

(Cont'd)

DAVID
(to himself)
That's some stick!

75 (Cont'd)

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - JILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

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

INTERIOR - JILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - HOLIDAY INN - DUSK

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

INTERIOR - HOLIDAY INN - DUSK

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

HALLWAY

Move with Laughlin as he hurries to another room.

SECOND ROOM

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

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

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

LAUGHLIN

Monsieur Lacombe...

(Lacombe rubs his eyes)

The trucks are rolling.

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

LAUGHLIN

Congratulations...

They shake hands. Laughlin leaves.

ON THE BALCONY

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

EXTERIOR - A WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES - DUSK

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

INT. & EXT. House & Kitchen

77 x

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

RONNIE

(aside to Toby)

Go tell your father dinner's
almost ready.

Toby hesitates - just stands there.

RONNIE

Please, Toby, tell your father.

(into phone)

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

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

RONNIE

(cont'd)

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

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

TOBY'S VOICE

Dad...Dad.

DOWNSHOT - AT THE BOTTOM OF A LADDER

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

(Cont'd)

TOBY

Mom's got dinner ready.
Dad...

77 (Cont'd)

NEARY'S P.O.V.

The sky is dusted with starlight.

CLOSE - NEARY

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

ANGLE - NEXT DOOR

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

INT. NEARY DEN - LATE DUSK

78

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

NEARY
it's not right.

INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT

A78

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

CLOSE - DINNER PLATE

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

(Cont'd)

A78 (Cont'd)

NEARY

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

FAMILY

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

NEARY

(laughing behind his own understatement)

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

He reaches out to Sylvia who moves closer to Ronnie.

NEARY

(to the kids)

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

(indicates the mound of potatos)
This means something...

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

NEARY

(to Ronnie, just mouths the words silently)

I'm alright. I'm alright.

79 INTERIOR - NEARY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

79

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

ANGLE - HALLWAY

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

80 CLOSE - BATHROOM DOOR

80.

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

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

RONNIE

Sweetheart.

(no answer)

Roy, please open the door.

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

BRAD

Is Dad alright?

RONNIE

(her late night confusion
makes her snap at them)

Get in your room and close the door!

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

CLOSE - SHOWER

Falling full tilt into the tub.

CLOSE - SINK

Tap water overflowing.

CLOSE - NEARY

Frozen in a darkened corner, crying like a baby.

(Cont'd)

80 (Cont'd)

NEARY

(trying to smile through
choked tears)

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

RONNIE

(holding herself together)

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

NEARY

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

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

RONNIE

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

NEARY

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

RONNIE

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

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

BRAD

You cry baby! Cry baby! Cry baby!

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

INTERIOR - THE BEDROOM

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

(Cont'd)

80 (Cont'd)

NEARY

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

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

RONNIE

(loud)

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

NEARY

Neither do I.

RONNIE

All this nonsense is turning this house upside down.

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

NEARY

I'm scared...

RONNIE

(her bravado is weakening -
she attacks through tears)

I hate you like this.

Neary reaches out and pulls her into bed.

NEARY

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

Ronnie pushes away.

RONNIE

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

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

RONNIE

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

His fingers rip at her clothing.

(Cont'd)

RONNIE

80 (Cont'd)

(just empty words flowing
through her tears)

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

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

CUT TO:

WINDOW - DAY

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

THE KIDS' ROOM

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

INTERIOR - DEN - DAY

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

IN THE KITCHEN

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

RONNIE

Oh my God.

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

EXTERIOR - BACK YARD - DAY

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

NEARY

(happier than we have seen him)

C'mon, men.

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

TOBY

After this can we throw dirt in my room?

RONNIE

(inside)

Stop it! Stop it!

ANGLE-TOWARD MRS. HARRIS' HOUSE NEXT DOOR

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

ANGLE - NEARY FRONT YARD

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

RONNIE

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

NEARY

(still pitching dirt)

If I don't do this -- I will need a doctor.

RONNIE

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

NEARY

(mutters)

I need more stuff...

(Cont'd)

RONNIE

Roy, you're scaring us!!!

83 (Cont'd)

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

NEARY

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

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

RONNIE

(screams after him)

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

EXTERIOR - FRONT YARD - DAY

84

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

ANGLE - SIDE OF HOUSE

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

NEARY

Chicken wire.

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

84 (Cont'd)

84 (Cont'd)

ANGLE - MRS. HARRIS' BATHROOM WINDOW

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

MRS. HARRIS

Whatever you're doing is against the law.

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

RONNIE

(trying to cover)

He's putting it back, Mrs. Harris.

NEARY

(shaking his head "no")

I'll pay you for it ...

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

MRS. HARRIS

Take it! Take it!

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

RONNIE

Stay! Stay!

EXTERIOR - NEARY

FRONT YARD - DAY

85

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

RONNIE

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

CONTINUED

85 (Cont'd)

NEARY
 (this stops him)
 That's crazy ... you're not dressed.

RONNIE
 (that does it)
 That's what? What - ? You said what!!

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

NEARY
 Wait!

RONNIE
 I've done that!!

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

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

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

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

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

86

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

NEARY
 Stay with me!

(Cont'd)

86 (Cont'd)

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

NEARY

(to crowd)

'Morning.'

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

INTERIOR - NEARY DEN - LATER

87

CLOSE - TELEVISION SET

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

ANGLE - ROY

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

ANGLE - NEARY'S CREATION

88

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

(Cont'd)

88 (Cont'd)

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

NEARY

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

89

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

90 CLOSE - TV SCREEN

90

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

91 CLOSE - ROY

91

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

92 CLOSE - TV SCREEN

92

Alan Ladd is stalling for time while he shares a cigarette and gung ho patriotism with Sen Young, an Emperial 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 - ROY

He looks over at the telephone...

93 CLOSE - TV SCREEN

93

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

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

CLOSE - NEARY

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

NEARY

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

The lifeline just snapped.

CLOSE - TV SCREEN

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

NEWS ANCHORMAN

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

CLOSE - NEARY

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

MCDONNELL (on TV screen)

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

(Cont'd)

MCDONNELL (Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

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

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

CLOSE - NEARY

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

CUT TO:

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

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

2ND NEWSMAN (on TV Screen)

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

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

97 (Cont'd)

97 (Cont'd)

NEWS ANCHORMAN VOICE

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

x

CLOSE - NEARY

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

(Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

ANGLE - HER CREATION

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

ANGLE - PHONE

Jillian frantically paws through the phone book.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - NEARY HOUSE - DAY

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

BACK TO THE TV SCREEN

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

MATCH CUT TO:

A BLACK & WHITE TV SET - FULL SCREEN

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

EXTERIOR - TARMAS

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

(Cont'd)

105 (Cont'd)

EXTERIOR - HERTZ RENT-A-CAR GARAGE - MORNING

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

INTERIOR - STATION WAGON - DAY

106

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

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

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

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR - RELIANCE, WYOMING - DAY

107

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

(Cont'd)

P.A. ANNOUNCER

We are now boarding all passengers
with Blue Boarding Cards -

D-K. D-K only. All evacuees
with Red Boarding Cards - Please
wait behind the yellow barriers.

107 (Cont'd)

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

107 (Cont'd)

107 (Cont'd)

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

OWNER

Move 'em! Move 'em!

108 ANOTHER ANGLE

108

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

OWNER

(to sheep boss)

Get your wooly faggots away from
my prime cuts!

SHEEP OWNER

(in a pickup truck)

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

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

SOLDIER

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

NEARY

(intimidated by his
size)

Sure ... my sister.

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

SOLDIER

What's her name?

NEARY

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

SOLDIER

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

NEARY

(starting back to
the car)

I'll find her.

108 (cont'd)

SOLDIER

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

Neary ducks into his car and starts the motor.

NEARY

Smith.

SOLDIER

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

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

SOLDIER #2

Another scavenger?

SOLDIER

Sweetheart, I can smell 'em in a
 hurricane.

ANGLE - NEARY IN CAR

109

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

110

ANGLE - HAWKER

110

HAWKER

(a grandiose spiel)

Folks, I don't wish to alarm you, but
 G-M nerve gas is colorless and odorless.
 When your eyes 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's you embarrass yourself in your
 pants, you'll regret not havin' a canary
 guaranteed to fall off his perch hours
 before you do.

