

The Stars  
by  
Michael K. Snyder

Open on a blank screen. Nothing. Suddenly, white letters begin to fade onto the blackness...

If people sat outside and looked at the stars each night, I'll bet they'd live a lot differently.

-Bill Waterson

MICHAEL(VO)  
I sometimes find myself, looking  
towards the stars...

The opening titles BLAST onto the screen in sync with music.

FADE TO...

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE-NIGHT-PRESENT DAY

The sky is bright with stars. None shine brighter than the other. The sky is set over a large farm. There's a barn, shed and a nice house. The strange blue shade cast by the moon illuminates the green grass.

MICHAEL(VO)  
They say that the dreamers and  
believers look towards the stars.  
The sky is the window into the  
heavens, and the stars are the  
faces, memories, and thoughts of  
those who are missed.

MICHAEL walks out into the field. He glances up to the stars.

MICHAEL(VO)  
I think that those who dream are  
truly attached to the stars.  
Attached to the memories.

He watches as a shooting star flies across the sky.

MICHAEL  
Joyce...

A tear rolls down Michael's face as he stairs up into the stars. The earth begins to rumble. Michael turns and looks behind him. His barn, house and shed are all shaking violently. Michael glances down at the ground, which is also moving. He watches as the sky becomes brightened. A light appears behind him, the glare shining brightly on his back. His shadow seems so large against the now YELLOW grass-yellow from the unseen light.

(CONTINUED)

The grass begins to shake as a large wind rolls into it. Michael's clothes begin to press tightly against his back, his hair begins to LIFT into the air. As the light grows nearer, the noise and wind become much more violent. A very large spacecraft floats over Michael and into the distance. The sky is completely illuminated by the craft.

It's amazing size and vibrant colored lights mystify Michael. Michael stands, staring off into the distance. He searches for reason-logic, and finds none.

Michael begins to smile. He can not explain quite how he feels, but a look of happiness-ecstasy appears on his face. He begins to clap and laugh hysterically. As he turns to walk away, the noise and lights return. The smile jumps off his face as fast as it appeared as he freezes in his steps. The spacecraft hovers in the near distance, about fifty feet away from where Michael stands.

MICHAEL

What the hell...

He lifts his hand over his eyes, blocking the very bright lights. He begins to step towards the light. The craft creeps closer to Michael, then freezes directly above his position.

MICHAEL

I hope they've seen ET.

The lights shut off. The sky is once again filled with darkness. As Michael looks towards the sky he sees the outline of the craft. Where the lights once shined, there are only STARS.

MICHAEL

Stars.

All the constellations appear in the outline of the craft, each brighter than the last. Michael once again smiles, amazed at what he sees. He feels all of the emotions he once loved-joy, happiness. He is at once relaxed by this awesome sight.

MICHAEL

They are the stars.

As the words leave his lips a large hole opens up in the outline of the ship. A very bright grey light peers out of the hole. Michael is lifted, slowly, into the large light.

FADE TO WHITE

## INT.ALIEN CRAFT

Michael stands in a large room, a very open room. The walls of the room are eggshell white. A screen lowers from the ceiling. It's transparency and thinness surpasses anything we have ever invented. Michael is amazed at the sight. The screen begins to grow larger until it reaches the outer walls and floor. It folds around the walls, floors, and ceiling encompassing the whole room. The room begins to change. Each wall becomes a different color, all very bright and very beautiful. Michael begins to slowly turn around, to take in the entire room.

VOICE

Michael. These are your memories.

The ceiling becomes a bright blue sky. The outer walls turn to forests and trees. And directly in front of Michael is a lake, where he and JOYCE stand by the shore. It all seems very real.

MICHAEL

Joyce...

He steps closer to the image. In the image, he is kissing Joyce as the sun sets over the water.

VOICE

Your mind is pure, and your heart.True.

The scene in front of him changes to a church. The walls change to pews, where people stand, crying. The image in front of him zooms into an open-casket. Joyce.

Michael steps closer to the wall, and places his fingers on Joyce's face.

MICHAEL

I miss you.

A tear rolls down his face. The walls all go black.

VOICE

Michael. Your heart is broken, this is very apparent.

MICHAEL

Why am I here?

VOICE

You look to the stars. You inspire us as much as we seem to inspire you.

(CONTINUED)

The words hit Michael like knives.

VOICE

So, you have been chosen.

MICHAEL

Chosen? For what?

VOICE

To be enlightened.

A loud boom shakes the room. The lights shoot back on. Michael is now standing in a completely different room. There are no walls, there are no images. He is surrounded by stars. The only solid object is the ground he stands on. A small GREY steps out of the darkness. It's large eyes seek to frighten but its calm face seeks to relax. It points towards the stars.

VOICE

There have been many before you,  
and you will not be the last.

MICHAEL

Before me?

The stars begin to shift around him.

VOICE

All of the prophets, leaders and  
peace makers that have graced the  
human race. They have all seen what  
you see. Stood where you stand.

MICHAEL

My god...

VOICE

Your eyes will never once look at  
the clouds in the same way they  
always have. Your mind will no  
longer process data like every  
other man. You are now what we have  
always seen you as-different.

Michael reaches out, and the grey takes his hand. The stars continue to shift all around him. They are joining together, creating one united shape.

MICHAEL

I have a question.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

Yes?

MICHAEL

Are we going to make it?

VOICE

Michael. That is exactly what we had hoped you'd ask. You have taken it upon yourself to seek further knowledge about the well-being of your fellow man. Many would have been selfish, asked for self enrichment. You-you have shown what your race is truly capable of. Compassion.

As the stars begin to form into a single circle, more greys enter from the darkness. They all gather around Michael. The shape is now complete, a huge circle, made up of stars.

MICHAEL

It's wonderful.

VOICE

Look closer.

Michael focuses his eyes on the circle. It explodes around him, becoming three dimensional. Each shard of the circle is an image.

VOICE

Look into each shard. They provide the answers you seek.

Michael struggles to watch each shard as it floats past his head. The first contains an image of a small child, laughing. This makes Michael laugh. The second, a man and his family, eating dinner. Michael begins to cry from joy as the objects float around him. Many more float around his face. He points smiling to some, then stares endlessly into others.

MICHAEL

I understand. I don't know how, but I understand! Good will to man.

The room goes black.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE-NIGHT-PRESENT DAY

Michael lies on the grass, asleep. He awakens, gasping for air. He jumps to his feet, and stairs off into the sky.

MICHAEL

A dream?

A star shoots across the sky. Michael smiles.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END