



E.T.

*E.T. is a man from outer space.
Stranded on Earth, left
behind by his own people,
he is rescued by a young boy.*


*This is the story of Elliott and E.T.
and the forces which try to
tear them apart.*

*It's about friendship,
discovery and a race
against Time . . . the Time
in which E.T. must get
home, or die, an alien on a
foreign star.*



STORYBOOK ALBUM

Narration, vocals by: Michael Jackson

Produced by: Quincy Jones for 

Original Music for E.T. composed and conducted by: John Williams

Narrative written by: William Kotzwinkle, Steven Spielberg, Quincy Jones and Peggy Lipton Jones

Song Title: "Someone in the Dark"

Lyrics by: Alan and Marilyn Bergman

Music by: Rod Temperton

Arranged and Conducted by: Jeremy Lubbock

Album Concept: Kathy "Leez" Carey

Executive Producers: Steven Spielberg and Kathleen Kennedy

Assistant to the Executive Producers: Kate Barker

Production Coordinators: Freddy DeMann and Ron Weisner

Editor: Bruce Cannon

Production Assistants: Pam Crocetti, Madeline Randolph, Corinne Alicia and Bonnie Sachs

Supervising Sound Editor: Charles L. Campbell

Sound Effects Editors: David A. Pettijohn, Louis L. Edemann, Richard C. Franklin, Jr.,

Samuel C. Crutcher

Re-recording Mixers: Buzz Knudson, Robert Glass, Don Digirolamo

Storybook Album Engineer: Bruce Swedien

Assistant Engineer: Matt Forger

Project Co-ordinator: Nancy Cushing-Jones

Designer: Michael Brock

Photographers: Bruce McBroom, Terry Chostner

Photographer for poster of Michael Jackson and E.T.: Dick Zimmerman

Cover Illustration of Booklet: Drew Struzand

Art Direction: George Osaki

Michael Jackson appears courtesy of Epic Records

Quincy Jones appears courtesy of Quest Records

SOUNDTRACK ALBUM

Album Produced by: John Williams & Bruce Botnick

Original Music for E.T. composed and conducted by: John Williams

Recorded at: MGM Music Scoring Stage, Culver City, CA

Recording Engineer: Lyle Burbridge

MGM Crew: Paul Quam, Dick Horning, Carl Regan and Dave McDonald

Film Music Editor: Ken Hall

Production Associate: Frank Marshall

Music Librarian: Casey Fields

Music Preparation: JoAnne Kane Music Service

Mix-down Engineer: Bruce Botnick

Recordist and Editor: Jim Pace

Disc Mastering by: MCA Whitney Studios, Glendale, CA

Mastering Engineer: Steve Hall

(Digitally recorded, mixed and edited by Digital Magnetics, Inc., Hollywood, CA)

MOTION PICTURE

Universal Pictures Presents

A Steven Spielberg Film

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial

Dee Wallace

Peter Coyote

Robert McNaughton

Drew Barrymore

Henry Thomas as Elliott

Music by: John Williams

Edited by: Carol Littleton

Production Designer: James D. Bissell

Director of Photography: Allen Daviau

Written by: Melissa Mathison

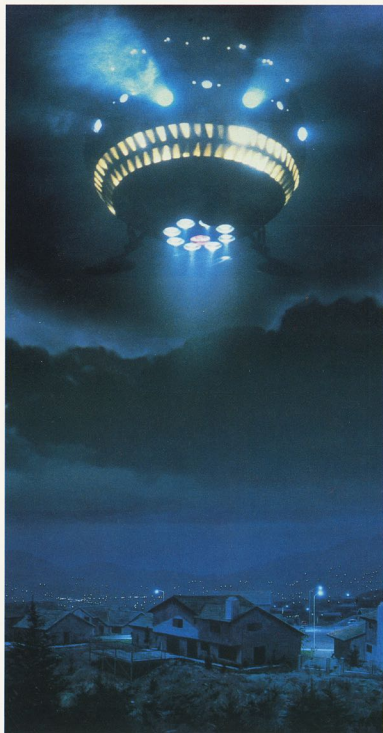
Produced by: Steven Spielberg & Kathleen Kennedy

