

ROCKET MEN

by

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OPEN ON:

CLOSE ON an AMERICAN FLAG. PATRIOTIC MUSIC swells. We PULL BACK to REVEAL... BLACK SKY and STARS behind it. BACK further to REVEAL...

It's planted in the desolate, grey dust of THE MOON.

DRAMATIC VOICE OVER

In 1969, the United States of America landed a man on the surface of the Moon. The historic feat was a testament to the Human will and all it dare accomplish. The men and women who made it possible were brave, bold and brilliant. True heroes, every one of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE CAPSULE - DAY

An ASTRONAUT, in a silver space suit and space helmet, sits, curled up, in this tiny, cramped, one man SPACE CAPSULE.

The suit and chunky, antique electronics speaks of vintage NASA - RIGHT STUFF ERA.

STATIC FILLED VOICE (RADIO)

Capsule to command, I am five by five, green across the board, and ready to go...

The astronaut flips up his helmet visor, SMOKE wafts out, and we see...

CAPTAIN BIFF GIMBLE (35-40). A gruff, tough, good 'ol boy, who's smoking a CIGARETTE inside his space-suit.

BIFF GIMBLE

(southern drawl emerging)
So send my damn ass to space!

INT. NASA, MISSION CONTROL (1961) - CONTINUOUS

GODDARD FLACK (29) - short and nerdy - stands in the center of MISSION CONTROL. The nerd in charge, he wears the ENGINEER'S UNIFORM: Short sleeve, button down shirt, black tie and glasses. He speaks into a large HEADSET / MIC COMBO.

The massive ROOM is full of clunky computer stations manned by other nerdy ENGINEERS, all dressed just like Goddard.

GODDARD FLACK
(annoyed, but placating)
Yes Biff, we copy, and we are
working on it.

BIFF GIMBLE (O.S. - RADIO)
Well no rush. Heck, we can just sit
around and wait for them Ruusskies
to send up a few more guys.

DON CHIPLEY
What's the hold up, Goddard?

DON CHIPLEY (45) has a crew cut so perfect you could use it
as a desk. He's NASA'S DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS: The BIG BOSS.

GODDARD FLACK
Don, he's sitting on sixty thousand
pounds of explosives. I'd like to
double check a few things.

BIFF GIMBLE (O.S. - RADIO)
Hey! Biff Gimble explodes for
breakfast. Now double-check down
'yer pants for some balls, and
let's tear space a new A-Hole!

Goddard takes a calming breath. It sort of works.

GODDARD FLACK
Excellent suggestions Biff, we will
get right on it.
(toggles a switch)
Hobart?

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

We are some place, high up. Wind whips through the blue sky.

Wizzzzz. A MAN, harnessed to a rope, rappels down into frame.

This is HOBART BEEMAN (31). Along with the standard
engineer's uniform and a hard hat, Hobart wears EXTREMELY
THICK GLASSES. He's taller, and more filled out than the
other engineers. There's a quiet strength within this man.

GODDARD FLACK (O.S. - RADIO)
Hobart, how we doing?

Hobart grabs a large, old-school walkie-talkie off his belt.

HOBART BEEMAN

Just to be safe, I'd like to take
her out for a quick spin.

OUT TO REVEAL, Hobart dangles off the side of...

THE MERCURY-REDSTONE ROCKET - The first rocket NASA used to
send a man into space. Hobart is a mere speck next to this
EIGHT STORY MISSILE. Ready to go, it quakes, shudders and
steams from the sub-zero fuel inside.

INTERCUT: HOBART & GODDARD in MISSION CONTROL

GODDARD FLACK

You and me both. But hey, any
joker can take a ride in history.
Engineers -

HOBART BEEMAN

(finishing their ritual)
Engineers build history.

Hobart sighs and takes a longing look up at the rocket.

HOBART BEEMAN (CONT'D)

OK buddy, light her up.

Whizzzzz. Hobart drops down out of sight.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Again Biff's grating voice sounds out over the Radio.

BIFF GIMBLE (O.S. - RADIO)

Hey! Goddard! What gives? You up
and quittin' on me?

A visible resolve comes over Goddard.

GODDARD FLACK

I don't quit. Telemetry?

LEWIS SKIPPLE - Innocent, sheltered, and terrified, with
MASSIVE sweat stains - performs last minute SLIDE RULER
calculations like someone finishing a test after the
teacher's called "pencil's down."

LEWIS SKIPPLE

Umm. Umm. I thiiiiink, uhhhh -

GODDARD FLACK

Lewis!

LEWIS SKIPPLE

Yes! We're good. NO! Wait. Yes. No.
Yes GO! We're GO!

GODDARD FLACK

Hans, Propulsion?

HANS VAN BERNER - A short, wiry German with coke-bottle glasses and a big nose, screams back.

HANS VAN BERNER (GERMAN ACCENT)

Ya! Za Rocket's Great! Ve Love it.
GO!

GODDARD FLACK

Guidance.

SY TINKERMAN - An odd, emotionally challenged, savant.

SY TINKERMAN

(re: his Console)

I'm looking at four hundred and
thirty three lights.

GODDARD FLACK

Sy.

SY TINKERMAN

Fifty two are blinking.

GODDARD FLACK

SY!

SY TINKERMAN

GO!

GODDARD FLACK

We are go for countdown. Ignition
in 10...9...8

The room is silent. Every Engineer is gripped with fear and anticipation.

GODDARD FLACK (CONT'D)

7...6...5...4...3...2 -

(quiet to himself)

Please don't blow up.

(loud to the room)

One. Ignition.

OUT ON THE LAUNCH PAD - With a roar, an INFERNO ERUPTS out of the rocket's GIANT ENGINES. Slowly, it creeps into the air. (**NOTE - When possible, real, old, NASA footage will be mixed in to give the feeling of faux-history.)

BACK IN MISSION CONTROL - White knuckle tension. Goddard stares up at the MISSION CONTROL DISPLAY - huge screens featuring flight data, live launch video, and a MAP OF THE WORLD with a simplistic ANIMATED ROCKET floating across it.

HANS VAN BERNER
LIFT OFF! Ve have za' LIFT OFF!

INSIDE THE CAPSULE - Shaking violently, Biff screams...

BIFF GIMBLE
UP YOUR ASS GRAVITY!

EXT. LAUNCH OBSERVATION AREA - CONTINUOUS

A group of SCIENTISTS run for the cover of concrete BLAST BARRICADES. Hobart, following them, stops and turns around.

RANDOM SCIENTIST.
Beeman, come on.

HOBART BEEMAN
One second.

As Hobart watches the rocket climb into the heavens we see both joy and longing in his face. A culmination of a dream and a slap in the face.

HOBART BEEMAN (CONT'D)
(quiet, to himself)
Some day. That'll be me. I'll be
back up there.

BOOM! Hobart's face is hit by smoke, dust, and pebbles from the rocket's blast wave. His cheeks are smeared back against his face. The heartfelt moment is totally undercut.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Every Engineer is glued to a terminal, monitoring his small piece of the launch.

GODDARD
(into mic)
Biff, do you read? Capsule, this is
control, do you copy?