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

108 (cont'd)

110 (cont'd)

77
NEARY

REV. 5 /10/76
110 (cont)

How far are we from the train wreck?

HAWKER

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

DONKEY
WITH EXPANDED
HUMAN
SPECIES

NEARY

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

HAWKER

(indicating birds)

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

Just as Neary is about to turn he HEARS

JILLIAN (O.S.)

Roy! !

He turns.

III

NEARY'S P.O.V.

III

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

112

WIDE ANGLE

112

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

113

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

NEARY

(finishing a theory)

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

Special

Can't afford a canary?

HAWKER

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

(back into his spiel)

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

(Cont'd)

113 (Cont'd)

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

JILLIAN

Where are you going?

NEARY

To get you a gas mask.

EXTERIOR - DIVIDED HIGHWAY - LATER

114

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

EXTERIOR - WIDE OPEN SPACES - DAY

115

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

JILLIAN

(over the noise)

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

(a half laugh)

OH BROTHER!

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

CLOSE - CANARIES

116

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

EXTERIOR - OLD STAGE INTERSECTION

117

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

ANGLE - NEARY & JILLIAN

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

THEIR P.O.V.

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

JILLIAN

What about your wife?

NEARY

(resigned)

Long gone.

She looks at him for a moment.

JILLIAN

You know -- I'm glad this happened.

NEARY

You're what?

JILLIAN

I'm glad we met.

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

(Cont'd)

ANGLE - NEARY & JILLIAN

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

EXTERIOR - FARM - DAY(OMIT SC. 118)
119

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

ANGLE - GAS PUMP

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

ANGLE - ROY

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

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

CLOSE - CANARIES

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

SOUND - Chop-chop-chop-chop-chop

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

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

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

117 (Cont'd)

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(Cont'd)

119 (Cont'd)

WHAT THEY SEE

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

INTERIOR - CAR

120

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

ROY

You want me to turn back.

Bravely she shakes her head.

NEARY

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

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

ANGLE - WIDE

121

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

cont'd)

81

CONTINUED

120 (cont'd)

ANGLE - MEDIC

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

Neary steps out of his car:

NEARY

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

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

ANGLE - NEARY

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

EXTERIOR - BASE CAMP - DEVILS TOWER - LATE DAY

122 x

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

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

INTERIOR - TRAILER

123

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

(Cont'd)

123 (Cont'd)

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

LAUGHLIN

We have precious little time, Mister Neary.

(pointing)

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

NEARY

(tightening up)

Where's Jillian?

DAVID

Your friend is in no danger.

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

LACOMBE

(speaks in French,
David translates almost simultaneously)

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

ROY

I'm alive. We're talking.

DAVID

(in English after translating from French)

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

NEARY

There's nothing wrong with the air.

LACOMBE

(sharply interested)

What makes you say that?

(Cont'd)

NEARY

I just know there's nothing wrong with it.

123 (Cont'd)

Lacombe studies Roy. He gestures toward the airlock.

LACOMBE

Go outside and make of me a liar.

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

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

NEARY

(exploding in frustration)

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

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

CHEMICAL ENGINEER #1

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

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

LACOMBE

(excited)

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

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

(Cont'd)

LACOMBE

And you feel compelled to be here?

123 (Cont'd)

NEARY

(depths of irony)

I guess you might say that.

Lacombe grabs an envelope and produces a dozen color polaroids.

LACOMBE

These people -- they are strangers?

NEARY

Yes.

(he picks out Jillian's picture)

All except her.

LACOMBE

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

Neary struggles to formulate a reply. Finally:

NEARY

The answer.

(pause)

That's not crazy, is it?

LACOMBE

(rising to go)

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

124

EXTERIOR TRAILER - DUSK

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

NEARY

(wildly)

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

CLOSE - HELICOPTER DOOR

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

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(Cont'd)

DAVID

(to Lacombe, in French)
 Take a look at this. Everybody has
 his own version.

124 (Cont'd)

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

LACOMBE

(to the pilot)
 No departure -- you understand?

PILOT

I have my orders, sir.

LACOMBE

Five minutes!! Please! Five minutes!

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

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - QUONSET HUT HQ - DUSK

125

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

LACOMBE

You cannot send them away. I will
 be responsible.

WILD BILL

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

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

LAUGHLIN

This is Mr. Claude Lacombe from --

(Cont'd)

WILD BILL

(cuts it off)

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

125 (Cont'd)

LACOMBE

(in English)

You must see...they are not local.

WILD BILL

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

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

LACOMBE

(in English)

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

(he walks to the window

and points to the Devils Tower)

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

WILD BILL

(to Laughlin)

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

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(Cont'd)

LACOMBE
(in French with Laughlin
translating)

I must find out what this means. Maybe
it is the meaning!

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

WILD BILL
It's a coincidence!

LACOMBE
(in English)
It is a sociological event!

WILD BILL
I'm terminating this conversation.
And I'm sending them back.

EXTERIOR - HUEY HELICOPTER - DUSK

126

The motors begin to spin...

INTERIOR - HUEY HELICOPTER - DUSK

A-126

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

CLOSE - BESSIE AND IRA FOGELSON

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

IRA
You'll be poisoned.

125 (Cont'd).

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(Cont'd)

NEARY

A-126 (Cont'd)

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

BESSIE

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

IRA

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

JILLIAN

How did you locate this spot?

IRA

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

LARRY BUTLER'S VOICE

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

PAN TO LARRY BUTLER

(OMIT SCS. 127-128)

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

CLOSE - FOUR OTHERS

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

129

CLOSE - NEARY

129

He wheels on the gathering and shouts above the noise.

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129 (Cont'd)

129 (Cont'd)

NEARY
Who's for staying?

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

NEARY (Cont'd)
You will have to keep up with me
and run very fast.

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

MEDIC
SIR - !

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

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

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

LACOMBE
(in failing English, he is
so frustrated at Wild Bill's
ignorance)
You do not understand!
(in French)
The mountain was the key. And the
gift in the desert was a clue. For
us, to open our minds and let them
in.
(in English)
THEY WERE INVITED!

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

WILD BILL

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

Lacombe continues to watch the escapees with satisfaction.

LACOMBE

(smiling, to Laughlin)

Translate?

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

LAUGHLIN

(English subtitle)

A lot of shit.

CUT TO:

130 ANGLE - OPEN FIELD - STEEP GRADE

130

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

130 (Cont'd)

130 (Cont'd)

NEARY

(through gritted teeth)

Hi ya. Name's Roy.

BUTLER

Larry Butler.

NEARY

(out of shape)

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

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

131 CLOSE - WILD BILL

131

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

WILD BILL

(on phone to team leader)

I'll have them off the mountain in one hour.

Lacombe listens in on a field phone of his own.

CONTINUED

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91A

131 (Cont'd)

131 (Cont'd)

TEAM LEADER

(phone)

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

WILD BILL

It's already ordered.

TEAM LEADER

(phone)

I want to know how they penetrated
your security blanket. If they are
not off the mountain by 0800 hours,
dust the northern face with E-Z-FOUR.
Get back to me.

LACOMBE

(alarmed)

What is...E-Z-FOUR?

WILD BILL

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

LACOMBE

(in careful English,
a final plea on the phone)

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

CONTINUED

(Cont'd)

WILD BILL

(into phone)

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

131 (Cont'd)

LACOMBE

(sadly, knowingly)

They belong here more than we.

UP ANGLE - DEVILS TOWER - NIGHT

132

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

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

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

P.O.V. - DEVILS TOWER

133

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

LARRY

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

NEARY

(pointing)

Do you see that notch in the mountain?

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

NEARY

We can probably make that in no time.

(Cont'd)

LARRY

(starting to run
and puffing)

I should've never given up jogging.

133 (Cont'd)

JILLIAN

(pointing at the peak)

There go four more.

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

JILLIAN (Cont'd)

There's another ravine that leads up hill....and it's an easier climb.

I remember from my painting...it starts on the northeast face and...

NEARY

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

LARRY

What do you think is on the other side?

NEARY

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

JILLIAN

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

LARRY

There was no canyon in my doodles.

NEARY

Next time, try sculpture.

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

(Cont'd)

NEARY

(has to tear himself
away)

Double time. C'mon.

