

# E.T.

## THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL

E.T. Storybook Narrated by Michael Jackson

Out in the night sky, a ship was descending, the hull glowing with soft light, as if a piece of the moon had fallen...



The hatch opened and the crew came out - odd little beings moving quietly through the leaves, gathering, gathering...

... a blackberry bush, a rose, a tiny cedar tree...

...when suddenly - man came -

One of the little beings was cut off, trapped in the trees, separated from his ship.

He ran as fast as his short legs would carry him.

His chest glowing red, a signal to the crew that he needed help.

His ship was ahead, glowing through the branches. He stumbled toward it, but the hatch was closing, and the crew was leaving.

The ship lifted off, like the moon slowly rising, then soared away, a comet swallowed by the night.

The creature's heartlight faded. He was alone, three million light years from home. The lights of the city twinkled in the valley, below the little being.

The friendliest light was coming from a kitchen window, at a boy named Elliott's house. The big guys playing inside made Elliott wait out front for their pizza delivery. Out back, the creature crawled into the yard and hid in a toolshed.

ELLIOTT: Harvey? Harvey, is that you, boy?

Elliott, looking for his dog in the backyard, heard strange noises coming from the toolshed. He picked up his baseball and he threw it in. Whatever it was in there, whipped it right back.

ELLIOTT: Mom, Mom, there's someone out there. It's in the toolshed. It threw the ball at me... Quiet! Don't nobody go out there.

Elliott fell asleep that night, with all kinds of strange dreams in his head. And the squashy little guy from outer space came creeping back into the garden, as quietly as he could...

... but those funny feet of his tripped him up in a garbage can... Elliott heard it and came running out. He chased whatever it was behind the house. But he wasn't sure that he really wanted to catch up. Suddenly, it stopped, and turned.

Next day, Elliott went into the woods...

ELLIOTT: Hel-lo-ooo.

He laid a trail of little candies, one piece after another, and then went back home. E.T. crawled from the bushes. We all know curiosity killed the cat, but he was too old to change now.

He put the little round object in his mouth.

It was delicious, the tastiest thing he'd ever eaten, in the whole universe.

MARY: It's not that we don't believe you, honey.

ELLIOTT: Well, it was real, I swear.

MICHAEL: Maybe it was an iguana.

ELLIOTT: It was not an iguana.

MICHAEL: Maybe, ah, ah, you know they say there are alligators in the sewers.

GERTIE: Alligators in the sewers.

MARY: All we're trying to say is, maybe you just probably imagined it.

ELLIOTT: I couldn't have imagined it!

Elliott had a hunch that this might be the night. So he waited outside in an old chair, and sure enough, the strange creature appeared; someone from another world. Elliott's heart almost stopped.

ELLIOTT: ... Mom... Mom... Michael... Michael... Mom.

E.T. was just as scared as Elliott, but he had to hang in there; after all, he had to eat, he had to live. So he followed Elliott with the candy, into the house, and up the stairs.

ELLIOTT: Wow...

The two friends found each other, across a thousand universes - and fell asleep.

Next day...

ELLIOTT: Do you talk? You know, talk? Me human. Boy. Elliott. El-li-ott. Elliott. These are toys, these are little men. This is Greedo, and then this is Hammerhead. See, this is Walrus Man. And then, this is Snaggle Tooth. And this is Lando Calrissian. See? And this is Boba Fett. And look, they can even have wars. Look at this. Argghhh...

But how do you share the greatest secret in the world?



ELLIOTT: Now, swear it, the most excellent promise you can make. Swear, as my only brother on our lives...

MICHAEL: Okay, don't get so heavy. I swear.

ELLIOTT: ... and, um, close your eyes.

MICHAEL: OK, they're closed.

ELLIOTT: OK, uh, swear it, one more time. I have absolute -

MICHAEL: You have absolute power... Yes.

What he saw blew his mind. But Elliott was hoping that his little sister would handle the situation better.

GERTIE: Elliott... look what I made for you...



And what do you do with something as wild as this weird squashy little guy with a head shaped like an eggplant?

ELLIOTT: I'm keepinng him.

GERTIE: What is it?

ELLIOTT: He won't hurt you, Gertie. He won't hurt you.

But some other people are looking fot E.T., also. Tall shadows with flashlights, keys and heavy shoes, and they want to keep him, too.

Meanwhile, Elliott, Michael and Gertie brought their new friend a potted flower as a gift.

ELLIOTT: We are here. Where are you from?

GERTIE: I don't like his feet.

ELLIOTT: They're only feet, you little twerp. He's trying to tell us something.

E.T.: ur... ur... rrrr... rrrr...

ELLIOTT: What's he doing?

GERTIE: What's happening?



With the point of his finger, E.T.'s magical powers raised five balls up into the air, and floated them there above everybody's head.

MICHAEL: Elliott.

ELLIOTT: Oh, no.

Then E.T. quietly retired in the closet, with his flower pod, leaving Elliott, Michael and Gertie to go off to school.

