

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

An Excerpt From

- T H E C O M I N G -

3 INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

3

The month of June on a flower-covered calendar is accompanied by the sound of someone CHEWING bubble gum. A BLACK MARKER draws a large heart around the day's date. SAM, 16, crimped hair and freckly, flops onto her bed. A pink telephone covered with butterfly stickers is glued to her ear.

Sam twiddles the phone cord between her toes, placing stickers on famous faces as she flips through the pages of a beauty magazine.

SAM

Are you serious? She said that?  
What a...  
(whispered)  
bitch.

Sam checks to see if anyone is eavesdropping. She eyes her bedroom door suspiciously. It lies open a crack.

SAM

Well, at least he's got a car.  
Maybe he's our ticket out of this town. Yah, he said he'd bring it by tonight.

Sam sprawls across her covers and leans over the bed. An indistinguishable shape moves in the corner of the room.

SAM

Hold on 'k? No, she doesn't know, are you kidding? I'm her little angel. Okay, one sec.

Sam snatches at something beneath the bed frame.

SAM

Gotcha!

Sam waives her hand around and grasps at nothing.

She looks under the bed. Puzzles, games, stray clothes and her diary are all that is visible.

SAM

No, I think it was my brother.

Sam sits up. The shape is directly behind her, unmoving.

SAM  
Anyways, I should get going. Yup.  
Okay. Bye.

She reaches for her magazine as she hangs up the phone and is suddenly tackled. Sam screams.

Tommy giggles himself into a fit.

Sam screams again, angrily.

Tommy grabs a handful of STAR-SHAPED STICKERS and leaps off the bed. He runs out of the room with his sister in close pursuit.

SAM  
Tommy! I'm going to kill you!

CUT TO:

4

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

4

Eggs are cracked into a bowl and whisked vigorously.

MARY, 34, long wavy hair and bursting pregnant, stands at the sink. Leaping from the bottom of the stairs, Tommy runs into the kitchen and hides behind Mary.

Following closely, Sam comes to an abrupt stop and scowls at her brother.

SAM  
Mom, I told him to stay out of my  
room!

MARY  
Oh Sam, don't start. Go see if your  
father's ready.

Sam frowns bitterly. She stomps back to the bottom of the stairs, glaring at her brother with clenched fists.

SAM  
(shouting up the stairs)  
Dad, are you ready?

MARY  
Samantha!

Mary rinses her hands clean and places a pie pan in the oven. She sends Sam to the living room.

MARY  
Go clean up. I want this place spic  
and span when we get back.

Sam continues to scowl at Tommy as she heads for the couch.

SAM  
You're dead.

Tommy sticks out his tongue.

MARY  
(shouting)  
Henry! Are you ready?

HENRY, 36, tall and moony, exits the bathroom door behind Mary at the bottom of the stairs.

HENRY  
Why is everyone shouting at me?

MARY  
Oh dear, I didn't know you were in  
there. C'mon, we're going to be  
late.

Henry flattens his tie and straightens his suit jacket.

HENRY  
Quite fashionably though, if I do  
say so myself.

Mary kisses her husband lightly and slips him the car keys.

HENRY  
On my way.

Henry heads for the front door.

Mary rubs her round belly and puts an 'X' through the day on a fridge calendar that heralds her approaching due date.

Tommy goes to his mother. Mary kneels awkwardly and tidies his hair. Tommy stares at his mother's round belly.

MARY  
She'll be home soon, Tommy. You  
excited?

Tommy nods timidly.

MARY  
Are you going to be good to your  
big sister tonight?

TOMMY  
Yeah.

MARY  
Make sure you're in bed by 9:30.  
And no more soda-pop, okay? You  
won't sleep.

Mary kisses Tommy on the forehead.

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

5

Mary leads Tommy to the couch.

MARY  
Angel, the quiche is in the oven.  
Three twenty five for an hour. Sam?

SAM  
Okay.

Tommy flops onto the sofa beside Sam and sorts through a wide  
selection of video-games.

SAM  
Shove over, squirt!

Mary leans in unexpectedly and hugs her children, both arms  
around their necks.

SAM  
Mom!

MARY  
I love you kids!

Over her mother's shoulder Sam smiles.

