE ALWAYS SLIPPING THROUGH THE CRACKS
THEN THE MOVIE'S OVER -- FADE TO BLACK
LIFE IS A LEMON AND I WANT MY MONEY

BACK.

The musical number fades and dissolves into Peter and The Lost Boys in their subterranean hideaway. Peter is with TIGER LILLIANNE. She is the leader of a friendly gang, the MERMAIDS. They are an all black female gang, possessing the uncanny ability to stay underwater, or anywhere, without breathing for long periods. Tiger Lillianne is like their "voodoo queen", and she knows all the secret waterways and passageways and tunnels and rooms and walls and alleys and all that is hidden away in all of Obsidian ...

Peter explains their "mission", the reason he called them together tonight. Dr. Darling and Mother Superior have a daughter -- she is referred to by the populace as "The Wendy" -- and tomorrow will be her 16th birthday. (Her whole life has been covered by the fawning media. She was "designed" to be the perfect little princess of a girl, genetically "selected", "indoctrinated" with endless behavioral computer programs, perceived character flaws all deleted upon the earliest possible detection, chemically "enhanced", and generally "controlled" in every way known to science ... As we learn of Peter's plan, we see a sort of quick tabloid "review" of Wendy's life. She is treated a bit like Lady Di used to be. And she always looks lovely. And calm. And sad. (One haunting image: A "maternity ward". Hundreds of newborn babies -- thick "umbilical cords" are still attached, and the other ends are like big power "plugs", all inserted into a giant pulsing computer, already giving "the gift of a certain kind of life" ...)

Dr. Darling and Mother have planned a massive celebration for The Wendy's Sweet 16th. She is seen in photos and satellite transmissions all over Obsidian -- a perfectly beautiful, innocent, golden haired fairy tale girl. It seems, from the way Peter speaks about her, that he has been a little obsessed with her for quite some time ... and tonight they plan to abduct her!

This will be fantastic revenge against their "oppressors", and hopefully give them great leverage for gain. Last, and far from least, it's a new adventure, a new rush ...

Tiger Lillianne has come up with a way they can get to her -- since she has been moved from the inner sanctums of "Paradise Lots" to its more unprotected outer edge where it borders Neverland, so she can be displayed to the rich and powerful of Obsidian most effectively as part of a lavish Masked Ball, held in the huge confines of "Darling Stadium".

They set out on their journey ...

We CUT TO the bedroom where The Wendy is staying ...
It is a room right out of a Grimm's fairy tale;
it might also be the room where the movie began ...

Wendy stands at a window. Her beauty is breathtaking as she gazes impassively out, languidly brushing her hair with the same ritualistic movements she used when she was five. Dr. Darling and Mother come up from behind her -- they convince her to go to sleep and get enough rest for her big day tomorrow. She seems beyond tranquil, almost numb, almost "self-sedated" ... They remind her to say her "evening prayer":

WENDY

The sea is watching the sky.
The sky is watching the sea.
Nothing will ever happen ...
Nothing will ever happen ...

We realize that this is supposed to give her comforting reassurance, underlying how safe and protected she is, totally free from disruption. But, somehow, something in her voice, or her eyes, or her body, convinces us that her "prayer" has become a curse, a promise of unending, boring, and repetitive inaction ...

They give her various "potions" in various forms, and, finally, most importantly, so they can "protect" her even while she sleeps, a powerful dream suppressant". She has been given this every night of her life. Mother prepares it herself: she draws forth a large syringe. Then she pulls out a big shiny red apple. She injects the fluid into the apple very carefully. She polishes the apple, holding it up to the light. Then, with a melodramatic flourish, she whirls around and extends her arms toward Wendy, cradling the apple like the Holy Grail.

MOTHER

Here we are, dear! Just the way you like it --!

WENDY

Just this once -- for my birthday -- couldn't you let me dream just once? To see what it's like --

MOTHER
(hard, ominous)

St. Sebastian thanked God that he was not
responsible for his dreams!

DARLING

Or was it St. Augustine?--

MOTHER

It doesn't matter!

Go to sleep, my Wendy...

(this is all very tender, and we
realize how deeply Darling and
Mother love, and need, The Wendy.)

(As Wendy bites the apple and falls softly down on the bed)

MOTHER

A long, long sleep...

(to Darling)

She's never looked lovelier...

(as she kisses her goodnight)

It's for your own good, Wendy. We're only trying
to protect you --

DARLING
(as he kisses her goodnight)

Someday you'll know what it's like --

MOTHER

She's all we have --

DARLING

And someday we'll lose her --

MOTHER

Someday will never come!
--she's all we have --

DARLING

(with a certain degree of hope)

We've got each other --

(Mother looks at him, and the look is shocking because it is so plain -- drained, tired, and barren. He lowers his gaze from hers.)

DARLING

(like a confession)

She's all we have ...

(They leave the "Sleeping Beauty" on the bed, and bring in "NANA", an enormous mastiff, a terrifying hell-hound with a frothing face, mouth pulled back in a grinning rictus, and thumping talon-like "paws" ... She is the "watchdog".)

MOTHER

There, there ... nice doggie ... good doggie ...

(The room goes dark as they leave.)

(Possibly intercut with the previous scene, we see glimpses of the mostly subterranean route the Lost Boys and Tiger Lillianne have taken ...

(From their POV we move through a menacing, wondrous underground. Crumbling remnants of subway tunnels and stations ... a labyrinthine jungle of intricate twists and turns ... the remains of war shelters ... through trap doors, down into cellars below cellars ... up serpentine stairways of frosted stone ... past shattered slabs from desecrated monuments ... vast cemeteries, now completely underground, with tombstones, crypts, mausoleums ... huge disintegrating bells ... along a powdery steep ledge overlooking bottomless pools of red ... a crushed tomb filled with mildewed money ... a sarcophagus overflowing with jewels ...

Past the mocking smithereens of a garish carnival funhouse ... slide-away walls reveal an entire underground playground: on the concrete, one vibrant graffiti stands alone. A big heart with an arrow through it: "CASSANDRA LOVES CRUIZER"

Next to that: "KILL YOUR PARENTS. THEN WE'LL TALK. -CRUIZER"

(Ah, young love.)

Crawling through a tiny crevice leading to the gutted carcass of a cavernous church, shards of its once mighty spires cast upon the moldy floor like toothpicks and ashes ...

A bloated mechanical fat lady from the fun house is propped up behind the altar -- luridly painted, mangled and ravaged, weaving from side to side, rolling back and forth, occasionally coughing up a run down wheezing laugh ... on into a ghostly planetarium ... the severed stump of the telescope is crawling with something ... somebody pulls a switch -- the entire universe explodes into brilliant illumination all around them -- with every planet and every star defaced with brash, rude, angry, and splashy graffiti.

A panicked white horse races past in a frenzy, its mad galloping echoing in the closed space. Squealing behind it, a mass of large rats pour forth from an opening in the walls. They surround the horse, hissing, and their matted fur rises up suddenly, "erecting" sharp needle-like quills all over their bodies. With a piercing screech, the needles are "shot" into the whinnying animal. As it falls, paralyzed, the rats are upon it ...

And finally, climbing up the serrated edge of the long discarded hull of an ancient missile silo ... and then the final dark passageways leading to --

INT. THE WENDY'S BEDROOM

The Lost Boys seem to enter from all over -- behind the wall, beneath the floor, from a chamber under the bed, and a hidden "attic" over the bed ...

First they must get rid of Nana, easier said than done. When they're sure they've succeeded, taking a large bolt from the door, forcing her jaws open and sticking the bolt in to separate them, like you would handle an alligator -- suddenly, from deep within the belly of the dog, down in his gullet, another dog, an exact replica of Nana but smaller, comes lunging out through the straining jaws. This new Nana is even more fearsome since it is "skinned" ... Both doggies are quickly dispatched.

They approach Wendy, hushed. She still sleeps, and they stare in wonderment. Tiger Lillianne tries to awaken her, but to no avail.

TIGER LILLIANNE

She's had her potion ... only they can wake her ...
we're too late ...

Peter continues to stare "entranced", bathed in the ivory slivers of moonlight. He looks innocent, strong, and somehow "princely" as he speaks softly over the bed.

PETER
(like a soft incantation)

If light were dark
And dark were light
The moon a black hole
In the blaze of night
A raven's wing
As bright as tin
Then you my love
Would be darker than sin ...

In an almost "courtly", formal gesture, he bends down, leans over, and kisses Wendy tenderly on the lips. As the wind begins to whistle and thrum outside, her eyes "magically" open and she awakens, looking about in amazement and bewilderment.

PETER
(to Tiger Lillianne)

Never underestimate the power of a first teenage kiss --
(that cool smile again)

Wendy's eyes open wide in terror now, like a hunted doe. She tries to speak, but can't. She whirls around, looking for familiar things, as if to make certain she's not dreaming. Or as if to make certain she is. Peter reaches for her, and she lurches away. She tries to escape, but some of the Boys stop her and throw her back onto the bed. She cowers in fear and confusion, pulling the bedclothes around her.)

WENDY
(fast, reflexively, like somebody
saying the Rosary or an urgent
religious prayer in a moment of
danger and dread for reassurance,
as if the words themselves
could protect her)

WENDY

The sea is watching the sky the sky is watching the sea
nothing will ever happen nothing will ever happen --

PETER

You shouldn't be so negative. Something will happen,
I'm sure of it! -- Something always does --!

