

S P O O K L I G H T

by

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" S P O O K L I G H T "

FADE IN:

The black resolves focus revealing a brilliant

STARRY SKY

of deep indigo fading to magenta above a thin strip of earth.

It's an AERIAL POV flying towards:

EXT. LOOKOUT POINT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

On the horizon a ridge rises from a rural plain dotted with the lights of a small town.

CLOSER: on the ridge a late 30's era car parked at a scenic viewpoint.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

ON THE RADIO: period sci-fi music of a radio play. The narrator describes creatures from another planet.

A SOLDIER in WWII uniform makes out with a YOUNG WOMAN. His face buried in her neck.

YOUNG WOMAN

(breathy)

When do you ship out for Japan,  
Jimmy?

He manages only a muffled reply. They kiss more. He pauses and reaches into the back seat for...

SOLDIER

Something to get me by while I'm  
surrounded by the enemy?

... a CAMERA, aims it at her. She pushes it away and pulls him back in to kiss. He sets it on the dash.

OUT THE WINDOW: a STAR begins to TWINKLE - brighter than the others.

It gets BRIGHTER.

MOVING... growing as it approaches the car -- FAST.

The car begins to ROCK, but not from their actions. The dash LIGHTS FLICKER as does the sound on the radio.

She notices and manages to push the soldier away.

The car interior is ILLUMINATED by an eerie green glow... as it

BLASTS OVER THEM.

The shaking of the car dissipates in the wake of the LIGHT as it ZIPS into the distance over the lights of the town below.

The couple exchange looks in their now disheveled state.

PPFFT! The camera flash goes off.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. UNDER-GROUND STORAGE FACILITY - PRESENT DAY

A sudden blast of SPARKS SHOWER from the lock of an aging metal door, piercing the darkness and filling it with smoke. They end, a CLANG, then --

SCREECH. The door swings open.

Flashlight beams shine inside. They land on rows of shelves stacked with boxes of documents.

A squad of men pour in, breaching formation, faces hidden behind goggles, balaclavas and all black tactical gear.

They rummage through the files indiscriminately but systematically. They want something specific *bad*.

The light catches an EMBLEM on one of their uniforms: SCHWARTZE SONNE (BLACK SUN) - bent rays in a circle.

INT. TECH COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

PODCASTER (V.O.)

What is the legacy of this technology? How has it advanced over the decades? How far beyond us are these black budget projects?

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: words spill out in rapid succession. Fingers type furiously on the keyboard.

They belong to AARON WEBER (30's) slightly nerdy yet handsome, hasn't shaved in a few days. Concentrating hard, ear buds in. Preventing him from noticing:

KNOCK KNOCK

Aaron's BOSS (50's) sweater vest, salt and pepper beard, raps on the door jam.

BOSS  
Aaron. AARON.

Nothing. He carries a banker box to Aaron's desk and plops it down in front of him. Aaron pulls out an ear bud.

BOSS  
Have you even been home?

Aaron shrugs.

BOSS  
I'm afraid I've got bad news.

AARON  
I'm good right here, I don't want Mitch's office.

BOSS  
No, regrettably its the other thing. I've gotta let you go too.

Aaron is stunned.

BOSS  
Unfortunately the new owners are shutting down the blog. It's just not profitable enough. I'm sorry.

AARON  
But I'm almost done with this update on the--

BOSS  
Aaron, no one is paying to read about conspiracy theories they can get for free on fringe internet sites. And no subscribers means no ad revenue.

(MORE)

BOSS (cont'd)

The editors are cutting the whole developmental tech page and refocusing on mainstream aviation. *Real stories.*

AARON

I got some great stuff last night. If you would just let me finish the next part of the exposé, I'm so close to cracking it, they will believe in it. Everyone will--

BOSS

More media outlets are going bankrupt every day. This is a serious publication that has to turn a profit and secret programs that never materialize are amounting to zilch, like your evidence. This just isn't the place for you. Please pack up, turn your key into Melvin on the way out.

(heading for the door)

I'm sorry Aaron you're a talented writer, but you have to start living in the real world and give up this childhood obsession. I'm sure you'll land on your feet.

The boss steps out. Aaron focuses his attention on a framed photo by his monitor. He picks it up and stares at it for a moment.

ON THE PHOTO: Young Aaron holds an award, with him his parents.

He lowers it into the box, then starts adding his other belongings.

EXT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Clothes and other articles are raining out of a window several stories up. They add to a pile already strewn across the sidewalk.

Aaron approaches, setting his box of office effects down, recognizing his things.

AARON

(yelling to the window)

Jessica!

More items cascade out of the window.

AARON  
Jessica? What on earth are you  
doing?

JESSICA (V.O.)  
(from inside)  
What the hell does it look like?

AARON  
Why are you throwing all my stuff  
out?

JESSICA (late 20's) blonde, sticks her head out the window.

JESSICA  
I'm throwing *YOU* out, Aaron.

She whips back in.

AARON  
Okay, but why?

More things fly out. She pops her head out again.

JESSICA  
I found her message on your laptop.  
Meet me, room 302 at the Interstate  
Hotel. Cheating bastard!

AARON  
Honey that was a source, for the  
blog...

JESSICA  
Uh uh. Don't you give me that crap  
again Aaron. Out all night again.  
*Meeting a source* my ass. Here take  
your damn blog.

She hurls the laptop at him. He tries to catch it but fails.  
CRUNCH!

AARON  
Jessica... wow, really?

JESSICA  
Was she worth it? A roach motel,  
Aaron, *really*? You'd rather have  
some skank off the streets than  
this. Uh uh, its over.

She HUFFS then withdraws again into the apartment SLAMMING  
the window shut.

Aaron plops himself down, head buried in his hands.  
A man in a suit carrying a leather binder walks up.

PROCESS SERVER  
Excuse me, are you Aaron Weber?

He doesn't look up.

AARON  
Who wants to know?

The man flashes credentials.

PROCESS SERVER  
I'm a process server for Erie county. Sorry I couldn't help but overhear your name there. Are you the relative of one Frank Joseph Weber, of Erieville Oklahoma?

AARON  
Grandpa? Yeah I'm his grandson.

PROCESS SERVER  
I apologize, I seem to be catching you at a bad time. I went by your work but they said you left already. I regret to inform you, Sir, of his recent passing. And that you are his last living survivor.

He hands a manila envelope to Aaron.

PROCESS SERVER  
He didn't leave a will so it took some time to sort the details and track you down. He wasn't one for records, as you probably know. Mister Weber you now are the legal inheritor of his ranch. Of course you'll have to sign some more documents in town. There's a plane ticket in the packet for you to exercise at your convenience, just log in to select a departure time.

AARON  
I'm sorry. I don't fly.

## PROCESS SERVER

Oh. Um, well the memorial service has been arranged for two days from today. Again, I'm sorry for your loss Mr. Weber.

He leaves Aaron to stare at the folder.

CRASH! Another box of his things lands just beside him.

## EXT. HOTEL IN THE CITY - NIGHT

The DRONE OF highway TRAFFIC and the HUM of neon fill the air.

Aaron clicks the room light on as he wheels a bag in, drops the handle. He examines his junked laptop briefly then chunks it on the bed. Followed by the envelope. Shuts the door behind him.

## INT. INDOOR POOL - HOTEL - LATER

Now in his bathing suit Aaron observes the other swimmers.

AARON'S POV: A couple flirting heavily. Parents yelling at young kids. And some preteens racing. Not an ideally relaxing environment. Everything ECHOES.

He's standing over the "NO DIVING" painted on the concrete. He dives in.

## UNDERWATER - SLOW-MOTION - CONTINUOUS

The world is silenced, replaced by muffled gurgles as he glides through the liquid.

## ON THE SURFACE -

He comes up near the racing teens at full stroke. Quickly overtakes them - he's got speed - at home in the water.

## LATER -

Ending a hard lap Aaron rests on the steps, breathing heavily. Pushes his hair back. Contemplating.



EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

AERIAL: A car traversing picturesque farmland.

NEW ANGLE: It nears, revealing it is stuffed with Aaron's possessions as he drives.

EXT. ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - DAY

As he approaches town the ridge overlooking the valley comes into view.

He crosses a bridge over a substantial creek, then passes a weathered billboard with Rotary organization signs: "Welcome to Erieville, Home of the Spooklight".

He takes in the quaint community of a few thousand somewhere along Route 66 lining both sides of the worn street. The decades since its golden era show in the architecture and patina.

A MECHANIC'S SHOP with a row of hot rods and a flatbed wrecker catches his eye as he passes.

He continues through town to:

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH AND CEMETERY - DAY

A white single steeple sanctuary surrounded by a few shade trees. Beside it rows of headstones. The ridge fills the horizon. Serene.

The smattering of attendees are seated already in battered folding chairs, some conversing.

The MINISTER finishes his greetings, noticing Aaron's car pull into the mostly empty parking lot.

Aaron adjusts his tie in the mirror as he steps out.

MINISTER

I believe we have a member of the family present.

Heads turn, eyes on Aaron as he heads toward the grave site, still fidgeting with the tie. A PARISHIONER shakes Aaron's hand and gives him a memorial tract.

## PARISHIONER

Good to have you, son, sorry about  
your loss.

He gestures Aaron to his seat. Aaron slinks into it.

The minister begins his eulogy.

AN ELDERLY MAN (80's) STANDS OUT FROM THE OTHERS, seated on  
the end of the back row.

His intense gaze examines Aaron, who can feel it.

He turns his head enough to meet the MAN'S EYES for a split  
second, notices his STAR OF DAVID NECKLACE, then turns back  
around.

## EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH AND CEMETERY - LATER

The service has ended. The attendees mingle. Aaron seeks the  
man in the crowd. GONE. His search interrupted by another  
parishioner offering condolences.

## EXT. WEBER FARM - DAY

A classic two-story farmhouse nestled in rolling hills along  
with some out buildings and a barn on the backside of the  
ridge.

Many WEATHER VANES and metal contraptions scattered on the  
grounds SPIN in the breeze.

On the porch WIND CHIMES greet Aaron as he pulls up near the  
house on the gravel drive. He steps out and sets his duffle  
bag down, memorial tract still in hand.

He surveys the surroundings. SIGH.

Grabs a pile of clothes on hangers from the car plus the bag  
and heads up the porch where he struggles with the aging  
screen door.

## INT. WEBER FARMHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Framed articles from magazines and newspapers of yesteryear  
populate the walls.

ONE STANDS OUT, over a black and white photo of the light,  
the headline: "SPOOKLIGHT BUZZES ERIE VALLEY".

Aaron passes by them shuffling his belongings into the house. He sets the memorial tract down.

The WIND CHIMES JANGLE loudly. Aaron pulls out his phone to check his weather app.

No signal.

AARON  
Spectacular.

He steps outside...

EXT. WEBER FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

... waving his phone around for a signal. No luck.

A car with REAL ESTATE advertizing on the doors pulls up. The attractive AGENT (30) climbs out struggling with a "FOR SALE" SIGN.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
Hi. Are you Aaron? I'm Amber, we emailed about your listing.

AARON  
Hi, yes I am.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
I tried calling, but as you can see, there's not really any service out here.

AARON  
I just got in, I don't think there's any wifi set up either. Do you know how far the closest tower is?

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
Well, the tower isn't so far away, but its basically this property.

Finally she manages to set the sign up. She walks toward Aaron who comes down the steps to greet her. They shake.

AARON  
Hi. What do you mean "*this property?*"

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
Well down the road it picks up okay.

(MORE)

REAL ESTATE AGENT (cont'd)  
 But people say this house is  
 haunted, the ghost interfering with  
 stuff when you get near it.

AARON  
 (chuckling)  
 It's not haunted. I used to live  
 here.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
 Used to? The ghost run you off?

AARON  
 No. Something else.  
 (A beat)  
 It was just for a little while.  
 Here with my grandfather. It's his  
 place. Was.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
 I see. Haunted or not, its gorgeous  
 out here.  
 (looking around)  
 It's a great spot. Honestly though,  
 it might take a while to find a  
 buyer given how things are right  
 now, you know?

AARON  
 How's that?

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
 The town is about dried up  
 economically. Things so tight for  
 lotta folks they make the eagle  
 scream on a quarter. Was even talk  
 about cancelling the Spooklight  
 Festival this year.

AARON  
 Wow they still do that?  
 (beat)  
 Anyway I'm not planning on sticking  
 around long. I'd like to sell it as  
 fast as possible so I can get back  
 to the city.

Ominous clouds fill the sky. The CHIMES grow louder as the  
 weather vanes pivot. The wind blows her hair.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
 Looks like it's rollin' in. I think  
 they predicted a line of  
 thunderstorms this evening.

(MORE)

REAL ESTATE AGENT (cont'd)  
You know Oklahoma weather. I'm  
gonna head back before it hits, but  
it was nice to meet you, Mr. Weber,  
welcome back. We'll do the best we  
can for you. And I'm sorry to hear  
about your grandfather.

She drives off. Aaron watches her car for a moment then  
surveys the sky.