Henry steps into the doorway from outside. Exhaust enters  
through the cracked door, with the sound of a CAR IDLING.

HENRY  
Your chariot awaits, my dear.

MARY  
Good night kids! Be good!

SAM  
We will. Happy Anniversary!

The front door closes.

Sam stares at Tommy. He ignores her while blowing the dust out of his favorite game cartridge.

Sam grabs it from him and sticks it under a cushion.

TOMMY  
Sam!

SAM  
Where are they?

TOMMY  
I just wanna' put them on my bike.

Sam leans in and whispers in her Tommy's ear.

SAM  
Fine then. But you have to pay.

Sam tackles her brother with a pillow. She gives him a noogie and tickles him senseless.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

Tommy and Sam lay beneath a makeshift tent of pillows, blankets and couch cushions. The curtains are closed and they devour CHEEZOS while watching GREMLINZ on VHS.

SAM  
(mouth full)  
Oh, she's gonna' get it!

Tommy looks at Sam with admiration.

There is a knock at the door.

Sam and Tommy squeal as they duck under the blankets.

SAM  
Oh my god. I bet it's Mark.

Sam leaps up, destroying their tent. She darts excitedly for the front door.

She opens the door revealing MARK, 18, tall and wearing a leather jacket. His styled, greasy haircut shimmers by the green light of a BUG-ZAPPER above his head. He poses on the porch with a too-charming smile.

MARK  
Hey Sammy.

Sam plays with her hair.

SAM  
Hey Mark.

Mark leans casually on the door-frame.

Sam's cheeks blush.

Silence.

A moth wanders its way into the bug-zapper.

Mark raises an eyebrow and nods for her to come with him.

Sam looks over her shoulder.

Tommy watches them carefully.

MARK  
How you doing squirt?

Tommy glares.

MARK  
C'mon, let's go for a drive Sam.

SAM  
I can't. I have to *baby-sit*.

MARK  
He'll be fine, he's a big boy now.

Sam fiddles with Mark's jacket zipper.

SAM  
I shouldn't.

TOMMY  
Mom said if you leave me alone  
you'll be grounded for the rest of  
your life!

Sam fires Tommy a look of sibling contempt.

SAM  
(whispered)  
Little brat.

MARK  
Well, lay one on me at least; I  
sure as hell didn't come all the  
way over here to check out the  
porch.

Sam is reluctant. She eyes her brother suspiciously.

Tommy makes exaggerated kissing faces at them.

Sam pulls Mark into the doorway and kisses him spitefully.  
Turning away, Tommy pulls a blanket over his head and flops  
onto a pile of pillows in agony.

7

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

7

Tommy sits on the reassembled couch with his arms crossed  
bitterly.

He stares fixedly at the television screen, strategically  
placed between Mark and Sam, who share bored expressions.

Mark munches disappointedly on bare remnants of CHEEZOS from  
the bowl in his lap.

Sam's eyes droop as she dozes. Her head is balanced  
perilously on her arm.

On TV Screen: STRIPEZ ATTACKS WILLY WITH A POWER-SAW.

A severe jump in volume sends Sam's head tumbling off her  
arm. She sits up disgruntled.

SAM  
That's it, we're leaving!

MARK  
'Bout friggin' time.

TOMMY  
You can't leave. Mom'll kill you!  
(beat)  
I'll tell!

SAM  
Go for it Tommy, I don't care.

TOMMY  
You aren't *allowed* to leave me  
alone!

Sam puts on a thin pink jacket.

SAM  
Fine then, come with us.

TOMMY  
What?

MARK  
What?

SAM  
Come with us, Tommy, if you're too  
scared to be by yourself.

TOMMY  
I'm not!

Mark grabs his jacket and sets an empty bowl in Tommy's lap.

MARK  
Don't worry squirt, monsters aren't  
real. They're just rubber puppets.

TOMMY  
No duh, jerkwad!

MARK  
See Sam? I told ya' he can take  
care of himself.

Sam kneels and puts her hands on Tommy's shoulders. She looks  
him straight in the eye.

SAM  
Tommy, I'm going. But I'll be back  
in time to clean up before Mom and  
Dad get home. Just don't get into  
trouble, okay?

