

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

by

Steven Spielberg

PRECREDITS

FADE IN:

WAMSETTER CANYON - SOUTHERN RIM - BRIGET DAY

A terrific explosion sends earth, boulders and granite slabs hundreds of feet in all directions as ...

A half dozen Army caterpillar earthmovers shovel and scoop as the Corps of Army Engineers come out of hiding to the long day ahead.

FADE TO BLACK - CREDITS ON BLACK - VERY FAST - THEN THE BLACK BECOMES NIGHT

CLOSE - DOG BARKING - NIGHT

THE SUBURBIA MODERNS

A cluster of pretty homes, two car garages, medallion living. The irate NOISE of what must be every dog in the neighborhood brings out a sleepy couple. A man clods out of his house with a twelve-gauge trap shotgun, his wife on his heels. He aims the gun skyward.

WIFE

Don't hit anything.

HUSBAND

Plug your ears.

BLAM! BLAM!

The dogs stop barking. Everything is still. Across the street about a dozen neighbors burst into happy applause. The man smiles and takes a big bow. The dogs start barking all over again.

WIFE

I'm calling the cops.

CLOSE - PUMPKIN IN WINDOW

A soft Halloween candle burns inside. A puff of wind puts it out. It is October.

CLOSE - BARRY GUILER - NIGHT INTERIOR

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 battery 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.

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.

INTERIOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

INTERIOR - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

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 boys face.

ANGLE - REFRIGERATOR

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

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 forth 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.

INTERIOR - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

JILLIAN GUILER is the attractive mother of Barry and is asleep in the next room. What awakens her is the sound of her son's laughing. She turns over in her bed and fixes a look at the luminous clock. It's 1:35 AM. Jill turns on the bedside lamp and sits up. The laughing seems to be emanating from the backyard. Jill jumps out of bed and goes to the window.

JILLIAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Barry is riding his tricycle in the backyard in the middle of the night. He is hysterically happy.

CLOSE - JILL

On her disturbed expression and almost going unnoticed, all the lights in the house flick off.

INTERIOR - GREENHOUSE HOME - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

A hot gathering of neighborhood women argue around the kitchenette between potato chips, cigarettes and Diet-Rite. From around the corner comes a shrill drilling noise. Ronnie Greenhouse slides away from the group. At thirty-one she has managed to hold onto a school girl facsimile. Her levi shirt, tails out, flaps in her wake.

ANGLE - NORMAN GREENHOUSE

Norman Greenhouse is young, good looking, and drilling enormous holes in the wall. It is going to be a sliding glass door. Right now you could drive a truck through the open den wall. A happy Christmas tree blinks in the corner. It is December.

RONNIE

Can't you put a towel around that noise. We're having a meeting in there.

Norman is about to respond when the next door neighbor yells over the fence speaking to him through the hole in the wall.

NEIGHBOR

Everytime you run that thing there's a blizzard on television.

RONNIE

(to neighbor)

It's under control. Thank you Mr. Doran. Goodnight.

(back to Norman)

Honey, be a doll and make a soft drink run to Seven-Eleven. There's nothing in the house and this is going on forever.

Before Norman can answer, one of Ronnie's co-conspirators, Mildred, sticks her head into the room.

MILDRED

We need your vote.

RONNIE

What's the resolution?

MILDRED

We get the Dean of Students out of bed and over here not tomorrow afternoon ... right now!

RONNIE

Do you know what time it is?

MILDRED

It's ten hours before my children are arraigned at City Hall and about time somebody else felt a little responsibility about who is selling what to whom in the highschool cafeteria.

Mildred is about to cry. Norman is about to speak when

Eight year old Toby Greenhouse enters the fray in his pajamas. He is holding a Texas pocket calculator.

TOBY

Look what Brad did his homework with.

RONNIE

Why aren't you asleep?

TOBY

Dad said we could watch the "Ten Commandments".

RONNIE

(holding up calculator)

Did you know he was using this? Did you know the "Ten Commandments" is four hours long on a school night?

Ten year old Brad runs into the room, his arms laden down with school books and looseleaf notes.

BRAD

I hate math - !

With that, he hurls his books all over the floor of the sawdust strewn den.

CLOSE - DEN PHONE

It rings like the start of a new round.

CLOSE - NORMAN

Trying to contain his temper through chipping enamel, he turns his power drill on and makes some more holes. By this time everybody is yelling at once. The women from the kitchenette move into the work area and the meeting continues. Ronnie answers the phone, listens.

RONNIE

(into phone)

Talk loud, he's rebuilding the house.

She holds the phone up to Norman who takes it and sandwiches it between his shoulder and ear. The voice on the other side can be heard shouting through the din.

SECRETARIES VOICE

Mr. Greenhouse? It's the Power Company.
District Operator Fleishman for you.

D.O.

Mr. Greenhouse. This call is 2-11 # for all Line Foreman in the Tolono District to report to their Dispatcher's Office. We've got a drain on the primary voltage. We've lost half a bank of transformers at the Gilmore sub-station. This outage is working its way up the radial feeders to the residentials. So put your pants on while you've still got light. Supervisor Grimsby personally asked me to phone you.

CLICK! The D.O. hangs up.

Norman is rather stunned. It's not just the phone call; it's the whole evening. He stands with the dial tone buzzing out of one hand and the drill screaming in the other hand. It is at this precise moment that all the lights go out and the drill winds down leaving a stunned room and a soft dialtone.

NORMAN

The Department of Water & Power of the City of Tolono, Indiana, wishes you all pleasant dreams and a good night.

INTERIOR - APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

An elderly bespectacled man leaves his apartment in a great rush. He carries in his left hand a briefcase and in his right a head protector stenciled DWP - SUPERVISOR GRIMSBY. He confronts a bank of elevators and presses the down button. The elevator arrives almost immediately. The door opens and Supervisor Grimsby steps in. The door closes. A moment passes. The blackout hits the corridor with the speed of light. The mechanical WHIRR of the automatic lift winds down. A muffled voice echos from the darkness.

GRIMSBY'S VOICE

OH SHIT - !

INTERIOR - GREENHOUSE COMPANY CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE - GLOVE COMPARTMENT

A hand reaches in to discover a regular junk food factory. Greenhouse pulls out some pretzels and takes a handful. He is so happy to be out of the house that he begins to mumble and hum VICKI LAWRENCE'S SONG "THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA". His civil service band radio rig hums police calls and signs of the growing emergency.

EXTERIOR - DARKENED CITY STREET - NIGHT

Past taverns and Put-n' Takes the lowly patrons line the sidewalks, some with candles and flashlights, blinking in the night. Some kids are yelling at Greenhouses' plainly marked Dept. of Water and Power car. He has not turned on his own headlights.

KIDS

Lights! Lights! Lights!

Greenhouse thinks they are cheering his job. He waves back, gives an okay sign.

INTERIOR - MONITOR SYSTEMS CONTROL - NIGHT

This is the brain center of the local DWP. A bank of phones are ringing continuously with only one poor assistant to answer them and shout his findings to a group of trouble technicians who keep an update on a wall display board. A completely harried Load Dispatcher called IKE spots Greenhouse entering through the main doors.

IKE

Am I glad to see you.

GREENHOUSE

Have you located the fault?

IKE

A 27 KV line failed at the Gilmore sub-station. The breakers opened and we began losing feeders. We want to pick up the system before folks start shaving but the cockamamie network hasn't stopped falling.

ASSISTANT

Tolono is dark. Everything is coming down.

GREENHOUSE

(looking at gauges & some
computer read-outs)

Jesus, you're down to thirty cycles here.

IKE

I'll dump the whole city if I have to.

GREENHOUSE

Where's the General Super?

IKE

Stuck on an elevator between floors at his fucking apartment house. He's trying to run things for those little trouble phones.

ASSISTANT

It's backing up on us. Crystal Lake is dark.
We can't carry this much load.

IKE

Call Con-Ed Ohio. Tell 'em we're cycling down
and need to suck on their bottle for a while.

(to Norman)

Greenhouse! I want the section of the system
that initially failed dismantled and inspected.
I wanna know what caused this thing so it never
happens again.

ASSISTANT

Lines Y46 through Y95 are nearing 890 mega watts
and overload. Con Ed's asking to be cut free..

IKE

Chickenshits.

ASSISTANT

There's a fresh impedance coming in. It's not
an overload - it's a drain.

Greenhouse takes a sheet of paper and starts writing.

GREENHOUSE

Shoot it off to me.

ASSISTANT

Coordinates Denver-75, Apple-12. Lines M-Mary
-10 through M-Mary-12.

GREENHOUSE

Roll the red wagons and splicing crews. I'll
need a high wire act. And give me a network
map I can read.

INTERIOR - GREENHOUSE'S CAR - NIGHT

He has a network map spread out over the steering wheel as he
searches for the problem coordinates. Police calls start
squabbling through.

MULTI-CHANNEL RADIO

Unit six-ten.

6-10
Six-ten go'ed dispatch.

DISPATCH
See the woman 211 Daily. Hysterical,
flood lights on the back porch, barking
dogs, go figure it out.

6-10
Thanks a heap you guys. Tolono out.

Greenhouse has heard this. He picks up his car phone.

GREENHOUSE
Ike! Have you restcred power to Tolono over.

IKE
What! Are you kidding? Tolono was the first
to go out.

GREENHOUSE
The police are reporting lights in Tolono.
Send somebody down there to check it out.

IKE
Forget it. Tolono is as black as the inside
of that elevator shaft.

CLICK. Greenhouse squints out the windshield. Ahead of him is
a glow of white and amber lights. As he gets closer a yellow
DWP cherry picker and other support vehicles idle in neutral
off to one side of the highway. A line of power poles stretch
to a rural infinity.

WIDER VIEW

Norman emerges from his car chewing on some licorice. Twelve
linemen, several 'grunt novices' and a tall black man called
JACKSON: all stare at Greenhouse as though waiting his reaction.

GREENHOUSE
What -

JACKSON:
I found evidence of vandalism between lines
M-10 to M-12.

Jackson looks up. The linemen and grunts look up. Finally Greenhouse looks up.

GREENHOUSE'S P.O.V.

There are no lines M-10 to M-12. Just bare poles against a splash of stars.

JACKSON

Why would anybody steal three thousand feet of transmission cable?

GREENHOUSE

It's the high cost of copper. Stuff's worth a fortune.

Greenhouse goes to his car. The radio flashes.

POLICE DISPATCH VOICE

See the complainant at Tolono South. Christmas lights have started a minor brush fire.

GREENHOUSE

Ike! It's Greenhouse.

IKE

Go ahead.

GREENHOUSE

I'm here at Mary-ten. The transmission line has been stolen right off the pole.

IKE

That makes sense. Have you seen what copper is worth on the open market?

GREENHOUSE

It looks like vandals made a very sloppy splice at the terminals, then backed in a truck and pulled out all the grounds.

IKE

Never mind that. We're going to try to pick up the system one hour from now.

GREENHOUSE

One hour - how is that possible?

IKE

Norman, anything is possible when you've got a General Supervisor stuck in an elevator who wants to get out.

GREENHOUSE

What about Tolono? People are saying there are Christmas lights now.

IKE

People say all kinds of things in the dark. People want to be reassured. There is no Christmas during a blackout ... there's only Halloween. Get to work restoring that cable.

The inticing police calls replace Ike's thick voice. Norman stares at his dashboard making up his mind. He looks devilishly in Jackson's direction.

GREENHOUSE

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

Greenhouse is already closing the car door and starting the engine.

JACKSON

(beginning to panic)

Me? Run this show? I'm a junior lineman. My last Civil Service exam was in March.

GREENHOUSE

I think Tolono is energized but it's not showing up on the Data Bank at the receiving station. If this is true, some of our guys could get hurt.

JACKSON

Who's gonna listen to me. I'm not even seniority. I'm not even white.

GREENHOUSE

One hour. You got to crack the whip. Burn the midnight oil. Do it like T.T.T. One hour.

Greenhouse makes a U-turn and waves towards Jackson reassuringly.

Jackson turns to face about seventeen veterans waiting to be told what to do. He screws on his courage and points a long finger at the naked power pole.

JACKSON

Fix it.

EXTERIOR - INDIANA TURNPIKE - NIGHT

The DWP car speeds under a sign that locates TOLONO 1½ MILES.

INTERIOR - CAR - NIGHT

Greenhouse turns up the volume on his Multi-Channel receiver. Police in conversation crackle out.

OFFICER LONGLY (V.O.)

U-five. Longly over.

H.Q. (radio)

Go'ed.

LONGLY

Responding to that 10-75 on Pussywillow and Orange. I am observing distant lights at five hundred feet. Looks like Army Parachute flares.

Greenhouse pulls over on the narrow off-ramp and tears at some local road maps. Opening one over the dashboard only to reject it for another. A bright group of highbeams appears over his shoulder and cut the back window. Greenhouse absently waves an arm and the automobile lights pass him on the left.

LONGLY

We'll need some assistance finding whoever's shooting them off. Couple of hundred people in their P.J.'s think it's Saturday night out here.

GREENHOUSE
 (pouring over map)
 Pussywillow. Orange. D-five. M-34.

His two fingers meet and he takes off in dust.

EXTERIOR - DARKENED NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Greenhouse's car crawls along looking for street signs.

CLOSE - MULTI-BAND RADIO

H.Q.

To any unit in the vicinity of the La
 Grange foothills. Housewife reports
 uhm her Tiffany Lamp is flashing...
 in her kitchen window an upsidedown
 Tiffany Lamp. Uhm ... can't make it out.
 Very distraught ... see the woman.

EXTERIOR - DARKENED NEIGHBORHOOD

Greenhouse signifies his interest by making an abrupt U-turn.

CLOSE - RADIO

LONGLY'S VOICE

It's all lit up out here. This flare thing
 we're on to doesn't want to land. It's caught
 in an updraft or something ... it goes up ...
 it goes down ... wait one

(beat, beat)

It also wants to go a little sideways.

H.Q.

Longly, give us a location.

LONGLY'S VOICE

We're on the reservoir grid, heading Northeast.
 Hold on. Heading Northwest on Cottontail.

EXTERIOR - DARKENED NEIGHBORHOOD

Greenhouse signifies further interest by making another U-turn.

INSIDE GREENHOUSE'S CAR

He is blanketed by roadmaps.

GREENHOUSE

Colt, Commerce ... Connecticut ...
COTTONTAIL!!!

EXTERIOR - STREETS OF SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Greenhouse's two-tone sedan is just a checkered blurr racing through the night. A steady flow of police calls amasses adrenalin with confusion.

BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT

People standing around with flashlights. Parked cars with their headlamps shining. The rest is in the dark. A total power outage.

FARM COUNTY HIGHWAY - GREENHOUSE

He turns into a rutted road, shines his spotlight on the street sign. He checks his map. It confuses him. Greenhouse backs onto the main highway and stops, pulling the map closer, twisting the gooseneck intensor 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. Greenhouse is only slightly annoyed by the kick 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 high-beams comply ... rising vertically out of sight leaving darkness behind.

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

ANGLE - ROAD SIGN

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, intensor light, and headlights glow a faint amber then black.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE IN THE DARK

GREENHOUSE

(deadpan)

I'm not amused.

CLICK! The entire area for thirty yards around his car is bathed in the brightest light imaginable. Greenhouse tries to look at the top of his windshield, but it hurts, his eyes cannot adjust. He goes for his radio. It is dead. Greenhouse 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 Greenhouse 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.

FOUR WAY STOP - NIGHT

The radio is making noises that sound like overload excitement.

RADIO

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

DISPATCH

That's a negative. New moon on the thirteenth

RADIO

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

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

RADIO

Where'd you study astronomy, Hawthorne. When did you ever see clouds passing behind the moon.

EXTERIOR - SITE OF THE OVERHEAD REPAIR - NIGHT

A mini-generator is servicing the area with harsh working illumination. A mammoth coil of high tension wire is unspooling toward the steel towers. Jackson is completely in control. Everyone is working under him at full speed. A workman hollers his way and holds a phone toward him.

WORKMAN

Receiving station wants the man in charge.

Jackson steadies himself. This better be good. He clears his voice with no nonsense.

JACKSON

What can I do for you?

IKE'S VOICE

You can start by putting Greenhouse on the line.

JACKSON

He's indisposed at the moment.

IKE

Who is this?

JACKSON

Just one of the guys.

IKE

We're locked in and ready to pick up. How can it take two hours to string a hundred yards of cable. Put Greenhouse on.

JACKSON

Permit me to call him for you.

(Jackson puts the
phone to his lips
and cuts loose)

GREENHOUSE - ! GREENHOUSE - !

EXTERIOR - 24 HOUR MIGHTY JOE YOUNG TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Three blue and white County patrol units idle side by side, the occupants smoking and pacing outside. Greenhouse paints a ribbon of smoking rubber. Some of the cowboy truckers begin to saunter down the turnabout to see what is going down.

GREENHOUSE

(to the three)

You the guys seen the moon move?

HAYES

(young and indefensible)

Dotting the 'i' up there.

(referring to the 'i'
in Mighty)

Big harvest moon.

BEGAL

(the opponent in the
fight)

Went behind some clouds.

HAYES

(slowly, they have been
through it dozens of times)

No, Begal, no. The clouds went behind
it!

Begal takes out his wallet, opens it, removes his driver's license. He flashes it in front of Hayes nose.

BEGAL

We are just going to sit here old buddy.
And when the clouds thin out and if the
moon is not where we left it ... I'll eat
this thing then re-up for testing.

Greenhouse is euphoric behind the "high" of the experience. He only listens with half an ear, more interested in who among the gathered truckers were witnesses.

ANGLE - HAYES AND BEGAL

Sitting on the hoods of their patrol cars watching the distant horizon. Some of the truckers are trying to make side bets, first with Hayes then amongst themselves.

A squaking static NOISE, alerts Greenhouse. He brushes past the moon betters to the radio in his car.

LONGLY'S RADIO VOICE

1022 to General Dispatch. We're onto those lights again. Observing six orange globes traveling south-west in a wing like formation.

DISPATCHER

What's your location?

LONGLY'S RADIO VOICE

Just off the Telemark Expressway, and east toward Harper Valley, just past the Raintree Summer Playground.

Greenhouse blinks twice.

GREENHOUSE

(loud to the world)

Oh my God, I know where that is.

