

THE MOON IS A LIE

Episode 1: Pilot
Draft #4.0

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Intended for animation

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FADE IN:

INT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - TRIP'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A computer screen showing a website named "For Fake's Sake". A conversation is running on the local forum between two users: 'TrippinOut' and 'Einstein29'.

We hear the CLICKETY-CLACK of someone typing on a keyboard as the message is displayed on the screen.

SUPER: TrippinOut - No, the moon is obviously just a hologram projected by the government to cover up the fact that it was blown up during WWII.

SUPER: Einstein29 - Wrong. So wrong. The moon is clearly inhabited by an alien species mining it for Sodium Benzoate. It's their main source of nutrition.

SUPER: TrippinOut - Come on. Real talk, I'm kind of the authority here, right? There's no way that's true.

SUPER: Einstein29 - It is! The Government even buy`s it from them as a preservative. Ever eaten jam? That's alien food, bro.

PAN AROUND to see the scrunched up face of a lanky, acne-pocked teenager, who sits behind his desk in the dark like a goblin. TRIP FAKEY (18), SPEAKS as he TYPES:

TRIP

I've told you already, this is a place of fact. If you're not gonna be serious, get off my forum.

SUPER: Einstein29 - (poop emoji)

Trip pushes away from his desk and throws his head back with a GROAN. His chair spins a lazy circle.

Then, the lights flick on with a sudden, intense glare. Trip YELPS and shields his eyes.

He squints towards the door, and we PAN to see a small hand and a pair of crazy eyes peering at him through the crack.

TRIP (CONT'D)

BECCA! I told you to STAY OUT!

Little footsteps PATTERN away, accompanied by a high-pitched, childlike GIGGLE.

Trip rolls his eyes and SIGHS. He sits like this for a moment before his stomach visibly GRUMBLES.

As Trip SIGHS again and stands up, and as he walks toward the door we get the first good look at his room.

Newspaper clippings from all over the world dot the wall haphazardly. Some are fresh, some are faded, but all of them depict topics from their respective local conspiracy theories. Countless red strings connect the clippings.

We also see multiple model rockets of all shapes and sizes. One is only partially built, and lays next to tiny modeling tools and paints.

Everything else in the room is meticulous. No dust, no crumbs, no dirty laundry, and the only wrinkles in his Star Wars bedsheets are from a giant Sasquatch plushie.

A moment after Trip exits the room, his computer screen glitches eerily. An official looking logo flashes across it, but it quickly vanishes and returns to normal.

INT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - FRIDGE - DAY

It's dark inside the poorly lit refrigerator, but we can make out the silhouettes of an assortment of jars and foods.

Then, light illuminates the inside as the door is opened. The nearest jar is labelled 'Jam'. Trip's hand digs through to grab it and pull it out.

INT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

ANGLE ON: The toaster as it DINGS and two slices of toast POP out. Trip's hand shoots out to grab them midair, then SLAPS them onto a plate on the counter.

With a knife, he spreads on a layer of butter, followed by a layer of peanut butter. He puts the knife in the jam and prepares to spread it, but stops...

TRIP

Hmmmm...

He inspects the jam jar, turning it to the ingredients.

CLOSE ON: The ingredients list. At the bottom, of course, is Sodium Benzoate.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Damn you, Einstein29.

ANGLE ON: Trip's face as he continues to inspect the jar. He doesn't see a face slowly creeping in from the side of the screen.

BECCA FAKEY's (7) eyes are wild as she creeps closer and closer, lips quivering as she tries to keep from laughing. She gets riiight up next to his ear, then...

BECCA
(whispers)
...Trip.

TRIP
WAH!

Trip throws his hands up with a start. He accidentally lets go of the knife, which sticks in the ceiling with a SCHWING!

TRIP (CONT'D)
OH FOR FFFFFFFF--

Trip eyes Becca.

TRIP (CONT'D)
--FFFFUN'S SAKE, BECCA!

Becca GIGGLES so hard she falls over.

TRIP (CONT'D)
One day of peace. One. Is that so much to ask?

BECCA
I'm boooored!

TRIP
Well, that's not my problem.

BECCA
Can I see the rocket?

TRIP
No.

BECCA
Just a peak?

TRIP
No!

BECCA
...I promise I won't throw up in it this time.

TRIP
Oh! Well in that case...

Becca's puppy-dog eyes sparkle.

TRIP (CONT'D)
No.

BECCA
Aaawwwweeee, come ooon!

Becca wraps her arms around Trip's leg.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Pleeeeeease, Trip? Please please
please?

Trip just SIGHS and takes a bite of his toast. Then, a KNOCK
KNOCK KNOCK comes from the front door.