133 (Cont'd)

EXTERIOR - BIVOUAC AREA AND HELOPAD - DUSK

134

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

(OMIT SC. 135)

CLOSE - A SNIPERSCOPE

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

TIMBER LINE - SOLDIERS

136

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

(OMIT SC. 137)

ANGLE - STEEP TERRAIN

138

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

(OMIT SC. 139)

SOLDIER

140

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

SPECIAL FORCES

Pyramid to Bahama.

WILD BILL'S VOICE

Bahama....go'ed.

SPECIAL FORCES

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

(Cont'd)

WILD BILL'S VOICE
(after a pause, he
continues grimly)

Return to base-line.

CLOSE - WILD BILL

140 (Cont'd)

141

He speaks to an aid who snaps to.

WILD BILL
Get everybody off the nothern
face. Call the dark side
of the moon and tell 'em
we're going to dust.

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

142

Holding a sportsjacket on a hanger and covered with cellophane, he pauses at a transport helicopter to look at Wild Bill one last time. Laughlin boards along with five Proctor and Gamble types and finally Lacombe is on. The door slides shut and the Huey lifts off.

MOVING ANGLE - THE TRIO

143

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

ANGLE - WILD BILL

144

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

WHIP PAN takes the angle to the Huey Assault chopper. It lifts vertically and pivots toward its mission. The six potent canisters reflecting the twilight.

RUNNING ANGLE - NEARY

145

He digs into the mountain, his expression indicating that their goal is in sight.

(Cont'd)

145 (Cont'd)

CLOSE - JILLIAN

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

CLOSE - LARRY

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

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

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

ANGLE - NEARY & JILLIAN

147

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

NEARY

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

LARRY'S VOICE

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

CLOSE - TREE TOPS

148

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

(OMIT SC. 149)

ANGLE - LARRY

150

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

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

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

(Cont'd)

150 (Cont'd)

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

NEARY

NO - ! STAY THERE - ! STAY THERE - !

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

Jillian extends her hand...and waits.

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

CLOSE - LARRY

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

He turns and confronts the helicopter, sticking out his thumb like a hitchiker.

LARRY

Los Angeles?

50 (Cont'd)

99

150 (Cont'd)

CLOSE - ROY & JILLIAN

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

CLOSE- LARRY

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.

51

ANGLE - THE SUMMIT

151

Roy and Jillian make it to the top. The knoll on the other side of the mountain is fresh with dew, and very steep. Jillian and Roy lose their footing and start to coast down on the seat of their pant

52

ANGLE - SLIDING

152

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 Roy and Jillian and prevents them from resting.

53

HEAVY BRAMBLED AREA

153

Leading the way, Roy ignores the pain from his inert left arm as he tears a passage through the thicket while Jillian dodges and hops over branches that whip back at her face and body.

54

P.O.V.

154

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

55

CLOSE - NEARY

155

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

TRAVELING P.O.V.

156

A headlong advance against a latticework of weeds until they have cleared any further obstacles and can count the shafts of light stabbing at the mist from a source just below the tip of this outcropped plateau and...

CLOSE - NEARY & JILLIAN

157

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

FLOOR OF THE BOX CANYON

158

Giant fluted granite shafts that terminate into millions of mansized granite boulders. An area of exact size and artificially flattened has been cleared to receive a scientific area. It is circumscribed by a boiler plate steel retaining wall six feet high divided into three concrete levels and defined by a florescent blue light inlaid in each elevation. On the first level there are fourteen cubicles in a module design. There is also a large radar tracking device of the latest design. These cubicles are filled with various scientific experiments such as lasers, spectrographic analyzers, electromagnetic equipment, thermal measuring devices, bio-chemical equipment, etc. Furthest upfield and centermost in the arena is a color-sound scoreboard which is 40 ft. long, 6 feet high, and standing on a 16 ft. scaffold. Many cables and conduits run from this to a Stevie Wonder type moog synthesizer which sits below and downfield. A technician in shirtsleeves is at the keyboard. He plays a few notes, then breaks into an amateur rendition of "Moon River." It echoes off the walls of the canyon. On a second level are four monitor control consoles with video receivers and two camera bleachers with three levels of still cameras mounted in various positions, some telescopes, etc. The lower level is an open concrete area with a light pattern (landing lights making a configuration pattern designating spots), and running from this area are blue landing lights which go off into the distance. Far into the distance are two high outpost cubicles. From the outside of the retaining wall are 10 stadium type lights notched out of the wall. Approximately 150 technicians wearing white jumpsuits are making preparations.

(Cont'd)

159

CLOSER ANGLE

Two spectrometers and a photoelectrical camera resembling big bazookas encased in cement and piloted by a couple of men smoking cigarettes. Most of the personnel resemble white collar workers and on closer inspection it doesn't look like there is a military man amongst them.

CLOSE - NEARY

160

He can't digest this as his eyes chug-a-lug the jigsaw layout 50 yards below.

BOX CANYON OPERATION

161

A gentle chime is the signal for everyone to stop what they are doing and look into the sky. Immediately, the bank of overhead lights is doused leaving only tiny red working lights to color the field below.

162

CLOSE - JILLIAN AND NEARY

162

They turn around and look at the sky also.

163

UP ANGLE TO THE NIGHT SKY - MOUNTAIN IN FOREGROUND AS PRINCIPLE P.O.V.

163

Planet, stars, and constellations. It is still and magnificent. Particularly visible at this hour of night is the constellation ORION THE HUNTER, made up of twelve stars of varying degrees of magnitude.

It is one of the most popular star groupings in our universe.

So it will come as a broad shock when these stars begin to rearrange themselves before our very eyes. Orion's belt, sword, shoulders, and legs converging to a very bright point before splaying off in twelve directions forming the most popular of all constellations, THE BIG DIPPER.

APPLAUSE IS HEARD from the assembly in the box canyon area and...

164

ANGLE BLUE LANDING STRIP LOOKING BACK TOWARD TOWERS-AND MOUNTAIN

164

Two foreground technicians in NASA jumpsuits look up as the Big Dipper formation tips over, handle forward until and aurora of color seems to spill out of it like celestial milk.

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

165

ANGLE TIGHT ON JILLIAN

165

She rises and steps away and overlooks the operations and the sky. Some clouds blow in much too fast to appear natural and are soon escorted by points of light. As Neary joins Jillian in the f.g. the light sources begin swirling around the cloud turning it into a facsimile of the spiral nebulae.

Their backs are to camera as they begin absorbing light.

165 (Cont'd)

165 (Cont'd)

CLOSE NEARY & JILLIAN

Jillian begins to visibly tremble. Neary is struck down with wonder. Clouds are moving in from left to right in some higher elevation drafts. Jillian and Neary turn in time to duck low as three brightly illuminated mulit-colored objects skim the rocks on a close to camera approach. They are spaced thirty yards apart and moving fast. Everything "oranges" out.

The burning objects move on down toward the middle of operations, one at a time. Neary and Jillian are still in the foreground. The entire experience area can be seen below them. The lights create shadows and human movement below.

166

INT. LOWER LEVEL CUBICLE

166

Lacombe and Jean Claude watch from inside as the lights flare passing low to the ground, heading toward the blue runway. Lacombe opens the door and we follow him out to witness three strafing lights. From inside this watch place, camera is angling in a bee line toward the runway lights.

The third object swooshes low over the heads of a lineup of 50 technicians lighting each one as it goes.

167

ANGLE TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN

167

As the third object passes the industrial camera bleachers, a technician pushes a switch and all the cameras flip over automatically and begin photographing noisily.

168

ANGLE TOWARD MOUNTAIN GROUND LEVEL OF LEVEL WITH LOW POSITION CUBICLE

168

Out walks Jean Claude and we see the Stevie Wonder organ and the three lighted objects downfield.

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

169

ANGLE NEARY

169

He shifts positions and moves higher up on the outcropping which overlooks the base of the operations in a full comprehensive down angle. The three objects are seen hovering and shifting positions downfield amongst the blue landing lights.

170 INTERIOR - ANGLE HIGHTOWER DOWNFIELD

170

The three objects are seen super close and super bright as the investigators in the tower work.

ENGINEER

How about a slow alternating pattern toward the cool range please, with hesitation on chroma red 14, chroma yellow 12 and the illuminant point.