CLOSE - ROAD SIGN

Telemark Expressway. ZOOOOOOOOOM. There goes Greenhouse at ninety plus.

LONGLY'S RADIO VOICE

No sir, still the same formation. Fiskin's getting some good pictures. You can take this for what it's worth. These things were not manufactured in Detroit.

Greenhouse floors it. The CAMERA pans up through the windshield. The mylar green freeway sign tells us the EAST HARPER VALLEY EXIT is three miles and closing.

LONGLY'S RADIO VOICE

We've got the mobile radar tracking them at forty-five miles an hour. You can take this for what it's worth. That happens to be the exact speed limit around here.

CLOSE - EXPRESSWAY SIGNHARPER VALLEY EXIT - EAST

ZUOOOOOM! Greenhouse trades paint with the guard rail before yawing a hard to starboard turn.

PREWITT'S RADIO VOICE

The two flanking globes have changed color. Left green, right red. They seem to be following the dips and S-turns in the highway. Kinda just like driving down the road.

ROADSIDE ANGLE

Greenhouse's car bends to the left and into fertile Indiana cow country. A road sign tells you that the Ohio State Line is not far ahead.

WIDE ANGLE - COUNTRYSIDE

Greenhouse climbs a slight hill that promises a vista for miles beyond. He gets to the crest and stops, leaning forward to see over the dashboard.

COUNTRYSIDE FROM GREENHOUSE'S VIEWPOINT - CRESCENDO SUMMIT - NIGHT

The country highway is ruler straight and goes forever. And that is all there is to see. A hollow face suddenly appears in his flattening highbeams. Greenhouse sucks in a scream and freezes. The apparition smiles toothlessly and floats toward his rolled up window. Beyond him is a family of six sitting in a flatbed truck. Two six year old twin girls recline on mattresses right there on the shoulder of the highway. A fat teenaged boy in bib-overalls stares through binoculars scanning the stardust overhead. The old farmer smiles some more and Greenhouse manages to catch his heart and roll down the window.

OLD FARMER

You don't have to tell me nothing son,
I know why you're here.

GREENHOUSE

Engine trouble?

OLD FARMER

Oh, we spend two, three nights a week
watching 'em pass over.

LITTLE BARRY GUILER

Doctor Zeuss - !

Greenhouse views this sweet 'Bradbury' setting through spinning eyes. Barry, the little boy from earlier, is content with building dirt mounds at the roadside. His young mother, Jillian, stares at Greenhouse. Suddenly a breeze comes up and everybody's hair is swept behind them. All eyes go downwind toward the magnificent valley vista.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Turning also to look downwind and

FOUR CONE-SHAPED ORANGE LIGHTS, EACH APPROXIMATELY 15 FEET IN DIAMETER, MERELY TWO FEET ABOVE THE HIGHWAY ... SPEEDING SOUNDLESSLY. THEY BEGIN TO SEPERATE AS THEY NEAR GREENHOUSE'S UNIT THAT BLOCKS THE ROAD. THEY PASS IN A SILENT BLURR AND SOMEWEAT AWKWARDLY REJOIN AGAIN RECEDING INTO THE DISTANCE.

BARRY GUILER

(jubilant)

Ice cream cones!

Casually and full of pride, the old farmer nods his head and clicks his toungue.

OLD FARMER

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

ZOOM - ! ZOOM - !

Two Indiana Police units that Greenhouse has been monitoring break wind at one hundred plus.

GREENHOUSE

This is nuts!

A third Indiana cruiser tries to close the gap. Greenhouse puts his car in gear and U-turns after them. The old farmer shouts to be heard.

OLD FARMER

Keep it to yourself. They'll cancel
your Medi-Cal.

INTERIOR - GREENHOUSE'S CAR - NIGHT

He reaches for the radio, thinking better of it, and accelerates instead. Greenhouse can see the chase in progress two miles up the road. Just pin points of color: orange and red and white police strobes. He listens to the radio feedback between the three units ahead.

LONGLY'S RADIO VOICE

(talking to Bay Station)

We'll be in Ohio in another two minutes. Contact Rochester Police. See if they have a car on 51. If that's a negative, we'd sorta like to stick it out to the next filling station.

BAY STATION VOICE

(after two beats)

The Captain says nothin doin'. He wants to see you back at Bay Station swimming in coffee.

A real farm boy voice overrides the Bay Station Dispatcher. It is the officer in the trailing car.

DEWITT

The so-n' so's just keep on followin' the road. They keep on followin' the road. Look out.

PREWITT'S VOICE

We got the state line coming up. Slow down Dewitt. Dewitt. Slow down. State line, Dewitt. Dewitt.

EXTERIOR - OHIO TOLL STATION - NIGHT

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 5:35 AM 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 and 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.C.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. \$5000 crash is HEARD.

FINAL ANGLE

WHOOOSH! - Greenhouse is going twice as fast. He slows only enough to maneuver into the #7 lane and plunk one quarter into the wire catcher. The red light changes to green and he is just a couple of taillights inside the State of Ohio.

INTERIOR - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - COX MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A bank of radar scanners casting a green glow over the faces of six Air Traffic Controllers. A steady stream of garbled "back talk" from the open speakers close by. From the busy floor of blinking lights and static, CAMERA selects a young man of thirty-one, tired and worn thin by the groove of his profession. He is working on the high altitude radar sector on the midnight shift. Call him Harry.

Across the room another man waves an arm.

OTHER MAN

Harry, take over the Red Eye on VHF
122.54. I'm on hand line and can't budge.

HARRY - CLOSE

Looks into his scope, triggers the two-way relay. We hear the steady RADAR VOICE of the TWA pilot.

TWA

Cox Municipal, do you have any traffic
for our TWA 32?

Harry peers into his scope. His keen eyes show us two blips, one weaker than the other, but appearing close together.

HARRY

TWA 32, I have no known traffic in your vicinity, but I am painting a raw target off to your ten o'clock position. Not painting a transponder, however. It must be at the low altitude sector. Do you Roger?

TWA

We'd like to advise that the target could not be at low altitude. It is above me, descending through my 33,000 now.

HARRY

There are only two aircraft under my guidance. TWA 32 and American 517 fifteen miles behind you. TWA 32, give me a description of the target.

TWA

We are observing a lighted object, very bright, and moving to our nine o'clock position. The target is brilliant. Bright colors ... alternating white to red.

Some of the controllers in the tower look up from their work. The Floor Marshall casually steps over, cocking his head toward Harry's radarscope as he sips the last bitter grounds from his paper coffee cup. A second voice interrupts on the two-way feeder.

AMERICAN

TWA 32. American 517 monitoring on the VHF. Do you have your landing lights on?

TWA

Say again. Say again.

AMERICAN

Advise us if your landing lights are on.

HARRY

Cox Municipal traffic to American 517. You are fifteen miles apart and going in the same direction! Do you concur with this sighting?

There is static pause. No response.

HARRY

(to American 517)

Do you see anything from your ten o'clock position?

AMERICAN

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

Suddenly, the coffee boy kicks open the door with his only free appendage. An amazing balancing act with coffee and danish.

HARRY

(flatly)

What does the object appear to be doing?

AMERICAN

(tight lipped)

Exactly what TWA said.

HARRY

(equally flat)

Do you want to report a UFO?

The coffee boy is just as suddenly relieved of his burden and hustled out of the room. Another studied pause and

TWA

Negative. We don't want to report.

HARRY

TWA 32. I am painting this target coming at you from eight miles, ten o'clock position.

TWA

TWA confirmed.

HARRY

Proceeding northeast, bound from its earlier altitude.

TWA

A descending configuration at about twenty degrees off my horizon.

HARRY

Cox Municipal confirmed.

The Director of Ground Operations enters with his pass key. Suddenly, everybody is painting the targets on their respective devices.

TWA

My flight hostess informs me we've got passengers taking a lot of pictures through the port windows.

CLOSE - DIRECTOR OF GROUND OPERATIONS

He snaps up a headset and pencil mike.

D.G.O.

Are you reporting a UFO, TWA 32?

No answer.

D.G.O.

This is the Director of Ground Operations. I've been informed that the report they make you file has been significantly reduced in page count.

TWA

That's great news, Day-Go, but I got a date in Santa Fe and orders from Miami.

The room bursts out LAUGHING.

D.G.O.

(in good humor)

My orders come from Wright-Patterson. We're holding you in pattern at 2800. Cox Municipal Traffic to American 517.

AMERICAN

What's the bad news, Cox Municipal?

D.G.O.

Give me a fuel check.

The controllers LAUGH again.

HAFRY

How long are you going to keep them up there?

D.G.O.

Just as long as it takes to pass the buck.

CUT TO

EXTERIOR - TARMAC - NIGHT

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

ANGLE - FEEDER ROAD

A tight squadron of four-wheeled vehicles wait in the dark with their engines rumbling.

ANGLE - TARMAC

The TWA 32, a 727, touches down, engines reverse, and it roars to a trundle and veers onto a narrow connection where a mini brute airport vehicle with flashing yellow beacon guides the jet plane to what appears to be a dead end of blue runway lights. The engines wind down. Everything is still.

FEEDER ROAD

All vehicles hit their highbeams and take off, racing through the night toward the drydocked airship. Two of the cars, '75 La Salles, have Federal License plates. One of the vehicles has a piggy-back boarding ramp.

INTERIOR - TWA 32 - NIGHT

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.

EXTERIOR - TWA 727 - NIGHT

Angle toward Mr. Lacombe. Once you see the frenchman, you'll not easily forget him. He is chic, he is severe, he is very comfortable with himself. He speaks to his Assistant in French. English sub titles follow.

LACOMBE

Flying is a 20th Century convenience, why should the modern design of airports be any different than train stations or bus depots.

AMERICAN AIDE

(in French with a
NY accent)

Orley in Paris is the worst. It looks like Star Trek.

LACOMBE

What is Star Trek?

PILOT'S CABIN DOOR - TWA 32

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.

MR. PUBLIC RELATIONS is wearing Air Force trousers, shirt and tie with a casual sport uniform jacket. He looks like the only reasonable man in the lot. His eyes tell all the passengers that everything is okay even before he raises the Public Address microphone to his lips. An officious number two man stands next to him, reaches inside his coat pocket, pulling out a compact stack of IBM cards and a bound clump of black test pencils.

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 or even boxes of unexposed film, to turn them over to me at this time, 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.

The Public Relations Man nods and the four businessmen go to work.

The passengers explode, protesting. "What's this all about?" .. "What right does - !" ... "Can I speak to you?" .. "Hey, sir".

EXTERIOR - CORN FIELD - PRE-DAWN

He is looking heavenward. His eyes welling over. His nose dripping freely. He is unexplicably starting to cry.

MEDIUM - GREENHOUSE

He is sitting on the roof of his car, his legs dangling over the window wipers. His eyes darting from one part of the sky to another.

WIDER - GREENHOUSE

The car is sitting in a dirt furrow surrounded by acres of corn husks and irrigation. He is still looking, and reacting because

VISTA - GREENHOUSE, THE EARTH & THE SKY

The vision is remarkable - and scary. Lavender dawn is breaking on the eastern horizon. Overhead, drops of puffy white clouds, hundreds of them, are drifting with the prevailing easterly winds. Some of these clouds start to glow ultra-violet from within, detailing their strata and volume. And this is happening from cloud to cloud as six pinpoints of light play geophysical hide and seek all over the dawning Pennsylvania sky.

The SOUND of distant JET AIRCRAFT and three jetstreams paint the sky from out of the north. It spoils the moment. The nocturnal lights tick off. One stays on & is dismaying in its speed, trajectory & kinematic as it violates all physical laws, showing its stuff by streaking from mid-heavens to far horizon in 2½ seconds flat. The jets, three conventional Venom Interceptors, splay off in three directions. The sky has grown too blue to support star life and our impression is that we have just sat through the most awesome Planetarium spectacle in broad memory.

HIGH SHOT - GREENHOUSE

Sitting in his car, far below us.

INTERIOR - INDIANA BAY STATION POLICE DEPARTMENT - RAINY MORNING

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 & 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. Daybright lightning & thunder rattles the windows.

ANGLE - GREENHOUSE

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

GREENHOUSE

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. 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 his 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.

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

CAPTAIN

(loud to his secretary)

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

Dewitt is vanquished. Shaking his head he makes for the door. The two officers snag a piece of him and Dewitt stops to look down, dazed.

LONGLY

What'd you do to the old man?

DEWITT

Got him to give me about thirty days
on the golf course and the country club.

EXIT DEWITT. Prewitt & 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 & Longly pound the keyboard like Ferrante and Teicher.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Feeling betrayed. He looks down at his own pile of pencil markings and sketches. Look's at the Captain's closed door. And storms out of the Bay Station P.D.

INTERIOR - RECEIVING STATION TROUBLE ROOM - MORNING

Ike is staring through a crack in a door marked EMERGENCY EXIT.

IKE

Supervisor's coming up the stairwell.

Everyone stops work to catch a glimpse. Ike steps back. Greenhouse stands in the background. He is still carrying his notes and sketches. The SHARP REPORT of heels on metal stairs grows LOUDER. Ike pulls on a cup of coffee nervously. The stairwell door sails open and SUPERVISOR GRIMSEY stands winded and circled in rumped fatigue.

IKE

(smiling away)

People are clean shaven and having bacon
for breakfast.

SUPERVISOR GRIMSEY

Greenhouse - ! May I see you in my office.

The Supervisor sludges off. Greenhouse, wearing his sleepless night, enters Grimsby's conservative arena and starts to close the door behind him. The Supervisor nearly faints.

SUPERVISOR GRIMSBY

For Gods sake, don't close the door!

EXTERIOR - MIDDLE CLASS RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A green Chevy station wagon turns into a open carport and stops next to a VW bus. Ronnie Greenhouse emerges with the groceries. She bounces up the garden wlak and smack into the arms of Jackson.

RONNIE

Hey, there's eggs in one of those!

Jackson is speeding on a natural rush.

JACKSON

Have you talked to Norman since last night?

RONNIE

Norman I haven't seen since last evening. Knowing that he's awake and lighting the suburbs does not make me sleep any better.

JACKSON

I've been calling through the windows and he's not answering.

Ronnie unlocks the front door and Jackson pushes through it and turns down the hall.

RONNIE

When he's on the night shift, he'll sleep till Mike Douglas.

She follows him to the bedroom door. Jackson puts the packages down and knocks gently.

JACKSON

It's Jackson.

RONNIE

(noticing how distraught he is)

He's such a light sleeper, he'd hear you if he were home. Something happened didn't it?

JACKSON

The General Super busted him for leaving the line. It's only temporary, he's got too much seniority, but Norman wants to make it permanent.

Ronnie can't take it all in right away.

RONNIE

Norman said that?

Jackson turns the knob. The bedroom door is locked. Ronnie's eyes stare, trying to comprehend.

RONNIE

(quick to Jackson)

The only time we ever lock the door ...

(a new concern, a questioning moment that brings a dot of anger to each corner of her mouth)

Oh this is ridiculous. Norman! Norman!

(to Jackson, ingenuously)

Go ahead, you better open it.

JACKSON

But it's locked.

RONNIE

I know it's locked.

Jackson steps back, takes a breath, and hurls himself at the pine-wood. It cracks. He steps back again. Ronnie is biting her fingernails wondering what she will find.

JACKSON

This'll cost you.

CRASH! The lock surrenders and the slab flies into the room pushing ahead a rush of air that curls the pages of two years worth of Playboy Magazines that litter the unslept in double bed. Nor Norman. Ronnie shakes her head at the magazines and moves in a circle, unbalanced. Ronnie presses her ear to the bathroom door. Her hand tries the knob. Locked! Her breath quickens as she turns hopelessly toward Jackson. Her eyes well up and she is really scared now.

RONNIE

Oh God he's not like this.

JACKSON

This'll cost you too.

Charging at his own reflection in the full length mirror on the door the room seems to explode and

Ronnie squeezes through the sparkling shards of glass and sucks in a scream.

ANGLE - GREENHOUSE

Motionless in a scalding bathtub, asleep. The steam makes for poor visibility but it becomes apparent that Norman is fully dressed in the tub. Jackson pulls him upright and begins slapping his cheeks. Ronnie is speechless and rivited.

JACKSON

Run some cold water.
(slapping Norman's cheeks)
Wide awake now. Eyes wide.
(to Ronnie)
See if he's taken something.

RONNIE

(returning with cold tap water)
Sominex and Alka Seltzer. That's all we ever keep.

Jackson siphens the cold water on Norman's eyes and hair and moves him into a pool of bathwater on the tile floor. He begins to come around.

Ronnie notices Playboy Magazine. A Playmate of the Month with mountainous breasts looks up at her from the puddles.

Norman comes fully awake.

RONNIE

(crying, confused, insistent)
All the doors were locked.

JACKSON

Man, you can drown yourself falling asleep like that.

He smiles at them both - happy and content beyond belief. Then looks at the palms of his hands. They mysteriously host second degree burns that have already blistered from the soaking. Norman smiles again and holds them out for Ronnie to see.

GREENHOUSE

Souvenir.

CLOSE - DRESSING MIRROR -DAY

Ronnie is making herself up. Her ritual includes inspecting the age in her face. She still looks twenty-one.

CLOSE - NORMAN

He is measuring her, fighting himself inside to tell her about his experience. He is almost doubled over in thought. Waiting for the right moment.

RONNIE

My mother's face is the same as mine.
I collected all of her photographs
from when she was twenty until her
fifty-fifth birthday.

Ronnie fans out thirty photos of various sizes on the dressing table. Norman senses his opening and pushes closer to Ronnie who begins pressing her cheeks back as if trying to smooth out invisible lines.

GREENHOUSE

Do you want to hear the craziest thing
that happened to me last night?

RONNIE

My cheeks will be the first to drop.
Mother's did at thirty. Give me your
hands.

Norman complies and Ronnie positions them so they are pinching back her ears and pulling tight her cheeks.

RONNIE

Now look at Mom at thirty-one and
compare this to Mom at twenty. Look
how the lips start turning in.

GREENHOUSE

Listen to me for a second, okay?

RONNIE

Okay.

Norman smiles at her wide-eyed innocence, having given him her undivided attention. He clears his voice, avoids her look, smiles, and proceeds to have nothing to say.

RONNIE

Norman ... I'm smiling my way into
early middle age.

