

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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EXT. DEEP SPACE - DAY OR NIGHT (DOESN'T MATTER)

Slowly, fuzzy nebula and stars appear, spinning their way through eternity. They gradually deepen to crystal clarity and the Milky Way and other constellations materialize. We drift slowly through the galaxies, and the infinite light of constellations until we reach the spectacular blue globe of Earth floating in the ether. We glide down to North America, and, eventually, New England.

TILT DOWN to see the phantasmagoria of the Northern Lights, faintly glowing over the horizon. Shafts of multi-colored lights rise and fall as a curtain of blinding emerald green light pulses and undulates. The eerie crackling SOUNDS of the Aurora Borealis grow in intensity.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALDEN POND (circa 1847) - DUSK

HENRY DAVID THOREAU sits near the shore, leaning against a tall maple tree. He writes in his weather-beaten journal:

THOREAU (V.O.)
The masses of men die without ever
having lived. They live lives of
quiet desperation.

FLASH-FORWARD 120 YEARS

EXT. WALDEN POND - 1967 - DUSK

Under the heaven-tree of stars, MAGGIE (22) and JONNIE (22) caress each other on the beach next to their pup tent; a small campfire illuminates their passionate bodies. They smoke joints as they engage in highly pleasurable foreplay leading up to their first lovemaking.

JONNIE
Walden Pond is considered a kettle
hole. Did you know that, Maggie? It
was formed by retreating glaciers
10,000-12,000 years ago.

MAGGIE
And you know this how, Mr. MIT
Scientist?? Because you were around
back then?

JONNIE
I happen to be the same age as you,
my sweet: 22. And extremely draft-
eligible.

MAGGIE

Jonnie, must we always talk about your 1-A conscription status? Are you going to recite again from Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" or are we finally going to make love, shy guy?

JONNIE

Well, technically, you know, we're not supposed to be out here now. There's a curfew. In fact, there's no camping overnight.

The SOUNDS of many couples MOANING and SIGHING with passion fill the air.

MAGGIE

Well, if we're breaking the law, so are all these other orgasm-happy couples around us.

SUDDENLY, from an O.S. BULL HORN:

STATE TROOPER (O.S.)

We know you're out there. I repeat: we know you're out there. This is State Trooper Henry Hutchins. It is against Massachusetts law to camp out at Walden Pond. It is also a violation to be here after 9 P.M. for any purpose.

GROANS from all the copulating couples. But no one leaves.

MAGGIE

(whispering)

Ignore them, Jonnie. I'm s-o-o close. What can thee fascists do to us?

Jonnie continues to fornicate - as quickly as he can. Their lovemaking reaches a crescendo of pleasure!

STATE TROOPER (O.S.)

Trooper Hutchins again. If you are not off the Walden Reservation in fifteen minutes, we will be forced to tow away your vehicles - at your expense. Please gather up your belongings and leave. Pronto!