With a shuddering blast, "BAD FOR GOOD" begins. Sung mostly by Peter, but with "help" from the Lost Boys and Tiger Lillianne ... some of it is sung as performance, while much is on the track as accompaniment to action ... bits of dialogue interrupt -- Wendy realizes who they are, she's heard of The Lost Boys. This is partly a seduction as well as an abduction, and Wendy is partly terrified and partly tempted. During the song, we see her progressing from total fear and panic to a tentative "submission", like skidding on ice, but turning in the direction of the skid as the only way to avoid disaster ... He offers her adventures she's never even dreamed of ...

WENDY

--dreams? -- I'll be able to dream?

PETER

You won't be able to stop.

The mission is completed. Wendy is taken.

CUT TO:

Darling, Hook, and Mother barging into the room with some powerful guests -- Wendy is standing with her back to them -- they wonder where Nana is -- they need to get The Wendy ready for the celebration. Mother turns her around -- "she" is revealed to be Peter, and he and the remaining Lost Boys make their getaway in classic swashbuckling style.

"BAD FOR GOOD" ends.

ACT ONE is over.

"BAD FOR GOOD"

THE SEA IS WHIPPING THE SKY
THE SKY IS WHIPPING THE SEA
YOU CAN HIDE AWAY FOREVER FROM THE STORM
BUT YOU'LL NEVER HIDE AWAY FROM ME

THE ICY COLD WILL CUT US LIKE A KNIFE IN THE DARK
AND WE MAY LOSE EVERYTHING IN THE WIND
BUT THE NORTHERN LIGHTS ARE BURNING
AND THEY'RE GIVING OFF SPARKS
I WANT TO WRAP MYSELF AROUND YOU LIKE A WINTER SKIN

YOU KNOW I'M ONTO YOUR SCENT
WE'RE NEAR THE END OF THE CHASE
TAKE A LOOK OUT YOUR WINDOW AND I'LL BE THERE IN THE DARK
YOUR LOVE IS SO CLOSE THAT I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT

YOU'VE BEEN LIVING YOUR LIFE LIKE A GIRL IN A CAGE
AND YOU WHISPER WHEN I WANT YOU TO SHOUT
AND I'LL NEVER KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO GO ON SLEEPING
WHEN THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DREAM ABOUT
BUT YOU BETTER REMEMBER
IF IT'S SOMETHING I WANT
THEN IT'S SOMETHING I NEED
I WASN'T BUILT FOR COMFORT
I WAS BUILT FOR SPEED

AND I KNOW THAT I'M GONNA BE LIKE THIS FOREVER
I'M NEVER GONNA BE WHAT I SHOULD
AND YOU THINK THAT I'LL BE BAD FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE
BUT I KNOW THAT I'LL BE BAD FOR GOOD
I KNOW THAT I'LL BE BAD FOR GOOD

YOUR EYES ARE DARKER THAN SIN
AND I'VE BEEN WATCHING THEM GLOW
TAKE A CHANCE ON A PROMISE AND A ROLL OF THE DICE
PUT YOUR FOOT ON THE GAS
LET IT GO! LET IT GO! LET IT GO!

AND I KNOW THAT I'M GONNA BE LIKE THIS FOREVER
I'M NEVER GONNA BE WHAT I SHOULD
AND YOU THINK THAT I'LL BE BAD FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE
BUT I KNOW THAT I'LL BE BAD FOR GOOD
I KNOW THAT I'LL BE BAD FOR GOOD

FOR THE GOOD OF SOME THRILLS ON A LONG FRIGID NIGHT
FOR THE GOOD OF THE FIRE IN YOUR SOUL
FOR THE GOOD OF THE KISS LET ME HOLD YOU SO TIGHT
FOR THE GOOD OF GETTING OUT OF CONTROL

FOR THE GOOD OF THE ACTION AND A RACE IN THE DARK
FOR THE GOOD OF THOSE CHILLS UP YOUR SPINE
FOR THE GOOD OF THE ROCK AND THE ROLL IN YOUR HEART
FOR THE GOOD OF WHAT'S YOURS AND WHAT'S MINE

FOR THE GOOD OF BELIEVING IN A LIFE AFTER BIRTH
FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR BODY SO BRIGHT
FOR THE GOOD OF THE SEARCH FOR SOME HEAVEN ON EARTH
FOR THE GOOD OF ONE HELL OF A NIGHT
FOR THE GOOD OF ONE HELL OF A NIGHT

GOD SPEED
GOD SPEED
GOD SPEED
SPEED US AWAY!

GOD! SPEED!
GOD! SPEED!
GOD! SPEED!
SPEED US AWAY!

GOD IS SPEED!
GOD IS SPEED!
GOD IS SPEED!
SPEED US AWAY!

I'LL BE BAD FOR GOOD -- GOD SPEED!
I'LL BE BAD FOR GOOD -- GOD SPEED!
SPEED US AWAY!

THE SEA IS WHIPPING THE SKY
THE SKY IS WHIPPING THE SEA
YOU CAN HIDE AWAY FOREVER FROM THE STORM
BUT YOU'LL NEVER HIDE AWAY FROM ME

I KNOW THAT YOU CAN BE BAD
AT LEAST A LITTLE WHILE
BUT IF YOU GIVE ME A CHANCE
GIVE ME ONE LITTLE CHANCE
AND GIVE ME EVERYTHING THAT YOU SHOULD

THEN INSTEAD OF BEING BAD FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE
INSTEAD OF BEING BAD FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU BAD FOR GOOD!
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU BAD FOR GOOD!

I KNOW THAT YOU'LL BE BAD FOR GOOD!
YOU'LL BE BAD FOR GOOD!

ACT TWO begins in the subterranean hideaway of The Lost Boys in Neverland.

Wendy is "introduced" to each of them, to whom she is as mysterious as some previously unknown exotic bird that has fallen from the sky.

As for Peter, he has never encountered such purity or innocence -- in his world, this is one of the greatest "new sensations" of all. He is enthralled by her.

Wendy, for her part, begins to "thaw out" as her "programmed" and "induced" glacial demeanor gradually burns away with newly unleashed intensity, curiosity, wonder, excitement, and sense of adventure.

The essence of ACT TWO is the developing, edgy, and very romantic bond that forms between Peter and Wendy.

The first night with The Lost Boys is an extraordinary one for Wendy -- all the "potions" she has been given constantly wear off almost all at once, causing a harrowing sort of "cold turkey" withdrawal. And most intensely, the Dream Suppressants stop working entirely. (They must be administered nightly.) What results, when she's able to sleep, is astonishing -- she "speed-dreams", "hyper-dreams" -- fragments and pieces of all the recent dreams that might have been had they not been chemically suppressed come RUSHING to her, in segments and flashes and images ...

In one night, she is flooded with "all" the dreams that a teenage girl would usually have over a long period, in one exultant swoop, sometimes glorious and sometimes sorrowful, but always very visceral and vital and alive.

This sequence is seen on two levels: on the real level, we see Peter holding her, "cradling" her, taking her through the night, wrapping himself around her as if to ward off anything bad. She frequently awakes with a start, and desperately tries to tell him all the details of whatever dream she just left -- she races, but can never quite find the right words to describe or convey the incredible rapture for her in discovering all these new worlds. He helps her, asking questions, comforting, leading, explaining, holding ever more tightly. Eventually, he kisses her, and more while she sleeps. Kisses so deep that it feels to Wendy as if she could "inhale" him into her dreams, where he does appear, as we see ... (He tells her he can watch the dreams with her during the kisses, and this makes her feel much less alone.)

On the other level, we "see" the dreams, in a (hopefully) spectacular musical sequence. Beginning as Wendy's song, "ALL THE DREAMS I NEVER HAD", it builds into a very bold dance piece, inspired by the revolutionary "psychological ballets" that Agnes de Mille created for "Carousel" and "Oklahoma" ...

The dance itself is made up of the pieces of dreams she's having, wonderfully mythic, iconic, and heightened scenes of teenage life -- the "normal" kind that she may only know from movies and stories, with the right mixture of unfettered appetite and heartwrenching yearning. The final part of the dance is essentially a very powerful and erotic "pas de deux" with just Peter and Wendy ...

On both these levels, we see them falling in love, his taking her through the night with care and strength, her dreams filled with all the things that were kept from her. Her dreams which all end up here -- and now -- with him ...

When the night is over, Peter notices that her heartbeat, which seemed much too slow for him originally, has accelerated to the point that it matches his exactly -- he really likes that -- "Listen ... our bodies rhyme ... they rhyme ... " They kiss long and hard to welcome the dawn.

And, as the dawn breaks, and Peter and Wendy are kissing, the Lost Boys are all asleep, except for one. TINK glares at the two of them, his eyes almost welling up with tears he can't begin to explain. (After all, Tink is the only one who was genetically "frozen" who was not a teenager -- Tink still loves the Lost Boys and Peter, but most of the time he doesn't have a clue why things are happening as they are, since his physical and mental development was halted at nine, before he could ever experience or really know about adolescence and everything that comes with it ... but he does know that Peter is acting very differently with The Wendy than he's ever acted with any other "girls"; and Tink also knows that he's very scared ...)

