

"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND"

by

Steven Spielberg

REVISED

(SS changes included)

Synopsis

During a power blackout, Water and Power employee, Roy Neary, has contact with Unidentified Flying Objects which leaves him profoundly disturbed. He tries desperately to get someone to believe him. But no one does, particularly the Air Force, who have sent representatives to check out reports of "flying saucers". He discovers a group of people who have had experiences similar to his and he can relate to them. Other than this small group of believers, however, he is regarded as a nut.

A TV Station learns that Roy has reported sighting a UFO and tries to interview him. The interview is a disaster but it's on the 6:00 News anyway and then Roy's whole life begins to go to pieces. He loses his job, his neighbors won't talk to him, his wife tries to get him to see a psychiatrist, his children are afraid of him and he finally goes berserk as if he is unhinged....

He frantically begins to build a mountain in the family room of his house. This is a totally compulsive act and yet he seems to know just where each shrub and rock should be placed as he shovels in dirt, shrubs, rocks and whatever else is needed to complete his project. Finished, he sits back to rest in front of the tv set and suddenly realizes that he is looking at an exact replica of his mountain. It is an area in Wyoming which is being evacuated as a result of a poisonous chemical gas shipment being derailed. A Norman rushes for the airport, we see another believer, Jillian Guiler, preparing to go to the mountain. She has seen the newscast also.

In his attempt to get to the mountain, Roy almost succeeds in getting past the Army roadblocks but is caught and taken to Lacombe, an Army PR man, for questioning. Lacombe has been involved in searching for answers to UFO's for a long, long time and is genuinely interested in Roy's story. He suspects that Roy and several other "gate crashers" like Roy (including Jillian Guiler) have a right to be here and tries to prevent the Army from airlifting them out of the area but he doesn't succeed.

The "gate crashers", led by Roy's escape from the helicopter and fan out over the side of the mountain in a last desperate attempt to fulfill whatever destiny has brought them to this place. As Roy and Jillian reach the crest and gaze into the box canyon they are amazed.

The entire area is taken up with men and equipment of every possible kind including ~~Moog~~ Moog Synthesizers upon which certain chords are being played to which "something" is responding. As they watch, the stars in the sky begin to rearrange themselves as if in response to the chords and now unfolds an unimaginably spectacular scene which culminates in the landing of the Mother Ship, a space ship of unbelievable proportions.

At this meeting of the worlds, Roy Neary leads a select group of volunteers onto the Mother Ship... perhaps to be the first human representatives to visit an alien world.

TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER (NOTE: Originally Scene 40)

1 x

INTERIOR - AIR ROUTE TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - MIDWATCH

Two radar scopes side by side. Four controllers sit side by side, a fifth controller sits slightly behind on a high chair. There is some backtalk from speakers on the adjoining sectors. Camera closes in on controller. He is a little tired, a bit bored, yet there is an alertness sensed. The sector is a high altitude radar sector. The time is the midwatch. Across the room another controller gets up from his sector - yells mildly across the room.

OTHER MAN

Harry, keep your eye on that pointout I gave you. He's on 122.5. Be right back.

CLOSE - HARRY

Raises his hand affirming this. He peers into scope. We hear VOICE of AIREAST 31 pilot.

AIREAST 31

Air Traffic Control, you have any traffic for Aireast 31?

Harry looks more intently at scope. There are only three full data blocks and one partial data block. Two going the same direction are fifteen miles apart. The third going the other direction is quite a distance away from AIREAST. The rest of the scope is clean.

HARRY

Aireast 31 negative. Only traffic I have is a TWA L-Ten Eleven your six o'clock position, fifteen miles and an Alleghany DC-9 your twelve o'clock fifty miles. Stand by one. Let me take a look at the broadband.

Harry reaches up, pushes one button. Radar scope changes from narrow-band computer radar to broadband normal radar. Harry takes a quick glance, pushes button again, then another button, looks at primary in computerized form. There is a non-beacon target in Aireast's vicinity. Harry peers more intently. Interphone controller leans over and looks as does coordinator. While this is going on.

AIREAST 31

Aireast 31 has traffic two o'clock three to five miles, slightly above and descending.

HARRY

Aireast 31 roger. I have a primary target about that position now. We have no known high altitude traffic. Let me check with low.

Turns to interphone man:

HARRY

Call low and see if they know who this is

AIREAST 31

(cutting Harry off)

Center, Aireast 31, traffic's not in low. He's one o'clock now still above me and descending.

HARRY

Can you tell aircraft type?

AIREAST 31

Negative, no distinct outline. The target is brilliant. Has the brightest anti-collision lights I've ever seen - alternating white to red and the colors are striking.

Other sector controllers now start looking and listening. The coordinator reaches up, pushes a button, calls someone and mumbles indistinctly. A second VOICE comes on RADIO.

TWA 517

Center this is TWA 517. Traffic now looks like extra bright landing lights. I thought Aireast had his landing lights on.

COORDINATOR

What do you have here, Harry?

AIREAST 31

Say again TWA 517.

TWA 517

(Making himself clearly understood)
Do you have your landing lights on?

HARRY

(breaking in)

TWA 517, Indianapolis Center, Aireast is your twelve o'clock position fifteen miles same direction and altitude. Ident please.

(Turns to coordinator)

Aireast claims he has unusual traffic almost at his altitude. I don't know who it is.

No response - an ident appears TWA 517.

HARRY

Aireast 31 squawk ident ... break ...
TWA 517 do you have Aireast in sight?

TWA 517

Affirmative.

HARRY

TWA 517 do you have Aireast's traffic
in sight?

TWA

(saying this cautiously)

Yes ... we have it now and have been
watching it.

HARRY

What does traffic appear to be doing?

TWA 517

Just what Aireast 31 said.

HARRY

Aireast 31, I have that primary now at
your ten o'clock position five miles.

AIREAST 31

That's affirmative.

HARRY

Proceeding northeast bound. No altitude
readout.

AIREAST 31

Uh, roger. He's in a descent about 1500
feet below me, wait a second...stand by
one ... okay center. Aireast 31 traffic
has turned heading right for us at altitude.
We're turning right and leaving flight level
350.

Now all are on alert.

COORDINATOR

Get on the horn to Wright-Patterson and
see what the hell they could be testing
up there.

HARRY

Aireast 31 roger, descend and maintain
Flight Level three-one-zero ... break.
Alleghany DC-9 turn 30 degrees right
immediately ... traffic twelve o'clock
two zero miles Aireast jet descending to
FL310.

AIREAST

Luminous traffic now in angular descent and exhibiting some non ballistic motions.

HARRY

AIREAST

OK Center - Traffic is coming on strong. Ultra bright and really moving.

TWA 517

This is TWA 517, we're going to go a little right to keep away from traffic also.

HARRY

TWA 517 roger deviations to right of course approved.

AIREAST 31

Center, Aireast 31 is out of three-one-zero and traffic has passed off our ten o'clock 500 yards and really moving.

TEAM SUPERVISOR

Ask them if they want to report officially.

HARRY

Aireast 31 roger, report level Flight level three-one-zero. TWA 517, do you want to report a U.F.O.?

A thoughtful moment passes...then.

TWA 517

Negative. We don't want to report.

HARRY

Aireast 31, do you wish to report a U.F.O.?

AIREAST 31

(after a beat also)

Negative. We don't want to report.

HARRY

Aireast 31. Do you want to file a report of any kind?

AIREAST 31

I wouldn't know what kind of report to file.

x 1 (cont'd)

HARRY

1 (Con't)

Me neither. I'll try to track traffic to destination.

AIREAST 31

And show us level at three-one-zero now. The gals tell me that passengers were snapping pictures of traffic during that close pass.

HARRY

(to team supervisor)

Those, I'd like to see.

(into mike)

Alleghany Triple 4 turn right to intercept J-8. Resume normal navigation. TWA is level at three-one.

The team supervisor and flow controller leave the scopes as the supervisor heads for the telephone desk.

COORDINATOR

What's in the book about this kind of thing?

TEAM SUPERVISOR

Hell if I know. The Air Force started writing it 20 years ago. Let them finish it.

CAMERA pushes in on desk placard: TEAM ACTION '77.

x 2

CUT TO BLACK

2 x

CREDITS OVER BLACKSOUND: AIR TRAFFIC CHATTER BLENDING TOWARD EXTERIOR NIGHT SOUNDS.

CUT TO:

3

CLOSE - BARRY GUILER - NIGHT INTERIOR

3

Four year old Barry is having a restless night. A gentle breeze flares his bangs. A WHIRRING SOUND interrupts this. Little Barry's eyes come open as a soft red glow plays on his face.

WHAT HE SEES

On the nightstand next to his bed, one of Barry's battered toys has come on. It is a Frankenstein monster who raises his hands as if to strike when its pants fall down and its face blushes bright red.

Barry sits up in bed and looks around him.

3 (Cont'd)

3 (Cont'd)

THE BEDROOM

All of his battery toys are working in different places around the room. Tank, rocket ship, police car, 747, drunk chugging brew.

PHONOGRAPH - CLOSE

Playing a scratchy "Sesame Street" record softly.

Barry gets out of bed and looks out the window. In the distance the SOUND of barking dogs. The backyard is dark and utterly still.

4 INTERIOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

The bedroom is at the far end of the hallway. Barry moved forward, curiously. He turns into the living area.

5 INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

5

This room is dark, save a sixty watt blue nightlight. Something, however, is out of place. All the windows are open and night is breathing through the laced curtains. Four year old Barry looks again

THE FRONT DOOR IS WIDE OPEN - THE PORCH LIGHT IS SPILLING IN.SOUND - O.S. - RATTLECLOSE - BARRY

He turns ready for fun. Leaves here and

6 INTERIOR - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

6

A SLOW PAN shows Barry the room. Once again the windows are open and the room is breezy. The backdoor is ajar and rattling against the safety chain. PAN DOWN to show the dog door. It is completely off its hinges and lying on the floor.

CLOSE - BARRY

He looks up and reacts a weak light opens across the little boy's face.

ANGLE - REFRIGERATOR

The door is swinging open. There is foodstuffs in a messy pile around the icebox door.

6 (Cont'd)

6 (Cont'd)

CLOSE - BARRY

He looks in another direction and is suddenly startled. Fear is just as suddenly replaced with a kind of shy playfulness. Barry giggles and looks away ... he turns back and laughs, slaps his side, turns away and looks back again ... bursts out laughing. A game is being played out. Little Barry rocks back and fourth like a chimpanzee as if imitating what he is watching. He covers his eyes and peek-a-boos. He spins on his bare heels. He cocks his head to one side and rotates it in slow sensuous movements. He is having a wonderful time. An interior wind begins moving Barry's clothes.

7 INTERIOR - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

7

JILLIAN GUILER, Barry's mother, is asleep in the next room. Jillian has had the flu and her bed is in a state of mild disarray. The condition of the rest of the bedroom, however, is as ransacked as that of a sloppy six year old's. Everything is everywhere but where it should be. Nothing has its place here. The same wind enters her room and blows around some featherweight clutter. The bedside table is chaotic with pills, nasal sprays, half a sandwich and a can of Coke. A few magazines and a couple of half finished charcoal sketches are by the side of the bed. Jillian is under the covers but she is still wearing a robe. The television set is on ... giving us the impression that she fell asleep before she intended. We HEAR LAUGHTER from the TV set a couple of times, a sitcom is on. During a lull in the hilarity we HEAR BARRY'S LAUGHTER OFF CAMERA. This immediately wakes Jillian up. She turns and looks at the bedside clock: "10:40 PM".

8 OUT THE WINDOW

8

Little Barry is running off in the night. He is laughing and happy .. like he's chasing after a puppy. Just as he disappears over a hill, Jillian looks out the window and sees nothing.

9 CLOSE - JILLIAN

9

She turns and walks to Barry's room. It's empty. She yells:

JILLIAN

Barry!

She grabs her coat and some kleenex and goes rushing out of the room to the front yard. Still no Barry. The rush of anxiety floods. She doesn't know where to look first.

CUT TO:

RONNIE NEARY moves into the room with her youngest daughter Sylvia trailing behind. Ronnie has her eyes closed and is feeling her way around the house.

RONNIE

If there are seven days in a week,
and your Mother is home all seven
of them, how many days are left to
your Mother?

Brad figures this on calculator.

BRAD

Zero!

NEARY

Ronnie, open your eyes.

RONNIE

See, I can walk through the whole
house like this and make the beds,
put the coffee on, tuck the kids in.
I feel like Toby's hamster. It's
not healthy.

NEARY

Open your eyes-Ronnie. Watch this.

She does and Neary pushes a button on the train set. Humming a nondescript tune that indicates when Neary is pleased with Neary, Ronnie watches a little sailboat motoring toward a drawbridge as the train approaches it. Automatically the train stops...the bridge raises...the boat passes underneath, one-two-three. Neary is very pleased.

RONNIE

(sighs and opens the newspaper)
Bet in two weeks it'll be in the
basement with the Auto-tennis and the
electric toilet. Look, it's better than
the worm ranch you had in here. Jesus,
can't we do something? I'm serving time
in this house.

NEARY

We got out last weekend.

RONNIE

Walking across the street to the Taylors
is not getting out of the house.

TOBY

He took my lumincus paints.

NEARY

(takes calculator and
picks up toy boxcar)
Forget the calculator. Okay Brad.
Now this boxcar is sixty feet long.
You stop your train. Okay. One-third
of that boxcar is now across a switch and
(dramatically)
there's another train coming. How many
feet do you move the train forward to
clear the switch?

BRAD

(thinks a beat)
I wouldn't move it.

NEARY

Why not?

BRAD

(a gleam in his eye)
I want to see it get smashed!

Ronnie sets the movie section in front of Neary who reluctantly
explores it while she takes a compact mirror close to her mouth.

RONNIE

Last weekend you promised everybody
a movie this weekend.

BRAD

You also promised Goofy Golf.

RONNIE

I smile too much. My mouth is
thinning out.

(holds up a yellowed
photograph for Roy
to see)

Look at my Mom when she was my age.
I already look two years older than
her. Do I look two years older than
her?

NEARY

Hey! Guess what? Pinnochio's in town.

RONNIE

Now...this is Mom at thirty-five
without the glamour makeover.

NEARY

The boys have never seen Pinnochio.
Are you guys in luck!

BRAD

Who wants to see some dumb cartoon
rated 'G' for kids.

NEARY

How old are you?

BRAD

Eight.

NEARY

Wanna be nine?

BRAD

Yes.

NEARY

We're seeing Pinocchio tomorrow.

RONNIE

That's a fine way to win over your
children.

NEARY

I'm not serious. I'm just saying
I grew up with Pinocchio. If kids
are still kids they're going to
eat it up.

x Roy hums the 'When You Wish Upon A Star' tune then trails off.
Ronnie looks at Roy unconvinced. x

NEARY

You're right. Fellas, you can
make up your own minds and I will
not influence you in any way. Tomorrow
you can play miniature golf which
means a lot of waiting your turn and
pushing and shoving and maybe scoring
a zero--or--you can see Pinocchio which
has music and animals and magical stuff
and things you will remember for the
rest of your lives. Now let's vote.

BRAD, TOBY, SYLVIA

Golf!!!

RONNIE

Alright, to bed you guys.

This is the family room of a suburban house that has been confiscated and made into a workroom that looks more like a hobby room run by the Salvation Army. Mechanized and electrical inventions rot half-forgotten on the ceiling and walls. There are enough adult toys lying around to rob a child of his childhood. The most prominent thing in the room is an HO gauge railroad layout on a large table. The tracks run through very elaborate Tyrolean terrain with lots of mountains and lakes. ROY NEARY and his eight year old son, BRAD, sit side by side. Roy is sculpting miniature terrain and helping Brad with his math all at the same time. A stack of fourth grade arithmetic sits forgotten in the center of things. TOBY NEARY, six and a devil, zips into the room angry.

TOBY

You stole my luminous paint.

NEARY

I didn't steal anything.

TOBY

I don't steal stuff of yours.

Brad throws down his pencil.

BRAD

I hate arithmetic.

NEARY

You're not listening to me. Math is like learning a new language.

BRAD

I like English

NEARY

You're not trying hard enough.

BRAD

Train engineers don't need arithmetic.

NEARY

You wanna bet? The stationmaster assigns you 18 cars, then he says, make two trains with an equal amount of cars. What do you do?

Brad produces his father's pocket calculator and waves it around.

BRAD

It doesn't matter cause I'll have one of these.

No wait. Dad said we could finish watching THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Across the room the telephone rings and Ronnie moves over to it.

RONNIE

(calling back at Roy)

That picture is four hours long.

(into phone)

Hello. Oh, hi Earl.

NEARY

(almost to himself)

I told them they could only watch five of the Commandments.

RONNIE

(into phone)

I can't relay all that. You better talk to him, Roy. Earl's on.

Roy Neary pulls himself up and begins gingerly picking his way across the HO set to the phone.

NEARY

(grumbling)

My kids don't want to see Pimochio. What a world!

RONNIE

(into phone)

He'll be here. He's crossing the Alps.

Roy gives her a silent, sarcastic "ha,ha" and gets the phone. Ronnie reverses her direction and snuggles up to Roy kissing his ear. Sylvia kisses his cheek and they take turns being affectionate while Roy listens.

EARL JACKSON

I got a call from the Load Dispatcher. There's a drain on the primary voltage. They've lost half a bank of transformers at the Gilmore sub-station. It's gonna hit the residentials pretty soon so put on your pants while you've still got the light.

"CLICK". Roy stands with the buzzing phone, the crying kid, the noisy train. It is at this precise moment that all the lights go out and the train winds down leaving a stunned room and ...

The entire room is blackened except for the little blue lakes on the train layout that glow green in the dark ...

TOBY

(outraged)

I told you he stole my luminous paints!

11 INTERIOR - APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

11

GRIMSBY, a no-nonsense type, leaves his apartment in a great rush carrying his hard hat. He confronts the elevators, pushes a button, jams it a couple of times extra even though the elevator arrives almost immediately. The doors open and Grimsby steps in. He is immediately taken aback by the presence of a lady in the elevator, attractive, cheap-glamorous. He regains his composure as the elevator doors slide closed. A moment passes and the black-out hits the corridor with the speed of no light. The mechanical whirr of the elevator winds down and we HEAR A MUFFLED VOICE from low down, behind the doors.

GRIMSBY (O.S.)

Shit!

A long beat, then we hear a husky female voice.

FEMALE VOICE

What's your name?

12

OMITTED

12

OMITTED

13

14 INTERIOR - MONITOR SYSTEMS CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

14

This is the brain center of the local Department of Water and Power. A bank of phones are ringing continuously with only one man to answer and holler his queries to a group of trouble technicians who keep an update on a wall display panel. A completely harried Load Dispatcher called IKE spots Neary ENTERING through the main doors. He waves him over. x

Neary is shy about joining a squad of grizzled trouble foremen, most of whom are in their late forties. IKE is in the middle of a briefing on the other side of the room. He has two phones in his hands. The way he is nursing the right-handed phone, one can bet there's a supervisor hanging on at the other end. x
x
x

IKE

A 27 KV line failed at the Gilmore sub-station. All the breakers opened and we began losing feeders. We want to pick up the system before folks start shaving.

McGOVERN

How can we pick it up? The network's still falling.

ASSISTANT

(from across the room)
Tolono is dark.

McGOVERN

(emphatically)
Jesus, Ike, everything's comin' down.

IKE

To add insult to injury I got reports of vandalism on the line. I got 890 megawatt lines down all over.

ASSISTANT

Crystal Lake is dark. We can't carry this much load.

IKE

Call Municipal Lighting, Ohio. Tell 'em we're cycling down and need a fix.

(back to his men)

We can't get the juice flowing until this 500 KV single circuit tower is operational. McGovern, grab a splicing crew and get out there.

14 (Cont'd)

McGOVERN
I'm not too familiar with the normal
tension in that area.

NEARY
(volunteers softly)
If there's no wind, normal tension for
the sag is about 15,000 pounds per wire.
I was a journeyman out that way a couple
of years ago.

McGOVERN
Good ... a volunteer! You take this
job.

NEARY
That's not up to me. Where's the Super-
visor anyway?

The other men titter.

IKE
(almost whispering as he
holds up the telephone, one
hand covering mouthpiece.)
In an elevator and trying to run things
from those little trouble phones. Neary,
you're taking Crystal Lake.

NEARY
I am?

IKE
I can't help it. Everybody's everywhere.
If you have any questions ... get on the
horn to me direct.

ASSISTANT
Got a fresh impedance coming up. It's not
an overload ... it's a drain. Lines M-Mary
10 through M-Mary 15. And Municipal Lighting
is asking to be cut free.

IKE
Neary, you know where that is?
(without waiting for an
answer)
Okay. Get a splicing crew and high
wire act, and Neary
(he holds up phone)
He's counting on you!!

PUSH IN ON NEARY, weighing his new responsibilities.

IKE (Cont'd)
(shouts to Assistant)
You tell Municipal Lighting we're going
to candle power in ten minutes.

INT. NEARY'S CAR - NIGHT

x Neary's moving car is a smaller version of his workroom at home. x
 It looks like the interior of a 747. He has a network map spread
 out over the steering wheel as he searches for the problem co-
 ordinates, a pen light sticking out of his mouth. Neary turns
 for a moment to study a picture of an electric car from Popular
 Mechanics that's fastened to his dashboard. He smiles wistfully
 for a second as police call start squabbling over his broad
 band radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

x This is Sheriff's Dispatch. Do I have x
 x a patrol car near Reva Road? x

SIX-TEN (V.O.)

x Hello County. This is highway patrol x
 x six-ten. We're on Reva. Can we help x
 x you boys out? x

DISPATCH (V.O.)

x If you would, thank you. See the x
 woman 211 Reva Road. Something
 about the outdoor lighting. She's
 in a state, barking dogs, go figure
 it out.

Neary comes alert...what the hey! He picks up the mobile phone.

NEARY

x (out loud) x
 x Outdoor lighting!! TR-eighty-eight, x
 eighteen to Trouble Foreman. x

POWER CO. (V.O.)

x Here's trouble. What d'ya want. x

NEARY

Have you guys restored power to
 Tolono- over.

POWER CO. (V.O.)

Are you kidding? Tolono was the
 first to go.

NEARY

I heard the police reporting
 lights in Tolono.

POWER CO. (V.O.)

What are you, monitoring police
 calls on a night like this. Everything's
 down Neary. The whole network has failed.

Click! Neary sees the trouble zone approaching ahead.

16

16

EXT. - TROUBLE AREA - BLACKED OUT FRINGES OF SUBURBS - NIGHT

A yellow DWP cherry picker and other support vehicles are parked off the road surrounding a crippled power pole. A line of poles stretch beyond it to a rural infinity. An eerie ground fog makes the area even more remote. About fifteen linemen and grunt novices stare at Neary critically. After all he's not seniority around here. Another face, black and friendly, Jackson, approaches Neary smiling like it's nice out. x

NEARY

Hi Earl.

JACKSON

I found evidence of vandalism between lines M-10 through M-12.

Jackson looks up. The linemen look up. Finally Neary looks up and --

NEARY'S POINT OF VIEW

There are no lines M-10 to M-12. Just bare poles against a splash of stars. Neary and Jackson walk back toward Neary's van to make a report.

NEARY

Christ, Roy...why would somebody steal two miles of transmission line? x

JACKSON

It's the high price of copper. Stuff's worth a fortune. I told 'em we oughta lay power cable underground. x

NEARY

Where would the birds land? x

Neary goes to his car. The radio flashes a police call before he can report to Ike.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)

To any unit in the vicinity of the Tolono foothills...a housewife reports ...uhhh...her Tiffany lamp flashing in the kitchen window...up-side-down lamp...

JACKSON

Where'd he say? Tolono?

16 (Cont'd)

16 (Cont'd)

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)
 Can't make it out clearly. Very
 disdraught...4155 Osborne Road.

x
 x

NEARY
 I thought everything was down.

x
 x

Neary picks up the microphone.

NEARY (Cont'd)
 TR-eighty-eight eighteen.
 Let me talk to Ike!
 (handing Jackson map)
 Find Osborne, will you? I
 never could read those things!