Directed by: Steven Spielberg

E.T. Designed and Built by: Carlo Rambaldi

SAME STREET segments (Courtesy of Children's Television Workshop)

Excerpts from "TETTER PAN" (Courtesy of Hospital for Sick Children, London, England)



SOMEONE IN THE DARK

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LYRICS: ALAN & MARILYN BERGMAN

MUSIC: ROD TEMPERTON

(OPENING VERSION)

*All alone — wishing on stars,
Waiting for you to find me.
One sweet night I knew I would see
A stranger who'd be my friend.*

*When someone in the dark reaches out to you
and touches off a spark that comes shining through,
It tells you never be afraid.*

*Then somewhere in your heart you can feel the glow,
A light to keep you warm when the night winds blow.
Like it was written in the stars I knew —
My friend, my someone in the dark was you.*

*Promise me we'll always be
walking the world together
Hand in hand where dreams never end,
My star secret friend and me.*

*When someone in the dark reaches out to you
And touches off a spark that comes shining through,
It tells you never be afraid.*

*Then somewhere in your heart you can feel the glow,
A light to keep you warm when the night winds blow
Look for the rainbow in the sky!*

*I believe you and I
Could never really say goodbye —
Wherever you may be,
I'll look up and see
Someone in the dark for me!
Wherever you may be
I'll look up and see
Someone in the dark for me!*

(CLOSING VERSION)

*Though you're gone star-far away,
Each time I see a rainbow
I'll remember being with you
Smiles coming through my tears.*

*When someone in the dark reaches out to you
And touches off a spark that comes shining through,
It tells you never be afraid.*

*Then somewhere in your heart you can feel the glow,
A light to keep you warm when the night winds blow
Look for the rainbow in the sky!*

*I believe you and I
Could never really say goodbye —
Wherever you may be,
I'll look up and see
Someone in the dark for me!
Wherever you may be
I'll look up and see
Someone in the dark for me!*





Out in the night sky, a ship was descending, the bull 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.

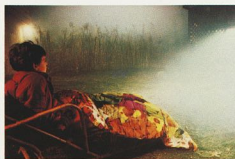
His chest glowing red, a signal to the crew that he needed help.

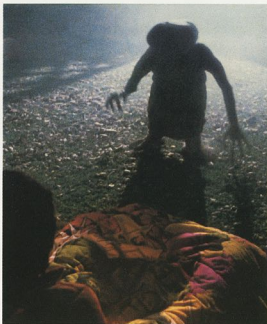
His ship was ahead, glowing through the branches. He stumbled toward it, but the hatch was closing, and the crew was leaving.

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 toolbox.





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 no 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.

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 . . .

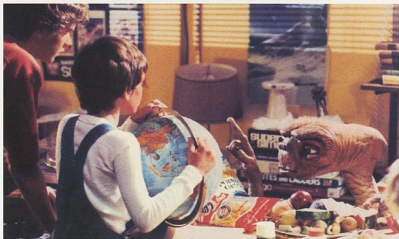
MICHAEL: Okay, don't get so heavy. I swear.

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 squasby little guy with a bead shaped like an eggplant?

ELLIOTT: I'm keeping him.

GERTIE: What is it?

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

But some other people are looking for E.T., also. Tall shadowy with flasblights, keys and beavy 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 . . . rrrrrr . . . rrrrrr . . .

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 pot, 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.

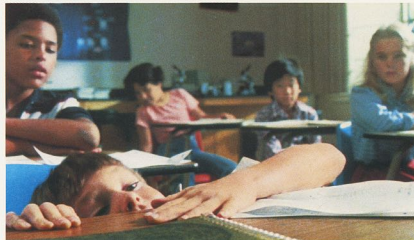
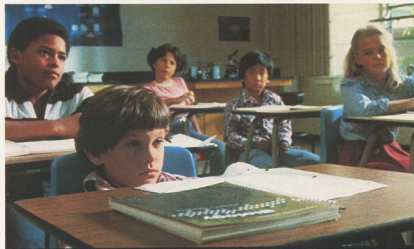
TEACHER: . . . let me handle this . . . let me handle this . . .

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.