INT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BECCA (O.S.)
--PLEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAA--

A full view of the living room as Trip limps into frame with
Becca still hanging off his leg. Becca's seemingly endless
lungs carry the word the entire length of the room as she's
dragged towards the door.

EXT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

ANGLE ON: The front door. Next to it is their mailbox, which
has 'Fakey Residence' written across it.

BECCA (O.S.)
(muffled)
--EEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAA--

Trip opens the door with a vacant stare.

BECCA (CONT'D)
--EEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAA--

Trip doesn't see anyone at the front door, but looks down to
find a package. His eyes widen as he picks it up.

TRIP
It's here... it's actually here!

He pulls his phone out of his pocket and starts dialing.

EXT. WOODS - JAM'S TRAILER - DAY

"New Generation" by Zero Boys PLAYS as we see a vintage metal airstream trailer sitting out in the middle of nowhere. The trailer is covered top to bottom in sketchy cables, gadgets, and a multitude of rusty satellite dishes.

An array of lights and colors flash through the windows.

INT. JAM'S TRAILER - THE JAM-SPACE - DAY

ANGLE ON: Countless party lights flash in rhythm with the music, which is blasting from a big-ass set of speakers.

ANGLE ON: The bottom of a stage in the middle of the room. We slowly PAN UP to see a pair of immaculate white dress shoes... then glossy neon pants... then an undone Hawaiian shirt displaying an unfortunate belly.

JAM JAMESON (19) sweats profusely under the heat of the lights as he rocks his air-guitar. He's waaay into it, full on with spins, jumps, and knee slides. Amazingly, none of this manages to dislodge his elaborate tinfoil hat.

The music abruptly stops as a RINGING interrupts his session. Jam GROANS.

JAM

Oh for funyun's sake! Always mid-practice! Computer, deactivate Jam-Space.

ANGLE ON: The lights, speakers, and stage mechanically folding into the walls of the airstream as Jam towels off and buttons up his shirt.

ANGLE ON: A thin robot arm extending towards him, holding his phone. The robot arm unfolds a thinner robot arm which presses the green 'answer' button.

JAM (CONT'D)

Go for--

BECCA

(muffled)

--EEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAA--

Jam flinches away.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Trip stands in the same spot, with Becca still hanging onto him. He SLAPS a hand over her mouth to shut her up and shoots her a look.

Jam takes a BREATH and tries again:

JAM
Go for Jam.

TRIP
Dude. It's here.

JAM
Dude... what?

TRIP
Dude! IT!

JAM
No way... Dude, no way!

TRIP
YES WAY!

JAM
Thor's chest hair! Are you for serious?!

TRIP
I'm literally looking at it right now!

JAM
Well, what are you talkin' to me for?! Get down to the lair and plug that baby in!

TRIP
Okay okay! Meet me there!

Jam hears a BEEP as Trip hangs up.

Jam CHEERS and does a little dance, but his smile fades when he hears a CRACKLING coming from his computer room. He walks over to see an eery glitch on one of the 14 monitors, and the quick flash of an official-looking logo...

END OF ACT I

ACT II**EXT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - SHED - DAY**

Trip limps his way over to the rickety wooden shed on the side of the house. Still not free of the ever-present Becca, he hasn't removed his hand from covering her mouth.

Trip opens the door and looks into the dark.

TRIP

Okay, listen up, kid. You gotta let go. I can't lug you around like...
Uuugh, gross!

Trip takes his hand away. It's sopping wet with saliva.

Becca's tongue is sticking out. She sucks it back in.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Trip pushes her off and steps into the dark of the shed.

BECCA

Can I please come?

Trip shoots her a pissed off look before SLAMMING the door. We hear a lock CLICK from the inside.

INT. SHED - DAY

It's pitch black inside the shed, but we hear some rustling as Trip tries to move through.

TRIP

Now where did... Ah, here.

CLOSE ON: The SCRAPING of a match as it flares to life, faintly illuminating Trip's face.

Trip heads over to a wall full of tools. He pushes a hammer to a certain angle and we hear another CLICK. Then, a large section of the wall splits apart and folds back, revealing a large, well-lit staircase heading downwards.

Trip BLOWS his match out, then makes his way down the stairs. The panels close back up behind him.

INT. TRIP'S LAIR - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Floor to ceiling, the entrance hall is lined with large white panels. Trip walks towards a set of electronic sliding doors, and as he approaches, a robotic voice asks:

ROBO-VOICE
Vocal identification please.

TRIP
ahem, Han. Shot. First.

ROBO-VOICE
Accepted.

The door's slide open, and Trip walks into the next area, which looks exactly like the one he was just in. A scanner sits next to another set of doors blocking his way.

ROBO-VOICE (CONT'D)
Retinal identification please.