IKE (V.O.)
 Neary! What's happening.

x

NEARY
 (figuring it out, cockeyed)
 Well. I'm here at Mary-ten. And--
 all the lines have been swiped.
 It looks like vandals made a very
 sloppy cut at the terminals, then
 backed in a truck and pulled out
 all the grounds, but here's something
 else--

x

IKE (V.O.)
 Here's something for you. We've got
 to pick up the system in one hour.

x

NEARY
 One hour! It's a mile of empty poles
 out here. That's impossible.

x

IKE (V.O.)
 Anything's possible when you've got
 a general supervisor stuck in an elevator
 who wants to get out.

x
 x

NEARY
 (slight laugh - is Ike joking)
 Say Ike? You haven't restored power
 to Tolono have you?

x
 x

x

IKE (V.O.)
 You were told. Tolono was the first to go.

x

16 (Cont'd)

16 (Cont'd)

NEARY

x

(saying it carefully)

x

The police are reporting lights in Tolono. If the lines out there are energized and it's not showing up on your data bank one of our people working high around those terminals-- ga-zzap! It happened in Gilroy once-- remember.

x

x

IKE (V.O.)

Me and two backup computers say Tolono is as black as the inside of that elevator shaft.

POLICE DISPATCH AGAIN (V.O.)

See the complaintants at Tolono South Reservoir. Christmas lights have started a minor brushfire.

NEARY

Did you hear that? Did you hear that? They're saying Christmas lights now.

IKE (V.O.)

x

This is May, not December. There is no Christmas during a blackout. Only Halloween.

x

Ike hangs up as enticing police call replace Ike's thick voice. Roy stares at the police radio making his mind up.

NEARY

What's wrong with that guy. This is how Jordie Christopher bought it replacing shot out insulators in Gilroy.

x

(he thinks a beat longer,

hums his 'gearing up for action'

x

x

tune, then turns conspiratorially to Jackson)

x

How'd you like to sign on this operation for about an hour?

Neary is already closing the door and starting his vehicle.

16 (Cont'd)

JACKSON

(in a panic)

Me? Run this show? Who's gonna listen to me. I'm not even seniority. I'm not even white. Don't turn your back on a good thing, Roy. They made you boss cow.

NEARY

If he's wrong some of our Tolono people could get killed.

JACKSON

If he's right they'll suspend your ass so high even the job replacement corps won't find it.

NEARY

Tolono is what? Sixty-six to alternate seventy?

x Neary drives away. Jackson holding his head in agony over Neary's
x sense of direction. x

JACKSON

(yelling after him)

You gonna wind up in Cincinnati.
It's 70 to 66. x

Neary waves. He understands.

By this time fifteen tough looking linemen have surrounded Jackson wondering what in the world! Jackson turns to face these veterans waiting to be told what to do. He screws up his courage and points a long finger at the naked power poles.

JACKSON

Fix it.

x A16

A16 x

EXTERIOR - COUNTRY FIELDS - NIGHT

JILLIAN runs in vain calling Barry's name, choking back tears amidst sudden spurts of anger. She appears so small, outnumbered by billions of stars on this clear-air night.

EXT. DIP IN THE HIGHWAY- NIGHT

17

An eerie light just beneath the dip in the road throws amber shafts through an underbelly of fog. The light intensifies before a pair of headlights explode over the ridge and pull to a stop. Neary looks like he's drowning in maps. He pulls down a jerry-rigged roll map and sticks the penlight in his mouth...backwards. His cheeks glow pink and for a moment he can't figure why no light is getting to his map.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

U-five. Officer Longly over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Go'ed.

LONGLY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Responding to that 10-75 on
Cornbread Road and Middletown Pike.
I am observing--I think it's street-
lights in the foothill residential.
We're on our way.

A bright group of highbeams appears over Neary's shoulder out the back window. Neary is tearing at maps and absently waves an arm out the side window. The automobile headlights pass him and somebody yells:

PASSENGER

You're in the middle of the road
jerkwater!

OFFICER LONGLY (V.O.)

Couple hundred neighbors in their
pajamas think its Saturday night out
here.

18

INSERT- MAP

18

Neary's fingers tracing the route.

NEARY

Cornbread Road. Middletown Pike.
D-five. M-34.

His two fingers meet and he takes off, tires screeching.

15B

19 EXT. DRIVE-IN ROW - NIGHT

Kids, cars, and Colonel Sanders. The blackout provides the best excuse for crowding the area eateries. Immediately upon seeing a Power Company truck the neighbors surround Neary talking at him through the windows with flashlights and Budweiser. An excited frenzy of suburbanites having a great time.

NEARY

(to neighbors)

Did your lights come back on?

NEIGHBOR LADY

You're asking us? What do you do for a living?

NEARY

What about the streetlights. When they went off did they come on? On off, on off.

A youngster sticks a flashlight in his face.

YOUNGSTER

Like this?

He blasts Neary in the face twice----on off, on off.

NEARY

(blinking and sneezing)

Yes.

YOUNGSTER

No.

NEARY

Am I in Tolono or where?

LONGLY'S RADIO VOICE

It's all lit up out here. These streetlamps, I think sodium vapor, don't want to stay still. They're revolving in some draft. They go up... they go down...wait one...they also want to go a little sideways.

19 cont

NEARY

19 cont

Jesus!

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Longly, give us a location.

NEARY

(to radio)

Give me one too!

LONGLY'S VOICE (V.O.)

It's over the Ingleside Elementary
School heading northeast.

NEARY

(to neighbors)

Where's the Ingleside Elementary
School - anybody!

NEIGHBOR WITH SHOTGUN

That's easy...you go back to 70 then...

LONGLY'S VOICE (V.O.)

No wait a sec...heading Northwest on
Daytona.

NEARY

Where's Daytona - quick!

NEIGHBOR

That's even easier. Take any road east
out of here till you get to city-nine and
farm-eleven but don't stop there 'cause
you gotta find the Muncie four-way near
the little pink Episcopalian church but
don't stop there...

20 OMITTED

21 OMITTED

22 OMITTED

23 OMITTED

24 OMITTED

25 OMITTED

26 OMITTED 26

27 FARM COUNTY HIGHWAY - THIN GROUND FOG - NEARY 27

He turns into a rutted road, shines his spotlight on the street sign. He checks his map. It confuses him. Neary backs onto the main highway and stops, pulling the map closer, twisting the gooseneck tensor lamp close enough to burn a hole.

A bank of lights from an approaching vehicle can be seen from the rear window. They draw up very close and stop. Neary is only slightly annoyed by the glare from the rear and side view mirrors as he pours over the wrinkled map. He absently sticks out his left hand and begins to signal, "go around".

For a moment, nothing happens, then, soundlessly, the super highbeams comply...rising vertically out of sight leaving darkness behind.

Neary hasn't seen this. Then there is this noise. It is like the rattling of tin. Neary looks around. He shines his spotlight on the road sign.

28 ANGLE - ROAD SIGN 28

It is vibrating so fast that the letters seem to multiply and superimpose. He looks again with an almost comical, "Huuuh?". On that note, his spotlight, intensifier light, and headlights glow a faint amber then black. CLICK! The entire area for thirty yards around his car is bathed in the brightest light imaginable. Neary tries to look out the open side window but it hurts, his eyes cannot adjust. He ducks back in and goes for his radio. It is dead. Neary is too scared to budge. Just his eyes move. Nothing more. Falling open at the hinges, the glove compartment rattles as everything metallic begins sticking together. A box of paperclips comes undone and dozens fasten themselves to the roof of the car. The ashtray empties itself out as though sucked weightless by a current of air from outside - and CLICK! The hotlight is gone. Paperclips rain down on him from the rooftop. The sign is no longer shaking. A DISTANT RATTLING causes Neary to swing around in his seat. His highbeams, spotlight, lamp, etc. come back to life. Down the road there is a FOUR-WAY STOP. The signs are dancing to and fro, vibrating so violently that the metal around the edges curls against the force. CLICK! The intersection a hundred yards down the road is awash in the same intense light. But only for a second. CLICK! And in the dark, the signs are no longer moving. All is still. Not even a hint of a breeze. Click!! His car lights and radio blast back and Neary screams. x

29 FOUR-WAY STOP - NIGHT 29

The radio is making noises that sound like overload excitement.

29 (Cont'd)

29 (Cont'd)

RADIO VOICE

I don't know, I'm asking you. Is there a full moon this morning?

DISPATCH VOICE

That's a negative. New moon on the thirteenth...

RADIO VOICE

Get out of here, me and my partner are seeing this thing over Signal Hill. This is the thing everybody is screaming about. It's the moon...

(static pause)

Wait a sec. Okay. It's starting to move now. West to East.

UNIT 1011 VOICE

This is Tolono Police 1011. We are watching it, confirming it is definitely the moon. Be advised it is not moving. The clouds behind it are moving, giving it the illusion of movement over...

RADIO VOICE

Where'd you study astronomy, Tolono? When did you ever see clouds moving behind the moon?

DISPATCH VOICE

What's your location?

LONGLY'S VOICE

Just off the Telemark Expressway and East toward Harper Valley.

NEARY

Oh my God. I know where that is!

CLOSE - NEARY'S TIRES

They dig out two troughs of red Indian earth.

30 OMITTED

31 OMITTED

32 x INTERIOR - TUNNEL - NIGHT

32 x

ZCOOM -! There goes Neary at ninety-plus. High headlights illuminate the otherwise blackened tunnel making his car seem faster than it's actually going.

INTERIOR - NEARY'S VEHICLE

Excitement rivets his eyes on the road as the overlapping talk reaches a highpoint on the police radio.

DEWITT'S VOICE

(strained and incredulous)

I see 'em Charlie! I'm in pursuit.

PREWITT'S VOICE

You can take it for what it's worth. These things were not manufactured in Detroit.

LONGLY'S VOICE

It's followin' all the S-turns. It's followin' all the roads.

PREWITT'S VOICE

Yep...They's goin' right out east on Harper Valley.

33 CLOSE - EXPRESSWAY SIGN AT END OF TUNNEL

33

x East Harper Valley Exit - 3 Miles x

EXTERIOR - EAST HARPER VALLEY EXIT

x ZCOOOM -! Neary trades paint with the guardrail before yawing a hard to starboard turn. Sparks shoot out into the night. x His front bumper catches a roadsign that spans to camera revealing x Harper Valley Exit - two miles. x

34 EXTERIOR - CRESCENDO SUMMIT - NIGHT

34

Little Barry appears under some snow fence at the side of a summit road that overlooks twenty miles of clear Indiana countryside. He has been running but stops near a blind curve and seems to lose his purpose and direction. He wanders aimlessly into the center of the two-lane country road. Above him, on a higher elevation, sits a toothless DAIRY FARMER in an aluminum folding chair. Below him is his family and a flatbed truck. A fat teenaged boy in bib-overalls stares through binoculars at the stardust overhead. Two five-year old girls lie on a mattress in the flatbed.

HEAR THE VOICE of Jillian Guiler yelling her son's name.

ANGLE - SIDE OF ROAD

Jillian bursts through the tall grass. She is disheveled and awash in tears and sweat. Her eyes go to Barry as Barry turns toward her. They both light up from headlights coming around the corner.

CLOSE - NEARY - INSIDE HIS CAR

35

He sees something in the road just ahead of him. He slams on the brakes.

36 CLOSE - JILLIAN

36

She screams and dives for her son.

37 CLOSE - NEARY

37

Whips the wheel to one side.

The car misses Barry and Jillian by inches and plows into the snow fence directly beneath the old farmer. Everything gets very still.

38 ANGLE - DAIRY FARMER

38

DAIRY FARMER

(slurping from a
jug)

That's a dangerous curve. Saw a damn cow
come by here one hour ago twenty
feet off the ground. I've seen things
since way back in 1927.

(takes a swig)

I couldn't tell you about 'em now.

Suddenly, Barry gets up LAUGHING. He tries to run forward down the road, his arms outstretched. Jillian stops him as Neary looks toward the farmer and observes this sweet 'Bradbury' setting through spinning eyes. Suddenly a breeze comes up and everybody's hair is swept behind them. All looks go downwind toward the magnificent valley vista.

BARRY

(calling off down
the road)

Play here

CLOSE - NEARY

Turning also to look downwind and .. a dozen jackrabbits and several birds escape in a flurry past Neary as ... THREE CONE SHAPED ORANGE FLARES, 15 FEET ACROSS, TWO FEET ABOVE THE HIGHWAY .. SPEEDING SOUNDLESSLY. THEY BEGIN TO SEPERATE AS THEY NEAR JILLIAN, NEARY AND BARRY WHO FREEZE IN THE CENTER OF THE ROAD. THEY PASS RIGHT AROUND THEM AND ANKWARDLY REGROUP, RECEDING INTO THE DISTANCE.

BARRY

(jubilant)

ICE CREAM - !

Casually and full of pride, the old Dairy Farmer nods his head and clicks his tongue.

DAIRY FARMER

They can fly rings around the moon, but
we're years ahead of 'em on the highway.

A tiny straggler objects speeds erratically after its buddies. This is too much! Jillian and Neary lock eyes, there is nothing they can say. Suddenly, Neary jerks around and grabs Jillian and Barry, pulling them off the road ... and in the nick of time.

ZOOOOM - ! ZOOOOM!

TWO INDIANA POLICE UNITS that Neary was monitoring break wind as fast as the turn will allow. Neary heads for his car.

DAIRY FARMER

Stick around ... You shoulda seen it
an hour ago!

NEARY

This is nuts!

A THIRD INDIANA CRUISER passes. Neary runs to his car and U-turns after them. The Old Farmer shouts to be heard.

DAIRY FARMER

I may be drunk but I know I'm here.

EXTERIOR - OHIO TOLL STATION - NIGHT

39

Eleven cozy toll booths bathed in ultra-modern fluorescent. An elderly watchman sits comfortably in the lane three kiosk buried in a Reader's Digest. The second hand on the wall clock ticks through 2:15 A.M. and stops on a fraction. What occurs next sends the watchman to his toes, his head spinning.

ELEVEN RED VIOLATION LIGHTS ACCOMPANIED BY A CLANGSTON ALARM IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A VEHICLE TRIES TO SNEAK THROUGH WITHOUT PUTTING THE QUARTER IN THE WIRE BASKET.

Goggle-eyed, the watchman spins around looking for numerous gate crashers. There is nobody around for miles - saving ...

WIDE ANGLE

Prewitt & Longly's police cruisers seize up their radials and stop short of Ohio. Dewitt's green police unit never even slows. It blurs Prewitt's vision and slices through Toll Gate #3.

LONGLY'S P.O.V.

Up ahead in rural Ohio, the road takes a hairpin right. But this time the tangerine lights ignore the turn and continue straight ahead. Locked in on this, Dewitt similarly ignores the turn and flies through the guard rail and into Ohio air space. An O.S. \$5,000 crash is HEARD.

REVERSE ANGLE

Neary pulls up and jumps out of his car. Prewitt and Longly are right behind and we see them CLOSE UP for the first time - - The six orange point sources appear into some low ceiling mist. The sky turns yellow-orange.

CLOSE - NEARY

He's hooked.

23-25B

DELETE PAGES 23 THROUGH 25B: SCENE 40

EXTERIOR - TARMAC - NIGHT

41 A pair of blinding landing lights seem to hover just before touching 41
down.

42 INTERIOR - THE FOURTH CAR - NIGHT 42

A tight squadron of four vehicles wait in the dark with their engines rumbling. A young man, DAVID LAUGHLIN, sits in the back seat with his knees pinched together. Beads of sweat dot his brow. An older man sitting next to him nods toward the window.

OLDER MAN

Here he comes.

A fifth car, a Cadillac Limousine, is speeding toward the other four. David Laughlin tries to calm himself. He draws a gallon of air.

DAVID

I heard a rumor that he's gone through five interpreters in nine months.

OLDER MAN

It's no rumor. Good luck.

43 INTERIOR - THE APPROACHING BLACK LIMO - NIGHT 43

In the backseat is MR. LACOMBE, an austere, controlled Frenchman, but with an old fashioned, almost romantic way of handling himself. (Although we come to see Lacombe is constantly surrounded by space-age technology, he lights his cigarettes with matches instead of lighters, at one point he watch may stop ... one of the last men alive without a self-winding watch). In the front seat is another man, ROBERT.

44 WIDER ANGLE 44

Lacombe's car joins the others. David Laughlin jumps out of his car and rushes to Lacombe's. David's got hustle.

INTERIOR - LACOMBE'S CAR - BACK SEAT - NIGHT.

45

David joins Lacombe in the back seat. Their DIALOGUE IS IN FRENCH WITH ENGLISH SUB-TITLES.

DAVID

Mister Lacombe?

(Lacombe nods)

I'm your translator.

CONTINUED

LACOMBE

You are...

(searching his pockets;
finding a scrap of paper
and trying to pronounce
what he reads in phonetic
English)

Mees-ster-Lay-cog-line?

DAVID

Laughlin.

LACOMBE

(shrugs, almost bitter
at his lack of English
and pulls out a paperback
book)

And you are on the project...two years.

DAVID

At the Wright-Patterson Facility,
Dayton, Ohio.

(he adds enthusiastically)

I had the privilege of working for
your executive assistant in seventy-one.
Transcribed twenty-one hours of sleep-
tape and attended the Montsoreau talks
the week the French broke through.
Congratulations, by the way.

x

LACOMBE

Thank you. Translate please.

Lacombe begins reading the book in French, something obviously quite
passionate. He varies his inflections and emotions to a great degree.
As Lacombe speaks, David translates one syllable or so behind him.

As David translates we see the Air East 31, a 727, roar to a trundle and
veer onto a connection where a mini brute airport vehicle with flashing
lights guides it to a halt near a dead end section of runway.

DAVID

(translating into English)

"Her firm young breasts heaved with
excitement as she slipped off her
wooly sweater..."

(he looks to Lacombe, who
stares sternly ahead)

Her nipples were as hard, pink, and round
as bubblegum. She squealed with
excitement as her teacher slowly pulled out
a long, stiff ruler...

CONTINUED

By now David is sweating profusely and has to SHOUT to be heard over the DEAFENING NOISE of the jet landing. Lacombe puts an end to Laughlin's misery by putting the book away.

LACOMBE

Fine...fine..

DAVID

(relieved)

If I may ask, sir...why that particular book?

x
x

Lacombe shrugs again and shows the front of a French paperback with a lurid cover and the title, in French, "The Cloak Room".

LACOMBE

Something I buy. I am sure it have emotional value. Emotions are going to be important, Laughlin. There is equivalents...emotional and linguistic in every language. I expect these words equivalents. I want to be understood perfectly.

x
x
x
x

(to Robert)

Robert, how was he?

ROBERT

(approvingly)

Hot damn!

Lacombe looks confused, doesn't understand this. David jumps in, supplying the translation for "hot damn" in idiomatic French. Lacombe smiles, gets out of the car and crosses toward the 727. Laughlin follows.

The wilted passengers watch bleary-eyed as the ramp extends to become metal stairs. The stewardess opens the forward door and six burly men rise into the galley area. Two of the men, officiously dressed, disappear into the pilot's cabin while the other four remain at "parade rest". They are all dressed as business executives, but something makes you wish you could see their shoulder holsters.

PILOT'S CABIN DOOR - AIREAST 31

47 x

The pilot, co-pilot, radio man and flight engineer are leaving the cockpit under escort, hurrying down the ramp to the waiting cars. The four business executives hurry to replace the crew and close the cockpit door behind them.

48 INTERIOR - PLANE

48

A public relations man and a couple of other officious looking men are at the front of the plane. They are carrying compact little stacks of IBM cards and bound clumps of test pencils. A public relations man assumes an almost laid back posture as he speaks to the passengers through the Public Address.

PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN

Folks, I apologize on behalf of the Air Force Research and Development Command for the delay in your flight schedule. On your slow descent through 30,000 feet, you flew through a restricted corridor where classified government testing was being conducted. I'm going to ask all passengers with cameras, exposed film canisters, boxes of unexposed film and tape recording devices to turn them over to me at this time.

(the passengers explode in protest but Public Relations overrides them)

In return for which you may fill out a small card with your name and address. Your slides and prints will be developed and returned to you within the next two weeks at our expense.

49 ANGLE - OUTSIDE AIR EAST 31 - LACOMBE'S LIMO - NIGHT

49

The Air East flight crew is already seated inside as Lacombe intones something in French to David. David turns to an FAA official and three of his aides.

DAVID

We want the flight recorder and don't wash the plane.

David ducks inside and the limousine speeds away down the tarmac.

CUT TO:

30 INTERIOR - MUNCIE POLICE DEPARTMENT 3:30 AM

50

This is the processing room. A blizzard of mid-morning activity complimented by secretaries and uniformed policemen checking in, checking out, writing reports. And leaning into their night reports are Officers Longly and Prewitt, the team that first pursued the nocturnal phenomenon to the Ohio border. This is probably the first time these men have ever enjoyed this kind of paper work. There is still a total blackout. Lightning thunder rattles the window, but there is no rain. Everyone works by candlelight, Coleman light, flashlights and police vehicle headlights directed through the station window.

ANGLE - NEARY

Without the aid of a typewriter, Neary is penciling in his story. He still pumps from excitement. Touching his head, Neary pauses and presses back a gnawing headache.

NEARY

Got any aspirin?

PREWITT

If Longly hadn't been with me I would have gone psychiatric.

LONGLY

I don't want to file this report.
(significant pause)
I want to publish it.

Just about now, a door bursts open across the processing room DEWITT emerges from the Captain's office, his arm in a sling and a bandaid on his forehead. The Captain has a pox on this early morning.

CAPTAIN

It's enough to outrage common sense.
(to the room)
Ordinary people look to the police department not to make bizarre reports of this nature.

DEWITT

(in his own defense)
My knowledge is God's truth.

CAPTAIN

I will not see this department pressed between the pages of the National Enquirer.

The flustered commander turns his looks on Prewitt & Longly behind their typewriters.

50 cont

CAPTAIN

50cont

(loud to his secretary)

When Flash Gordon & Buck Rogers are
done, have them get their behinds
in here.

All the lights come on at this point. The blackout has ended. The fluorescent lighting is murder on Neary's vision. Dewitt is vanquished. Shaking his head he makes for the door. The two officers snag a piece of him and Dewitt stops to lock down, dazed.

LONGLY

PREWITT

x

What'd you do to the old man?

What happened?

x

DEWITT

x

(dazed)

x

x

He read my report. I drew a
suspension.

x

x

x

EXIT DEWITT. Prewitt and Longly trade nervous looks. And if fingers could tip-toe, that's what happens next. So much for God's truth! Out from their typewriters go the I.F. 102 file reports - in go fresh ones. Prewitt and Longly pound the keyboard like Ferrante & Teicher.

CLOSE - NEARY

Feeling betrayed. He squints down at his pile of pencil markings and sketches. Looks at the Captain's closed door. Looks at his digital wristwatch which shows 3:30 AM and with renewed enthusiasm runs out of the M'NCIE P.D.

51

INTERIOR - NEARY BEDROOM - NIGHT

51

It's about 4:00 AM. Ronnie is asleep. Neary bursts into the room, goes to bed and shakes her. He turns on the lights in the room.

NEARY

Honey, wake up!

RONNIE

Hhhhh....

NEARY

You're not going to believe what's happening.

RONNIE

(fighting back to sleep)

I'm not listening...

NEARY

(shaking her)

You don't have to listen. There was
nothing but air and all of a sudden...WOOSH...
then WOOSH...Then a little WOOSH...Jesus!

51 (Cont'd)

RONNIE
(rubbing her eyes)
The Department's been trying to reach you. They couldn't reach you....

NEARY
Yeah, I know. It shut my radio off.

RONNIE
(waking up)
Roy, you shouldn't do that. They have to talk to you ... all kinds of crazy things are going on. The phone has been ringing off the hook. They want you to call them now!

Neary sees he can't transmit his feelings with words so he begins to pull Ronnie out of bed.

NEARY
Come on! Get outta bed ...

RONNIE
Roy. What's wrong?

NEARY
Nothing. You have to see something with me.

RONNIE
Is it an accident?

NEARY
You wanted to get out of the house, didn't you?

RONNIE
Not at 4:00 A.M.

NEARY
Don't argue ... just come on

RONNIE
We can't leave the kids.

NEARY
Leave the kids? I wouldn't leave the kids.

52 INTERIOR - HALLWAY / INTERIOR CHILDRENS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neary runs out of the Master Bedroom and into the hallway.

NEARY
(shouting)
... BRAD, TOBY, SYLVIA!

53 INTERIOR NEARY KITCHEN - OUT TO EXTERIOR NEARY DRIVEWAY

Neary is rushing his hastily assembled family to the family car. They are in various states of undress. Neary has his cameras, binoculars, Brad's telescope ... anything he can get his hands on that has a lense.

53 (Cont'd)

TOBY

53 (Cont'd)

(muttering sleepily)

You stole my luminous paints ...

NEARY

You'll get your luminous paint! Everything's going to be luminous!

x On the run, Ronnie stops to open the refrigerator to grab her raw vegetable pouch. The refrigerator light is an un-appetizing green. x

TOBY

That green light makes me barf.