GREENHOUSE

Something happened last night

RONNIE

Everyday I can feel myself settling.

GREENHOUSE

I don't expect you to believe this
right away

RONNIE

Press back harder ... that's what a
face-lift can do ...

Norman bursts. He yells at Ronnie and takes his hands away.

GREENHOUSE

Something happened to me - ! Do
you give a shit - ?

Her face falls. She seems ready to shatter at the next loud noise.

RONNIE

Is it going to be bad news?

GREENHOUSE

Last night things happened. I don't
know where to start. I felt a
great ... inner calm. You know the
feeling sitting in a scalding bathtub
when it's snowing out.

RONNIE

(smiling without
knowing why)
.... inner what?

GREENHOUSE

There were lights. How can I describe
this ... okay ... Have you ever seen
the sun shining through a cloud after
its rained.

(bursting again)

Ah shit.

Ronnie is looking at him through the mirror afraid to speak. Norman shifts in mid-sentence. He begins improvising against the facts. He gently touches her face and draws her skin tight toward the temples again.

GREENHOUSE

(starting slowly this time)

Get a sitter.

RONNIE

What for?

GREENHOUSE

After ten years of marriage, can't I take you to someplace lonely & mysterious and park under the stars?

RONNIE

You are out of your mind!

EXTERIOR - THE CRESCENDO SUMMIT - NIGHT

Norman's Chevy station wagon is parked where the farmer's pickup was the night before. A sprinkling of distant city lights and a soft touch of romance to this desolate setting. Ronnie Greenhouse supplies the rest.

INTERIOR - CHEVY STATION WAGON

She is devouring her husband like young lovers doing it for the first time. There will be nothing left of him to take home in a doggy bag.

CAMERA CLOSES IN as Ronnie presses back his denim shirt exposing cool flesh. Norman just doesn't have his heart in it. When she is not kissing him, he is stealing careful looks through the windows at the stardust and distant rolling hills. When she is kissing him, his eyes just refuse to close.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

A brisk current of air bends the grass at the side of the road. Norman's head appears at the side window, his face getting mashed against the glass as Ronnie takes him up on it ...

TIME CUT: CLOSE ON RONNIE

She is sound asleep in rear of the wagon. CAMERA WITHDRAWS to include Norman pacing up and down the barren highway. His patience is as worn thin as what he's got on. He is stood up and feeling betrayed. Walking back to the car, swearing through his breath, Norman weilds a leg and kicks the side door.

CLOSE - RONNIE

She wakes up SCREAMING.

RONNIE

Oh my God. What time is it?

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Full of finality and resolve.

GREENHOUSE

Listen to me Ronnie

RONNIE

(looking at the dash
clock)

And it's a new babysitter. She's probably called all the hospitals. We told her midnight and she has school in four hours.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He looks up one last time and mouths something obscene at the sky.

EXTERIOR - JUNGLE DELTA AREA - DAWN

A title tells us: MATOGROSSO, BRAZIL.

Up the Amazoras river, one thousand miles from Saopaulo, come three 'dugouts' piloted and paddled by bush natives. As the riverboats draw nearer, three white men can be seen. One in each boat.

MR. LACOMBE emerges soaked in his own jungle sweat. He is immediately recognizable as the affable gent who confiscated exposed film from the civilian passengers aboard the TWA flight at Cox Municipal Airport. Excitedly, three of the native guides point toward the dense jungle regions. Lacombe speaks to them in their native tounces. The natives comply and produce machetes.

ANGLE - DENSE JUNGLE INTERIOR

WHACK - CHOP - SPLASH - The contingent of hikers blaze a marshy trail where no man has gone before.

CLOSE - LACOMBE

Exuding confidence and enthusiasm as he plows through the hacked bush. He moves faster and faster. The point man with the machete is encouraged to speed up operations as Lacombe presses against his bare heels and

A HUGE JUNGLE CLEARING

One at a time, the men emerge, Lacombe pushing out ahead of everyone else to be the first to see

OVER LACOMBE'S BACK TO ...

This used to be forest jungle as dense as the undergrowth just encountered. It is now a perfectly flat clearing, one hundred yards in circumference. The area has been almost surgically peeled back revealing in the very center of the circle and standing wingtip to wingtip

FIVE NAVY GRUMAN TWP - 3 AVENGER TORPEDO BOMBERS RIGHT OUT OF WORLD WAR II. They look factory fresh and proud to be propeller driven. Next to the landlocked formation is a TWIN ENGINED MARTIN MARINER FLYING BOAT PATROL PLANE. IT IS COMPLETELY COVERED WITH ANGEL HAIR. The second and third Americans move closer to Lacombe. The gray haired official looks truly flabbergasted.

GRAY HAired MAN
It's Flight #19, isn't it?

LACOMBE
Long way from Fort Lauderdale.

He walks forward a few steps and touches the angel hair dripping from the wings of the MARTIN MARINER FLYING PATROL PLANE. He turns smiling with a boyish enthusiasm.

LACOMBE
This one came gift wrapped.

INTERIOR - GREENHOUSE BEDROOM - DAWNCLOSE - THE CEILING

Two points of light converge and like dots painted on opposite ends of a phonograph record, they traverse the indoor sky and ...

Norman and Ronnie are tucked away in their bed, staring at the ceiling. Norman points two six-cell flashlights. Ronnie is awestruck with innocent wonder as Norman finally recreates the phenomenon of the night before.

GREENHOUSE

It turned off its lights when other cars passed, just like a rheostat on the dining room fixture, leaving only a dark hole in the sky. I kept thinking of the Blue Angels except this would strip the wings off anything the military could build.

He demonstrates by propelling the light beam rapidly across the ceiling. Without slowing down, he performs an impossible 180 degree turn. Sucking absently on her fingers, Ronnie breaths a slow "Wow". Norman flicks off the flashlights and for a full ten seconds nothing is said.

RONNIE

(hardly audible)

Norman.

GREENHOUSE

(just as quietly)

What.

RONNIE

Don't tell this to a lot of people. A lot of people would have to be married to you before they'd believe it.

GREENHOUSE

I'm not asking you to accept it right off.

RONNIE

(wanting to help)

That's okay. I have.

GREENHOUSE

(looks at her for a long moment)

Well shit, Ronnie, you're not very excited.

RONNIE

I didn't see them. Anyway, there's probably a very natural explanation

GREENHOUSE

(he's up in bed)

Hold it! Hold it! You don't believe one word I've said.

RONNIE

No Norman. I believe you saw what you said you saw. I don't believe what you think they are - they is.

Norman surpresses his angry energy and slaps his cheek against the pillow so that he is facing Ronnie who now sits up in bed. A new and curious mood colors over him. He has leveled his vision on Ronnie's healthy breasts. But, strangely, not in any way sexual.

RONNIE

(watches him watching them)

Don't be mad tonight. Not tonight.

Ronnie hunkers down between the sheets so that her breasts silhouette against a shaft of moonlight on the beige dresser. GREENHOUSE WATCHES THE SILHOUETTE AND IS MYSTERIOUSLY TRANSFIXED BY IT.

GREENHOUSE

(off handed)

I'm not gonna lose any sleep over it.

Ronnie takes herself to him and CAMERA sees her figure filling the SCREEN. She digs close to him and smiles.

RONNIE

Why don't you lose some sleep over it.

EXTERIOR - THE NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY SATURDAY MORNING

Ronnie and Norman wearing sweat suits, jog their morning mile. A neighbor washing his car waves hello with his spray-jet. Norman nods back and Ronnie catches up behind. She keeps pace with his footfalls, getting so close to his heels that in a fun-loving way she shuffles out of step and squashes his tennis shoe right off the sweat socks. Exploding with laughter, Ronnie passes him, running backwards and making faces. Norman is not amused. She shrugs at his silly gray mood, sticks out her tongue, turns and waves at some friends digging at the shrubs for the morning paper. A car has been following them. It edges forward now and makes its move ... and Greenhouse is suddenly in a face off with a 16mm Auricon camera. A man is gesturing wildly and pointing directly at Norman. He is more than reminiscent of loveable George Fishbeck. George holds up a card. It is upsidedown but Norman can read EYEWITNESS NEWS - KKOP CHANNEL 4.

Norman shakes his head. He's not interested. Not at all. He begins jogging faster.

Here comes George leading the charge!

GEORGE

If you could take the time - ten minutes - I would be a hero at the office. Your written report was breathtaking and we'd like to share with you the equal time you deserve.

GREENHOUSE

How did you get my report?

GEORGE

Your General Supervisor suggested that we contact you. The police department has been open minded about this thing.

Greenhouse realizes the camera is turning and a microphone is finding its way under his chin.

GEORGE

We'd like to make the six o'clock supper edition. We lose our young audience at eleven.

Norman reverses himself and jogs the other way, leaving old George behind.

Norman is in heat over this. Ronnie, not use to seeing her husband in a blind rage, clams up and falls further back.

GREENHOUSE

He did it! - ! That - - - Grimsby published my report - ! When I'm ready for my sons to hear about what happened it'll be from their father - not the anchor man on the goddamn evening news!!

Ronnie is frail when it comes to loud noises, scenes, tempers. She doesn't know Norman like this and it shows all over her.

THE GOOFY GOLF GREEN

It is a lazy Saturday at the brunch hour and an inter family gathering progresses with an obvious lack of enthusiasm. The sum total of twenty-two folks, the dividend of six families, the men segregated away from the women, dealing out the same old gossip.

Ronnie waits her turn to T-off. A miniature windmill invites skill and timing by putting the ball through an open door between swipes of the rotating blades. As the women pow-wow, Ronnie looks beyond them to the next game hurdle where Norman birdies his third shot.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He isn't paying attention to the jocular ad-libs from his beering buddies. We watch as he stares at his children in an adjacent fairway.

GREENHOUSE'S P.O.V.

He has strong sons. Brad is the popular leader and is showing one of the smaller children how to putt.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He smiles secretly and allows his line of vision to drift up. He looks at the sky. And looks. And looks.

CLOSE - RONNIE

She is watching this. Peeks where he is staring, growing increasingly disturbed by such behavior.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

As he accidentally looks into the sun and sneezes.

HARRY

Hey Norman - ! You're up.

Back to earth again, Norman twirls the club like Jack Nicholas and addresses the ball. He looks up to check out the obstacle course ahead.

THE OBSTACLE

A miniature mountain with a crowning peak similar to the Matterhorn. Obscuring the tiny cave is a waterfall that justifies this hurdles par five.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Norman gets ready to putt when something pulls his attention back toward the mountain and waterfall. It is a pleasant setting and the falling water is like music. No sooner does he set himself does his attention drift back and

Norman is sweating. His concentration shattered. He cannot hit the ball at the mountain no matter how hard he tries ... so he strikes out wildly and the drive carooms off a ledge and rolls back to his feet. He swings again, really driving it. It misses the hole and rebounds off a craggy ledge. Inexplicably, he swats again ... and again ...

CLOSE - RONNIE

Holding herself and absolutely motionless. Everyone is motionless as

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He is killing the ball.

CLOSE - TOBY & BRAD

Watching their father. This is no game anymore ... and the boys do not smile.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Winded, he fists the golf ball and pitches it straight at the par five opening. It goes in, rattles about, and spins onto the green, rolling ... rolling ... right into the hole. Greenhouse is the least surprised at his supershot.

Dave, the jock who has been keeping score, sidles up to Norman and tries to pierce the silence by intoning officiously:

DAVE

Babe, I'd give you that ace in the hole
but the kiddies are watching and it'd
be an unfair example to set for them.

(smiling to the others)

Okay - who's next - ?

INTERIOR - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Fifty conservatively dressed men 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. Comments and jokes are circulated. Apparently what is about to take place could have been managed in much less

ANGLE - SMALL STAGE

The gentlemen take their seats. Among them is Mr. Laccmbe and his Brooklyn translator-assistant. They are accorded the hushed courtesy of ranking officials among enlisted men. The entire row stands until they are comfortably seated.

A Lyndon Johnson type tries adding a flash of Oxford to his controlled Dallas dialect as he takes the stage and positions a microphone.

M.C.

(too close to the
microphone)

Are we all here?

SOMEONE IN AUDIENCE

Some of us were wondering that about
you, sir.

General laughter including the Texas Master of Ceremonies.

M.C.

I made you come in your Sunday suits
cause I'm damned tired of sweat stained
shirt-sleeves from Montgomery Ward.

More laughter.

M.C. (continued)

We'll start on page one and read in
unison to the end. So without further
ado ... lights - !

The house lights decline only slightly. The curtains on the stage part. There is a complicated Yamaha Moog Synthesizer and ten Concord speakers stacked stage left and right. A nervous musician-technician called JEAN-CLAUDE, and who resembles William Shakespeare, makes his entrance. Polite whistling and funny applause accompanies him. He takes a seat behind the keyboard and opens his sheet music.

ANGLE - AUDIENCE

They open their programs to reveal the same sheet music.

ANGLE - JEAN-CLAUDE

He begins by playing four rather dissonant chords. He plays four more, this time accidentally melodic. The audience never watches him perform. Their eyes are locked on the music in front of them.

CLOSE - MR. LACOMBE

He sight-reads, moving his lips slightly as if speaking with the music. CAMERA MOVES TO HIM. A man walks down the isle and shuffles through scrunched knees and shined shoes to hand Lacombe a sealed Telex. Lacombe looks up from his sheet music, opens it and reads it privately. He raises an eyebrow. It is stunning news of some sort. Lacombe rises to leave as four more tonic chords are struck barely melodic but terribly simple, and slightly catchy.

CUT TO

INTERIOR - GREENHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Greenhouse is alone at the piano. He can't play a note but idly plucks one key at a time as he thinks things over. He closes one eye and looks at the sheet music. He tries the other eye. They appear to be bothering him. The mindless single tone music is suddenly, perhaps ironically, the same four tonic chords just heard. He plays the pattern again ... still preoccupied with his vision. Brad tumbles into the room excited and out of breath.

BRAD

Dad, you're on TV. Hurry - !

Greenhouse pretends to be busy but his attention is almost as keen as Brad and Toby stupified by the presence of Mom and Dad on TV. The news commentator flashes on. There is an absurd comic-book rendering of a flying saucer on the rear projection screen behind him.

TV COMMENTATOR

It is one thing when anonymous citizens observe something in the evening sky that should not be there. But in a different light it is all the more remarkable when a local Trouble Foreman from a local power company stakes a similar claim. Norman Greenhouse declined to comment to our crack field reporter but his own written testimony to police files yesterday stated that this thirty-one year old power engineer chased a lighted object at high speeds that he described as, "an upsidedown ice cream cone-shaped object with a glowing orange sherbert dome".

RONNIE

Oh you didn't

TV COMMENTATOR

He further stated that for fifteen miles he tracked the objects, finally crossing the state line into Ohio where they disappeared into the clouds from a standing start in four seconds flat.

The TV image switches over to crack field reporter, GEORGE. He is standing at that four-way stop reading from a tearsheet.

GEORGE

From his own written statement and I quote, "Some kind of bright light lit up the six mile road where it intersects with Cottontail. The stop signs vibrated violently. There was the sensation of weightlessness and the soles of my feet began to burn".

Back to the studio and

TV COMMENTATOR

It was shortly after this nocturnal encounter that Norman Greenhouse was deactivated from the Indiana Department of Water & Power, by Supervisor Darryl Grinsby who made sure to emphasize that his actions had no connection with the contents of Greenhouse's police report.

The news drones on. Ronnie leafs through TV Guide, then tosses it on the coffee table.

RONNIE

There's nothing better on any of the other channels.

(trying to lighten
the thick silence)

Wanna move - ?

The telephones commence ringing.

GREENHOUSE

Don't answer the phones tonight.

BRAD

Are they for real?

TOBY

I'm scared.

RONNIE

Don't be scared, they're not for real.
It's only television.

GREENHOUSE

You mean it's only me - !

RONNIE

You don't understand it yourself. How
do you expect anyone else to.

BRAD

But Mom ... I believe in them.

RONNIE

No you don't.

BRAD

Dad says so.

RONNIE

He doesn't.
(desperately)
Norman - !

TOBY

Do they live on the moon?

BRAD

(trying to scare his
brother)

They got bases on the moon, so at
night they can come through your
window and pull the covers off.

RONNIE

Stop it Brad.

GREENHOUSE

Hey you guys. Get your jackets and
c'mon.

RONNIE

They're not leaving the house.

GREENHOUSE

They're old enough to know what's going on out there.

RONNIE

You're not old enough to know that.

GREENHOUSE

I'm not going to treat our kids like our parents did us. You can't plant them in a vase and hope they'll become trees.

RONNIE

Mom brought me up just the right way. I like me. I don't want to be anybody else.

GREENHOUSE

Well, dammit ... I do!

Norman hurries out of the room and into the kitchen and out of the side door. Ronnie watches down the hall. She hears the engine start and the car screech in reverse and off into the night.

INTERIOR - CHEVY STATION WAGON - NIGHT

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

EXTERIOR - CRESCENDO SUMMIT - NIGHT

Reaching the crest of the highway, the Ohio farmers red pickup truck is a familiar sight. But he is not alone tonight. Others have congregated. A Dodge Motorhome, and I-H Tractor, and several Volkswagens are parked alongside the road, beset with a rag-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

youngsters have erected a homemade reflecting telescope and the farmer's oldest son adjusts his 35 mm Nikromat from the roof of the cab. The spiritual old farmer steps onto the asphalt and peers apprehensively at the dark station wagon that has parked across the road.

Greenhouse opens the door and feels unwanted as he steps away from his vehicle.

OLD FARMER

Nothing is wrong here. Nobody is hurt.
Don't need any help. Goodbye. Thank you.
Goodbye.

Recognizing the frosty dairy farmer, Norman extends a friendly yet overly enthusiastic hand that the old boy kind of looks at sideways.

GREENHOUSE

Don't you remember me?

The farmer doesn't. He looks at him suspiciously.

OLD FARMER

(spoken as if it
were a curse)

You Air Force?

GREENHOUSE

Why do you say that?

OLD FARMER

Your hair. Cut too short for your
age.

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

FARMER'S SON

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

GREENHOUSE

Who are these people?

OLD FARMER

Why, this is the S.P.I.W.G.O.A.E.

GREENHOUSE

What's that?