POV SCANNER: Trip pulling his eyelids apart and placing his eye right up to a laser scanner.

ROBO-VOICE (CONT'D)
Accepted.

The doors open and Trip walks into the next part of the hallway, which yet again, looks the exact same.

ROBO-VOICE (CONT'D)
Fingerprint identification please.

Trip SIGHS.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Trip putting his fingerprints on a panel. We hear the Robo-Voice say "Accepted."
- Trip is getting a saliva sample taken. "Accepted."
- Trip plucks out a hair and places it in a vial. "Accepted."
- Trip clipping off a toenail. "Accepted."
- POV WALL: Trip is standing and facing the wall. He scratches his head and looks awkward.

ROBO-VOICE (CONT'D)
Is everything alright?

TRIP

Yea! Yea. It's just... I'm, uh...
I'm a little dry.

A robot arm comes into frame holding a glass of water and places it to Trip's lips. He drinks deeply, then the arm disappears again.

A moment later, we hear the sound of liquid SPLASHING into a cup. The PITCH gets higher as the cup fills up, then tapers out. This is followed by the sound of a ZIPPER being done up.

ROBO-VOICE

Accepted.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

Trips walks through the final sliding door to see a regular door with a regular handle. He turns the handle... opens the door... and...

BECCA

You, sir, are super-dee-duper slow!

TRIP

But wha... how did...

Trip draws a hand down his face as Becca runs circles around him, screaming:

BECCA

WOOOOOOOOO!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

ANGLE ON: Matte black tires as a matte black sedan pulls up into the driveway of the Fakey residence. The driver's side door opens, and a pair of matte black women's dress shoes HIT the gravel.

We follow the shoes as they walk to the front of the car, where they meet another (much smaller) pair of mens matte black dress shoes.

WEEKS (O.S.)

This is the place.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Well I donno, what are ye askin' me fer?

PAN UP to reveal the tall and fresh AGENT WEEKS (31), and her short, hard-boiled, obviously Scottish partner, AGENT MOLLY (60s). They're both dressed in fine matte black suits, though Agent Molly tops his off with a bunnet and a tobacco pipe.

WEEKS

I wasn't *asking*, I was *telling*.

MOLLY

Ooooh how dare you! Ye younguns are all the same. Thinkin' ye ken tell us oldies wot's wot. Well, lemme tell you somethin' Agent Weeks. You don't know SHITE.

Weeks blinks. A beat.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

So... wot are we here fer anyways?

Weeks SIGHS.

WEEKS

This way, Agent Molly.

ZOOM ON: a familiar, official looking logo that's revealed on the hood of the car as the agents move towards the house.

INT. TRIP'S LAIR - ROCKET CHAMBER - DAY

ANGLE ON: Trip as Becca continues running circles around him.

BECCA

WHAT'S IN THE BOX WHAT'S IN THE BOX
WHAT'S IN THE BOOOOX!!!

TRIP

FINE! Fine. I'll show you.

Becca SCREECHES to a halt with the sound of skidding tires.

Trip takes a seat on a nearby bench with the package on his lap. He pats the seat next to him, and Becca hops on.

Trip SPEAKS as he carefully opens the package.

TRIP (CONT'D)

This is the very last piece of my project. It's an important one too. Whole thing won't work without it, so naturally I had to spring for the best. It's not even legal here, so Jam had to order it from...

(MORE)

TRIP (CONT'D)

Wherever Jam gets things from. He says it's best I don't ask.

CLOSE ON: Trip's hand as he pulls something out of the box. It's an intricate, shiny gold LAUNCH BUTTON. It sparkles all over, and has the words 'BOOM SHAKA-LAKA!' written across it.

BECCA

The launch button?

TRIP

Mhmm. This baby can launch anything. I just have to install it and I'll *finally* get to fly to the moon.

(mutters)

...take that Einstein29. Pfft. Aliens.

BECCA

Wooooow! So that's going at the top of...

TRIP

Yep. The top of the '*Miss Honesty*'.

With Trip's last words, we PAN AROUND to reveal the room. A huge, domed chamber lined with tools and cables and machinery, and at the centre... a full-size, classic RED ROCKET with the name '*Miss Honesty*' spray painted on.

BECCA

Can I put the button on?

TRIP

Nooo way. You can look, but you can't touch, okay?

Becca eyes the button. Her pupils dilate.

ALTERNATING SHOTS of Becca's eyes and the LAUNCH BUTTON, ZOOMING IN closer each time, until...

BECCA

Mine!

Becca snatches the button out of Trip's hands and books it!

TRIP

HEY! BECCA!

Trip chases her around the room, but Becca proves too quick and crafty. She LAUGHS while evading him at every turn.