RONNIE

I'll change it after I lose another three pounds.

BRAD

Are we going to a drive-in?

NEARY

Uh, uh. We're going to do something much more fun.

But Neary continues hustling them out of the house and toward the Chevy wagon around the back of the driveway.

ANGLE - MRS. HARRIS' HOME - NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

There is a noise below her bedroom window. She peaks out the window and down to see what all the fuss is about.

RONNIE

Roy, you've proved your point. We're out of the house. Now can we go back to sleep?

Neary opens the passenger door to the car, shoving the children in. Ronnie resists one last time.

RONNIE

This is only funny if it ends here in the driveway.

TOBY

You promised Goofy Golf.

x Finally, all are in the car, kids in the back, Roy and Ronnie in the front. As the light goes on inside the car, Ronnie notices something odd. Roy is red on one half of his face. x

RONNIE

Roy ... you're sunburned.

NEARY

Yeah. I took my vacation while you were asleep.

33-A

(Cont'd)

53 (Cont'd)

RONNIE

Only half!

Neary looks quickly into the rear view mirror as he drives off. He does look a little red in the face. He shrugs it off and continues down the dark street.

CUT TO:

54 EXTERIOR - CRESCENDO SUMMIT - NIGHT

54

The Neary car is parked alone at the summit. The farmer has departed, leaving debris. The kids are sleeping uneasily in the back seat and Ronnie is dozing in the front as Roy paces back and forth outside the car. He's been waiting a long time for something to happen and he's pissed off at the heavens.

54 (Cont'd)

Ronnie opens her eyes and sees Roy's distress.

RONNIE

Why won't you tell me what you're waiting for?

NEARY

You'll know when you see it.

RONNIE

Come on, I came here with you. I'm taking this very well. Now tell me. What did it look like?

NEARY

Kind of like ... like an ice cream cone.

RONNIE

(innocently)

What flavor?

NEARY

(taking her seriously)

Orange. It was orange ... and it wasn't really like an ice cream cone ... it was sort of in a shell ... this way ...

RONNIE

Like a taco?

NEARY

No, rounder, larger ... and sometimes ... it was like ... like ... you know those rolls we had yesterday?

RONNIE

Bran muffins?

NEARY

No! Not for breakfast ... for dinner. What were those rolls? Those curvy ones?

RONNIE

You mean the Crescent rolls?

NEARY

Yeah! And it gave off a kind of neon glow.

54 (Cont'd)

54 (Cont'd)

54 (Cont'd)

Ronnie begins to eat vegetables from the plastic pouch. Neary walks a few paces away from her chewing, hunching near a rock. Ronnie watches him anxiously. Maybe she is too bitchy. She gets out of the car and crosses toward him.

RONNIE

(again)

Don't you think I'm taking this really well?

ANGLE ON NEARY

Ronnie comes up and moves next to him. She stays there silently for a beat, looking at him while he looks at the sky, ignoring her. She looks up to the sky and gives a little shudder.

RONNIE

(a shorthand that started

Snuggle. when they met eleven years ago)

Roy dutifully does this. She begins to snuggle and play with his ear.

RONNIE

I remember when we use to come to places like this to look at each other.

Neary looks at her, remembers some good times and smiles. She smiles back and kisses him. He accepts the kiss, improves on it and pretty soon they're necking. But Roy is not so engrossed in his passion that he doesn't open his eyes to watch the skies. Suddenly, everything lights up and a blue hot whoosh tears at their clothes. Roy almost leaves his skin as red tail lights diminish in the distance. Ronnie knows it was only a semi-truck-trailer and isn't bothered.

RONNIE

If one of those things came down here right now and the door opened, would you get on it?

NEARY

(thrilled at the idea)

Jesus Christ, yes !!!

(seeing this has hurt her)

Well, anyone would!

Ronnie considers this. She gets up, dusts herself off, and goes back to the car, stopping suddenly turning and letting Roy have it out of both barrels.

RONNIE

x	You know what you've done to	x
x	us? You know what this means?!	x
x	You've brought us out here twenty	x
x	miles from home in the middle of	x
x	the night - and you have destroyed	x
x	our sleep cycle. Your sons are	x
	gonna konk out in the middle of	
	a school day and Sylvia will be	
	up until one a.m. for the next	
	three nights because their father	
	swears he saw a flat orange Betty	
	Crocker crescent roll that flies.	
x	We might as well have breakfast	x
x	right now.	x

(lowers her voice and
levels her aim)

Don't ever try anything like this
again. We're your family. It
is not normal.

Ronnie jumps in the car and slams the door. Roy looks up at the sky. And mouths a big obscenity.

INT - NEARY MASTER BATHROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

35 x

Neary has his head stuck in the sink as he brushes his teeth. Through the mirror Brad, Toby and three neighborhood kids are seen sneaking up.

ANGLE - KIDS

Brad has a polaroid camera. He adjusts the focus then nods to Toby. Toby is hesitant but tiptoes up to his father and gets a bright idea of how to get him to turn around. He pulls the elastic back on Neary's underwear and lets it fly. Snap.

CLOSE - NEARY

He's hip to this all along but wheels and screams, monster like, toothpaste dripping down his chops, half his face as red as a lobster. The boys are so startled they run away shrieking.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Running down the hall. Brad rips out the exposed picture as Ronnie moves toward them from the kitchen.

TOBY

(to friends)

Did you see his face? Did
the picture come out?

NEIGHBOR KID

He looks like a fifty-fifty bar.

Ronnie intercepts the photograph halfway through its development.

RONNIE

This isn't your camera to play with
everytime I turn around.

A55

INTERIOR - MASTER BATHROOM

A55

Some of the pleasure of scaring the kids lingers on as he takes a can of Rapid Shave and nozzles a mound of white lather into the palm of his right hand. He perfunctorily lifts the mountain of cream toward his face when something stops him. Neary begins to stare vaguely at the stuff in his hand. He cocks his head, brings it eye-level close and curiously begins to shape some of it with the middle finger on his left hand when Ronnie suddenly appears at the door, her mind all made up.

NEARY

(holding up pile of cream)

Ronnie! What does this remind you of?

x

RONNIE

We're going to tell people you fell
asleep under a sunlamp on your right side.

NEARY

What for?

Brad has wandered back in with Toby close behind.

BRAD

Dad, are they for real?

RONNIE

That's what for.

(to Brad)

No, they're not for real and
go have a hotdog outside. Go
to the party.

NEARY

Don't tell him that.

RONNIE

Look! Don't you talk about this
until you know what you're talking
about.

NEARY

That's crazy, if I don't talk about
this how am I gonna find out what's
to know.

BRAD

Mom...I believe in them.

RONNIE

No you don't.

BRAD

Dad says so.

RONNIE

(pleading to Roy for help)

He does not! Roy?

NEARY

I just want to know what in the
world is going on!

RONNIE

(so simply)

It's just one of those things.

CONTINUED

PAGE DELETED

NEARY

Which things?

RONNIE

I don't want to hear about this
any more.

NEARY

Simon, I've got to
call somebody. This
is important.

TOBY

Do they live on the moon?

BRAD

They got bases on the moon
so at night they can come in
your window and pull the covers
off!

RONNIE

(sing-song snid)

I'm not listening.

NEARY

I saw something last night I
can't explain.

RONNIE

(eye contact)

I saw something last night I
can't explain.

x			x
x			x
x			x
x			x

She leaves the doorway. Neary yells to her as she goes into the boys
room that resembles the epicenter of a major quake.

NEARY

You know I'm going out there again
tonight damnit!

Ronnie turns on a dime and smiles ever so sweetly.

A55 (Cont'd)

A55 (Cont'd)

RONNIE
 (trying to keep it light)
 No you're not.

NEARY
 (like a little boy)
 Yes I am.

RONNIE
 No you're not.

The phone begins ringing off the hook.

NEARY
 Yes I am

Ronnie notices the mountain of foam Neary is holding so close to his face and smiles playfully.

RONNIE
 No you're not

And she pushes his palm into his face and runs off to answer the phone. Neary stands there like one of the Three Stooges and turns to the mirror to shave. He YELLS back over his shoulder.

NEARY
 It ain't a moonburn, goddamit....

In the mirror Ronnie is back all of a sudden. She looks like someone who has just been told she's terminally ill. Tears begin to come and she stands there shaking. Neary turns immediately thinking it's him.

NEARY
 Okay...I don't have to go.

Ronnie explodes into his arms, cheek to cheek with all the lather and tears and --

RONNIE
 You got fired. They wouldn't even talk to you. What are we going to do? You got fired. What's going on?

ANGLE

On Neary's stunned reaction.

PAGE DELETED

This is called a Sunday brunch block social. A hundred neighbors and their children share six unfenced backyards and a feast of hamburgers, potato salad, hot dogs, and ice cream. Everyone must bring a bowl of something and Ronnie is no exception with a saran-wrapped tray of stuffed tomatoes.

She sets them down on a picnic table and is immediately surrounded by gossip in the women's circle; ten housewives tired of being married to their houses. Ronnie is distracted as she notices Roy twenty yards away in the men's circle.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BOTH CIRCLES- RONNIE STUDYING ROY, TRYING TO READ HIS LIPS

GROUP ANGLE - MEN'S CIRCLE

Twelve men, different ages and backgrounds, but all neighbors of the same block. Neary's mind is not on the Sunday small talk (mostly improvised). DARRYL, between swallows, looks at Roy sort of puzzled.

DARRYL

(referring to Roy's burn)
How'd you do that to yourself?

NEARY

(thinking a beat, then)
Sunlamp.

GROUP ANGLE - WOMEN'S CIRCLE

Ronnie is so anxious that Roy is behaving himself she hasn't heard one word said at her.

BONNIE

It's Driver's Education for people who think operating a car in traffic is second nature to them by now. It emphasizes we should find new routes to travel routine places. We take the roads we travel on so much for granted that we are really functioning in an unconscious state behind the wheel. You know Ronnie with all the driving Roy does in his work you two should sign up for these classes.

RONNIE

(completely distracted)
It was the sunlamp. He fell asleep on his right side. I don't know what I'm going to do with him.

GROUP ANGLE - MEN'S CIRCLE

BARNEY

I like this idea, not fencing in.
But I'm telling you if one of us
does it. Everybody's gonna start.

CLOSE - NEARY

He looks around. Then, with a cursory glance at first, his eyes go skyward.

CLOSE - RONNIE

She sees this with held breath.

ANGLE- NEARY

He looks up again. Lingers.

ANGLE - GROUP

The flow of the conversation doesn't waiver but a few of the neighbors look up to see what Neary is watching.

CLOSE - RONNIE

Almost talking to him under her breath...willing him to act naturally...and at the same time pretending this isn't happening.

ANGLE- MEN'S CIRCLE

Everybody takes turns looking up at the sky, and by this time Neary hasn't found what he was looking for and half-heartedly returns to the conversation but, like a yawn in a crowd, the domino effect is nearing epidemic proportions. Everybody is looking up now, and the rubbernecking is spreading across four backyards to the women's circle. Ronnie is absolutely mortified.

CLOSE- ROY

Smiles at Ronnie across the way and kind of waves to her.

CLOSE - RONNIE

Her eyes spray him with resentment and embarrassment. She doesn't hide anything.

EXT. -MINIATURE GOLF GREEN- FIFTH HOLE

The Neary family has arrived at the fifth hole. Neary still isn't paying much attention as he looks upward. These looks are not lost on Ronnie and she is becoming increasingly tense.

BRAD

Come on, Dad. You're up.

SCENE 57 OMITTED

A 57 EXT. - COUNTRYSIDE OF INDIA - DAY

A 57

A TITLE APPEARS: BENARES VALLEY - INDIA

On a hillside outside Benares, ten thousand Hindu followers of the Sadhu kneel in prayer, bowing and chanting to the sky. They are all chanting the same five notes over and over...ten thousand strong. It is a haunting sound, melodic but ominous.

ANGLE- AGAINST THE THRONG

Towering above the mass of worshippers move a half dozen caucasian technicians. They are laden down with recording equipment as they begin a clean sweep of the hillside, recording the chant with outstretched pole mikes.

ANGLE- FURTHER UP THE HILL

Lacombe and Laughlin stand with an ancient Brahman leader of these people. The Brahman's eyes are filled with tears of joy. He is babbling in Hindu. David translates.

DAVID

The sky sings to us!

Lacombe is filled with emotion. He embraces the old man.

LACOMBE

It sings to us too, my friend.

CUT TO:

58 INTERIOR - NEARY CAR - NIGHT

58

Beyond the tinted windshield is a breathtaking display of starlife on the clear and humid evening. Roy drives with purpose and direction as he nears his special destination and...

59 EXT. - CRESCENDO SUMMIT - NIGHT

59

Reaching the crest of the highway, the Ohio farmer's red pickup truck is a familiar sight. But he is not alone tonight. Others have congregated. A Dodge Motorhome, and E-K tractor and several Volkswagens are parked alongside the road, beset with a red-tag assortment of star gazers comfortably ensconced in aluminum patio chairs and occasionally peering at the horizon through field glasses as if waiting for some phantom parade to pass. Two kids have erected homemade reflecting telescopes and...

59 (Cont'd)

59 (Cont'd)

the farmer's oldest son is adjusting his 35mm Nikromat from the roof of the cab. As Neary opens the door of the car most of the people turn and eye him rather hostilely. He feels unwanted as he steps away from his vehicle. He spots the old farmer, a familiar face, and hurries over to him, taking and shaking his hand. The farmer is friendly and a little drunk.

NEARY

Hi. Remember me?

FARMER

No ... but there's lots of things I don't remember.

NEARY

I was here last night.
 (looks around)
 We got quite an audience.

FARMER

Beats television.

NEARY

Who are all these people?

FARMER

(pleased with himself)
 This is the Society for the People
 Interested in What's Going On Around
 Here.

The Farmer wanders back to his jug and Neary is left alone under the stars. He feels very small and insignificant .. even though the evening is humid, he feels a chill. He looks over and sees the other people huddled in a group. He ambles over to six senior citizens seated around a card table on the greasy shoulder. Four of them are playing canasta. Eighty, if she's a year, GRACEY smiles up at Roy Neary

A SOUND makes everyone look toward the northern skies. Jet aircraft can be heard passing in the rarified distance.

ELDERLY MAN

We'll be up here all night if that
 keeps up.

Roy kneels by the elderly lady who is the Queen of Needlepoint.

NEARY

(confidentially)
 Are they coming over tonight?

Her whole face lights up as though he's told her the meaning of life. She becomes teary eyed.

42.

(Cont'd)

GRACEY

59 (Cont'd)

Oh, I hope so. Don't you?

NEARY

(in all seriousness)

Yes.

GRACEY

(to her husband)

Can I show him the album?

He ignores her. So Gracey hefts a volume sized leatherette photo album and opens it to the first page.

GRACEY

I took these myself...out by the playground.

Neary eases close to see between the pages. Pressed beneath the protective plastic are six polaroid color snapshots. Each shows nothing more than a splash of overexposed yellow - or a slit of white - or an area out of focus blue. Simple photographic errors.

Neary leaves Gracey with a pat on the shoulder and jogs to his car. He returns with his Instamatic and finds a fence post to lean against.

NEARY'S P.O.V.

As he sights through his camera he sees Jillian Guiler and Barry. Now, without the tension of the near accident last night, she has just arrived on the scene. Roy gets up and sheaths his camera, getting ready to cross over to her. But before he can, she spots him and goes directly to him. Barry tags along behind his mother for awhile but then sort of wanders off near a section of dirt to play.

ANGLE - JILLIAN AND ROY

JILLIAN

Hi. Remember me?

NEARY

How can I forget.

They shake hands.

JILLIAN

Jillian.

(Cont'd)

NEARY

Roy Neary. Last night was really weird.

59 (Cont'd)

JILLIAN

(agreeing)

It doesn't feel like it's over.

(suddenly noticing)

You're sunburned.

NEARY

Yeah, I'm hoping to tan the other side tonight.

JILLIAN

It got my whole face and neck.

She opens her blouse slightly to reveal her tan line and her neck. Roy is embarrassed at the sight of a pair of tits he's not married to. Jillian is obviously less uptight than Roy in most areas.

A genial man in a sports jacket shines a flashlight at Jillian and Roy. Their sunburns seem to stand out in his beam. He smiles and takes a flash picture before they can speak. He smiles again and moves on toward little Barry. Jillian skips over to where Barry is building a mound of dirt and blocks the flashlight beam.

JILLIAN

(angry to guy)

He's a little young to have a record.

The guy smiles and moves on. Roy is a little awed at Jillian's strength.

NEARY

Where do you think he's from?

JILLIAN

Earth.

She hunches down to wipe some dirt off Barry, turning soft and motherly.

JILLIAN

My dirty kid.

NEARY

He's cute under the dirt...I, uh, got three of my own at home.

(Cont'd)

59 (Cont'd)

He digs into his wallet and almost defensively shows off a family snapshot.

NEARY

I work for the power company. I'm not one of the regulars around here.

JILLIAN

(looking at the picture)
Does your wife know what's going on?

NEARY

I've been breaking it to her easy.
So far she understands "perfectly."

JILLIAN

(grins appreciatively)
I know what you mean. I called my mother -- she said that's what I get for living alone.
(embarrassed pause)
Well, there's Barry and the neighbors and I'm not really alone at all.

They find themselves watching the child shape the dirt he's playing with into a tiny mountain. Neary hunches down and helps him with the dirt.

NEARY

(to Barry)
You're working kind of late, tonight, kiddo.

JILLIAN

(bites her lip)
I guess he should be home in bed, but I don't want to let him out of my sight.

Neary takes a twig and etches fluted sides into the dirt mound. Oddly enough, both the child and Jillian accept this as natural behavior.

NEARY

(admiring his work)
Hey -- what does this remind you of?

Jillian searches for an answer -- it reminds her of something, but she doesn't know what. She leans over and gently scoops the top off, leaving a flattened butte.

(Cont'd)

JILLIAN

59 (Cont'd)

I like it better this way.

NEARY

(puzzled)

So do I.

At that moment their attention is diverted by a shout from the farmer's son.

FARMER'S SON

Here they come! Out of the Northwest!

A hush falls over the gathering. The two boys man their telescopes like anti-aircraft batteries. The farmboy double checks his shutter speed. Gracey holds her camera up and stands behind her chair.

ANGLE - DAIRY FARMER

He lifts up a hand painted cardboard sign that reads:
STOP AND BE FRIENDLY.

JILLIAN

(pointing)

There!

WITHDRAW TO REVEAL

On the far distance here the black hills gather and the road melts away, two delicate pinpoints of light converge and grow relentlessly brighter as they make their low altitude approach. Neary and Jillian are determined to remain calm.

NEARY

What if we're just two wackos standing
on a hill with thirty other wackos!

JILLIAN

Your eyes burn, don't they?

NEARY

All day long.

JILLIAN

Me too.

NEARY

I was a little crazy this afternoon,
waiting for it to get dark.

(Cont'd)

JILLIAN

59 (Cont'd)

Right! It's like Halloween for grown-ups.

NEARY

(addressing the lights)

Trick or treat!

ANGLE - GRACEY

Tears are running down her cheeks. She genuflects, mutters a prayer and steadies her camera like a pro.

BEYOND ALL THIS THE WHITE LIGHTS ELONGATE AND FLARE LIKE A WELDERS TORCH.

MYSTERIOUS GENTLEMAN WITH CAMERA

He is beating a hasty retreat to his car and leaves the area.

CLOSE - NEARY

His entire body is trembling out of control. He aims his camera but it refuses to steady. This is as close to a religious experience as Roy has ever encountered.

JILLIAN

You're really trembling.

NEARY

(defensive)

It's chilly. We're out again in the middle of the night.

JILLIAN

It doesn't matter. So in I. Feel.

She tucks his hand against her neck. Roy removes his hand, but Jillian snuggles against him in mounting fear.

NEARY

If these things stop and open their doors -- would you get in and go?

JILLIAN

If these things stop -- I'm going home.

NEARY

(takes it all in and is suddenly sane)

This is totally crazy.

(Cont'd)

59 (Cont'd)

THE ASSEMBLED

The people stir as an unusual quality of SOUND permeates the air. It is a rhythmical noiseblowing against the wind - louder now. Faster, and more frenzied than anyone expected, and fear shoots through all as they interpret the internal combusive pounding and ...the two blinding lights swallow everything up.

Air is displaced - the sky whites out - and the lights become two AIR FORCE HELICOPTERS that descend upon the gathering beating hot air on them, sucking dirt and featherweight debris up into the swirling convections as the screaming machines maneuver around each other until the ultimate man made cyclone sends aluminum chairs, card tables, blankets and picnic leavings in a violent upheavel.

 BARRY

 What's happening!

ANGLE - BARRY AND JILLIAN

Filled with terror, the little boy takes off running -- away from the approaching lights. Jillian snags him before he's gone four steps.

 JILLIAN

 Barry!

CLOSE ENCOUNTER SPEECH

FARMER

(seeing Neary unimpressed)
Yeah, those pictures ain't much.
Close Encounters of the First Kind.

NEARY

(amused)
First kind?

FARMER

That's right. Anything that ain't a
mere point of light. Most everybody
you come across up here has been through
that. Now me -- I done better. I've
had a Close Encounter of the Second Kind.

NEARY

Second kind -- right.

FARMER

That's when they swoop down and shine
on you -- and you can feel the heat and
the unearthly glow.

(pause)

Sometimes they sing the grass.

(pause)

~~Course that ain't much neither.~~

In the background, Jillian gets out of car with Barry. She spots Roy and heads for him.

FARMER

'Course that ain't much neither.

NEARY

There's more?

FARMER

You better believe it. What I'm waiting
for is a Close Encounter of the Third Kind.

(he looks at the sky and the stars and grins)

That's when you meet 'em.

Jillian touches Roy on the arm.

JILLIAN

Hi. Remember me?

go on with the scene...

unseen by
Neary)

59 cont

59 cont

ANGLE- GRACEY

Alone now and stranded beneath the pounding rotor wash, Gracey feebly attempts to gather her blown photo piece collection. She chases the snapshots back and forth, attempting to snatch them right out of the sky, missing and crying yet un mindfully determined. Neary, outraged by what's happening, runs a few steps to face Gracey. Someone else reaches her first and pulls her away to safety.

60 OMITTED

61

INTERIOR - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

61

Fifty conservatively dressed men and women are filing in. All of them display photo-identification on their black lapels. They are each handed what looks like fancy programs in silver leaf. The mood is less formal than the dress. In the front row a clique of twelve strong young men in Air Force blazers wait attentively. On the stage are seven high-ranking project leaders. Lacombe is one of them.

ANGLE ON STAGE

A man comes out on stage. He speaks with a Texas accent.

TEXAS

We are indebted to the people of La Société des Lumières for their advanced research and initial success. I'd like to share the dais with Mr. Lacombe, a pioneer in the MAYFLOWER breakthrough. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Edmund Hillary of the hour, Claude Lacombe.

At this announcement the assemblage quickly, almost respectfully, take their seats. The lights dim and Lacombe comes out. He looks nervous and his English is shaky.

LACOMBE

Good evening, Ladies and gentlemen.
Parlez vous Français?

There is a kind of shameful mass of shrugs and "uh, uh's" from the crowd. Lacombe is pleased at his one-up-manship.

LACOMBE (Continued)

Good, then you will excuse me if my English is no good, too.

(he gets some
chuckles)

Very little needs be said. The music will say it all. We start on page one and read together to the end. Please....

(Cont'd)

61 (Cont'd)

Lacombe steps back and the curtains on the stage part. There, in a theatrical pool of light, a tape recorder sits alone on a metal chair. This draws some laughter from the audience. A nervous musician-technician who resembles William Shakespeare makes his entrance. He takes a seat next to the tape recorder and opens some sheet music.

ANGLE - AUDIENCE

They open their programs to reveal the same sheet music.

ANGLE - SHAKESPEARE

He switches the tape recorder to playback. HEARD is the five-tone chant from that hillside in India.

SHAKESPEARE

...Slow it down.

The recorder plays back a single Indian voice at half speed intoning a slight variation of the five tones just heard. The audience is excited.

ANGLE ON LACOMBE - BACKSTAGE

Standing just out of sight, moving his lips slightly as if speaking with the music.

SHAKESPEARE (O.S.)

...Slow it down.

We HEAR the beginning of another five chord variation slower and more tunefully. A man walks up to Lacombe and delivers a sealed Telex to him, interrupting his reverie. He lifts his eyes from the sheet music, takes the message and opens it. He raises an eyebrow...it's obviously stunning news of some kind.

SHAKESPEARE (O.S.)

...Slow it down.

Now even slower and another haunting five tones.