JEAN CLAUDE

(to musician behind organ)
Four-sixteenths plural on five. Four-eights
on 5-6-3-5. Three raise 5-7-1-5. Lower three.

The sweaty musician engineer poised his fingers and plays a number of atonal sounds. The music blares out of the Concord Speakers. (NOTE: these are the same chords that were heard in India (Page 48), in the Auditorium (Page 49-A) and on Barry Guiler's xylophone (Page 50).)

The three objects respond through the color scale.

171
ANGLE

171

Past a metal detecting device and a computer analogue unit, the lights are seen beyond and downfield as the analyzer returns with data gold. The f.g. technicians discuss the results softly while the musical exchange begins and continues.

172

WIDE ANGLE - THE ORGAN AND JEAN CLAUDE AND THE MUSICIAN - ENGINEER 172

The three lighted objects are reflected in the metal surfaces and smoked glass windows of nearby cubicles. The angle is upraised slightly to include the 'light board'. As the musician goes through the first solfeggio the light board begins its display backlighting everything. The last tone creates a weak ultra violet pulse from the light board. Lacombe walks forward as the backlight fades from his shirt collar. Everyone is tense and waiting.

173

ANGLE - LACOMBE

173

Walks forward facing downfield where three globes highlight the foreground figures. Suddenly the three acknowledge and imitate our color pattern. The two flanking globes separate rapidly and take up positions far to the sidelines where the center globe displays most of the intensity.

173 (Cont'd)

173 (Cont'd)

Everyone in the area recognizes the first gesture of contact and responds joyously ala Houston Mission Control when they achieve successful booster seperation.

174

GROUND ANGLE - MIDFIELD - THE THREE BRIGHT OBJECTS

174

The two end lights flash a series of rapid color signals and begin to move up the field about fifteen feet above everyone's head.

175

PAN WITH OBJECTS

175

At midfield they begin to lay "cuboid eggs". The far object squirts blue phosphorous like cubes spinning from all sides. The object closest to camera deposits white hot cuboids that form a blazing blue and white knot twenty feet in the air and midfield.

176

ANGLE - BASE OF OPERATIONS

176

The bright circle objects moving upfield depositing cuboid eggs. The eggs start to stir from the middle of the cluster exciting neighboring cuboids until the entire mass seems to revolve as if blown by some sort of cosmic wind. The two oval objects go through the color spectrum pausing on sunset red then back to yellow as they return downfield, taking up positions far to the left and right of the single center downfield communication object...this begins the cuboid hustle.

177

ANGLE

177

Past the industrial camera bleachers and angling up, the operator makes adjustments and the camera clicks away. The cuboids begin to unite and a three dimensional rush occurs...right down from the sky and passing close to the camera technician who turns away as a gust of displaced air tears at his clothes and his features overexpose in short bursts as each cube races past him.

178

ANGLE - DOWNFIELD TOWARD LIGHTED OBJECTS IN END ZONE

178

The cuboids overhead are flowing out of the overhead cluster and single filing in a three dimensional rush toward camera before making an abrupt hard turn as they begin a ground level circle in front of all the technicians assembled. The first formation is white. A second circle is pouring from the tangle above and the color is heated blue. This strong line of light rushes toward camera heading directly for the lense before making another hard turn..

179

PAN RIGHT

179

The blue circle is completed behind the first row of technicians.

180

ANGLE - LACOMBE

180

He puts on dark aviator glasses and we see the hot rush of double beaded light reflected in them as well as in the double glass in the cubicle behind. His hair is blowing and his shirt sleeves wave in the displacement of air.

181

CUTAWAY TO:

181

The lineup of fifty men put on dark glasses. The cuboids reflect in all shiny surfaces including the b.g. hardware. The intense light strobes across everyone's face. The group suddenly steps back as a cuboid rush passes between the assembled and camera.

182

DOWN ANGLE - CUBOID RUSH

182

We see Lacombe below. The strobining is INTENSE AND THE WIND BLOWS IN HEATED GUSTS. Over the shoulder of a hightower technician, we see him busy at work taking readings. He shifts positions and we see...angling magnificently downfield the loop of cuboids in brilliant splendor.

183

ANGLE- CUBOIDS

183

The cuboids make a hairpin turn, then slight altitude corrections and every few seconds alter the shape of the circle reminiscent of rope tricks. Suddenly a gang of fifteen cubes falls out of the circle at the far turn opposite the industrial camera display. An excited technician switches on his hardware. A green light appears directly above each camera as they burn magazines... ALL AT ONCE the cuboids are aware they are on camera and begin to perform extraordinary geometric maneuvers. Suddenly the film starts running our and red 're-load' lights appear everywhere. The cuboids don't waste a second. They stop performing. They re-group. They exit the shot in a rush...off to the right.

184

ANGLE - TECHNICIAN

184

The hot and white cuboids perform in the f.g. The technician is having a field day and even steals a snapshot with his instamatic. The camera runs out of film, the cuboids stop performing and exit to the left.

185 ANGLE - NEAR ORGAN LOOKING DOWNFIELD

185

The departing cuboids race in a knot past us until they are in a face off with the upfield camera bleacher. The cuboid corral renews their symphonic act as the fresh cameras grind and click hungrily.

186

ANGLE - TIGHT F.G.

186

The circle of cuboids flashes past our view and the wind effect and strobe effect colors everyone.

187

ANGLE - COMPUTER MONITOR READOUTS

187

The cuboid circle seems to rush the view headon. It is a speed show as well as a light display. Once again six cubes leave the circle to explore the monitors and the men working them. Several cuboids run circles around some of the technicians working the area.

188

MEDIUM C.U. - LACOMBE

188

He is reacting to all of this. The cubes race counter-clockwise behind him in blue and clockwise in front of him burning white. His glasses and the double glass windows behind him make all of this movement seem like a fever dream.

189

WIDE ANGLE BEHIND LACOMBE

189

We see the spectacle at ground level. The circle splits again and now we show three circles, each one whipping air in a different altitude, independent of each other. THIS IS MULTI-PLANAR AND MOST SPECTACULAR. The circles start to rise up and converge and the wind dies down.

190

ANGLE - PAST NEARY & JILLIAN TO OPERATIONS BELOW

190

The triple circle gains some altitude and begins to wind together like a freeway cloverleaf... the light gets brighter and the knot begins to fuse and glow.

191

WIDE ANGLE - SIDELINES

191

A technician from the music-communications cubicle must run messages back and forth. He runs out right into the cuboid traffic. Instead of a headon collision, the cuboids simply form a quick arch and continue their straight line once he has passed.

192

NEW ANGLE

192

We are now tracking with the technician as we clearly see him "stepping into traffic". It resembles a narrow escape as the cuboids almost slam into him but intuitively leap frog him.

193

CLOSE- NEARY & JILLIAN

193

Jillian takes pictures as the cuboids reflect into her lense.

194

JILLIAN AND NEARY P.O.V.

194

We see the cuboids rising, knotting, binding, squeezing, bleeding, glaring and finally bursting with golden galactic dust that races in all direction and right into us.

195

ANGLE - BETWEEN NEARY & JILLIAN

195

The galactic golden dust explosion makes them flinch and they cover their faces as the particles storm the camera splashing all over them.

196

ANGLE- PAST LACOMBE

196

He turns away from the snowy blast that passes him and rushes toward us.

197

ANGLE - MOUNTAIN

197

A group of 75 technicians turn away and blanch as a rush of gold tinkerbell dust passes them on all sides.

198

WIDE VIEW - GROUND LEVEL

198

It is gently snowing golden high points. F.G. technicians are aglow in the stuff. The scientists are running frantically, trying to preserve samples before the elements dissolve into thin air. They help pick them off each other with tweezers and conventional soup spoons. Some of these specks are being photographed on the play dirt field by microscope cameras.

199

ANGLE - LACOMBE - F.G.

199

He is catching specks in his hand and watching it curiously. He cups his hands and watches wonderously.

NOTE: THE GOLD POINTS OF LIGHT CHANGE COLOR FROM GOLD TO RED TO GOLD. THIS HAPPENS IN RESPONSE TO OUR THREE DISTANT OBJECTS FIRST GOING FROM ORANGE TO RED... THE DUST FOLLOWS SUIT... THEN THE OBJECTS REVERSE TO ORANGE AND THE DUST REVERSES FROM RED TO GOLD.