EXT. FAKEY RESIDENCE - SHED - DAY

MOLLY

So, yer tellin' me this wee lad,
jost a bairn, went an built hisself
a whole flippin' rocket?

Weeks and Molly stand by the side of the shed. Molly has some sort of scanning device in her hand, which she uses to scan the shed. After a moment, it BEEPS.

She then takes out a measuring tape from her pocket and hooks it on the edge of the shed, then starts stretching it away from the shed pace by pace. Molly follows.

WEEKS

Not by himself no. He's working
with someone. Had a lead, but
whoever it is is real crafty. They
caught on and gave us the slip.
Must be some sorta genius.

MOLLY

Right. How'd we find the kid, then?

Weeks stops and checks the measuring tape, then gives it a flick to retract it.

WEEKS

Tracked an illegal part shipped to
this address.

Weeks takes out a PEN and CLICKS it. A RED LIGHT appears at the top, periodically flashing in time with a BEEPING sound.

ANGLE ON: Weeks trying to stab the pen into the ground, but can't get a purchase. She tries again. Then again. Then...

MOLLY

Oh, fer Pete's sake!

Molly snatches the pen from Weeks' hand, then he carefully twists the pen into the ground a ways.

Molly then reaches inside his blazer and pulls out a hefty golf driver, which he lifts over his head and uses to SMACK the pen almost the entire way into the dirt.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

We ready?

WEEKS

Ready.

Molly pulls out a walkie talkie and SPEAKS into it:

MOLLY

All agents, ready on our mark.

PAN DOWN through the layers of dirt, into...

INT. TRIP'S LAIR - ROCKET CHAMBER - DAY

TRIP

Give it back, Becca!

BECCA

No! I wanna come with you!

TRIP

No way! You're too little! I'm dropping you off at Jam's place tomorrow!

BECCA

But I hate Jam's stinky trailer! I wanna go to the moon with you!

Trip finally manages to corner Becca against the fins of the rocket.

TRIP

Give it.

BECCA

No!

TRIP

Becca. Now.

BECCA

NO! I wanna go with you!

TRIP

You can't! God... I am so sick of being stuck with you! Why can't you get it through your head that I just wanna LEAVE. YOU. BEHIND.

A beat. Becca's eyes start watering. She turns away, and we hear her start to SNIFFLE.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Oh no... Becca... I didn't mean--

BECCA

--Yes you did.

Still turned away Becca reaches her hand out behind her, offering the LAUNCH BUTTON to Trip.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Take it... I don't care about the moon anyway.

TRIP

Becca...

Trip steps towards Becca... but a TV monitor unfolds itself from the rocket, blocking Trip from reaching her.

It FRIZZES with static for a moment, then gives way to an image of a disheveled Jam.

JAM

kssht-ip... *ksssht*-ome in, Trip! Trip!

TRIP

Jam?

JAM

Odin's beard! I finally got through! Trip, you need to get out of there. NOW.

TRIP

What? What are you talking about?

JAM

They're onto us, man! The Government, man!

TRIP

Slow down! Who? Which government?

JAM

The Government! As in, the Government of Governments.

TRIP

Like, the U.N.?

JAM

Sure, if the U.N. married the Illuminati and their child stuffed them both in nursing homes!

A beat.

JAM (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?! MOVE!

TRIP

Becca! Come on! We gotta--

BOOOOM! Trip and Becca drop to the ground as a thunderous EXPLOSION rocks the chamber and rubble PELTS the floor!

ANGLE ON: A disoriented Trip as he tries to pick himself up. In the background, ropes fall from the ceiling, and are followed by a unit of black-clad special ops soldiers sliding to the floor. The last ones down are Agents Weeks and Molly.

The soldiers secure a perimeter while Weeks and Molly make their way over to Trip, who's only managed to pull himself onto his hands and knees. Weeks grabs him by the back of his shirt and YANKS him to his feet, then turns him to face her.

WEEKS

Trip Fakey.

TRIP

Whuh... Where's...?

Trip looks at the spot where Becca fell... but she's nowhere to be seen.

WEEKS

Who are you working with?

TRIP

What? Nobody.

MOLLY

Now's not the time to be yankin' our jollies, lad. My friend here has a bit of a temper.

ANGLE ON: Trip locking eyes with Weeks.

WEEKS

Well?

CLOSE ON: Trip and Weeks staring each other down.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Fine. Take him to holding cell B-57. He'll talk. Eventually.

Weeks pushes Trip towards two of the soldiers, who each grab one of his arms and escort him to the ropes. SOLDIER 1 holds Trip, while SOLDIER 2 starts tying him to a harness.