ANGLE ON CROWD

SHAKESPEARE (O.S.)

...Slow it down. All the way.

(Cont'd)

61 (Cont'd)

The last five note lovely variation and the reaction is spontaneous. Everybody leaps up cheering and backslapping, like mission control when the Eagle landed on the moon. Utter pandemonium.

CUT TO:

62

EXT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - DUSK

62

Jillian's house is in a remote place. She is out in her back yard emptying the trash. Amidst the day's debris are a few aborted sketches of mountains that Jill has made in charcoal and pastels. From INSIDE THE HOUSE WE HEAR the same five notes we have just heard in the auditorium, only now the notes are coming from a child's toy xylophone. Jillian smiles and looks toward the house.

63

HER P.O.V.

63

She has left the kitchen door open and has an unobstructed view through the kitchen and into the living room where Barry is banging away happily on his xylophone (the same five notes). He is giggling and laughing as he plays. All this is pleasant and reassuring to her as she continues trying to get everything in the cans for trash day. As she continues her chores she HEARS the xylophone music stop but Barry's laughter increases. The child's laughter reaches a peak of joy, disturbing Jill. (Too much joy for a mother to bear). She looks back into the house. Barry, laughing hysterically, runs to a side window and looks up at the sky. Jill is afraid to follow her son's gaze skyward but she does. She is astounded.

64

ANGLE - SKY

64

A forbidding sky, lots of clouds moving over, hundreds of dream shaped puffs...and a lot of them are lit up from behind, flashing colors like heat lightning. Tiny geodesic points of light skip from cloud to cloud. We're not sure whether this is a natural or supernatural phenomenon occurring but whatever it is it's like nothing we've ever seen before. It scares the shit out of us and Jillian. A LOW RUMBLE, perhaps thunder, rolls over the landscape.

65

ANGLE - JILLIAN

65

She eyes the safety of her house, turns slowly, very slowly and begins the long fifteen steps back inside. She is terrified and she doesn't want to make herself more terrified by running. She continues toward the kitchen in controlled motion.

66

INT. HOUSE

66

She enters the kitchen; very slowly and deliberately locks the back door. She goes into the living room and begins pulling down blinds. As she moves throughout the house closing all the blinds her movements become faster and faster. She goes from a walk to a trot to a run, jerking blinds down as her sense of panic increases.

ACT III - BARRY

He is still laughing and having a great time but he can't understand why his mother is closing the blinds on all the fun. He goes to a window and opens the blind. Jillian practically dives for him.

JILLIAN

Barry, no!

She rips him away from the window and yanks the shade down. Almost instantly brilliant orange lights appear behind the blinds. The intensity is staggering, even through the opaque blinds. She steps back, stifling a scream.

JILLIAN (Continued)

Not now! Not now!

Barry is still howling with laughter as Jill races to the phone book. With trembling hands she begins scrambling through the book, searching for the "N" a... searching for Barry. Before she can even find the number there is a rattling at the side door. She forgets to lock it! She dashes to the side door.

JILLIAN (Continued)

(through tears)

Not yet!

She bolts the side door as the noise reaches a crescendo outside. She is back in the living room just in time to see Barry open the front. There's a chain lock on the door so the door only opens a crack, but through that crack comes Orange Light so intense it could set the furniture on fire. Jill slams the door from behind, grabs Barry and drags him back toward the phone. She is now hysterical and she begins digging for Barry's number. She begins scratching SCUMPS on the wall, too like scraping noises. With dread she sees feet and ashes fall from the chimney onto the log holder. She renews her search for the number then suddenly the room GOES BLACK. She is totally engulfed in darkness for a moment when the TV suddenly goes ON. THIS IS THE ONLY TIME WE
JILLIAN IS SEEN IN ON TV. SHE HAS ANOTHER AND SHE IS. HER CHAIR IS
WHITE. HER EYES ARE A FLESH AS SHE WITS FOR THE NUMBER TO DIAL

the kitchen appliances. ~~She is in the kitchen and she is~~
~~other and she is in the kitchen.~~

CONTINUED

RONNIE (O.S.)

Hello.

JILLIAN

(a croak)

Roy...

RONNIE (O.S.)

He's not here. I'm his wife.

Who's calling please?

Before Jillian's trembling-mouth can form a syllable, the lights go on again. Then they suddenly dim to a low red glow, then a burst of blue even more brilliant than the orange and quickly back to the dim red glow. This phantasmagora sends Jillian to her knees dropping the phone and crawling under the desk shielding Barry with her body. Barry manages to wriggle away. Jill is almost epileptic with fear and its not over yet. The TV, stereo, various appliances and individual lamps take turns in various degrees of loudness and intensity.

As suddenly as it began, the cacophony of sounds and the lights STOP. The room is returned to normal. Whatever was there is gone and the room is so quiet Jill's labored breathing sounds almost too loud. She is a burnt out mass of nerve endings under the desk. The phone dangles uselessly and from it we HEAR a mechanical voice recording, "please hang up and dial again": CAMERA WITHDRAWING. Further and further across the kitchen. And Jillian realizes she no longer has Barry in her clutch. The room is empty.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

It is open. The night blows in. Barry is gone.

INT, NEARY CAR - DAY

Roy is driving somewhere in the Indiana countryside with a purpose. Ronnie, kind of dressed up, is with him. We come in mid-conversation.

RONNIE

Well, it was Cosmopolitan. The fact that these things came closer and closer represents your mother's breast with its promise of food. When satisfied, you the infant, lose interest in the breast which goes away, getting smaller and smaller. The shape of the female breast is...

CONTINUED

(Cont'd)

67 (Cont'd)

NEARY

Ronnie, I did not see my mother's tite
coming in low over the Mt. Pleasant
foothills!

This and the sight of the Air Base they're approaching
makes Ronnie sink down in her seat.

RONNIE

Roy, I'll never forgive you if I run
into anybody here I know.

68 EXTERIOR - DAX AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

68 x

Neary approaches the first check point on DAXES outer
extremities. He pulls up to the guard kiosk in his Chevy
wagon and leans out the window where a stoical, skin headed
Corporal greets him mechanically. Just to one side of the
kiosk, Ronnie is quick to notice a 'space junkie' wearing
a fringed leather trapper coat over a T-shirt filled with
op-pop-art of the solar-system.

CORPORAL

(to Roy)

Yes sir.

NEARY

The Civilian Information Center, please.

CORPORAL

New Air Force recruiting?

NEARY

Not today, thanks.

CORPORAL

(pointing his thumb)

Recruiting station and information central
are in that tall structure. Parking
is in the lower levels.

The Corporal crams a green civilian visitor card under the
windshield wiper.

... JUNKIE
The Beatles changed the world...but
some cosmic occurance created the Beatles.

NEW ANGLE

69

The Chevy wagon motors past a copse of pussy willow trees to a super modern building, twenty stories of cubicle window space and smoked glass.

INTERIOR - AEROSPACE DEFENSE COMMAND

70

Starting CLOSE on Neary. He is obviously in a sitting position. It seems as though a thousand critical eyes are bathing over him.

As the ANGLE WIDENS, the room is jammed with thirty witnesses. We see half the citizens -- some with families -- who were on Crescendo Summit the night of the helicopters. Neary looks around for Jillian. She is conspicuously absent.

70 (Cont'd)

RONNIE

70 (Cont'd)

No, thank you. I'm just fine.

On collective inspection, these people are stereo typically the types of UFO reporters that one would imagine exists in the world today.

RONNIE

(whispers to Roy)

These people are all crazy.

NEARY

Shsssh!

RONNIE

I knew it would be just like this.

Ronnie nods toward the farmer who is looking around the room smiling at everybody.

RONNIE

Look at him - almost over the edge.

NEARY

(through clenched teeth)

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

Ronnie jabs Roy with her elbow and motions him in the direction of a sixty year old, white haired, extremely paranoid looking woman sitting by herself in a corner and staring into space like she's dead.

RONNIE

And that one over there ... on her way to the rocks below.

Suddenly, the corridor door bursts open and a silver haired Air Force Colonel emerges in his full regalia. He smiles at the Receptionist.

COLONEL

Goodnight Marian.

RECEPTIONIST

Goodnight Colonel _____.

x

The Colonel turns and extends a hand toward the paranoid looking woman Ronnie had pointed out earlier. She rises tiredly and takes the Colonel's hand, turns to the Receptionist.

WOMAN

Goodnight Marian.

RECEPTIONIST

Goodnight Mrs. _____
(she turns her sight to Neary)

x

CLOSE - NEARY

Roy turns to Ronnie with a big shit eating smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Folks ... you can go in now.
Room 3655.

A secretary appears at the double glass doors. The Tolono Group, led by Neary, Jillian and Ronnie, heads for the corridor. TV NEWS CAMERAS ARE WAITING JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOORS. On go the quartz lights, the cameras begin to turn and Ronnie jerks her purse to cover her face.

RONNIE (through her teeth to Roy)

Damn you!

71 INTERIOR - AIR FORCE CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE DAY

71

The country folk are in sharp contrast to the Army brass; buttoned up and steel grey men who face the crowd from design research swivel chairs and illuminated from low slung overhead arena lights and facing the civilian gathering seated on folding aluminum chairs on all four sides. It looks like Theatre in the Round.

The media is in full evidence; portable TV equipment, newsmen with flashbulbs, giving the whole affair the feeling of a media-carnival instead of a serious exchange of information.

Neary and Jillian are near the front of the table. He is on his feet in heated debate with the officer in charge, MAJOR BENCHLEY.

(NOTE: Also in this crowd are a LANDOWNER, a friendly civilian with the brass, and the curly haired guy who was taking pictures on Crescendo Summit).

71 (Cont'd)

71 (Cont'd)

MAJOR BENCHLEY

I'm not attacking your credibility. We get incredible reports from very credible people all the time. We also get silence from millions of others who are watching the same sky.

NEARY

I'm not talking about millions of people! I'm talking about us ...
 (gesturing to group)
 Why doesn't someone tell us what's going on?

MAJOR BENCHLEY

We're not sure. But why must you assume it has to be an excursion vehicle from off planet?

NEARY

It wasn't the Goodyear blimp!

The TV cameras are grinding during all of this.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

So call it foreign technology. Why assume ...
 (gesturing to sky)
 ... it's that foreign.

NEARY

Fine! Great! Russia builds them!
 So what are they doing in Delaware County violating Indiana air space? x

This gets a laugh from the Air Force personnel and television staff. A few of the Crescendo Summit sighters laugh too. But Gracey is taking all of this very seriously.

GRACEY

What the young man means is they were like nothing you'd ever see around here.
 (opening her photo album)
 Have you seen my pictures?

MAJOR BENCHLEY

Yes I have. Have you seen mine?

Major Benchley pulls from under the conference table a large color blow-up of an impressive grey disc blurred, apparently moving very fast. A few AUDIBLE GASPS from the sighters.

MAJOR BENCHLEY
(pleased at the audible
reaction)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is a flying saucer. Made of peuter. Made in Japan. And thrown across the kitchen by one of my children.

(he puts it away. To Gracey)
I wanted to toss that in to show you we're not all polished brass about these things .. and also demonstrate there's no trick to faking a snapshot. Faking motion picture film, that's something else. Yet we've never seen anything impressive from the more than twenty million Americans who own home movie equipment.

GRACEY
(sadly)
I can't afford a movie camera.

An older respectable man raises his hand. He smokes a pipe.

REASONABLE MAN
Do your people feel the human race is not prepared to live with the cultural impact that the truth could have on mankind?

MAJOR BENCHLEY
If indeed this were true, I'm certain we could live with it. We live in the shadow of atomic annihilation in nine minutes. However, in all of my twenty years with the Air Tactical Intelligence and the Office of Special Investigations, there has been no indisputable proof of the physical existence of these things.

LANDOWNER
Who's gonna pay for the damage to my land?

MAJOR BENCHLEY
Pardon me?

LANDOWNER
I own the land those people was squatting on. They busted down a fence, put out my cattle crossing lights and left Kentucky Fried Chicken all over. Who's gonna pay for it?

(Cont'd)

MAJOR BENCHLEY

71 (Cont'd)

Did you see anything that night?

LANDOWNER

I've owned that property for fifteen years and I've never seen one damn thing!

All the TV cameras are quick to pick up this statement. Neary is losing the thrust of the meeting. Ronnie seems quietly pleased it's going this way.

NEARY

Wait a minute! Wait a goddamn minute! I saw something! This thing cost me my job. This is happening to us and we want to know what on earth it is!

MAJOR BENCHLEY

...if the evidence is good the case will stand up and this existence of extraordinary phenomenon will have to be taken seriously.

(Cont'd)

NEARY

(final outcry)

We are the evidence! We want to be taken seriously!

(Roy steps forward just opposite the Major)

Major Benchley, I saw something that didn't seem real ... but dammit ... it was!

MAJOR BENCHLEY

Can you be more articulate, Mr. Neary?

NEARY

I can't be as articulate as you. I didn't spend the last twenty years preparing some of the answers you're dishing out here. There's something important going on and you're in on it.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

Mr. Neary, what would you like to believe is going on?

NEARY

I'd like to believe I'm not going crazy. I see seven people in this room who'd also like to believe that.

A new man steps forward, a civilian who seems to outrank the brass. He speaks to the crowd in a much more familiar and reassuring manner than the Major. He reminds one of Buzz Aldrin, the astronaut. Ronnie approves of this man.

CIVILIAN

Folks, there are all kinds of ideas that would be fun to believe in ... mental telepathy, time travel, no state and federal taxes. It's no fun to go home and say, "You'll never guess what happened. I was in this restaurant, there was a bright light, I rushed outside, it was an airplane".

NEARY

What I saw didn't have any wings.

CIVILIAN

I'd wish I'd seen it. For fifteen years I've wanted to see one of those things without having to account for it. I believe in life elsewhere. The odds are against there not being ... but the expectation that we are going to be saved from ourselves by some interstellar intervention works against the necessity for us to solve our own problems.

71 (Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

NEARY

71 (Cont'd)

Can't you just tell us, is this base conducting classified tests in Mt. Pleasant foothill area?

CIVILIAN

It would be easy for me to lie and say yes. You'd walk away with a down-to-earth answer in your pocket. This isn't the case and I won't mislead you.

NEARY

I won't be told that I'm seeing things.

CIVILIAN

Good. Because I wouldn't tell you that. I don't know what the truth is.

NEARY

Well, you're not going to fool me by agreeing with me.

This gets a burst of laughter, even from Roy's allies. He is flustered and confused. Ronnie is dying. Major Benchley cuts in.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

Hysteria is a disease that can spread everywhere. You want to be careful your own impressions don't affect other members of the community. In the past week we've got some school children -- four of them -- who have been burned quite seriously playing with flares. We've got a lady here in Delaware County blames the disappearance of her three-year-old son on clouds!

Neary's ears perk up. He is disturbed by this announcement. He looks around for Jillian again.

NEARY

(to himself)

Wait a minute -- Jillian's got a kid.

(bursts out)

What's that woman's name?

A few hands have sprung up, waving for attention.

(Cont'd)

MAJOR BENCHLEY

71 (Cont'd)

Let's hear from somebody else.

He points to the farmer. The farmer draws himself to his full height and all eyes focus on him.

FARMER

I saw Bigfoot once.

The TV cameras swing around. The old Farmer's got the group in the palm of his hand. He enjoys this.

FARMER

It was up in the Sequoia National Park. Nineteen fifty-one.

NEARY

(shouting to be heard)
Why won't you tell us her name?

RONNIE

Sit down!

FARMER

(overlapping)
It had a foot on 'im, thirty-seven inches, heel to toe.

ANOTHER LISTENER

What about the little star to Bethlehem that led the three wisemen to Jesus? This star has never been satisfactorily explained by astronomers.

RONNIE

Who's Jillian?

THIRD LISTENER

Sir, is there any truth at all to this Loch Ness monster crap...

INTERIOR - CORRIDOR - EVENING

72

The meeting has just adjourned. Some people have already left. The ones remaining have the look of not having accomplished much. Neary and Ronnie are walking down the corridor; he is lost in his shredded thoughts.

RONNIE

Come on, Roy -- who's Jillian?

(Cont'd)

NEARY
 (distracted)
 She's just a woman I met...

At that moment, Major Benchley strides by. Neary catches him by the arm.

NEARY
 Excuse me, excuse me -- that woman --
 her name is Jillian -- um -- G-something,
 right?

MAJOR BENCHLEY
 (bland)
 What woman are you talking about?

NEARY
 The woman you were talking about.
 The lady in the clouds. That kid --
 His name is Barry!

MAJOR BENCHLEY
 (sympathetic)
 I'm sorry. I'm not at liberty to
 reveal names. The police are conducting
 a search. The FBI has been notified.
 (he glances around, then,
 confidentially)
 You know what -- we're not even sure
 the child is actually missing.

Neary stands there, feeling empty and confused. Major Benchley walks off down the hall. Neary goes over to the elevator, knots a fist and bops the down button. Then he bops it again.

RONNIE
 Well, I feel a lot better about this.
 Don't you?

Neary looks at his wife, a whole new kind of deep-fried anger starting to bubble.

SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL - ELEVATOR

73

The elevator door opens and Roy charges out, fizzling mad, Ronnie is behind him. He stops at the soft drink machine looking for a way to cool off and buys all of them cokes. Pausing to refresh he catches sight of an opening in the wall. It is a master control circuit panel. It is used by the maintenance department as an easy access to office lighting-

(Cont'd)

73 (Cont'd)

Neary's eyes light up. He starts for the panel - Ronnie tries to detain him but he shakes her off. He leans into the circuit breakers and is instantly familiar with the office diagram on the adjacent panel. Roy is smiling now. He flips a switch ... reads the diagram and flips another. As his smile overflows and his fingers dance along the hundreds of switches.

74 EXTERIOR - THE GLASS ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT 74

Roy's car comes roaring out of the fluorescent subterranean garage.

The Crescendo Summit folks are beginning to congregate. The skin-headed Corporal wanders dizzily, squinting through the dusk. Others gawk and shuffle as our attention shifts to what they are looking at.

ANGLE - 20 STORY GLASS TOWER

Specific windows have been turned on...others darkened. What remains spells UFO across the entire face of the DAX Air Force Administration Facility.

A BLAST OF SUNLIGHT

75

White sand dunes oscillate to the vanishing point. A title appears in the lower portion of the picture.

"GOBI DESERT - MONGOLIA"

75 (Cont'd)

75 (Cont'd)

The sky sucks heat waves from the white sand. It must be 135 degrees in the shade ... if you can find any.

A military sand ROVER with its rather stupified crew waits for an unmarked helicopter that is just now setting down behind it. x
everything goes white as the chopper descends and

ANGLE - UNMARKED CHOPPER

Lacombe and Laughlin emerge wearing safari fatigues. Lacombe carries a small camera wrapped in protective cellophane. He gasps at the furnace heat and quickly covers his eyes with a pair of Rommel goggles. Emerging from behind him are at least twenty American plain clothed soldiers, officials and Army engineers. They are all looking in the same direction. They are all carrying the same expressions - UTTER CHAOTIC SURPRISE - !

Lacombe squints with awe through his double-tints.

One man actually genuflects his disbelief and ...

Everyone walks forward finally ... taking the ANGLE TO INCLUDE ...

In the worst reaches of the desert wasteland is an impossible sight.

There is a 425 foot ocean freighter lying on its starboard side against the flattened dunes ... undefineable, strangulating and strange ... It is the M.S. MARINE SULPHUR QUEEN.

A member of the Army Engineers is locked in argument with a project official.

ENGINEER

What do you mean, move it in tact!
This looks like a job for Superman
... not the Corps of Army Engineers!

David Laughlin steps forward to be along side Lacombe. He is completely aghast. Strangely, Lacombe is walking forward away from the ocean freighter and toward an encampment of Mongolian families, their camals and belongings. SUB-TITLES FOLLOW:

LACOMBE

The more light we throw on this,
the longer the shadows spread

DAVID

But it has to mean something.

LACOMBE

Perhaps it means nothing like a
child running a stick along a fence.

(Cont'd)

DAVID
 (to himself)
 That's some stick!

75 (Cont'd)

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - JILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A photographer and a reporter -- National Enquirer types -- hike up the walk and knock on Jillian's door. At their feet are a week's worth of unopened newspapers. Spoiled milk is sitting in its delivery box. They knock again: no response. One of them tries peering in through a side window, but finds the shades drawn. They look at each other, shrug, and leave.

INTERIOR - JILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The windows are all boarded up and it's dark. The living room is in chaos. The phone is off the hook. Creepy sunlight seeps through the cracks and catches Jillian alone in the corner, sitting at an easel hard at work on a painting. She is hollow-eyed and gaunt, but her concentration is intense, even obsessive. Her brush dips into the paint -- scratch-scratch-dips into the paint -- scratch-scratch

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - HOLIDAY INN - DUSK

The sun has set, but the sky is still bright. A hot buzzing neon sign spells HOLIDAY INN in gassy green against the twilight. Boom down to one of the upstairs rooms...

INTERIOR - HOLIDAY INN - DUSK

Plastic posh has been pushed aside and the room has been converted into a field communications center. Telexes chatter against one wall. A military communications console occupies the space where the bed was. The operator tears a page from the printer, swivels in his chair and hands it to David Laughlin. Laughlin reads the message and exits.

HALLWAY

Move with Laughlin as he hurries to another room.

SECOND ROOM

Sprawled on the bed, fully clothed and sound asleep is Lacombe.

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

There is a stack of English/French phrase manuals and phrase books on the floor and another open on his chest. Also a copy of Qui magazine. A key turns int the lock, the door opens, and Laughlin enters. He gently wakens Lacombe.

LAUGHLIN
Monsieur Lacombe...
(Lacombe rubs his eyes)
The trucks are rolling.

Lacombe sits up and smiles in quiet triumph. He looks like a man who has just received a long-overdue inheritance.

LAUGHLIN
Congratulations...

They shake hands. Laughlin leaves.

ON THE BALCONY

Lacombe steps out into the evening and gazes down at the parking lot where dark-suited staff members are hurrying toward cars, vans, and a couple of anonymous buses. They are carrying papers, typewriters, briefcases, files, communications equipment. He watches them briefly. Then his gaze travels skyward.

EXTERIOR - A WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES - DUSK

Coming out of a seemingly military facility, a formation of semi-truck trailers leaves the warehouse one at a time. Army controllers wave them by with lightwands. Some plain-clothes officials study the departure as the trucks trundle by, bearing the markings of Piggily Wiggily Supermarket and Baskin Robbins 31 Flavors. The end is not in sight as camera pans and these heavy giants rumble into the near American dusk.

INT. & EXT. House & Kitchen

77 x

Ronnie is cooking supper over a steaming oven console. Water boils, steam pours everywhere, electric can opener turns, and other madhouse activity. Ronnie is talking on the telephone. She is close to the end of her tether.

RONNIE

(aside to Toby)

Go tell your father dinner's almost ready.

Toby hesitates - just stands there.

RONNIE

Please, Toby, tell your father.

(into phone)

No, Mother, I can handle this. You're not helping me Mother. You're not helping. We have Master Charge till the end of the month. He hasn't seen a doctor. He hasn't seen anybody.

THE CAMERA PULLS OUT THE WINDOW AND SLOWLY RISES UP, KEEPING RONNIE IN SIGHT AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

RONNIE

(cont'd)

Yes, he's looking. He's looking all the time but not for work. I'm doing that...for me Mother. Of course he loves us.

CAMERA WITHDRAWING TO THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE. AN OVERVIEW OF THE INDIANA NEIGHBORHOOD AT DUSK. FOR THE FIRST TIME THERE IS NEARY, SITTING IN AN ALUMINUM CHAIR WITHIN A HOMEMADE SKY-WATCHING PLATFORM WITH TINY TELESCOPE AND GUARD RAILS. TOOLS FROM THIS RECENTLY COMPLETED PROJECT STILL GLITTER THE SHINGLES. NEARY IS SCANNING THE HEAVENS. FROM BELOW A TINY VOICE IS HARDLY AUDIBLE.

TOBY'S VOICE

Dad...Dad.

DOWNSHOT - AT THE BOTTOM OF A LADDER

Toby is ever so small down there afraid to raise his voice much more.

(Cont'd)

TOBY

77 (Cont'd)

Mom's got dinner ready.
Dad...

NEARY'S P.O.V.

The sky is dusted with starlight.

CLOSE - NEARY

He watches a little longer and his eyes go cloudy. Tears are coming reflecting the brightest stars.

ANGLE - NEXT DOOR

Mrs. Harris pulls her car into the driveway and turns the engine off. She looks up at Neary beyond her shopping bags. He is watching the stars coming out. She looks where he is looking. NONSENSE! Mrs. Harris hurries toward her house.