200

EXT. TOWARD SIDELINES - GROUND LEVEL

200

We see this golden glowing wonderland of falling points. Technicians are running back and forth collecting samples and racing toward us. Inside one of the cubicles microscopes are ready to analyze. The glowing material brought in in cupped hands, plates, spoons, etc. is distributed for viewing but the dusty light is starting to fade. The snow stops falling in the b.g. windows, and faces are beginning to grow dark.

NOTE: THE GOLD CHANGES COLOR TWICE HERE. GOLD TO BLUE...BLACK TO GOLD.

201

ANGLE - PROFILE OF NEARY & JILLIAN

201

Like everyone else down below, their hair is lit up from the sprinkles. Neary is delirious with discovery. He watches his cupped hands as light reflects off their faces. He watches until the light fades sadly. Roy and Jillian turn to face each other then look back toward the base of operations awaiting the next episode.

202

INSERT- NEARY'S HANDS

202

One final micro-cube remains. It is so bright that his cupped hands reflect light off his face. The micro cube does something extraordinary. It finds its way underneath the skin in Roy's open palm without causing the slightest tinge of pain. He watches it travel around the inside of his hand, up a finger, down to the wrist, into a vein. The vein glows bright blue as the speck of light runs its course around the hand and finally, sadly, fades out leaving everything dark and silent and mystical.

203

WIDE ANGLE- NEARY & JILLIAN - MOUNTAIN AND SKY

203

The mountain is tickled with color and mist from the foreign point sources. Clouds are moving in behind Roy and Jillian, and they are displaying a kind of heat lightning that should not appear supernatural at this moment.

204

INT. RADAR LOWBASE CUBICLE DOWNFIELD

204

Starting on a radar scan some new airborne phenomena is apparent. The men can't figure it. One of the team supervisors leaves the hut and goes onto the field. He stops by some portable radar pans that at once stops revolving and all begin to readjust at varying intervals to the mountain tower. The three globes appear awfully bright and large as the team supervisor exits. They dim their lights as if in respect for everyone's new source of attention.

205 WIDE ANGLE- PAST JILLIAN AND ROY OF THE BASE

205

Jillian turns and reacts to something in the sky o.s. She shifts around and turns uphill. Roy follows. We now see the sky and moving clouds that are aflame with heatlightning and steady intensifying glows. The clouds become so bright and wild that Neary and Jillian are silouetted against them.

206 ANGLE UP PAST THE MT.

206

Technicians come out to look into the sky. The clouds continue to move and are breathtaking.

207 COMPREHENSIVE ANGLE FACING MT. FROM 2 MILES OUT

207

The base of operations looks like a pool of light at the foot of the tower. The clouds are at their most spectacular in this angle. The stars are visible and you can see for twenty miles.

208 ANGLE

208

Past the organ and on downfield where the three objects go through a color pattern communique. Lacombe is in the f.g. He turns to look into the sky.

209 LACOMBE'S P.O.V.

209

Past the tower of mountain the lights in the clouds return the signal and the cloud begins to glow yellow-orange.

210 ANGLE - LACOMBE

210

Looks back at three objects and they turn yellow-orange. Then in a flashbulb popping effect they explode to red. That is the signal.

211 C.U. LACOMBE

211

Lacombe turns back and takes a few steps.

212 ANGLE- ROY & JILLIAN

212

Silhouetted against the fireworks cloud, Jillian and Roy observe a step down formation of ten convex planar objects burning out of the clouds and pouring light around them as they fill the air. Again, the two duck into the rocks as the lights over-expose the immediate area.

213

ANGLE - TIGHT ON ROY & JILLIAN

213

The convex planar lights disperse in all directions as they converge on the base of operations. They fan out and light everything with multiple shadows.

214

ANGLE- POOL OF LIGHT BENEATH THE MOUNTAIN

214

The point source lights move from the clouds to the base of operations. In addition to the ten light points another four emerge and conduct a kind of "quicker than the eye" display in the space to the left and right of the mountain.

215

ANGLE- DOWNFIELD

215

We see the organ and Lacombe in the f.g. The ten convex planar lights move with amazing swiftness two hundred feet in the air performing impossible feats until they arrive over runway in end zone and form a collection of excited figgity sources.

216

ANGLE - OVER ROY & JILLIAN

216

Watching these "impossible" feats.

217

PROFILE - LACOMBE

217

He warns of a low altitude approach. We see 75 technicians and then a low flying convex planar light with a bottomside resembling a multicolored electric griddle beginning to approach. As it gets closer, men duck or hide. Another object does the same at the opposite end of the field.

218

ANGLE - PAST TECHNICIANS

218

The huge lighted grill passes five feet overhead creating our 'static electricity' effect with its passing.

219

ANGLE - HIGH TOWER WINDOW

219

The convex planar grill object passes so close with its lighted rim that it overexposes everything inside the room. But as it passes we see out the door the object and its true size: approx 30" in diameter.

20

ANGLE

220

Twenty technicians. Their hair stands on end and follows the path of the flat bottomed light overhead. Windows and other reflective surfaces 'white out' and 'travel' to indicate its passing.

(OMIT SC. 221)

ANGLE - NEARY & JILLIAN

222

The grill lights head downfield and rejoin the cluster of thirteen objects above the blue runway area. Roy must get closer. He starts to climb down the lip of the plateau ridge but Jillian stops him. She looks confused.

JILLIAN

They'll see you.

NEARY

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

JILLIAN

Why do you want to go down there?

NEARY

I want to know that it's really happening.

JILLIAN

I don't know what I'm doing here.
I came all this way and I want to go home...
Barry's not here...

NEARY

We've got to get closer. You
can't back out now.

JILLIAN

You go. I want you to go. Don't
worry -- I'll be all right.

NEARY

You've got to come with me!

But Jillian shakes her head.

JILLIAN

I want to...I guess I'm just too scared.

And she really is. Roy thinks about his. He looks at the woman who has become the closest person on earth to him. Her camera dangles from her neck. There are empty film packages everywhere. She is a frantic, disheveled mess. Tears are starting in her.

(Cont'd)

NEARY

I wouldn't drop that film off at
a Fotomat if I were you. Get
it done yourself.

She leans over and kisses him.

222. (Cont'd)

(Cont'd)

222 (Cont'd)

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

They do not see what we see. The communication object flashes color. The musician engineer responds with the light board and organ and imitates the color pattern. The 13 objects leave the downfield zone and take up positions surrounding the base of operations.

227

ANGLE

227

We see a video console operator who weighs about 250 pounds. Evacuees pour past him carrying whatever equipment they can get out. He refuses to move as he slowly puts his pocket sized gear into a briefcase at his feet. He begins to heat up in yellow as the cuboids approach. One cuboid enters the frame and prods. The chap doesn't move. Another cuboid joins to help its buddy prod. The guy just sits there, finishes packing. A third cuboid joins the group and the technician just stares at them. The cuboids are flustered as they jump around each other. Finally, they stop jumping and bunch close together. The technician is more tentative now but just won't budge. Finally, the three cuboids turn to bright red and start to buzz. The technician blinks and moves his chair nodding goodbye. The cuboids turn yellow again and quickly celebrate by flashing through the spectrum.

228

ANGLE OVER THE VIDEO OPERATOR'S SHOULDER

228

As he watches this happen.

229

ANGLE - THE CUBOID CORDON

229

Displaced personnel mingle in the f.g. Equipment is still being evacuated and technicians are coordinating their relocation.

230

ANGLE - CREVASSE IN ROCKS

230

NEARY negotiates his perilous climb down the side of the mountain. He makes another move and slides dangerously close to falling over the cliff.

231

ANGLE - HIGH SHOT OF BASE OF OPERATIONS

231

The effects of the cuboids are clearly evident. All of the technicians have been forced to wait midfield. The yellow cuboid cordon is still in effect.

232

REVERSE MASTER SHOT TOWARD MOUNTAIN

232

The puddle light beneath the mountain tower is the base of operations surrounded on all sides by thirteen of the planar convex objects. The stars are bright and more clouds are rolling in overhead. It is an eerie moment of silent anticipation. Nothing stirs. Suddenly each convex planar object jumps back a few hundred feet. Their colors change again... different hues of amber. The rocks and terrain reflect this.