Peter takes Wendy on a "tour" of Neverland ...

SONG: "IN THE UNDERBELLY OF THE BEAST"

(This is kind of like "Nine Inch Nails" meets "Cabaret".)

She gets to see the Gangs and other startling things,
even the very dangerous "RED ZONE", where flesh
peddlers, pushers, and hawkers of every imaginable
sort converge ...)

(some sample lyrics)

"THE THINGS THAT YOU DESIRE THE MOST
MAY BE THE THINGS YOU NEED THE LEAST
BUT YOU CAN GET IT ALL IF YOU PAY THE PRICE
IN THE UNDERBELLY OF THE BEAST

THE PIE IS STEAMING RICH AND RIPE
SO YOU CUT YOURSELF A PIECE
THEN YOU CUT THE CRAP AND WE CUT THE COST
IN THE UNDERBELLY OF THE BEAST

THERE ARE NO LIMITS. THERE ARE NO RULES
THE LAWS ARE ALL DECEASED
AND EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED HERE
IN THE UNDERBELLY OF THE BEAST ..."

In The Red Zone, the Lost Boys fall victim to a surprise
attack by THE GARGOYLES, their arch enemies among the
hostile gangs. (As for The Gargoyles, their mutant
evolution has them thriving on, even addicted to,
toxins in the air. To inhale as much as possible, they
stay most of the time on the roofs of buildings,
sucking in emissions from the chimney stacks;
sometimes passing the time perched on the ledges, like
true ancient gargoyles, singing eerie a capella
music, like an other-worldly doo wop group ...)

The battle with The Gargoyles is fast and furious:
Wendy shows great intuition, shrewdness, and truly
"blind" courage in "presenting herself" to The
Gargoyles, which completely stuns them, and then
outfoxing them, helping the Lost Boys to win ...
(She hardly recognizes the real danger -- it is like
some wonderful new game to her, one of many she
never got to play.)

Her "alliance" with Peter and the Lost Boys is
strengthened considerably, and Tink's confusion and
jealousy grow ...

Back in "Paradise Lots", Mother and Darling and Hook clash over what's to be done now. Hook demands to be unleashed, allowing for a brutal show of force, "to teach them all a lesson!" Mother and Darling are more concerned for Wendy's safety. They have to try and hold Hook at bay ...

HOOK

I've been waiting for a chance like this! I'll decimate all of Neverland if I have to, but we will be rid of The Lost Boys!

DARLING

We don't want to be rid of them, you fool! We need them for -- research!

MOTHER

And we need the Wendy back!

DARLING

We won't tolerate any more of your mindless cruelty --!

HOOK
(in a huff)

It is not mindless, I can assure you! I give it a great deal of thought, actually! I'm very proud of my -- cruelty.

MOTHER

Enough!

HOOK

NO! IT IS NOT NEARLY ENOUGH! I AM SICK OF ALL YOU PATHETIC DO-GOODERS! WHILE YOU BASKED IN THE GLORIES OF YOUR ALTAR AND YOU PUTTERED AWAY IN YOUR STERILE LABORATORIES, IT WAS ME! -- DOWN IN THE TRENCHES -- ME! -- MALIGNANT AND PUTRESCENT -- ME! -- I DID THE DIRTY WORK THAT KEPT YOU STRONG! AND THE FILTHIER I BECAME, THE CLEANER YOU LOOKED! IT WAS ME THEY SPAT AT, ME THEY DESPISED, ME THEY REVILED! THEY JOKED ABOUT ME, CURSED ME, RAN AWAY TO HIDE! I MADE THEM TREMBLE WITH FEAR, I MADE THEM BOIL WITH HATE! AND IT WAS ALL FOR YOU AND YOUR PRECIOUS CITY! AND WHILE YOUR TOWERS WERE RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER, I WAS SINKING LOWER AND LOWER! I'VE BECOME NOTHING BUT SCUM! I'VE ROTTED MY LIFE AWAY FOR YOU, AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY ME BACK! -- WITH INTEREST!!!

MOTHER
(surprised)

I thought you liked your work --

HOOK
(matter of fact)

It's a living.

(pause)

Well, it does tend to grow on you --

DARLING

You'll do whatever we say, or we'll have you -- removed!

HOOK

HA! AND THEN WHO'D PROTECT YOU!? WHEN ALL THE INFESTED
CREATURES COME TEARING DOWN THE GATES!? PLUNDERING!
RAMPAGING! VIOLATING HORDES! CONTAMINATION OF EVERY KIND!

(leering)

WHEN THE LOST BOYS TAKE WHATEVER THEY WANT!?
WHEN THE WENDY FEELS THE TOUCH OF DIRTY, ROUGH, DESPERATE
HANDS ALL OVER HER BODY!? WHO'D BE THERE!?

WHO'D BE THERE TO CRUSH THE HEATHEN!?
WHO'D BE THERE TO DO THE DIRTY!?
WHO'D BE THERE TO DO THE DIRTY!?

WHO'D BE THERE BUT HOOK?!!!!!!

(Right into Hook's song)

"WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?"
(sung by Captain Hook)

YOU SAY I'M EVIL
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY
BUT I'M TRUE TO YOU DEAR
IN MY OWN SPECIAL WAY

YOU SAY I'M EVIL
THEN I GUESS I MUST BE
BUT SUCH A NESSA-NESSA-NESSA-NESSA
NECESSARY EVIL
YOU GOTTA PUT YOUR TRUST IN ME
YOU GOTTA PUT YOUR TRUST IN ME

I CAN TEAR OUT YOUR HEART
I CAN SUCK OUT YOUR SOUL
I CAN PULL YOU APART
AND PUT YOU BACK AGAIN WHOLE
I CAN FLICKER AND FLAME
I CAN DO AS I DARE
'CAUSE IT'S ALL JUST A GAME
AND I REALLY DON'T CARE
I CAN FLICKER AND FLAME
I CAN DO AS I DARE
'CAUSE IT'S ALL JUST A GAME
AND I REALLY DON'T CARE

YES, I'M VICIOUS, AND MALICIOUS, AVARICIOUS
LORD, IT'S TRUE
BUT IF I WEREN'T AROUND, LOVE
TELL ME WHAT WOULD YOU ALL DO?
JUST TELL ME WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY DIRTY WORK AND KEEP YOUR POWER ALIVE?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY DIRTY WORK AND THEN THE SHUCK AND THE JIVE?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY AND YOU KNOW IT'S HOW YOU REALLY SURVIVE
LISTEN TO EVERY LITTLE WORD I SAY

DIRTY THE NIGHT AWAY!

I'M THE FATHER OF LIES
I'M THE MAKER OF SCHEMES
A PHILANDERING MEANDERING
A BREAKER OF DREAMS

I'M THE BETRAYER OF LOVE
I'M THE CONVEYOR OF HATE
SO GO ON PUT THE LID ON ME
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

I'M THE BETRAYER OF LOVE
I'M THE CONVEYOR OF HATE
SO GO ON PUT THE LID ON ME
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

'CAUSE I'M SO TREACHEROUS, SO KVETCHEROUS, SO LECHEROUS
MY GOD, IT'S TRUE
BUT THAT'S ONLY, ONLY TO OTHERS, NOW
NEVER NO NEVER TO YOU

WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY DIRTY WORK AND KEEP YOUR POWER ALIVE?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY DIRTY WORK AND THEN THE SHUCK AND THE JIVE?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY?
WHO'D DO THE DIRTY AND YOU KNOW IT'S HOW YOU REALLY SURVIVE
LISTEN TO EVERY SINGLE WORD I SAY

DIRTY THE NIGHT AWAY!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO US LOVE
I JUST HAVE TO LAUGH
I GAVE YOU MY TRUST
BUT THEN YOU GAVE ME THE SHAFT

YOUR FRIENDS WANT ME ELSEWHERE
GET RID OF ME -- DO
BUT WHEN I'M NOT AROUND
WHO'S GONNA DO WHAT I DO?
WHEN I'M NOT AROUND
WHO'S GONNA DO WHAT ONLY I CAN DO?

I'M SEDITIOUS, AND CAPRICIOUS, SO DELICIOUS
WELL, I GUESS
STICK WITH ME AND YOU WILL SEE
THAT I CAN CLEAN UP ANY MESS!
IT'S GONNA BE A SUCCESS!

I DO THE DIRTY! I DO THE DIRTY!
I DO THE DIRTY DIRTY WORK AND KEEP YOUR POWER ALIVE!
I DO THE DIRTY! I DO THE DIRTY!
I DO THE DIRTY DIRTY WORK AND THEN THE SHUCK AND THE JIVE!
I DO THE DIRTY! I DO THE DIRTY!
I DO THE DIRTY AND YOU KNOW IT'S HOW YOU REALLY SURVIVE
LISTEN TO EVERY PREVIOUS WORD I SAY
DIRTY THE NIGHT AWAY!!!

We go back to the Lost Boys' hideaway under Neverland. In a crucial scene, Peter is alone with Wendy in a cave, to "interrogate" her. He feels she must be able to give him all kinds of confidential information that he can use against Mother, Hook, and Darling. He is amazed how little she knows, how "empty" they've tried to keep her, how "isolated". The "interrogation" takes many turns, and deepens into a heartbreaking display of the complex and passionate love growing between Peter and Wendy, and the shockingly desperate need they have for each other, and what the other brings ... these two "kids" ...