INT. NEARY DEN - LATE DUSK

78

He comes into the house and passes his train layout on the way to the dining area. He stops to fixate on a little brown mountain built into the middle of the miniature countryside. He is obviously not happy with the way it looks. His eyes are red-rimmed and Neary has the prickly beginnings of a beard and looks wiped out. His eyes linger a while longer... he picks up some shrubs and tries to find a place for them like a chess player reconnoitering the board for his next move. He doesn't know.

NEARY

it's not right.

INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT

A78

The line has been drawn. Neary sits alone at the end of the table while Brad and Sylvia and Toby are positioned closer to their mother at the other end. Not a word is being said. The children are too uncomfortable with their father to speak. Only the sound of silverware and tupperware as Neary is handed his plate of salmon croquette, niblet corn and mashed potato.

CLOSE - DINNER PLATE

Neary is moving his fork around the plate, molding the mashed potato into a little mountain. He decides it's not big enough. Abruptly, he scrapes all the other food onto the tablecloth.

(Cont'd)

A78 (Cont'd)

NEARY

He helps himself to the mashed potatoes, heaping the rest of the contents of the serving bowl onto the plate before him. It's still not big enough. Reaching out, he scoops all the potato off his kids plates, adding to the pile. Now, like a mad potter, he starts to knead the white mush into some kind of shape.

FAMILY

Ronnie makes a disgusted sound and Roy looks up at his family. They are frozen into place staring at him. Roy wants to talk to them...he wants to touch them and make everything better. He lowers his head and when he looks up his eyes are red. He smiles weakly and tries to make a funny face about himself. This fails. He wants so to offer something.

NEARY

(laughing behind his
own understatement)

By now you've noticed something goo-goo
about Dad. Don't worry. I'm still Dad.

He reaches out to Sylvia who moves closer to Ronnie.

NEARY

(to the kids)

It's like when you know the music
but you just don't get the words?
I don't know how to say it, what I'm
thinking.

(indicates the mound of potatoes)

This means something...

Now Ronnie is near tears. Neary looks helplessly at her.

NEARY

(to Ronnie, just mouths the
words silently)

I'm alright. I'm alright.

79 INTERIOR - NEARY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

79

Moonlight spills through the picture window. Running water can be heard.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

The water sounds can be traced to the end of the hall.

80 CLOSE - BATHROOM DOOR

80.

The water is at its loudest point. But another more disturbing sound comes from within. A man is crying.

Ronnie appears, having just come home. She listens at the door. She knocks twice ... very softly.

RONNIE

Sweetheart,

(no answer)

Roy, please open the door.

BRAD & TOBY, in their pajamas, stand in the hall next to their bedroom.

BRAD

is Dad alright?

RONNIE

(her late night confusion
makes her snap at them)

Get in your room and close the door!

Both youngsters hop back inside, leaving the door open just a crack. Ronnie shoots by them and into the kitchen. She rattles around in a darkened drawer, returning with a butter knife. Inserting the blunt end into the knob, she springs the lock and the door swings open.

CLOSE - SHOWER

Falling full tilt into the tub.

CLOSE - SINK

Tap water overflowing.

CLOSE - NEARY

Frozen in a darkened corner, crying like a baby.

(Cont'd)

80 (Cont'd)

NEARY

(trying to smile through
choked tears)

It's like the hic-cups. I started,
and I can't stop. What's happening
to me?

RONNIE

(holding herself together)

All right, Roy. Mother gave me
the name of this man. He's a doctor.

NEARY

I'm scared to death and I don't know why.

Neary sticks his head under the shower. When he pulls out,
Ronnie hands him a towel but is too scared to go over and
hug the tears away. Another spasm of silent crying vibrates
through him as he forces aspirin into his mouth.

RONNIE

Look -- what he does is family therapy.
We all go. You're not singled out.
And maybe it's not your fault anyway.

NEARY

I think maybe it's all a joke.
Except look how I'm not laughing.

RONNIE

Roy -- say you'll go see him. You've
got to promise me -- promise?

Suddenly the bathroom door is thrown open the rest of the way
and little Brad screams hysterically, defending himself against
the image of his broken-down father.

BRAD

You cry baby! Cry baby! Cry baby!

Hurling himself towards his room, he slams the door five times
wanting to crack it loose. Toby runs after his brother,
hysterical, traumatized.

INTERIOR - THE BEDROOM

The crying has stopped but his trembling intensifies as he
collapses onto the bed.

(Cont'd)

80 (Cont'd)

NEARY

I don't need a doctor. I need you.

Ronnie has no idea how to deal with this. She beats on the mattress with her fists.

RONNIE

(loud)

I can't help you. I don't understand!!

NEARY

Neither do I.

RONNIE

All this nonsense is turning this house upside down.

Neary grabs her right hand and won't let go.

NEARY

I'm scared...

RONNIE

(her bravado is weakening - she attacks through tears)

I hate you like this.

Neary reaches out and pulls her into bed.

NEARY

Hug me. That's all you have to do.
Hold onto me...you can really help now..

Ronnie pushes away.

RONNIE

None of our friends call here anymore.
You're out of work -- you don't care!
(a burst of panic)
You're wrecking us!

He folds her into his arms and his trembling seems to pulsate right through her and Ronnie is really incapable of bearing up to this.

RONNIE

Oh, don't. Let me call someone.
Oh, Roy...please don't.

His fingers rip at her clothing.

(Cont'd)

RONNIE

80 (Cont'd)

(just empty words flowing
through her tears)

I hate you...I hate you...I hate you...

Next, Roy grips the material around her shoulder and pulls. The tattered remnants pin her arms to her sides and Roy slides down to her breasts and...fixates. Almost immediately his anxiety flows out of him. He cocks his head to the side and stares at her silhouetted breast. Ronnie starts to tremble now...her teeth chattering, silent sobs wracking her body. She is helpless and horrified.

CUT TO:

WINDOW - DAY

Sunlight is pouring in the bedroom window, washing over Ronnie who is in bed alone. She hears a noise outside and looks up. A bush goes by the window. Where's Roy?

THE KIDS' ROOM

Toby and Brad wake up to find their father standing outside the bedroom window. He's struggling with something below the sill. All at once he gives a mighty grunt and tugs a shrub out of the ground -- root ball and all. The kids look at each other and jump out of bed.

INTERIOR - DEN - DAY

Ronnie enters, tying her robe. She watches through the picture window as Roy surveys her flower garden. A maddening inspiration overpowers him. Using both hands to twist, yank, and shake loose, Neary uproots geraniums, hydrangas, azaleas, whipping the plants around his head to loosen the clodded topsoil. He disappears around the corner of the house in the direction of the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Ronnie walks into the kitchen. The window over the sink is barely open, but Roy has climbed a step ladder. He inserts a hand and raises it all the way. He hurls uprooted bushes, flowers and dirt inside and all over the clean white tile and porcelain.

RONNIE

Oh my God.

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

EXTERIOR - BACK YARD - DAY

The kids tumble out of the back door to watch the show. Brad is horrified, but Toby is too young to understand. He giggles.

NEARY

(happier than we have seen him)
C'mon, men.

Toby gives a cheer and begins helping his father throw dirt through the window.

TOBY

After this can we throw dirt in my room?

RONNIE

(inside)
Stop it! Stop it!

ANGLE-TOWARD MRS. HARRIS' HOUSE NEXT DOOR

Her hair is sopping wet as she watches from her second story window. Sure enough, the Neary family is tossing dirt and shrubbery through an open window and into the house. Mrs. Harris looks again, harder.

ANGLE - NEARY FRONT YARD

Ronnie comes around the corner in her bathrobe. She knocks the dirt out of Toby's hand and confronts Roy.

RONNIE

I'm gonna make that phone call. We can be there in an hour.

NEARY

(still pitching dirt)
If I don't do this -- I will need a doctor.

RONNIE

Do what?!? What are you doing?!?

NEARY

(matters)
I need more stuff...

(Cont'd)

RONNIE

83 (Cont'd)

Roy, you're scaring us!!!

The force of her statement does scare the kids a little. Roy tries to comfort her in the heat of his quest.

NEARY

Don't be scared, Ronnie. I feel good. Everything's going to be all right.

He grabs a small patio table and throws it through the window, then rushes toward the front of the house.

RONNIE

(screams after him)
Don't tell me everything is going to be all right while you're throwing the yard into the den!

EXTERIOR - FRONT YARD - DAY

84

Roy runs around to the front of the yard. He has his eye on two large green plastic trash cans that are at the end of the driveway. But there's a problem. A sanitation truck is just pulling up and two garbage collectors are about to leap off and empty Roy's cans. Roy accelerates and beats them to it, grabbing the cans, emptying them on the sidewalk and rushing toward the house. He flies past Ronnie and the kids, leaving two piles of garbage and two perplexed garbage men in her driveway.

ANGLE - SIDE OF HOUSE

Roy heads toward the house with his precious trash cans, throwing them through the kitchen window and then turns wild eyed with a new thought.

NEARY

Chicken wire.

He spies a curled hunk of chicken wire sitting right inside the open garage of his next door neighbor. Roy makes a bee line for it.

ANGLE - MRS. HARRIS' BATHROOM WINDOW

Now Mrs. Harris is blowing her hair dry. Suddenly, she spots Roy, soiled and wild-eyed, charging into her garage and taking her chicken wire. She opens the window and shouts at him as he is about half way home. By now Ronnie and the kids (who have stopped enjoying all this) have arrived on the scene.

MRS. HARRIS

Whatever you're doing is against the law.

Roy stops, but he's not exactly sure how to answer what he is doing.

RONNIE

(trying to cover)

He's putting it back, Mrs. Harris.

NEARY

(shaking his head "no")

I'll pay you for it ...

Mrs. Harris brandishes her hot air blower like a gun, not wanting Roy to climb in her window.

MRS. HARRIS

Take it! Take it!

Roy skips off, passing a cement pond encircled by chickenwire and sporting a dozen pet ducks and their noisy chicks. He pauses at the duck pond and measures the situation. He grunts his approval and rips the chickenwire from its stakes and staples, rolling it into an underarm slab and dashing off. Mrs. Harris is enraged. Ronnie tries to help, pointing a hard finger at the wandering fowl.

RONNIE

Stay! Stay!

EXTERIOR - NEARY... FRONT YARD - DAY

Roy is wrestling with the wire and trash cans, stuffing them through the window. Ronnie is crying at her husband's insane behavior, holding her three children around her like a mother hen protecting her brood.

RONNIE

I'm taking the kids to my sister's house.

CONTINUED

NEARY

(this stops him)

That's crazy ... you're not dressed.

RONNIE

(that does it)

That's what? What - ? You said what!!

She grabs the kids and hurries for the car. Roy goes after her.

NEARY

Wait!

RONNIE

I've done that!!

She gets to the car, shoving kids in every door. Norman tries to stop her, but she's determined.

NEARY

Ronnie, please stay here! Please be with me now.

RONNIE

For what? To see them take you away in a straight jacket?

She gets in the car and slams him out. He tries to yank open the door but she locks it, quickly starts the car and puts in reverse. Roy gives up yanking at the door, but he leaps on the hood as the car begins backing out of the driveway through the left over garbage.

86 INTERIOR - CAR - RONNIE AND THE KIDS P.O.V.

86

It's a disturbing sight for Ronnie and the kids to see Roy lying on the hood, pounding his fists and yelling. And to see various neighbors coming out of their houses and onto their lawns to see what the hell is going on.

NEARY

Stay with me!

(Cont'd)

86 (Cont'd)

But she accelerates and he runs over bike, and toys in driveway. He watches them speed off down the suburban street. Only after Roy watches his family lurch around a corner does he notice half the people in the neighborhood are staring at him, standing in the middle of the street in his pajamas, dirty and deranged.

NEARY

(to crowd)

'Morning.'

Neary heads back toward the open den window. Stopping to pick up the garden hose and turn on the water. He uses a nearby ladder and climbs in the house, splashing water on himself and the inside of the house. Once in, he pulls the ladder in after himself, slams the window and pulls the drapes, shutting out the world.

INTERIOR - NEARY DEN - LATER

87

CLOSE - TELEVISION SET

On the screen we can see some type of banal game show.

ANGLE - ROY

He is a shambles. His face and boy are congealed in mud as he sits cross-legged staring up. He looks like a spent and withered artist at the foot of his creation. He can't take his eyes from it.

ANGLE - NEARY'S CREATION

88

A spiralling mountain rises out of the family room rug, covering the entire HO train set. Made from chicken wire, garbage cans, garden stakes and lacquered over with paper mache, sculpted from garden earth and sediment, this towering model fills the 18 x 15 foot living area and reaches the full nine feet to the beam ceiling. It is at once terrifying and inspired. It could pass for the real thing if it weren't for an occasional newspaper headline showing through the coating of mache and mud. The detailing is impeccable - a stand of fir trees planted from his own garden shrubbery - four fluted vertical walls forming a plateau at the top, and on the down side of the mountain, a box canyon enclosing a peaceful Shangri-la valley. Beyond this Roy, himself, sags breathlessly beneath this grotesque citadel.

(Cont'd)

88 (Cont'd)

He stares vacantly at the houses across the street. Out there, middle-class normality^{*} reigns. Homeowners are clipping, polishing, mowing, and growing. He sighs.

NEARY

My God -- I am a nut.CLOSE - TV SCREEN

89

A mid-day soap opera. Life is tough everywhere.

90 CLOSE - TV SCREEN

90

The TV set acts like the face of a clock ticking the hours. Talk show host and guest celebrities watch the Amazing Kreskin perform feats of magic and extrasensory perception.

91 CLOSE - ROY

91

Listless and full of surrender, he lets the TV carry through the day.

92 CLOSE - TV SCREEN

92

Alan Ladd is stalling for time while he shares a cigarette and gung ho patriotism with Sen Young, an Imperial Japanese officer in the movie, "China." There is an earthshaking burst of TNT and the surrounding cliffwalls bury the Japanese column and Alan Ladd in smcking rubble.

ANGLE - ROY

He looks over at the telephone...

93 CLOSE - TV SCREEN

93

Gomer Pyle is being chewed out by his Sergeant, or whatever. The hours condense into seconds, the images tick on... cartoons, syndicated episodes, local news... disaster trivia... people, places, commercials...it all melts into a tasteless puree of terrestrial pabulum.

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

CLOSE - NEARY

Sleery-eyed and in a state of grave depression, he looks at his mountain and holds the telephone with both hands like it's his only lifeline.

NEARY

Don't hang up...I'll see that guy tomorrow...right now, if you want... yes, yes, I'll talk to him -- don't you think it's worth it? Please, Ronnie, don't hang up...Ronnie!
...CLICK!

The lifeline just snapped.

CLOSE - TV SCREEN

At that moment, on comes the seven o'clock evening news.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

Good Evening! Top of the News tonight -- Rail Disaster! Another chemical gas derailment has forced the widest area evacuation in the history of these controversial army rail shipments. Devils Tower, Wyoming is the scene of this latest mishap. Charles McDonnell is there for a live report.

CLOSE - NEARY

He looks at the TV picture, a passing glance, but reacts as if hit by a jackhammer. At first Roy refuses to believe what he is seeing. But there it is. He comes forward for a closer look, tipping over the coffee table.

MCDONNELL (on TV screen)

Thousands of civilian refugees are fleeing outlying districts spurred on by rumors that the seven tankercars that overturned at Walkashi Needles Junction were filled to capacity with escaping G-M nerve gas.

(Cont'd)

MCDONNELL (Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

Minutes before we were forced to evacuate what is being called the hot zone our cameras took these pictures of the disaster scene...

A super telephoto news camera captures a column of smoke rising up from a stand of fir trees on the slopes of a uniquely familiar sight. IT IS A ROOTED-IN-LIFE DUPLICATION OF THE MOUNTAIN THAT NEARY HAS CONSTRUCTED IN THE TV ROOM... TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL BUT MOST TELLING BY ITS TREE TRUNK APPEARANCE AND OTHER TOPOGRAPHIC TWISTS AND TURNS.

CLOSE - NEARY

This mindboggling revelation just about transforms him. He looks again at his own scale model recreation. More energized than dazed, Roy begins to laugh. He cannot stop himself. He pulls himself right up to the TV and eyeballs the mountain -- looks at his own -- back to the TV...then his own...

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - JILLIAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON TV

It is the same nerve gas story on a different station.

2ND NEWSMAN (on TV Screen)

The army and National Guard units are supervising the evacuation. Dislocated families have been assured that the danger will have passed within seventy-two hours, once the toxin concentration is down to fifty parts per million. This means most residents will be back in their own homes by the weekend...of course this is small consolation to livestock in the area, although ranchers have been notified that the quality of meat should remain unaffected. Just order that steak "well-done," Walter...

CAMERA WITHDRAWS to include Jillian looking like someone who has suffered the greatest loss imaginable and is visibly paying for it. But something else is happening to her as she watches the newscast. It is remarkably the same look of stunned creation that Neary has on.

97 (Cont'd)

97 (Cont'd)

NEWS ANCHORMAN VOICE

Devils Tower, Wyoming is the victim of this latest U.S. Army railroad mishap. Charles McDonnell is on the scene for a live report.

x

CLOSE - NEARY

He looks at the TV picture, a passing glance, but reacts as if hit by a jackhammer. At first, Roy refuses to believe what he is seeing. But there it is again. Roy rises to get a better look and tips over the coffee table on which rests what looks to be enough spent beer to fuel a Super Bowl crowd. He slides in front of the TV picture with the telephone and Ronnie barely audible lashing out at him.

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

ANGLE - HER CREATION

Jillian's room is a deranged art gallery of hastily charcoled, sometimes ruthlessly colored canvases of the DEVILS TOWER in Wyoming. She glides around her compost heap of paintings, scraps and rejects having a tremendously emotional reaction to this cathartic discovery.

ANGLE - PHONE

Jillian frantically paws through the phone book.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - NEARY HOUSE - DAY

The telephone rings forlornly in the empty room. Neary is gone. The huge mountain stands alone in all of its makeshift majesty.

BACK TO THE TV SCREEN

It's still on: one last close-up to confirm that the mountain is called DEVILS TOWER and is as far away as WYOMING.

MATCH CUT TO:

A BLACK & WHITE TV SET - FULL SCREEN

A carry-on bag is being x-rayed at the Cox Municipal Airport. The luggage just scanned feeds out an opening onto conveyor belt. A hand reaches around the strap and it is Roy. Turning to go, he almost knocks a female security agent to the ground as he hurries past her and double-times it down the sterile corridor to the boarding gates.

EXTERIOR - TARMAS

The 727 chunders down the runway and blasts into the Indiana night.

(Cont'd)

105 (Cont'd)

EXTERIOR - HERTZ RENT-A-CAR GARAGE - MORNING

A Chevy wagon...just like the home model...rockets down the ramp with Roy at the wheel and blasts out of the dark garage and into a splendid Wyoming morning.

INTERIOR - STATION WAGON - DAY

106

Roy is driving on the interstate at sixty. At the same time he is pouring over a Shell map that covers the steering wheel and part of the dash. A flexible straw punctures the map through which Roy slurps his strawberry milkshake breakfast and with his one free hand outlines travel routes in green pencil. Whistling LEAVING CHEYENNE, Roy pushes the speedometer over the 70 M.P.H. mark. He witnesses the first wave of escaping refugees. A lineup of trucks, jeeps, station wagons and recreational evacuees use both sides of road to mass exit vehicles loaded with luggage and belongings pass Roy in the oncoming lanes. Neary fiddles with his car radio and finds some local news:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...and thousands of others are homeless. The U.S. Army Material Command has issued these new area restrictions: All roadways north of Crowheart on Interstate 25. All roads leading into the Grand Tetons west of Meeteetse. All multi-lane undivided full traffic interchange, gravel, local and historic stage roads south of Cody and as far east as Burlington, as far west as Yellowstone Lake.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR - RELIANCE, WYOMING - DAY

107

Panavision panorama of people, panic and pandemonium. We are on the outskirts of a small town, at a railroad and highway intersection near the railway depot. The train yard is swarming with the homeless and displaced who are being loaded into every available railway car by Army Personnel. Everywhere there are abandoned vehicles.

(Cont'd)

P.A. ANNOUNCER

107 (Cont'd)

We are now boarding all passengers
with Blue Boarding Cards -
D-K. D-K only. All evacuees
with Red Boarding Cards - Please
wait behind the yellow barriers.

Two or three hundred yards from the train depot is another
mad house - major military roadblock, herding all cars
out of the area...not permitting anyone into the
open brushland beyond. Roy's is the only vehicle going
against the flow - toward the brushland perimeter and
road block.

107 (Cont'd)

107 (Cont'd)

To add to the confusion and delay, thousands of beef cattle are being herded out of the area by panicky ranch hands. The big-time wealthy rancher sits in his chaffered limo, screaming at men and cattle.

OWNER

Move 'em! Move 'em!

108 ANOTHER ANGLE

108

Approaching the refugee cattle and actually merging with them are hundreds of spring sheep. They salt the cattle herd making the saddle back drivers crazy and turning the rancher beet red.

OWNER

(to sheep boss)

Get your woolly faggots away from my prime cuts!

SHEEP OWNER

(in a pickup truck)

You spock a single sheep and there will be beef by-products from here to Jackson hole.

Neary parks near the makeshift barrier and gets out. An Air Force Cargo chopper heads into the danger zone. Neary shades his eyes and follows its northerly direction when a shadow rises over him and cuts off the view. A lumberjack of a soldier is facing him down.

SOLDIER

You have next of kin in the red zone, buddy?

NEARY

(intimidated by his size)

Sure ... my sister.

The soldier produces a clipboard and a list of names alphabetically.

SOLDIER

What's her name?

NEARY

I'm sure she's outta there by now.

SOLDIER

We got everybody out before noon yesterday. What's the name and I'll tell you where she's relocated.

NEARY

(starting back to the car)

I'll find her.

108 (cont'd)

SOLDIER

(intuitively suspicious)
Not likely. There's more'n twenty
evacuation stations across the
state. What's your name?

108 (cont'd)

Neary ducks into his car and starts the motor.

NEARY

Smith.

SOLDIER

We've got orders to shoot anybody
looting around here, Smith. Pass
it on.

As Neary peels away another soldier sidles up to his lumber jack buddy.

SOLDIER #2

Another scavenger?

SOLDIER

Sweetheart, I can smell 'em in a
hurricane.

109
ANGLE - NEARY IN CAR

109

He looks around and his eyes fasten on another oddity. On the curb next to the divided highway is a Hawker and his stringbean family selling parakeets and canaries to a brisk 'north-south' trade. He also has some cardboard boxes with dual nozzled gas masks. (SEE "Time" magazine, February 16, 1976).

110
ANGLE - HAWKER

110

HAWKER

(a grandiose spiel)

Folks, I don't wish to alarm you, but
G-M nerve gas is colorless and odorless.
When your eyes dilate and your nose
begins to run, you're gonna regret not
owning one of these early warning systems.
When you get bloody discharge from the
nose and mouth. When your muscles seize
up so's you embarrass yourself in your
pants, you'll regret not havin' a canary
guaranteed to fall off his perch hours
before you do.

People begin to buy eagerly. The hawker takes the money while his wife hands out birds. Roy goes up to the Hawker.

NEARY

110 (cont)

How far are we from the train wreck?

HAWKER

Not far enough. My wife heard an Army guy say this gas can be lethal as far as fifty miles from the spill. A puff of wind and we all could be twitchin' in the street by morning.

REPLACE
WITH
ORIGINAL
SPEC

NEARY

Alright. I'll take one of these ... and two of these ...

HAWKER

(indicating birds)

Whole tanker load of Anthrax and Q-Fever upset itself too. Now, that's just a rumor but it pays to be safe.

Just as Neary is about to turn he HEARS

JILLIAN (O.S.)

Roy!

He turns.

111 NEARY'S P.O.V.

111

As he searches the throng near the train depot, he recognizes JILLIAN'S VOICE calling his name, but he can't find her in the crowd of people streaming into the railroad cars. It's hard to trace her by sound because of the din of the crowd and the insistent hocking of the people behind him. Suddenly, he does see her! She is in the middle of a swarm of people, moving against the tide of humanity, trying to get to Roy. He takes off and plunges into the crowd. Disgusted, the guy in the car behind him peels out on the dirt shoulder, bypassing his car. Others follow suit.