INT. WEBER FARMHOUSE - LATER

Wind HOWLS. Chimes JANGLE.

Aaron sits on one of his duffle bags. He fights with the  
digital antenna attached to an ancient console TV. The  
picture and sound come in and out.

METEOROLOGIST (V.O.)  
... severe thunderstorm warning  
going into effect... those of you  
in the Erieville area. If you  
haven't yet taken your storm  
precautions ... do so now. Very  
strong winds are associated with  
this system, they've already done  
damage--

THUNDER CRASHES.

THE POWER GOES OUT.

AARON  
Spectacular.

EXT. WEBER FARMHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Aaron makes his way through the wildly spinning weather vanes  
and metal contraptions. He wrestles to close the rusted door  
to the entrance of the:

INT. IN-GROUND STORM SHELTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Finally it SLAMS shut with a loud whine and clang, muffling  
the roaring wind.

INSTANT DARKNESS.

His feet SCUFFLE on the gritty stairs.

THUMP!

AARON  
OWE! Dammit.

He turns his phone flashlight on, waves it around to get his bearings then on the stairs as he descends.

Inside there is a bench and a shelf with old cans and jars flush to the back.

He sits and turns off the light, his face lit only by the phone screen.

AARON  
Well this is great. House is going  
to be razed by a friggin' tornado  
before I can even sell it.

The storm rages outside.

He thumbs through apps on his phone. A dark dot appears over an icon. His finger swipes through it.

It smears -- BLOOD.

AARON  
Spectacular.

He turns the light back on and feels around the wound on his head. Winces. Blood on his fingers. He wipes it off and goes to the shelf.

AARON  
Surely there's a first aid kit in  
your storm shelter, grandpa.

The beam of the phone flashlight passes over the items on the shelf. No joy. He wipes the drip from his forehead.

AARON  
Really? Nothing?

Frustrated he hits the shelf.

IT MOVES.

He studies it for a second then gives it a shove.

IT SWIVELS, REVEALING A PASSAGE BEHIND IT.

He pushes it the rest of the way open... steps into the tunnel.

The light of the phone diminishes from view as Aaron proceeds into it...

INT. SECRET TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

...cautiously stepping, bent over under the low ceiling.

LIGHTS FIRE ON

Old work lamps strung along the tunnel wall --

Startling Aaron. He drops his phone.

AARON

At least the power's back on.

He reaches down for his phone. But it is not on the ground...

INSTEAD IT HOVERS INCHES ABOVE IT.

His mouth is agape.

Tentatively his fingers stretch out for it. He snatches it from the air. He waits for ill effects... none arise.

Ahead the lights end soon. He presses on...

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

... and emerges into large cavity. It's dark. His steps ECHO.

A myriad of shapes silhouetted all around.

Aaron finds a throw switch on the wall. He wipes the cobwebs off and cranks it over. Sparks jump.

Lights flicker on revealing: metal storage tanks, dials on consoles, tools - all clearly from the 40's.

Blueprints and diagrams drape the walls.

Aaron tours the curiosities. At one console he turns a LARGE SWITCH. The dials light and spring to life: OPERATIONAL

Next to it files and papers heaped on a table, a piece of machinery sitting on top as a paperweight.

TIGHT: They are in German. Drawing the eye: THE REICHSADDLER!  
(Nazi German Eagle)

AARON  
What the hell is this grandpa...?

He looks around at the rest of the lab.

A DOMED SHAPED object dominates the chamber, covered by an olive drab canvas tarp. Hoses and cables run from some of the tanks and consoles under it.

He goes to it, grips the tarp, tugging the heavy cover until it gives way, slumping into a pile--

He FALLS on his butt.

DUST billows. Light filters through it.

It makes Aaron choke. As it settles the object is unmistakable, *the classic Nazi UFO shape familiar in pop culture conspiracy TV:*

**A F L Y I N G S A U C E R !**

AARON  
Hoooooly moly!

He rises. Taking it in.

AARON  
This... this... can't... it's...

He steps to it. Runs his fingers along its edge. Metal SQUEALS under his fingertips.

AARON  
It's... it's... real!

Circling to the side finds an OPEN HATCH. He ducks, careful to avoid hitting his head as he climbs into:

INT. FLYING SAUCER - CONTINUOUS

POV: Rows of switches, gauge clusters, levers, a throttle like old ships, and a two-handed flight yoke-- ITS A COCKPIT.

Aaron plops into one of the chairs. He ignores the many straps and buckles, enamored with the controls.

AARON  
This is spectacular.

He grabs the handles of the control yolk, attempting to manipulate it. Stiff.



He looks at a LARGE LEVER above him, resembling a steam engine. The label, like the rest, is in GERMAN.

He squeezes the safety grip and swings it.

The HATCH SHUTS.

Whizzing. Whirring. Clanks.

... A MISTAKE...

He attempts to rock it back... ITS STUCK

Yanking on it is useless.

AARON  
Power... power...

He spots a switch labeled "BATTERIE" and turns it.

TINK

TIGHT ON: the lights of the gauges blink on, needles peg out then swing back.

AARON  
No, no! Power off!

WHIIIIIIIRRRR

THE CRAFT IS COMING TO LIFE.

He jumps up and tries the hatch. LOCKED. He pushes hard. No give.

GREEN GLOW BEGINS TO FILL THE WINDOWS.

Aaron swings around looking for what else he might try...

NOTEBOOKS AND TOOLS ARE FLOATING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COCKPIT...

... His EYES grow large...

A LOUD CLANG!

EXT. WEBER FARM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The farmhouse and barn are silhouetted against the sky. The storm has ended. Stars peek out from the clearing clouds.

Crickets CHIRP. Wind chimes JANGLE.

The weather vanes and metal contraptions begin to SPIN.

BOOOSH!

A GREEN STREAK ZOOMS INTO THE SKY from behind the barn!

INT. FLYING SAUCER - CONTINUOUS

OUT THE PORTHOLES: the sky is a blur and streaks. Aaron peels himself off the wall and finds he has a new dilemma:

HE IS FLOATING!

THE COCKPIT IS ZERO GRAVITY... He pushes off from the ceiling attempting to right himself but only spins. He reaches for the chair...

INT. RURAL HOUSE - NIGHT

An OLDER BROTHER(12) and his YOUNGER BROTHER(8) are playing with a HAM radio. Behind them a large window with a great view of the sky.

The younger brother grabs for the microphone from his elder.

FATHER (O.S.)

You two better not be messing with my radio again.

YOUNGER BROTHER

It's my tuuuurn.

The older brother finally relinquishes it to him.

OUT THE WINDOW: a STAR begins to TWINKLE.

YOUNGER BROTHER

(into microphone)

Hello out there. Greetings from Earth.

It grows BRIGHTER.

OLDER BROTHER

You idiot, you can't talk to aliens on this.

The older brother notices the GREEN LIGHT approaching out the window.

YOUNGER BROTHER  
 (into microphone)  
 Don't mind him, I'm looking for  
 intelligent life out there.

The older brother nudges his sibling. He looks too.

The lights on the radio flicker, followed by the room light.

THE DISK OF LIGHT MOVES STRAIGHT AT THEM... BLASTS OVER THE  
 HOUSE.

The boys look at each other, wide-eyed.

INT. FLYING SAUCER

Chaos! BUZZERS sound, gauge needles SPIN. Shaking and racket,  
 like turbulence on an airliner.

Aaron tries to pull himself into the chair, yanks on the seat  
 belt.

OUTSIDE -

The saucer HURTLES past, lurching to the side.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Red and blue FLASHES of a police light bar.

They're on the Sheriff's Department pickup of one DEPUTY  
 KENNETH "KENNY" WAYNE RAGLAND III, ESQUIRE (30's) lean,  
 stubble and sandy hair under his cowboy hat.

Yes, he's the kind of prick that thinks adding "esquire"  
 makes him seem distinguished - to the ladies. He probably  
 wears his aviators at night too.

The door swings open. His fancy boot lands on the asphalt.

He approaches the vehicle he's pulled over with an  
 unnecessary amount of swagger.

Raps on the window with the end of his flashlight. It rolls  
 down. The ATTRACTIVE DRIVER and her FRIEND greet him with  
 cheeky grins.

ATTRACTIVE DRIVER  
 Evening officer. Is there a  
 problem?

He leans close to the window. Adjusts his hat.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Good evening ladies. Actually its  
Deputy. Kenneth Wayne Ragland, the  
Third,  
(points his finger like a  
gun)  
esquire. But you can call me Kenny.

ATTRACTIVE DRIVER

(flirtatious)  
Ooh, what can we do for you,  
deputy? I mean Kenny.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

(clearly flirting back)  
Going a little fast back there,  
weren't yah?

ATTRACTIVE DRIVER

Sorry, we're kinda fast gals.

His radio squawks. Then the annoying secretary type voice of:

DISPATCHER JEANINE(V.O.)

(Over radio)  
Central to K R three, come in.  
Over.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

I'm afraid I'm going to need to get  
some info from you ladies.

DISPATCHER JEANINE(V.O.)

Unit K R three, come in, over.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

(into radio handset)  
Dang it, Jeanine, did I not just  
radio in I'm on a traffic stop? And  
you forgot the E. K R three *E*. How  
many times do we have to go over my  
call-sign? Now what is it? I'm busy  
here.

He flashes a smile at the ladies.

DISPATCHER JEANINE(V.O.)

*EEE*. Well, you said if any reports  
ever came in about that light  
thingy in the sky to let you know  
right away.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Yeah, so?

DISPATCHER JEANINE(V.O.)

Well one just came in not far from your stop, near the junction with county road thirty-nine.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

How long ago?

DISPATCHER JEANINE(V.O.)

Just a bit.

WIDE SHOT: BEHIND THEM IN THE SKY - THE UNMISTAKABLE GREEN GLOW OF THE SAUCER FLYING BY.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Ladies you have a good night, and slow down.

He runs back toward his truck. The driver watches him take off then shrugs to her friend.

CROSSCUT INT./OUTSIDE FLYING SAUCER:

Aaron has managed to climb most of the way into a seat and buckles himself in.

He takes hold of the control yoke turning it. The craft rocks.

He tries the other way. It tips to the other side.

AARON

Okay I can figure this out...

His shoe bumps a pedal. He realizes its there and presses it with force...

The WHIR CHANGES PITCH

The saucer DIVES from the sky toward trees below. BRANCHES smack into the disk.

Leaves fill the portholes as the listing saucer SMASHES through the trees.

Aaron pulls the yoke and presses the pedal for all he's worth...

A THUMP bounces the craft.

A PANEL TEARS OFF. It spins away.

On the exposed metal an ominous emblem is revealed:

A *SWASTIKA*.

EXT. PASTURE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A COW grinds its cud. Lowers its head to take another bite of grass. The ground near it begins to glow.

Brighter... Unphazed it goes for another bite.

But misses... because its STARTING TO LEVITATE IN THE AIR as the SAUCER ROCKETS BY OVERHEAD.

The cow MOOS.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: RADAR SCREEN where a BLIP pulses as the sweep line passes it.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 1  
There it is again. Search only  
return. See.

His partner walks up behind his chair to look. They stare intently at the scope.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 2  
NORAD says its not one of theirs.  
Try to raise them again.

He pulls up the mic on his headset.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 1  
NEOK Tracon to unidentified  
aircraft, please respond. Squawk I  
P. Over.

Silence.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 2  
You know my pop told me a story  
about this kinda thing happenin'  
when he was an ATCO. Ghost returns  
that would disappear and reappear  
impossibly far from each other.

The radar sweep comes around again. The blip is now ON THE OTHER SIDE of the screen.

They keep staring at the scope.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 1  
What did they do?

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 2  
Consult the bible for SOP on UFO reporting.

Air traffic controller 1 points to a shelf. Controller 2 pulls a large manual binder off.

INT. FLYING SAUCER - CONTINUOUS

Aaron is still fighting the controls. He tries the "ship's throttle" lever.

The WHIR begins to WIND DOWN.

OUTSIDE -

*The saucer is coming down...*

The green glow of its underside is dimming. It bashes through the last of the trees emerging into a...

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

...where it SLIDES into a small rise, bumping it back into the air. It flies a moment then SKIDS HARD onto the ground.

INSIDE SAUCER -

The crash JOSTLES Aaron as...

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

...finally a SMASH! The edge digs into the turf.

The saucer sits at an angle leaving a long track in its wake.

Metal PINGS and POPS like an old car engine just turned off. As the dust clears the HATCH DROPS OPEN.

INSIDE SAUCER -

Aaron looks at the now open hatch in disgust and dismay, droops his head.

EXT. AMERICAN SOUTHWEST DESERT - DUSK

Barren, nothing but scrub brush and sand as far as the eye can see until the mesas on the horizon.

A SCIENTIST (50's) in office attire limps along. Labcoat draped over his head as a makeshift Arab ghutra.

He's been out there a while, and he wasn't planning on it.

Drops to his knees. Head droops, despair as he hears:

VEHICLES fast approaching.