TRIP

Wait, wait! Please, guys, come on!
I've got a sister to take care of!
Please... Uh...

Trip trails off as something catches his eye.

ANGLE ON: Becca's crazy eyes as she sneaks out from behind some nearby machinery. Her eyes narrow, then she YELLS as she pounces at the soldiers with the golden LAUNCH BUTTON shining brightly in her palm!

BECCA

BOOM SHAKA-LAKA!!!

Becca SMACKS the LAUNCH BUTTON down on the back of Soldier 1!

CLOSE ON: The button as it makes contact with a *CLICK*.

Soldier 1 lets go of Trip as his whole body starts to RUMBLE and SHAKE.

SOLDIER 1

WhOOooOOaa, whu... What's happening
to me?!

ANGLE ON: SMOKE billowing out from underneath Soldier 1's boots. The SHAKING grows more and more aggressive until the smoke gives way to FIRE shooting out from his soles!

Soldier 1 SCREAMS as he's uncontrollably lifted into the air, quickly gaining speed and heading straight for the hole in the ceiling!

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)

OooOoOHOOHHHH MY GOOOOOD--

Then, a loud metallic KLANG! cuts him off as Soldier 1 veers to the left instead and CRASHES into a metal ceiling panel.

BECCA

WOOOOW! This really will launch
anything!

CLOSE ON: Becca's face as she turns toward Soldier 2. We see Soldier 2 in the reflection of her crazed eyes, and a wiiide grin spreads across her face.

SOLDIER 2

Uuuhhhh...

Becca SPRINGS at Soldier 2 as he turns to run. This time, The button catches Soldier 2 right on the bum. *CLICK*.

Soldier 2 starts to RUMBLE and SHAKE.

SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)

No, NO, NO!

FWOOSH! He launches into the air, also heading straight for the gap in the ceiling. This time, it's a bullseye.

SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)

SON OF A BIIIIIIIIiiiiiii.....!!!!!!

ANGLE ON: Weeks and Molly as they watch Soldier 2 trail off and disappear into the sky with a sparkle and a *TING!*

MOLLY

Biscuits and gravy...

Weeks points a furious finger at Trip and Becca.

WEEKS

GRAB THEM!

ANGLE ON: Trip as he looks to either side. Soldiers everywhere. There's nowhere to go... except...

"I Will Deny" by Dwarves PLAYS as Trip eyes the Miss Honesty. He snags Becca and makes a break for it!

Soldiers move in from all sides trying to grab them. One lands a hand on Trip, but Becca quickly CLICKS the soldier with the LAUNCH BUTTON and he goes flying!

Trip grabs Becca and SWINGS her around. She GIGGLES maniacally as she reaches out with the LAUNCH BUTTON and CLICKS three more soldiers. Two go flying into walls, the third CRASHES into another group of soldiers.

Another soldier makes a run at them. Becca sees a nearby cart full of various heavy tools and equipment. She aims carefully... then CLICKS the side of the cart and it SMASHES into the soldier.

They're just about at the rocket, and the soldiers have gotten antsy. Trip holds Becca up like the world's most terrifying shield. She HISSES and CLAWS at them.

TRIP

JAM! DOOR!

A panel in the Miss Honesty opens and a ramp drops down. Trip throws Becca up first, then he tries to climb up after her.

CLOSE ON: a hand that shoots out and catches Trip's foot. Trip falls against the ramp with a SMACK!

Weeks looms over him menacingly. She pulls out a TASER, which CRACKLES with electricity.

WEEKS
Watt's up, Doc?

TRIP
Uuuuh, Jaaaam!!!

ANGLE ON: Another monitor as it pops out of the rocket, displaying Jam's furious face.

JAM
HIIIII YAAAAAA!

CLOSE ON: The monitor as, *CHOCK!*, it catches Weeks right in the windpipe. She drops the taser and clutches at her throat, making CHOKING sounds.

WEEKS
GGGggggHHhkKKghkghhkk

Trip KICKS Weeks back off the ramp, then scrambles into the rocket. The ramp retracts behind him, and the panel closes.

INT. MISS HONESTY - MAIN CABIN - DAY

Trip looks around the cabin, but there's no sign of Becca. It's fairly minimal, with only some sci-fi looking tools and machines around. A ladder against the far wall leads upwards.

A KRANG! against the door behind Trip makes him flinch. Then comes another, and another, and another. KRANG! KRANG! KRANG!

MOLLY (O.S.)
(muffled)
Get this thing open ye sour goats!

The SOUND continues, and small dents start to appear in the door with every hit. Trip backs away.

A monitor pops out of the ceiling.

JAM
She's in the cockpit, dude. Hurry.

Trip turns and rushes up the ladder.