112 WIDE ANGLE

112

The people, the livestock, the army, the terror...all these work against Roy and Jillian as they try to join each other. Roy is having a slightly easier time of it since he's more or less moving with the flow, but Jillian is struggling, panicky, and making almost no headway. Roy arrives at her side just as she's about to slide under the feet of the mob. He grabs her, saves her. They hold on with people streaming all around them. Jill lets everything flow out of her as Roy cuts crossways through the crowd to get them to safety. WE CAN'T HEAR THEM OVER THE MADHOUSE but we can see them voraciously swapping events as they reach the edge of the swarm. Jill is completely stunned and hangs onto Roy as though gliding through a drear

113 ANGLE- FRINGE OF CROWD

113

They're out of danger and heading toward Roy's car.

NEARY

(finishing a theory)

...I don't even think there really is poison gas out there.

HAWKER

Not far enough. My wife heard an Army
guy say this gas can be lethal as far
as fifty miles from the spill. A puff
of wind and we all could be twitching'
in ~~the~~ the street by morning.

(back into his spiel)

I got a bargain on doves. Give yourself
a 45-minute head start. And in the bargain
basement I got chickens. Only half an hour,
but it's better than nothing.

Special

Can't afford a canary?

(Cont'd)

113 (Cont'd)

He opens the passenger door to let her in and turns back the way they came.

JILLIAN

Where are you going?

NEARY

To get you a gas mask.

EXTERIOR - DIVIDED HIGHWAY - LATER

114

Neary and Jillian are some miles from Reliance. He motors slowly along the empty asphalt, looking for an avenue inland. He passes a dirt stage road but blocking it is an Army jeep and a couple of tired G.I.'s. Observing them out of the rear view mirror, Roy keeps looking ahead until the jeep is out of sight. He pulls off the road and stops next to the barbed wire fencing. He looks up and down the highway listening for traffic. There is none. Very nervous, Roy approaches the wire fencing and plows the auto right through it. SNIP! SCNG! The fence starts to unravel.

EXTERIOR - WIDE OPEN SPACES - DAY

115

Roy battles the steering wheel. The tires bump over potholes and arroyos. The two canaries huddle together in a corner of the cage, fighting to stay upright on their perch. CRUNCH! Roy's head smashes against the hardtop. THUNK! Jillian's chest bumps against the dash.

JILLIAN

(over the noise)

The police dragged the river!
He wasn't in the river. I told 'em
he wasn't in the river! They went
around to every house for five miles
looking inside backyard refrigerators.
They asked me if there'd been any
strangers seen in the neighborhood.

(a half laugh)

OH BROTHER!

Just ahead is the stage road. Roy bursts through a fence and drops onto the dirt stage road, looking over his shoulder back the way he came. The jeep and Army sentries must be miles away. He checks the canaries for signs of weakening.

CLOSE - CANARIES

116

Dazed and blinking from the hairy cross country detour. One of the birds starts to chirp but his partner pecks him on the beak to keep him quiet.

EXTERIOR - OLD STAGE INTERSECTION

117

A modern roadsign puts DEVILS TOWER ten miles further on. The Chevy wagon shovels dust as it gathers speed for the big plunge ahead, but then brakes speed suddenly and...

ANGLE - NEARY & JILLIAN

They see something up ahead that almost makes them whisper "amen."

THEIR P.O.V.

The ragged tree trunk appearance of DEVILS TOWER peak balanced on a downslope of Shasta fir and at the scarred base, the smoking remnants of some railyard disaster. But they are still too far away to make out machinery, let alone railroad track. Roy is elated at having made it this far and pours on speed.

JILLIAN

What about your wife?

NEARY

(resigned)

Long gone.

She looks at him for a moment.

JILLIAN

You know -- I'm glad this happened.

NEARY

You're what?

JILLIAN

I'm glad we met.

Just then the ragged tree-trunk appearance of Devils Tower moves in between them balanced on a downslope of Shasta fir on the horizon. Smoke rises from the unseen rail disaster. They are still too far away to make out any machinery, let alone railroad track.

(Cont'd)

117 (Cont'd)

ANGLE - NEARY & JILLIAN

They see it up ahead; it almost makes them whisper "amen."

EXTERIOR - FARM - DAY

(CMIT SC. 118)

119

The car leaves the road and roars up to an old gas pump.
Neary leaps out of the car.

ANGLE - GAS PUMP

Gallons of dollars are adding up in a rotating whir.
Jillian is manning the hose.

ANGLE - ROY

Roy notices tiny meadow lark twitching spasmodically by
the side of the road. It flies into the air a few feet,
then plops back to earth, its wings working backwards.

He suddenly remembers the canaries. He rushes to the
car and pulls the door open.

CLOSE - CANARIES

Frightened by his sudden appearance, they flutter all
over the cage and it's hard to tell if they are just scared
or actually dying. But Jillian is interested in something
else.

SOUND - Chop-chop-chop-chop-chop

A squadron of transport helicopters, flying hazardously
low to the ground grow from mosquito pinpoints to
roaring dragonflies and zoom overhead.

Flying somewhat higher than the rest are two flanking
choppers that carry clusters of portable chemical
toilets from their undercarriage supports.

Roy and Jillian watch as one of the helicopters, an Air Force
huey, breaks formation and returns, HEADING STRAIGHT FOR them.
They look up through the swirl.

(Cont'd)

119 (Cont'd)

WHAT THEY SEE

The two fliers, as seen through the sun tinted bubble, are wearing oxygen masks and sealed goggles. One of the operators picks up a camera and snaps pictures of them below. Neither of them know what to do. So Roy waves at them, reaches into his pocket and takes out a ten dollar bill. He shows it to the hovering machine and points to the gas pump. He picks up a rock and uses it to put the ten dollars on top of the 'low lead' pump. Even from here Roy can see the man in the chopper reach for a phone to report their whereabouts. He scurries to the car, yanking Lillian with him and peels off...crossing through a gate at the farm.

INTERIOR - CAR

120

Roy dashes through a fence rejoining the main highway. As Roy zooms away he checks the birds. They seem to have recovered but their nerves are shot, their little breasts fluttering. They continue ripping the road at ninety miles an hour and Roy again smashes through Army sawhorses. Suddenly the side of the highway is dotted with dead animals: Cows and crows, sheep and sparrows.

ROY

You want me to turn back.

Bravely she shakes her head.

NEARY

I'm telling you this whole thing
is a put-on.

They sit silently for a beat. Then, almost in unison, they both put on their gas masks.

ANGLE - WIDE

121

Neary negotiates a sharp curve that brings the mountain closer than ever. Four drab econoline vans with military serial numbers and special blue grill lights cut him off. A dozen men in self-contained comfort suits, with helmets and oxygen packs, all of this hermetically sealed in a kind of foil, come pouring out of everywhere and...

CONTINUED

ANGLE - MEDIC

A golden soldier with medical insignia holds up a small black-board on which is written: "HOW DO YOU FEEL"?

Neary steps out of his car:

NEARY

Fine. According to my canaries the only gas in the air is from you guys farting around.

Two medics exchange a look. A third medic has opened the passenger door and reaches across Jill to remove the bird cage. He walks out of sight around the front of the car with the birds. By the time he reaches Roy the birds are dead on the bottom of the cage.

ANGLE - NEARY

All at once he doesn't feel so well. The tinfoil soldiers assist him in through the rear doors of the van, then close them on Roy. The others politely but firmly assist Jillian out of the car and into another van. Engineering a U-turn, the vehicle motors back toward DEVILS TOWER.

EXTERIOR - BASE CAMP - DEVILS TOWER - LATE DAY

122

x

The sun flares, then dips behind the mountain crest casting a purple pall over the makeshift bivouac area consisting of hermetically sealed, windowless trailers and a fleet of drab green, unmarked econoline vans (also the P.W. and Maskin-Robbins

trucks). One of the vans pulls to a stop and the rear doors swing wide. Neary, now dressed in a life support suit, is whisked away by the two golden medics. A helicopter swoops low and Neary has only seconds to observe that it is transporting dozens of low slung crates labeled COCA-COLA, before he is sealed off inside a coffin-sized room in an adjacent eighty foot trailer.

INTERIOR - TRAILER

123

Roy sits across from a golden medic in these cramped quarters. We get the feeling the medic is more of a guard than a man of medicine. Neary has been here some time; he feels uncomfortable in his breathing apparatus. He tries to smile at the medic through his gas mask. The medic does not return the smile.

(Cont'd)

123 (Cont'd)

A LOUD CLICK and the trailer door springs open. Two men ENTER BRISKLY and the medic exits even quicker. They sit down and remove their masks. It is Lacombe and Laughlin.

LAUGHLIN

We have precious little time, Mister Neary.

(pointing)

This is Mr. Lacombe. We need answers from you that are expressly honest, direct and to the point.

NEARY

(tightening up)

Where's Jillian?

DAVID

Your friend is in no danger.

Before Roy can respond the stage has been turned over to Lacombe, who takes the vacated chair across from him.

LACOMBE

(speaks in French,
David translates almost
simultaneously)

Aren't you aware of the danger you and your companion risked by exposing yourselves to the toxins in the air?

ROY

I'm alive. We're talking.

DAVID

(in English after
translating from French)

If the prevailing winds were blowing south instead of north we wouldn't be having this conversation.

NEARY

There's nothing wrong with the air.

LACOMBE

(sharply interested)

What makes you say that?

(Cont'd)

NEARY

123 (Cont'd)

I just know there's nothing
wrong with it.

Lacombe studies Roy. He gestures toward the airlock.

LACOMBE

Go outside and make of me a liar.

Roy looks out the open door. Maybe the air does seem rarified...or is it the dusk hour. He screws up his courage but something begins to change. For the first time Roy shows doubt. In seconds he sifts through everything that has happened to him...and samples defeat at all the sorrowful alternatives.

Lacombe shrugs, reaches for his mask, and starts to leave.

NEARY

(exploding in frustration)

Is that it? Is that all you're going to ask me? Well -- I got a couple of thousand goddam questions!.. Are you the head man around here? I want to lodge a complaint! You have no right to make people crazy! You think I personally investigate every news story on Walter Cronkite? If this is just a cloud of gas -- why is it I know this mountain in every detail -- and I've never been here!?

Lacombe studies him. There is a knock on the door and two golden chemical engineers step inside.

CHEMICAL ENGINEER #1

Com-Sec says take them to Evac Reliance and a bus ride home.

The engineers back out of the room. Lacombe, David and Roy sit down.

LACOMBE

(excited)

You mean to tell me you imagined this mountain before you discovered its existence?

Neary holds back his tears with an effort. He nods bleakly.

(Cont'd)

LACOMBE

123 (Cont'd)

And you feel compelled to be here?

NEARY

(depths of irony)

I guess you might say that.

Lacombe grabs an envelope and produces a dozen color polaroids.

LACOMBE

These people -- they are strangers?

NEARY

Yes.

(he picks out Jillian's picture)

All except her.

LACOMBE

By being here -- what do you expect to find.

Neary struggles to formulate a reply. Finally:

NEARY

The answer.

(pause)

That's not crazy, is it?

LACOMBE

(rising to go)

No, Mr. Neary, it's not. I envy you.

EXTERIOR TRAILER - DUSK

124

The dual rotors of the assault Huey slice through the air, purring at idle. Neary is led to the sliding fuselage loading door.

NEARY

(wildly)

Is this it? Look -- I'm not going on any bus ride home!

CLOSE - HELICOPTER DOOR

A gloved hand slides it open -- Jillian and nine other faces look out at us. Roy is firmly thrust inside to join the party. One of the guards already on board hands Laughlin a packet. Laughlin takes a look, and passes the material on to Lacombe.

(Cont'd)

DAVID

(to Lacombe, in French)

124 (Cont'd)

Take a look at this. Everybody has
his own version.

Lacombe sorts through the stuff: sure enough -- crude
representations of Devils Tower of every description --
maps, drawings, even postcards. Lacombe looks up at the
nine. They look down at him.

LACOMBE

(to the pilot)

No departure -- you understand?

PILOT

I have my orders, sir.

LACOMBE

Five minutes!! Please! Five minutes!

The pilot relents -- he holds up a hand showing three minutes.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - QUONSET NUT HQ - DUSK

125

Lacombe is squared off with Wild Bill, the Project Security
Chief. This man has a slightly monotonous drawl that reminds
us of Space Center technicians. Laughlin interprets as
necessary.

LACOMBE

You cannot send them away. I will
be responsible.

WILD BILL

Half a minute sir! You have no
responsibility this side of
Mayflower. This is security's
operation.

Lacombe begins pacing around the room. He is full of new
information and wants to be clearly understood in Wild
Bill's language, not his own. Laughlin tries to help
on his own, in his own words.

LAUGHLIN

This is Mr. Claude Lacombe from --

(Cont'd)

WILD BILL

125 (Cont'd)

(cuts it off)

Tell him I know and respect who he is. But the goddamn chain of command around here is three weeks long. This unauthorized incursion into basecamp by local residents is...

LACOMBE

(in English)

You must see...they are not local.

WILD BILL

Could be someone is trying to subvert these operations by sending fanatics and cultists through here.

Lacombe reaches out and Laughlin hands him the confiscated drawings. Lacombe begins his explanation using English - struggling with it - whenever he wants to pound home a point. David Laughlin is magnificent supplying the emotional and linguistical word equivalents when Lacombe's excitement forces him to explode in French.

LACOMBE

(in English)

This is a small group of people who shared in common, in their minds, a vision.

(he walks to the window

and points to the Devils Tower)

It is to me still a mystery but they are here and they do not even know why!

WILD BILL

(to Laughlin)

Tell him this isn't his damn job. He's supposed to be at the D.S.M. If he wants to go over my head for a clearance, he'll have to helicopter the directives because we're blacked out down here to the point where even I don't know what's going on.

(Cont'd)

125 (Cont'd)

LACOMBE

(in French with Laughlin
translating)I must find out what this means. Maybe
it is the meaning!

(angry pause)

I believe that for every one of these
confused people there must be hundreds
also touched by the implanted vision but
never made it this far. How many others
missed the television news and never made
the...psychic connection!

WILD BILL

It's a coincidence!

LACOMBE

(in English)

It is a sociological event!

WILD BILL

I'm terminating this conversation.
And I'm sending them back.EXTERIOR - HUEY HELICOPTER - DUSK

126

The rotors begin to spin...

INTERIOR - HUEY HELICOPTER - DUSK

A-126

No one talks. Roy and Jillian are seated next to each other. He looks at her then does the most courageous act of his life. He starts unsnapping the sealing fasteners which connect his breathing helmet to his body suit. Everyone is glued on activity. He pulls hard and his helmet slides over his ears. He pushes his hair back and takes a breath. The others are horrified. He breathes again. Suddenly, Jillian's fingers are at work. She takes off her helmet, shakes out her tumble down hair and waits for the worst.

CLOSE - BESSIE AND IRA FOGELSON

Husband and wife. Maybe mid-seventies. They are shocked at Neary's actions.

IRA

You'll be poisoned.

(Cont'd)

NEARY

A-126 (Cont'd)

There is nothing wrong with the air.
The military is herding everybody
out of here. They don't want any witnesses.

BESSIE

But if the Army doesn't want us here,
this isn't our business.

IRA

We only wanted to see the mountain. It
was such a coincidence when I painted
it. No one bothered to tell us about
the air.

JILLIAN

How did you locate this spot?

IRA

No problem. I looked it up in Famous
Mountains of the Western Hemisphere.
Did you know that Pres. Theodore
Roosevelt proclaimed this our country's
first national monument on September 24,
1906?

LARRY BUTLER'S VOICE

Oh, Christ - it's better than the air
in Los Angeles.

PAN TO LARRY BUTLER

(OMIT SCNS. 127-128)

A guy in his forties, long hair and dressed a little too
hip for his age, takes off his helmet. He looks and acts
like a guy with money. He takes a deep breath.

CLOSE - FOUR OTHERS

Two other men and women take their helmets off. Like
most everyone else they are desperate in appearance, the
look of having been socially criticized and scooped out
for maybe months. They never make eye contact and are on
the downside of physical exhaustion. Only Jillian and
Neary and Larry Butler seem to have any spirit left.

129

CLOSE - NEARY

129

He wheels on the gathering and shouts above the noise.

129 (Cont'd)

129 (Cont'd)

NEARY

Who's for staying?

Jillian raises her hand. Butler, Bessie and Ira follow suit.

NEARY (Cont'd)

You will have to keep up with me
and run very fast.

Suddenly, the door slides closed behind them. Neary desperately uses his arm as a door jam. The medic opens the door to find everyone without protective helmets. His eyes widen and he looks at Wild Bill and Lacombe.

MEDIC

SIR - !

The medic is fighting with Neary over which direction the door should travel.

NEARY

(to the gathering)

NOW - ! RUN FOR THE MOUNTAIN - !

Neary strikes out and smashes the medic in the neck with his foot. Neary, Jillian and Butler vault over the fallen soldier and sprint past. Piggley-Wiggley and Baskin-Robbins trucks where technicians without gas masks are unloading electronic equipment and a lot of boxes labeled - Lockheed -- Rockwell -- Handle with Care. The rest of the detainees are stopped by the guard before they can get two steps.

LACOMBE

(in failing English, he is
so frustrated at Wild Bill's
ignorance)

You do not understand!

(in French)

The mountain was the key. And the
gift in the desert was a clue. For
us, to open our minds and let them
in.

(in English)

THEY WERE INVITED!

This doesn't sink in. Something outside the window catches Lacombe's eye. He drifts over and sees Roy, Jillian, and Larry Butler hot-footing it for freedom. He doesn't say anything. A slow smile creeps over his face. Meanwhile Wild Bill revs up at David.

WILD BILL

You have a job I am told is among the high rungs around here. My work isn't so lofty but without the services we perform you'd miss a step and fall through. There are no star pitchers in this bullpen, no boss cows...etc. etc.

Lacombe continues to watch the escapees with satisfaction.

LACOMBE

(smiling, to Laughlin)

Translate?

Laughlin is red with rage. As Wild Bill rants on, Laughlin turns to Lacombe and utters in French.

LAUGHLIN

(English subtitle)

A lot of shit.

CUT TO:

130 ANGLE - OPEN FIELD - STEEP GRADE

130

Roy falls to the ground to catch his breath and give Larry and Jillian time to catch up.

130 (Cont'd)

130 (Cont'd)

NEARY
(through gritted teeth)
Hi ya. Name's Roy.

BUTLER
Larry Butler.

NEARY
(out of shape)
We can't stay here. Go on to the
tree line and wait for me there.

They obey without a moment's hesitation. Roy, catching his breath, looks back over his shoulder to the Chemical Salvage Operations below.

131 CLOSE - WILD BILL

131

Looking at the treeline through binoculars. In the background, three helicopters rise vertically, each testing its powerful Quartz-Iodide searchlights. About a dozen special forces units load their ordnances. They carry gas operated semi-automatic M-14's with infared sniper sights.

WILD BILL
(on phone to team leader)
I'll have them off the mountain in
one hour.

Lacombe listens in on a field phone of his own.

CONTINUED

131 (Cont'd)

131 (Cont'd)

TEAM LEADER

(phone)

Do a photogrammetric analysis
of the northern face. Use infrared.

WILD BILL

It's already ordered.

TEAM LEADER

(phone)

I want to know how they penetrated
your security blanket. If they are
not off the mountain by 0200 hours,
dust the northern face with E-Z-FOUR.
Get back to me.

LACOMBE

(alarmed)

What is...E-Z-FOUR?

WILD BILL

A sleep aerosol. It's fast acting,
extremely local, and should detoxify
in several hours.

LACOMBE

(in careful English,

a final plea on the phone)

We do not choose this place. We do
not choose this time. We do not
choose these people. To stop them
is not for us to choose.

CONTINUED

(Cont'd)

WILD BILL

131 (Cont'd)

(into phone)

This was a perfect strategic vacuum until he siphoned air into it.

LACOMBE

(sadly, knowingly)

They belong here more than we.

UP ANGLE - DEVILS TOWER - NIGHT

132

Through the fir trees the top of DEVILS TOWER stands out against the evening sky. From this perspective it appears insurmountable.

Below it, three weary travelers trudge up 38 degrees of loose topsoil and pin needles.

Jillian stumbles, losing precious yards before catching hold of some undergrowth. Larry also stumbles and falls. Roy HEARING this stops dead in his tracks and watches the sky.

P.O.V. - DEVILS TOWER

133

Suddenly the trio of helicopters light up the uppermost region of the mountain top way ahead of them and begin to maneuver in and out of hard to see areas.

LARRY

They've given us a lot of credit.
That's a good two hours on foot.

NEARY

(pointing)

Do you see that notch in the mountain?

Sure enough - off to one side is another passage to the other side.

NEARY

We can probably make that in
no time.

5/14/76

(Cont'd)

133 (Cont'd)

LARRY

(starting to run
and puffing)

I should've never given up jogging.

JILLIAN

(pointing at the peak)

There go four more.

A formation of red and green helicopter lights and the accompanying SOUNDS hover above the plateau and descend to the other side of the mountain.

JILLIAN (Cont'd)

There's another ravine that leads up hill....and it's an easier climb. I remember from my painting...it starts on the northeast face and...

NEARY

That's no good. It falls off at the top three hundred feet straight down. We'd have to be experienced climbers. This way, it's a gradual roll to the other side.

LARRY

What do you think is on the other side?

NEARY

There's a box canyon. It's rimmed with trees and hiking trails.

JILLIAN

I never imagined that. I just colored the one side.

LARRY

There was no canyon in my doodles.

NEARY

Next time, try sculpture.

Jillian smiles warmly just as the moon appears to show Neary how really lovely she is.

(Cont'd)

NEARY
(has to tear himself
away)
Double time. C'mon.

133 (Cont'd)

EXTERIOR - BIVOUAC AREA AND HELOPAD - DUSK

134

A clutch of Army engineers relay ten gallon stainless steel canisters of E-Z-Four to the waiting helicopter. The men work gingerly and in silence. Wild Bill stands nearby watching the operation. He checks his watch and looks up at the mountain.

(OMIT SC. 135)

CLOSE - A SNIPERSCOPE

A young soldier of the special forces aims his M-14, squinting through his scope. He paints the forest region with graceful sweeps of his ordinance.

TIMBER LINE - SOLDIERS

136

The dozen special forces have fanned out and move steadily up the mountain.

(OMIT SC. 137)

ANGLE - STEEP TERRAIN

138

All at once, Neary, Larry and Jillian fall to the ground, exhausted, breathless.

(OMIT SC. 139)

SOLDIER

140

He picks up his walkie talkie and speaks in a low voice.

SPECIAL FORCES

Pyramid to Bahama.

WILD BILL'S VOICE

Bahama...go'ed.

SPECIAL FORCES

Nothing to report from mid-station. Once they reach the boulder there's a thousand places for concealment. I'd need three times the ground force to cover this whole mountain in one hour.

(Cont'd)

145 (Cont'd)

CLOSE - JILLIAN

She looks up and sees the summit notch, turns to Larry.

CLOSE - LARRY

Larry is in such poor physical condition that he trails them by fifty yards. He stops to catch his breath.

ANGLE - THE TIMBER LINE AT THE FURTHEST END OF THE NORTH FACING MOUNTAIN 146

A perfectly terrible explosion of noise and the assault chopper trims the tree tops, its powerful belly-light shining the way.

ANGLE - NEARY & JILLIAN

147

They wave Larry on. The chopper SOUND grows louder by the second.

NEARY

You're in the clearing...he'll spot you.

LARRY'S VOICE

Screw 'em... So what's he gonna do?
Land on me?

CLOSE - TREE TOPS

148

The helicopter flies low over a tree top...moments later Meadow larks begin dropping from the branches like flies zapped by Black Flag.

(CMIT SC. 149)

ANGLE - LARRY

150

He slowly stands up and brushes himself off. Even now the light of the helicopter is closing in over his shoulder.

NEARY'S P.C.V. - THE SUMMIT

It is only fifty yards uphill. There is a beckoning show from the far side of the mountain. A carpet of loose bedrock welcomes them. Roy takes two steps and falls... he slides past Jillian and back the way he came up... gathering speed until his hand catches a loop of underbrush and breaks his fall.

(Cont'd)

150 (Cont'd)

Jillian doesn't know what to do...she hears the approaching helicopter and looks up at their goal. She decides to walk down the mountain and help Roy.

NEARY

NO - ! STAY THERE - ! STAY THERE - !

Neary has recovered and is leaping with all he has in reserve up the mountain side. Now the helicopter can be seen over Roy's right shoulder.

Jillian extends her hand...and waits.

Roy pausing it on...he reaches out with his.

CLOSE - LARRY

He couldn't care less. He is walking. The helicopter is so close it totally outlines him in a corona of light.

He turns and confronts the helicopter, sticking out his thumb like a hitchhiker.

LARRY

Los Angeles?