For Wendy, Peter's world is a revelation, the excitement of childhood discovery, and adolescent adventure, and adrenaline "rush" that she was deprived of her whole life in "Paradise Lots".

For Peter, it is somewhat the opposite. He has been young and wild for so long that on some level he's beginning to "overheat" and burn too much too fast for too long. Wendy represents an innocence he either never knew or can't remember, a purity, a "clean beginning". She's experienced so little, she's an "empty slate", a "tabula rasa" -- he has the ability to "fill" her with experiences, feelings, ideas, sensations ... Through all his swaggering, tough years in Neverland, he's never felt such power, or nervous responsibility, or tenderness. Or yearning, which makes him angry --

He explodes at her, insisting she's holding back on him! The only thing she brought with her from home is a large, locked "diary/scrapbook" -- he's sure that this will offer up some juicy, useful information. He's even more convinced when she refuses to unlock it -- she's embarrassed -- but he forces her --

There are all sorts of things in the book, lots of photos, letters, mementos -- but none from her life. All the pictures, many advertisements and cutouts from magazines, many just home-made shots are carefully composed in the Norman Rockwell style. Everybody seems to be posing for Hallmark cards, or a TV sitcom. And another odd thing, they're all about 100 years old, from the previous century, the 1980's ... One perfect slice of ancient heartland Americana after another, scenes from "happier, simpler times".

She explains how she collected them, and uses them to escape into, imagining such a perfectly normal and wonderful world in which to live, so unlike her cold, luxurious, clinically "designed" life.

He's tremendously affected by this, and examines the pictures himself, with fascination.

She starts to "interrogate" him, about how it feels being who he is -- she starts to hit a few raw nerves, and he becomes really upset. An inexpressible rage welling up inside which reaches as far as his throat but stops there as the words just can't be found forces itself out in the form of violence, and he hits her hard --

He lashes out at her. She's just a pathetic little porcelain doll, a little porcelain doll in a gilded cage, with no past at all worth holding onto. 16 years of being hidden from everything has left her with nothing, nothing to remember, nothing to offer, nothing to believe in except a lot of stupid fake old pictures. They should just let her go, nobody's really got any reason to want her -- they already took away her entire childhood and she'll never get it back!

She starts to cry, but she's strong enough to lash back. He's in a cage too, trapped forever, never to grow, never to develop, never go to forward. No future at all, just endless reruns. He's sick, he's a freak, stunted and lost. He's like a running joke that never stops, he's like something from a little kiddy story --

He just stares at her. Both seem deeply wounded. He stares at some of the old photos: looking at a soda commercial, featuring golden kids, kids who look like they stepped out of a teenage dream, didn't like what they saw, and stepped back in again ... Peter and Wendy hold each other shakily.

Looking at a car commercial, featuring a good looking high school quarterback: "That could be me, I guess." "And that could be me", looking at the prom queen at his side. A little color returns to Peter's cheeks: "Thank God it's not, huh?" Still shaky.

He strokes her hair. Peter and Wendy complete each other. They can be "lost" together ...

They kiss, hungrier than ever.

Peter decides that Wendy is ready for and worthy of this next step: He wants her to be "initiated" into The Lost Boys and he wants to stay with her - forever ... (as far as he can really understand the word) ...

The final sequence of ACT TWO is entirely scored with various incarnations of an extended song:
"I'D DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE (BUT I WON'T DO THAT)"

It is used for presentational performance, sung by Peter and Wendy, with all the others, and it is used on the track to accompany the action, both in its vocal as well as purely instrumental form, arranged in one section for an acrobatic dance explosion.

The whole sequence is a "ceremony", in essence an amazing "wedding/initiation/induction/consummation ceremony".

First, the dancing -- the friendly Gang members in Neverland have come to join in the celebration. There is jubilant and frenzied competitiveness in everything - the "games", the eating, and especially, the dancing ... (Think of this like the "Dance In The Gym" scene from "West Side Story" on steroids, each group trying to outdo the other.)

Then we're in the "grotto". Peter leads Wendy over to an ornate, baroque, magnificent full length mirror. It seems almost embedded in the stone wall. The light shimmers off the water and shoots onto the glass, skimming across its surface. Peter stands behind her -- as he speaks he brings his hands down hard on her shoulders and then around her neck. She catches her breath and he gathers her hair back from her face, twisting it gently around and laying it over her shoulder. (We realize that this is the same exact series of moves we saw Peter do to Wendy in the Prologue, many years later.)

PETER

This is a very special mirror. It's magic, you know. And it gets very hungry, ravenous. Hungrier than I've ever been. Too hungry.

(He moves away from behind her and goes to the mirror. He stands away from her, facing her reflection. He starts to trace the outlines and contours of her face, lips, and eyes. He lets his fingers caress the reflection of her shoulder and Wendy shivers involuntarily.)

PETER

It wants new reflections, more reflections ... I no longer have any control what it shows me or what it sees.

(He slowly traces down the outside of her arm and back up the inside and over to her ribs. Then down to her waist and around her hip. He traces her legs ...)

PETER

The mirror decides itself what it would like to reflect! It won't obey me! It creates a reflection and then -- then I have to go out and find the real thing that matches it ...

And almost always, when I put the real thing in front of the mirror, it is not nearly as beautiful as the reflection that came first ...

(As he continues, The Lost Boys come toward her. Very easily, almost deferentially, as if part of an important ceremony, they remove her clothes, piece by piece, except for a silk robe, that they put on her.

She is modest and a little scared -- and excited. Peter continues to stroke her reflection with the back of his hand, with careful sensuous wonder. She stands up straighter, trembling in the flickering shadows, and undoes the robe. With his fingers, Peter skates softly over the mirror -- from her chin, between her breasts, circling, down over her stomach ... She stares at his hand as if for instructions, and then her eyes close and she tilts her head back, breathing harder.)

PETER

And at the point, I have to destroy the real thing, and go out looking again -- until finally I find another real thing. A thing that does match what's inside the mirror and which is truly worthy of the beautiful reflection that came first.

While he finishes, the Lost Boys, one by one, almost as a processional, come to the mirror, and either stroke, caress, fondle, or kiss, any part of her body in any way they wish ... It is somehow courtly and ritualistic, as well as very erotic.

PETER

But I almost never find it. And the mirror gets even hungrier! Pretty soon now it's going to swallow me up, piece by piece, sliver by sliver, and splinter by splinter!

PETER

(like a boy confessing his love)

But you can help me ... please ... it wants you ...
it's given me your image -- before I ever saw you --
it gave me your image ... please ...

I'd like to make you one of my reflections and feed you
to the mirror ... It only needs this one more to fill
it up. And if it were you, I feel that -- it would be
satisfied ... as I would ... please ...

You have such a beautiful reflection.
Don't waste it.

WENDY

(pause, after the Lost Boys are done)

I bet you say that to all the girls.

(the whole "piece" has been like a
stylized proposal)

They smile at each other.

CUT TO: "THE TAKING OF THE VOWS" (as the music builds up)

PETER

On a hot summer night -- would you offer your throat to the
wolf with the red roses?

WENDY

Will he offer me his mouth?

PETER

Yes.

WENDY

Will he offer me his teeth?

PETER

Yes.

WENDY

Will he offer me his jaws?

PETER

Yes.

WENDY

Will he offer me his hunger?

PETER

Yes.

WENDY

Again! Will he offer me his hunger!?

PETER

Yes!

And will he starve without me? WENDY
Yes. PETER
Then does he love me? WENDY
Yes. PETER
(pause)
Yes. (pause)
On a hot summer night -- would you offer your throat to WENDY
the wolf with the red roses? PETER
Will she offer me her mouth? WENDY
Yes. PETER
Will she offer me her teeth? WENDY
Yes. PETER
Will she offer me her jaws? WENDY
Yes. PETER
Will she offer me her hunger? WENDY
Yes. PETER
Again! Will she offer me her hunger!? WENDY
Yes! PETER
Then will she starve without me? WENDY
Yes. PETER
Then does she love me? WENDY
Yes. (pause)
Yes. PETER

(Tink comes forth out of the shadows, holding a glittering jeweled brooch. Close-up, we see it is the giant Bat from the City Gates, its eyes magnificent rubies, the other jewels embedded in polished and sculpted shiny black volcanic rock. He gives the brooch to Peter, nervously. Peter puts it around Wendy's neck.)

TINK
(voice slightly trembling)

On a hot summer night -- would you offer your throat to the wolf with the red roses?

(pause)

Till death do you part?

PETER AND WENDY

Yes.

(They turn to each other.)

PETER

I bet you say that to all the boys ...

(Black-Out)

(The music really breaks out)

CUT TO:

The far end of their underground lair. A huge boulder sits at the end of a tunnel, streams of tantalizing light slipping out from behind it through the cracks. The Lost Boys move it away. Peter leads Wendy up some stairs and then they are suddenly, miraculously, on the edge of a breathtakingly beautiful white beach at the edge of a rich blue ocean. Gorgeous tropical exotic birds and fruit in the trees ...