INT. MISS HONESTY - COCKPIT - DAY

The cockpit has two seats surrounded by countless flickering buttons, switches, knobs, and levers. Sitting in the right seat is Becca, wearing a very worried expression.

ANGLE ON: Becca. She's hovering a hand, holding the LAUNCH BUTTON, over a socket in the control panel labelled 'LAUNCH!'

TRIP

Becca... Becca don't do it.

BECCA

I wanna go with you.

Trip slowly starts moving towards her.

TRIP

I... I don't think I'm going at all. I... I'm gonna turn myself in.

BECCA

What?! But it's your dream...

TRIP

There's some reason they don't want us up there. If we go, they'll never stop chasing us... But if I turn myself in now, maybe it won't be so bad. I could keep you safe.

BECCA

I don't wanna be safe!

TRIP

But, Becca, you said you didn't care about going to the moon.

BECCA

I don't... I just... I don't wanna be alone, okay?!... I... I wanna be with my big brother...

A beat as Trip takes this in. He's now right beside her, and he closes his hand over hers holding the LAUNCH BUTTON.

TRIP

This is what big brothers do. They keep their little sister's *safe*.

Tears streak down Becca's face as he takes the LAUNCH BUTTON from her hand.

BECCA
Please... don't leave...

TRIP
Becca, what I said earlier. You
know... about Dad? I didn't--

KSSSSHT! Trip is interrupted by a monitor popping out of
the control panel. Jam's face is frantic.

JAM
Trip! They're about to breach! I
repeat! Breaching is imminent--

BOOM! For the second time, Trip and Becca are rocked by an
EXPLOSION. Becca falls into her seat while Trip, who was
standing loose in the cabin, pitches one way, then the other.

ANGLE ON: Trip as loses his balance and falls, with arms
outstretched, straight toward the control panel.

CLOSE ON: The LAUNCH BUTTON as it falls perfectly into the
LAUNCH socket. Lights flare to life around it as it locks in.

TRIP
Uh-oh.

The ship starts to RUMBLE and SHAKE, and the soldiers outside
start to YELL as smoke fills the rocket chamber.

INT. TRIP'S LAIR - ROCKET CHAMBER - DAY

Weeks and Molly hurry away from the rocket as the smoke
thickens. Soldiers are running wild in all directions. Molly
pulls Weeks behind some machinery and they crouch behind it.

ANGLE ON: Molly as he peaks around the corner at the
soldiers.

MOLLY
GOD'S GREEN BOTTOM, GET BEHIND
SOMETHIN' YE STEAMIN' EEJITS!

The soldiers all try to dive behind whatever they can find as
an FIRE blooms from beneath the rocket, quickly increasing in
intensity and engulfing everything in the room!

ANGLE ON: Weeks and Molly huddling together as the fire roars
past them, the machinery being the only thing between them
and a crispy demise. In the background, the Miss Honesty
starts to lift off.

WEEKS
 AHHHHHHHH!!!

CLOSE ON: Molly's face as some flame licks towards him and singes the edge of his mustache off.

MOLLY
 NOOOOOO, ME WHISKERS!!!

The inferno dies down as the Miss Honesty CRASHES through the ceiling and exits the rocket chamber.

Weeks and Molly rush out to the centre of the platform where the rocket was just moments earlier. We PAN UP to follow their gaze, and see the rocket's already just a tiny speck in the distance.

Weeks SIGHS.

Molly SNICKERS at her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 So... 'Watt's up' with that, eh
 Doc?

Weeks rolls her eyes, GROANS, and walks away, but Molly stays standing and staring at the sky.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Not to worry, Agent Weeks. I've got
 it.

He takes his golf club out from his blazer, then closes one eye and stretches his arm towards the Miss Honesty.

CLOSE ON: Molly's hand as he lifts his thumb and places it beside the quickly disappearing dot in the sky.

Molly then takes a golf ball out from under his bunnet. He tosses the ball in the air... swings his club with incredible speed... and connects the golfball with a *TOCK!*

Molly watches it disappear into the sky... headed straight for the Miss Honesty.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Ol' Molly's *aalways* got it.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II

ACT III**EXT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION**

The ISS floats above the Earth, which is spread out beneath it in a spectacular view.

But astronaut STEVEY BREEZE (40s) isn't admiring the view right now. Instead, he calmly works away at a satellite dish attached to the space station. He angles the dish slightly.

STEVEY BREEZE

Now?

ASTRONAUT 1 (O.S.)

(muffled)

Nothing.

He uses a screwdriver to loosen a bolt, then angles the dish another way.

STEVEY BREEZE

How bout now?

ASTRONAUT 1 (O.S.)

(muffled)

Nah.

Stevey SIGHS, but keeps working at the dish.