223

ANGLE - NEARY

223

As he drops out of sight over a rock we see twenty cuboids separating from the overhead cluster and forming a cordon at the end of the zone area.

224

ANGLE - LACOMBE AND OTHERS

224

They are confused. Lacombe walks forward to reveal the bright cordon at the far end of the base. Suddenly each cuboid flashes and turns yellow. Men are shouting toward Lacombe from downfield. Alarms go off as men run back and forth hurrying to get out.

225

ANGLE - SIDE VIEW DOWNFIELD

225

The cordon of now yellow cuboids moves slowly but relentlessly to push all ground personnel upfield. Men in the f.g. are brightly lit from the cuboid push and step back as cuboids pass close to our camera view.

226

ANGLE - HIGH TOWER

226

Two cuboids leave the cordon and enter the hightower cubicle. The windows glow hot yellow and seven technicians hurry out and down the ladder... we move down with them and arrive at a low cubicle that is just beginning to glow hot yellow. Three men evacuate followed by two cuboids.

CONTINUED

3 ANGLE - NEARY CLIMBING DOWN

233

He stops to rest with the base just beyond him and much closer. Suddenly the overhead cuboids (not the cordon) scramble around in a tight arch and race for Neary. They explode over his head creating a violent strobe display as they pass him going out of frame.

234

ANGLE - JILLIAN

234

The mountain is above her. The same violent strobe kick is followed by the massive exodus of the cuboids past Jillian and up the face of the mountain, then around to the other side. The side of the mountain reflects the rapid procession of lighted cuboids.

235

ANGLE - CENTER OF BASE

235

Lacombe steps out of one of the cubicles. We follow Lacombe and aides as they walk in circle trying to figure out what to say. Lacombe regards each convex planar object high in the far sky. The floor manager comes over with sheet music, paper and pencil at the ready. The two of them are joined by Jean Claude.

JEAN CLAUDE

Start again on the Solfeggio. Play the tonic 1-3-5-1. 1-3 plus 5. One minus plus three minus.

The floor manager scribbles as fast as Jean Claude can speak and hurries the scale to the musical engineer. He sight reads it with the loudspeaker key on the off position to make certain no mistakes are heard. Then he flicks the speakers to on and plays the configuration. Lacombe has arrived at the organ as it plays the five notes. The signboard in the air blazes away. Nothing. He orders a repeat. The signboard colors the night.

236

ANGLE - BEHIND JILLIAN

236

We can see the entire base of operations and the night horizon and clouds beyond the blue landing lights. The thirteen hovering objects can be seen coloring the areas beneath them. One by one they fade out leaving on tiny red perimeter lights. As they fade the base of operations seems to grow darker.

237
ANGLE - MIDFIELD TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN

237

Lacombe walks midfield. The signboard in the b.g. lights up the area to no avail. It is very dark now.

- 238 ANGLE - BASE OF OPERATIONS 238
 Groups of darkening faces...looking around and at each other.
- 239 ANGLE - JILLIAN 239
 Looks around her.
- 240 ANGLE - NEARY 240
 Stopped by the utter silence below him.
- 241 ANGLE - TECHNICIANS 241
 Huddling before the lights of their instruments. No readings as if the night had stopped dead.
- 242 ANGLE - NEARY 242
 Climbing down the box canyon. Slipping. Back peddling. Edging along a narrow split in the mountain. He is a small figure inching his way down. A lot of sky is above him and thousands of stars are out. This is our first look at it. Something moves into the sky from the blind side of the mountain. It erases stars, the absence of which gives the first indication of size and shape. It is elliptical and it is horrifyingly huge. YOU COULD HEAR A PIN DROP.
- 243 ANGLE - OVER JILLIAN 243
 All the personnel look up in Jillian's direction. Jillian can't figure this...unless. She looks behind her and up as a night shadow moves across her.
- 244 CLOSE - NEARY 244
 Almost to the valley flats he pauses in the harsh glow and looks toward the east rim of the box canyon cliffs.
- 245 ANGLE - JILLIAN 245
 Like a phantom freighter slipping through the night. It looks as if a lid is sliding over Jillian, blocking out the b.g. stars and clouds and pulling a veil of muddy darkness over everything.

246

ANGLE - TOWARD SHOULDER OF MT.

246

The massive black shape spreads its perimeters and everything below it becomes stylistically more bleak and indiscipherable.

247

ANGLE - BASE OF OPERATIONS

247

A stark group of seventy technicians with Lacombe in f.g. angling slightly down on them a sullen shadow draws over them until one can hardly make out their expressions.

248

ANGLE - PAST MT. AND A HIGHTOWER

248

The full shape overhead stops. Seconds pass. Something is happening within the black shape. A surgical sliver of light describes a circle. The ever brightening circle brings to mind a solar eclipse. Dots of red-star-like points materialize around the corona, some hotter than others. Suddenly the sliver of lights opens wide and everything flares like an explosion of daytime.

249

ANGLE - PAST JILLIAN

249

We can see the explosion of light and the flaring of the ground below. The mass should be closer to Jillian than anyone else. Just beneath the super nova effect a horizontal curtain of blue cuboids rushes in from below the crest, displacing air and setting dust and Jillian's clothes and hair in violent motion.

250

ANGLE - NEARY

250

He is inching his way down a verticle crevasse. The cuboid rush can be seen at the high end of this vertical tunnel. It overexposes rocks and brush and causes Neary to turn away from the hurricane blast of wind. A minor stone slide rushes toward us, sticking Neary all over.

251

ANGLE - DOWNFIELD TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN

251

This view shows the phantom mass in all its glory as lights explode all over it and negotiates an aerodynamically impossible cartwheel maneuver. The cuboids form landing coordinates that should resemble a perpetually moving digital scaffold. The entire operation begins to move downfield... toward us. Men race to get out of the cuboid's path. We can see the phantom mass and cuboid scaffold moving directly over us. The depth and moving perspective is exciting.

251 (Cont'd)

TEAM LEADER

251 (Cont'd) x

I'd give up half my commission to
know the ultraphysics of that sucker.

LACOMBE

(breathless with words)

I believe they are breaking the second
law of thermodynamics right before our
very eyes.

252

ANGLE- FIELD WORKERS

252

They watch with a rare assortment of incredulous expressions. One man seems to be crying. Others step backwards.

253

WIDE COMPREHENSIVE VIEW

253

Looking beyond Jillian toward the base. The cuboids guide the phantom mass over everyone's heads. As it enters our frame it will look its largest in this angle because it passes beyond Jillian but in front of the base of operations, cutting our view of it as it covers everything.

254

ANGLE - LACOMBE AND STAFF

254

The cuboid scaffold is passing in front of and behind the group. A hot overhead light source is moving shadows and changing expressions on its journey. Everyone looks straight into the lights above.

255

LACOMBE & STAFF P.O.V.

255

The phantom mass passes overhead as the cuboid scaffold changes color at varying altitudes and passes in exciting perspective.

256

ISOLATED ANGLE

256

A line of technicians working camera, consoles, computers, spectrometers, etc. We see the progress of the phantom mass as technicians shadows shift 120 degrees. Cuboid supports pass in close foreground perspective.

257

WIDE ANGLE FACING MT.

257

Lacombe, Team Leader and other staffers walk forward until they are lined up from left to right...they put on their sunglasses as their shadows grow dozens of feet and their faces fuzz from the o.s. descending phantom mass.

ANGLE - BEHIND LACOMBE, WILD BILL, AND OTHERS

258

We see their shadows elongating as 200 feet of phantom mass lowers from top of frame to the ground at the end zone. THE CUBOID LOWERS THE PHANTOM AND FORM A CUSHION OF EXTRABRIGHT PLASMA. THIS IS AWESOME.

ANGLE - JILLIAN

259

Jillian takes pictures of the panorama below. Then, gathering up her courage, she makes a decision and starts down the mountainside.

CLOSE - NEARY

260

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

WIDE VIEW TOWARD MOUNTAIN

261

F.G. technicians obscure the view but after a moment, Neary appears on the concrete and walks toward camera squinting in the heat of the night. The cubicle windows reflect the pomp and splendor far downfield. Neary walks forward and watches behind a light standard.