It takes a few disorienting moments to realize that we're actually in the middle of a magnificent diorama, one of those elaborate displays behind glass at Museums of Natural History and such.

Stuffed animals and sculpted, preserved, "duplicated" "natural wonders" are everywhere. In wonderment, Wendy is led by Peter through an Arctic panorama of stunning majesty, a lush green Vineyard, a craggy mountain pass, a storm threatened foggy moor, a dusky bayou, an African jungle ...

It is there that they lie down, there in the still perfectly kept "ruins" down in The Basement of The Museum, there behind glass, with dozens of animal eyes glinting motionlessly out at them from the thick brush, like jungle eyes in a Rousseau painting ...

They will become a new, and very sexual, addition to the dioramas. As they begin to make love, a series of dissolves, seeing them in one panoramic diorama setting after another ...

"He used his body just like a bandage
He used my body just like a wound ... "

Entangled limbs, sliding and colliding, arched back, urging forward, skidding over, kneeling, bending, rolling under, slipping through and enfolding, multiple collisions, rough then smoothing out ... downpouring ... and burning ... up ...

"She used her body just like a bandage
She used my body just like a wound ... "

And, abruptly, we CUT TO Tink, hidden away, watching everything. We see it from his POV, and then his face filled with envy, anger, confusion, resentment, jealousy, and finally disgust. And betrayal.

The final image is of Peter, hovering on the edge of orgasm like a parachutist in the whistling doorway to another world ...

(or something along those lines)

(The music ends as we Fade To Black)

Now -- two short scenes in quick succession.

First, Tink and Peter have an angry confrontation.

TINK

--send her back!--

PETER

No!

TINK

Send her home!

PETER

She is home!

She'll just slow us down!

TINK

She'll learn -- she's fast!

PETER

She's just a girl!

TINK

And you're just a little kid!

PETER

You never kept me out of it before --!

TINK

Nothing's keeping you out now!

PETER

Everything's keeping me out! I can't go any further!
I don't even know what's there -- I can't understand it!
I don't even know what it's supposed to be or what it's
supposed to feel like!

PETER

That's not my fault!

TINK

IT IS YOUR FAULT!!!
You got a head start on me and I'll never catch up!
I'll never get to any of it! It's never gonna happen
to me at all!

PETER

You're the one who's slowing us down!

TINK

And if it's never gonna happen to me, I don't want to
have to watch it happen to anybody anymore!!!

GET RID OF HER! IF YOU DON'T DO IT, I WILL!

Peter bolts around and smashes Tink in the stomach with
his fist. Tink doubles up in pain but quickly
"covers up", trying to act strong.

TINK

You don't believe me, do you!? DO YOU!?
I'LL SHOW YOU! YOU'LL SEE! --

PETER

GROW UP!

TINK

MAKE ME!

Though even as he spoke, Peter realized it was about the cruelest thing he could have said to Tink. Despite that, or maybe because of it, he repeats himself.

PETER
(softer)

Just grow up --

TINK
(softer still)

Just try and make me ...

DISSOLVE TO:

A clandestine meeting in front of SKULL ROCK. (Actually, this is "Skull Rockefeller Center" -- the building has been gutted and vandalized in such a way that its towering facade resembles a human skull in the eerie night light.)

Present are Captain Hook, Lieutenant Smee, and Tink ... Tink agrees to tell them where the Lost Boys' hideout is ... He doesn't want them hurt, though -- just The Wendy to be taken back ... Hook can barely conceal his glee ...

Suddenly, he is startled -- he turns ghostly pale -- we hear a loud sound coming closer and closer. It is the sound of a geiger counter. Tink sees Hook's paralyzing pure terror -- he wonders what's wrong -- Smee tells him.

It seems the "Creature In The Sewer" that ate Hook's hand so many years ago loved the taste, and has been stalking him ever since, trying to complete its meal. Luckily he swallowed a large geiger counter, and is highly radioactive, so it is always sounding its warning alarms and Hook can hear him coming in time to flee -- which he does now, fast, grabbing Tink and yanking him along like a pile of rags.

Tink screams and screams as the geiger counter gets closer and closer, accompanied by the unearthly crescendo of a soul-freezingly ugly guttural howl and roar ...

BLACK-OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

"I'D DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE (BUT I WON'T DO THAT)"

(sung by Peter and Wendy, and, at
times, The Lost Boys and the others)

AND I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
I'D RUN RIGHT INTO HELL AND BACK
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
I'LL NEVER LIE TO YOU AND THAT'S A FACT

BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET THE WAY YOU FEEL RIGHT NOW --
OH NO -- NO WAY --
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
BUT I WON'T DO THAT
I WON'T DO THAT

ANYTHING FOR LOVE
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
BUT I WON'T DO THAT
I WON'T DO THAT

SOME DAYS IT DON'T COME EASY
SOME DAYS IT DON'T COME HARD
SOME DAYS IT DON'T COME AT ALL
AND THESE ARE THE DAYS THAT NEVER END

SOME NIGHTS YOU'RE BREATHING FIRE
SOME NIGHTS YOU'RE CARVED IN ICE
SOME NIGHTS YOU'RE LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE
OR WILL AGAIN

MAYBE I'M CRAZY
BUT IT'S CRAZY AND IT'S TRUE
I KNOW YOU CAN SAVE ME
NO ONE ELSE CAN SAVE ME NOW BUT YOU

AS LONG AS THE PLANETS ARE TURNING
AS LONG AS THE STARS ARE BURNING
AS LONG AS YOUR DREAMS ARE COMING TRUE --
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT --!

--THAT I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
AND I'LL BE THERE TILL THE FINAL ACT
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
AND I'LL TAKE A VOW AND SEAL A PACT

BUT I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF WE DON'T GO ALL THE WAY --
TONIGHT --
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
BUT I WON'T DO THAT
I WON'T DO THAT

(I would do anything for love Anything you've been dreaming
of
But I just won't do that)

SOMEDAYS I PRAY FOR SILENCE
SOMEDAYS I PRAY FOR SOUL
SOMEDAYS I JUST PRAY TO THE GOD OF
SEX AND DRUMS AND ROCK AND ROLL

SOME NIGHTS I LOSE THE FEELING
SOME NIGHTS I LOSE CONTROL
SOME NIGHTS I JUST LOSE IT ALL
WHEN I WATCH YOU DANCE AND THE THUNDER ROLLS

MAYBE I'M LONELY
THAT'S ALL I'M QUALIFIED TO BE
THERE'S JUST ONE AND ONLY
THE ONE AND ONLY PROMISE I CAN KEEP

AS LONG AS THE WHEELS ARE TURNING
AS LONG AS THE FIRES ARE BURNING
AS LONG AS YOUR PRAYERS ARE COMING TRUE --
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT --!

THAT I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE!
AND YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE AND THAT'S A FACT
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE!
AND THERE'LL NEVER BE NO TURNING BACK

BUT I'LL NEVER DO IT BETTER THAN I DO IT WITH YOU
SO LONG --
SO LONG --
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
BUT I WON'T DO THAT
I WON'T DO THAT

(I would do anything for love
Anything you've been dreaming of
But I just won't do that)

BUT I'LL NEVER STOP DREAMING OF YOU EVERY NIGHT OF MY LIFE
NO WAY!
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
BUT I WON'T DO THAT
I WON'T DO THAT

CODA

WENDY:

WILL YOU RAISE ME UP?
WILL YOU HELP ME DOWN?
WILL YOU GET ME RIGHT OUT OF THIS
GODFORSAKEN TOWN?
WILL YOU MAKE IT ALL A LITTLE LESS COLD?

PETER:

I CAN DO THAT!
I CAN DO THAT!

WENDY:

WILL YOU HOLD ME SACRED
WILL YOU HOLD ME TIGHT?
CAN YOU COLORIZE MY LIFE
I'M SO SICK OF BLACK AND WHITE
CAN YOU MAKE IT ALL A LITTLE LESS OLD?

PETER:

I CAN DO THAT!
I CAN DO THAT!

WENDY:

WILL YOU MAKE ME SOME MAGIC
WITH YOUR OWN TWO HANDS?
CAN YOU BUILD AN EMERALD CITY
WITH THESE GRAINS OF SAND?
CAN YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING I CAN TAKE HOME?

PETER:

I CAN DO THAT!
I CAN DO THAT!

WENDY:

WILL YOU CATER TO EVERY FANTASY I'VE GOT?
WILL YOU HOSE ME DOWN WITH HOLY WATER
IF I GET TOO HOT?!
WILL YOU TAKE ME PLACES
I'VE NEVER KNOWN!?

PETER:

I CAN DO THAT!
I CAN DO THAT!

WENDY:

AFTER AWHILE, YOU'LL FORGET EVERYTHING
IT WAS A BRIEF INTERLUDE
A RAGING HORMONAL FLING
AND YOU'LL SEE THAT IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON --

PETER:

I WON'T DO THAT!
I WON'T DO THAT!

WENDY:

I KNOW THE TERRITORY -- I'VE BEEN AROUND
IT'LL ALL TURN TO DUST
AND WE'LL ALL FALL DOWN
AND SOONER OR LATER
YOU'LL BE SCREWING AROUND --

PETER:

I WON'T DO THAT!
I WON'T DO THAT!

ANYTHING FOR LOVE
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE
BUT I WON'T DO THAT

I

WON'T

DO

THAT.