OLD FARMER

That's the Society For The People Interested In What's Going On Around Here. You gotta sign the guest list if you wanna stick around.

GREENHOUSE

How come?

OLD FARMER

It's the rules. There's also a \$3.50 cover charge goin'.

A wallet is produced and the \$3.50 is in the old farmer's hand before he can say

OLD FARMER

You won't be disappointed.

He wanders 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 Norman.

GREENHOUSE

So - ! When does the show start?

ELDERLY MAN

(without glancing up
from his cards)

Soon as you leave probably.

GRACEY

(to the rude gent)
That is unkind. Apologize.

ELDERLY MAN

(shrugs & sighs)
I'm sorry.

Thinking he's found a friend, Norman kneels by the elderly lady who is the Queen of Needlepoint.

GREENHOUSE

(confidentially)

Are they coming over tonight?

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

GRACEY

(a tear in both eyes)

Oh, I hope so. Don't you - ?

GREENHOUSE

(in all seriousness)

Yes.

GRACEY

(to her rude elderly 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 all by myself.

Norman 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 of out-of-focus blue. Simple photographic errors.

Norman leaves Gracey with a pat on the shoulder and jogs to his car. He returns with a small instamatic camera and finds a fence post to squat against. Excitedly, he looks overhead and waits with the others.

JILLIAN

They never come that way. Start looking out towards the west.

Norman is not sidetracked by this uncommonly attractive twenty-six year old.

JILLIAN

You know what to look for ... or are you just looking - ?

GREENHOUSE

I've been here before.

JILLIAN

Yeah - quite a place. You never know what's coming down the road. Last week it was a coupla yellow bagel-shapes and yesterday a kinda flourescent pickle thing. What you saw - what'd it look like?

GREENHOUSE

Dessert.

JILLIAN

My friends have been accusing me of seeing things all week, so if you're not that power company guy I saw on TV tonight

GREENHOUSE

That's me.

They awkwardly shake hands. Norman is nervous around attractive women he's not married to.

GREENHOUSE

(he looks down at his feet)

Hi there!

ANGLE - EARLY GUILER

He is on his rear end in the topsoil with a pint-sized sand bucket, making little mountain's on Norman's foot.

JILLIAN

My dirty kid.

GREENHOUSE

Anybody know what's happening out here?

JILLIAN

Whatever's going on started around Halloween. But ever since that National Enquirer peson started offering cash money for our photos, t. ry has doubled.

GREENHOUSE

What is this guy all about?

JILLIAN

You'll meet him when he gets here.
He hasn't missed a night so far.
He'll take your name and address
and offer one hundred bucks a roll.
One fifty for movie film.

GREENHOUSE

(referring to old
farmer)

I think I accidentally signed up
already!

JILLIAN

He should have been here an hour ago.
He's always combing the hills for new
witnesses.

GREENHOUSE

What's your name?

JILLIAN

Jillian Guiler.

GREENHOUSE

Norman Greenhouse.

They shake hands again.

JILLIAN

I know. The TV really put the screws
on you. Some news guy smiles in the
wrong place - raises an eyebrow here
and there - that's all it takes. That's
why after my first encounter I
wouldn't talk to anybody.

GREENHOUSE

(finding a soul mate)

What was it like?

JILLIAN

Very bright. Very pleasant.

Norman is ready to burst open and tell her everything.

JILLIAN

I've been having trouble sleeping.

GREENHOUSE

So have I. You know ... when I do
doze off, it doesn't feel like
sleeping. All of a sudden it's
morning again.

JILLIAN

My dreams are bright yellow. I
walk around in them and can't open
my eyes wider than a squint.

GREENHOUSE

I've been jumpy alot of the time.

JILLIAN

Me. too. But, I don't know what from.

GREENHOUSE

I want to keep active ... but I'm
bored with my job.

JILLIAN

I quit mine. I've been painting in
watercolors a lot. Do your eyes water
sometimes?

GREENHOUSE

(exploding happily)

You ought to feel the irritation in
the right eye on a sunny day.

JILLIAN

Supermarket lighting does it to me.
Office lighting is worse. Wouldn't
it be wonderful if after all this we
found out the government was experi-
menting with a new fangled secret
gadget.

GREENHOUSE

(after a pause)

No it wouldn't. It'd be a rotten let
down.

JILLIAN

At least we'd have someone to sue if
it turns out we're going to need
glasses. I want to understand this
thing. Don't you?

The farmer's son straightens and shouts to be heard.

FARMBOY

Here they come - ! Out of the north
west - !

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

ANGLE - OLD DAIRY FARMER

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

JILLIAN

There - !

WITHDRAW TO REVEAL

In the far distance where 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.

JILLIAN

I heard somewhere ... 'The Universe
is not only stranger than we imagine,
it is stranger than we can imagine'.

A chill runs through Norman and he is suddenly aware of being out-of-doors and under the stars. The night seems darker now. It always is after ghost stories. Then

GREENHOUSE

It's like a dream, isn't it.

JILLIAN

Sometimes I get so scared I pretend
that's all it is!!

(she curls herself
around Norman & holds
tight)

Can I borrow your arm?

GREENHOUSE

Will they stop when they see us?

JILLIAN

If they do, you better be wearing
your track shoes.

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 WELDER'S TORCH.

JILLIAN

(stoned on the experience)

I'll bet the American Indians felt like this when the first sails came over the horizon.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

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 Norman has ever encountered.

THE ASSEMBLED

The people stir as an unusual quality of SOUND permeates the air. It is a rhythmical noise blowing 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 upheaval.

HIGH ANGLE

The night people run for cover. The dairy farmer's "Be Friendly" sign beats up against his face until he is forced to hide in the cab of his pickup.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Backing toward his car he spots the speed limit sign. It is vibrating beneath the severe rotor wash and reminds Norman of his first encounter. The similarity is too remarkable to discount!

ANGLE - JILLIAN

Trapped inside her VW and trying to start the engine.

ANGLE - GRACEY

Alone now and stranded beneath the pounding rotar 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, and missing and crying yet un mindfully determined.

WIDE VIEW

Car engines start and everyone peels out. Greenhouse taking this all in, bewildered and fighting mad, he observes the two assault HUEYS rise vertically and hover overhead, their quartz-iodide searchlamps stabbing at the remaining sediment. Then, both machines turn a 180 and beat back the way they came.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Viewing this with a mixture of sorrow and hatred.

CUT TO

EXTERIOR - GREENHOUSE HOME - MORNING

Greenhouse starts his A.M. jog. He watches his own breath and paces himself with each puff. Behind him, Ronnie starts from the house dressed for her mile. Their BREATHING is uneven this morning. It overrides any further morning sounds.

ANGLE - SIDEWALK AND SIDE BY SIDE HOMES

Ronnie catches up and falls into step. They do not speak. Ronnie looks from side to side.

RONNIE'S MOVING P.O.V.

The neighborhood appears unusually quiet this morning.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He is taking notice of this occasion too.

RONNIE

I had a talk with Dr. Reynolds after you stormed out of the house. He has this crazy notion about what you saw. It is called Isakower phenomenon. He says the brain retains information from infancy long before your memory is able to recall it. The large circular thing you saw getting

RONNIE (con't)

closer and closer probably represents your mother's breast with its promise of food. When satisfied, you, the infant, lose interest in the breast, which gets smaller and smaller and finally vanishes away. Since a breast is a disc shape it could mean

GREENHOUSE

(turning around &
.. jogging backwards so
he can let her have it)

It could mean I'm not my Mother's child.
It could mean every night there are a couple of hundred of us watching Mom's tits coming in low over the Tolono County foothills.

He turns facing forward and pours on the speed out-distancing Ronnie in seconds.

RONNIE

You're such an ass.

THROUGH A KITCHEN WINDOW - A NONDESCRIPT HOME ALONG THE RUN-ROUTE

The daffodil yellow curtains are parted by unseen hands to glimpse at the two runners. HEAR O.S. sink water and BARBARA WALTERS on the TODAY SHOW.

THROUGH AN ENCLOSED GARAGE

The electric whirr of the opening garage door shows Ronnie and Norman jogging by. Both look over but nobody appears.

CLOSE - RONNIE

Self conscious now, disturbed. Looking from house to house hopefully.

WIDE ANGLE - THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Running alone. Empty lawns, dark windows, an eerie scape.

EXTERIOR - PEASE AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Greenhouse nears the first checkpoint on Pease's outer extremities. He pulls up to the guard box in his Chevy wagon, and leans out the window where a stoical skin headed Corporal greets him mechanically.

CORPORAL

Yes sir.

GREENHOUSE

The Civilian Information Center,
please.

CORPORAL

New Air Force recruiting?

GREENHOUSE

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.

CORPORAL

Please lock your car. The base does
not assume responsibility for items
lost or stolen during your visit.
Go'ed.

NEW ANGLE

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.

CLOSE - BUILDING DIRECTORY

Greenhouse studies the directory, starting with the "U" listings and going up and down the files until he is hopelessly confused.

INTERIOR - ELEVATOR

Greenhouse is alone in the lift. He pushes for the 24th floor. The elevator door closes and Greenhouse watches the floor indicators.

CLOSE - INDICATOR LIGHTS

20 - 21 - 22 - 23 - 24. The elevator stops and Greenhouse moves to the double doors. But they do not open. He waits a moment longer. The doors still do not open. He gives it two more seconds then

GREENHOUSE

Oh Jesus

He pounds on the door with his fists.

GREENHOUSE

Hey out there. I'm stuck in here.
Hey, help!!

Then he finds the emergency telephone and picks up the receiver but a hand appears out of nowhere and touches him on his shoulder. He spins and almost shrieks.

REVERSE P.O.V.

About fifteen people are waiting to come through the open reversible doors to the elevator. They are as embarrassed as Greenhouse must be.

MAN WHO TAPPED

It's okay - a lot of people make the same mistake.

Greenhouse hurries past everyone, staring at his feet and disappears through a door marked: INFORMATION CENTER.

INTERIOR - INFORMATION CENTER - DAY

Here is a combination waiting room and information desk. A goodly number of people are fingering through Air Force recruitment magazines and other Armed Services paraphernalia. Greenhouse eases into this austere setting which is by the way library quiet. He approaches the information adjutant, a loud nasal lady pinched against the wall by a slab of marble desk, designed for information officers half her size.

INFORMATION

(looks up quickly and
decides what he wants)

Air Force Recruiting is third level
D-three.

GREENHOUSE

(laughs politely, patiently)
I'm not here for that. No, I'm here
to see somebody about ... I was look-
ing at that directory in the lobby and
I couldn't find an area in the Air
Force where you handle all of these
(gestures wildly, not finding
the ... ds but finding a great
fl embarrassment at saying

GREENHOUSE (con't)

out loud) ...

You know ... you know. When a jet flies overhead ... low enough overhead you know right away what it is ... oh, that's a Continental 727 .. oh, that's a jumbo TWA with Ambassador service. But when something buzzes over you and ... and it doesn't have any wings

The nasal lady takes an exhausted breath and shows how loud she can really be."

INFORMATION

Do you want to report an UFO?

ANGLE - REACTIONS

The room lights up. People lower their magazines, cigarettes are snipped in mid-drag.

GREENHOUSE

(turns to the room - just as demonstrative)

NO, I DON'T WANT TO REPORT A UFO.

(turns back to Information with the most plaintive, beseeching expression and whispers)

Shh. Yes I do shhh. I do. Yes.

INFORMATION

(she's not being mean, she just has this extraordinary sonorous voice)

Go to fifteen. Aerospace Defense Command. Room thirty-six eleven.

Greenhouse doesn't know whether to say thank you or just shit. He leaves for the elevator in a hurry.

The roomful of awakening interests buzzes in his wake ... a few people actually approach 'information' with growing concern.

INFORMATION

Sit down until you're called. Please people. There is nothing going on here. People please don't do this!

INTERIOR - AEROSPACE DEFENSE COMMAND

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

In fact as the ANGLE WIDENS, only four other people (three men and a woman) are waiting like Greenhouse and each keeps his eyes to himself, afraid to look anywhere beyond The clock on the wall.

On collective inspection these people are stereo typically the types of UFO reporters that one would imagine exists in the world today. The fluorescent lighting is giving Norman a bad headache. He reaches in a pocket for some Excedrin and dry swallows five tablets. The paranoid looking woman sitting next to him sticks out her hand and Norman is obliged to tap two tablets into it. She works up some spit and swallows without a simple thank you. 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 Dax.

The Colonel turns and extends a hand toward the paranoid looking woman sitting next to Greenhouse. She rises tiredly and takes his hand, turns to the receptionist.

WOMAN

Goodnight Marian.

RECEPTIONIST

Goodnight Mrs. Dax.

(she turns her site
to Norman)

Mr. Greenhouse. You can go in
now. Room 3655.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK

Click, click a subliminal flash cuts through the darkness and makes an impression on the viewer ... was it a bird or a plane.

MAJOR BENCHLEY'S VOICE

Go.

GREENHOUSE

A bird, flying. Geese maybe.

Flash! Was it the moon or a streetlamp.

MAJOR BENCHLEY'S VOICE

Go.

GREENHOUSE

Uhhhh street light.

Flash! Was it the sun or a Florida orange.

MAJOR BENCHLEY'S VOICE

Go.

GREENHOUSE

Orange. The fruit, not the color.

Flash! Was it a flying saucer ... or a flying saucer.

GREENHOUSE

Uhhh UFO?

That last picture flashes back and stays on the wall screen.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

No, Mr. Greenhouse. That's a flying saucer.
Made of pueter, made in Japan and thrown
across the room by one of my children.

Sure enough. It's a saucer and it's flying through a kitchen.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

I like to toss that in once in a while
to show folks we're not all polished
brass about these things.

GREENHOUSE

(he's not laughing)
That's pretty good. How'd I make out?

MAJOR BENCHLEY

(simply)
You missed every one.

GREENHOUSE

How's that possible?

MAJOR BENCHLEY

This is really interesting Mr. Greenhouse.
You happened to select the simple metaphor
for each conventional object I showed you.

GREENHOUSE

(feeling concerned)
What I experienced on the Six Mile Highway
stayed in sight longer than half a second.

MAJOR BENCHLEY
You're taking this too literally.

GREENHOUSE
I've lost my job. My wife is being polite to me. My neighbors are looking the other way. Shit yeah literally! This thing is happening to me and I want to find out what it is - !

MAJOR BENCHLEY
So would we. The Air Force wants answers, not mysteries.

GREENHOUSE

Are you afraid to say anything because your people feel the human race is not prepared to live with this culture shock?

MAJOR BENCHLEY

If technological contact was ever achieved, I'm sure we could live with it. We live in the shadow of atomic annihilation in nine minutes. However, Mr. Greenhouse, in all my twenty years with ATI ADC and JAWAP-146, there has been no indisputable proof of the physical existence of these things.

GREENHOUSE

What the hell happened to me!

MAJOR BENCHLEY

You saw what you wanted to see.

GREENHOUSE

Mr. Benchley - believe me - I didn't want to see this.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

The only way to convince the scientific community is to present specific evidence concisely. If the evidence is good, the case will stand up and the existence of extraordinary phenomenon will have to be taken seriously.

This is too much for Norman to bear as he leaps to his feet gasping wildly.

GREENHOUSE
I AM THE EVIDENCE. AND I WANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

I wish I'd seen it. For twenty years I've wanted to see one of those things without having to account for it. But if I'm going to be open minded enough to consider the possibility that these witnesses are seeing the fantastic, then one must be prepared to examine a plethora of evidence connected with the stories of fairies, ghosts, angels and demons. The evidence is clearly similar.

GREENHOUSE

Look. Just tell me if this base is conducting classified tests in the Tolono Foothill area.

Offended by Greenhouse's rude change of subject. Benchley is curt for the remainder of the scene.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

It would be easy for me to lie and say yes to that. You'd walk out of here with a down to earth answer in your pocket. This isn't the case and I will not mislead you.

The room falls silent. Major Benchley sips some water and watches Greenhouse waiting for a reaction.

GREENHOUSE

(defeated, tired)

What about my report?

Major Benchley begins to wind this meeting up.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

There is no astronomical explanation for it.

GREENHOUSE

What about a field investigation?

MAJOR BENCHLEY

There is nothing that warrants it.

GREENHOUSE

How will you classify my report?

MAJOR BENCHLEY

Unidentified.

GREENHOUSE

The unidentified flying objects have been identified - as unidentified.

Greenhouse rises to leave. He is beginning to doubt verisimilitude. When he is at the door, the Major chimes in.

MAJOR BENCHLEY

What happened to you is happening to a lot of people who think it's a religion. It isn't you know. "Unidentifieds" do not exist as a direct physical threat to our national security. We don't believe in them here. We encourage you not to.

EXTERIOR - CORRIDOR - DAY

Greenhouse is waiting for the express elevator. He is alone with his shreaded thoughts. He knots a fist and bops the 'down' button again.

SUBTERPANEAN LEVEL - ELEVATOR

The elevator doors open and Norman charges out, fizzling mad. He stops at the soft drink machine looking for a way to cool off. Pausing to refresh he catches sight of an opening in the wall. It is the master control circuit panel. It is used by the maintenance department as an easy access to office lighting.

Greenhouse waits for a couple of janitors to depart with their Hoover floor waxer. Sipping on his Orange Crush, he leans near the circuit breakers and is instantly familiar with the office diagram on the adjacent panel. Norman 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.

EXTERIOR - THE GLASS ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

Roaring out of the flourescent subterranean garage, Norman flashes that naughty grin and flashes out the civilian entrance. People 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 Pease Air Force Administration Facility.

A BLAST OF SUNLIGHT

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

"GOBI DESERT.- MONGOLIA"

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

A UNITED NATIONS SAND ROVER with its rather stupified crew waits for an unmarked helicopter that is just now setting down behind it. Everything goes white as the chopper descends and

ANGLE - UNMARKED CHOPPER

Lacombe emerges wearing safari fatigues and carrying a 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 all carry the same expressions - UTTER CAOTIC SURPRISE - !

Lacombe leads the way squinting 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 freighter lying on its starboard side against the flattered dunes. It is the M.S. MARINE SULPHUR QUEEN.

One stunned individual begins to read some print out hard copy to the rest of the gathering.

STUNNED MAN

As far as we know, the 15,000 long tons of molten sulphur are perfectly intact.