Sam ruffles her brother's hair. She and Mark leave Tommy  
standing alone with the television.

On TV screen: STRIPEZ' SKELETAL BODY LANDS IN A MESS OF GOO.

Tommy shudders and chases after his sister.

TOMMY  
Wait! I'm coming!

CUT TO:

8 EXT. THE ELLIOTT RESIDENCE (#11-LUKE ROAD) - NIGHT 8

A polished red 1981 TRANS-AM TURBO is parked at the end of the driveway. Tommy follows his sister desperately, struggling to throw on a red hooded sweater.

SAM  
(emphatic)  
This car is bad!

With a smile, Mark dons a pair of aviator sunglasses and opens the passenger-side door for Sam.

MARK  
I know. Hop on in.

Tommy climbs over his sister and squishes into the back seat.

Mark jumps in and starts the engine.

MARK  
Hold on to your hat, little man.

TOMMY  
I'm not wearing one, loser.

MARK  
No guff, kid. It's an expression.

Tommy falls back in his seat.

The Trans-Am kicks up a cloud of dust as it tears down the street and through a four-way stop.

9 EXT. HIGHWAY 11 - NIGHT 9

The Trans-Am travels an empty, single-lane highway shouldered by prairie land that is sparsely scattered with trees.

Tommy leans on the front seats. His arms dangle between Mark and Sam. He is bored.

TOMMY  
Where we going?

MARK

For a drive. Does it matter?

TOMMY

You should always know where you're going. Or you'll get lost.

MARK

Whatever. Throw caution to the wind and screw the consequences, man. Just give 'er shit.

TOMMY

Give who shit?

Sam slaps Mark's arm.

SAM

Mark!

TOMMY

Why can't I say shit?

SAM

(deadpan)

Tommy.

TOMMY

What? Mom and dad aren't here.

(beat)

Shit.

SAM

I swear to god, Tommy! I'll tell mom and you know she'll wash your mouth out!

TOMMY

Right after she grounds you for taking me out of the house, past my bedtime, in Mark's car, on a school night!

MARK

He's gotcha there.

SAM

Okay, fine! Say shit already.

Sam crosses her arms and stews bitterly.

Silence fills the car.

TOMMY  
You're not the boss of me, ya'  
know.

Tommy waits for a reaction. Sam says nothing.

Tommy reaches between the seats for the stereo and changes the radio station.

MARK  
Whoa! Kid! What do you think you're  
doing?

TOMMY  
This music sucks.

MARK  
Okay, first off, this music does  
not suck. And second, you *never*  
touch another man's tunes.  
*Especiallly* while he's driving.

Mark struggles to put his station back.

The car begins to drift from the road.

SAM  
Mark, watch where you're going.

MARK  
Relax, babe. Half the time I steer  
with one knee.

A figure steps across the highway.

Sam screams.

Mark cranks hard on the wheel and veers out of the way of the  
thin form that flees from their headlights.

The Trans-Am nearly swerves into a steep ditch and skids to a  
stop in a cloud of dust along the gravel shoulder.

MARK  
Jesus Christ.

Tommy and Sam peer out through the back window.

Mark watches from the safety of his rear-view mirror.

A tall but otherwise indistinguishable man stares after them.  
He stands near an old GMC truck on the far side of the road  
with a lantern held fast in one hand.

The man remains motionless.

TOMMY

Sam?

SAM

He's okay, Tommy. Come on Mark,  
let's go.

The figure finally climbs into his vehicle.

MARK

Crazy old coot.

Mark pulls back onto the highway.

Sam sinks into the car seat.

SAM

That guy gives me the creepies.

TOMMY

Who was that?

MARK

Ezzedine. He's always sneakin'  
around out here. Probably an axe  
murderer or something. I should've  
run him over and done the whole  
town a favor.

They continue along the highway, passing nothing but grain  
elevators and a sign that marks the road: #11 West.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. HANNA HILL (ROADSIDE TURN-OUT) - NIGHT 10

Fat tires pull onto a roadside turn-out. The Trans-Am parks.  
Mark stretches and grins at Sam. She smiles back sheepishly.  
Mark glances at her brother who lies asleep in the back seat.

SAM

Should we wake him up?

MARK

You kidding? And spoil the mood?