INTERCUT: GODDARD in MISSION CONTROL & BIFF in his CAPSULE

BIFF
(shaking, strained)
Copy control and, WOW!
(MORE)

BIFF (CONT'D)

The power a'this thing. It's- It's like I'm riding on a giant fire cracker that some even more giant Mexican sold me. OH! Now the sky's turning black, and I can see all of God's creation stretchin' out below me and it's... Well it's ... Well I am just ROCK HARD. I have a tremendous erection.

Goddard looks at the FLIGHT SURGEON who reads a PAPER GRAPH emerging from the computer in front of him.

The Surgeon points to something on a graph and nods. The instruments confirm the boner. Goddard rolls his eyes.

BIFF (CONT'D)

WAIT! The rocket cut out. It just got real smooth and I'm weightless.

UP IN SPACE - The TINY CAPSULE breaks away from the rocket's long tube, and glides off into free-fall.

BIFF (CONT'D)

I'm WEIGHTLESS and... I just CAME. I came in my suit. It was a lot.

Again the FLIGHT SURGEON checks the graph. Again he nods.

BIFF (CONT'D)

Now this is magical. I wish you could be up here with me. Honestly, I feel terrible that ya'll're cowardly, physically deficient, needle-dick poindexters who will die without experiencing a single second of this wonderful majesty.

Silence fills Mission Control, as all the Engineers feel horrible about themselves.

GODDARD

Thank you Biff, that's... *nice*.
(beat, to the room)
Guys, what I think Biff really meant is... CONGRATULATIONS! We just put America in the space race!

Now Mission Control erupts in cheers. It's the best day ever.

INT. NEWSDESK - CONTINUOUS

EMMET KRAFT, a pessimistic, Cronkite-era news reporter, sits at a news desk with launch-footage playing behind him.

EMMET KRAFT

And so, on this May afternoon, in the year nineteen hundred and sixty one, America sends its first citizen into space. A journey whose historic significance is only overshadowed by its catastrophic danger and folly. And though, by now, he's probably nothing more than a charred cinder, afloat in that silent icy void, good luck to you, Astronaut Biff Gimble.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

Biff's CAPSULE, parachute deployed, splashes down.

EXT. TARMAC - LATER

FLASH BULBS POP as Biff, in his silver space suit, helmet tucked under his arm, steps out of a parked HELICOPTER.

A throng of REPORTERS circle around to greet the hero, America's first astronaut.

REPORTER #1

Biff. Tell us, were you scared?

BIFF

Well, when you're up there, a million miles from Earth -

REPORTER #1

Weren't you only a hundred miles from Earth?

BIFF

DID I SEE YOU IN SPACE?!
(off reporter's sorry look)

Right. OK. So when you're up there, with nothing but a tin can protectin' you, it feels like you're all alone, but really...

In the distance, behind the reporters, Goddard, Hobart, Lewis, Sy and Hans walk up and watch.

GODDARD

Here it comes guys.

HOBART

You think Biff is going to thank us?

GODDARD

I think everyone knows this was a team effort.

BIFF

You are. You're all alone.

Goddard, expecting some recognition, looks hurt.

BIFF (CONT'D)

Or at least that's how it might seem. 'Course, that would be forgettin' who the real heroes are.

GODDARD

Finally.

BIFF

Me. I am all the real heroes. Me, and my piloting, and my incredible vision and my innate sexual ferocity.

GODDARD

(hurt)

Oh.

REPORTER

Biff, is there anything you'd like to say to America?

BIFF

Yes. If these NASA egg heads can build me a real rocket ship, I can start doing the kind of things our space program was intended for, like exposing my privates to Cuba.

The reporters cheer. Flashes glint of Biff's giant smile.

Meanwhile Don Chipley storms over to our insulted Engineers.

DON

You hear that?! Next time one of my boys asks for a dick-window, you build it. Goddamn JV bullshit!

Don, furious, walks away leaving Goddard hurt and confused.

HOBART

What do you expect Goddard? As far everyone's concerned, we're nothing but the help.

Dejected, the guys turn and begin walking away from the crowd. As they walk...

GODDARD

But we do all the work. Biff just sits in it while we turned it on.

LEWIS

And Biff's only here because we didn't kill him. And I really thought we were going to kill him.

SY

That was very probable.

Sy bends down and picks up a bottle cap. He pulls out a pair of pliers and, as he walks, begins to work on it.

HANS VAN BERNER

Sure za Russians got to space first, but zey killed people.

LEWIS

Really?

HANS VAN BERNER

I know zey killed chimps, und dogs, rabbits. I heard zey would just run over cats in the parking lot, for no reason. Pluz, zey left zem up dere. Pets, floating, in space, forever. It's horrible.

HOBART

And the monkey we shot into space? He got to meet the president.

GODDARD

They sure like pilots better.

Goddard casts a longing gaze at a group of gorgeous NASA NURSES, totally oblivious to our engineers.

LEWIS

Women are just taken in by their macho attitudes, and taut, hard bodies.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Proud and tall like they've been
chiseled from stone. But not
regular stone, the kind of stone
that sweats and wears nothing but
silver space boots.

Everybody stops and stares at Lewis - EXCEPT FOR Sy who
TWANG! Yanks a metal "DANGER" sign off fuel tank. He keeps
building.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

(off everyone's looks)
What?

HOBART

Lewis, have you ever, maybe thought
that, you might be like, gay?

LEWIS

Gay? What's gay?

GODDARD

It's when a man is attracted to
other men, romantically, like
instead of women.

LEWIS

(doesn't believe them)
Cooome oooon.

GODDARD

It's real. And more common than
people thought, they're finding.

LEWIS

OK, you got me. Men who like other
men. That's hysterical. And even if
it was real, I'm a happily married
man. See, there's my wife... and
our roommate.

Sy points to an extremely BUTCH LESBIAN - crew cut, flannel
shirt - who has just pulled up in an old TOP-DOWN JEEP.
Another butch looking LESBIAN rides shotgun.

LEWIS' WIFE

(honks the horn)
Lou, come on. Pam and I are gonna'
be late for bowling.

LEWIS

See you guys tomorrow.

Lewis runs off to the Jeep and drives away with his "wife."

After a moment of processing, they start walking again. SNAP!
SY breaks off a car antennae and adds it to his "invention."

HANS VAN BERNER

Bah! Zese astronauts are doing us a favor. Zere are no real women around here.

GODDARD

And what's a real woman?

HANS VAN BERNER

You know, a good American Fraulein. Strong, blonde, six two, six three, makes great strudel and maybe... maybe wouldn't mind taking a crap on your chest.

HOBART

Hans, where are you from again?

HANS VAN BERNER

(suddenly defensive)

Where are you from?!

HOBART

West Virginia.

HANS VAN BERNER

Well I'm from Omaha! I've always been from dere.

HOBART

OK, it's just, you talk weird.

HANS VAN BERNER

(even more defensive)

You talk weird. Everyone in Omaha talks like me. You sound like you're from anozer country. Like you're probably, secretly, a Nazi or something.

GODDARD

Why do you bring up Nazis so much?