ACT THREE begins in Dr. Darling and Mother Superior's "house", a gloriously imposing Gothic castle, formerly known as "The Cloisters".

In an outdoor courtyard, Tink is "questioned" mercilessly by Hook. We see it silently from atop a turret, the POV of the huge Bat ...

At one point, Hook screeches at the boy and lashes him across the face with the hook itself, whose edges are suddenly razor-tipped and glinting in the light ...

Then we CUT TO Peter, Wendy, and a few of the Lost Boys, out on a hunt for Tink. They're very concerned about his whereabouts and safety.

As a violent storm breaks out, they run to a huge covered space, probably a former factory, now inhabited by thousands of automobile corpses. Tired and a bit nervous, Wendy tries to sleep -- the anticipation of dreaming still ironically gets her too psyched to sleep -- and she jokingly asks Peter if he knows any "lullabies" ... As often happens, he surprises her. After a few seconds, he starts to sing ...

"Say a prayer for the falling angels
Stem the tide of the rising waters
Toll a bell for the broken hearted
Burn a torch for your sons and daughters

And the tides they go on forever
Say goodbye to all those castles of sand
And the wind it'll blow forever
You can fly but you never land
You can fly
But you never land ... "

Wendy starts to sleep, the Lost Boys listen, and, across the City, shivering in the courtyard, as Hook leaves him, trying to hold back tears of terror and shame, Tink begins to sing as well, halting and pure. At first, in unison with Peter, as if he heard something familiar carried on the wind, and it gives him strength to "join in"; and then, in harmony, then leaping into a soaring, totally independent counterpoint ...

"Go ahead and cry
Cry to heaven
Say a prayer and
Stem the tide and
Burn a torch and
Toll a bell ... "

"Go on and cry
Cry to heaven above!
And if that doesn't do it for you
Go ahead and
Cry like hell! ... "

(sample lyrics from "CRY TO HELL")

Peter ends by singing the same words as Tink, in perfect unison.

PETER
(as Wendy stirs)

Those are the only lullabies I know, I guess ...
I used to sing 'em both for Tink. He always had a lot
of trouble sleeping and stuff ...

At the Castle, the Bat watches the shuddering sobbing little boy, sitting alone in the vast courtyard, in the ferocious rain ...

CUT TO:

HOOK bursting into the INNER SANCTUM of the Castle, exulting, with Darling and Mother right behind. They have all the information they need, the secret locations of not only The Lost Boys but all the other gangs as well! Total victory is at hand! The huge doors to The Sanctum slam shut, Hook cackles wildly, garishly colored lights switch on and start swooping about, like searchlights at a big premiere or spotlights searching for a star. The gangs will be caught so off guard that they won't have a chance -- they wallow in their triumph in the song "WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG?"

(The song is intercut with the preparations Hook is making for his "retaliation".)

"WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG?"

WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG?
THE REVELATION OF THEIR FACES AND THEIR HAIR
WHEN ALL WE HAVE ARE WITHERED TRACES
OF THE FACES WE ONCE WERE
AND SUFFOCATION IN THE DIRTY FATAL AIR
WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG BODIES FLOATING IN THE SUN?

WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG?
THE CELEBRATION OF THE RACES THAT THEY'VE WON
THE FOUL LUBRICIOUS THINGS WE'VE CERTAINLY NEVER DONE
(disgusting)
AND ALL THE PLACES THAT WE NEVER WILL HAVE GONE
WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG BODIES FLOATING IN THE SUN?
WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG?

MY EYES JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
MY EYES JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
MY EYES JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
IS THERE ANYONE LEFT WHO CAN SEE?
BLIND HIM!

MY LIPS JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
MY LIPS JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
MY LIPS JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
IS THERE ANYONE LEFT WHO CAN KISS?
SPIT ON HIM!

MY LEGS JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
MY LEGS JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
MY LEGS JUST AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
IS THERE ANYONE LEFT WHO CAN DANCE?
CRIPPLE HIM!

MY MIND JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
MY MIND JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
MY MIND JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
IS THERE ANYONE LEFT WHO CAN DREAM?
WAKE HIM!

MY VOICE JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
MY VOICE JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
MY VOICE JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
IS THERE ANYONE LEFT WHO CAN SING?
SILENCE HIM!

MY SEX JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
MY SEX JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
MY SEX JUST ISN'T WHAT IT WAS
IS THERE ANYONE LEFT WHO CAN FUCK?
SCREW HIM!

WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG?
THE PERFECT STAR OF FLESH THAT NEVER HAS TO CRY
WHO NEEDS THE FILTHY MOANING PASSED FROM THIGH TO THIGH
WHO NEEDS THE SELF-APPOINTED PROPHETS
WAVING BANNERS
IN THE BLOODSHOT SKY?

WHO NEEDS THE YOUNG
WHEN WE'RE SPENDING ALL THE REST OF OUR WONDERFUL LIVES
LEARNING TO
DIE?

The song ends.

Mother looks into her personal Satellite Surveillance Monitor, which looks suspiciously like a large crystal ball, while Hook's personal elite militia flies by the windows on their "choppers", suspiciously like the "warrior monkeys" from "The Wizard of Oz". They spread out into the City, with Hook leading the way.

As she helps to change Mother's clothes, we see CLOSE-UP the apprehension on her MAID'S face -- it is only a few seconds before she rushes out of the room that we realize it was Tiger Lillianne in disguise ...

We go back to the Automobile Graveyard.

Wendy is asking the other Boys if they can still remember things that happened to them before they became -- before they stopped -- before it all changed ... When they were first young, rather than still young, over twenty years ago, even earlier ...

As the rain batters on the roof, we lead into:

"OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR MAY
APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE"

(The stark and heartwrenching memories conjured up in the song should be shocking -- in the sense that, immersed as we are in this "fantastic heightened mythic" world, it is amazing to realize that these Lost Boys were just kids at one time, some growing up on farms, ranches, small towns and lush suburbia. Each of the memories is a Ghost Story, an American Gothic from a haunted country that long ago left these boys, or was left by these boys, behind ... far behind ... The song consists of three separate stories, each belonging to and sung by a different boy. The dredging up of these memories from a long forgotten "well" is emotional and cathartic. At first, it seems also as if the memories come back involuntarily, even against their will, as if they don't really want them back, but can't escape them, after so much time ...)

The song is presented three ways: we see the Boys singing; we see parts of the stories dramatized in powerful imagery as they remember them; and during all of this, we begin to intercut the constantly encroaching sinister army of Hook's police as they move closer and closer to the heart of Neverland.

"OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR
MAY APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE"

THE SKIES WERE PURE AND THE FIELDS WERE GREEN
AND THE SUN WAS BRIGHTER THAN IT'S EVER BEEN
WHEN I GREW UP WITH MY BEST FRIEND KENNY
WE WERE CLOSE AS ANY BROTHERS THAT YOU EVER KNEW

IT WAS ALWAYS SUMMER AND THE FUTURE CALLED
WE WERE READY FOR ADVENTURES AND WE WANTED THEM ALL
THERE WAS SO MUCH LEFT TO DREAM
AND SO MUCH TIME TO MAKE IT REAL

BUT I CAN STILL RECALL
THE STING OF ALL
THE TEARS WHEN HE WAS GONE
THEY SAID HE CRASHED AND BURNED
I KNOW I'LL NEVER LEARN
WHY ANY BOY SHOULD DIE SO YOUNG

WE WERE RACING
WE WERE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
WE GOT IN TROUBLE BUT WE SURE GOT AROUND
THERE ARE TIMES I THINK I SEE HIM PEELING OUT OF THE DARK
I THINK HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME NOW
AND HE'S GAINING GROUND!

BUT IT WAS LONG AGO AND IT WAS FAR AWAY
OH GOD IT SEEMS SO VERY FAR
AND IF LIFE IS JUST A HIGHWAY --
THEN THE SOUL IS JUST A CAR

AND OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR
MAY APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE
OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR
MAY APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE

AND WHEN THE SUN DESCENDED AND THE NIGHT AROSE
I HEARD MY FATHER CURSING EVERYONE HE KNOWS
HE WAS DANGEROUS AND DRUNK AND DEFEATED
AND CORRODED BY FAILURE AND ENVY AND HATE

THERE WERE ENDLESS WINTERS AND THE DREAMS WOULD FREEZE
NOWHERE TO HIDE AND NO LEAVES ON THE TREES
AND MY FATHER'S EYES WERE BLANK
AS HE HIT ME AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN

I KNOW I STILL BELIEVE
HE'D NEVER LET ME LEAVE
I HAD TO RUN AWAY ALONE
SO MANY THREATS AND FEARS
SO MANY WASTED YEARS
BEFORE MY LIFE BECAME MY OWN

AND THOUGH THE NIGHTMARES SHOULD BE OVER
SOME OF THE TERRORS ARE STILL INTACT
I'LL HEAR THAT UGLY COARSE AND VIOLENT VOICE
AND THEN HE GRABS ME FROM BEHIND
AND THEN HE PULLS ME BACK!