ANGLE - NEARY

262

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

DUST is rising in a 15 foot circle and twelve technicians in the downfield vicinity step into the area to investigate. They take a short bounce of the balls of their feet and as if on a trampoline, sail several feet into the air.

TECHNICIAN

(yelling)

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

Other technicians are getting into the act even though they are scrambling away from the negative gravity zone. Instruments and gauges are rushed to the spot to probe, measure and document.

Neary looks down at his feet -- he is already an inch or two off the ground. He lets out a yell as his feet go out from under him and he floats free.

ANGLE - TECHNICIANS

263

Other men can be seen bouncing up and down into the air. They are helped out of the zone by ropes which are suddenly produced and thrown out. Lacombe throws a line to Neary and hauls him back to earth.

NEARY

(seeing the familiar face)

This is the most exciting thing that ever happened to me!

LACOMBE

Mr. Neary, you are a remarkable man.

NEARY

Are you going to send me back?

LACOMBE

No. I think this is where you belong.

ANGLE - UPFIELD

264

Five technicians are rolling the organ toward the fifty yard line.

ANGLE - ORGAN DOWNFIELD VIEW

265

The phantom mass of lights diminishes the organ. Technicians spread out to give it room. Other technicians follow pushing ahead of them the concord speaker units. Shadows are sharp and extremely long. The phantom mass pulses, flickers, and waits.

Nobody even dares to move a muscle. The quiet grows unnerving.

ANGLE - ORGAN AND PHANTOM MASS

266

The organ and the technicians look like a drop in the bucket by comparison to the phantom mass.

BLASTING FROM THE MOTHER SHIP COMES FIVE MUSICAL TONES.

And everybody just about jumps out of their clothes.

The lighting changes giving the impression that the shape of the mass is changing as well.

(Cont'd)

267

CLOSE - INSIDE THE CUBICLE

The computer digests these tones and prints out the message.
A young technician speaks into a pencil mike.

YOUNG COMPUTER TECHNICIAN
Greetings, Greetings. Hello. Hello.

Lacombe looks to Jean Claude. Jean Claude looks at the musical engineer.

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

The moog beats back the simple greeting.

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

267 (Cont'd)

267 (Cont'd)

YOUNG COMPUTER TECHNICIAN
(he looks at the read out)
Greetings. Greetings. Hello. Hello.
Hello. Greetings. Hello. Greetings.

LACOMBE
(hearing this)
I don't get it.

TEAM LEADER
Give it back to them. Note for note. x

The musician doesn't understand any of this either. He does what he's told. THIS TIME THERE ARE THE SAME NOTES BUT THE RHYTHM AND THE INTERVALS SOUND MORE ENTHUSIASTIC.

268

ANGLE - MOTHER SHIP

268

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

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

THE MOTHER SHIP REPEATS HERSELF EVEN BEFORE THE MOOG IS FINISHED.

LACOMBE
Go on and jam.

269

ANGLE - ORGAN, TEAM LEADER & LACOMBE

269

x

In the background we see the lighted communications board and the mountain.

Yamaha repeats the greeting stepping on MOTHER SHIP'S LAST NOTES. MOTHER SHIP OVERLAPS the last two notes at the end of the Yamaha and repeats herself. Yamaha cuts off MOTHER SHIP's last three notes, and my God, they are actually jamming.

270

ANGLE - TEAM LEADER & LACOMBE

270

x

Watching the massive wonder of light and sounds. They communicate with musician through headsets and pencil microphones.

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

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

271

The phantom object and organ and cluster of staff are visible through the double glass curved windows.

ANGLE - JILLIAN

A-271

Full of some unknown purpose, she makes her way down the slope toward the circle of light.

NEW ANGLE

272

It is only now that part of the MOTHER SHIP BEGINS TO OPEN.

The condition of light inside the mother ship is only slightly better than looking point blank into a sodium vapor searchlight.

Everyone adjusts his polaroids as the rising light crawls up their legs to their faces and whites out all expression.

THERE IS A FIGURE STANDING IN A FLOOD OF BACKLIGHT SO HARSH THAT IT CAUSES IMAGE DISTORTION, MAKING THE FIGURE APPEAR LIKE PIPE CLEANERS IN THE SHAPE OF ARMS AND LEGS.

THE FIGURE BEGINS TO MOVE FORWARD OUT OF THE MOTHER SHIP, GAINING POSTURE AND GIRTH AND...

IT LOOKS HUMAN. ARMS AND LEGS AND WEARING AN OUTDATED UNITED STATES NAVY FLAK JACKET.

CLOSE - NEARY

273

He has found an opening in the sideline crowd and sees...

Lacombe turns to a man seated next to him.

LACOMBE

Can you tell who it is yet?

The man seated next to him quickly looks at the figure through a set of tripod binoculars. In front of him is posterboard with TWO HUNDRED SNAPSHOTS OF PEOPLE'S FACES. He speed scans the photos.

SPEED SCANNER

, U.S.N. Hijacked December
5th, 1945, south of Chicken shoals, Bermuda.

74

WIDE ANGLE - THE MEETING

Team Leader steps forward to greet the man.

274

TAYLOR

(extending his handshake)

Flight leader _____, United
States Navy.

TEAM LEADER

Welcome home, son.

Taylor has a euphoric ease in the manner in which he speaks. He is surprised by none of this. EIGHT OTHER FIGURES APPEAR IN THE OPENING OF THE MOTHER SHIP. All of them are young Naval Airmen and are dressed in post WWII flying outfits.

Team Leader begins shaking their hands. All of them are mildly at ease about being back home.

A DOZEN OTHERS APPEAR AT THE SHIP'S OPENING. A FEW WOMEN NOW, BUT MOSTLY MEN. AND BEFORE TOO LONG A VERTIABLE EXODUS OF HUMANS COME POURING OUT OF THE MOTHER SHIP AND INTO THE WYOMING EVENING.

ANGLE - TOWARD PHANTOM MASS

Materialising from the white-hot opening in between other stunned people coming home is a small form running in and out of grown-up legs. The little person runs onto the concourse and into a CLOSE ANGLE. IT IS BARRY.

CLOSE - LACOMBE

He smiles at him innocent of who Barry is or what went on before... then he sees something that confuses him even more.

ANGLE - JILLIAN

Running across the concrete field, past technicians and doctors and scientists and past Neary to reunite with Barry in the middle of everything.

LACOMBE

(with a twinkle)

The universe is not only stranger than we imagine. It is stranger than we can imagine.

274 cont

274 c

THE MOTHER SHIP REPEATS HER TONE POEM. THE SYNTHESIZER REPEATS HIS AND THE MUSIC GIVES POMP AND CEREMONY TO THE RETURNING PRISONERS OF TIME.

Every scientist and technician who can leave their posts does so to shake hands with the heroes. It is a welcome home celebration only slightly subdued in the enormous presence of the MOTHER SHIP.

LACOMBE

(to Team Leader, while shaking hands)

They haven't even aged. Einstein was right!

TEAM LEADER

(during handshakes)

Einstein was probably one of them.

(back to the P.O.T.'s)

Greetings. Enjoy the trip? Some fun, huh? Congratulations!

Three MEDICAL PERSONS are waving the evacuees toward the waiting cargo helicopters parked on the grassy outskirts.

MEDICAL OFFICERS

Gentlemen. Debriefing is this way ... right this way. Debriefing over here.

SPEED SCANNER

Not all the abductees are accounted for. We have no way of knowing whether some are still being detained or have died from natural causes.

CLOSE - NEARY

He is just one of the crowd now. He appears a little touched, but finally and quietly at home. He stops as five Naval Airmen arrive next to a military ambulance. One young flyer stops by the license plate.

YOUNG FLYER

This is a joke right?

CLOSE - 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.

121C

274 con

LACOMBE AND TEAM LEADER

TEAM LEADER

You can take down your nudie
calenders. Recorded history
starts right here.

But Lacombe is watching something beyond Team Leader.

275

ANGLE - NEARY

275

As he explores the area, heading in the direction of the phantom mass. He threads his way in and out of technicians. The lights in the end zone grow brighter with every step.