HANS VAN BERNER

Vhy do YOU?!

GODDARD

I don't bring up Nazis so much.

HANS VAN BERNER
YOU JUST DID IT AGAIN! You're crazy
about Nazis! You're hiding stuff!
You're all hiding stuff! Zecrets
make me sick.

Hans stomps away, cursing under his breath.

GODDARD
Man they wind them tight in Omaha.

HOBART
Seriously.

SY (O.C.)
This will fly now.

Hobart and Hans look over AND SEE...

Sy now wears a jury-rigged HELICOPTER PACK (like a jet pack but with helicopter blades). In this impossibly short amount of time, Sy has built it out of the objects he collected.

WHIRRRR! The blades spin up and Sy slowly rises out of frame, leaving Hobart and Goddard impressed and confused.

INT. NASA, HALLWAY - LATER

As Goddard walks down a hallway, something catches his eye. He stops, looks in through an open door, and sees...

INT. NASA, MEDICAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nurse Valentine (25) - kind, wholesome, very pretty - organizes a tray of medical instruments. She doesn't see Goddard watching her from the hallway; an innocent ogling.

NURSE VALENTINE
(turns and sees him)
Goddard. What are you doing here?

Goddard, not quite ready for a conversation, is startled.

GODDARD
I, uh... I needed this.

Goddard grabs a nearby METAL JUG.

NURSE VALENTINE
Three gallons of stool softener?

GODDARD

Um... Yes.

NURSE VALENTINE

OK, but personally I'd celebrate with champagne.

GODDARD

Celebrate?

NURSE VALENTINE

You sent Biff to space without killing him. You engineers did it.

GODDARD

Wow. It is... *really nice* to hear someone say that. People don't seem to understand how hard our job is, especially not pretty girls like you.

NURSE VALENTINE

Goddard.

GODDARD

(blushing)

Oh no, I didn't mean, well I did, but, um... Thank you.

Goddard flashes a bashful smile. It's a cute moment until...

BIFF (O.C.)

I'm here for my exam SO, exam me!

NURSE VALENTINE

Hello Bi - OH MY DEAR!

BIFF has walked into the room COMPLETELY NAKED!

Nurse Valentine and Goddard whip their heads away.

NURSE VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Biff, I'm just drawing blood, there's no reason for you to be naked.

BIFF

There's no reason not to be. Hell, Goddard don't mind.

GODDARD

(turned away)

I'M NOT LOOKING!

NURSE VALENTINE

Biff, please. Put a gown on. Now.

Averting her eyes, Valentine holds out a gown. Biff takes it.

BIFF

Fine. For you darlin'.

As Goddard and Nurse Valentine turn their backs to him, Biff throws the gown behind him and, still totally NAKED...

BIFF (CONT'D)

OK, I'm ready.

They both turn back and see Biff naked.

NURSE VALENTINE

Oh Betsy!

GODDARD

I saw it again.

Nurse Valentine brings her hand up, right below her eyes, so she can face Biff without seeing anything below his waist.

BIFF (CONT'D)

I know right? And I think space made it even bigger. 'Fact, I want you to check. Even measured last night so you'd have some pre-flight data. Here, got my length, girth, charcoal rubbing for texture.

Biff produces out a folded PAPER from behind his back.

NURSE VALENTINE

(re: the paper)

Where were you holding that?

GODDARD

OK, I have to go. Congratulations Biff. Good flight.

BIFF

Congrats right back. You pencil necks hardly screwed up at all. See ya at the parade.

GODDARD

(running out of the room)

Sure, yes, at the penis. I mean the penis parade. I mean the regular parade. Without penises. Damn it.

Very embarrassed, Goddard rushes out.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, TICKER-TAPE PARADE - DAY

A blizzard of confetti.

Goddard, Hobart, Lewis, Sy and Hans stand on the sidelines complaining to Don Chipley.

DON

I know I said you could ride on the float, but they built the darn thing too small.

REVERSE ON: The massive, phallic, ROCKET SHAPED FLOAT. Biff, the sole occupant, hams it up for the crowd, galloping around in a silver space suit and silver cowboy hat.

As Biff starts pulling random women up on the float...

DON (CONT'D)

There's no room for anyone else. But hey, you can still walk along side aaaand... you get these.

Don hands a SILVER BROOM to Goddard.

GODDARD

Brooms?

DON

Silver space brooms. The ticker-tape really builds up, and you're already walkin'.

(beat)

Smile fellas, this is your day.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE, ROSE GARDEN - DAY

PRESIDENT KENNEDY addresses a crowd.

JOHN F. KENNEDY

And now, a man to whom this nation owes a great debt... Astronaut Biff Gimble.

Biff comes out smiling. He shakes hands with the President.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

A BASEBALL OFFICIAL stands on the pitchers mound.

BASEBALL OFFICIAL
Now, throwing out our first
pitch... Astronaut Biff Gimble.

Biff trots out as the stadium goes wild.

INT. PLAYBOY TALK SHOW, TV SET - NIGHT

HUGH HEFNER, in his robe, smoking his pipe, stands in the 50's modern set of his vintage "PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE," talk show.

(**NOTE - Hugh Hefner really hosted this show in the 60's)

HUGH HEFNER
And now, a cosmic cat who's outta
this world... Astronaut Biff Gimble

Biff strolls on with a Playboy Bunny on each arm.

INT. STAGE - DAY

A MAN stands at a podium on a plain stage.

MAN
And NOW... Five gift certificates
good at any Denny's in the greater
southern Florida area.

The Man pulls out 5 DENNY'S GIFT CERTIFICATES.

OUT TO REVEAL... Our miserable ENGINEERS are lined up next to the podium, as if they were about to receive medals. The four spectators in the giant auditorium applaud sparsely.

MAN (CONT'D)
Way to go boys. Tip top work.

Our Engineers exchange dissatisfied looks.

EXT. DENNY'S - AFTERNOON

The five Engineers walk out of a Denny's.

LEWIS
That was actually pretty good.

HOBART
My steak was delicious.

HANS

I had heard of "eggz at any time,"
but I never believed. Zen zere zey
vere. Eggz, all of da time.

GODDARD

Hey! NO! Even if my flapjacks were
lighter than air, that does not
make up for these... these
indignities! I don't know about you
guys, but I could use a drink.

Goddard looks down the road to "THE COCKPIT." A run-down,
Cape Canaveral honky-tonk. The local NASA watering hole.

HOBART

You know that place is just for
pilots.

GODDARD

We're the chief engineers of NASA'S
space program. We've got as much of
a right to be there as anybody.
Heck Hobart, you're a pilot.

Goddard's last words hit home for Hobart. A sore subject.

HOBART

Not anymore. Count me out.

GODDARD

Fine. But you'll be sorry when
we're being showered with -
(keeping expectations low)
- professional courtesy. Let's go.

Hobart watches the guys head down the road, towards the bar.

INT. "THE COCKPIT" - MOMENTS LATER

The place is just as run down on the inside. Flight
memorabilia clutter the walls. All the patrons are either
buff FIGHTER JOCKS or buxom, 60's BEAUTIES (very Gidget).