CHIEF ENGINEER

Gentlemen, it can't be moved.

SECOND INFORMATION OFFICER

It has been widely accepted that Cuban sympathizers confiscated it en route from Beaumont, Texas, to Norfolk, Virginia.

CHIEF ENGINEER

So call a Cuban. It can't be done.

LACOMBE

We certainly can't leave it here.

CHIEF ENGINEER

This looks like a job for Superman ...
not the Corps of Army Engineers.

EXTERIOR - THE CRESCENDO SUMMIT - NIGHT

Greenhouse is on his way to a major drunk. Inhaling Budweiser, he stands on the center line of the divided highway, his 8mm movie camera ready for action. His car is pulled off to one side and the headlamps are blazing. The night is clear and millions of stars dust the sky. Norman walks in a circle looking straight up and trying to stay on his feet at the same time.

GREENHOUSE

ANYBODY HOME - ?

(no answer)

C'MON YOU GUYS - BE NICE.

He looks up and down the road. Suddenly everything just seems to stop. The air grows static. Norman reinforces himself with another swallow, clears his throat, and starts to sing in his best baritone voice:

GREENHOUSE

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
YOU WILL MEET A STRANGER
YOU WILL MEET A STRANGER
ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM
AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

Beyond Norman's right shoulder something is happening in the sky. Four extremely dim orange globes are rising from a dense thicket. NORMAN SEES THIS VERY SLOWLY. HIS SONG COMES TO A BREATHLESS HALT. It is hard to judge distance at night but it is enough to set his feet in motion - RUNNING TOWARD THE RISING GLOWS.

Three additional lights rise airily to join the others. They have a dim flickering quality never before encountered.

CLOSE - NORMAN

Running with a desire so strong that it almost brings tears to his eyes. Another globe rises above the thicket and Norman plunges into the brambles and the dirt, getting lost immediately but not giving a damn. Overhead, the dim glows are drifting toward the Tolono foothills but to Greenhouse this doesn't count. This thicket is where they are coming from. Greenhouse stops to gather his senses and the world of sound stops also.

It is so quiet - then - something else is in this thicket with him.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He spins and a splash of silver catches the fringes of his night vision. Norman tries to hold his breath so he can hear beyond his wild breathing. Another crackle of movement, this time very near. He exhales to catch another breath and suddenly, off guard, something metallic and low to the ground explodes into him and off into the night.

GREENHOUSE SCREAMS. A second whisk of color sparkles past him. Then a third. He turns to run the other way when something blocks his path. It is silver and spindly shaped and recessed in much darkness. It turns frightened and runs the other way. Crazyed by now, Greenhouse starts to run after it.

GREENHOUSE

Please don't go.

MOVING ANGLE - THICKET

Threading his way past hazards and obstacles, Norman chases the shape and is actually gaining on it when the shape changes course and collapses under Greenhouse's falling legs. Norman grabs a handful of silver and brings it face to face.

GREENHOUSE

(hysterical with discovery)

Where do you come from - !

Who are you - !

SHAPE

I'm Terry Cramer. I'm from 3443
North Olive Avenue.

For a second Norman is blinded by his own obsessed beliefs as he shakes the little boy at both shoulders.

GREENHOUSE

What do you want - !

TERRY

I want to go home. I'm a human being.

Slowly, Norman is coming around to this cold fact. He fingers the silvery stuff around the boys head and body.

GREENHOUSE

What the hell's this?

TERRY

It's Reynold's Wrap and Alcoa Aluminum. Don't hurt me ... we were just messing around.

Norman loosens his grip and the little boy is gone. He gets to his feet shaking his head.

GREENHOUSE

(beneath his breath)

Shit. Shhhh-it. Shhhhhh-it.

ANGLE - THE SKY

Three of the flickering globes are descending. As the first one almost fills the view Norman's hand reaches out and snatches it out from the air.

ANGLE - ROADSIDE BY HIS CAR

He stands in the middle of the road, in the middle of the night; drunk, dizzy and holding polyethylene plastic bag, crossed straws and birthday candles forming an orange flickering hot air balloon. Sadistically he squeezes the air out of the bag until the flame touches the plastic and the whole contraption melts in blue fire. He looks at the street sign that was vibrating the night the helicopter hovered close. And suddenly, Norman is sunken with doubt.

FOUR BLINDING LIGHTS EXPLODE TOWARD HIM FROM THE SOUTH.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He jumps for his life and collapses face first into the dirt shoulder as

ANGLE - ROAD

The highbeams from a speeding semi tanker truck sucks wind at seventy miles an hour. Norman realizes he's been duped and hollars toward the diminishing tail lights.

GREENHOUSE

I HOPE YOU SEE THEM TOO YOU SON
OF A BITCH - !

Greenhouse turns away. He has never appeared so defeated as right now. Only now does he notice the bucket sized mound of topsoil and clay that little Barry Guiler was erecting around his feet the night before. Greenhouse explores the vertical dirt mound ... and feels inexplicably uncomfortable as he studies its affluted sides and carved top. Just as suddenly, Greenhouse feels an ethereal sort of fascination. Something is drawing him to gaze deeper at this. He blinks. He tastes the perspiration, struggling to understand what is happening to him.

INTERIOR - GREENHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Moon light spills through the picture window. Running water can be heard.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

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

CLOSE - BATHROOM DOOR

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

RONNIE appears, listening at the door. She knocks twice ... very softly.

RONNIE

Sweetheart.

(no answer)

Norman, please open the door.

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

BRAD

Is Dad alright?

RONNIE

(her 3:00 AM 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 - GREENHOUSE

Frozen in a darkened corner, crying like a baby.

GREENHOUSE

(trying to smile through
choked tears)

It's like the hiccups. I started, I
can't stop.

RONNIE

(she whiffs the beer &
her sympathy turns to coal)
.... you're bombed out of your skull.

Norman 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.

GREENHOUSE

What's happening to me - !

RONNIE

All this nonsense is turning this house upsidedown.

GREENHOUSE

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

RONNIE

You know that telephone has not stopped ringing. None of our friends call here anymore ... only people who want you to autograph their space comics.

GREENHOUSE

Don't. My head is coming in half, Ronnie ... it's not the beer. I'm not a drinker.

RONNIE

You've become a lot of things you weren't a week ago. .

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, dramatised.

INTERIOR - THE BEDROOM

The crying has stopped but his trembling intensifies as he collapses onto the bed. Ronnie has no idea how to deal with this. She beats on the mattress with her tiny fists.

RONNIE

There is nothing wrong with you!
C'mon ... walk it off. I'll make
the coffee while you walk it off.

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

GREENHOUSE

I need you now.

RONNIE

(her bravado is weakening
... she attacks through tears)
I hate you like this.

Norman reaches out and pulls her into bed.

GREENHOUSE

I need you now.

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
Norman, please don't.

His fingers rip at her nightgown, opening out the back.

RONNIE

I don't want to scream.

Next, he grips the material around her shoulder and pulls. The tattered remnants pin her arms to her sides and Norman slides down her to her breasts and, oddly enough, his anxiety flows out of him ... and ...

Ronnie starts to tremble now ... her teeth chattering, silent sobs wracking her body. She is helpless and horrified... like a child being raped.

CLOSE - BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

A pinpoint of intense light burns through the branches of the grapefruit tree. With increasing brilliance, leaf and branch shadows are projected onto the ceiling and walls. Birds start to sing, and Ronnie blinks awake in the direct flood of sun light. She turns over on her pillow. She is alone in bed.

THE DOOR TO THE FAMILY ROOM

Ronnie, now in terricloth robe, stands listening to Captain Kangaroo from the TV inside. She opens the door. Brad and Toby are crosslegged on the throw rug. All has been forgotten from the evening before.

TOBY

Dad's fixing the train set. He's gonna add on nine feet of track. He's gonna build a tunnel and hills and it's gonna be done before school's out.

GREENHOUSE - CLOSE

At home in his handiwork, he smiles peacefully and nods to himself. Ronnie doesn't know this man.

RONNIE

Go to school you guys. I want to talk to your father.

BRAD

It's not time yet.

RONNIE

Watch TV in the other room.

Ronnie hustles the complaining boys into the hall and closes the door behind her. She is utterly resolved.

RONNIE

I want you to see a doctor today.

Norman is in a guarded mood and hasn't the energy to lock horns with anybody.

GREENHOUSE

(inaudible whisper)
Some night huh?

RONNIE

(just as quietly)
You're wrecking our house.

GREENHOUSE

Well ... that's news.

RONNIE

You don't care that you're not with the Power Company anymore. You don't care how scared you're making me. Everytime you look in the sky I want to run and hide.

GREENHOUSE

What do you want me to do?

RONNIE

I want you to see a psychiatrist. Diane Holmes has a friend ... and he is a doctor at the V.A. Hospital ...

GREENHOUSE

You're kidding

RONNIE

You wouldn't think so if I took the boys and stayed with Mom and Dad at the Cape until you felt like being a family again.

GREENHOUSE

We are a family. Nothing has changed.

RONNIE

I love you Norman. But somebody's going to tell us what is wrong with you. If you can't see it in yourself there are professional people who can.

She leaves the room. Greenhouse can feel her slipping away forever. He's on his feet and following her down the hall. She disappears into their bedroom and closes the door. Norman gently touches the knob to open it when he hears the distinct CLICK of the lock. Fear pumps rage into both fists and he beats twice on the softwood door, yelling once at the top of his lungs

GREENHOUSE

DON'T LEAVE ME.

The outburst leaves Norman winded. He beats his forehead between his hands and hears the sliding glass door in the bedroom open then shut. He runs down the hall just in time to see Ronnie through the kitchen.

window making a headlong dash for the Chevy wagon. She pushes Brad and Toby into the car ahead of her and starts the engine. Norman hurls open the front door but is too late. Ronnie is backing up out of the driveway and in her panic backs the full distance of the street and bounces over the curb and onto the opposite sidewalk, upsetting a row of trashcans, before straightening the wheel and accelerating away.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Watching her depart. He turns and notices his next door neighbor watering the shrubs with an embarrassing smile on his face. The goofy neighbor waves his squirting hose and just seems to blurt out

NEIGHBOR

Whad'ya say spaceman.

GREENHOUSE

Blow it out your after burner.

The neighbor reddenes and turns away concentrating on trimming the hedges. Greenhouse looks at his garden of azaleas, geraniums and hydrangeas. A maddening inspiration seizes him. Using both hands to twist, yank and shake loose, Greenhouse uproots the geranium whipping the soiled plant around his head to loosen the clodded topsoil. The FAMILY ROOM window is barely open but Norman inserts a hand and raises it all the way. He hurls the uprooted bush. Immediately attacking another shrub, the innocent neighbor looks on from a safer vantage point while his wife sticks her head out an upstairs window, hair wrapped in a towel.

INTERIOR - FAMILY ROOM - ANGLE TOWARD OPEN WINDOW

Greenhouse reappears at the window, this time with an enormous rose bush and starts to jam it through the opening.

ANGLE - NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS

The wife is blowing her hair dry with a jet of hot air standing next to her husband in the front yard. A long extension cord trailing after her. The mailman rises from his red, white & blue mini truck and eyeballs the situation.

Greenhouse is a soiled sight, shovel in hand, scooping the large chunks of grass and earth and depositing the mess through the open window as fast as he can.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Has worked up a lather ... now turns wild-eyed with a new thought.

GREENHOUSE

Chickenwire !

He is looking at his next door neighbors.

GREENHOUSE

(louder)

Chickenwire ... !

He starts over to them. Mrs. Harris, the neighbor drying her hair, brandishes the hairblower at Norman like a gun.

MRS. HARRIS

Not another step ... if Mrs. Greenhouse was home to see what you're doing.

GREENHOUSE

You've been using it to fence the ducks in. I'll pay you for it.

MRS. HARRIS

Whatever you're doing is against the law.

MR. HARRIS

(anything to sate this madman)

You can take whatever's leftover in the back.

Norman skips off, passing a cement pond, encircled by chickenwire and sporting a dozen pet ducks and their noisy chicks. Norman plunges into the garage. Rummaging SOUNDS spill and echo until Norman emerges with a length of leftover wire fencing. But he is not satisfied. 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 pointing a hard finger at the escape prone birds.

GREENHOUSE

Stay! Stay!

And he's off running back home. The birds scatter on foot. The Harris'after them.

INTERIOR - HALLWAY THAT CONNECTS THE FAMILY ROOM

Filed incongruously one atop the other, all of the Family Room furniture clogs the hall. Greenhouse emerges with two desk lamps and lays them on top of the Indiana rocker which sways back and forth atop the par table folded up and resting over the studio couch. SOUNDS of a mid-morning soap continue throughout.

EXTERIOR - GREENHOUSE FRONT YARD - ANGLE TOWARD FAMILY ROOM WINDOW

Greenhouse climbing out, his face and clothes grimey with dirt. Unspooling the garden hose, he deposits the nozzle end into the family room and runs around the side of the house and twists on a generous flow of water.

On his return through the window he looks behind him

GREENHOUSE'S P.O.V.

It could pass for a block party. Several dozen onlookers line the sidewalks and street pumping each other furiously for clues. A Tolono County Police Car noses through the buzzing throng and two familiar faces alight. It is Prewitt & Longly. The two buddy officers who altered their sighting report early on.

Longly and Prewitt exchange a worried look and trot toward Greenhouse.

PREWITT

Hey Mr. Greenhouse, wait up.

Greenhouse scrambles into the house and slams the window, twisting the latch. Longly & Prewitt talk to him through the glass.

LONGLY

Take our advice - give up landscaping.

Greenhouse stares back at them implacably.

PREWITT

(referring to gabbing
onlookers)

You wanna let us in so we can discuss
this complaint outta the wind.

Prewitt cups his hands and presses his nose against the glass trying to see in. Greenhouse jerks the curtains together and gazes at the policemen through the embroidery. The two helmeted shadows converse privately and walk quickly out of view. Greenhouse jumps. Pouring it on, he sprints for the front door just as Prewitt & Longly arrive and reach out to come in. But Norman is moments quicker and locks the door knob, sets the chain.

LONGLY

For christ's sake Norm, cut the crap ...
we're on your side.

Prewitt whispers a scheme to Longly. The two officers glance at Norman who rivets them back. Nobody moves. All is still. Prewitt and Longly speed break in two directions. Greenhouse snaps and runs. Longly heading for the side door and Prewitt the back. Norman is inches behind the first officer in the thirty yard dash to the side door. Norman wins and presses the lock button, slipping on the waxed tile floor and losing precious seconds on a crash course to the rear of the house.

Prewitt arrives before him and starts the sliding door back.

PREWITT

You're neighbors phoned in a complaint.
We didn't ask to come.

GREENHOUSE

(calming himself)
Sure Prewitt. Let's talk out here.

He puts a friendly hand on Prewitt's back and escorts him back outside.

GREENHOUSE

You'll want to see it my way because

He pivots gracefully and giant steps back inside closing and locking the sliding glass door.

GREENHOUSE

(yelling through the glass)
IT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!!!

LONGLY

What the fuck is with you Greenhouse?

GREENHOUSE

Whatever you penciled in on the night report isn't gonna make me forget that you saw them first.

Prewitt & Longly shut up. And in the ensuing loss for words, Greenhouse closes the curtains leaving the brother officers staring at their own reflections.

FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Jackson is getting out of his car. Prewitt and Longly are trying to quiet the rabid Mrs. Harris and disburse the thrillseekers all at the same time.

Just then, Ronnie wheels in her driveway SOUNDING the horn. People barely make way for her. Sensing an accident or worse, Ronnie leaves the engine running and runs to the house, Jackson following behind.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

Ronnie tries the door. It is locked.

JACKSON

Use your key.

Ronnie fumbles with her set of keys, finds the right one and unlocks the door. CLINK! The chain is set from the inside.

RONNIE

You open it.

We've seen this arrangement before. Jackson steps back looking for leg room, positions his foot and kicks at the door. The chain gives way and Ronnie runs past him into the house.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

She gasps outloud at the pile of room furnishings in the hall ... not knowing what to expect next Ronnie finds herself staring with apprehensive disbelief at the closed family room door and the SOUNDS of HAMMERING, RUNNING WATER, AND TELEVISION GAME SHOWS inside. Jackson appears at her side and sets himself for a breakin. Ronnie's hand goes quickly to the doorknob now and she turns it gently. The door is unlocked. She slowly pushes it open.

REVERSE ANGLE - RONNIE AND JACKSON

Are revealed as the door swings wide. Their reactions are violent. Ronnie covers her mouth in horror but a scream filters through the tight fingers and another .. then another.

WHAT RONNIE SEES - CLOSE NORMAN

He is a shambles! Face and body congealed in mud-pack, Greenhouse sits cross legged at the foot of his creation. A spiraling mountain rises out of the family room rug. Made from chickenwire and garden stakes and lacquered over with paper mache and sculpted from garden earth and sediment, this towering model fills the 16 X 15 foot living area and reaches the full nine feet to the beam ceiling. It is at once terrifying and inspired. The detailing is impeccable. A stand of fir trees twisted and planted from his own garden shrubbery, a valley side of gently rolling grass, four affluted 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, Norman himself, sagging breathlessly beneath this grotesque citadel and looking the part of the mischievous kid caught in the act. The TV set spurs out its mindless weekday babble as

CUT TO

CLOSE - RONNIE

Demolished, speechless.

FULL SHOT - BEDROOM

The closet on Ronnie's side of the room is open. Empty hangers dangle in space.

ANGLE - CHEST OF DRAWERS

The first three drawers are hanging open, emptied out.

ANGLE - ERAD & TOBY'S BEDROOM

It looks like someone has broken in and ransacked the place. Crooked drawers emptied, and bookshelves dissheveled. The closet has been cleaned out.

ANGLE - BATHROOM

The open medicine cabinet has also been unloaded. Only some Excedrin and a bottle of mouthwash and cough medicine remain. A hand reaches over and closes the mirrored chest and Norman squares off with his reflection, bleary-eyed, unshaven, and flecked with dirt.

UP ANGLE - GREENHOUSE'S CITADEL

The imposing summit smudges the ceiling. It could pass for the real thing if it weren't for an occasional newspaper headline that filters through the coating of mache and mud.

Once again, Norman squats at the gently sloping base, watching his mountain again, sipping beer and glancing at the TV set.