CLOSE - ROY & JILLIAN

Their hands unite and they fight the loose bedrock toward the notch summit - the pearl-light just now outlining their strobing shapes, and

CLOSE - LARRY

The assault chopper zooms over him and in a blast of after-wash that masses his hair and clothing, he continues to walk and probably doesn't even notice that his head is involuntarily twitching to one side.

51

ANGLE - THE SUMMIT

151

Roy and Jillian make it to the top. The knoll on the other side of the mountain is fresh with dew, and very steep. Jillian and Roy lose their footing and start to coast down on the seat of their pants.

52

ANGLE - SLIDING

152

It is a wild ride. They spin, bump, revolve around each other all while heading towards a snarl of timberline vegetation. They stop and rise slowly to their feet on ground deeply cushioned by many season's worth of fallen hemlock needles.

And through a dense blind, maybe fifty yards over flat ground, comes a haze of light. It is certainly new and perhaps a final goal that encourages Roy and Jillian and prevents them from resting.

53

HEAVY BRANBLED AREA

153

Leading the way, Roy ignores the pain from his inert left arm as he tears a passage through the thicket while Jillian dodges and hops over branches that whip back at her face and body.

54

P.O.V.

154

And the light grows steadily brighter ... the deep growth beginning to thin out. Always that glow just a few yards further and ...

55

CLOSE - NEARY

155

Ripping his way along, groaning and wheezing and challenging the pain ...

TRAVELING P.O.V.

156

A headlong advance against a latticework of weeds until they have cleared any further obstacles and can count the shafts of light stabbing at the mist from a source just below the tip of this outcropped plateau and...

CLOSE - NEARY & JILLIAN

157

Cheeks almost touching they peek over the edge and look down upon....

FLOOR OF THE BOX CANYON

158

Giant fluted granite shafts that terminate into millions of mansized granite boulders. An area of exact size and artificially flattened has been cleared to receive a scientific area. It is circumscribed by a boiler plate steel retaining wall six feet high divided into three concrete levels and defined by a fluorescent blue light inlaid in each elevation. On the first level there are fourteen cubicles in a module design. There is also a large radar tracking device of the latest design. These cubicles are filled with various scientific experiments such as lasers, spectrographic analyzers, electromagnetic equipment, thermal measuring devices, bio-chemical equipment, etc. Furthest upfield and centermost in the arena is a color-sound scoreboard which is 40 ft. long, 6 feet high, and standing on a 16 ft. scaffold. Many cables and conduits run from this to a Stevie Wonder type moog synthesizer which sits below and downfield. A technician in shirtsleeves is at the keyboard. He plays a few notes, then breaks into an amateur rendition of "Moon River." It echoes off the walls of the canyon. On a second level are four monitor control consoles with video receivers and two camera bleachers with three levels of still cameras mounted in various positions, some telescopes, etc. The lower level is an open concrete area with a light pattern (landing lights making a configuration pattern designating spots), and running from this area are blue landing lights which go off into the distance. Far into the distance are two high outpost cubicles. From the outside of the retaining wall are 20 stadium type lights notched out of the wall. Approximately 150 technicians wearing white jumpsuits are making preparations.

(Cont'd)

159

CLOSER ANGLE

Two spectometers and a photoelectrical camera resembling big bazookas encased in cement and piloted by a couple of men smoking cigarettes. Most of the personnel resemble white collar workers and on closer inspection it doesn't look like there is a military man amongst them.

CLOSE - NEARY

160

He can't digest this as his eyes chug-a-lug the jigsaw layout 50 yards below.

BOX CANYON OPERATION 161

A gentle chime is the signal for everyone to stop what they are doing and look into the sky. Immediately, the bank of overhead lights is doused leaving only tiny red working lights to color the field below.

162 CLOSE - JILLIAN AND NEARY 162

They turn around and look at the sky also.

163 UP ANGLE TO THE NIGHT SKY - MOUNTAIN IN FOREGROUND AS PRINCIPLE P.O.V. 163

Planet, stars, and constellations. It is still and magnificent. Particularly visible at this hour of night is the constellation ORION THE HUNTER, made up of twelve stars of varying degrees of magnitude.

It is one of the most popular star groupings in our universe.

So it will come as a broad shock when these stars begin to rearrange themselves before our very eyes. Orion's belt, sword, shoulders, and legs converging to a very bright point before splaying off in twelve directions forming the most popular of all constellations, THE BIG DIPPER.

APPLAUSE IS HEARD from the assembly in the box canyon area and...

164 ANGLE BLUE LANDING STRIP LOOKING BACK TOWARD TOWERS-AND MOUNTAIN 164

Two foreground technicians in NASA jumpsuits look up as the Big Dipper formation tips over, handle forward until and aurora of color seems to spill out of it like celestial milk.

AAHS AND COHS can be HEARD from the box canyon area. It's just like a half time show.

165 ANGLE TIGHT ON JILLIAN 165

She rises and steps away and overlooks the operations and the sky. Some clouds blow in much too fast to appear natural and are soon escorted by points of light. As Neary joins Jillian in the f.g. the light sources begin swirling around the cloud turning it into a facsimile of the spiral nebulae.

Their backs are to camera as they begin absorbing light.

CLOSE NEARY & JILLIAN

Jillian begins to visibly tremble. Neary is struck down with wonder. Clouds are moving in from left to right in some higher elevation drafts. Jillian and Neary turn in time to duck low as three brightly illuminated multi-colored objects skim the rocks on a close to camera approach. They are spaced thirty yards apart and moving fast. Everything "oranges" out.

The burning objects move on down toward the middle of operations, one at a time. Neary and Jillian are still in the foreground. The entire experience area can be seen below them. The lights create shadows and human movement below.

166

INT. LOWER LEVEL CUBICLE

166

Lacombe and Jean Claude watch from inside as the lights flare passing low to the ground, heading toward the blue runway. Lacombe opens the door and we follow him out to witness three strafing lights. From inside this watch place, camera is angling in a bee line toward the runway lights.

The third object swooshes low over the heads of a lineup of 50 technicians lighting each one as it goes.

167

ANGLE TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN

167

As the third object passes the industrial camera bleachers, a technician pushes a switch and all the cameras flip over automatically and begin photographing noisily.

168

ANGLE TOWARD MOUNTAIN GROUND LEVEL OF LEVEL WITH LOW POSITION CUBICLE

168

Out walks Jean Claude and we see the Stevie Wonder organ and the three lighted objects downfield.

JEAN CLAUDE IS IN HIS THIRTIES, FRENCH AND RESEMBLES WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. IT IS HIS JOB TO INTERPRET THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE INTO MUSICAL STATEMENTS.

169

ANGLE NEARY

169

He shifts positions and moves higher up on the outcropping which overlooks the base of the operations in a full comprehensive down angle. The three objects are seen hovering and shifting positions downfield amongst the blue landing lights.

170

INTERIOR - ANGLE HIGHTOWER DOWNFIELD

170

The three objects are seen super close and super bright as the investigators in the tower work.

ENGINEER

How about a slow alternating pattern toward the cool range please, with hesitation on chroma red 14, chroma yellow 12 and the illuminant point.

JEAN CLAUDE

(to musician behind organ)

Four-sixteenths plural on five. Four-eights on 5-6-3-5. Three raise 5-7-1-5. Lower three.

The sweaty musician engineer poises his fingers and plays a number of atonal sounds. The music blares out of the Concord Speakers. (NOTE: these are the same chords that were heard in India (Page 48), in the Auditorium (Page 49-A) and on Barry Guiler's xylophone (Page 50).

The three objects respond through the color scale.

171

ANGLE

171

Past a metal detecting device and a computer analogue unit, the lights are seen beyond and downfield as the analyzer returns with data gold. The f.g. technicians discuss the results softly while the musical exchange begins and continues.

172

WIDE ANGLE - THE ORGAN AND JEAN CLAUDE AND THE MUSICIAN - ENGINEER 172

The three lighted objects are reflected in the metal surfaces and smoked glass windows of nearby cubicles. The angle is upraised slightly to include the 'light board'. As the musician goes through the first solfeggio the light board begins its display backlighting everything. The last tone creates a weak ultra violet pulse from the light board. Lacombe walks forward as the backlight fades from his shirt collar. Everyone is tense and waiting.

173

ANGLE - LACOMBE

173

Walks forward facing downfield where three globes highlight the foreground figures. Suddenly the three acknowledge and imitate our color pattern. The two flanking globes separate rapidly and take up positions far to the sidelines where the center globe displays most of the intensity.

CONTINUED

173 (Cont'd)

173 (Cont'd)

Everyone in the area recognizes the first gesture of contact and responds joyously ala Houston Mission Control when they achieve successful booster separation.

174

GROUND ANGLE - MIDFIELD - THE THREE BRIGHT OBJECTS

174

The two end lights flash a series of rapid color signals and begin to move up the field about fifteen feet above everyone's head.

175

PAN WITH OBJECTS

175

At midfield they begin to lay "cuboid eggs". The far object squirts blue phosphorous like cubes spinning from all sides. The object closest to camera deposits white hot cuboids that form a blazing blue and white knot twenty feet in the air and midfield.

176

ANGLE - BASE OF OPERATIONS

176

The bright circle objects moving upfield depositing cuboid eggs. The eggs start to stir from the middle of the cluster exciting neighboring cuboids until the entire mass seems to revolve as if blown by some sort of cosmic wind. The two oval objects go through the color spectrum pausing on sunset red then back to yellow as they return downfield, taking up positions far to the left and right of the single center downfield communication object...this begins the cuboid hustle.

177

ANGLE

177

Past the industrial camera bleachers and angling up, the operator makes adjustments and the camera clicks away. The cuboids begin to unite and a three dimensional rush occurs...right down from the sky and passing close to the camera technician who turns away as a gust of displaced air tears at his clothes and his features overexpose in short bursts as each cube races past him.

178

ANGLE - DOWNFIELD TOWARD LIGHTED OBJECTS IN END ZONE

178

The cuboids overhead are flowing out of the overhead cluster and single filing in a three dimensional rush toward camera before making an abrupt hard turn as they begin a ground level circle in front of all the technicians assembled. The first formation is white. A second circle is pouring from the tangle above and the color is heated blue. This strong line of light rushes toward camera heading directly for the lense before making another hard turn..

179

PAN RIGHT

179

The blue circle is completed behind the first row of technicians.

180

ANGLE - LACOMBE

180

He puts on dark aviator glasses and we see the hot rush of double headed light reflected in them as well as in the double glass in the cubicle behind. His hair is blowing and his shirt sleeves wave in the displacement of air.

181

CUTAWAY TO:

181

The lineup of fifty men put on dark glasses. The cuboids reflect in all shiny surfaces including the b.g. hardware. The intense light strobes across everyone's face. The group suddenly steps back as a cuboid rush passes between the assembled and camera.

182

DOWN ANGLE - CUBOID RUSH

182

We see Lacombe below. The strobing is INTENSE AND THE WIND BLOWS IN HEATED GUSTS. Over the shoulder of a hightower technician, we see him busy at work taking readings. He shifts positions and we see...angling magnificently downfield the loop of cuboids in brilliant splendor.

183

ANGLE- CUBOIDS

183

The cuboids make a hairpin turn, then slight altitude corrections and every few seconds alter the shape of the circle reminiscent of rope tricks. Suddenly a gang of fifteen cubes falls out of the circle at the far turn opposite the industrial camera display. An excited technician switches on his hardware. A green light appears directly above each camera as they burn magazines... ALL AT ONCE the cuboids are aware they are on camera and begin to perform extraordinary geometric maneuvers. Suddenly the film starts running out and red 're-load' lights appear everywhere. The cuboids don't waste a second. They stop performing. They re-group. They exit the shot in a rush...off to the right.

184

ANGLE - TECHNICIAN

184

The hot and white cuboids perform in the f.g. The technician is having a field day and even steals a snapshot with his instamatic. The camera runs out of film, the cuboids stop performing and exit to the left.

185 ANGLE - NEAR ORGAN LOOKING DOWNFIELD 185

The departing cuboids race in a knot past us until they are in a face off with the upfield camera bleacher. The cuboid corral renews their symptomatic act as the fresh cameras grind and click hungrily.

186 ANGLE - TIGHT F.G. 186

The circle of cuboids flashes past our view and the wind effect and strobe effect colors everyone.

187 ANGLE - COMPUTER MONITOR READOUTS 187

The cuboid circle seems to rush the view headon. It is a speed show as well as a light display. Once again six cubes leave the circle to explore the monitors and the men working them. Several cuboids run circles around some of the technicians working the area.

188 MEDIUM C.U. - LACOMBE 188

He is reacting to all of this. The cubes race counter-clockwise behind him in blue and clockwise in front of him burning white. His glasses and the double glass windows behind him make all of this movement seem like a fever dream.

189 WIDE ANGLE BEHIND LACOMBE 189

We see the spectacle at ground level. The circle splits again and now we show three circles, each one whipping air in a different altitude, independent of each other. THIS IS MULTI PLANAR AND MOST SPECTACULAR. The circles start to rise up and converge and the wind dies down.

190 ANGLE - PAST NEARY & JILLIAN TO OPERATIONS BELOW 190

The triple circle gains some altitude and begins to wind together like a freeway cloverleaf... the light gets brighter and the knot begins to fuse and glow.

191 WIDE ANGLE - SIDELINES 191

A technician from the music-communications cubicle must run messages back and forth. He runs out right into the cuboid traffic. Instead of a headon collision, the cuboids simply form a quick arch and continue their straight line once he has passed.

- 192 NEW ANGLE 192
- We are now tracking with the technician & we clearly see him "stepping into traffic". It resembles a narrow escape as the cuboids almost slam into him but intuitively leap frog him.
- 193 CLOSE- NEARY & JILLIAN 193
- Jillian takes pictures as the cuboids reflect into her lens.
- 194 JILLIAN AND NEARY F.O.V. 194
- We see the cuboids rising, knotting, binding, squeezing, bleeding, glaring and finally bursting with golden galactic dust that races in all direction and right into us.
- 195 ANGLE - BETWEEN NEARY & JILLIAN 195
- The galactic golden dust explosion makes them flinch and they cover their faces as the particles storm the camera splashing all over them.
- 196 ANGLE- PAST LACOMBE 196
- He turns away from the snowy blast that passes him and rushes toward us.
- 197 ANGLE - MOUNTAIN 197
- A group of 75 technicians turn away and blanch as a rush of gold tiskerbell dust passes them on all sides.
- 198 WIDE VIEW - GROUND LEVEL 198
- It is gently snowing golden high points. F.G. technicians are aglow in the stuff. The scientists are running frantically, trying to preserve samples before the elements dissolve into thin air. They help pick them off each other with tweezers and conventional soup spoons. Some of these specks are being photographed on the play dirt field by microscope cameras.
- 199 ANGLE - LACOMBE - F.G. 199
- He is catching specks in his hand and watching it curiously. He cups his hands and watches wonderously.
- NOTE: THE GOLD POINTS OF LIGHT CHANGE COLOR FROM GOLD TO RED TO GOLD. THIS HAPPENS IN RESPONSE TO OUR THREE DISTANT OBJECTS FIRST GOING FROM ORANGE TO RED... THE DUST FOLLOWS SUIT... THEN THE OBJECTS REVERSE TO ORANGE AND THE DUST REVERSES FROM RED TO GOLD.

200

EXT. TOWARD SIDELINES - GROUND LEVEL

200

We see this golden glowing wonderland of falling points. Technicians are running back and forth collecting samples and racing toward us. Inside one of the cubicles microscopes are ready to analyze. The glowing material brought in in cupped hands, plates, spoons, etc. is distributed for viewing but the dusty light is starting to fade. The snow stops falling in the b.g. windows, and faces are beginning to grow dark.

NOTE: THE GOLD CHANGES COLOR TWICE HERE. GOLD TO BLUE...BLACK TO GOLD

201

ANGLE - PROFILE OF NEARY & JILLIAN

201

Like everyone else down below, their hair is lit up from the sprinkles. Neary is delirious with discovery. He watches his cupped hands as light reflects off their faces. He watches until the light fades sadly. Roy and Jillian turn to face each other then look back toward the base of operations awaiting the next episode.

202

INSERT- NEARY'S HANDS

202

One final micro-cube remains. It is so bright that his cupped hands reflect light off his face. The micro cube does something extraordinary. It finds its way underneath the skin in Roy's open palm without causing the slightest tinge of pain. He watches it travel around the inside of his hand, up a finger, down to the wrist, into a vein. The vein glows bright blue as the speck of light runs its course around the hand and finally, sadly, fades out leaving everything dark and silent and mystical.

203

WIDE ANGLE- NEARY & JILLIAN - MOUNTAIN AND SKY

203

The mountain is tickled with color and mist from the foreign point sources. Clouds are moving in behind Roy and Jillian, and they are displaying a kind of heat lightning that should not appear supernatural at this moment.

204

INT. RADAR LOWBASE CUBICLE DOWNFIELD

204

Starting on a radar scan some new airborne phenomena is apparent. The men can't figure it. One of the team supervisors leaves the hut and goes onto the field. He stops by some portable radar pans that at once stops revolving and all begin to readjust at varying intervals to the mountain tower. The three globes appear awfully bright and large as the team supervisor exits. They dim their lights as if in respect for everyone's new source of attention.

- 205 WIDE ANGLE- PAST JILLIAN AND ROY OF THE BASE 205
- Jillian turns and reacts to something in the sky o.s. She shifts around and turns uphill. Roy follows. We now see the sky and moving clouds that are aflame with heatlightning and steady intensifying glows. The clouds become so bright and wild that Neary and Jillian are silhouetted against them.
- 206 ANGLE UP PAST THE MT. 206
- Technicians come out to look into the sky. The clouds continue to move and are breathtaking.
- 207 COMPREHENSIVE ANGLE FACING MT. FROM 2 MILES OUT 207
- The base of operations looks like a pool of light at the foot of the tower. The clouds are at their most spectacular in this angle. The stars are visible and you can see for twenty miles.
- 208 ANGLE 208
- Past the organ and on downfield where the three objects go through a color pattern communique. Lacombe is in the f.g. He turns to look into the sky.
- 209 LACOMBE'S P.O.V. 209
- Past the tower of mountain the lights in the clouds return the signal and the cloud begins to glow yellow-orange.
- 210 ANGLE - LACOMBE 210
- Looks back at three objects and they turn yellow-orange. Then in a flashbulb popping effect they explode to red. That is the signal.
- 211 C.U. LACOMBE 211
- Lacombe turns back and takes a few steps.
- 212 ANGLE- ROY & JILLIAN 212
- Silhouetted against the fireworks cloud, Jillian and Roy observe a step down formation of ten convex planar objects burning out of the clouds and pouring light around them as they fill the air. Again, the two duck into the rocks as the lights over-expose the immediate area.

213 ANGLE - TIGHT ON ROY & JULIAN 213

The convex planar lights disperse in all directions as they converge on the base of operations. They fan out and light everything with multiple shadows.

214 ANGLE- POOL OF LIGHT BENEATH THE MOUNTAIN 214

The point source lights move from the clouds to the base of operations. In addition to the ten light points another four emerge and conduct a kind of "quicker than the eye" display in the space to the left and right of the mountain.

215 ANGLE- DOWNFIELD 215

We see the organ and Lacombe in the f.g. The ten convex planar lights move with amazing swiftness two hundred feet in the air performing impossible feats until they arrive over runway in end zone and form a collection of excited figgity sources.

216 ANGLE - OVER ROY & JILLEAN 216

Watching these "impossible" feats.

217 PROFILE - LACOMBE 217

He warns of a low altitude approach. We see 75 technicians and then a low flying convex planar light with a bottomsides resembling a multicolored electric griddle beginning to approach. As it gets closer, men duck or hide. Another object does the same at the opposite end of the field.

218 ANGLE - PAST TECHNICIANS 218

The huge lighted grill passes five feet overhead creating our 'static electricity' effect with its passing.

219 ANGLE - HIGH TOWER WINDOW 219

The convex planar grill object passes so close with its lighted rim that it overexposes everything inside the room. But as it passes we see out the door the object and its true size: approx 30" in diameter.

20 ANGLE 220

Twenty technicians. Their hair stands on end and follows the path of the flat bottomed light overhead. Windows and other reflective surfaces 'white out' and 'travel' to indicate its passing.

(OMIT SC. 221)

ANGLE - NEARY & JILLIAN

222

The grill lights head downfield and rejoin the cluster of thirteen objects above the blue runway area. Roy must get closer. He starts to climb down the lip of the plateau ridge but Jillian stops him. She looks confused.

JILLIAN

They'll see you.

NEARY

Watch me. Step where I step. C'mon.

JILLIAN

Why do you want to go down there?

NEARY

I want to know that it's really happening.

JILLIAN

I don't know what I'm doing here.
I came all this way and I want to go home...
Barry's not here...

NEARY

We've got to get closer. You
can't back out now.

JILLIAN

You go. I want you to go. Don't
worry -- I'll be all right.

NEARY

You've got to come with me!

But Jillian shakes her head.

JILLIAN

I want to...I guess I'm just too scared.

And she really is. Roy thinks about his. He looks at the woman who has become the closest person on earth to him. Her camera dangles from her neck. There are empty film packages everywhere. She is a frantic, disheveled mess. Tears are starting in her.

(Cont'd)

NEARY

222 (Cont'd)

I wouldn't drop that film off at
a Fotomat if I were you. Get
it done yourself.

She leans over and kisses him.

(Cont'd)

222 (Cont'd)

NEARY STARTS TO LOWER HIMSELF. It's a ten foot drop to another grassy outcropping. He chances it, lets go, and falls awkwardly, flopping down on his back and biting off a scream.

They do not see what we see. The communication object flashes color. The musician engineer responds with the light board and organ and imitates the color pattern. The 13 objects leave the downfield zone and take up positions surrounding the base of operations.

227

ANGLE

227

We see a video console operator who weighs about 250 pounds. Evacuees pour past him carrying whatever equipment they can get out. He refuses to move as he slowly puts his pocket sized gear into a briefcase at his feet. He begins to heat up in yellow as the cuboids approach. One cuboid enters the frame and prods. The chap doesn't move. Another cuboid joins to help its buddy prod. The guy just sits there, finishes packing. A third cuboid joins the group and the technician just stares at them. The cuboids are flustered as they jump around each other. Finally, they stop jumping and bunch close together. The technician is more tentative now but just won't budge. Finally, the three cuboids turn to bright red and start to buzz. The technician blinks and moves his chair nodding goodbye. The cuboids turn yellow again and quickly celebrate by flashing through the spectrum.

228

ANGLE OVER THE VIDEO OPERATOR'S SHOULDER

228

As he watches this happen.

229

ANGLE- THE CUBOID CORDON

229

Displaced personnel mingle in the f.g. Equipment is still being evacuated and technicians are coordinating their relocation.

230

ANGLE - GREVASSE IN ROCKS

230

NEARY negotiates his perilous climb down the side of the mountain. He makes another move and slides dangerously close to falling over the cliff.

231

ANGLE - HIGH SHOT OF BASE OF OPERATIONS

231

The effects of the cuboids are clearly evident. All of the technicians have been forced to wait midfield. The yellow cuboid cordon is still in effect.

232

REVERSE MASTER SHOT TOWARD MOUNTAIN

232

The puddle light beneath the mountain tower is the base of operations surrounded on all sides by thirteen of the planar convex objects. The stars are bright and more clouds are rolling in overhead. It is an eerie moment of silent anticipation. Nothing stirs. Suddenly each convex planar object jumps back a few hundred feet. Their colors change again... different hues of amber. The rocks and terrain reflect this.

223 ANGLE - NEARY 223

As he drops out of sight over a rock we see twenty cuboids seperating from the overhead cluster and forming a cordon at the end of the zone area.

224 ANGLE - LACOMBE AND OTHERS 224

They are confused. Lacombe walks forward to reveal the bright cordon at the far end of the base. Suddenly each cuboid flashes and turns yellow. Men are shouting toward Lacombe from downfield. Alarms go off as men run back and forth hurrying to get out.

225 ANGLE - SIDE VIEW DOWNFIELD 225

The cordon of now yellow cuboids moves slowly but relentlessly to push all ground personnel upfield. Men in the f.g. are brightly lit from the cuboid push and step back as cuboids pass close to our camera view.

226 ANGLE - HIGH TOWER 226

Two cuboids leave the cordon and enter the hightower cubicle. The windows glow hot yellow and seven technicians hurry out and down the ladder... we move down with them and arrive at a low cubicle that is just beginning to glow hot yellow. Three men evacuate followed by two cuboids.

CONTINUED

ANGLE - NEARY , CLIMBING DOWN

233

He steps to rest with the base just beyond him and much closer. Suddenly the overhead cuboids (not the cordon) scramble around in a tight arch and race for Neary. They explode over his head creating a violent strobe display as they pass him going out of frame.