Goddard, Lewis, Sy and Hans stand at one end of the bar.

GODDARD

Hi. Can we get some beers? *Hello?*

REVERSE ON... The BARTENDER - a weathered, old pilot - stands
at the other end of the empty bar, GLARING at our engineers
and giving them THE FINGER.

GODDARD (CONT'D)
(playing it off)
It is pretty busy. Happy hour.

Just then Goddard and the guys overhear two nearby WOMEN - gorgeous, with bee-hive hairdos and hip hugging mod skirts.

BAR CHIPPY #1
That Biff Gimble is so dreamy. I would totally have sex with him.

BAR CHIPPY #2
I would have sex with anything that's been in space.

BAR CHIPPY #1
Even like, a helmet?

BAR CHIPPY #2
Even like, some Tang.

The Engineers can't help but feel encouraged. Goddard readies himself and goes in.

GODDARD
(nervous, voice cracks)
You know, uh, we work at NASA.

The Women, taller than our Engineers, spin around and make eye-contact with a point in the air over Goddard's head.

Disappointed, they readjust their gaze to greet Goddard's nervous smile. But then they smile when they see his NASA badge.

BAR CHIPPY #1
You're short for astronauts.

GODDARD
Oh, we're not astronauts. We're engineers.

HANS
(seductive)
NASA engineers. Ve make zpace ships, und za rockets,

SY
And I just made this.

SY holds a small AIRPLANE THING he's just built out of forks and a napkin dispenser. ZOOM! It jets out of his hands.

The Women are totally turned off.

BAR CHIPPY #2
Um, that sounds complicated.

BAR CHIPPY #1
We're bad at math.

GODDARD
What? No, look, we have *very*
important jobs.
(off the blank stares)
We know Biff Gimble.

Just then 2 PILOTS walk over. They are...

TIP ADONIS - Shaggy blond hair, surfer good-looks. And...

The most all-business, intimidating specimen of fighter pilot
perfection ever. His face framed by perfect hair and
IMPENETRABLE MIRROR SHADES. This is MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD.

MAJOR BALEHARD
Are you bothering these women?

GODDARD
Nooo. I don't - Are we?

The Women nod.

GODDARD (CONT'D)
Oh.

MAJOR BALEHARD
You know this bar is just for
pilots. Are you guys pilots?

GODDARD
(nervous)
We were just explaining that. We're
uh, we're engineers. At NASA.

TIP ADONIS
Then you guys gotta leave. Unless
you wanna become... *honorary*
pilots?

GODDARD
Honorary pilots. That sounds nice,
right guys?

The Engineers nod. The Pilots smile maliciously.

CUT TO:

MUSIC: "I Get Around" by the Beach Boys.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A CLASSIC CONVERTIBLE bounces down a country road. Tip drives. Major, riding shotgun, looks back at...

A ROPE, tied to the rear bumper. It stretches high into the air. All the way up to...

GODDARD, LEWIS, SY and HANS. They are helplessly tied together and wearing nothing but underwear, shoes, black socks and OLD-TIMEY AVIATOR HATS & GOGGLES.

They float along, tied to the speeding car by the rope and held aloft by a single PARACHUTE. They're PARAGLIDING.

MAJOR
(up to engineers)
YOU'RE DOING GREAT!

GODDARD
I don't think they're going to let us drink at their bar.

SY
I just made urine.

GODDARD
Yes you did.

INT. NASA, LOUNGE - DAY

Hobart, wearing his thick glasses, sits in the break room. A small black and white TV, volume down, plays behind him.

Looking somber, Hobart reads a letter.

AIR FORCE OFFICER (V.O.)
Dear Mr. Hobart Beeman, your application to Air Force flight school has been rejected, *again*. While your horrible eyesight makes you an unacceptable candidate for pilot training, you have become a source of great amusement to me and my fellow officers. Please do not let these nineteen consecutive rejections discourage you from applying again. In fact, should you try three more times, I stand to win a great deal of money in our office pool. Good work stupid. Sincerely, Col. Edward Lancer.

Furious, Hobart crumples the letter and hurls it across the room. As he does he notices, out the window...

GODDARD, LEWIS, SY and HANS, half naked and tied together, float down into parking lot. They must have been cut loose.

The engineers hit the ground, but before they can free themselves, wind catches the parachute and...

BUMP! BUMP! BUMP! BUMP! Drags them across the hoods of several parked cars. It's painful, and loud.

HOBART

Damn it. I told them.

Hobart rushes out to help.

INT. NASA, LOUNGE - LATER

Goddard, Lewis, Sy and Hans are still in their TIGHTLY WHITENED and AVIATOR HEADGEAR. Goddard is ranting, although his attire heavily undercuts the seriousness of his words.

GODDARD

This has gone too far!

LEWIS

Relax. There are worse things than being stripped down and manhandled by large men.

Everyone takes a moment to look at Lewis, then...

GODDARD

Building rockets is NOT easy. People need to recognize our work and stop taking us for granted.

HANS

Hey look, your fuehrer's on za TV.

President JOHN F. KENNEDY has appeared on the little BLACK AND WHITE TV. HOBART turns up the volume.

JOHN F. KENNEDY (ON THE TV)

(an actual Kennedy speech)

--time for this nation to take a clearly leading role in space achievement.

(MORE)

JOHN F. KENNEDY (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)
I believe that this nation should
commit itself to achieving the
goal, before this decade is out, of
landing a man on the Moon and
returning him safely to the Earth.

CUT TO:

ALL OVER THE NATION, AMERICANS CELEBRATE THE NEWS:

ON AN ARMY BASE - Soldiers listening over a radio cheer.

ON THE WASHINGTON MALL - A man listens to a transistor radio.

MAN
We're going to the Moon!

The surrounding Americans cheer.

IN A FARMHOUSE - A family, watching the speech on TV, cheers.

BACK WITH THE ENGINEERS...

Our guys have a very different reaction.

ENGINEERS
(horrified)
NOOOOOOOOOO!

With terror behind their goggles, the Engineers PANIC. They
scream, and flail scrawny, naked limbs.

HANS
Does he know how hard dat's going
to be?!

GODDARD
Why would he want to do that? WHY?!

As if answering Goddard's question, Kennedy continues:

JOHN F. KENNEDY (ON THE TV)
We choose to go to the Moon and do
the other things, not because they
are easy, but because they are
hard.

ON THE ARMY BASE - Soldiers cheer.

ON THE WASHINGTON MALL - Americans cheer.

THE MIDWESTERN FARMHOUSE - The Family is elated.

BACK WITH THE ENGINEERS...

GODDARD

That is the worst reason ever, for
doing anything! EVER!

LEWIS

We're going to kill so MANY PEOPLE!

SY

We're going to kill 2 people. We're
going to kill 4 people. We're going
to kill 6 people. 8 people -

GODDARD

This isn't happening. It can't be.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DON CHIPLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Don sits in his beige, cinder-block office. He leans back in
his chair, smirking out across his desk.

DON

Oh it's happening. We're goin' to
the Moon.

(beat)

And ya'll look like morons.