MICHAEL: Did you explain school to him?

ELLIOTT: How do you explain school to higher intelligence?

TYLER: Hey, Elliott, where's your goblin?

MICHAEL: Shut up.

STEVE: Did he come back?

GREG: Well, did he?

ELLIOTT: Yeah, he came back. But he's not a goblin. He's a spaceman.

GREG, TYLER AND STEVE: Ooooh!

He was from the other side of the universe. But he'd figured out how to open Elliott's refrigerator. And he found a can of something that looked... pretty good. Beer. To him, it seemed... perfectly harmless.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, in Elliott's biology class...

TEACHER: Today we will be doing the actual frog dissection... and you will find many similarities.

Elliott found one. The frog reminded him of E.T.

ELLIOTT: Run for your lives, back to the river, back to the forest. Run! I want to save you! Let's get outta here!

And all the frogs got out of there - out the window, out the door, and down the road.

TEACHER: ...let me handle this... let me handle this...

At home, E.T. found a newspaper. And the comic strip really caught his eye. There it was, a spaceman had built a communicator, to phone home.

Then Gertie came home to watch her favorite TV show, when something amazing happened.

GERTIE: B... B... Biscuits.

E.T.: Beeeeeeeeeeee - beeeeeeeeeee.

GERTIE: You said B. Good.

E.T.: Beeeeee gooooooooood.

And that wasn't all he learned to say: When Elliott came home, E.T. had a surprise for him.

E.T.: Elliott... Elliott... Elliott.

GERTIE: I taught him how to talk now. He can talk now.

ELLIOTT: E.T., can you say that? Can you say E.T.? E.T.

E.T.: Eeeeeee Teeeeeeee - eeee teeee, ee tee, eee teee... eee tee...

And he had one more thing to say, something very, very important,

something that the whole world would someday soon remember.



E.T.: E.T. phone home.

MICHAEL: My god, he's talking.

E.T.: Home...

ELLIOTT: E.T phone home?

E.T.: E.T. phone home.

But some people were listening in on their own phone...

ELLIOTT: Now I wish I would've listened in science.

MICHAEL: Grab that fuzz buster.

E.T. built his own communicator out of the fuzz buster, some hobby pins, a knife and fork, and the UHF tuner from the TV set...

MICHAEL: You know Elliott, he doesn't look too good anymore.

ELLIOTT: Don't say that! We're fine!

MARY: Why Tink, ...

While Mom was reading Gertie a bedtime story, Elliott cut his finger on a mean-looking saw blade...



ELLIOTT: Ouch!... Ouch!

MARY: It was poison and you drank it to save my life! Tink, dear Tink, are you dying?

E.T.: Ouuuucchhhh...

E.T.'s finger lit up, just like his heart, and a mysterious light healed Elliott's cut.

MARY: Do you believe in fairies? Say quick that you believe.

GERTIE: I do, I do, I do!

MARY: If you believe, clap your hands.

Halloween night, Elliott and Michael dressed E.T. in a sheet... like a ghost.

ELLIOTT: Ready?

E.T.: Ready.

MARY: Oh, you look great.

MICHAEL: Thank you.

ELLIOTT: Thank you.

E.T.: Thank you.

...and they took him out on the street... and guess who he saw - a familiar friend from a galaxy away.

E.T.: ...home... home... home...

MICHAEL: Be back one hour after sunset, no later.

ELLIOTT: I'll try as fast as I can, Mike.

Elliott rode to the forest with E.T. in the basket of his bicycle. E.T. thought the ride was too slow and bouncy...

ELLIOTT: It's too bumpy. We'll have to walk from hee-ere! E.T.!

... so he raised that magic finger of his and gave them a lift...

ELLIOTT: Not so high! Not so high!

The bike soared into the air, over the treetops, high as the birds can fly, and higher.

... across the great silver moon they flew, beautiful and free.

ELLIOTT: Ah Haaaaaa!

E.T. and Elliott, soaring in the air, like birds. Wonderful.

ELLIOTT: Don't crash, please... Whup!

Then, out of the lonely forest, E.T. set up his communicator, and pointed it at the stars...

... his strange signal beamed itself out, into that place in the sky where night is forever.



ELLIOTT: E.T., it's working.

E.T.: Ohhhhh.

ELLIOTT: It's working!

E.T.: Home.

ELLIOTT: You did it! It's working.

E.T.: Home. Home.

ELLIOTT: E.T., it's working!

ELLIOTT: We have to go now, E.T. We're so late already.

But nobody had returned E.T.'s phone call to the stars. Back at Elliott's house, the net was closing in. Science had discovered his hideout in the closet upstairs.

That night, Elliott and his friend slept in the forest.

At dawn, when he woke up, E.T. was gone.

Elliott, sick with fever, returned home for help.

ELLIOTT: You've got to find him, Mike.

MICHAEL: Where is he?

ELLIOTT: In the forest... the bald spot. You've got to find him.

MICHAEL: E.T.! E.T.!