234

ANGLE - JILLIAN

234

The mountain is above her. The same violent strobe kick is followed by the massive exodus of the cuboids past Jillian and up the face of the mountain, then around to the other side. The side of the mountain reflects the rapid procession of lighted cuboids.

235

ANGLE - CENTER OF BASE

235

Lacombe steps out of one of the cubicles. We follow Lacombe and aides as they walk in circle trying to figure out what to say. Lacombe regards each convex planar object high in the far sky. The floor manager comes over with sheet music, paper and pencil at the ready. The two of them are joined by Jean Claude.

JEAN CLAUDE

Start again on the Solfeggio. Play the tonic 1-3-5-1. 1-3 plus 5. One minus plus three minus.

The floor manager scribbles as fast as Jean Claude can speak and hurries the scale to the musical engineer. He sight reads it with the loudspeaker key on the off position to make certain no mistakes are heard. Then he flicks the speakers to on and plays the configuration. Lacombe has arrived at the organ as it plays the five notes. The signboard in the air blazes away. Nothing. He orders a repeat. The signboard colors the night.

236

ANGLE - BEHIND JILLIAN

236

We can see the entire base of operations and the night horizon and clouds beyond the blue landing lights. The thirteen hovering objects can be seen coloring the areas beneath them. One by one they fade out leaving on tiny red perimeter lights. As they fade the base of operations seems to grow darker.

237

ANGLE - MIDDLEFIELD TOWARD THE FOUNTAIN

237

Lacombe walks middlefield. The signboard in the b.g. lights up the area to no avail. It is very dark now.

- 238 ANGLE - BASE OF OPERATIONS 238
 Groups of darkening faces...looking around and at each other.
- 239 ANGLE- JILLIAN 239
 Looks around her.
- 240 ANGLE - NEARY 240
 Stopped by the utter silence below him.
- 241 ANGLE - TECHNICIANS 241
 Huddling before the lights of their instruments. No readings as if the night had stopped dead.
- 242 ANGLE - NEARY 242
 Climbing down the box canyon. Slipping. Back peddling. Edging along a narrow split in the mountain. He is a small figure inching his way down. A lot of sky is above him and thousands of stars are out. This is our first look at it. Something moves into the sky from the blind side of the mountain. It erases stars, the absence of which gives the first indication of size and shape. It is elliptical and it is horrifyingly huge. YOU COULD HEAR A PIN DROP.
- 243 ANGLE - OVER JILLIAN 243
 All the personnel look up in Jillian's direction. Jillian can't figure this...unless. She looks behind her and up as a night shadow moves across her.
- 244 CLOSE - NEARY 244
 Almost to the valley flats he pauses in the harsh glow and looks toward the east rim of the box canyon cliffs.
- 245 ANGLE - JILLIAN 245
 Like a phantom freighter slipping through the night. It looks as if a lid is sliding over Jillian, blocking out the b.g. stars and clouds and pulling a veil of muddy darkness over everything.

ANGLE - TOWARD SHOULDER OF MT.

246

The massive black shape spreads its perimeters and everything below it becomes stylistically more bleak and indiscipherable.

ANGLE - BASE OF OPERATIONS

247

A stark group of seventy technicians with Lacombe in f.g. angling slightly down on them a sullen shadow draws over them until one can hardly make out their expressions.

ANGLE - EAST MT. AND A HIGHPOWER

248

The full shape overhead stops. Seconds pass. Something is happening within the black shape. A surgical sliver of light describes a circle. The ever brightening circle brings to mind a solar eclipse. Dots of red-star-like points materialize around the corona, some hotter than others. Suddenly the sliver of lights opens wide and everything flares like an explosion of daytime.

ANGLE - EAST JILLIAN

249

We can see the explosion of light and the flaring of the ground below. The mass should be closer to Jillian than anyone else. Just beneath the super nova effect a horizontal curtain of blue cuboids rushes in from below the crest, displacing air and setting dust and Jillian's clothes and hair in violent motion.

ANGLE - NEARY

250

He is inching his way down a verticle crevasse. The cuboid rush can be seen at the high end of this vertical tunnel. It overexposes rocks and brush and causes Neary to turn away from the hurricane blast of wind. A minor stone slide rushes toward us, sticking Neary all over.

ANGLE - DOWNFIELD TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN

251

This view shows the phantom mass in all its glory as lights explode all over it and negotiates an aerodynamically impossible cartwheel maneuver. The cuboids form landing coordinates that should resemble a perpetually moving digital scaffold. The entire operation begins to move downfield... toward us. Men race to get out of the cuboid's path. We can see the phantom mass and cuboid scaffold moving directly over us. The depth and moving perspective is exciting.

251 (Cont'd)

TEAM LEADER

251 (Cont'd)

I'd give up half my commission to
know the ultraphysics of that sucker.

LACOMBE

(breathless with words)

I believe they are breaking the second
law of thermodynamics right before our
very eyes.

252

ANGLE- FIELD WORKERS

252

They watch with a rare assortment of incredulous expressions. One
man seems to be crying. Others step backwards.

253

WIDE COMPREHENSIVE VIEW

253

Looking beyond Jillian toward the base. The cuboids guide
the phantom mass over everyone's heads. As it enters our
frame it will look its largest in this angle because it passes
beyond Jillian but in front of the base of operations,
cutting our view of it as it covers everything.

254

ANGLE - LACOMBE AND STAFF

254

The cuboid scaffold is passing in front of and behind the
group. A hot overhead light source is moving shadows and
changing expressions on its journey. Everyone looks straight
into the lights above.

255

LACOMBE & STAFF P.O.V.

255

The phantom mass passes overhead as the cuboid scaffold changes
color at varying altitudes and passes in exciting perspective.

256

ISOLATED ANGLE

256

A line of technicians working camera, consoles, computers,
spectrometers, etc. We see the progress of the phantom mass
as technicians shadows shift 120 degrees. Cuboid supports
pass in close foreground perspective.

257

WIDE ANGLE FACING MT.

257

Lacombe, Team Leader and other staffers walk forward until they are
lined up from left to right...they put on their sunglasses as their
shadows grow dozens of feet and their faces fuzz from the o.s.
descending phantom mass.

ANGLE - BEHIND LACOMBE, WILD BILL, AND OTHERS

258

We see their shadows elongating as 200 feet of phantom mass lowers from top of frame to the ground at the end zone. THE CUBOID LOWERS THE PHANTOM AND FORM A CUSHION OF EXTRABRIGHT PLASMA. THIS IS AWESOME.

ANGLE - JILLIAN

259

Jillian takes pictures of the panorama below. Then, gathering up her courage, she makes a decision and starts down the mountainside.

CLOSE - NEARY

260

Having arrived at the bottom of the canyon. He is watching all of this only fifty feet behind the first row of scientific personnel.

WIDE VIEW TOWARD MOUNTAIN

261

F.G. technicians obscure the view but after a moment, Neary appears on the concrete and walks toward camera squinting in the heat of the night. The cubicle windows reflect the pomp and splendor far downfield. Neary walks forward and watches behind a light standard.

ANGLE - NEARY

262

He is careful not to be seen but wants desperately to get a closer look. He starts forward nonchalantly. A hundred frozen human heads block his view.

DUST is rising in a 15 foot circle and twelve technicians in the downfield vicinity step into the area to investigate. They take a short bounce of the balls of their feet and as if on a trampoline, sail several feet into the air.

TECHNICIAN

(yelling)

Got a negative gravity zone...about 30%.

Other technicians are getting into the act even though they are scrambling away from the negative gravity zone. Instruments and gauges are rushed to the spot to probe, measure and document.

Neary looks down at his feet -- he is already an inch or two off the ground. He lets out a yell as his feet go out from under him and he floats free.

ANGLE - TECHNICIANS

263

Other men can be seen bouncing up and down into the air. They are helped out of the zone by ropes which are suddenly produced and thrown out. Lacombe throws a line to Neary and hauls him back to earth.

NEARY

(seeing the familiar face)

This is the most exciting thing that ever happened to me!

LACOMBE

Mr. Neary, you are a remarkable man.

NEARY

Are you going to send me back?

LACOMBE

No. I think this is where you belong.

ANGLE - UPFIELD

264

Five technicians are rolling the organ toward the fifty yard line.

ANGLE - ORGAN DOWNFIELD VIEW

265

The phantom mass of lights diminishes the organ. Technicians spread out to give it room. Other technicians follow pushing ahead of them the concord speaker units. Shadows are sharp and extremely long. The phantom mass pulses, flickers, and waits.

Nobody even dares to move a muscle. The quiet grows unnerving.

ANGLE - ORGAN AND PHANTOM MASS

266

The organ and the technicians look like a drop in the bucket by comparison to the phantom mass.

BLASTING FROM THE MOTHER SHIP COMES FIVE MUSICAL TONES.

And everybody just about jumps out of their clothes.

The lighting changes giving the impression that the shape of the mass is changing as well.

(Cont'd)

267

CLOSE - INSIDE THE CUBICLE

The computer digests these tones and prints out the message.
A young technician speaks into a pencil mike.

YOUNG COMPUTER TECHNICIAN
Greetings, Greetings. Hello. Hello.

Lacombe looks to Jean Claude. Jean Claude looks at the
musical engineer.

JEAN CLAUDE
Repeat the tone row. Four-six-one-four.

The noog beats back the simple greeting.

BLASTING OUT THE FLASHING MOTHER SHIP COMES ANOTHER SERIES
OF NOTES. THIS TIME IN INTERVALS AND RHYTHM.

267 (Cont'd)

267 (Cont'd)

YOUNG COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

(he looks at the read.out)

Greetings. Greetings. Hello. Hello.
Hello. Greetings. Hello. Greetings.

LACOMBE

(hearing this)

I don't get it.

TEAM LEADER

Give it back to them. Note for note.

x

The musician doesn't understand any of this either. He does what he's told. THIS TIME THERE ARE THE SAME NOTES BUT THE RHYTHM AND THE INTERVALS SOUND MORE ENTHUSIASTIC.

268

ANGLE- MOTHER SHIP

268

All is still. BLASTING FROM THE MOTHER SHIP AGAIN COMES THE SAME NOTES.

LACOMBE

(to musician)

Again. Turn up your volume.

THE MOTHER SHIP REPEATS HERSELF EVEN BEFORE THE MOOG IS FINISHED.

LACOMBE

Go on and jam.

269

ANGLE- ORGAN, TEAM LEADER & LACOMBE

269

x

In the background we see the lighted communications board and the mountain.

Yamaha repeats the greeting stepping on MOTHER SHIP'S LAST NOTES. MOTHER SHIP OVERLAPS the last two notes at the end of the Yamaha and repeats herself. Yamaha cuts off MOTHER SHIP's last three notes, and my God, they are actually jamming.

270

ANGLE - TEAM LEADER & LACOMBE

270

x

Watching the massive wonder of light and sounds. They communicate with musician through headsets and pencil microphones.

Everything stops! You could hear someone swallow. The musician looks over his shoulder for instructions. He is shining with sweat.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

271

The phantom object and organ and cluster of staff are visible through the double glass curved windows.

ANGLE - JILDIAN

A-271

Full of some unknown purpose, she makes her way down the slope toward the circle of light.

NEW ANGLE

272

It is only now that part of the MOTHER SHIP BEGINS TO OPEN.

The condition of light inside the mother ship is only slightly better than looking point blank into a sodium vapor searchlight.

Everyone adjusts his polaroids as the rising light crawls up their legs to their faces and whites out all expression.

THERE IS A FIGURE STANDING IN A FLOOD OF BACKLIGHT SO HARSH THAT IT CAUSES IMAGE DISTORTION, MAKING THE FIGURE APPEAR LIKE PIPE CLEANERS IN THE SHAPE OF ARMS AND LEGS.

THE FIGURE BEGINS TO MOVE FORWARD OUT OF THE MOTHER SHIP, GAINING POSTURE AND GIRTH AND...

IT LOOKS HUMAN. ARMS AND LEGS AND WEARING AN OUTDATED UNITED STATES NAVY FLAK JACKET.

CLOSE - NEARY

273

He has found an opening in the sideline crowd and sees...

Lacombe turns to a man seated next to him.

LACOMBE

Can you tell who it is yet?

The man seated next to him quickly looks at the figure through a set of tripod binoculars. In front of him is posterboard with TWO HUNDRED SNAPSHOTS OF PEOPLE'S FACES. He speed scans the photos.

SPEED SCANNER

_____, U.S.N. Hijacked December
5th, 1945, south of Chicken shoals, Bermuda.

WIDE ANGLE - THE MEETING

Team Leader steps forward to greet the man.

274

TAYLOR.

(extending his handshake)

Flight leader _____, United
States Navy.

TEAM LEADER

Welcome home, son.

Taylor has a euphoric ease in the manner in which he speaks. He is surprised by none of this. EIGHT OTHER FIGURES APPEAR IN THE OPENING OF THE MOTHER SHIP. All of them are young Naval Airmen and are dressed in post WWII flying outfits.

Team Leader begins shaking their hands. All of them are mildly at ease about being back home.

A DOZEN OTHERS APPEAR AT THE SHIP'S OPENING. A FEW WOMEN NOW, BUT MOSTLY MEN. AND BEFORE TOO LONG A VERTIBLE EXODUS OF HUMANS COME POURING OUT OF THE MOTHER SHIP AND INTO THE WYOMING EVENING.

ANGLE- TOWARD PHANTOM MASS

Materialising from the white-hot opening in between other stunned people coming home is a small form running in and out of grown-up legs. The little person runs onto the concourse and into a CLOSE ANGLE. IT IS BARRY.

CLOSE - LACOMBE

He smiles at him innocent of who Barry is or what went on before... then he sees something that confuses him even more.

ANGLE - JILLIAN

Running across the concrete field, past technicians and doctors and scientists and past Neary to reunite with Barry in the middle of everything.

LACOMBE

(with a twinkle)

The universe is not only stranger
than we imagine. It is stranger
than we can imagine.

274 cont.

274. c.

THE MOTHER SHIP REPEATS HER TONE POEM. THE SYNTHESIZER REPEATS HIS AND THE MUSIC GIVES POMP AND CEREMONY TO THE RETURNING PRISONERS OF TIME.

Every scientist and technician who can leave their posts does so to shake hands with the heroes. It is a welcome home celebration only slightly subdued in the enormous presence of the MOTHER SHIP.

LACOMBE

(to Team Leader, while
shaking hands)

They haven't even aged. Einstein
was right!

TEAM LEADER

(during handshakes)

Einstein was probably one of
them.

(back to the P.O.T.'s)

Greetings. Enjoy the trip? Some
fun, huh? Congratulations!

Three MEDICAL PERSONS are waving the evacuees toward the waiting cargo helicopters parked on the grassy outskirts.

MEDICAL OFFICERS

Gentlemen. Debriefing is this way ...
right this way. Debriefing over here.

SPEED SCANNER

Not all the abductees are accounted for.
We have no way of knowing whether some
are still being detained or have died
from natural causes.

CLOSE - NEARY

He is just one of the crowd now. He appears a little touched, but finally and quietly at home. He stops as five Naval Airmen arrive next to a military ambulance. One young flyer stops by the license plate.

YOUNG FLYER

This is a joke right?

CLOSE - LACONBE

He turns, watching this and becoming very interested.

YOUNG FLYER

It says '76'.

MEDICAL OFFICER

Debriefing over here gentlemen ... right
this way.

YOUNG FLYER

(suddenly lost & frightened)
But it can't be '76'. My wife's waiting for
me in Palm Beach. I have children in Florida.

MEDICAL OFFICER

You'll know more at the debriefing.

ANGLE - FIVE AMBULANCES - LOW SHOT

All of the license plates say '76'. Just as suddenly half a dozen men enter the shot and press adhesive tape over the year.

121C

274 cor

LACOMBE AND TEAM LEADER

TEAM LEADER

You can take down your nudie
calenders. Recorded history
starts right here.

But Lacombe is watching something beyond Team Leader.

275

ANGLE - NEARY

275

As he explores the area, heading in the direction of the phantom mass. He threads his way in and out of technicians. The lights in the end zone grow brighter with every step.

He is approaching the organ. The phantom mass is a huge lighted form in between the organ and Neary and beyond.

276

CLOSE - NEARY

276

Roy wanders by a cubicle and wanders in.

277

INT. CUBICLE - NEARY'S P.O.V.

277

A Catholic priest is administering last rites to a clique of 12 soon before men wearing jumpsuits. They are sitting on wooden benches with their heads bowed in thought, prayer, or meditation. All of them carry synthesizers.

THE SOUND OF REVVING HELICOPTERS OVERRIDES THE CHANTING OF THE LAST RITES.

278

ANGLE - NEARY

278

He ducks out of the cubicle and bumps into Lacombe who has been standing right behind him

LACOMBE

~~(paternally)~~ Do you know why you're
What is it you want Roy? here yet?

~~Neary is not startled by him. He gives no indication of looking for a way to escape. He simply smiles at Lacombe and says in the most ingenious manner:~~

NEARY

Not yet. ~~I want to know that it's really happening.~~

~~Something makes Neary stop. The mass begins turning off its lights. They change from hot tones to cool blue. The entire form suddenly resembles a soothing nightlight. Neary walks forward until he is a dramatic silhouette. At this moment a sliver of white light begins to open across the entire base of fifty feet. It is incredibly white violent light. It opens further sending a shadow of sixty people a hundred yards along the ground. Technicians begin pressing forward blocking our view of the opening.~~

279 ANGLE- LACOMBE, ORGAN, TEAM LEADER 279 x

As the lights go out they darkern only to flame again in the spilling of rays of bottom light from the virgin opening. The technicians press forward - a variety of uneasy profiles. Someone points "look there" and Lacombe walks forward.

280 ANGLE - LACOMBE 280

He stands silhouetted against the blazing opening, light eating away the shape of his body...something begins to materialize from the flooding lights. It looks like A SHAPE...A HUMANOID FORM. Too far to tell from this angle.

281 ANGLE - LACOMBE 281

He has walked forward to look. A hundred technicians and half the site back him up. Neary can be seen in the background. Lacombe adjusts his glasses and steps forward again...closer...brighter. He sees...steps back.

282 ANGLE 282

The musician is handed some complicated sheet music and at first is too awestruck to perform. A harsh command from somewhere within the stunned gathering loosens his fingers and starts to play the sometimes melodic comminque.

283 CLOSE - OVER LACOMBE'S SHOULDERS 283

We see the white hot opening and the figure suspended there. It starts to come out ... materializing more and more with every step.

ANGLE - SUDDENLY

284

ONE HUNDRED HUMANOID OCCUPANTS LEAVE THE MOTHER SHIP AND FAN OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THEY SEEM TO BE FLOATING TOWARD THE APPREHENSIVE Huddle OF AMERICAN OFFICIALS.

THERE IS NO ORDER OR SYMMETRY IN THEIR BEHAVIOR. THEY ARE LIKE CHILDREN LET LOOSE IN A TOY FACTORY. THEY SWARM LIKE ANTS ALL OVER THE FANCY TERRESTRIAL HARDWARE AND THE FROZEN "UPTIGHT" SCIENTIFIC PERSONNEL. THEY REACH OUT AND TOUCH WITH SPINDLY ARMS TWICE THE LENGTH OF THEIR TAPERED PHYSIQUES. A FEW OF THE AMERICAN TEAM BREAK AND RUN WITH FEAR. THEY ARE PURSUED BY THE CURIOUS OCCUPANTS WHO CAN MOVE WITH FLUID LIGHTNING SPEED. NOBODY EVER GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THE UFOBOTS - THE MOTHER SHIP IS TOO BRIGHT AND THEY ARE IN SILHOUETTE IN MOST PART. "CREATING HANDS" REACH OUT AND FONDLE LOVINGLY.

SEVERAL OCCUPANTS ARE EXPLORING THE GROIN AREAS OF THREE STATELY OFFICIALS TOO FRIGHTENED TO EVEN RESIST THE FOREPLAY.

THIS IS BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND DISTURBING TO WATCH. A FEW PEOPLE CONNECTED WITH THE BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES ARE TOUCHING BACK AND WHEN THIS HAPPENS, THE OCCUPANTS SEEM TO PERK AND SWOON.

CANES OF COCA-COLA ARE OPENED BY MEMBERS OF THE MARY GROUND CREW AND AS THOUGH THE DINNER BELL WERE RUNG, DOZENS OF OCCUPANTS GATHER AROUND. ONE BRAVE CREW WORKER POPS THE PULL TOP AND HANDS A CAN TO A THREE FOOT TALL OCCUPANT WHO IMMEDIATELY DRAINS THE CONTENTS INTO HIS HAND AND BOUNCES ALL OVER THE PLACE IN THE MOST TURNED ON MANNER IMAGINABLE. LAUGHING, THE GROUND CREW WORKER POPS MORE TOPS AND PASSES THEM OUT LIKE THEY WERE GOING OUT OF STYLE.

(SC. A-284 Originally Sc. 284)

ANGLE - LACOMBE

A-284

Being much more receptive than most anyone else, Lacombe is the most popular recipient of creature behavior. He is smothered by two dozen pairs of 'feelers' and is returning the gestures as fast as he can. He looks up and smiles towards something. He waves.

ANGLE - CUBICLE

285

Those twelve young men in their jumpsuits and carrying duffel bags parade bravely out of the tent heading toward the MOTHER SHIP.

ANGLE - JILLIAN & NEARY

B-287

Neary's eyes float over the faces of the human throng gathered to see him off. There is the Team Leader, there is David Laughlin, there is Lacombe -- and there is Jillian with her son clinging to her. Roy's and Jillian's eyes meet; they exchange a look of perfect understanding. Barry smiles, laughs, and waves bye-bye. Neary turns and starts up the path of light. TWO OF THE TINY OCCUPANTS FLASH UP BESIDE HIM, GENTLY TAKE HIM BY EACH HAND AND ESCORT HIM THE REST OF THE WAY ON BOARD. AFTER A STEP OR TWO, THEY ALL BEGIN TO FLOAT -- DISAPPEARING INTO HAZY LIGHT.

ANGLE - MOTHER SHIP

288

The inside light burns brighter and brighter as one after another of the twenty volunteers disappear into the brilliant opening.

JIMINY CRICKET

If your heart is in your dreams...
No request is too extreme...
When you wish upon a star as dreamers
do.

HIGH ANGLE - THE SITE

299

The occupants touch and brush and caress each other and everybody in a hectic farewell.

(CONT'D)

285 (CONT'D)

They pass a frightened priest who is on his knees genuflecting their salvation. THREE TINY OCCUPANTS CAN BE SEEN JUST BEYOND HIM IMITATING HIS EVERY PIOUS GESTURE IN PERFECT UNISON.

ALL AT ONCE THE TINY OCCUPANTS FORM A CORDON AND STOP THE ASTRONAUTS FROM ENTERING THE MOTHER SHIP.

TEAM LEADER

(on the phone)

I don't understand it. They're saying no...

(OMIT SC. 296)

ANGLE - NEARY

287

Another group of tiny occupants VIBRATE AROUND NEARY, urging him toward the acetylene bright opening of the mother ship. As he arrives at the mouth of the light, they whirl away leaving him alone on the brink.

LACOMBE AND NEARY

A-287

Lacombe watches from about fifteen feet away.

LACOMBE

Au revoir, Mr. Neary...

Roy just shakes his head. Lacombe looks ineffably sad.

LACOMBE

We cannot pretend to understand all that is happening or about to happen. It is a festival of the absurd. And you must be receptive to it, innocent of it, and like a child in your openness and behavior...

SOUND TRACK - MUSIC

We hear the original 40's recording of JIMMINY CRICKET singing "WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR."

JIMMINY CRICKET

When you wish upon a star...
Makes no difference who you are...
Anything your heart desires will come to you.

CHORUS

Angels high - she brings to
 those who love - the sweet
 fulfillment of their secret longings.

290

HIGH ATOP DEVILS TOWER

290

Jillian reappears with Barry in tow. She is painfully winded and stops here to rest. Turning back both Barry and Jill look down upon the playful, loving, frightened chaos and feel some of the fulfillment. Jill raises her drugstore camera and takes the most important photograph in the history of the world.

JIMINY CRICKET

Like a boat out of the blue...
 Fate steps in and sees you through...
 When you wish upon a star your dream...
 come... true.

Jill and Barry turn and walk down the other side of the mountain as the phantom mass lifts into the air and END CREDITS ROLL WITH INSTRUMENTAL REPRISE OF THE SONG OVER...

FIFTEEN HIGH RESOLUTION COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF JILLIANS
 'INDISPUTABLE PROOF'.

The end.