REVERSE ON: The Engineers are all clothed, but four still
wear GOGGLES & HELMETS. Lewis' huge sweat stains are back.

GODDARD

US? The president's the one who
doesn't know that the Moon is
really far away.

DON

You will not speak about our - HEY!
What's he doing to my Victrola?

Sy, in his own world, and still counting, has dismantled
Don's record player.

SY

...kill 292 people, 294 people.

GODDARD

Sorry. If Sy has nothing to fix he
takes apart whatever's around.

HANS

It's best to keep some match sticks
around. Here Sy, how many?

Hans dumps out a box of match sticks on the floor. Sy shrieks
in glee and dives for them.

HANS (CONT'D)

Now, if 'zis Moon thing is a
problem, vy don't ve fake it?

GODDARD

What?

HANS

Ya, ve fake it. Ve get zome zpace
zuits, build a fake zpace ship, and
do it in a movie ztudio. It's easy,
cheap, ve make it look it real
zsharp. Ve'll be "on za Moon" in two
months.

DON

You pull the 'chute on that right
now mister. We are the United
States government. We don't lie, we
don't fake evidence, and we don't
take part in empty gestures of
meaningless publicity. We shoot men
into space.

GODDARD

We just did that. We did it safe,
and fast. And we did it in spite of
that idiot Biff, who ended up
getting all the credit.

DON

You got them Denny's gift
certificates?

(off Goddard's stare)

OK, look, I'm bringing in new
astronauts. Some real smart pilots.
Top notch guys. And as for respect,
maybe you shouldn't have let the
Russians beat us into space.

GODDARD

Who cares about the Russians?

Don almost falls out of his chair. He's enraged.

DON

We are in a race! A *space* race! And the winner gets moon rocks, and flags on the Moon. And the loser? He gets oppression and soup made from beets. Now what do you want Goddard, beet soup or Moon flags?

GODDARD

It's more complicated than --

DON

BEEET SOUP OR MOON FLAGS?!

Goddard glares at Don through the aviator goggles. Then...

GODDARD

Moon Flags.

DON

That's right. So get us to the Moon, and do it before Russia. All of America's countin' on you.

EXT. NASA - NIGHT

Goddard, dressed normally, sits, by himself, dangling his feet over a ledge.

Hobart, holding two glasses, walks over and sits down next to his friend. He hands Goddard a glass.

HOBART

Ovaltine?

GODDARD

Thanks.

(takes a sip)

Mmm. (sighs) Gosh. The moon. It's just so... so impossible.

HOBART

What would Galileo say if you asked him to take a ride in an airplane, or eat day old leftovers you kept fresh in tupperware?

GODDARD

We do live in amazing times. I bet the nineteen sixties will be the happiest decade ever.

HOBART

America's basically perfect. The only work left to do is (points) up there.

GODDARD

Still, I don't know if I can do this. I've never been so scared.

HOBART

You remember what I was like, when we first met? Back at MIT, after I got iced from the academy.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE: YOUNG HOBART, OUT OF CONTROL, IN COLLEGE.

1) Sitting in a COLLEGE LECTURE, young HOBART leans over to young GODDARD and pulls out a bottle of whiskey.

COLLEGE HOBART

Anyone can do physics sober.

2) In a STUDY HALL, GODDARD finishes a math problem. HOBART finishes the same problem, although his SOLUTION is MASSIVE, covering several black boards.

COLLEGE HOBART (CONT'D)

SAME ANSWER! But I did it without using the number 7. Cause 7 is nothing but a CRUTCH!

3) IN A BATHROOM, we see the FEET of two men in adjacent stalls.

COLLEGE HOBART (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Pssst. Hey. I am vandalizing the shit out of this men's room.

BACK TO:

EXT. NASA - PRESENT

HOBART

I was so angry. So sure I'd never be worth a damn. But then I met a guy. And he told me, so what if I couldn't be a pilot. I can be an engineer, and engineers -

GODDARD

Engineers build history.

HOBART

That guy changed my life. And yeah, maybe this is impossible, but if there's anyone who can get a team of engineers to do the impossible, it's you, Goddard. Besides, what are you gonna do, quit?

Again, that familiar resolves comes over Goddard.

GODDARD

OK, let's do it. Let's go to the Moon.

HOBART

To the Moon.

Clink. They toast their glasses and we PULL OUT TO REVEAL...

Hobart and Goddard have been sitting on a HUGE ROCKET that is laying on it's side. A GIANT FULL MOON hangs, poetically, above their heads. Goddard takes a sip.

GODDARD

Wow this stuff is good.

HOBART

And so full of vitamins.

GODDARD

Amazing times.

EXT. HOUSTON, NASA'S MANNED SPACE CRAFT CENTER - DAY

A sprawling complex of black-top and huge boxy BUILDINGS.

INT. NASA, PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BIFF and DON CHIPLEY sit at a table in front of an AMERICAN FLAG and a NASA LOGO. A MODEL ROCKET rests on the table.

They face a room packed with frenzied REPORTERS.

REPORTER

When will you be going to the Moon?

DON

There's a lot of work to do first. Including training missions to develop the techniques and equipment we'll need to get to the Moon.

BIFF

'Course the only equipment you really need are balls the size of grapefruits!

FEMALE REPORTER

Wouldn't testicles that large make it hard to walk?

BIFF

Then it's a good thing I'll be FLYING to the Moon. HELLO! Who said that? Right here!

As the Reporters lap up Biff's bombast...

Goddard walks into the back of the room followed by Hobart, Lewis, Hans and Sy - who's building something.

GODDARD

I hear good things about these new astronauts. All smart, practical, ready to work with us.

HANS

Yah, zat's the way. You must chooze za best zpecimens of your race.

GODDARD

(weirded out)
My race?

HANS

(covering)
Yeah, za, um, race to the Moon. Ve got a race to the Moon and ve're gonna vin it.

Hans laughs nervously. Sy, looking up from the gadget he's working on, breaks the tension.

SY

Does anyone have some zinc?

A hush falls over the room.

DON

OK, ladies and gentleman, NASA'S newest astronauts. Captain Tip Adonis, and Major Major Balehard.

TIP ADONIS, and MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD walk in. They both wear blue astronaut JUMP SUITS. Major wears his MIRROR SHADES.

Goddard recognizes the two Astronauts as the abusive PILOTS from the "COCKPIT" bar.

Hobart reacts as well. He looks like he's seen a ghost.

Reporters jump up screaming but, with a single gesture, Major SILENCES the room.

MAJOR

You.

REPORTER

Major Balehard -

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD

(interrupting)

I'm a major in the Airforce. You'll use my rank when you address me.

REPORTER

(thrown)

OK, um, Major, Balehard will you -

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD

(interrupting again)

I've brought a prepared statement.

POP. A single flashbulb goes off as Major unfolds a piece of paper in the silent room.

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD (CONT'D)

(clears his throat)

Dear The Moon: I don't care how high you are, or how far you are. You can revolve around the Earth all you want, you can even try disappearing once a month. But it won't matter, cause I'm coming, and I'm going to land all over you.