Mark leans in to kiss Sam.

Sam hesitates, but Mark persists. Stifling a small giggle, Sam meets his lips gladly.

TOMMY

Where are we?

Sharing a look of disappointment, Sam and Mark's mouths part ways. Tommy rubs his bagged eyes and sits up behind them.

Annoyed, Mark stares out the driver-side window.

Sam turns to her little brother.

SAM

We're gonna go look at the stars for a while. Do you wanna' stay in the car?

TOMMY

By myself?

SAM

We won't be long, Tommy.

MARK

What's that supposed to mean? Never had any complaints before.

Sam's mouth goes slack.

SAM

Get over yourself!

Sam opens the passenger-side door.

SAM

C'mon Tommy.

Tommy climbs out.

MARK

Ah hell, Sam, give me a break!

SAM

No, it's cool Mark. Tommy and I are gonna' go star-gazing. Feel free to stay behind and make out with your precious baby.

The door slams shut on Mark's pride. Tommy giggles.

Mark smacks the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. HANNA HILL (EAST FACING) - NIGHT 11

Sam and Tommy climb the grassy, southeast side of Hanna Hill. They are richly silhouetted by an ominous moon. Mark rushes to catch up.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. HANNA HILL (WEST FACING) - NIGHT 12

The darkening sky is framed by a thin line of trees that march over Hanna Hill. Tommy, Sam and Mark lie beneath the vastness, welcoming a birth of speckled stars.

Tommy separates himself from Mark and his sister. He fiddles with a blade of grass, bored again.

Sam tickles Mark with a wispy frond.

TOMMY

Can we go soon?

SAM

C'mon Tommy, you gotta' take time to appreciate the simple things.

She rolls onto her back and cuddles up tightly beside Mark to take in the view.

SAM

Look up. It's beautiful.

TOMMY

I'd rather be playing Nintendo.

SAM

Brat. Don't you wanna' know what's out there?

Sam chews on the leaf stem, lost in thought.

SAM

I wish I could see it all. At least get away from here for a while.

(whispered)

Really far away.

Tommy watches his sister closely, concerned.

SAM  
I wish I could just snap my fingers  
and have all the answers right  
there in front of me.

Sam reaches to the heavens and snaps her fingers. A shooting star falls in the darkening sky.

TOMMY  
Whoa! That was wicked!

MARK  
Make a wish Sam.

Sam stares intensely into the sky.

She closes her eyes. A long moment passes as she makes a silent and serious wish. Sam smiles.

SAM  
I wish Mark had showered. He's  
giving the animals a bad rep.

Tommy and Sam laugh.

Mark covers his armpits.

MARK  
Real funny.

TOMMY  
Sam! Look!

A second star falls.

It hits the horizon and stops. It hangs bright and impossibly in the air.

They sit up and watch the distant, hovering light with curiosity.

TOMMY  
Why did it stop like that?

SAM  
I don't know. They can't do that  
can they?

MARK  
Got me.

The star swells and leaps toward them.

The three flinch at the sudden movement and jump to their feet.

The blazing object holds position above the wheat field that stretches out before them. It appears much larger.

TOMMY

Holy shit.

Tommy and Sam share an uncertain look.

MARK

What the hell? How is it just hanging there like that?

Sam offers her brother a comforting smile. She takes a few cautious steps down the hill.

SAM

It's unreal. What do you think it could be?

Tommy moves in the opposite direction.

TOMMY

Sam, I wanna' go.

MARK

Maybe it's a flying saucer. My uncle said he saw one once.

TOMMY

I want to go home, now.  
(beat)  
Sam?

MARK

Maybe there's an E.T. inside!  
That'd be awesome.

Tommy steps back again, then darts unexpectedly up the hill and into the trees.

Spinning around, Sam witnesses her little brother vanish in the shadows.

SAM

Tommy!

MARK

Ah, crap.

Sam fires Mark a vicious look. It fades quickly into concern.

MARK

Alright, I'll get him.

Mark chases Tommy into the woods.

Sam watches Mark follow after her brother. A small ball of light descends from the larger one and falls to hide among the tall grass behind her.

Sam turns back to observe the object above the field.

The wind picks up. A stiff chill leaves her cold and alone.

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