STEVEY BREEZE

Why's it always me that has to come out here?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - LIVING ROOM

ASTRONAUTS 1, 2, and 3 are sitting on a couch floating in the centre of the ISS living room. In front of them floats an old TV flickering with static. Astronaut 1 SPEAKS into a radio.

ASTRONAUT 1

Sorry Stevey. You lost at poker, fair and square.

STEVEY BREEZE

Yea, but every time? Statistically I should've won at least once.

ASTRONAUT 1
Practice makes perfect.

STEVEY BREEZE
Honestly? Sometimes I feel like you
guys are cheating.

Stevey hears SNICKERING through the radio.

The Astronauts are all trying not to laugh as Astronaut 1 shows off a device attached to his wrist that pops out a stack of Aces.

ASTRONAUT 1
(whispering)
Shhh! Shhhh!
(normal)
Stevey... we would never!

STEVEY BREEZE
Goddamn it! I knew it!

ASTRONAUT 1 (O.S.)
(muffled)
Wait! Wait! That's it! Hold it
right there!

The TV in the living room stabilizes into a clear picture.

ANGLE ON: Stevey. A dark shadow envelops on him as he SPEAKS.

STEVEY BREEZE
Thank Christ. I've been out here
for hours and--

The Miss Honesty passes just inches over Stevey's head with a *FWOOOOOOOSH*! He ducks out of the way, but with a SCHLINK! One of the rocket's fins catches the edge of the satellite dish and knocks it askew.

ASTRONAUT 1 (O.S.)
(muffled)
Nevermind, it's gone.

STEVEY BREEZE
OOOH FOR FU--

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HONESTY - COCKPIT

Trip and Becca are strapped into their seats.

TRIP
WHOOOOA MY GOD! Did we just hit
them?!

BECCA
I don't know! But look!

Becca points out the windshield, and before them is a beautiful full moon which grows larger by the second.

TRIP
I can't believe it.

BECCA
It looks so... tasty!

A little bit of drool escapes Becca's mouth.

TRIP
Becca... I shouldn't have to say
this, but you know you can't eat
the moon, right?

Becca sucks her drool back in.

BECCA
We'll just see about that.

BRRRT! BRRRT! BRRRT! Red lights flash and alarm BLARES!

TRIP
Ooooooh man, what now?

ROBO-VOICE
Alert! Alert! Projectile incoming!

A monitor pops out and displays something heading towards the Miss Honesty, and fast. It's a... a...

BECCA
A golf-ball?

The golf ball fills the screen, then the screen fritzes out with a BANG! as the ball strikes the Miss Honesty.

Trip and Becca YELP and hold on for dear life as they're tossed this way and that.

ROBO-VOICE
Error. Error. Landing gear in
critical condition.

TRIP

The landing gear?! Good God will this day never end!!! What idiot was golfing in space?!

BECCA

Triiip?

TRIP

Beccaaaa?

Becca points out the windshield again, and Trip looks to see the moon, now unnervingly close.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Uhhmm, okay. Okay.

BECCA

I'm scared!

TRIP

Yep! Uhhhm, okay! It's okay!

The details of the moon's surface are now more visible.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Becca? I have to say something!

BECCA

Yea?

TRIP

What I said earlier? About Dad? And wishing you went with him?

A beat.

TRIP (CONT'D)

...I didn't mean it. I was mad... and really it was just because I wanted to protect you... and you were making that hard for me...

BECCA

...I'm sorry.

TRIP

No no! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have taken it out on you! The truth is, if there's anyone, anyone in the whole world that I'd wanna visit the moon with?... It's my little sister.

ANGLE ON: Becca turning to look at Trip. Her hand sneaks into his, and they share a smile that only siblings can share.

The moon is now directly in front of them, filling up their entire view. They're moments away from impact. Trip and Becca brace themselves.

TRIP (CONT'D) BECCA
 AHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHH!

Then... *FWOOSH!* They fly straight through the surface without the slightest impact!

POV TRIP as he opens his eyes to see what looks like a mix between a laser light show and the Northern lights. After his initial amazement, however, he sees the lights are actually a massive projection, creating the image of the Moon's surface.

TRIP (CONT'D)
 I... I was right... I WAS RIGHT! HA
 HAAA WOO! SUCK IT EINSTEIN!

BECCA
 It's so pretty!

TRIP
 But if the projection isn't coming
 from Earth, then it must be coming
 from...

The Miss Honesty tilts downwards, revealing a sprawling city that's obviously not of the human variety.

TRIP (CONT'D)
 Holyyyy...

Trip traces the projection lines down to the centre of the city, which, unfortunately, is now also coming up fast.

TRIP (CONT'D)
 Becca, I'm gonna need you to hold
 on tight, okay?