SMACK! For dramatic effect, Major knocks over the model rocket. Then he sits back down. The room SILENT. But then...

HUGE APPLAUSE. This guy just made America awesome.

BIFF

HELL YEAH! We're your God Damn Astronauts!

GODDARD

That wasn't very encouraging - Hobart?

Goddard turns and sees Hobart storming out of the room.

EXT. NASA, PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Goddard runs out of the building, chasing after his friend.

GODDARD

Hobart. Hobart. HOBART!

Hobart whips around, he's almost crying.

HOBART

What? Nothing. I'm fine. WHAT IS MAJOR DOING HERE?!

GODDARD

Who? Major Balehard? You know him?

HOBART

No. A little. He might have robbed me of the chance to be the world's greatest fighter pilot and stole the woman I loved.

GODDARD

He's that Major? From the Air Force Academy? The one who ratted you out when your eyes started going bad?

HOBART

Yeah, but it's fine. I already see his face whenever I close my eyes, laughing at me. Now I'll just see him the rest of the time too.

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD (O.C.)

If that's a problem, just take off those glasses. Way I hear it, you won't see a thing. Hello Hobart.

Major, in those damn mirror shades, has walked up.

GODDARD

Hi. Goddard Flack. Chief engineer. We met the other day -

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD

That's excellent. Honey.

Major snaps and his wife, SHANNON BALEHARD, walks up. A gorgeous blond bombshell, with the shy demeanor that comes from living in the shadow of her larger than life husband.

Major takes a LAUNDRY BAG from her and shoves it at Goddard.

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD (CONT'D)
Heavy bleach, light starch.
(to Hobart)
This is my wife Shannon. Didn't you
two used to date?

SHANNON BALEHARD
(meek)
Hi Hobart, nice to see.

Hobart doesn't say a word, but seeing this woman hurts.

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD
So, Hobart, what have you been up
to since the Academy? Last I heard
you were, *what was it?* Dying in a
burning hot **ocean of shame and
regret?**

Hobart fumes. Goddard peers out from behind the sack of
laundry he's holding and sticks up for his friend.

GODDARD
Hobart's an engineer now.

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD
That's great. I love trains. You
have one of those adorable hats?

GODDARD
Hobart's an aeronautical engineer.
He'll be building your rockets.

HOBART
Goddard no.

But it's too late. Major is shocked and disgusted.

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD
Oh. Oh man. Hobart. We always knew
you were, *smart*, but we never
thought it was this bad. I'm sorry.
(beat)
Did you try to get a job driving
trains?

HOBART
Yes.

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD
Well hey, who knows what I'd be
doing if I wasn't blessed with my
quadruple perfect vision.
(MORE)

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD (CONT'D)

In four states, my head is legally
a telescope. Well boys, I'll be
seeing you. Honey?

Major walks off, pulling Shannon with him. She looks back...

SHANNON

Bye Hobart.

Hobart doesn't answer. He just watches Major walk her past a
row of parked cars, toward...

His own JET FIGHTER, parked like it was a car. Major and
Shannon climb in and as the cockpit lowers...

MJR. MAJOR BALEHARD

Hey boys, remember, I like my
rockets fast and hard.

(beat)

Just like the sex I have.

(beat, points to Shannon)

With her.

WOOSH! As Major pulls away the jet-wash hits Hobart and
Goddard right in the face.

We move in on Hobart. Exhaust blasting him in the face, eyes
narrowing, dreams dying all over again...

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. AIR FORCE ACADEMY, OFFICE (1949) - DAY

A YOUNG HOBART (19), in an air force cadet's uniform and NO
GLASSES, hurries into the room and stands at attention.

YOUNG HOBART

Sir, Cadet Beeman reporting, sir.

Two Air Force Officers are waiting. A COLONEL sits behind a
large desk, a CAPTAIN stands beside him.

COLONEL

Cadet. Please tell us what *these*
were doing in your footlocker?

The Captain rests a pair of READING GLASSES on the desk.
Hobart flinches.

YOUNG HOBART

Uh, sir, I don't know. I'm a pilot,
sir. The best pilot at the academy.
My eyes are perfect.

COLONEL

Then you won't have any trouble
reading that eye chart.

An EYE CHART hangs on the wall. Hobart smiles, "no problem."

CAPTAIN

No cadet, *that* eye chart.

REVEAL... On the other wall hangs a TINY, postage stamp sized
EYE-CHART. Hobart is terrified. He squints his eyes...

YOUNG HOBART

(straining)
Buh, ber, beeeeeeee?
(gives up)
Sir, with respect, no one could
read that.

VOICE (O.C.)

P. T. Z. D.

Hobart turns to see a young CADET MAJOR BALEHARD (19).

MAJOR BALEHARD

(covers one eye)
F. O. Q. R.
(covers both eyes)
D. P. L. T. D.

The OFFICERS cheer like Major just sunk a three point shot.

COLONEL / CAPTAIN

Yeah! / Hot dog! / That's some damn
fine looking at stuff!

YOUNG HOBART

(to Major)
Major. You turned me in? But You're
my wingman. You're my best friend.

MAJOR

This is an elite school for elite
pilots with elite eyesight. Your
glasses have brought shame on the
entire Air Force.

YOUNG HOBART

(pleading to the officers)
They're just for reading, honest -

COLONEL

Enough! Pack your bags Hobart,
you're iced. Congratulations Major,
you're the Academy's new top cadet.

CAPTAIN

(to Major)

Now read some more of that chart.
Them real teeny, tiny bottom lines.

As Major begins reading off more letters, Hobart can barely
breathe. He's in shock. His world has just been crushed.

The scene turns grainy, so grainy the image begins to
disappear, lost in the noise.

MARCHING MUSIC begins to play.

WE PULL AWAY FROM THE GRAIN. An image takes form. It's...

A 1960'S NEWSREEL.

TITLES: NEW WORLD NEWS

INT. PERFECT AMERICAN LIVING ROOM

A perfect AMERICAN FAMILY smiles at the camera.

NEWS REEL VO

WATCH OUT AMERICA! Something big
and hot and explosive is coming.

The family dives for the ground, DUCK AND COVERING.

NEWS REEL VO (CONT'D)

It's the mighty rockets that will
carry America's brave astronauts to
the Moon.

Relieved but shaken, the family stands back up as they force
out awkward smiles. The daughter now wears a GAS MASK.

CUT TO:

MAIN STREET, SMALL TOWN USA: A PARADE is in full swing.

Biff and Tip each drive corvettes through the crowd. While
driving, Tip makes out with a girl in his car.

NEWS REEL VO (CONT'D)

Take a gander at these swell star voyagers: Bold Biff Gimble, dreamy Tip Adonis and... Mighty Major Major Balehard.

Major follows the Corvettes in his FIGHTER JET. A small BOY catches his eye and makes the "HONK HONK" motion you'd use to get a trucker to blow his horn.

Major winks, and BADDA-BADDA-BADDA-BOOM! He fires the plane's MACHINE GUNS and launches 2 MISSILES. The crowd goes nuts, except for a group that is nearly annihilated.