A trio of blacked out SUV's park in front of him, tires kicking up dust. Headlights and light-bars illuminate him.

Doors fling open.

Black Sun mercenaries in tactical gear jump out, surround the scientist, guns aimed.

Two flank him, grabbing him by the arms and stand him up. Another scans him with a Geiger counter like device.

A merc opens a door on the center SUV, emerging the man in charge:

HEINRICH HOLZER (50's) dressed in a black suit, hat, eye patch covering part of a nasty scar. Black Sun pin on his lapel. An aura of reverence - even these trained mercenaries wouldn't mess with him.

He steps to the front of the vehicle, silhouetted in its lights and examines the scientist. Waves his fingers.

The mercs drag the scientist closer, drop him. The merc with the scanner shakes his head "no" to Holzer.

SCIENTIST

It was there, Herr Holzer, I swear. All the Tesla papers from Paperclip were stored in it. All the saucer crash materials from the five oh ninth too. That's the only vault I know about...



Holzer squats. A merc grabs the scientist and pulls his head up. His eyes meet Holzer's.

As the scientist pleads Holzer slowly peels off a black leather glove from his scarred hand...

SCIENTIST

I swear! You have to believe me.

... and STRIKES him across the face with it.

One of the mercs leans in to Holzer. *Delivers a message.*

Holzer rises, gives the signal to mount up. Everyone packs it in.

SCIENTIST

Waaaaait! You can't leave me out here. I'll die...

The dust from the SUV's chokes him as they peel away.

WIDESHOT: The SUV's leave the desert and turn onto a desolate road. Their headlights shine on a mileage sign:

'ROSWELL 100'

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

A very beat Aaron ambles along the shoulder, passing the Welcome Sign into town.

INT. ERIEVILLE SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Phones RING off the hook.

Deputies scramble to take reports by phone and from the throng in person, among them DISPATCHER JEANINE (50), corpulent but pretty. Her makeup and hair regimen haven't changed since '89.

She yaks into her headset.

DISPATCHER JEANINE

Bless your heart. Let me get this straight, your Holstein was floatin', hooves in the air this morning?

Deputy Ragland enters, wading through the commotion, approaching her.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
What the hell is going on?

DISPATCHER JEANINE  
(into headset)  
I see. And is it still levitatin' ?

She covers her microphone with her fist.

DISPATCHER JEANINE  
(to Deputy Ragland)  
Pandemonium 'bout folks seein' the  
Spooklight.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
All these are sightings?

DISPATCHER JEANINE  
Everyone's tryin' a sell us crazy  
and we're stocked full up. Oh, your  
father is lookin' for you, in his  
office. Mess got him in one of his  
moods though.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Right.

Deputy Ragsdale knocks on the office door.

SHERIFF RAGLAND (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
What?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
(to the door)  
It's me, Pop.

The door's flung open to:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF RAGLAND (60) portly, goatee, likely never had fun a  
day in his life, signals him in. Phone to his ear.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
(into phone)  
Yes sir, yes sir. I understand Mr.  
Mayor.

He slams the phone down receiver.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
Get your bony ass in here. Where  
you been boy?

The sheriff parks himself on the edge of his desk.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
(walking in)  
I was checking out a report on the  
Spooklight.

Deputy Ragland sits in the visitor's chair.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
Hell naw, not you too with this  
hooey. Heard enough of that from  
your mother. Besides that nonsense  
died down years back. Now I just  
promised the mayor I would get to  
the bottom of this ruckus before  
they ruin the festival and the town  
goes under and by God, that's what  
we're gonna do, understand?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Pop, I think something may actually  
be going on. You know I seen it too  
when--

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
Horse hockey. Ain't nothing to it  
but some damned punks concontin' a  
hoax. Got the whole town in a dang  
uproar and that ain't good for  
nothin' but trouble, understand me.  
Ain't nobody gonna make a fool  
outta Sheriff Kenneth Ragland.  
Right now I gotta head to the  
openin' ceremony. You get out there  
and find 'em.

EXT. MECHANIC'S SHOP - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - DAY

Route 66 memorabilia and ads for auto products of bygone eras  
decorate the shop.

Aaron eyes the flatbed wrecker and meanders into the parking  
lot, noticing the REAR END of the MECHANIC bent over into the  
engine bay of a 'rodded out 30's convertible.

A portable radio atop a stool next to the car blares news  
about the Spooklight sightings and festival.

AARON  
Excuse me?

No response. He approaches the mechanic.

AARON  
Excuse me. I was wondering about  
hiring out your flatbed...

A woman's voice replies.

FEMALE MECHANIC  
You sure you'll come back?

Aaron's perplexed by the question. And gender of the voice.  
Something about it...

AARON  
Uh yeah, of course I would. Why  
wouldn't I--

The mechanic swings up, slides her wrench into a back pocket  
and leans her hip against the car. Crosses her arms and  
glowers at him.

Taking Aaron by surprise is:

A stunning Native American woman, INOLA (30) coveralls tied  
around her waist, grease on her fingers. She's her own person  
and doesn't take guff from anyone. Least of all:

AARON  
Inola--

INOLA (FEMALE MECHANIC)  
What the hell happened to you?

Aaron is suddenly aware of his disheveled appearance.

AARON  
It's a crazy story.

INOLA  
Oh really. Let's hear it.

AARON  
Well, you're not going to believe  
this but--

INOLA  
 (waving finger at him)  
 You know what you're exactly right  
 so, why don't you just save your  
 breath.

She HURLS a shop rag at him, which he lets smack him in the face.

INOLA  
 You gotta lotta nerve showing up  
 here after ghosting on me.

She storms towards the shop entrance. He has a flash of realization.

AARON  
 (to himself)  
 The dance!

He chases after, grabbing her arm and turning her.

AARON  
 I'm sorry, Inola. I'm really sorry.  
 Can I explain? That night. It was  
 Kenny. He--

INOLA  
 Kenny? What the heck does he have  
 to do with anything?

Deputy Ragland spies Inola and Aaron as he passes by in his truck. Pulls a U-turn and skids into the parking lot.

They turn to watch him. Slams his door shut as he approaches.

INOLA  
 Speak of the devil.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 (walking up)  
 Pardon me, Inola, this guy  
 botherin' you?

He gets uncomfortably close to her.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 You alright, beautiful?  
 (Softer)  
 You decide about going out with me  
 next Friday night?

AARON  
We're fine.

Ragland sticks his finger in Aaron's face.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
No one's askin' you partner.  
(to Inola)  
So whadya say?

AARON  
I said we're fine.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Now listen here...  
(recognizing him)  
Aaron city slicker Weber? What in  
the sam hell are you doin' here  
numbnuts? Look like you been rode  
hard and put up wet.

AARON  
I'm just here a little while to  
sort out some personal business  
jackass. I see your repertoire of  
insults hasn't improved any. Bet  
your daddy still scraping the  
manure off your boots too.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Nope, nope, I can handle you right  
here right now myself chicken shit.  
We got unfinished business you and  
me.

They start slow circling each other, Ragland rolls his  
sleeves up, cranks his neck.

INOLA  
An officer of the law is gonna  
scrap with a civilian right here on  
Main street? Are you mental Kenny?  
Wait, why am I asking.

Deputy Ragland UNPINS HIS STAR and tosses it aside.

Inola steps between them to keep them apart.

INOLA  
You two idiots at least attempt to  
act like adults.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Right now I ain't the law. And you  
ain't gonna be here for long.

(to Inola)

Now step aside darlin', he's had it  
comin' a long time.

Her hand reaches to her back pocket, then...

INOLA

(through gritted teeth)

Aaron! Run!

... NAILS Ragland in the CROTCH with the wrench -- a big ass  
wrench. He gasps, buckles.

AARON

What did you do?

INOLA

I said run!

She grabs Aaron's hand, spurring him to follow. They bolt  
leaving Ragland writhing on the ground.

They glance back. Ragland points at them.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Stop in the name of the law!

INOLA

But you aren't the law, law-dog.

She flashes his badge to him.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Why you...

His eyes blaze.

He manages to get to his feet, winces, holding his crotch as  
he limps to his truck. Throws it in gear. Stops - wrong way.  
Backs up then SPINS his wheels pulling out.

INOLA

Come on.

They sprint down main street. Ragland's truck careens after  
them heading toward:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - DAY

A crowd gathers in front of a dais with lectern. City dignitaries take their seats on the platform.

Carnival games, fair food wagons and vendors of every type hawk their themed kitch.

Flags hanging from lampposts and a banner stretched across the stage celebrate "The Annual Erieville Spooklight Festival".

Sheriff Ragland steps on-stage, scans the crowd then takes his seat on the end.

A woman who never met an eyeliner she didn't like in her best skirt suit, the CITY COUNCIL CHAIRWOMAN (50) steps to the microphone. She taps it. It SQUEALS.

CITY COUNCIL CHAIRWOMAN  
 Before we begin I'd like us all to give a hand to thank the Beavers' Lodge Ladies' Auxiliary for their pie sale donations that made the festival possible this year.

She claps into the mic. The crowd response is muted.

CITY COUNCIL CHAIRWOMAN  
 And now ladies and gentlemen, as the chairwoman of the city council, its my pleasure to introduce his honor, the mayor of Erieville!

The assembled applaud. The MAYOR (60's) slim, in a western blazer and bolo tie, waves to the crowd as he steps to the lectern.

MAYOR  
 Thank you Pam. I'm delighted to see so many of ya out this year. It's my honor to welcome all y'all from Erie county and the surroundin' communities for all the fun and events we have to offer. With that, I officially declare the openin' of Erieville's annual Spook Light Festival.

A cheer goes up.



IN THE CROWD -

Aaron and Inola slow, huffing, as they near the throng. They attempt to disappear into the crowd.

As the din dies down someone yells out. Aaron and Inola turn to listen to:

CROWD MEMBER 1  
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor! Is it true  
the Spooklight is back?

CROWD MEMBER 2  
Yeah is it true?

CROWD MEMBER 3  
We saw it!

The crowd roars.

ON STAGE -

The Mayor motions for them to quiet down.

MAYOR  
Now now. We have had some reports--

The audience disapproves loudly.

MAYOR  
(trying to talk over)  
We have had some... unverified  
reports. But as yet that's all.

IN THE CROWD -

CROWD MEMBER 4  
Unverified my rear end, it tried to  
kidnap old man Wannemaker's heifer.  
Now just what is you gonna do?

ON STAGE -

MAYOR  
(Turning to the Sheriff)  
Ah Sheriff, would you care to come  
up and address this please.

He nods his head signaling him to get up there.

MAYOR  
 (into mic)  
 Sheriff Ragland ladies and gentlemen.

The Sheriff steps to the mic begrudgingly.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
 Hello, ladies and uh gentlemen,  
 (adjusting mic awkwardly)  
 yes, we've uh, taken reports, but we believe it to be a hoax at this time, some hucksters playin' a prank bein' its the festival.

IN THE CROWD -

The audience is not having it.

Deputy Ragland pulls up near the back of the assembly and exits his truck.

He enters the multitude, scowling, scanning for his prey.

CROWD MEMBER 3  
 Everyone that's lived here since the forties has seen it at some time or another, and it was definitely the same Spooklight I saw growin' up, Sheriff. Ain't no one hoaxin' for all them years.

ON STAGE -

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
 It be could all sorts a things mistaken for it, we don't have any tangible evidence yet after all this time for anything outta the ordinary goin' on.

IN THE CROWD -

BOOS.

Aaron spots Deputy Ragland. He nudges Inola. They start easing their way out.

As they move Aaron surreptitiously nabs a decorated HAT from an onlooker and puts it on.

CROWD MEMBER 4

What about our cattle? We had to  
get a winch to bring down  
Wannamaker's cow stuck in a tree. A  
tree!

The crowd roars.

Deputy Ragland is observing the man yelling when the HAT  
moving against the flow catches his eye.

Aaron turns to look back. His eyes lock with Deputy  
Ragland's.

ON STAGE -

SHERIFF RAGLAND

Ain't nothing or no one doin' any  
cattle rustlin' on my watch. What  
we are doin' is tryin' to keep some  
semblance of law and order in Erie  
county so everyone can enjoy the  
festival.

IN THE CROWD -

Deputy Ragland breaks for them.

AARON

Move!

He tugs on Inola, they sprint away from square. Ragland gives  
chase dodging audiences members as best he can.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Stop them!

Onlookers watch the scuffle momentarily then return their  
attention to the stage.

CROWD MEMBER 1 (V.O.)

Is it going to be out again  
tonight? We wanna see it!

INOLA

I got an idea.

She alters their direction, entering...

EXT. CITY PARK - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...passing picnic areas and camping spots and down a slope to the bank of the creek which runs through the park.

Inola begins pulling her coveralls off the rest of the way.

INOLA  
You trust me?

AARON  
Are we doing what I think we're doing?

INOLA  
Yep.

She runs into the water then lunges into an overhand stroke.

Deputy Ragland still has a slight hitch in his gait but he's making good ground after them.

INOLA  
Come on!