BUT IT WAS LONG AGO AND IT WAS FAR AWAY
OH GOD IT SEEMS SO VERY FAR
AND IF LIFE IS JUST A HIGHWAY --
THEN THE SOUL IS JUST A CAR

AND OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR
MAY APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE
OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR
MAY APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE

THERE WAS A BEAUTY LIVING ON THE EDGE OF TOWN
SHE ALWAYS PUT THE TOP UP AND THE HAMMER DOWN
AND SHE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I'LL EVER KNOW
ABOUT THE MYSTERY AND THE MUSCLE OF LOVE

THE STARS WOULD GLIMMER AND THE MOON WOULD GLOW
I'M IN THE BACK SEAT WITH MY JULIE LIKE A ROMEO
AND THE SIGNS ALONG THE HIGHWAY ALL SAID
CAUTION! KIDS AT PLAY!

THOSE WERE THE RITES OF SPRING AND WE DID EVERYTHING
THERE WAS SALVATION EVERY NIGHT
WE GOT OUR DREAMS REBORN AND OUR UPHOLSTERY TORN
BUT EVERYTHING WE TRIED WAS RIGHT

SHE USED HER BODY JUST LIKE A BANDAGE
SHE USED MY BODY JUST LIKE A WOUND
I'LL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW WHERE SHE DISAPPEARED
BUT I CAN SEE HER RISING UP OUT OF THE BACK SEAT NOW
JUST LIKE AN ANGEL RISING UP FROM A TOMB!

BUT IT WAS LONG AGO AND IT WAS FAR AWAY
OH GOD IT SEEMS SO VERY FAR
AND IF LIFE IS JUST A HIGHWAY --
THEN THE SOUL IS JUST A CAR

AND OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR
MAY APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE
OBJECTS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR
MAY APPEAR CLOSER THAN THEY ARE ...

After the song, we stay with Hook, and intercut with Tiger Lillianne's frantic attempt to get there before them ...

As she travels, she contacts other gangs and tells them what's going on -- they, in turn, tell still more gangs, in a chain reaction. By the time she reaches the Lost Boys' hideaway, and is stunned to find that some are with Peter and Wendy out hunting for Tink, the entire Never Land has begun to detonate, and the storm has risen to an even greater fury.

It all starts well before the Police get there -- a riot of fires and random destruction -- the night will become like a "Walpurgisnacht", an urban "Witches' Sabbath", with all the pent up anger and frustration of the Gangs of Neverland breaking out, partly as a tactic to counteract and divert Hook's oncoming assault, and partly as a
RELEASE ...

From this point to well near the end, the music is totally integrated, combining two songs, and purely instrumental accompaniment. It all moves in and out of the action, the songs divided up amongst everybody, in all sorts of combinations: solos, ensembles, and chorales. But everything serves the momentum of the plot, and it becomes impossible to tell the difference between fiercely executed choreography and pure action accompanied by the score ...

(The two songs are:

"THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS TONIGHT"

and

"DESIGNATED ANGEL"

("we need a designated angel
to help us get through all this night
we need a designated angel
to find an exit to the light

and when all the battles are over
and when we know just who survived

there'll be a designated angel
and only lovers left alive ...

there'll be those designated angels
and only lovers left alive ... "

What follows is the truly apocalyptic final battle between the Police and the Gangs. It is very fast and very brutal. The street-smart quickness of the Gangs, on their own turf, up against the high-tech but comparatively lumbering robotic and confused cops, totally flummoxed by the awareness that their precious element of surprise has been taken away.

Plus, the Gangs have the added plus that, despite the very real dangers, there is a rush, kick, and thrill element: the WHOOOOOOOOSH! factor. Kids, as always, can find the joy in being pissed off.

In the midst of all this, Tiger Lillianne and the other Lost Boys reunite with Wendy and Peter and the rest. As things get wilder, at one point, it looks like the Lost Boys are trapped with nowhere to run -- they are miraculously "saved" at the last minute by the sudden appearance of The Gargoyles, their "arch enemies", united temporarily with them to fight an even greater enemy.

But when Hook personally, and savagely, attacks Tiger Lillianne, Wendy can't stand it any more. She begs Peter to stop, to arrange a "cease-fire" and make a trade of hostages: she'll go back if they'll give Tink back.

Seeing the extent of injuries and damage all around, Peter agrees ...

The storm subsides. The music stops. There is the pervasive hypnotic roll of after-storm wind and surf, the crackling and popping of fires still burning throughout the region ...

On a wintry, desolate beach, next to the roiling black water, in a strange "ceremony", the exchange is made, only Peter and Wendy and Hook and Tink are present -- all the others are kept well away, the Gangs on one end, the Police on the opposite end. The four main principals have been searched and checked: no weapons are allowed.

Peter and Wendy stand together. Peter holds a large torch in one hand, Hook has a powerful "laser lantern". Hook stands with Tink behind him -- he pulls him forward -- Tink has been chained, bound, and gagged. His face is bruised and there is a vicious cut across his right cheek, all the way down his throat. His eyes, at first downcast, soon look back up to Peter, as always, for help ...

HOOK

(his voice hollow, as he gently,
almost tenderly, removes the binds
from Tink's body)

You give us The Wendy now -- you'll get him back.
He's so little, he'd be easy to kill, and you'd
never hurt her, would you, so I think you'd agree that
we still have the upper hand here --

But I do think we've all had more than enough.
For now.

We pan up to the sky, as the moon begins to drop below the
horizon, as the streaks of dawn begin, as the sky becomes
bloodshot ...

We pan back down to the beach. The two "couples" walk
away in opposite directions -- Peter and Tink. Hook
and Wendy. The exchange has been made.

When they are about 45 feet apart, Wendy turns back
around and calls desperately, her eyes panicked ...

WENDY

Don't leave me there forever --!
Say you'll come back --!

PETER

Don't be afraid --!
I'll come back --!

WENDY

Say you'll come back next summer --!
Promise me --!

PETER

Next summer --!
I promise --!

Hook pulls her back around.
They continue walking away from each other. When they are
about 100 feet apart, Hook suddenly whirls around,
SCREAMING --

HOOK

TURN AROUND, PETER!!!
TURN AROUND!!!

All of this happens in an astonishingly short time:

Peter turns, and just as he does, Hook flings his arm back and hurls it forward mightily, "casting his hook", the way one might throw out a lethal fishing line, sending it whizzing through the air like a dagger, still "attached" to his arm by a long, rapidly unwinding thin wire -- spinning on a deadly accurate path aimed right at Peter ...
The "concealed weapon" they forgot to discover ...

Tink, howling NO!!!, pushes Peter back and lunges in front of him, just in time, for the hook to rip into him -- then Hook yanks his arm back again, and, like a rubber band, the line snaps back, reeling in its "catch" with incredible velocity.

Tink's body smashes against the stump of Hook's wrist. With a gesture of contempt, Hook detaches the child from the hook, dropping him to the sand, and, still unsatisfied, roars across the beach, as if possessed.

HOOK

IT WAS YOU PETER!!!
IT WAS YOU I WANTED TO GET!!!
IT WAS ALWAYS YOU!!!

His face contorted with hate, he casts the hook again -- and this time Peter doesn't move. He stands and waits, the vein in his forehead pulsing excitedly -- he's already in his "next adventure" --

And, as the hook is shooting towards him, when it is only yards away, he raises his muscular arm into the air, and in an almost superhuman gesture of defiance and strength, with perfect timing, he reaches up and "catches" the hook in full flight, clutching it in his clenches and angry fist and holding it tight.

Hook stares in shock, confusion, and terror -- he looks around for help, but his "minions" are too far away. He begins to frantically pull at the long thin wire which connects the vicious hook to the rest of his arm, trying desperately to rip it out, to free himself.

He twists and turns it in all directions, tugging, grabbing, and snatching it wildly at its "roots" -- shredding the skin with his nails, digging away frantically -- but he cannot detach it or pull it loose, no matter what he does ...

Peter takes the torch and wraps the hook around the base of it, "locking it in place", piercing the hook's tip through the center of the torch stem. Peter "releases" the hook.

In almost slow motion, Hook stares with paralyzing horror as the burning torch comes flying back to him, a speeding fireball --

Just when it is almost there, Hook turns and stares at the camera: interestingly enough, it is almost exactly the very same expression that appears on the face of Wile E. Coyote, of cartoon fame, when he realizes, in the course of chasing Road Runner, that the solid ledge he thought he was standing on is actually thin air and there is nothing left for him to do but fall straight down, which he does, after that look ...

The hook snaps back into his arm and, on impact, the rocketing "fireball" shoots across his chest, leaps up towards his head, skitters up his arms and down his legs. Within moments, Hook has turned himself into a shrieking human torch.

He throws himself into the ocean, which he temporarily forgets is basically pure oil, and which bursts into flames as far as the eye can see ...

As his men finally reach him and put out his fire, on the other side of the beach, Peter cradles Tink, as if he were trying to put him back together -- he tries to comfort and quiet the dying child ...
(Halting, tremulous bits of their "lullabye" ...)

"Go ahead and cry. Cry to heaven.
Say a prayer and stem the tide
And burn a torch and toll a bell
Go on and cry. Cry to heaven above
And if that doesn't do it for you
Go ahead and cry like hell ..."

We zoom way up high, as if we were staring from a tower in the clouds -- we hear the distant sounding lullabye -- we see the Gangs and the Police start to move off in opposite directions ...