IN A GRADE SCHOOL CLASS ROOM: The ASTRONAUTS visit with schoolchildren. BIFF talks to a BOY WITH GLASSES and a GIRL.

NEWS REEL VO (CONT'D)

Biff tells Little Joey he can't be an astronaut because of his glasses. And little Susie can't because of her vagina and uterus.

A BLACK CHILD in the class - no glasses - raises his hand.

BLACK CHILD

(enthusiastic)

Can I be an astronaut?

A very awkward moment follows, but then...

NEWS REEL VO

Here's a treat. Real astronaut cigarettes. Just like the ones our boys'll be smoking on the Moon.

The Astronauts throw packs of cigarettes to the class. The young CHILDREN gleefully gather them up.

NEWS REEL VO (CONT'D)

But it's not all free lunches.

IN A DINER: As the Astronauts enjoy a complimentary breakfast, they pass around a jar of TANG. One mixes himself a glass, another sprinkles the TANG POWDER on his eggs.

NEWS REEL VO (CONT'D)

There's hard work and important matters of state to attend to.

IN NASA: A flight simulator opens and Biff and Tip walk out, holding beers and adjusting their jump-suits. WOMEN, half nude, carrying most of their clothes, follow.

IN THE OVAL OFFICE: The Astronauts drink beer and yuk it up with JFK. BIFF makes a prank call on the RED PHONE, the direct line to the Kremlin. A MONKEY, wearing astronaut coveralls, runs in and jumps up into JFK's arms. Good times.

NEWSREEL MONTAGE: SHIP DESIGNING

In a DRAFTING ROOM, our Engineers pitch designs on a black board.

NEWS REEL VO

Of course, all *sorts* of...
(searching, condescending)
Other people, help too.

- 1) Frustrated, GODDARD crosses out a drawing of a large rocket-ship.
- 2) LEWIS finishes a picture of himself in the arms of a muscular astronaut who flies through space wearing nothing but a JET PACK, a speedo and a helmet. Everyone is skeeved.
- 3) SY draws a 3. Everyone is confused until SY begins writing, ".14159..." The endless digits of the number PI. Goddard tries to take Sy's chalk away, but Sy snarls. Goddard backs off and Sy keeps writing out PI.
- 4) While working, something catches GODDARD'S eye. Out the window, 2 two men, in a MOTORCYCLE and SIDECAR, drive into a parking lot. Goddard nudges Hobart.

Goddard and Hobart watch as the motorcycle hits a speed-bump. The SIDECAR detaches, flies across the lot and crashes.

The MAN in the sidecar, wearing a full-face motorcycle helmet, climbs out. Dizzy from the crash, he grabs a small AMERICAN FLAG to steady himself. It looks like a MOON MAN PLANTING A FLAG. *IT CLICKS!*

Goddard and Hobart whistle to the other Engineers - who watch Hans draw the ENTERPRISE from "*STAR TREK.*" They see Goddard and Hobart's smiles and know... They've cracked it.

INT. NASA, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Goddard and Hobart stand at the front of a conference room. The ASTRONAUTS, DON, and the other ENGINEERS watch.

GODDARD

Gentlemen, we'd like to present...

With a flourish, Goddard pulls down a diagram of the actual NASA COMMAND & SERVICE MODULE (CSM). A squat tube with a rocket jet on one end and a conical capsule on the other.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

The Command and Service Module, or CSM, which will carry three astronauts from the Earth to lunar orbit. It will also carry...

Goddard pulls down another diagram depicting the famous, spidery looking LUNAR MODULE (LEM) that landed on the Moon.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

The LEM, or Lunar Module. A smaller craft that will un-dock, and allow two men to land on, and take off from, the Moon's surface.

(proud)

Using two ships, instead of one, overcomes the significant weight problems --

BIFF

They don't look like space-ships.

MAJOR

And only two men land on the Moon?

BIFF

Cause there are three of us?

TIP

Plus girls.

GODDARD

You can't take girls.

BIFF

What's the point of going to the Moon if we don't take girls?

GODDARD

The point? It's - Guys, we're the engineers. These are the designs. Don, tell them.

DON

Weeeeeeeell, maybe you could make a compromise or two.

HANS

Like, instead of girls, we build vibrating, artificial vaginas made of rubber.

BIFF

That's good. We'll need those ASAP!

MAJOR

If it's OK, I'd like to add a little input.

Major walks to the front of the room and begins drawing on the diagrams.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

Now, what if we change this, make this a bit longer, tweak this here and build something *liiiiike* THIS!

Major steps away to REVEAL...

He's completely drawn over the designs with a childish picture of a sleek, unrealistic, 1950's-futuristic style ROCKET SHIP.

GODDARD

That's a direct ascent design. We can't build a ship like that.

BIFF

'Course not.

Biff runs up, grabs the marker and starts drawing.

BIFF (CONT'D)

It needs some missiles, and nuclear everything.

TIP

And a jacuzzi.

BIFF

And a robot butler...

Biff draws a little ROBOT WITH A BOWTIE, then he draws a stick figure holding hands with the robot.

BIFF (CONT'D)

Who'll be my best friend.

GODDARD

And how would we get something that heavy off the ground?

BIFF

I'd assume there'd be, you know,
inside parts, here. Sciency crap.
The stuff you guys like.

Biff circles the bottom of the ship.

GODDARD

This is insane. That is not a
legitimate space craft. We can't
build it, we can't afford it, it
can't work.

ASTRONAUTS

I'm hearing a lot of "I can'ts." /
What are we Astro-nots or Astro-
yeses? / I'm an Astro-YES!

TIP

If a Jacuzzi's too much, we could
take a whirlpool bath instead.

DON

Smells like a compromise to me.
Great job everyone. Who wants ribs?

The Astronauts sound off and then follow Don out of the room.

The Engineers are in shock. They've been totally blind-sided.

LEWIS

What just happened?

HOBART

I think we agreed to build the
stupidest space-ship in the world?

GODDARD

No.

LEWIS

Don sounded pretty serious.

GODDARD

Heck with Don. Biff and the guys
just got carried away. They're
experienced pilots. They understand
the basics of aeronautical
engineering. I'll talk to them.
We'll clear this up.

Hobart shoots Goddard a doubting look.

GODDARD (CONT'D)
I'll talk to them.

HANS
Meanwhile, should I get started on
za vaginas?

CUT TO:

WOOSH! WOOSH! WOOSH! A GIANT FAN spins at one end of...

INT. WIND TUNNEL

Hurricane force winds blow down the sleek tube, toward...

MAJOR and BIFF: MAJOR, stands tall and defiant, staring down the gale. His hair isn't even flapping. BIFF, smoking a cigarette, does bad karate into the wind. They seem to be posing in a wind tunnel, at full blast, for no reason.

Goddard, very puzzled, looks into the tunnel through an observation window. He knocks on the glass.

The Pilots turn. WOOSH! The cigarette flies out of Biff's mouth. Goddard mimes, "can I talk to you." Major raises his finger, "one minute." The pilots go back to posing.

EXT. NASA, WIND TUNNEL BUILDING - DAY

As Goddard waits, he hears a deep rumbling.