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Stop right now! Gimme my badge!

Aaron runs in after her as Ragland hits the water's edge.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
(between breaths)  
Dammit you two... you two... so in for it.

Aaron stops in the water, turns back.

AARON  
What's the matter little mermaid?

Ragland stares at them as they continue across to the other bank.

His radio squawks.

DISPATCHER JEANINE (V.O.)  
Central to K R Three EEEEEEE come in. The sheriff is looking for you. Over.

He kicks the ground in anger, then starts walking away.

EXT. CITY PARK - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - DAY - LATER

The sun reflects off the water. Idyllic.

Aaron and Inola sit by the creek, drying off.

AARON

You know what I sorta miss. I used to sneak off from Grandpa's and we'd come here to race. One time Kenny was winning and I was trying my best to keep up. He swallowed a bunch of water. Started choking. I drug him out. Ever since that day he won't step foot in the creek and he's hated my guts for violating his manhood or something.

INOLA

That's not the way he tells it.

AARON

Only other time I saw him that scared was when we saw the Spooklight.

INOLA

Why did you say his stupid name before he pulled up at the shop?

AARON

The evening of the ball, I was picking up your corsage and ran into him. He was probably drunk already. Spilled beer on me. And we were about to get into it. But his dad came around the corner with another deputy and stepped in before much happened. Of course they took up for him. Said I started the fight, so they threw me in a cell. I didn't stand you up Inola. It was Kenny. He ruined everything that night. Sometimes I think it was set up on purpose.

INOLA

Are you serious?

AARON

After all the other trouble I'd gotten into, Grandpa was so mad when he came to bail me out he had already arranged to send me off to that frikkin' boarding school. No good-byes, nothing. I was too mad and probably embarrassed to say anything. So, I'm sorry I left like that. Wasn't my idea, but I ran away essentially. It wasn't fair to you. I know I should have said something along time ago.

INOLA

I was furious with you. For a long time. Senior year especially sucked. You could have at least wrote to me or something. You have heard of this new fangled thing called the internet.

AARON

I know. You're totally right. I wanted nothing to do with Erieville and tried to leave it all behind.

INOLA

I couldn't believe my eyes when you walked up. Wrench was meant for you.

AARON

Good to know. I probably deserve it. What was he doing there?

INOLA

That Cretin has been trying to get with me since middle school. He hated you because I liked you instead.

AARON

(grinning like a fox)  
Is that so?

INOLA

You're not off the hook yet mister. What did you want the wrecker for anyway, or was that some sort of terrible pick up line?

AARON

No. You're not gonna believe it.

WIDE SHOT: He stands, she follows suit. As they leave the PANEL from the saucer is visible, washed up near them.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The wrecker crests a berm and comes to a stop. Aaron jumps out quickly and runs to huge MOUND of branches and debris. Inola opens her door and stands up on the jam observing him.

INOLA

What the heck are we doing?

Aaron drags a large branch off the pile revealing a clear view of the metal underneath.

AARON

Come help me. We need to hurry.

She joins him, pulling another large limb away. She steps back to take in what the pile really is:

THE SAUCER.

INOLA

Aaron what is this?

AARON

I'd like to formally introduce you to the Erieville Spooklight.

INOLA

The what?

AARON

It's a flying saucer. A real life flying saucer. It's what the Spooklight actually is - I think. All the talk about everyone seeing the Spooklight back... It was me when I accidentally took off in this thing.

He continues clearing brush.

AARON

Did my best to cover it up.

She nods in the direction of the skid marks.

INOLA  
Smooth landing I see.

AARON  
Hey I'm still in one piece at  
least. No thanks to this flying  
death trap.

Throwing off another branch uncovers the lost panel.

And the Swastika staring at them.

INOLA  
Why on earth were you in it to  
begin with? And-- why is *that* on  
it?

AARON  
I think its German. From World War  
Two.

INOLA  
Where did you get a World War Two  
German flying saucer, Aaron?

AARON  
Down a secret tunnel from the storm  
cellar. Under Grandpa's barn.

INOLA  
(emphasizing with her  
hands)  
Of course, why didn't I think of  
that. And what possessed you to  
take it for a test flight?

AARON  
Purely an accident. Look I'll tell  
you all about it on the way back.  
Right now come on help me winch it  
up on the wrecker. I wanna get it  
outta here before someone sees it.

INOLA  
Like half the county saw it already  
before you *crashed*.

AARON  
Yeah well I'm not exactly an ace  
pilot. Plus I skipped the  
instruction manual. I think I did  
pretty good considering

(MORE)



AARON (cont'd)  
 (points to self)  
*I don't fly.*

INOLA  
 Oh yeah. I remember. Sorry.

She examines it a moment, then kicks the side of it.

INOLA  
 Probably been rusting for years too  
 I'll wager.

AARON  
 Looks that way.

INOLA  
 But it works? It flew?

AARON  
 Flew is a relative term. I'm never  
 doing that again.

INOLA  
 (to herself)  
 A flying saucer...  
 (louder to Aaron)  
 Have you heard the Native legends  
 about the Sky People?

She gets a look in her eyes - mischievous contemplation.

AARON  
 Come on!

She has a renewed spark of energy as she grabs the tow hook  
 and slack cable from the winch, heads towards the saucer.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

The wrecker rounds a turn, approaching. On the bed the  
 distinct shape of the saucer, tarp tied down over it.

SILVER LIQUID DRIPS from under the tarp landing on the road.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY NEARER TOWN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Deputy Ragland leans against his truck. Stares at the empty  
 space where his badge should be.

Sighs.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Ain't never gonna hear the end of  
this...

Clicks his radio handset.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
(into radio)  
Unit K R Three E to central.

He looks toward town. The wrecker nears in the background.

DISPATCHER JEANINE (V.O.)  
K R Three EEE go ahead.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
(into radio)  
I need you to swap me over from  
crowd detail to traffic for the  
rest of my shift. Over.

DISPATCHER JEANINE (V.O.)  
Ain't the Sheriff got you lookin'  
for the Spooklight hucksters?

He turns to look the other direction. As he does the TOW  
TRUCK PASSES BEHIND him to his blindside.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
(into radio)  
Yeah that's exactly what I'm doin'  
alright. K R Three E out.

Shakes his head. Kicks the tire.

INT. TOWTRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Inola drives. Aaron keeps his eyes on the sideview mirror.

INOLA  
I was checking out the saucer. The  
construction looks like regular  
parts from that era, and that I can  
work with. But I have no idea how  
they function, its not exactly a  
car engine. I'm going to need some  
help figuring out the mechanics  
when I really get under the hood if  
we want to get it back in working  
order.

AARON

I'm a journalist, not an engineer.  
And besides, why do you care if it  
works?

INOLA

I just do, okay. Trust me. And I  
think I know someone who could  
help. I'll hit them up after we get  
the saucer back to the farm.

AARON

Who? You know how fast things get  
around in a small town. They've  
gotta be tight lipped.

EXT. BARNHURST BROTHERS' LOT - DAY

A 30 foot radio antenna rises into the air.

Next to it an aging RV. Formerly white, now discolored.  
Orange stripe. Covering the roof a large satellite dish, wind  
speed indicator and every type of measuring device.

LED lights are strung around it, presently unlit.

More satellites and antennas of various sizes and vintages  
surround the RV.

INT. BARNHURST BROTHERS' RV - DAY

Dark. Moody. Pools of light.

Grey soundproofing foam covers the walls. The rest is  
plastered with photos of famous conspiracy theory subjects,  
articles. Computers. And an inflatable alien.

Behind a studio microphone hangs a banner made at a local  
print shop in a cheesy font "DPP: THE DISCLOSURE PROJECT  
PODCAST".

At the mic: COREY BARNHURST aka the 'PROFESSOR' (50's) wild  
hair, Hawaiian shirt, chunk of crystal hanging from a hemp  
necklace. 70's vibe.

Working the engineering panel his bother RORY (40's) long  
hair, coke bottle glasses set in 60's style frames. Trucker  
hat and flannel shirt open over a T-shirt.

They might be mistaken for a jam band past its prime and  
you'd not be wrong.

The Professor is putting on his best "conspiracy" voice.

PROFESSOR

(into mic)

You're listening to the Disclosure Project, we're recording live in Erieville and things have really been heating up around here kids. Just in time for the annual festival celebrating the infamous glowing light haunting the night sky, reports are flooding in from around Erie Valley that the enigmatic Spooklight flies again.

(beat)

But why has it returned after years of absence? Why has it captivated generations? And what is this mysterious light exactly? Is it the disembodied spirits of a Native American couple, rent from each others arms, condemned to seek revenge for eternity? Is it nothing but the refractions of car lights on the highway? Is it a temporal portal or doorway into another dimension? Have you experienced it? Let us know in the comments.

Rory hits a button, starting a moody synth music cue.

PROFESSOR

(into mic)

I'm 'Professor Paranormal', your humble host on this deep dive into digital disclosure. You're in for another enlightening episode as we explore the esoteric and fantastic in Erieville, where America's secrets and conspiracies don't just fly over the country, they live here.

BUZZZ. BUZZZ. BUZZZ.

PROFESSOR

Cut cut. Confound it Rory how many times have we talked about silencing your phone when we record bro.

Rory hits a button on the panel then checks his phone. He holds it up for the Professor to read. They look at each other a moment, then --

EXT. BARNHURST BROTHERS' PLACE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The ENGINE STARTS - The RV tears out of the lot.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Deputy Ragland's truck is parked facing the road in a speed trap behind the town Welcome Sign. He rummages around in his glove box. A podcast plays.

PODCASTER (V.O.)

... the Reptilians, the Nordics, the large and small greys, all witnessed by abductees taken aboard alien spacecraft against their will. What is the UFO agenda for humankind? Why do they take us? DNA harvesting...

OUT HIS WINDOW: A bright light ROARS past.

The radar gun BEEPS.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

What in the almighty hell.

He reaches up to turn on the overheads, and throws it in gear. Peels out of there.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Barnhurst's RV has been pulled over. The lights on Deputy Ragland's truck flashing behind it.

Ragland comes to the window. Rory lowers it. The Professor leans forward to address the deputy from the passenger seat.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Professor Barnhurst. Professor Rory. I don't even know how you got this hunk of junk to move that fast, but I do know you were well over the posted limit. And way too dang bright.

PROFESSOR

If you had finished your education perhaps you would comprehend how the internal combustion engine works mister Ragland. Re-enroll in my class.

Rory nods approvingly and points to his brother in a "what he said" gesture.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

I'll have you know I'm takin' courses online.

PROFESSOR

Pop quiz, which is slower, the internet speeds out here or you?

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Dang it now you can't talk to me that way, I'm a law enforcement officer and you'll show me due respect.

Rory points to his uniform, where the badge is glaringly absent, and nods to his brother.

PROFESSOR

Perhaps you'd be kind enough to show us your badge, *officer*.

Ragland grits his teeth, dips his head a little.

PROFESSOR

Be a shame if we had to report it missing now wouldn't it.

Rory nods and affirms the suggestion.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

(through gritted teeth)  
Looks like it's your lucky day. Go on. Git.

PROFESSOR

Have a nice day. Enjoy the Spooklight festival!

They drive off, leaving Deputy Ragland standing there.

EXT. WEBER FARM - DAY

Aaron and Inola exit the cab of the now saucerless wrecker.

AARON

Two of them? You've got to be kidding me? Who are these guys?

INOLA

They're professors at the community college alright. I took some classes there. They both have several degrees, Physics and Linguistics. I think they used to teach at some Ivy League school. Anyway, they're legit. Just be forewarned they're a little eccentric.

AARON

Spectacular.

INOLA

Plus they should be really helpful, they're into stuff like the Spooklight on their podcast.

AARON

Podcast!?

The RV skids into the gravel. The side door swings open.

The brothers poke their head and shoulders out the door - one above the other.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - LATER

Rory digs through files, peers over his glasses, examining one in particular.

The Professor emerges from the hatch of the saucer, tracing his hand across the metal.

INOLA

What did I tell you? Secret tunnel, underground base and all. Podcast gold mine.

PROFESSOR

It's the most amazing thing I've ever seen.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
A remarkable piece of engineering,  
Inola. This is why we came to  
Erieville.

(raises hands)  
This is amazing! The legend is  
*real*.

INOLA  
You guys came here for this?

AARON  
It's not just a local legend. It's  
the Holy Grail of conspiracy  
theories after who killed JFK. The  
mythos that the Nazis developed  
anti gravity technology is known  
around the world as "The Legend."

PROFESSOR  
You're well read Mister Weber. And  
as we can see, it's no myth man.

AARON  
Thanks Professor. It's nice to be  
appreciated for once.

INOLA  
How on earth did it end up here?

Rory walks over with a paper, hands it to the Professor.

AARON  
That is the front page question.

The Professor scans the document.

PROFESSOR  
Project Nighthawk perhaps.

He turns it around to display it to the group.