And then --

We hear a rumbling, building fast, a low frequency bloodcurdling roar, a spiralling guttural squeal, a howling --

We zoom back down -- just in time to see a manhole cover get blasted into the air like a flying saucer. Steam and smoke pour out of the sewer --

Hook, still wailing, and his men, trying to minister to him, stare in total terror -- they suddenly all realize that, with all that happened, they didn't hear the geiger counter ... and perhaps the smell of that particularly slightly charring flesh had an effect too -- but --

All Hell breaks loose --!

From beneath the ground, in the sewer, IT ERUPTS! It is incredibly huge, it charges up and out of the sewer like a raging geyser. It is Hook's "nemesis", now all grown up, the little genetic experiment left unattended.

Though it still has the elements of a gigantic crocodile, water beetle, and squid, it has now become an alien of hideous proud majesty. It rises up as high as a tidal wave and, zeroing in on Hook,
CRUNCHES
DOWN!!!

Black.

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD:

THE YEAR 2100: TWENTY YEARS LATER

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:
INT. WENDY'S OLD BEDROOM IN OBSIDIAN

As the music of "IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW" fades up, we realize where we are -- the same mysterious bedroom, faded and dusty, where the movie began.

We join the exact same scene we left in the "Prologue". We see the final rhapsodic section of the dance and the song ... The candles are knocked over, the drapes are set afire. Peter stomps out the flames, and when the tongues of fire leap onto Wendy's veil, he tears it off ...

The drapes are down, the clouds tear away from in front of the moon, and suddenly a full shaft of moonlight washes over her, and for the very first time, he can really see her. He stares ... A clinical, shocked, and stunned stare. She tries to hide her face, trembling and almost "ashamed".

He won't let her hide, and stares numbly at her face, which we can't see, being from her POV.

PETER

What's happened to you? ... God, what's happened? ...
Your face ...

(soft, almost a plea)

Oh no ... No! -- No! --

We hear her tiny cries. But, unlike in the prologue, the music continues to the end of the scene.

PETER

I can't take you to Never Land now ... You're too old ...
You can't go back anymore ...
You're just too old --

We look at Wendy from Peter's POV. She's lovely, looking a bit older than her 36 years, but she has a serene, almost ethereal quality that is still radiant and still sad ...

WENDY

How could you be so surprised?
After 20 years --
Nothing "happened" -- I just grew up, that's all --

PETER

I always forget about that --
I always lose track of time, and what it does --
Somehow I thought you'd be the same --

You see, Wendy, when you're my age, and especially
when you've been my age for as long as I have, you
get distracted a lot, you let a lot slip away, you
just tend to forget about an awful lot --

She looks at him closely, seeming in a strange way to be
somehow relieved. She begins to caress his body softly,
knowingly, and intimately, as much as anything to convince
herself that it's real, that he does remain exactly the
same after all these years ...

WENDY

Peter -- just tell me, please? What is it like?
Being what you are? What has it been like all
this time? --

PETER

What's it like? --

I knew an astronomer once -- he was a very bitter man --
he said he had been betrayed by every star he ever knew --

(he smiles, the smile she still
can't resist)

WENDY

But he liked you, of course?

PETER

Not really ...
He told me that I was just another case of arrested
development and just another wasted youth --

He told me that I'd probably be a serial killer if I
didn't have such a short attention span --

WENDY

(laughing in spite of herself)
What did you say to that?

PETER

I told him that a wasted youth is better by far than a
wise and productive old age --

WENDY

Do you believe that?

PETER

Who knows? -- I was just guessing --

Anyway, he told me about the stars ...

(as he speaks, they both stare
out at the sky)

Do you know what makes them shine, Wendy? What makes them
so bright? What makes them visible at all?

(very tender, with wonderment)

They're on fire, Wendy, honestly -- that's what it is.
From the moment they're born, they begin to burn.
From the inside out, using themselves as fuel ...
And that's what we see down here -- the fires.
The light from the fires ... that's all ...
That's what makes them -- "twinkle" --

I really love fire, Wendy. It's the only thing I know that
lights up what it destroys, that makes it brighter just
to tear it down ... It's my favorite way of getting
rid of things now --

So -- if those stars weren't on fire, they'd never
be seen. They'd be invisible, like they weren't
ever there at all ...

They have to burn up --

(a whisper)

--Or they weren't ever there at all ...

(his voice starting to tremble)

But someday they'll be all scorched out -- that's the
day they're really waiting for -- when they'll be
cold and dark and able to rest --

When they'll stop, and be lost in space. Nobody'll ever
find them, ever again. That's what they're really going
for -- they're burning so fast just so they can get
there sooner --

(he looks at her just like a little kid)

What did they do to me, Wendy!? --
What did they do!? --

Where's it going to stop --!?

Wendy can't bear to look at him now, and she turns away. He moves across the room -- suddenly Wendy screams)

PETER

What is it!?

WENDY
(shivering)

I thought I saw something right outside the window --

He goes over and looks out.

PETER

There's nothing there --
You just imagined it, that's all --

WENDY

You're probably right --
(saying the words to herself, fondly
remembering, like bringing back
familiar friends, reassuring)

The sea is watching the sky. The sky is watching the sea.
Nothing will ever happen --

Peter looks across the room and sees somebody coming into the room, which Wendy doesn't notice yet.

PETER

(that great "revved up" look again
starting to spread across his face)

You shouldn't be so negative --
Something will happen, I'm sure of it --
Something always does --

Peter's POV: We see who has come into the room, a beautiful girl about 15 years old, magnificent long blond hair ... she stares at Peter ...

WENDY
(v.o.)

But, if you could, you'd want to be normal again, wouldn't you? --

PETER

Are you kidding!? -- Not in a million heartbeats --

Thunder rumbles in the distance. Wendy turns around and sees.

WENDY
(panicked)

OH NO! Get out of here --!

PETER

She's so beautiful --

WENDY

PLEASE! Leave her alone --!

PETER

What's her name? -- No, wait -- it doesn't matter --
I'll call her Wendy anyway --

Peter's POV, moving towards the the girl across the room.
Close- up of the girl grows until her face fills the frame.

PETER

How'd you like to go away with me, Wendy? --
To Neverland -- to have adventures --
(the best bait of all)

And to never grow up -

(the girl's face begins to reveal
just the hint of a wondrous,
mysterious smile, as if she's just
been given a precious secret to
keep)

NARRATOR (v.o.)
(now we realize who the narrator is)

I never would have woken up if Mommy hadn't screamed --
when she thought she saw something outside the window ...
though there had been a lot of thunder, and I never slept
very well when a storm was coming ...

But, anyway, when I walked into the room, my first bedroom,
that's when I saw Peter for the very first time --

And that's where this adventure ends --
And another one is just getting started --

The girl's smile begins to grow and grow.

WENDY (O.S.)

Peter, please!
She's everything to me! I have a husband now,
a home, a family, an ordinary life --
I don't want to lose that --!

PETER (O.S.)

You won't.

WENDY (O.S.)

I don't want to lose her --!

PETER (O.S.)

Don't worry -- it would have happened sooner or later.
Somebody would have come --
Because --

WENDY (O.S.)

Because?! --

PETER

--because sooner or later they never grow up ...

(beaming)

...sooner or later they never grow up --!

(The music surges)

Peter gestures, and his cycle glides into view, hovering
in the air just outside the window ... one by one, we can
just about make out The Lost Boys, looking just the
same, on their bikes ... they seem shy, or embarrassed,
or somehow afraid or unwilling to come more forward ...
as Peter reaches out for the girl, so does Wendy ...)

NARRATOR (v.o.)

I knew it was Peter and The Lost Boys ...
I had heard so much about them --

PETER
(to Wendy)

She'll be back!
Just like you --!

WENDY

But when --!?
WHEN!?

PETER
(as the girl takes her hand from
Wendy and offers it to Peter)

Next summer --!
She'll be back next summer --!

(almost hissing out of the dark)

I promise ...

At the last moment, as the young girl is about to leave with Peter, Wendy rushes to her and, taking the brooch she still has around her neck, the one with the jeweled bat that Peter gave her, she puts it around her daughter's neck, giving her a final heartbroken embrace and kiss ...

PETER
(as he leaves with her)

She'll be back next summer --
I promise ...

As their bikes soar off into the night sky, we glide down to the streets below. There, in a dingy alley, seen from behind, is a man in black with shocks of white hair.

He is watching The Lost Boys as their bikes seem to fly across the moon, leaving plumes of exhaust behind them. The man taps his right hand against the brick wall -- it is a metal hook.

His left leg starts to twitch and he reaches down to scratch it -- we hear a horrible high pitched scrape like nails on a blackboard.

As The Lost Boys fly out of sight, and more moonlight washes over the City of Obsidian, we see that the sound comes from metal on metal. The man's left hand is also a hook, and it is "rubbing" a metal prosthetic leg ...

Wendy cries softly in her room, sometimes singing fragments of the music to herself, standing by the open window, letting her long blonde hair fall outside as she brushes it slowly in the uneasy wind ...

THE BAT watches over everything from a church steeple, and, suddenly startled by the "metal scraping", turns around and stares directly at us, lifting up and swooping forward, its black wingspan filling the screen like the cape of the Evil Queen in "Snow White" ...

END CREDITS

THE END