CLOSE - TV SCREEN

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

CLOSE - TV SCREEN

The TV set acts like the face of a clock ticking the hours. MIKE DOUGLAS and guest celebrities watch the AMAZING KRESKIN perform feats of magic and extrasensory perception.

CLOSE - NORMAN

Listless and full of surrender. He lets the TV carry him through the day.

CLOSE - TV SCREEN

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 smoking rubble.

ANGLE - NORMAN

Eyes drifting to sleep, he half listens to

CLOSE - TV SCREEN

Gomer Pyle ruining his Sargeants "cinderella liberty", or whatever.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

His eyes are almost closed. Time passes in micro-seconds.

FULL SCREEN - TELEVISION

Condensing hours into seconds, the images tick on ... cartoons, Star Trek syndicated episodes, The Rifleman, Graham Kerr the Galloping Gourmet, local news ... disaster trivia ... people, places, commercials ... it all melts into a tasteless puree of terrestrial pablum.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Bleary-eyed and in a state of grave depression, he looks at his mountain. O.S. WALTER CRONKITE is beginning his 7:00 PM network newscast.

WALTER CRONKITE'S VOICE

Another chemical gas derailment has forced the widest area evacuation in the history of these controversial Army rail shipments.

Wamsutter Wyoming was the victim of this latest railroad mishap. Charles MacDonnel is on the scene for a live report.

CLOSE - NORMAN

He looks at the TV picture, a passing glance, but reacts as if hit by a jackhammer. At first, Norman refuses to believe what he is seeing. But there it is again. Norman 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 and waits.

MacDONNEL

Thousands of refugee civilians are flooding the outlying districts spurred on by rumors that the seven tankercars that overturned at the Walkashi Needles junction were filled to capacity with escaping G-M nerve gas.

Minutes before we were forced to evacuate what is being termed as the hot zone. Our binocular cameras took these pictures of the disaster scene.

A super telephoto news camera captures the demolished stiring of tank cars and hundreds of yards of twisted cross timber and rails. And just beyond this sizeable disaster, anchored in a blue mist and rising gently out of the lowlands, we view a uniquely familiar sight. IT IS A ROOTED IN LIFE DUPLICATION OF THE MOUNTAIN THAT

GREENHOUSE HAS CONSTRUCTED IN THE TV ROOM ... TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL BUT MOST TELLING BY ITS TREE TRUNK APPEARANCE AND OTHER TOPOGRAPHICAL TWISTS AND TURNS.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

This mindboggling revelation just about transforms him. He looks again at his own scale model recreation. More energised than dazed, Norman begins to laugh. He cannot stop himself. Grabbing and shaking a can of warm beer, Norman pops the pulltop and toasts his mountain, the foaming spray bathing the caked on mud and causes a minor avalanche.

BACK TO THE TV SCREEN

One last CLOSE UP look to confirm that the mountain is called WAMSUTTER and is as far away as Wyoming.

MATCH CUT

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 on to a conveyer belt. A hand reaches around the strap and it is Norman. 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 TWA boarding gates.

INTERIOR - GREENHOUSE DEN - MACHE MOUNTAIN - DAY

The TELEPHONE is blasting out at the empty room. The miniature Wamsutter Mountain stands alone in all of its makeshift majesty.

INTERIOR - JILLIAN GUILER'S HOUSE - DAY

She is perspiring, out of breath, bedazzled by something as she waits for Norman to answer his phone. It keeps ringing and ringing. Slaming the phone into its cradle, Jillian bends down and picks up a plaid travel bag and bounces out of the room and past her old farmer grandfather who is holding little Barry Guiler on his lap. She kisses the old man and leaves the house. The CAMERA adjusts to include Jillian's watercolors that line the walls. Every painting is about WAMSUTTER MOUNTAIN.

INTERIOR - TWA BOARDING GATE CHECK IN COUNTER - NIGHT

Greenhouse as seen at some distance. A stranger might think that he is carrying a heavy flight insurance policy and a bomb. If ever there was a candidate for flunking the Air Marshal's psychological profile Greenhouse is about to qualify. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a plain clothes security agent watching the check in procedures. He reaches into his pocket and presses a palm sized electronic device.

ANGLE - CHECK IN COUNTER

Unshaven, eyes bloodshot, clothing rumpled, Greenhouse juggles with his ticket and handbag, dropping the bag, then the ticket, then straightening up too fast and stepping on the feet of the lady waiting behind him.

The ticket checker carefully scrutinizes this man just as a red light appears under his computer console. He types something into the computer. It is Norman's full name as written on the ticket to CHEYANNE, WYOMING.

WIDE SHOT - THE BOARDING AREA

Greenhouse is pacing, waiting to board.

P.A. SYSTEM

Mr. Greenhouse. Mr. Norman Greenhouse.
White courtesy telephone.

Greenhouse approaches the telephone when a tall businessman blocks his way.

BUSINESSMAN

Mr. Greenhouse?

GREENHOUSE

(wary)

That's right.

BUSINESSMAN

Airport security would like to steal
two minutes of your time.

INTERIOR - TWA SECURITY HOLDING ROOM

Greenhouse is sitting on a vinyl couch, surrounded by eleven plain clothed Security Marshals and a couple of TWA Stewardesses.

SECURITY #1

Are you being met in Cheyenne Mr. Greenhouse?

GREENHOUSE

(keeps looking at the door)

Sure. My sister is meeting me.

SECURITY #2

Your driver's license expires in two weeks. Were you aware of that?

GREENHOUSE

Of course I'm aware of that. It's my goddamn birthday.

SECURITY #3

Does your wife know you're here?

GREENHOUSE

Look, fellas! I'm clean. No bomb, no contraband, no flight insurance. I don't want your goddamn airplane ... I want where it's going!

SECURITY #4

We're sorry Mr. Greenhouse, but flight number 694 left Cox Municipal Airport on schedule.

(checking his watch)

Six minutes ago.

Norman sinks back into his seat, puts his hands behind his head, and showers the room with a thousand watt smile that seems to say, 'Well, fuck you'.

EXTERIOR - MENS ROOM AT UNITED TERMINAL

Cleanshaver, hair combed back, collar turned out. Greenhouse emerges a new man and walks towards the United check-in counter like Alec Guinness.

EXTERIOR - TARMAC

The United Friendship thunders down the runway and blasts into the Indiana night.

EXTERIOR - HERTZ RENT A CAR GARAGE - MORNING

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

INTERIOR - THE WAGON - DAY

Norman 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 Norman slurps his strawberry milkshake breakfast and with his one free hand outlines travel routes in green pencil. Whistling LEAVING CHEYANNE, Norman pushes the speedometer over the 70 M.P.H. mark.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Greenhouse witnesses the first wave of escaping refugees. A lineup of trucks, jeeps, station wagons and recreational vehicles loaded to the caryop with luggage and incidental belongings pass Norman in the oncoming lanes. Greenhouse fiddles with his car radio and finds some local news.

RADIO

... 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 - ONE HORSE TOWN - DAY

Greenhouse is gassing up at an ARCO STATION. An endless ribbon of automobiles is stalled at the cattle crossing waiting for

Thousands of beef cattle are being herded through town by panicky trail bosses and ranch hands. One major stockholder is directing operations out the rear window of his chauffeur driven Continental Limbusine.

The gas jockey attending to Greenhouse and eight others, marvel at a different spectacle.

GAS JOCKEY

You don't see that everyday.

WHAT HE SEES

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 chauffeured stockholder beet red.

STOCKHOLDER

Get your wooly faggots away from my prime cuts.

SHEEP OWNER

(in a pickup truck)

You spook a single sheep and there will be beef byproducts from here to Jackson hole.

But Greenhouse has fastened on another oddity. On the curb next to the divided highway is a hawk and his stringbean family selling parakeets and canaries to a brisk 'north-south' trade.

HAWKER

(a grandiose spiel)

Deadly X G-M nerve gas is colorless and odorless. When your eyes dialate and your nose begins to run, you're gonna regret not owning one of these early warning systems. When you got bloody discharge from the nose and mouth. When your muscles seize up so'ss you embarrass yourself in your pants, you'll regret not havin' a canary guaranteed to fall off his perch hours before you do.

INTERIOR- NORMAN'S CHEVY WAGON

An hour later, Greenhouse is again on his way. Traffic still passing in the oncoming lane. His radio is on to an all-news station. He turns to study something in the seat next to him. A pair of stupid canaries in a cheap wire cage start singing the pastoral symphony. Norman sniffs the air and touches his nostril to see if it's running.

CLOSE - BIRDS

Locked in a duet.

EXTERIOR - THE END OF THE ROAD - DAY

A major military roadblock. Uniformed soldiers of the Air National Guard form a human cordon across four lanes of interstate highway. Other officious uniformed personnel of the Army Material Command go from car to car, question to question.

Greenhouse parks behind a piggy back camper and gets out to stretch his legs. The young uniformed officer just ahead of him can't shake loose from three intense women in the vehicle up ahead.

WOMAN PROTESTER

We want total detoxification of these gases.

YOUNG OFFICER

The man to talk to is Lt. Colonel O'Neil of the Chemical Corps.

WOMAN PROTESTER

Why in this nuclear age does the U.S. also need chemical and biological weapons? How much is enough?

YOUNG OFFICER

If that doesn't work try the office of Arms Control and Disarmament State Department, Washington D.C.

WOMAN PROTESTER

Is it true that they test these things on prison inmates and conscientious objectors?

YOUNG OFFICER

If that doesn't work try Wyoming's Second District Congressman.

Chop-chop-chop-chop. An Air Force Cargo chopper heads in the direction of the danger zone. Greenhouse shades his eyes and follows its notherly approach when a shadow rises over him and cuts off the view. A lumberjack or a soldier is facing him down.

SOLDIER

You have next of kin in the red zone buddy?

GREENHOUSE

(intimidated by his size)

Sure. My ... sister.

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

SOLDIER

What's her name?

GREENHOUSE

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.

GREENHOUSE

(starting back to the car)
I'll find her.

SOLDIER

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

Greenhouse ducks in his car and starts the motor.

GREENHOUSE

Smith.

SOLDIER

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

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

SOLDIER #2

Another scavenger?

SOLDIER

Sweetheart, I can smell 'em in a hurricane.

EXTERIOR - CITY OF RELIANCE - DAY

The streets are swarming with the homeless and the displaced. Everywhere campers, trailers, are parked in the alleys and along the curb.

HOTEL ROW- GREENHOUSE

Everywhere daybright signs tell him - NO VACANCY. And strangest of all, many of the people are carrying bird cages with parakeets, canaries, lovebirds, cockitills, wild pigeons, to tell them if the gas is spreading.

INTERIOR- HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Greenhouse is loaded for bear. At the cash register he pays for one sleeping bag, one frame and knapsack, a flashlight and a canteen.

PROPRIETOR

You don't wanna be campin' out in this weather. Not this week you don't.

GREENHOUSE

Just how far are we from the train wreck?

PROPRIETOR

Not far enough. My wife heard an Army guy say this gas can be lethal as far as fifty miles from the distribution point. A puff of wind and another five miles; people could be twitchin' all over the streets by morning.

GREENHOUSE

Jesus

A small crowd has gathered to hear this.

PROPRIETOR

Whole tanker load of anthrax and Q-fever upset itself along with all the rest. Now that's just a rumor but it pays to be safe.

The proprietor reaches behind the counter and hefts a box of gas masks, Army issue.

PROPRIETOR

I got a limited supply of these gas masks. Makes you awful ugly but you'll breath a littel easier. Now, the Army wants me to charge you retail rates. That's sixty-five bucks each. But I'm a Navy man myself and got my heart in the right place

EXTERIOR - DIVIDED HIGHWAY - DAY

Greenhouse 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 GI's. Observing them out of the rearview mirror, Norman keeps looking ahead until the jeep is out of sight. He pulls off the road and stops next to the barbed wire fencing. Opening the tailgate, Norman produces a wirecutter. He looks up and down the highway listening for traffic. There is none. Very nervous, Norman approaches the wire fencing and extends the cutters. SNIP! BONG! The fence starts to disintegrate.

EXTERIOR - WIDE OPEN SPACES - DAY

Norman battles the steering wheel. The tires pump over potholes and arroyos. The two canaries huddle together in a corner of the cage, fighting to stay upright on their perch. CRUNCH! Norman's head smashes against the hardtop. THUNK! his chest bumps against the wheel. Just ahead is the stage road. Norman turns onto it and stops, looking over his shoulder back the way he came. The jeep and Army sentrys must be miles away. He checks the canaries for signs of weakening.

CLOSE - CANARIES

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 ROAD INTERSECTION

A modern road sign puts WAMSUTTER MOUNTAIN twenty miles further on. The Chevy wagon shovels dust as it gathers speed for the big plunge ahead.

CLOSE - INSERT - GASOLINE GAUGE

The needle is almost riding on empty.

EXTERIOR - ROADSIDE FOOD AND GAS

Norman is servicing his car. The area is totally deserted. Eerie country western music seeps out of the country store and a deserted Union Pacific dining car called BESSIE'S. Locking off the gasoline pump, Norman moves quickly to the dining car. Along the counter is a pie carousel and beyond the serving area, an old Amana refrigerator rattles through its auto-defrost cycle. Instantly hungry, he attacks the pie counter. His bent for junk food returns. He pockets all sorts of caramels, Mars Bars, Slopokes, Certs from the cash register counter. And in the kitchen he finds a king-sized Hebrew National salami hanging from the ceiling.

ANGLE - CASH REGISTER

He passes it, his mouth full of salami and cheese. A casually delinquent urge seizes him. He balks at the idea at first. Then gently reaches out to open the cash box. Norman presses the NO SALE button. ALARMS GO OFF ALL OVER THE DINER. Besides that, the cash box is empty. Norman runs outside dropping foodstuff from his pockets, bending to retrieve what he can when he sees it.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Freezing the marrow in his bones.

HIS P.O.V.

A tiny meadow lark is 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.

Norman spits out a hunk of salami and clears his mouth. He suddenly remembers about the canaries. He rushes to the car and pulls open the door.

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. And as if all this were too much to handle, a third distraction makes Norman stand away from his car and look down the highway.

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.

Norman watches as one of the helicopters, an Air Force Huey, breaks formation and returns, **HEADING STRAIGHT FOR NORMAN**. Norman looks up through the swirl and shakes his eyes.

WHAT HE SEES

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 Norman below. Norman does not know what to do. So he waves at them. They wave back. Norman reaches into his pocket and takes out a ten dollar bill. He shows it to the hovering machine and points to the gas pump. One of the fliers gives him a 'thumbs up' sign. Then the helicopter spins on its axis and races away, to close the gap with the rest of the squadron.

When the dust settles Norman retracts the gasoline nozzle from his tank and replaces it. He puts the ten dollars on top of the 'low lead' pump and on top of that a small rock. He looks back at the roadside where the meadow lark was. It is gone. Perhaps blown away by the heavy rotor wash.

CLOSE - CANARY CAGE

They seem to have recovered but their nerves are shot. Their little breasts flutter unchecked.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He slips on the gas mask, adjusts the straps in the back. His breathing sounds hollow and metallic. He turns to check the birds.

CLOSE - CANARIES

They take one look at his sloping face and freak.

EXTERIOR - COUNTRY ROAD - LATE DAY

Greenhouse rips the road at ninety miles an hour. He checks and re-checks the canaries because all along the highway is livestock death. Cows and crows. Sheeps and sparrows. An occasional dead rabbit.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He sees something up ahead that pins his ears back and almost makes him whisper ahren.

GREENHOUSE'S P.O.V.

The ragged tree trunk appearance of Wamsutter peak balanced on a downslope of Shasta fir and at the scoured base, the smoking remnants of some railyard disaster. But Greenhouse is still too far away to make out machinery, let alone railroad track. A smile in his eyes fills the gasmask having made it this far - and

Something else is coming his way. A impenetratable wall of four wheeled machinery charges up the road to meet him head on and

ANGLE - WIDE

They are on him before he can do anything. Six crab 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

ANGLE - MEDIC

A golden seldier with Red Cross insignia holds up a small blackboard on which is written: HOW DO YOU FEEL.

Greenhouse rolls down his window and steps out of his car:

GREENHOUSE

If canaries could talk they'd say the
only gas in the air is from you guys
farting around all day.

Another medic has opened the passenger door and removed the bird cage. He walks around the front of the car with ...

ANGLE - CANARIES

The birds are dead on the bottom of the cage.

ANGLE - GREENHOUSE

All at once he is not feeling well. Aided by the tinfoil soldiers, the rear doors of the van open, then close on Norman. Engineering a stylish U-turn, the vehicle motors toward the site of WANSUTTER MOUNTAIN.

EXTERIOR - BASE CAMP - WANSUTTER SITE - LATE DAY

The sun flares, then dips behind the mountains 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. One of the vans pulls to a stop and the rear doors swing wide. Greenhouse is dressed in a life support suit and is whisked away by the two golden medics. A helicopter swoops low and Greenhouse 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 affectionately stamped HOLIDAY INN.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ROOM

A golden medic sits across from Norman. Somehow we get the distinct feeling that the medic is more of a turnkey.

Greenhouse feels ridiculous just sitting and having nothing to say. He smiles at the medic through his facemask. The medic looks away without smiling back.

GREENHOUSE

(chuckling to himself)

Can we smoke in here?

No response.

GREENHOUSE

What do you do if you gotta go tinkle.

No response.

LOUD CLICK! The door to the trailer springs open and another figure in golden protective attire steps in. The young medic is up and out the door in a silvery flash. MR. LACOMBE replaces him in the seat across from Greenhouse. (This is the gentleman who you will recall confiscated film and cameras from the civilians aboard the TWA flight at Cox Municipal early in the schemata).

LACOMBE

We have precious little time so we'll sidetrack the formalities. I'm Robert Lacombe. I need answers from you that are expressly honest, direct, and to the point. Aren't you aware of the dangers to your life by exposing yourself to the toxins in the air?

GREENHOUSE

I chanced it.

LACOMBE

To what end.

GREENHOUSE

(lying)

I was looking for someone ...

LACOMBE

May I ask whom?

GREENHOUSE

.... my sister.

LACOMBE

Did you check the relocation centers first?

GREENHOUSE,

She wasn't there.

LACOMBE

Go on.

GREENHOUSE

The National Guard guy never heard of her.