PROFESSOR  
Hitler was obsessed with so called  
Wunderwaffen, 'wonder weapons'  
which he thought would turn the  
tide of war. But... they weren't  
finished in time. After Germany's  
defeat the Allies and Russians  
competed for top Nazi scientists  
for their own research to try to  
get an edge in the Cold War. The  
famed American program was called  
Operation Paperclip.

(MORE)



PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
 But they also secretly shipped back  
 the hardware developed for these  
 weapons in a less known enterprise  
 called Nighthawk.

AARON  
 I've heard about this, they were  
 lighting off V two rockets left and  
 right at White Sands test range.

PROFESSOR  
 Precisely. Our rocket scientists,  
 space program. Germans.

Rory holds up another document of interest to complement his  
 brother's info -- blueprints for a plane that resembles a B-2  
 bomber -- the characteristic boomerang shape.

PROFESSOR  
 Oh wow, he had Kenneth Arnold  
 material.

INOLA  
 Who's that?

PROFESSOR  
 Saucer mania, UFO's all began with  
 Kenneth Arnold, a pilot, in  
 nineteen forty-seven who said he  
 saw a squadron of V shaped objects  
 that flew like  
     (demonstrates with hand  
       movement)  
 "saucers skipping across the  
 water."

He points to the aged blueprint.

PROFESSOR  
 What he in fact saw was a test  
 flight of Horton two two nines, a  
 secret delta wing jet fighter  
 captured in Germany. The reporter  
 misquoted him writing "flying  
 saucers" and the rest is history.  
 So when Roswell happened a couple  
 of months later saucers were on the  
 nations's mind. Cue government  
 coverup.

AARON  
 You think something really happened  
 at Roswell?

Rory nods excitedly. Gestures to the saucer in the room.

PROFESSOR

Certainly, though it wasn't a visit from E.T. After seeing this I would venture it was an unsuccessful test of another Haunebu, the ultimate Wunderwaffen.

AARON

Wunderwaffen... Grandfather...

PROFESSOR

From the documents here it looks as though he kept tabs on all the developments coming out of the Nighthawk projects after they arrived in the U.S.

AARON

And hid this saucer here. But why? He kept flying it. The reports became known as the Spooklight it seems.

PROFESSOR

A most fascinating hypothesis Mister Weber. Why indeed. That's way out man.

INOLA

Great, so, can we fix this thing or what?

Rory holds up two binders - instruction manuals. Everyone looks at him.

He nods.

INOLA

Perfect. Because I have an idea. Prepare yourself Aaron, you're going up to meet E.T. afterall.

AARON

Oh no, I'm not.

Inola pats the wrench in her hand to say "Oh yes you are buddy".

Rory SNAPS a photo of the saucer with his cell phone. Inola SLAPS his hand.

INOLA  
Seriously? What did I say?

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: The screen of a handheld scanner, the level bars near peaking. The Black Sun agent using it walks away following the path of the readings - revealing:

WIDESHOT: Technicians searching, silhouetted in low lying fog.

SUV's with light-bars on full crest the berm, slide to a halt in sequence.

Agents file out of the SUV's, shoes impacting the ground.

They deploy metal detectors. One motions for his comrades to join.

CLOSE ON: An agent's hand reaches down to take a SAMPLE of pooled SILVER LIQUID.

Elsewhere in the field flashlight beams comb the ground. They find a skid mark.

Small marker lights are set out around the impact.

HIGH ANGLE: The cleared branches and markers form a circle around the impact - SUGGESTING THE SHAPE OF THE SAUCER.

The agents gather round, recognizing what it represents. One takes a photo on a digital camera.

EXT. MECHANIC SHOP, ERIEVILLE OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

A FIGURE in all black and a ski mask digs in the hot rod. It runs away with a speaker and amplifier.

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - NIGHT

Two more FIGURES in all black and ski masks come running out a door holding a piece of equipment between them.

As they approach it becomes clear it is a SPOTLIGHT.

Two more figures arrive moments later with a large TANK on a wheeled carrier labeled "LIQUID MERCURY - CAUTION".

NEW ANGLE: Both sets of thieves converge at the Barnhurst's RV.

One of them opens the door. They begin loading their spoils into it. It drives off.

INSIDE THE RV -

Ski masks come off. Hi-fives go around amongst the figures: Aaron, Inola and the Barnhurst brothers.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - LATER

On a table: The spotlight sits next to a radio handset, car speaker and amp with other tools and materials.

Inola is back in her coveralls, laying on a roller under the saucer, cranking parts in an open panel with her wrench.

INOLA  
(yelling out)  
Okay I think that's the last leak  
of the mercury piping system.

The team is repairing and upgrading the saucer. The Professor connects the stolen tank via hose to a port.

INOLA  
So Professor, so how does it make  
anti gravity?

PROFESSOR  
If Rory's translations are correct.

Rory shoots him a look as he carts the spotlight to the disc.

PROFESSOR  
(a little louder to Rory)  
And I'm sure they are...  
(normal voice)  
It's quite genius. It pumps the  
liquid mercury solution around the  
edge of the saucer, and juices it  
with an enormous electric charge.  
Think of how a spinning top stays  
up - Euler's equation of motion.  
Then the electricity creates a  
magnetic field that pushes against  
the earth's, like repelling poles  
of magnets, lifting it and  
stabilizing the flight dynamics so  
the top doesn't fall over.

Inola rolls out from under the saucer, stands.

INOLA

So it's a pump and a battery. I can handle that.

PROFESSOR

She was one of my best students.

She grabs the radio, speaker and amp and disappears into the saucer. Aaron observes her.

AARON

She's a hell of a mechanic.

PROFESSOR

Agreed.

AARON

So what causes the weird effects and the green glow?

PROFESSOR

We're dealing with torsion field vortex technology from the forties, difficult to calculate what anomalies it creates. And, like the earth, the saucer is generating an immense electromagnetic field concentrating ionized particles - plasma. Its just like the Aurora Borealis--

AARON

The Northern Lights.

PROFESSOR

Precisely Mister Weber.

AARON

And the missing panel? They seem to be covering the original skin.

PROFESSOR

Very observant. I think you are correct. My best guess is they're for stealth. Composite covered by radar absorbing paint. To go undetected by modern radar. It will be picked up without the panel, but likely appear as a glitch.

AARON

Can I ask you something more personal?

PROFESSOR

Certainly.

AARON

Your voice... are you Professor Paranormal?

He chuckles.

AARON

I knew I recognized it. I love your podcast! How on earth did you end up in Erieville Oklahoma of all places? Weren't you at some Ivy League type school?

PROFESSOR

I was chair of the physics department at said prestigious (makes air quotes) "institute of higher learning" and some felt my experiments and areas of inquiry were beneath the university, tarnishing their image. Rory and I drove to Nevada to broadcast during "Storm Area 51" and when we returned I was handed my walking papers. I was just too far out for the man.

Aaron nods agreement.

PROFESSOR

Thankfully the college here was willing to take me on, and didn't really care about my proclivities toward alternative scientific studies.

(beat)

Poor Rory resigned his position in protest and moved with me to keep the podcast going. Erieville has been a great place to us, kind people, except Ragland, and we've always been fascinated by the Spooklight. Now look.

(Gestures toward the saucer )

(MORE)

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Getting the boot was great in the  
scope of things.

AARON  
I kinda understand. I was fired for  
writing about black budget programs  
for a mainstream aviation mag. I  
saw the Spooklight as a kid. And  
I've been hooked since. Who knew it  
was right under my house.

PROFESSOR  
You have to stick to your guns and  
follow your gut, see where things  
take you, no matter how strange it  
gets. That's how we ended up here,  
about to test fly a flying saucer  
man. Which reminds me I need to  
tell you all something first.

AARON  
Hey guys, gather round.

Inola comes out of the saucer. Rory finishes with the  
spotlight.

PROFESSOR  
After doing the math, I think you  
all need to be warned about  
something. If the system is charged  
up and its not dissipated in a  
controlled manner, say used during  
flight or slowly bled off, the  
saucer will generate a devastating  
EMP when the pile is at max.

INOLA  
EMP?

PROFESSOR  
Electro magnetic pulse. A wave of  
energy that will take out anything  
electrical in a radius of several  
miles. That includes the human  
nervous system. It could wipe out  
the town if used irresponsibly. It  
was made to be a weapon remember.

AARON  
Got it.

INOLA  
Got it.

Rory give a thumbs up.

AARON  
 (to Inola)  
 How did you talk me into this?

INOLA  
 It'll be good for you.

Aaron looks like he could lose his lunch.

INOLA  
 (to Rory)  
 Let's see it.

Rory motions "one moment" as he rummages through the materials on the table.

AARON  
 See what?

INOLA  
 The piece de resistance.

Rory hands her a tote bag, the side says "STORM AREA 51".

INT. FLYING SAUCER - MOMENTS LATER

Inola straps into her seat next to Aaron. They wear race suits. Her hair tied in a handkerchief. He wears a leather aviator's helmet.

AARON  
 Make sure everything is secured.  
 Remember, gravity is crazy in here.

INOLA  
 Check.

She slides her cell phone into a car mount and plugs cords into it.

Aaron toggles switches. The gauge lights blink on.

AARON  
 Get ready.

He throws the overhead lever. The hatch shuts. The craft COMES TO LIFE.

Inola turns to Aaron, huge smile.



AARON

Oh my Lord, I can't believe we're doing this.

INOLA

You'll be fine. Trust me. Just have to work on the landing. You read the manual?

He nods. She hands him a doggy bag.

INOLA

Just in case.  
(nods towards back of cockpit)  
I saw what you did last time.

AARON

Spectacular.

He gently moves the throttle handle.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The Barnhurst brothers brace behind some of the equipment. Rory has donned a tin foil hat. The Professor shoots him a look of disapproval. The HUM of the saucer draws their attention, they look on thrilled as:

Objects levitate. Papers fly all over --

The underside of the saucer begins to GLOW --

The WHIR grows louder as --

The saucer hovers --

EXT. WEBER FARM - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

The farmhouse and barn silhouetted against the starry sky. Crickets CHIRP. Chime JANGLE.

The weather vanes and contraptions begin to spin.

BOOOSH!

THE GREEN STREAK ZOOMS INTO THE SKY from behind the barn.

EXT. LOOKOUT POINT - NIGHT

FIRE CRACKLES bounded by a rock ring. A beer bottle SHATTERS on the rocks sparking drunken GIGGLES.

Pickup trucks surround the fire, tailgates down as seats for Ragland's FRIENDS -

a mix of men and women, most in western shirts and jeans. Dangling their boots.

A few more recline in lawn chairs beside a cooler of beers.

Some of them stare into the sky.

The ray of a high-power flashlight beam pierces the sky in short bursts as one of them rocks the power button in faux Morse code - "summoning the Spooklight".

Two toast.

FRIEND 1

Here's to the Erieville Spooklight,  
the last thing holdin' this town  
together.

Giggles. CLINK.

FRIEND 2

I heard its back this year.

FRIEND 1

Yeah folks at the festival was  
sayin' they seen it today.

FRIEND 3

Me and Randy saw it as kids. What  
y'all think it really is?

FRIEND 1

Definitely aliens.  
(spooky fingers)  
Whoooooo.

FRIEND 2

Naw, its some sorta astrological  
phenomena. Like swamp gas. Risin'  
off the manure from all the chicken  
houses 'round Erie Valley.

FRIEND 3

What you think, Kenny? Ain't you  
see it too?

Deputy Ragland stares through binoculars. Now in civilian  
clothes like his friends. Standing in the bed of his truck.

He lowers the binoculars.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

I don't rightly know. But sure as  
hell gonna find out. If it really  
shows itself again tonight. But for  
now hand me another one.

He sits down on a lawn chair in his truck bed.

WIDE SHOT: Friend 1 digs into the cooler. In the sky a  
familiar TWINKLE in the distance. It catches his eye.

He points with the beer.

FRIEND 1

Hey hey hey hey! What's that?

It grows BRIGHTER... CLOSER.

FRIEND 2

Yeah, what is that?

The friends all looking now.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Ha ha ha. Douchebags.

FRIEND 3

No really Kenny look!

Ragland finally turns. The saucer is almost over them.

FRIEND 2

Holy Moses its real!

FRIEND 3

Sweet baby Jesus!

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Well... I'll. Be. Damned.

The saucer is close enough for the green glow to illuminate  
them all now. Everyone stares up. Mouths gape.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 (never moving his gaze)  
 Someone take a picture.

SPOTLIGHT FIRES ON

from under the saucer. The beam travels on the ground until it lands on Ragland.

POV OF SAUCER: His friends dive out of the truck beds and chairs, make for the cabs.

IN HIS TRUCK -

Friend 1 frantically tries the ignition.

It won't turn over... the lights flicker out.

It SHAKES.

FRIEND 1  
 Run for it!

OUTSIDE -

They take off.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 Where the hell y'all goin'?

Ragland's now alone in the bright beam.

A loud CREEPY UTTERANCE booms from the saucer, sounding like an--

ALIEN VOICE  
 Kenneth Wayne Ragland third  
*Esquire*. The Zeta Reticulans we  
 are.

Ragland yells up at the saucer.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 (waves fist toward it)  
 You are real. I knew it! Wa wa...  
 What do you want from me? Why are  
 you here?

ALIEN VOICE  
 To earth have traveled we many  
 light years.  
 (MORE)

ALIEN VOICE (cont'd)  
Inter species DNA experiments for  
to harvest your body parts.

RAGLAND'S POV: The saucer hatch lowers, in the portal an  
ALIEN FACE.

Its black almond shaped EYES glare down at him.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Hell if you're takin' me!

LEAPS from his truck racing away. The beam of light follows  
him.

INT. FLYING SAUCER - CONTINUOUS

Inola sits alone, she speaks slowly into a CB radio handset.

INOLA  
You are belong to us now Kenny.

Aaron climbs back into his seat, removing the alien mask.

AARON  
The piece de resistance.

They giggle.

Through the portholes they can see Deputy Ragland run from  
the spotlight disappearing into the darkness.

She TAPS a voice modulating APP on her phone to turn it off.

INOLA  
Well mister Zeta Reticulan. That  
was so worth it to see the look on  
his face. Serves him right.

AARON  
Do I know how to show an earth girl  
a good time or what?

She eases the yolk into a turn. He flips a switch.

OUTSIDE -

The spotlight extinguishes as the saucer glides off into the  
sky.

EXT. ERIE VALLEY COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The saucer's green glow zooms over the ridge, approaches the town below, banking side to side.

It grows larger as it nears.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - NIGHT

Air traffic controller 1 stares at his scope.

ON RADAR SCREEN: the sweep line rounds. BLIP.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 1  
Nope. Nope nope nope nope nope.

Air traffic controller 2 steps up behind him, looks at the scope. Shakes his head. Looks down at this coworker.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 2  
Nope.

He takes a sip from a coffee mug. Turns to walk away.

EXT. TOWNSQUARE - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

The Spooklight Festival is in full swing. Cafe lights strung. The lights on the amusements spinning and flashing.

Attendees mingle to and fro with balloons, a myriad of confections, glow-sticks and LED's adorning themselves in every way.

On the main boardwalk A CHILD is frozen mid lick on a scoop of ice cream, peering into the sky. BLINK. The PARENT tugs on their child's arm.

PARENT  
Come on. What are you doing?

The child's hand droops enough for the ice cream to tumble off the cone - SPLAT.

PARENT  
Great. Look what you did!

The child keeps staring.

PARENT  
(to child)  
What is it?

Finally the parent catches on and looks up for what mesmerizes the child.

Around them the crowd starts pointing to the sky with fingers and cell phone cameras. Audible OOH'S and AWE'S.

The parent sights the GLOW of the saucer as it FLIES toward the throng in Town Square...

Headed straight for them --

Parent's mouth drops as  
it SOARS over their heads.

REVERSE ANGLE: The glow of the saucer disappears into the distance.

PULLING BACK reveals the unmistakable figure of:

HOLZER

standing in the crowd, observing the saucer fly away.

INT. FLYING SAUCER - CONTINUOUS

Inola and Aaron steal glances of each other as they enjoy piloting the saucer.

Out the portholes the lights of Erieville roll by below.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

The distinctive whir winds down. Exhaust puffs here and there from the saucer. Aaron and Inola strip off their flight gear as they exit the hatch.

INOLA  
(to Aaron)  
See I told ya you'd survive.

AARON  
We need to work on your Yoda,  
that's not how he talks you know.

PROFESSOR  
A successful flight? On all  
parameters?

Rory is nodding and giving an inquiring thumbs up to Inola.

INOLA  
Mission success.  
(to Rory)  
The mask was perfect, Ragland was  
peeing his pants.

AARON  
They scattered like flies.

Rory throws a big thumbs up and grin.

PROFESSOR  
All things are possible through the  
application of science and  
ingenuity.

AARON  
I can't believe that Kenny and his  
loser friends still drink at look  
out point. That's exactly what they  
were doing in high school.

INOLA  
Told you they'd be there.

PROFESSOR  
Failure to launch. Ha, pun! Rory I  
made a figure of speech.

Rory rolls his eyes.

INOLA  
(to Aaron)  
Why didn't you show up with a  
flying saucer sooner?

PROFESSOR  
Rory and I will examine the flight  
data.

He makes a gesture to Aaron to say "up". Aaron responds with  
a stealthy nod.



AARON  
 (to Inola)  
 I got you a little something, its  
 in the spare room. Meet me in the  
 barn after you find it.

INT. BARN - WEBER FARM - NIGHT

Inola enters, grooming her hair with her hand, looking  
 radiant in a ball gown.

She's surprised to find the barn decorated - paper lanterns  
 and strings of Christmas lights bask it in a warm glow, a few  
 pieces of high school prom type decor.

And a sign: "ERIEVILLE HIGH SPOOKLIGHT BALL". Its sweet and  
 Romantic.

Music starts playing. Aaron walks towards her.

AARON  
 You look stunning.

He's now also dressed in more formal attire.

INOLA  
 Thank you. I haven't worn a dress  
 since--

AARON  
 The night of the ball?

INOLA  
 Probably.

AARON  
 A shame I missed it then. Don't get  
 me wrong greasy coveralls is a good  
 look.

He presents her corsage. She offers her hand. He puts it on.

AARON  
 Better late than never I hope.

INOLA  
 We'll see.

They lock eyes. He reaches out his hand.

AARON  
 May I have this dance?

She accepts, they take positions to slow dance.

INOLA

What are you doing? What is all this for?

AARON

I've been thinking about that night. What Ragland stole from us. I wanted to give you what we lost. At least in some small way.

INOLA

I've had the most fun since you showed up. I mean... it's all completely insane. But fun. After daddy got too sick to work all I've done is run the shop.

AARON

I'm sorry to hear that. You deserve a little fun.

INOLA

When did you have time to do this?

AARON

I asked the Barnhurst's to set it up while we were taking the Zeta Reticulans to meet Kenny. Science and ingenuity.

INOLA

Well played sir. I might forget I was saving the wrench for you.

AARON

Might?

INOLA

Don't press your luck city slicker.

She rests her head on his shoulder. They get lost in the dance.

EXT. TOWNSQUARE - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - DAY

Crisp morning sun crests the ridge, striking signs of the previous night's festivities - overflowing trash cans, partially eaten food on the ground.

A broken ice cream CONE half lies in the puddle that was formerly a scoop.

A TIRE rolls over the cone pulverizing it. It belongs to a TV news van.

It parks next to a row of others. The side door flies open.

REPORTER 1 and her CAMERAMAN rush out of it. They jolt towards the stage where a growing throng of residents and other reporters wait.

REPORTER 1

And don't you dare use that on camera light again, it gives me two chins.

CAMERAMAN

I got it, I got it.

As they near REPORTER 2 is already doing a remote into a camera on tripod.

REPORTER 2

...we're here live in Erieville waiting for the start any minute of a press conference in which town officials will address the mass sightings of the famed Spooklight last evening during its namesake celebration...

A microphone slides into a holder on the lectern joining a group of others with various news and local TV station logos.

The mayor and other city officials file onto the dais.

Just off stage Sheriff Ragland rages.

SHERIFF RAGLAND

(into radio handset)

This cockamamy Spooklight fiasco is gettin' out of control and Kenny's nowhere to be found. Now you raise him on the horn and get his skinny ass down here, you hear me, Jeanine.

DISPATCHER JEANINE (V.O.)

Ten four, I've been tryin' but ain't got nothin' but static boss.

The Sheriff walks up on stage and nods to the mayor. The mayor steps to the lectern. From the crowd audio recorders, cell phones and boom mics point to him in unison.

CAMERA CLICKS.

MAYOR

Okay I think its time. Ladies and gentlemen of the media as mayor I'd like to welcome y'all to Erieville this mornin' to talk about the Spooklight's appearance last night at the annual festival-

Reporter 1 interjects.

REPORTER 1

So you're confirming the reports of this object in the sky?

MAYOR

Well, ah, maybe, folks did seem to witness - something - ah. No denying that. Sheriff, step up here. Sheriff Kenneth Ragland everyone.

CAMERA CLICKS. Sheriff Ragland comes to the lectern. The reporters erupt with questions. Reporter 2's voice wins out.

REPORTER 2

Sheriff can you tell our viewers what it is?

SHERIFF RAGLAND

Well, no I don't think there's anyone that rightly can say-

DEPUTY RAGLAND

(loud)

I can.

Everyone turns to find a very ragged Deputy Ragland by the stage.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

I can tell y'all what that damned thing is.

The Sheriff tries to cover the microphones with his hand.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
 (to Deputy Ragland)  
 Where you been boy? What the hell  
 happened to ya?

Deputy Ragland steps up on stage.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 (to reporters, dead  
 serious)  
 Last night aliens from Zeta  
 Reticuli tried to abduct me from  
 lookout point. Their UFO is the  
 Spooklight.

An explosion of CAMERA CLICKS and FLASHES. All the reporters  
 shout questions.

INT. BLACK SUN SUV - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ON A TABLET the news feed of the press conference plays.

ON SCREEN:

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 And I seen one of the aliens.

The Sheriff drags him off stage. The news camera tracks them.

REPORTER 2 (V.O.)  
 That was the scene moments ago in  
 Erieville--

IN THE SUV -

A gloved finger turns the tablet off. TILT UP TO the viewer:  
 Holzer.

He hands it to a subordinate. Signals the driver to go. He  
 holds up a vial of mercury. Studies it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV pulls away from the saucer's crash site.

EXT. WEBER FARM - POND - DAY

POV: Aaron is observed as he steps out of the house, carrying a coffee mug and waves his cell phone as he moseys toward the pond. Morning sun reflects off the water.

The Observer: MAX - the Elderly Man from the memorial service. Wearing his Star of David necklace. He speaks with a slight but discernible accent.

MAX (ELDERLY MAN FROM MEMORIAL)  
Selling the farm?

Aaron is startled, but recognizes him. Max approaches him, uses a cane.

AARON  
You in the market?

MAX  
I would have called but no signal here.

AARON  
So I've noticed.

MAX  
May I introduce myself. My birth name is Maksymilian Lieberman. Friends call me Max. You are Frank's grandson I hear, I will consider you my friend also.

He extends his hand. Aaron shakes it.

AARON  
Aaron Weber. Would you like to sit down, Max?

He motions to the chairs on the pier. They sit.

MAX  
I haven't spoken my real name since nineteen forty-five. Sounds odd to hear it aloud.

AARON  
You were at my grandfather's memorial. I was hoping to speak to you after it. You were friends?

MAX

I made the arrangements for the service to honor him. I was very sad to learn of his passing. Frank was more than a friend. I live today because of him. And the source of your signal interference.

Aaron glances around.

AARON

You know about it. Don't you.

MAX

The Haunebu, intimately. Tell me my friend, how did you come to be here, piloting our saucer all over the valley?

AARON

I didn't mean to take off in it, I haven't been in the air since my parents died in a plane crash when I was a kid. Right after, still traumatized, I was stuck on a plane and sent here for grandfather to look after me. He tried hard, but I grew difficult to handle, and we didn't part on the best terms. I haven't been back until I learned he'd passed. Which I regret a lot now. I stumbled on the saucer during the storm.

MAX

It is exhilarating to fly is it not. Frank could never relinquish that. I always advised him to be rid of it after we arrived here.

AARON

Why Oklahoma of all places?

MAX

Frank knew your grandmother's family had immigrated here before the Nazis shut the borders. It seemed a good place for him to marry her and to keep Haunebu from the wrong hands. Which I am afraid yet hunt for it still.

Max hoists himself onto his feet.

MAX

Come, I have things to show you.

INT. BARN - WEBER FARM - DAY - LATER

The Barnhurst Brothers and Inola have joined. Shafts of sun shine in through the planks.

A white sheet now hangs on a wall over "Spooklight Ball" decor.

Max operates an old projector sitting on a bale of hay. The film starts, black and white images fill the makeshift screen.

ON SCREEN:

A German military title card with the now familiar BLACK SUN logo. Then, Nazis overseeing an archeological dig.

MAX (V.O.)

Right after taking power Hitler sent a special branch of the SS, the Ahnenerbe, digging around the world for something more than relics, they sought technology and weapons described in ancient writings.

The film cuts to an Indian illustration of a flying craft and Sanskrit writing.

MAX (V.O.)

In Hindu texts they found what they wanted, an armored anti gravity vessel named 'vimana'.

New scene: A laboratory, Nazis in uniform cluster by scientists in white coats with clipboards.

MAX (V.O.)

I was a young engineering student before the Third Reich invaded my home in Poland. After killing those they deemed useless we were taken to a work camp. It was... nightmarish.

Next: The identity photo of a Nazi in full dress uniform. Followed by footage of him trailed by an entourage inspecting rows of concentration camp prisoners.



MAX (V.O.)

The man in charge of the Haunebu project was a monstrous SS officer named Wolfgang Holzer. He plucked out those with physics and scientific skills from camps, teasing better conditions if we agreed to work in his labs.

Cut to: Scientists in lab coats and military uniforms pour over blue prints as beakers boil on tables behind them.

MAX (V.O.)

I was assigned to work for a young Austrian engineer, your grandfather. He also conscripted to build the Nazis their new weapon. He looked after me. We became fast friends and agreed to do only enough work to keep us alive. To postpone giving Holzer the weapon he wanted for his Fuhrer.

A Split screen: a portrait of Nikola Tesla with the New Yorker hotel. Then shots of an empty trunk open in his hotel room.

MAX (V.O.)

Mostly there were legitimate failures. Breakthrough came when the gestapo stole Tesla's research papers in New York City after his death in nineteen forty-three. In them were the answers to making anti gravity functional.

The saucer hovers above German military vehicles and a bunker. It begins to rise slowly.

MAX (V.O.)

By the time we had a successful test the Allies were nearly to our underground facility. The order came down from SS high command that all involved in the secret programs were to be executed. That night we took the papers, sabotaged the other prototypes and stole the saucer to escape with our lives.

AARON

You said someone is looking for it still?

Lastly a slide: A Soviet era photo of younger Heinrich Holzer, recognizable by his eye patch.

Max comes to stand in front of the screen, the projection of younger Holzer's face large and ominous next to him.

MAX

The foul rat Holzer survived by surrendering to the Russians. Recreating our work during the Cold War. He died in a test gone wrong. But he had a son with a Russian woman, Heinrich, who took up his father's mantle. He made millions selling Red Army weapons after the fall of the Soviet Union, funding his private defense contractor Black Sun. Using it to pursue saucer technology to this day.

The film runs out, the projection bulb blasts white onto the screen.

AARON

Thank you for coming and sharing this.

MAX

The recent saucer flights will have drawn Black Sun's attention. Everyone who knows about Haunebu is in danger. I have a new place we can secret it to, I will leave now to prepare it. Holzer must not acquire the craft.

EXT. MAINSTREET ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - DAY

A caravan of Black Sun SUV's roll through town. Residents turn to look as they go by. The SUV's head toward...

EXT. TOWNSQUARE - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - CONTINUOUS

...the Spooklight festival stage, pass empty booths. Tires roll over festival flyers advertising a night parade on the pavement.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV's stop in front. A Black Sun agent hops out of the front passenger seat, quickly opening the rear door for Holzer. Another heads straight for the lobby entrance door.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Holzer and his entourage charge in past the front desk. Dispatcher Jeanine is having none of it.

DISPATCHER JEANINE  
Excuse me gentlemen. I don't know  
what its like where y'all are from  
but we have manners here.

Holzer halts, turns and stares holes through her instantly. She taps the intercom button, her eyes -- big as saucers -- never leave Holzer.

DISPATCHER JEANINE  
(to phone)  
Uh, Sheriff, there's someone wants  
to see you. Like now.

INT. SHERIFF RAGLAND'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The door is opened by a Black Sun agent. Holzer storms in. The agent closes the door behind him.

The Sheriff and Deputy Ragland rise from their chairs at the intrusion, glare at him.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
And just who the hell is you  
mister?

Holzer's European accent makes him sound distinguished.

HOLZER  
Holzer. My name is Heinrich Holzer.  
A special contractor for the  
government. I am the man who is  
here to alleviate your Spooklight  
problem Sheriff.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
(slightly suspicious)  
Here to take care of the Spooklight  
you say? From the government.

Holzer nods. The Sheriff extends his hand to shake.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
 (exuberant)  
 Sheriff Kenneth Ragland. How can I  
 help mister Holzer.

Holzer doesn't acknowledge the gesture. The Sheriff closes his hand.

HOLZER  
 (indicating Deputy  
 Ragland)  
 I believe he is the key.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
 Kenny?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 Me?

Holzer steps toward him.

HOLZER  
 Now, if you would be so kind,  
 Deputy, tell me why aliens in a U -  
 F - O have come here to abduct you?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 (to the Sheriff)  
 See someone believes me.  
 (to Holzer)  
 They told me they come back to take  
 me for their DNA experimentations.  
 I been expectin' it ever since me  
 and my friend Aaron got a good look  
 at the Spooklight as kids.

SHERIFF RAGLAND  
 Aaron... Aaron Weber?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 Yeah, Pop. He's back in town. I ran  
 into him the day before...

HOLZER  
 (creepy soft)  
 Weber.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 Yeah. We ain't friends anymore,  
 he's kind of a--

HOLZER  
Where will I find this Aaron Weber?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Who cares if they're after him?  
What you gonna do about the Zeta  
Reticulans abductin' me?

Intensity rises in Holzer's demeanor.

HOLZER  
Where!?

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - LATER

Aaron and Rory man the mercury tank and hose leading to the saucer. Inola measures the space of the missing panel.

The Professor examines a handheld radar gun.

PROFESSOR  
Courtesy of deputy Ragland's truck?

Rory grins, nods.

INOLA  
Are you sure we have time for this?

PROFESSOR  
They'll be able to track it without  
the panel.

He aims the radar gun at a piece of metal across the room.

AARON  
What good is flying it to a new  
hiding spot if they follow us. We  
gotta try.

BEEP BEEP. The Professor reads the speed indicator.

PROFESSOR  
Not adequately stealth yet, still  
getting a return. I'll increase the  
coating.

A RUMBLE begins to SHAKE the chamber. Dust falls from the ceiling. Everyone freezes and looks up. After a few seconds it stops.

INOLA  
What did you do?

EXT. WEBER FARM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

SUV's slide to a halt. Black Sun mercenaries jump out, take up defensive positions. Others charge into the house.

Agents follow waving scanners. One gets a positive. He signals.

On the ground: a small puddle of mercury.

A team of mercs open the storm cellar - enter in tactical formation.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

FOOTFALLS ECHO in the tunnel - approaching.

INOLA

You guys...

AARON

(frightened realization)

We don't all fit in it...

Mercs burst into the chamber - rifles at the ready. Hands go up.

The mercs take in the saucer for a second, then turn their attention to Aaron and company.

One motions for them to crowd together - barrel in their face. Another zip ties their hands behind them, pushes them to their knees.

INOLA

I've got a wrench with your name on it buster, get your mitts off me.

PROFESSOR

So uncool man.

A single set of FOOTFALLS grows louder -- Holzer. He saunters in, hands crossed behind his back.

He stops. Stares at his prize. His back to Aaron and his compatriots.

He steps close to the saucer, runs his finger on the edge. The metal SCREECHES.

HOLZER  
(to himself)  
Fantastisch.

After a few moments...

HOLZER  
One of you comes from a line of  
filthy thieves and murderers...  
Aaron Weber.

He begins peeling off his gloves.

AARON  
None of us is a thief or murderer  
you demented Nazi wannabe.

Holzer raises his hand to shush him.

HOLZER  
I shall explain. For my birthday,  
when I was finally old enough for  
security clearance, my father took  
me to witness a test of his life's  
work, Haunebu. He spent years  
recreating what was lost in the  
war. I now know it was incomplete.  
Missing technical details from the  
stolen research.  
(a beat)  
The saucer exploded.

He pushes his eye patch up.

HOLZER  
It ripped him apart. And scarred me  
in more ways than one.

Holzer slowly turns the injured side of his face toward Aaron  
and friends, revealing his eye is:

COMPLETELY SILVER !

They are reviled.

He slides the patch back down over it.

HOLZER  
As I am sure you are aware mercury  
is carcinogenic. Physicians were  
unable to fully remove the liquid  
metal from my brain. Deteriorating  
from the inside out.

(MORE)

HOLZER (cont'd)  
But before I succumb I will fulfill  
my father's legacy.

Holzer kneels, he's right in Aaron's face.

HOLZER  
So you see Herr Weber, your family  
has murdered my father, stolen his  
breakthrough, and taken my life  
from me! And I will be made whole.

He SMACKS Aaron in the face with his gloves. Aaron is  
indignant.

AARON  
I know about you Holzer. Your  
father didn't break through  
anything, he was a sadistic Nazi  
slave master stealing innocent  
lives and the brilliance of people  
like my grandfather and Max.

Holzer rises back up and signals to his men. They grab Aaron  
and the others and begin dragging them away. They resist but  
it's futile.

INT. JAIL - SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Aaron, Inola and the Barnhurst brothers sit in a jail cell.  
Dejected.

PROFESSOR  
That guy is way off the rails man.  
He's not going to sell the saucer  
to the government as a black budget  
project. He's going to do something  
really horrendous.

Rory puts up his fists.

AARON  
I agree. First we gotta get outta  
here though.

KEYS JANGLING signal someone approaching the cell. They all  
turn to see who:

INOLA  
(dripping with disdain)  
Kenny.



DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Well... well... well... Surprise,  
surprise.

He leans against the bars.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
What do we have here?

INOLA  
(crossing her arms)  
What the hell do you want?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
I hear y'all better learn to get  
comfy behind bars. A high falutin'  
federal agency is coming to collect  
you lot for some serious charges  
like theft of government property  
or some such.

Aaron stands and goes to the bars, face to face with him.

AARON  
We aren't thieves, and its not  
stolen government property, Kenny.  
It's *the* Spooklight.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Riiight. What? Wait. What do you  
mean its *the* Spooklight?

AARON  
Its not aliens in a UFO. My  
grandfather built it in World War  
Two. It's an anti gravity machine.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
You're pullin' my leg. Your  
grandpappy didn't build it, I saw  
it. It was aliens-

INOLA  
That was us Kenny, playin' a prank.  
There aren't any Zeta Reticulans.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
That was yaaaa'l'lll...

AARON  
Yes, we did that. I'm sorry.  
Grandpa kept the saucer hidden on  
the farm. I found it by accident.

(MORE)

AARON (cont'd)  
 But Holzer is here to actually  
 steal it. We've gotta stop him.  
 It's dangerous.

The Professor stands up.

PROFESSOR  
 We're telling you the truth Deputy.  
 We were charging it up to fly it  
 away from here when Holzer found  
 us. If the energy isn't discharged  
 properly it will build until it  
 explodes destroying the town. It's  
 some serious shit man.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 Oh y'all are just feedin' me a line  
 of bull hockey. What do you take me  
 for?

INOLA  
 Kenny, we're bein' real with you.  
 I'm sure you've seen Holzer and the  
 Black Sun guys yourself. Why do you  
 think they're here? You could help  
 save the town. But we've gotta get  
 out of here. Now.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 Why on earth ever would I help you?

INOLA  
 How would you like your badge back?

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - MOMENTS LATER

The back door swings open, Deputy Ragland's key in the hole.  
 He glances around. Coast clear. Aaron and company come  
 sneaking out.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 Alright hurry. Dang it y'all.

Aaron pats him on the shoulder.

AARON  
 Come on.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
 Boy I'm gonna get it for this.

They pile into Ragland's truck, some inside some in the bed.

INOLA  
Where are they now?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
They're holed up at the old  
National Guard Armory.

Rory smacks the side of the truck "Let's go". They take off.

EXT. DISUSED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - ERIEVILLE - DAY

They peer from behind a crumbling barracks building at an imposing brick and concrete fortress from the 20's.

Black Sun Mercs pace back and forth in front. Others posted guard at the main entrance.

On either side of the door left and right facing SWASTIKAS are built into the brick.

PROFESSOR  
Well that's pretty ironic. Welcome to Indian country.

INOLA  
It's disgusting they forever shamed a symbol that meant positive things to native peoples and cultures everywhere.

AARON  
We should give these carpetbaggers a proper Oklahoma boot in the rear. But how are we going to get in there?

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
That thing is shored up tighter than Fort Knox. This is nuts.

PROFFESOR  
Rory and I can create a diversion, get them to open up and draw them out. Slip in during the chaos.

Rory is not pleased about being volunteered.

AARON  
Like what?

PROFFESOR

All things are possible through the application of science and ingenuity. Leave it to us.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

Y'all don't mean duct tape do ya?

Rory rolls his eyes.

PROFESSOR

We still have the radar tracking issue. We can't get the panel at the farm, its crawling with Holzer's goons.

INOLA

There isn't time to fabricate another.

DEPUTY RAGSLAND

What kinda panel?

PROFESSOR

(indicating with his hands)

Dark grey, about yay big. It makes the saucer stealth.

DEPUTY RAGLAND

I seen somethin' like that in the creek.

INOLA

Where?!

DEPUTY RAGLAND

In the park, when I was chasin' you.

AARON

Come on.

(to Barnhurst brothers)

You get the diversion ready, we'll get the panel.

They take another look at the armory as they slip away.

EXT. CITY PARK - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - DAY

The **missing panel** rests on the bank.

INOLA  
There it is.

AARON  
Yeah I see it.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
See I told y'all.

AARON  
The fastest thing to do is just  
swim over and get it.

He pulls off his shirt.

INOLA  
It'll take two of us.

She kicks off her shoes.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Wait a minute. It actually was you  
two in that thing, not Zeta  
Reticulans here to harvest my  
organs.

INOLA  
It truly was us Kenny. The alien  
abduction thing was my idea.

AARON  
I found the saucer purely by  
accident. It is what we saw *that*  
*night*. Grandpa flying it. That's  
the real Spooklight.

Ragland DECKS Aaron with a good RIGHT HOOK.

INOLA  
Really? Now?

Ragland flops his hand, flexes his fingers to alleviate the  
pain.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Had that comin' a long time. Now  
we're square.

He unsnaps his shirt. Aaron tests his jaw, wipes the corner  
of his mouth.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Come on city slicker, I'll race you  
to it.

He charges into the water.

Aaron and Inola share a look. She waves her hand toward the water - "get going". Aaron follows Ragland into the creek.

EXT. LOCAL HARDWARE STORE - ERIEVILLE - NIGHT

The ALARM is sounding.

The Barnhurts come trotting out carrying arm-loads of boxes, dropping some in their wake.

They toss the boxes into the RV side door, the Professor runs around to the driver side. Rory jumps in onto the boxes.

The RV peels away.

A box falls out the door. Rory swings the door shut.

INT. LOCAL HARDWARE STORE - ERIEVILLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: a note sits on the counter beside the register.

"Wayne, put it on my tab, explain  
later.

- The Professor"

EXT. MAINSTREET - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

Twilight.

Spooklight Festival Parade floats are lining up: fancy cars draped with strings of lights, pickup trucks towing decorated hay trailers presenting all manner of vignettes.

Participants make final adjustments, power on lights. Cheerleaders twirl illuminated batons. Marching band members warm up.

Sheriff Ragland walks down the row exchanging pleasantries.

EXT. DISUSED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - ERIEVILLE - NIGHT

As a Black Sun merc paces in front of the main entrance a BRIGHT REFLECTION grows in his goggles. He turns toward the source:

AN ORB OF BLINDING LIGHTS...

approaching on the road to the main gate. Is it a UFO? It's the size of... **an RV.**

The other guards outside break for it also. A booming DEEP VOICE emanates from it.

VOICE  
(loudspeaker)  
PORTACI DAL TUO CAPO. DAI WOMEN QU  
ZHAO NI DE LINGDAO. WATASHITIACHI O  
ANATA NO RIDA NI TSURETEITTE  
KUDASAI...

SIDE OF ARMORY -

A door opens, more guards file out.

From the shadow of the door AARON'S FACE peeks out - he's hiding behind the door.

When the guards clear he slips inside the armory.

FRONT GATE -

The mercs raise their guns as they advance, joined by the reinforcements they surround the pulsating light.

VOICE  
UT NOS PRINCEPS VESTER. KHADNA  
'LILAA QAYIDIK.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Blue and Red lights flash. It's the light bar on Deputy Ragland's truck, which is blocking the road with barricades.

He leans against it, now in uniform -- WITH BADGE.

Inola sits inside holding the CB, staring down the road.

INOLA  
This is it.

The ENGINE RUMBLES and the AIR BREAKS BLOW on a black big-rig truck and trailer as it stops at the road block.

As Deputy Ragland nears the door he sees it bears the Black Sun emblem.

The window rolls down.

DEPUTY RAGLAND  
Evenin' partner. I'm gonna need to see some paperwork.

He draws his sidearm, AIMS it at the driver.

EXT. DISUSED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - NIGHT

VOICE  
BRING UNS ZU DEINEM ANFUHRER.

The Barnhurt's RV is draped with more LED's than ever. The mercs slowly close in on the lights. One reaches for the side door handle.

Holzer marches out of the main entrance and...

VOICE  
PARA MAS STON IGETI SOU.

...sees all his men out front by the RV, screams at them.

HOLZER  
(furious)  
Leave it, secure the Haunebu!

They look at him. He waves them back to the armory.

HOLZER  
Inside now! Jetzt! Jetzt!

INT. BARNHURST BROTHERS'S RV - CONTINUOUS

Rory holds a microphone.

RORY (THE VOICE)  
(into mic)  
Take us to your leader.

He lowers it. His natural voice is amazingly deep bass.



RORY  
(to Professor)  
What good is speaking twelve  
languages if I never use them bro.

PROFESSOR  
Something's happening.

Through the window: the mercs heading away.

INT. DISUSED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - ERIEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Aaron slinks down a corridor until he finds a door with a window. A green glow is behind it.

He peers through it, sees the saucer. The glow is prominent. It vents gases...

EXPLOSION IMMINENT !

He checks around quickly, then tries the door. Locked. He KICKS the glass, SHATTERING it. Reaches in and finds the handle, opens the door --

Sprints to the open hatch.

EXT. DISUSED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - ERIEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Holzer marches back inside, his men running past him...

INT. DISUSED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - ERIEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

...they flood into the room with the saucer.

INSIDE SAUCER -

Through the portals Aaron sees the Black Sun goons surrounding him as he throws handles and flips switches.

Straps in. Sets the memorial tract of his grandfather on the dash. The dials are red, lights flashing everywhere.

He pushes the throttle handle over. The green glow brightens.

THE ROOM -

Fills with smoke, lit by the saucer's glow.

Holzer runs in, points at the saucer.

HOLZER  
Haunebu belongs to me! Stop him!

The WHIR of the saucer spinning up grows.

The draw of the ships electromagnetic field TUGS on the RIFLES in the hands of the mercs.

They struggle to pull them back. Their boots slip on the tile floor.

Holzer grabs his face.

INSIDE SAUCER -

Aaron presses the pedals, pulls the flight yolk. Everything shakes.

IN THE ROOM -

*HOLZER'S METAL EYEBALL FLIES OUT...*

*HIS FACE RIPPED APART, MELTING* as the liquid metal in his head is drawn to the saucer.

A second later - The SAUCER BLASTS OFF.

EXT. DISUSED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - ERIEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The GREEN STREAK ZOOMS INTO THE SKY above the building.

INT. BARNHURST BROTHERS' RV - CONTINUOUS

Rory and the Professor see it. The Professor throws it in gear.

PROFESSOR  
Kill the lights, lets get outta here.

INT. DISUSED NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - ERIEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Holzer's limp body falls. Mercury pools on the floor oozing from his neck.

EXT. ERIE VALLEY COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT: The saucer zips over the ridge and lights of the town below. It's brighter than ever before -

AND LISTING.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: RADAR SCREEN - the BLIP pulses as the sweep line passes it.

Air traffic controllers 1 and 2 are joined by AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER 3. All stare intently at the radar scope.

Air traffic controller 1 holds up a finger - "wait for it".

The sweep comes around. The BLIP appears on another part of the scope. 1 and 2 look up at 3.

The third controller hands 1 a \$20 bill.

INT. SAUCER - CONTINUOUS

Aaron struggles with the controls. The flight is turbulent. Alarms blaring. Gauge needles SPIN. Shaking and racket.

He picks up the CB handset.

AARON

Zeta Reticulan to earthlings come in.

INOLA (V.O.)

The earthlings copy.

AARON

I made it!

CROSSCUT: INOLA IN DEPUTY RAGLAND'S TRUCK

INOLA

Spectacular!

AARON

Hey don't steal my lines.

INOLA

We'll see you at the rendezvous.  
Get the panel put on and be good to  
go.

AARON

I don't think I'm going to make it  
there. The saucer isn't working  
right.

INOLA

What's wrong?

AARON

Feels like it could go any second.  
I'm trying to fly it far from town--

INOLA

Aaron! You can't.

AARON

I have to.

INOLA

I can fix it.

AARON

I wish you could. I really do. Just  
in case tell Kenny I said to look  
after you--

*STATIC.*

INOLA

Aaron? Aaron?!

EXT. TOWNSQUARE - ERIEVILLE, OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

Parade floats and marchers wind their way past the stage  
where the mayor and other city dignitaries look on. Sheriff  
Ragland enjoys himself next to it.

Onlookers begin to point to the sky.

The mayor rises slowly. The sheriff observes him and turns to  
see what everyone is looking at:

The TWINKLE in the sky.

The Sheriff's eyes squint as

It GROWS... NEARING Until--

THE SPOOKLIGHT BUZZES THE CROWD.

Everyone turns in unison following it. The audience is enthralled. Noticing the reaction the mayor slowly claps.

He steps up to the podium microphone.

MAYOR

The Erieville Spooklight ladies and gentlemen.

CHEERS.

Sheriff Ragland THROWS his HAT on the ground in disgust.

SHERIFF RAGLAND

Confound it, that blasted thing is supposed to be gone!

The Spooklight glow diminishes as it passes the ridge in the far distance.

BRIGHT FLASH !

Followed by a wave of GREEN ENERGY emanating from the point the saucer disappeared over the ridge, radiating into the night sky.

OOOH'S and AWE'S.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Barnhurst's RV screeches to a halt at the road block. They jump out to find Inola with tears running down her face. Ragland points to the ridge.

The FLASH, followed by the ENERGY WAVE.

They all watch.

Inola turns away. Deputy Ragland holds her. She puts her face in his shoulder. The rest stare on at the dissipating wave, knowing what it means.

EXT. MECHANIC SHOP, ERIEVILLE OKLAHOMA - DAY

WIDESHOT: In the background, the morning sun peers over the ridge in the same place the saucer went down.

Inola reclines in the hot rod, boots propped up on the door. Her eyes red from crying. She fiddles with her wrench. Wipes her eyes on her sleeve.

The radio on the stool blares the previous night's Spooklight sightings at the parade.

AARON

You know where I might find a good mechanic around here?

She SNIFFLES as she raises herself up to reply.

INOLA

You know today really isn't a good day--

She stops, stunned to see him standing there. He definitely looks worse for wear. Matted hair. Drooping clothes.

She drops her wrench, runs to him, embracing him - tight.

After a few moments she looks up, checks him over.

INOLA

Are you alright?

AARON

Mostly. I think.

He pulls her hair out of her eyes. They're face to face, still holding each other.

INOLA

How are you here? How is this possible? We all saw the explosion.

AARON

I told you I wouldn't ghost you again.

INOLA

Let me guess, it's a crazy story.

AARON

I flew over the creek and when it got to the deepest part I know I jumped out. After my swim I walked back.

INOLA

Why didn't you say you were going for a swim on the radio?

AARON  
Wasn't time.

INOLA  
I should whack you with my wrench  
mister.

AARON  
I'd really prefer you didn't.

INOLA  
Don't ever do that again.

AARON  
Yes ma'am.

She plants a kiss on him. After they stare into each others  
eyes for a few moments.

He glances around.

AARON  
Everything seems to be okay. What  
happened to Holzer and the Black  
Sun?

INOLA  
The sheriff found what's left of  
Holzer's body in the armory. The  
rest of them seem to have vanished.

AARON  
No more Spooklight.

INOLA  
I've been thinking about that. What  
are you going to do now? I guess  
you're good as gone.

AARON  
Actually I need to find a job. You  
hiring?

INOLA  
No way, you stink as a mechanic.

He turns the radio dial until he finds MUSIC.

AARON  
How about as your dance partner?

He takes her hand and puts the other on her waist.

INOLA  
Co pilot.

They slow dance in the parking lot.

INT. WEBER FARMHOUSE - DAY

Words spill out in rapid succession

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: "and that's how I came to know my grandfather, Max, and the real story of the Spooklight".

PULLING BACK reveals Aaron typing away upstairs through the window. Beside his computer sits the photo of his parents.

SUPER: "1 YEAR LATER"

He pulls out his earbuds. Shuts the laptop.

Runs down the stairs, past new photos of his grandfather and articles about the Spooklight on the wall, and out the front door...

EXT. WEBER FARM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...to the storm cellar. He yanks the door open. The inside of the door now has a light fixture.

He zips down the stairs.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

He kisses Inola upon entering. She's wearing her customary coveralls tied at the waist, grease on her cheek, wrench in hand.

The Barnhurst Brothers disconnect a tank and hose from a

NEW SAUCER

- more aerodynamic than the original.

Max leans out of the hatch, wearing a leather flight helmet. He gives a thumbs up.

Aaron hits a switch on a console. The new saucer POWERS ON.

The characteristic GLOW begins, illuminating the exhaust gases.



Deputy Ragland and the attractive Real Estate Agent appear holding hands at the entry into the chamber - BLINDFOLDED.

Aaron and Inola guide them in, positioning them in front of the NEW SPOOKLIGHT, exchanging grins.

They pull off their blindfolds... and behold *SPOOKLIGHT II* !

EXT. WEBER FARM - NIGHT

The farmhouse and barn are silhouetted against the sky. The stars are brilliant.

Crickets CHIRP. Chimes JANGLE.

The weather vanes and metal contraptions SPIN.

BOOOSH!

The GREEN STREAK ZOOMS INTO THE SKY from behind the barn!

EXT. ERIE VALLEY COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SPOOKLIGHT II whizzes over the valley.

Below, the roads leading into town are bumper to bumper CAR LIGHTS.

THE SAUCER FLIES STRAIGHT TOWARD THE SCREEN --

FILLING IT !

FADE OUT.