BECCA
 Don't worry! It's probably just a
 projection too!

The city gets closer and closer...

TRIP
 No... I don't think it is.

Becca's eyes widen and she braces herself again.

The Miss Honesty veers towards a street in what looks like the city's downtown core. Trip braces himself as well as the street draws closer... closer... clooooooseeeeeer.....

EXT. ALIENOPOLIS - SCHPLURG ST. - DAY

CRAAAAAAAAAASHHHHHHHH!!! The Miss Honesty SMASHES into the center of the street, throwing up alien asphalt and alien debris every which way!

It carves a path down the street, tearing up everything in its wake. The fins break off, the windows all shatter, and countless dents appear all over the hull before it finally comes to CREAKING, GROANING, smoking rest.

Bit by bit, a crowd of aliens gathers around the wreckage.

ANGLE ON: A panel on the side of the Miss Honesty as it pulls out, steam rising dramatically from the edges. It lowers slowly, revealing two badass sci-fi silhouettes backlit by an array of colorful lights.

ANGLE ON: The panel lowers into a ramp at an excruciatingly slow speed. The figures stand there in wait.

CLOSE ON: Before the ramp can reach the ground, the corner scrapes against the back of an alien's sedan. First along the taillight, which breaks. Then along the bumper, which it tears a groove into before softly bumping against the ground.

Trip and Becca step out into the light sporting some wicked-looking spacesuits with airtight helmets. They do a cool, dramatic walk all the way down the ramp, but when they reach the bottom, an angry voice calls out to them:

RONNY MACHO (O.S.)
JUMPIN' JELLIES! MY TAILLIGHT!

RONNY MACHO (?), a green-toned, balding alien with translucent skin, walks into frame. He wears a tank top over a pair of dress pants, which are belted so high you can almost see his knees.

RONNY MACHO (CONT'D)
What the heck are you doin' drivin' that hunkajunk down here?! There's no way that thing's street legal!

TRIP
(muffled)
I... What?

RONNY MACHO
My taillight, pal. You gonna
apologize or what?!

TRIP
(muffled)
I... I'm sorry?

RONNY MACHO
Ooooh you're gonna be. You better
lawyer up, bucko, because Ronny
Macho is comin' for ya! Your butt
is shrub and I'M the hedgetrimmers!

Another alien approaches from the other side, this one
pushing a street vendor taco cart. She immediately pushes a
button on the side of Trip's helmet, opening his visor and
unlocking the airtight seal.

Trip GASPS for air for a moment before he realizes that, for
some reason, he can breathe here just fine.

STREET VENDOR
Hello friend. That looked like
quite a doozie! How about a Sodium
Benzoate taco, on the house? It's
locally mined, and our main source
of nutrition!

BECCA
(muffled)
Yes please!

TRIP
Sodium... Benzoate?

Trip drops to his knees and throws his fists to the sky. PAN
OUT all the way back until the whole moon is visible.

TRIP (CONT'D)
EINSTEIN TWENTY-NIIIIIIIIII--

CUT TO:

CREDITS

Opening Song PLAYS - "Liar" by Sex Pistols

END OF ACT III

TAG**INT. GOVERNMENT BUREAU - BOSS' OFFICE - DAY**

ANGLE ON: Weeks and Molly standing straight-backed and awkward in a minimal office space. Molly tugs at his collar.

PAN AROUND to see a nameplate slightly askew on the edge of an expensive desk. It reads "Mr. Salary". A lean hand reaches out and straightens it. The owner of the hand SPEAKS in the voice of a child, but the tone is very slow, and very adult:

MR. SALARY

The Government does not tolerate failure, Agent Weeks.

WEEKS

No sir, Mr. Salary sir.

MR. SALARY

I'm inclined to forgive an inductee such as yourself. Fresh-faced. Barely off your training wheels. But you, Agent Molly? Tsk. Tsk.

MOLLY

I have it on good authority we've stranded them on the moon, sir. They shan't be gettin' far.

CLOSE ON: Mr. Salary TAPPING a pen on his desk in thought.

MR. SALARY

Very well. Your mess. You clean it up. I'm authorizing the use--

INT. GOVERNMENT BUREAU - HANGAR - DAY

ANGLE ON: Hangar doors opening to reveal an incredibly elaborate spacecraft. It looks like a cross between a bald eagle and the Millennium Falcon.

MR. SALARY (O.S.)

--of the Millenium Eagle.

PAN AROUND to show off the bajillions of weapons covering the spacecraft, and the highly patriotic paint-job. As we reach the back, the afterburners ignite with blue flame which illuminates a sparkly 'DISARM THIS!' bumper sticker.

FADE OUT.