LACOMBE

Go on.

GREENHOUSE

That's all there is.

LACOMBE

You personally went to each camp ... each relocation facility.

GREENHOUSE

Everyone I could find.

LACOMBE

There are thirteen. Name four of them.

Long pause as Greenhouse looks down at the floor.

GREENHOUSE

Well ... okay ... the town of Reliance.

LACOMBE

Go on.

GREENHOUSE

Have I busted any laws coming here?

LACOMBE

Only if you are Bible prone, Mr. Greenhouse. Attempted suicide is considered cardinal sin by some.

GREENHOUSE

I'm alive. We're talking.

LACOMBE

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

GREENHOUSE

There's nothing wrong with the air.

LACOMBE

(sharply interested)

What makes you say that?

GREENHOUSE

Oh ... just something I happen to know.

Lacombe glares at Norman. He reaches out and opens the trailer door.

LACOMBE

Why don't you remove your mask and make a liar out of me.

Norman 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 Norman shows doubt. In seconds he sifts through everything that has happened to him ... and samples defeat at all the sorrowful alternatives.

Lacombe closes and locks the door. He next dips into a manilla envelope and produces a dozen color polaroids ... each shows a face through the facemask of a life support suit.

LACOMBE

(carefully displaying the
pics)

Friends of yours?

Lacombe carefully scrutinizes Norman who remains the stoic throughout.

There is a knock at the door. Lacombe rushes through his routine. He removes a heavy sheet of poster paper and unravels it. Turning it toward Norman, careful to note his reaction.....

CLOSE - PAINTING

A watercolor of WAMSUTTER MOUNTAIN. Exactly as it really exists. This is a skilled lifelike rendering, the only incongruity existing in the sky overhead where three yellow suns have been included.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

The instinctual implanted reaction . Norman is drawn into the watercolor.

CLOSE - LACOMBE

Is it possible ... this man is smiling.

LACOMBE

Good boy, Norman.

The knocking at the door persists. A KEY is heard in the lock.

LACOMBE

Just wait.

Lacombe half unfolds a second painting but the door swings wide and two golden chemical engineers step inside and help Norman to his feet.

CHEMICAL ENGINEER #1

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

LACOMBE

(sorely disappointed)
Right this minute?

CHEMICAL ENGINEER #1

Even sooner.

EXTERIOR - HOLIDAY INN TRAILER - DUSK

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

LACOMBE

(to the two engineers)
Don't let him leave until I see
Wild Bill.

CHEMICAL ENGINEER #2

That's okay by me. All we gotta do is
stick him on board.

Lacombe goes to the cockpit and waves his arms, shouting through his suit.

LACOMBE

Five minutes - !

The pilot knows Lacombe and shrugs his helplessness pointing to his headsets, indicating that is where his orders are coming from.

Lacombe persists in a five-finger exercise until the pilot nods despite himself and Lacombe hops toward a small quanset hut where a Cadillac Limousine is parked.

CLOSE - HELICOPTER DOOR

A gloved hand slides it open - nine faces look out at us. The snapshot faces. Norman steps inside and joins the party.

INTERIOR - QUANSET HUT HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

A battery of twelve inch color monitors show the Union Pacific derailment and the emergency activity surrounding it. WILD BILL WALSH is speaking at the 'box' phone when Lacombe barges in. He has a slightly monotonous drawl that reminds us of those ground control voices at the Houston Space Center.

LACOMBE

The field spotters found another gate crasher.

WILD BILL

(he is not pleased)

That makes what, ten?

LACOMBE

You have to send them back. I won't argue with you. I'm going with them.

Wild Bill lines him up in his sights.

WILD BILL

Horseshit - !

LACOMBE

An hour ago I was sure it was a suicide club. But I've talked with these people now and none of them know each other. That's a hard fact.

WILD BILL

You're not a brain surgeon. You're a hell of a P.R. man and that doesn't stand for Psychological Reckoning.

LACOMBE

Three exhibits.

Lacombe removes two watercolors and a palm sized two dimensional soap carving of WAMSUTTER MOUNTAIN. He places articles on Wild Bill's desk.

LACOMBE

Each rendering has one thing in common. It was crafted by people who never saw or heard of Wamsutter Mountain before last night. This is remarkable! Aboard that helicopter right now are ten strangers who have had a thought, a vision implanted in their memory - for some of them it changed their lives. All that was left was the thought of this place - this mountain and a driving sense of belonging. Now take the odds - for every person aboard that helicopter - how many others in your country have also been touched in some way, but for countless reasons could not be here tonight. How many implantees missed the 7:00 news and never made the psychic connection.

WILD BILL

This isn't respectable science - it's horseshit psychology.

LACOMBE

It's a sociological event - !

WILD BILL

(gesturing around the room)
What do you call all this?

LACOMBE

Whatever it is ... I think they were invited. I think they belong. I think witnesses beyond our classified ranks are being requested tonight.

Wild Bill considers this. He shakes his head and starts out of the hut.

EXTERIOR - HUT

Two transport helicopters fly overhead. They are carrying a Goodhew Ambulance in each of their heavy duty slings. Reaching toward the mountain, they soon descend to the other side revealing for the first time a rather unusual formation of puffy white clouds, drifting with the prevailing winds.

WILD BILL

It's starting to cloud up. There is very little time left. Take down their names and addresses and have yourself a backyard seminar when it's over.

100

INTERIOR - HUEY HELICOPTER - DUSK

No one talks. So Norman does the most courageous act of his life. He starts to unsnap the sealing fasteners which connect his breathing helmet to his body suit. With each POPPING SOUND others watch until every eye is glued on Norman's activity. Norman pulls hard and his helmet slides over his ears. He pushes his hair back and takes a breath. The others are horrified. He breaths again. As suddenly, fingers are at work and JILLIAN GUILER shakes out her tumble down hair and waits for the worst.

JILLIAN
(still astonished from
seeing Norman)
Remember me?

GREENHOUSE
(amazed)
What the hell are you doing here?

CLOSE - RUSSEL COOK

His headgear comes off revealing a man in his early sixties.

CLOSE - COLLIN O'CONNOR

Hat in hand, a Bull Irish character who at first holds his breath, then samples the air with tiny snorts until he breaths easier.

CLOSE - BESSIE & IRA FOGELSON

Husband and wife. Really old. Maybe late seventies. Ira is terminally ill with cancer.

CLOSE - THE FINAL FOUR

Two men and two women follow suit. They are the last to concede and like most everyone else, are late middle age and desperate in appearance. Some are perhaps terminally ill, others display a shell-shock appearance at having been socially dislocated for perhaps years. They never make eye contact, and are on the down side of physical exhaustion. Only Jill, Collin the Irishman, and Norman seem to have any spit left.

EXTERIOR - HUEY HELICOPTER

Wild Bill MacLaughlin signals for the helicopter pilot to increase his rotor pitch and get out of here.

LACOMBE

(yelling at Wild Bill)
You will never reach Nirvana standing
on your head.

CLOSE - ROTOR BLADES

They approach high R.P.M.'s

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He wheels on the gathering and shouts above the noise.

GREENHOUSE

Who's for staying - !

Jill raises her hand. Collin raises his. And Bessie & Ira wave theirs

GREENHOUSE

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

Suddenly the door slides closed behind him. Greenhouse desperately uses his arm as a door jam and the SOUND OF SPLINTERING BONE overrides the engine whirr. Norman screams in pain and the medic opens the door to find everyone without protective helmets. His eyes widen and he looks over at Wild Bill and Lacombe.

MEDIC

SIR - !

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

GREENHOUSE

(to the gathering)
NOW - ! RUN FOR THE MOUNTAIN - !

Greenhouse strikes out and smashes the medic in the neck with his foot. Lacombe and Wild Bill turn just in time to see this and

Greenhouse, Jillian and Collin vault over the fallen soldier sprinting toward the heavy timber brush 300 yards uphill at the base of Wamsutter Mountain. Ira and Bessie hobble after them with no chance of escape. Wild Bill runs to the helicopter and sees the five remaining travelers, each without their helmets. He slams the metal door and spins on Lacombe.

WILD BILL

Oh horseshit, have we got problems - !

ANGLE - OPEN FIELD - STEEP GRADE

Norman falls to the ground holding his broken shoulder giving Collin and Jillian time to catch up.

GREENHOUSE

(through gritted teeth)

Hi ya. Name's Norman.

COLLIN

Collin.

GREENHOUSE

(out of shape)

We can't stay here. Go on to the tree line and wait for me there.

(to Jillian)

Are you following me?

JILLIAN

I got here before you did, remember?

They obey without a moments hesitation. Norman, catching his breath looks back over his shoulder to the Chemical Salvage Operations below .

CLOSE - WILD BILL

Looking at the tree line through binoculars. In the background three helicopters rise vertically, each testing its powerful Quartz-Iodide searchlights. About a dozen special forces units load their ordanances with 7.62 Nato round ball ammunition. They carry Gas operated semi-automatic M-14's with M-2 infrared sniper sites.

WILD BILL

(to Lacombe)

Were you able to get a composite credibility index?

LACOMBE

No sir, there wasn't enough time.

WILD BILL

I want those three off the mountain by midnight. That's not a lot of time either, but you've bought it.

Two way speaker phone is placed next to Lacombe and Wild Bill and a voice crackles out at them.

VOICE

Major MacLaughlin.

WILD BILL

(he stiffens)

Yes sir. Speaking sir.

VOICE.

In situations that at first glance seem hopeless, we must extract the 'signal' from the 'noise'.

WILD BILL

We are doing just that.

VOICE

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

Wild Bill makes a face as if to say, give me some credit.

VOICE

I want to know how they circumvented our security blanket.

LACOMBE

I can answer that sir.

VOICE

Is that Lacombe?

LACOMBE

Do you recall the Lakenheath and Texas-Oklahoma cases? Sixteen individuals from different walks of life, from sixteen separate areas of residence, all sharing the same implanted memory, showed up at our sky watch operations in 1964. The same thing is happening in the Wamsutter site.

VOICE

(a pause, then ...)

Wait one. I have an incoming.

(speaking on another phone)

Yes sir.

Wild Bill nods knowingly and crinkles with satisfaction. Everybody has a boss around here.

The helicopters have taken off and the special forces team is already running fully equipped into the field.

VOICE

Okay Wild Bill. Here's the score at the half. We want a verifiable explanation for the leak in security. We are assuming that the principals in question here are out of adjustment and won't listen to reason. If they are not off the mountain by 0800 hours - dust the entire northern face with G-E two eleven. It's fast acting, extremely local, and should detoxify in several hours. Oversee operation yourself and keep us informed.

LACOMBE

(sickened)

Don't do this. They belong here more than we do.

WILD BILL

It wasn't my idea, this front line research experiment. You siphoned air into a perfect strategic vacuum. It's your dirty laundry - not mine.

UP ANGLE - WAMSUTTER - NIGHT

Through the fir trees the top of Wamsutter's peak stands out against the full moon. From this perspective it appears insurmountable.

Below it, three weary travelers trudge up 38 degrees of loose topsoil and pine needles. They can see their way clear until a cloud covers the moon.

THE VISUAL QUALITY OF NIGHT BECOMES TOO DARK TO REGISTER.

Jillian walks into a tree and slides down to its roots, losing precious yards before catching a hold of some undergrowth. Collin also stumbles and falls. Norman HEARING this stops dead in his tracks and watches the sky.

P.O.V. - WAMSUTTER PEAK

THE MOON SLIPS OUT OF THE CLOUD AND THE AREA IS AGAIN DISCERNABLE.

Suddenly, the trio of helicopters light up the uppermost region of the mountain top and begin to manuever in and out of hard to see areas.

COLLIN

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

GREENHOUSE

(pointing)

Do you see that notch in the mountain?

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

GREENHOUSE

We can probably make that in an hour and a half.

COLLIN

Not in the dark. Not with so many clouds covering the moon.

GREENHOUSE

We'll rest in the dark - and make double time in the moonlight. We'll pace ourselves. Let the clouds decide how long it'll take.

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

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

GREENHOUSE

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.

COLLIN

What do you think is on the other side?

GREENHOUSE

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

JILLIAN

I never imagined that. I'd just color the one side.

COLLIN

Same here.

GREENHOUSE

Next time, try sculpture.

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

GREENHOUSE

(has to tear himself away)

Double time. C'mon.

EXTERIOR - EIVOWAC AREA AND HELOPAD - NIGHT

A clutch of Army engineers relay ten gallon stainless steel canisters of nerve gas 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.

CLOSE - A SNIPERSCOPE

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

WHAT THE INFRARED SEES

Multiple swirls of color. Organic heat-giving matter registers a bright orange and red. A thousand birds sleep in the branches of hundreds of fir trees. The faint luminosity makes the solarized trees look like Christmas.

TIMBER LINE - SOLDIERS

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

ANGLE - THE PLATEAU SUMMIT

The moon is masked by a thick cloud.

ANGLE - STEEP TERRAIN

All at once, Greenhouse, Collin and Jillian fall to the ground, exhausted, breathless.

COLLIN

I hope it's a big cloud.

Both Jillian and Norman are silhouettes against the faint quality of a moonless night.

GREENHOUSE

What made you come here?

JILLIAN

Uh-uh. You're asking me to reach back a long way. I've come too far for that.

Her face glows again from the moonlight.

WIDE ANGLE

Casting faint shadows, the group picks up where they left off running wildly for the notch at the summit.

THROUGH INFRARED SCOPE

Three red figures running uphill against a royal blue background. It is only a deer.

THE SOLDIER

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. I'd need three times the ground force to cover this whole mountain in one hour.

WILD BILL'S VOICE.

(after a pause, he continues grimly)

Be advised you will return to base-line at once. That means hauling-A the other way.

CLOSE - WILD HILL

He speaks to an aid who snaps to.

WILD BILL

Get everybody off the northern face. Call the dark side of the moon and tell 'em we're proceeding with extreme prejudice.

Wild Bill lights a Havana, then watches the wooden match burn slowly toward his fingers. Just as it is about to singe, the SOUNDS of propeller blades put out the flame. Rotor-wash slicks back his hair and he looks towards

CLOSE - LACOMBE

He is sitting with five other nondescript Proctor and Gamble types in the black Cadillac limousine. He reaches a hand out the window and gives Wild Bill the thumbs up sign.

CLOSE - WILD BILL

Gives Lacombe the finger.

CLOSE - LACOMBE

Suddenly, the car he sits in starts to rise vertically ... going higher and higher until the sling is visible and the helicopter transporting it. Lacombe rolls up the window as the Cadillac makes a mid-air starboard turn and heads toward the other side of the mountain.

MOVING ANGLE - THE TRIO

Stumbling, sometimes crawling, they torture themselves in an intuitive race against time.

ANGLE - WILD BILL

He points to an Army engineer who in turn gives the dual thumbs up to

WHIP PAN takes the angle to the Huey Assault chopper. It lifts vertically and pivots toward its mission. The six death canisters sparkling in the moonlight.

RUNNING ANGLE - GREENHOUSE

Holding his injured arm, he digs into the mountain, his expression indicating that their goal is in sight.

CLOSE - JILLIAN

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

CLOSE - COLLIN

Collin is in such poor physical condition that he trails them by fifty yards. He stops to catch his breath, but changes his mind and races after them.

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

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

ANGLE - GREENHOUSE & JILLIAN

Already they can hear the distant rotor-blades when the mountain is plunged into darkness as the moon hides from them. They stop and look back for Collin.

GREENHOUSE

It's just up aways. C'mon.

COLLIN'S VOICE

(panting hard)

No wait ... the deal was ... the clouds decide.

The chopper SOUND grows louder by the second.

GREENHOUSE

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

COLLIN'S VOICE

Fuck 'em ... so what's he gonna do .. land on me?

CLOSE - TREE TOPS

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

ANGLE - THE SKY

The moon is taking its time, teasing the tip of the meandering cloud and

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE & JILLIAN

Slowly moonlight begins to play on their faces. They turn and break into a final headlong crawl for the top.

ANGLE - COLLIN

Slowly stands up and brushes himself off. Even now the light of the helicopter is closing in over Collin's shoulder.

COLLIN

(groaning to himself)

What am I doing here?

GREENHOUSE'S P.O.V. - THE SUMMIT

It is only fifty yards uphill. A carpet of loose bedrock welcomes them. Norman 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.

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 Norman.

GREENHOUSE

NO - ! STAY THERE - ! STAY THERE - !

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

Jillian extends her hand ... and waits.

Norman pouring it on ... he reaches out with his.

CLOSE - COLLIN

He couldn't care less. He is walking. The helicopter is so close it totally outlines him in a corona of light. Collin seems to be gesturing ... 'just go around me'.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE & JILLIAN

Their hands unite together and they fight the loose bedrock toward the notch summit - the pearchlight just now outlining their strobing shapes, and

CLOSE - CCLLIN

The assault chopper zooms over him and in a blast of after-wash that musses his hair and clothing. He continues to walk and probably doesn't even notice that his head is involuntarily twitching to one side.

ANGLE - THE SUMMIT

Norman 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 Norman lose their footing and start to coast down on the seat of their pants.

ANGLE - SLIDING

It is a wild ride. They spin, bump, revolve around each other all the 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 Norman and Jillian and prevents them from resting.

HEAVY BRAMELED AREA

Leading the way, Norman 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.

P.O.V.

And the light grows steadily brighter ... the deep growth beginning to thin out. Always that glow just a few yards further and

CLOSE- GREENHOUSE

Ripping his way along, groaning and wheezing and challenging the pain.

TRAVELING P.O.V.

A headlong advance against a latticework of woods 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 outcrop plateau and

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE & JILLIAN

Cheeks almost touching they peek over the edge and look down upon ...

FLOOR OF THE BOX CANYON

The area of exact size and artificially flattened to three-hundred yards east-west, two hundred north-south. Powerful working lights from stadium sized steel poles illuminate the entire box canyon region, projecting multiple shadows from the over three-hundred ground personnel who busy themselves in a variety of technological functions. It resembles a sandlot football field. There are dozens of vertical lines, like a carefullyprogrammed mathematical grid. Nobody seems to dare walk in this area. A cordon of ambulances and several mobile home trailers outline the east facing perimeters. Along the west facing sideline is Tent City. Scattered within both end zones are many tons worth of stainless steel scientific hardware. It resembles a stockpile of second wave reinforcements from a joint Army-Air Force assault operation.

CLOSER ANGLE

No less than a thousand cameras form a line fifty yards wide. Ten men wander back and forth making updated judgements. An industrial high-speed 35mm motion picture device is readied just a few yards further down the line. It has the capability of spinning off 3000 frames per second.

CLOSER ANGLE

Two spectrometers and a photoelectrical camera resembling big bazookas encased in cement and piloted by a couple of men smoking cigarettes in white shirts with their sleeves rolled up. 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 - GREENHOUSE

He can't digest this as his eyes chug-a-lug the jigsaw layout fifty yards below.

BOX CANYON OPERATION

Six workers hard carry three Yamaha moog synthesizers thirty yards onto the restricted playing field, wires and extension cords trailing behind them. A simple econoline van starts up and follows them out. Its rear doors are opened and ten Concord outdoor speakers are removed.

A balding white collar worker flips a switch and plays several notes. He is encouraged by light applause and breaks into a corny rendition of MOON RIVER. A voice shouts at him criticizing his abilities and scattered laughter is heard. The music stops.

A gentle chime is 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.

CLOSE - JILLIAN AND GREENHOUSE

They turn around and look at the sky also.

THE NIGHT SKY

Planets, 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 and forming the most popular of all constellations, THE BIG DIPPER.

APPLAUSE is HEARD from the assembly in the box canyon area and

THE NIGHT SKY

The BIG DIPPER formation tips over, handle forward until an aurora of color seems to spill out of it like celestial milk.

AHHS AND OOHS can be HEARD from the box canyon area. It's just like a half time show.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Uncertain whether he is awake or dreaming. A lonely cloud is escorted to an area of sky directly overhead. Two fast moving points of light begin to revolve around it until the cloud is set swirling. Other points of color join the swirling vapors and begin to backlight it. The cloud soon resembles the Catherine wheel of the 'near' spiral nebulae that astronomers will recognize from Messier 51 (M51) in the

constellation Canes Venatici. A single point of light takes up a position within the outer spiral arm and commences blinking on and off perhaps indicating 'home'.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE & JILLIAN

Jillian begins to visibly tremble. Greenhouse is struck down with wonder. Visible in the distance between them are a formation of three blazing orange lights. They are flying dangerously low and will pass overhead in seconds. Greenhouse & Jillian turn to see them and duck low in the grass as their images overexpose and meld from the 'search-light' intensity of the descending globes until we feel that a collision is eminent. But that is not the case here. Instead, the trio of luminescent machines descends toward the box canyon valley and hover twenty feet overhead.

The two cement encased spectrometers begin producing computerized print outs as if linked in communication. The objects run through the color spectrum from ultra-violet to infra-red. We hear engineers VOICE from the area around the spectrometers. He is shouting toward the musician-engineer who has taken a seat behind the Yamaha synthesizer.

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 IS IN HIS THIRTIES, FRENCH AND RESEMBLES WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. IT IS HIS JOB TO INTERPRET THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE INTO MUSICAL STATEMENTS.

JEAN CLAUDE

(to musician behind organ)

Four-sixteenths plural on five. Four-eighths 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.

ALL AT ONCE THE GLOBES COMPLY AND SHIFT THEIR COLOR SPECTRUM BACK THE OTHER WAY, PAUSING ON RED, YELLOW AND DAYLIGHT WHITE, UNTIL THE ENTIRE FOOTBALL FIELD IS EVENTUALLY BATHED IN ULTRA-VIOLET. ANYONE WEARING A WHITE SHIRT IS GLOWING IN THE 'BLACK LIGHT'.

Something else is coming down from the sky. They are the size and shape of ice cubes but radiate such intense light that everyone in the field must put on heavy polaroid glasses. About three hundred of these brilliant cubes descend in a feather light rush and perform simply amazing three dimension feats. They brainstorm the gathering. They swoop together in a flaming pyramid of light, create a swirling vortex out of which pours luminescent dust; smaller pinpoint sized cubes that settle over everything like fireflies on a hot summer evening. The lighted dust settles on everyone's head and shoulders and commences twinkling while the larger cubes outline the valley arena in a configuration that reminds us of landing lights at major airports. BLINK- BLINK- BLINK. The cubes go from hot red to ultra violet to orange. It's like a signal. TINK-TINK-TINK. The lighted dandruff in people's hair and on their clothing changes hue from white to blue to bright orange and starts a slow fade.

Area 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. Microscope cameras have been set up and some of these specks are being photographed on the dirt play field.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE & JILLIAN

Like everyone else down below, there is lighted dust on their fingers and in their hair. Greenhouse is delirious with discovery. He cups his hands as, one by one, the pinpoints dissolve into nothing.

MACRO INSERT - GREENHOUSE'S HANDS

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 Norman'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.

THREE MUSICAL SOUNDS BLARE DOWN FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE SKY.

The musical engineer imitates the sky tones. A computer van behind him introduces a young floor manager who runs sheet music back and forth. He gives the musical engineer four bars of something else to play. Heavy decisions are originating from inside that computer van. The musical engineer reads the notes and plays them outright on the key board. The Concord speakers broadcast the earthly sounds. Immediately, a diamond formation of egg shaped self luminescent objects start to descend, twirling and changing color along the way.

ANGLE - GREENHOUSE AND JILLIAN

Greenhouse must get closer. He starts to climb down the lip of the

plateau ridge but Jillian stops him.

JILLIAN

They'll see you.

GREENHOUSE

Watch me. Step where I step. C'mon.

JILLIAN

It's good from here.

GREENHOUSE

It isn't enough.

GREENHOUSE STARTS TO LOWER HIMSELF. It's a ten foot drop to another grassy outcropping. He chances it and lets go. Greenhouse falls awkwardly, flopping down on his back and biting off a scream from his already injured right arm.

VERY CLOSE SHOT

Lacombe steps from the computer van. He puts on a sun screen pair of glasses and looks into the 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 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.

EXACTLY ON CUE THE DIAMOND FORMATION OF OBJECTS STAND ON END AND "FLUTTER" TOWARD THE GROUND LIKE FALLING LEAVES.

Lacombe looks around him. The cameras are tracking and shooting. Lacombe smiles. He is exhausted. He smiles again - about fifteen year worth. CAMERA PANS to an upright ice bucket and a magnum of Nums Champagne.

ANGLE - BATTERY OF CAMERAS CLICKING AWAY

An operator looks down at his arms. All of the hair is standing on end. Static electricity crackles through the mild humidity.

ANGLE - LINE UP OF TECHNICIANS

Watching through sun goggles they can feel their skin crawling. The HAIR ON TOP OF THEIR HEADS STANDS ERECT AND BENDS IN THE PRECISE DIRECTION OF THE EGG SHAPED OBJECTS AS THEY CIRCLE OVERHEAD.

ANGLE - CAMERA TECHNICIAN

He is in charge of three hundred sensitive auto driven industrial cameras but still has time to steal a personal photo with his store bought Kodak Instamatic.

ANGLE - GREENHOUSE

Climbing down the box canyon. Slipping. Back peddling. Edging along a narrow split in the mountain.

FOUR DELIGHTFUL CHIMES ARE HEARD FROM THE OVERHEAD SKIES.

CLOSE - WILD BILL

He steps from the computer van and hands a piece of paper to Jean Claude.

JEAN CLAUDE

(reading out loud)

Sixteenth rest. Three-sixteenth plural
on 5-1-7. Eighth on three.

ANGLE - MUSICAL ENGINEER

He nods and replays the notes once to himself, then with the speakers turned full on for everyone to hear. HE STRIKES THE KEYS.

THE CUBOIDS that are acting as landing co-ordinants once again change color to a white magnesium intensity.

EVERYBODY TENSES UP AND LOOKS SKYWARD.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Almost to the valley flats he pauses in the harsh glow and looks towards the east rim of the box canyon cliffs.

A SUN IS RISING OVER THE LIP OF WAMSUTTER CANYON. A FIRE-ORANGE OBJECT AT LEAST FIFTY YARDS LONG CREEPS HIGHER STILL

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He gasps at its size and brilliance.

ANGLE - MANY FACES

The orange light spilling over onto everyone waiting below. And a hush thickens over many of the assembled.

WAMSUTTER CANYON RIM

The orange crescent continues to rise until we are finally aware that there is more here that meets the eye.

THE FIRE ORANGE OBJECT IS ONLY A DOME PROTRUTION RESTING ON TOP OF A SUPER STRUCTURE THAT MUST BE TWO HUNDRED YARDS IN DIAMETER. IT IS AN ODD BALL TYPE OF MACHINE THAT RESEMBLES NOTHING EVER REPORTED TO THE PRESS OR SCI-FI BUFFS. DOCTOR ZEUSS COULD HAVE DESIGNED IT FOR ALL OF ITS COLORFUL ECCENTRICITIES. LIGHT BEAMS STAB DOZENS OF YARDS IN EVERY DIRECTION FROM A THOUSAND PORT LIKE OPENINGS. PARTY LIGHTS REVOLVE AROUND ITS DUTCH PERIMETERS. DOZENS OF STROBE DEVICES STING THE EYES. IT IS SUCH A TASTELESS, BIZZARE AND IMPOSSIBLE DEVICE THAT IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE IT SHOULD BE REAL. LET ALONE CAPABLE OF FLYING.

WILD BILL

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.

ANGLE - FIELD WORKERS

They watch with a rare assortment of incredulous expressions. One man seems to be crying. Others step backwards as this flying carnival cartwheels over the box canyon and gets ready to set itself down in the middle of the concourse.

THE CUBOIDS that act as landing co-ordinants again change color. This time a hazy blue. THE MOTHER SHIP acknowledges by imitating the criss-cross blue light pattern all along her underbelly. Once again, the cuboids re-set. A different value and configuration all together. The MOTHER SHIP follows suit and SOUNDLESSLY begins a perfect clear air approach.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Having arrived at the bottom of the canyon. He is watching all of this only fifty feet behind the first row of scientific personnel.

Even as MOTHER SHIP is touching down her external P.A. system sings out a short melodic arrangement.

Jean Claude is breathless and hardly able to speak but smiles through his adrenalin rush at Wild Bill and Lacombe.

JEAN CLAUDE

It's a beautiful hello like Mozart.

WILD BILL

Hello them back like Merle Haggard.

JEAN CLAUDE

(to musician engineer)

Four-six-one-four. Repeat the tone row twice.

The musician nods and with trembling hands repeats the greeting we just heard in a minor key. Repeats it again.

ANGLE - GREENHOUSE

He is careful not to be seen but wants desperately to get a closer look. He starts forward nonchalantly. A hundred frozen human heads still block his view.

DUST is rising in a 15 foot circle and a technician steps into the area to investigate. He takes a short bounce on the balls of his feet and as if on a trampoline, sails seven feet in the air.

TECHNICIAN

Got a negative gravity zone ... about 30%.

Instruments and gauges are rushed to the spot to probe, measure and document.

ALL AT ONCE THE CUBOIDS ARE ON THE MOVE.

They form a straight line and enter the MOTHER SHIP through an unseen opening. All is still. Nobody even dares move a muscle. The quiet grows unnerving. BLASTING FROM THE MOTHER SHIP COME FIVE MUSICAL TONES.

And everybody just about jumps out of their clothes.

CLOSE - INSIDE THE COMPUTER VAN

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.

WILD BILL
(out of the corner of
his mouth)
I thought we went through all that.

Lacombe shrugs. He looks to Jean Claude. Jean Claude shrugs and looks to the musician engineer.

JEAN CLAUDE
Repeat the tone row. Four-six-one-four.

The Yamaha beats back the simple greeting.

BLASTING OUT OF THE FLASHING MOTHER SHIP COMES ANOTHER SERIES OF NOTES THIS TIME IN INTERVALS AND RHYTHM.

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.

WILD BILL
Give it back to them. Note for note.

The musician at the Yamaha 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.

ANGLE - THE MOTHER SHIP

All is still. BLASTING FROM THE MOTHER SHIP AGAIN COMES THE SAME NOTES

LACOMBE
(to Yamaha musician)
Again. Turn up your volume.

The Yamaha returns the volley of music.

THE MOTHER SHIP REPEATS HERSELF EVEN BEFORE YAMAHA IS FINISHED.

LACOMBE
Go on and jam.

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 jaming.

Everything stops - ! You could hear someone swallow. The Yamaha musician looks over his shoulder for instructions. He is shining with sweat.

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 leg 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 - GREENHOUSE

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 a posterboard with TWO HUNDRE SNAPSHOTS OF PEOPLE'S FACES. He speed scans the photos.

SPEED SCANNER

Charles Taylor, U.S.N. Hijacked December
5th, 1945, south of Chicken Shoals, Bermuda.

WIDE ANGLE - THE MEETING

Wild Bill steps forward to greet the man.

TAYLOR

(extending his handshake)

Flight Leader Charles Taylor, United
States Navy.

WILD BILL

Captain W.B. Walsh, United States
Tactical Intelligence. 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.

Wild Bill 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 VERITABLE EXODUS OF HUMANS COME POURING OUT OF THE MOTHER SHIP AND INTO THE WYOMING EVENING.

THE MOTHER SHIP REPEATS HER TONE POEM. THE YAMAHA 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 Wild Bill while
shaking hands)

They haven't even aged. Einstein was right!

WILD BILL

(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 - GREENHOUSE

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 Goodhew Ambulance. One young flyer stops by the license plate.

YOUNG FLYER

This is a joke right?

CLOSE - LACOMBE

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 hands enter the shot and press adhesive tape over the year.

LACOMBE & WILD BILL

WILD BILL

You can take down your nudie calenders.
Recorded history starts right here.

But Lacombe is watching something beyond Wild Bill.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

Norman wanders by a large tent and peeks in.

INTERIOR - TENT - GREENHOUSE'S P.O.V.

A Catholic Priest is administering last rites to a group a nine young men wearing hospital type angel robes. Twenty more similarly clad boys are sitting on wooden benches with their heads bowed in thought, prayer or meditation.

THE SOUND OF REVING HELICOPTERS ROTORS OVERRIDES THE CEANTING OF LAST RITES.

ANGLE - GREENHOUSE

He ducks out of the tent and bumps into Lacombe who has been standing right behind him.

LACOMBE

(paternally)

What is it you want Norman?

Greenhouse is not startled by him. He gives no indication of looking for a way to escape. He simply smiles up at Lacombe and says in the ingenuous manner:

GREENHOUSE

I want to know that it's really happening.

FIVE TONIC CHORDS BLAST OUT FROM THE MOTHER SHIP. Lacombe and Greenhouse turn.

HIGH ANGLE - ALL

Something else is coming out of the carnival craft.

TINY HUMANOID IMAGES COLLECT IN THE BLINDING THRESHOLD OF THE MOTHER SHIP. THEY CAST LONG NIGHTMAREFISH SHADOWS OVER THE HUMAN GATHERING AS THEIR NUMBERS INCREASE TO PERHAPS A HUNDRED.

The Yamaha 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 he starts to play the sometimes melodic communique.

The blinding threshold is jammed with the tiny occupants.

The Americans wait thirty yards outside.

It looks like a standoff until the Yamaha music eases and the MOTHER SHIP responds with three simple BLASTS. It is like the starters whistle at the Olympic Games.

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 'UP TIGHT' 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 IN FEAR. THEY ARE PURSUED BY THE CURIOUS OCCUPANTS WHO CAN MOVE WITH FLUID LIGHTNING SPEED. NOBODY EVER GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THE UFONAUTS - THE MOTHER SHIP IS TOO BRIGHT AND THEY ARE IN SILHOUETTE IN MOST PART. 'CREATURE 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 SHOULD BE BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND DISTURBING TO WATCH. A FEW PEOPLE CONNECTED WITH THE BEHAVIORIAL SCIENCES ARE TOUCHING BACK AND WHEN THIS HAPPENS, THE OCCUPANTS SEEM TO PERK AND SWOON.

CRATES OF COCA-COLA ARE OPENED BY MEMBERS OF THE WARY GROUND CREW AND AS THOUGH THE DINNER BELL WERE RUNG, DOZENS OF OCCUPANTS GATHER AROUND. ONE BRAVE CREW WORKER POPS THE PULLTOP 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.

ANGLE - TENT

Those twenty young men in their angel robes and carrying duffle bags parade bravely out of the tent heading toward the MOTHER SHIP.

They pass a frightened Priest who is on his knees genuflecting his salvation. THREE TINY OCCUPANTS CAN BE SEEN JUST BEYOND HIM IMITATING HIS EVERY PIOUS GESTURE IN PERFECT UNISON.

ANGLE - LACOMBE

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.

CLOSE - GREENHOUSE

He is smiling back. CAMERA PULLS AWAY revealing that Greenhouse is wearing an angel robe and marching toward THE MOTHER SHIP with the twenty young volunteers. WE HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM SO BLISSFULLY RESOLVED AT ONCE, THE TINY OCCUPANTS FORM A CORDON AND STOP THE TWENTY ASTRONAUTS FROM ENTERING THE MOTHER SHIP. A GAGGLE OF NEW OCCUPANTS SURROUND GREENHOUSE AND ESCORT HIM TOWARD THE ASTHEDELIN BRIGHT OPENING TO BE THE FIRST ON BOARD.

SOUND TRACK - MUSIC

We hear the original 10'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.

ANGLE - MOTHER SHIP

The inside light burns brighter and brighter as one after another the twenty volunteers disappear into the brilliant opening.

GREENHOUSE TURNS BACK ONE LAST TIME AND LOOKS UP TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE.

JIMMINY 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

Greenhouse disappears into the MOTHER SHIP as the occupants touch and brush and caress each other and everybody.

CHORUS

Angels high - she brings to those who love
- the sweet fulfillment of their secret
longings.

HIGH ATOP WAMSUTTER RIDGE

JILLIAN STANDS NOW. She looks down at the playful, loving, frightened chaos and feels some of the fulfillment She raises a minox camera and takes the most important photograph in the history of the world!

JIMMINY CRICKET

Like a boat out of the blue ...
Fate steps in and sees you through ...
When you wish upon a star your dreams ...
come ... true.

ROLL END CREDITS ... AND REPRIS OF SONG OVER FIFTEEN HIGH
RESOLUTION COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF JILLIAN'S "INDISPUTABLE PROOF".