A bright orange, MUSCLE CAR convertible pulls up and stops in front of Goddard. Major drives. Biff sits next to him.

GODDARD
Wow, Major, your car's really,
orange.

The Pilots stare at Goddard for a very intimidating moment. Goddard can see himself sweating in Major's mirror shades.

MAJOR
Tang gave it me.

GODDARD
It certainly looks like -

MAJOR
It's made of Tang. Taste it.

GODDARD
That's, that's OK. Listen guys -

BIFF
Why don't you hop in?

GODDARD
OK, sure, I'll just -

Goddard approaches the passenger side door and reaches for the handle but VROOOM!

THE CLASSIC PRANK: Major inches the car forward, pulling the handle out of Goddard's reach.

BIFF
(cracking up)
BAH HAH HAH! God Damn Priceless.

MAJOR
(totally stone faced)
That's the most hysterical joke
I've ever seen.

BIFF
Hey, let's do it again.

GODDARD
Guys.

BIFF
Please Goddard? A few more times,
it'll be hilarious.

Biff smiles.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER...

Vroom-Screech. Vroom-Screech. Vroom-Screech. Goddard chases the Tang Corvette as Biff laughs like crazy.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER...

Finally Goddard sits in the Corvette, crammed into the car's practically nonexistent back seat.

GODDARD
Are we going somewhere?

MAJOR
No. The sound of the engine just
helps me think.

GODDARD

Isn't that kind of wasteful?

MAJOR

Tell me about it. You know I have to drive this car ten miles just to burn one gallon of gas. It's pathetic.

GODDARD

(works past the bad logic)
OK, well, guys, about this ship. Your design is -

BIFF

Amazing.

GODDARD

Sort of. Also, it's going to make our time-table impossible. Maybe we could be a little more, practical?

BIFF

Practical? Shit Goddard, ever since he was drag racin' dinosaurs through the Garden of Eden, Man has dreamed of walking on the Moon. When we make that dream a reality, we can't worry about what's practical, or safe, or remotely possible.

MAJOR

Russians go to Moon and live under the tyranny of science. We're Americans.

BIFF

We're bringing freedom, and Coca Cola, and a robot butler who will love me FOREVER!

GODDARD

Please, you don't understand-

BIFF

No, you don't understand. You don't understand two things.
(counts on his fingers)
MOON! MONSTERS!

GODDARD

There are no monsters on the Moon.

BIFF

Oh, so you've been to the Moon?

Goddard knows where this is going.

MAJOR

Wow Goddard, that's a big deal.

BIFF

I'm shocked I didn't hear about it.

MAJOR

We should probably organize a parade.

GODDARD

Guys! I haven't been to the Moon.

BIFF

THAT'S RIGHT! Astronauts take the risks! Astronauts make the rules! Build the damn ship!

After a beat of humbling silence.

MAJOR

Look, Goddard, we're all on the same team here. You give us what we need, and we'll play ball, OK?

GODDARD

(beaten)

Yeah. OK.

MAJOR

Great. Now there's some laundry in the trunk. Not so much starch this time.

INT. NEWSDESK - CONTINUOUS

EMMET KRAFT sits at his news desk.

EMMET KRAFT

Today, America's astronauts lift off for the first of several Gemini training missions, essential for their eventual voyage to the Moon.

EMMET pulls out visual aides: MODELS of a ROCKET and of the GEMINI CAPSULE - a black and white, funnel shaped ship.

EMMET KRAFT (CONT'D)

Though much has changed since Biff Gimble's first flight, the dangers remain the same. A failed launch will still send rocket and crew CRASHING back to Earth.

SHATTER! Emmet violently SMASHES the model rocket against his desk. Pieces fly everywhere.

EMMET KRAFT (CONT'D)

The vacuum of space can still...

Emmet pulls out an ASTRONAUT DOLL and, with some effort, rips it in half. Fake blood spatters out.

EMMET KRAFT (CONT'D)

...cause a human body to literally burst. And then there's reentry. Just like the oven in your kitchen, assuming good old mom can set it to ten thousand degrees and cook a man to death. God speed space voyagers.

Emmet pulls out a small blow-torch and WHOOOOSH! Lights the model-capsule on fire.

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

The TITAN II ROCKET BOOSTER - larger and more powerful than the rocket from Biff's flight - races away from the Earth.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - LATER

The room is packed; every blocky computer station manned.

Goddard and Hobart stand in the center of the crowded room and use this brief lull to exchange a few quiet words.

GODDARD

So, what do you think?

HOBART

Take two tiny ships, in the vastness of space, and get them to meet up and fly in formation? A lot of people think orbital rendezvous is impossible.

GODDARD

If we can't make it happen today, we'll never get to the Moon.

HOBART

It's not us I'm worried about.

GODDARD

(not completely convinced)
It's OK. I talked with Biff and
Major. They know what's at stake.

Hobart gives a "we'll see look," and heads to his station.

Goddard looks up at a BIG SCREEN where two animated capsules float above a flat map of the Earth.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

(into headset mic)
Control to capsule. Do you copy?

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The GEMINI CAPSULE floats high over the blue-green EARTH.

MAJOR

This is capsule, we copy.

Like the rocket, this capsule is also larger, holding both MAJOR and TIP, seated side-by-side. Major wears his MIRROR SHADES under his helmet.

INTERCUT: MAJOR'S CAPSULE & MISSION CONTROL.

GODDARD

OK Major, radar's got you and Bravo capsule right on top of each other. You should have a visual?

Major and Tip look out the window, then shrug at each other.

MAJOR

That's a negative control. We -

BANG!

UP IN SPACE, Major and Tip feel a violent jolt.

IN MISSION CONTROL, Goddard freaks.

GODDARD

What was that? What's going on?

BIFF (OVER RADIO)

Mornin' ladies.

REVEAL...

UP IN SPACE, BIFF sits in his own GEMINI CAPSULE - BRAVO CAPSULE - giggling uncontrollably.

INTERCUT: ALPHA CAPSULE, BRAVO CAPSULE & MISSION CONTROL.

GODDARD

Biff, did you just intentionally ram Alpha Capsule?

BIFF (O.S.)

(mouth full)

It's just a love tap, four eyes.

GODDARD

What? Wait, are you eating?

REVEAL...

PIECES OF FRIED CHICKEN float around inside Biff's capsule. (**NOTE - In '63, on his GEMINI flight, Astronaut John Young brought a corned beef sandwich into space, NASA was pissed.)

BIFF

(chewing away)

Yeah, I got me a bucket of fried chicken, from my new restaurant. Off county road two in Orlando.

GODDARD

Biff. Damn it. If even one crumb gets into the wrong system you could die! Instantly!

BIFF

(mouth full again)

Are you tellin' me these space ships ain't even chicken proof?

MAJOR

That's a damn fine question Biff. Are you feeling, chicken proof?

Major grabs his CONTROL STICK and...FFFT. FFFT. Attitude jets fire, spinning Major's capsule to square off with Biff's.

LEWIS

Alpha capsule just reversed pitch. They're facing each other.

GODDARD

Facing each other? Oh No. