

NORTEHRN LIGHTS

by  
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FADE IN:

Wisps of green drift across the clear night sky.

Rising towards the stars, we tilt down to view -

EXT. EARTH

High above North America. The sun glints over the edge of the planet. A majestic green aurora dances across the sky, tracing magnetic fields along the curvature of the earth.

Like a cloud of interstellar pollen, a flurry of objects streak through the upper atmosphere. One of the jagged seed-like pods eclipses the sun as it hurtles by.

Electricity sparks across the pod as it passes through the aurora. Smoke streams out as it becomes unstable, plummeting erratically towards northern Wisconsin.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The pod crashes violently into the shoreline of a small lake, deep within a thick, rugged forest.

Circling past the crash site, we fly east over miles of untouched wilderness, aurora lighting the way.

EXT. AURORA, WI - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Dark county highways lead us to a small town near the Canadian border. We land inside -

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

- the second-story window of JAKE SHARP (17), a lanky, long-haired teen, fast asleep. 2:30 AM.

Camping equipment piles beneath bikini girls on the walls: sleeping bag, dirt-encrusted boots, etc.

A crisp Boy Scout uniform hangs by the door.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

6:30 AM - sunlight streams in as Jake's alarm BUZZES.

EXT. SHARP HOUSE - MORNING

MAC (17), a stocky guy in a ratty old hoodie, walks to the

picturesque white house on the corner, carrying a 70's-era external-frame backpack stuffed with gear.

Jake kicks open the front door as Mac approaches, struggling to balance two large plastic bins as he walks down the steps.

MAC  
Hey, let me help.

JACOB  
I got it, I got it.

Mac follows Jacob to his rusty red pickup in the driveway.

MAC  
Ready for this weekend?

JACOB  
What do you think?

Jacob lowers the gate and a treasure trove of gear spills out – tools, coils of rope, nets, lanterns, etc.

MAC  
Holy shit...

JACOB  
I've got walkie-talkies for the team, and-

He digs deep in one of the bins, producing a pair of-

JACOB  
Night-vision goggles.

MAC  
This is gonna be the best capture-the-flag game ever.

Mac tosses his own pack into the truck bed.

JACOB  
C'mon, there's more inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Entering, Jake runs up the stairs.

JACOB

Wait here a sec.

Mac walks to the living room, where MR. SHARP'S (56) broad-chested, white-bearded figure dominates from the family PORTRAIT above the mantle.

In the photo, Jake is dwarfed by his parents, three older brothers and twin sister. The men wear their Scout uniforms proudly, save for a scowling Jake.

Mac studies Mr. Sharp's Scoutmaster awards on the walls. Runs a finger along the antique shotgun on the mantle.

MRS. SHARP (54) enters, her hair up in curlers. Jake's uniform in one hand, a frosted pastry in the other.

MRS. SHARP

Good morning, Mac! Here's your toaster strudel.

MAC

Thanks, Mrs. Sharp!

Mac devours it hungrily as Jacob descends the stairs.

JACOB

Where's mine?

MRS. SHARP

In the trash you forgot to take out.

JACOB

Real nice.

Jacob shoves a box into Mac's hands.

MRS. SHARP

Dad says don't forget your uniform again. I washed it for you last night.

JACOB

Great.

Jacob reluctantly grabs the shirt and heads for the door.