He is approaching the organ. The phantom mass is a huge lighted form in between the organ and Neary and beyond.

276

CLOSE - NEARY

276

Roy wanders by a cubicle and wanders in.

277

INT. CUBICLE - NEARY'S P.O.V.

277

A Catholic priest is administering last rites to a clique of 12 seen before men wearing jumpsuits. They are sitting on wooden benches with their heads bowed in thought, prayer, or meditation. All of them carry synthesizers.

THE SOUND OF REVVING HELICOPTERS OVERIDES THE CHANTING OF THE LAST RITES.

278

ANGLE - NEARY

278

He ducks out of the cubicle and bumps into Lacombe who has been standing right behind him

LACOMBE

—(paternally) Do you know why you're
What is it you want Roy? Here yet?

~~Neary is not startled by him. He gives no indication of looking for a way to escape. He simply smiles at Lacombe and says in the most ingenuous manner:~~

NEARY

~~Not yet. I want to know that it's really happening.~~

~~Something makes Neary stop. The mass begins turning off its lights. They change from hot tones to cool blue. The entire form suddenly resembles a soothing nightlight. Neary walks forward until he is a dramatic silhouette. At this moment a sliver of white light begins to open across the entire base of fifty feet. It is incredibly white violent light. It opens further sending a shadow of sixty people a hundred yards along the ground. Technicians begin pressing forward blocking our view of the opening.~~

279

ANGLE- LACOMBE, ORGAN, TEAM LEADER

279

x

As the lights go out they darkern only to flame again in the spilling of rays of bottom light from the virgin opening. The technicians press forward - a variety of uneasy profiles. Someone points "look there" and Lacombe walks forward.

280

ANGLE - LACOMBE

280

He stands silhouetted against the blazing opening, light eating away the shape of his body...something begins to materialize from the flooding lights. It looks like A SHAPE...A HUMANOID FORM. Too far to tell from this angle.

281

ANGLE - LACOMBE

281

He has walked forward to look. A hundred technicians and half the site back him up. Neary can be seen in the background. Lacombe adjusts his glasses and steps forward again...closer...brighter. He sees...steps back.

282

ANGLE

282

The musician is handed some complicated sheet music and at first is too awestruck to perform. A harsh command from somewhere within the stunned gathering loosens his fingers and starts to play the sometimes melodic comminque.

283 CLOSE - OVER LACOMBE'S SHOULDERS

283

We see the white hot opening and the figure suspended there. It starts to come out ... materializing more and more with every step.

ANGLE - SUDDENLY

284

ONE HUNDRED HUMANOID OCCUPANTS LEAVE THE MOTHER SHIP AND FAN OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THEY SEEM TO BE FLOATING TOWARD THE APPREHENSIVE HUDDLE OF AMERICAN OFFICIALS.

THERE IS NO ORDER OR SYMMETRY IN THEIR BEHAVIOR. THEY ARE LIKE CHILDREN LET LOOSE IN A TOY FACTORY. THEY SWARM LIKE ANTS ALL OVER THE FANCY TERRESTRIAL HARDWARE AND THE FROZEN "UPTIGHT" SCIENTIFIC PERSONNEL. THEY REACH OUT AND TOUCH WITH SPINDLY ARMS TWICE THE LENGTH OF THEIR TAPERED PHYSIQUES. A FEW OF THE AMERICAN TEAM BREAK AND RUN WITH FEAR. THEY ARE PURSUED BY THE CURIOUS OCCUPANTS WHO CAN MOVE WITH FLUID LIGHTNING SPEED. NOBODY EVER GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THE UFONAUTS - THE MOTHER SHIP IS TOO BRIGHT AND THEY ARE IN SILHOUTTE IN MOST PART. "CREATING HANDS" REACH OUT AND FONDLE LOVINGLY.

SEVERAL OCCUPANTS ARE EXPLORING THE GROIN AREAS OF THREE STATELY OFFICIALS TOO FRIGHTENED TO EVEN RESIST THE FOREPLAY.

THIS IS BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND DISTURBING TO WATCH. A FEW PEOPLE CONNECTED WITH THE BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES ARE TOUCHING BACK AND WHEN THIS HAPPENS, THE OCCUPANTS SEEM TO PERK AND SWOON.

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 POSES THE PULL TOP AND HANDS A CAN TO A THREE FOOT TALL OCCUPANT WHO IMMEDIATELY DRAINS THE CONTENTS INTO HIS HAND AND BOUNCES ALL OVER THE PLACE IN THE MOST TURNED ON MANNER IMAGINABLE. LAUGHING, THE GROUND CREW WORKER POPS MORE TOPS AND PASSES THEM OUT LIKE THEY WERE GOING OUT OF STYLE.

(SC. A-284 Originally Sc. 286)

ANGLE - LACOMBE

A-284

Being much more receptive than most anyone else, Lacombe is the most popular recipient of creature behavior. He is smothered by two dozen pairs of 'feelers' and is returning the gestures as fast as he can. He looks up and smiles towards something. He waves.

ANGLE - CUBICLE

285

Those twelve young men in their jumpsuits and carrying duffel bags parade bravely out of the tent heading toward the MOTHER SHIP.

ANGLE - JILLIAN & NEARY

B-287

Neary's eyes float over the faces of the human throng gathered to see him off. There is the Team Leader, there is David Laughlin, there is Lacombe -- and there is Jillian with her son clinging to her. Roy's and Jillian's eyes meet; they exchange a look of perfect understanding. Barry smiles, laughs, and waves bye-bye. Neary turns and starts up the path of light. TWO OF THE TINY OCCUPANTS FLASH UP BESIDE HIM, GENTLY TAKE HIM BY EACH HAND AND ESCORT HIM THE REST OF THE WAY ON BOARD. AFTER A STEP OR TWO, THEY ALL BEGIN TO FLOAT -- DISAPPEARING INTO HAZY LIGHT.

ANGLE - MOTHER SHIP

288

The inside light burns brighter and brighter as one after another of the twenty volunteers disappear into the brilliant opening.

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

289

The occupants touch and brush and caress each other and everybody in a hectic farewell.

(CONT'D)

285 (CONT'D)

They pass a frightened priest who is on his knees genuflecting their salvation. THREE TINY OCCUPANTS CAN BE SEEN JUST BEYOND HIM IMITATING HIS EVERY PIOUS GESTURE IN PERFECT UNISON.

ALL AT ONCE THE TINY OCCUPANTS FORM A CORDON AND STOP THE ASTRONAUTS FROM ENTERING THE MOTHER SHIP.

TEAM LEADER

(on the phone)

I don't understand it. They're saying no...

(OMIT SC. 286)

ANGLE - NEARY

287

Another group of tiny occupants VIBRATE AROUND NEARY, urging him toward the acetylene bright opening of the mother ship. As he arrives at the mouth of the light, they whirr away leaving him alone on the brink.

LACOMBE AND NEARY

A-287

Lacombe watches from about fifteen feet away.

LACOMBE

Au revoir, Mr. Neary...

Roy just shakes his head. Lacombe looks ineffably sad.

LACOMBE

We cannot pretend to understand all that is happening or about to happen. It is a festival of the absurd. And you must be receptive to it, innocent of it, and like a child in your openness and behavior...

SOUND TRACK - MUSIC

We hear the original 40's recording of JIMMINY CRICKET singing "WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR."

JIMMINY CRICKET

When you wish upon a star...
Makes no difference who you are...
Anything your heart desires will come to you.

CHORUS

Angels high - she brings to
those who love - the sweet
fulfillment of their secret longings.

290

HIGH ATOP DEVILS TOWER

290

Jillian reappears with Barry in tow. She is painfully winded and stops here to rest. Turning back both Barry and Jill look down upon the playful, loving, frightened chaos and feel some of the fulfillment. Jill raises her drugstore camera and takes the most important photograph in the history of the world.

JIMINY CRICKET

Like a boat out of the blue...
Fate steps in and sees you through...
When you wish upon a star your dream...
come... true.

Jill and Barry turn and walk down the other side of the mountain as the phantom mass lifts into the air and END CREDITS ROLL WITH INSTRUMENTAL REPRISE OF THE SONG OVER...

FIFTEEN HIGH RESOLUTION COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF JILLIANS
'INDISPUTABLE PROOF'.

The end.