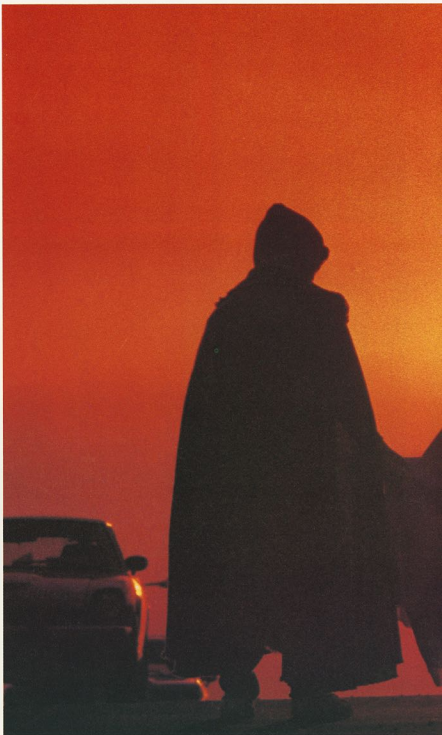
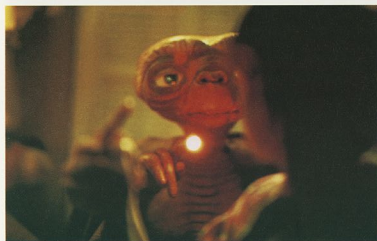
Then Gertie came home to watch her favorite TV show, when something amazing happened.

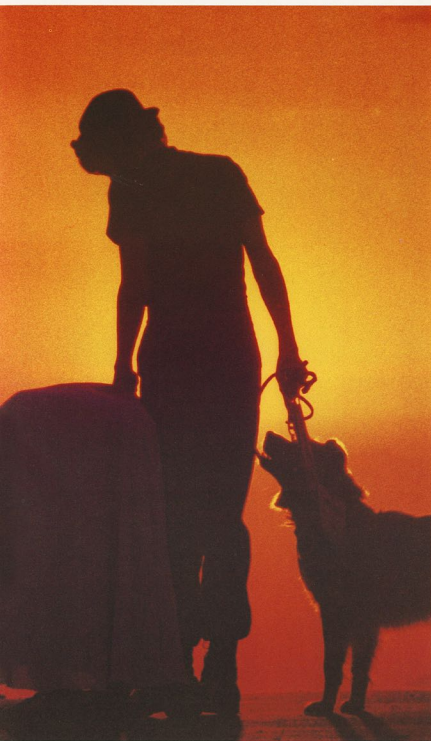
GERTIE: B . . . B . . . Biscuits.

E.T.: Bececececece — bececececececece.









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.: Eceeee Teeeeeeeee — eeee teee, 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 bobby 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.: Ouuuuucchhhhh . . .

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 far 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 be 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 Haaaaaaa! Don't crash, please . . . Whup!

Side Two

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

ELLIOTT: Ah Haaaaaaa!

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

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

Then, out on 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!

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.: Mommmmmmm . . .

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 its 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.: Ell-i-ott . . .

ELLIOTT: E.T., stay with me . . . please.

E.T.: Stay . . .

ELLIOTT: . . . Together. I'll be right here. I'll be right here.

E.T.: Stay . . . Ell-i-ott . . . stay . . . stay . . . 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! Elliott 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 haaaa . . .!

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!

The scientists put E.T. into a medical van, they didn't even notice it when the guys snuck aboard.

MAN: Who are you?

MICHAEL: I'm driving.

MAN: Open the door, son.

MICHAEL: There's a guy out here. What do I do?

ELLIOTT: Well, what are you waiting for? Let's go!

MICHAEL: I've never driven forward before!

Michael screamed to his friends . . .





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, bigger and bigger . . . 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: He doesn't know goodbye.

E.T.: Be good.

GERTIE: Yes.

E.T.: Thank you.

MICHAEL: You're welcome.

*Where would E.T. go? His home was far beyond the Milky Way,
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: Goodbye.

*A feeling of sadness and joy filled the air as they watched E.T. ap-
proach 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 pot, and walked into the ship.*

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

... look for it, look for it! Look!