Michael found the little guy, his face down in a stream, his body gray all over, gray as ash.

Michael gently carried E.T. back to the safety of their home - then snuck him upstairs and laid him down on the bathroom floor. Now was the time to tell Mom...

MICHAEL: Mom, would you come with me?

MARY: What is it?

MICHAEL: Mary, just come with me.

MARY: Michael, what?

MICHAEL: Mom, remember the goblin?

MARY: Michael, what are you talking about?

MICHAEL: Just swear the most excellent promise you can make.

MARY: Michael...

She couldn't believe what she saw.

MARY: ... That's terrific...

E.T.: Mommmmmmmmm...

Her hand went limp, the coffee spilled from her cup.

ELLIOTT: We're sick, I think we're dying.

MARY: Michael...

MICHAEL: Mom, it's okay.

MARY: Get her downstairs.

GERTIE: He's not going to hurt you. Mom.

MICHAEL: He's not going to hurt you.

MARY: Michael, get her downstairs!

GERTIE: It's the man from the moon! The man from the moon!

Sealed in white protective space suits, the military, the government, scientists and doctors invaded Elliott's house. They had zeroed in on E.T. and turned the place into a laboratory and hospital.



A huge plastic envelope came down, covering the entire house, and medical teams moved in on the little guy.

E.T.: Home... home...

DOCTOR: Would you say it has the ability to manipulate its own environment?

MICHAEL: He's smart. He communicates through Elliott.

DOCTOR: Elliott thinks his thoughts.

MICHAEL: No, Elliott, Elliott feels his feelings.

They hooked him up to all kinds of machines. But he was fading, like a star at morning...

ELLIOTT: You're scaring him. You're scaring him - leave him alone. I can take care of him.

E.T.

E.T.: Stay... Ell-i-ott... stay... stay... stay...

E.T.: Stay...

But E.T. was going, where no one could follow. His star-fire was out and he was as cold as the moon.

E.T.: Stay...

NURSE: The creature's pressure is bottoming out, his complexes are slow and widening.

DOCTOR: All right, I'm calling it. What time is it?

E.T. was gone.

DOCTOR: Fifteen hours and thirty six minutes... Okay, let's pack him in ice.

So they placed E.T. in a coffin of ice, but left Elliott alone with him, because Elliott was the one he'd come to, across the great ocean of time.



ELLIOTT: Look at what they've done to you. I'm so sorry... ...you must be dead 'cause I don't know how to feel. I can't feel anything anymore. You're gone someplace else now. ...I'll believe in you all my life, everyday. E.T., I love you.

Then a miracle! Elliot noticed E.T.'s wilted flower was moving. A light opened up in E.T.'s heart, growing brighter and brighter! From orange to yellow to white!

E.T.: E.T. phone home.

ELLIOTT: Ah haaaaa... !

E.T.: Phone home. Phone home.

The little guy was all worked up, and Elliott had to shut him up so no one would know he was alive.

KEYS: Elliott, why don't you come with me?

ELLIOTT: No... no... no... no...

...and Elliott turned on the tears, and faked them all out...

KEYS: Would you like the flowers?

Michael and Elliott had a plan.

ELLIOTT: He's alive! He's alive!

MICHAEL: All right!

MICHAEL: Get the bikes! Meet us at the playground at the top of the hill!

TYLER: Let's do it!

So they did it. They stole E.T. out from under everybody's nose and carried him off on their bikes.

E.T.: rrr... rrr... rrr...

E.T. was riding in Elliott's basket, bouncing up and down again... with the world at their heels.

ELLIOTT: Follow me!

But Elliott and his partners could ride. The police chased them through the streets, but the kids knew the alleys -

COP: This is unit 302. We've cut the kids off at the bottom of the hill...

STEVE: Let's split up...

E.T.: rrr... rrr... rrr...

ELLIOTT: Hang on!

TYLER: We made it!

That's what they thought. In came the road block, cars and men, police and guns - the net closed once more. E.T. and his friends had run out of time...





...and up they went. E.T. and his pals, up over the road block, up into the sky, wheeling over the rooftops, sailing over the valleys, higher and higher... flying in the sky. E.T. and his pals.



GREG: Tell me when it's over!

Wow... And there it was, the most beautiful thing in the whole world, the ancient spaceship - coming slowly down...



...and it was time to say goodbye.

MICHAEL: There's no goodbye.

E.T.: Be good.

GERTIE: Yes.

E.T.: Thank you.

Where would E.T. go? His home was far beyond the milkyway, out past the farthest star we see, where only the great ships of space can roam.

Would they ever see him again? Where would he be?



E.T.: I'll be right here...

ELLIOTT: Bye.

A feeling of sadness and joy filled the air, as they watched E.T. approach the ship that would take him home.

The hatch was open, the crew was waiting. E.T. looked at his friends one last time, picked up his flower pod and walked into the ship.

The hatch closed, the ship lifted off, up into the sky, trailing a rainbow - E.T.'s rainbow.



Look for it! Look for it! Look!



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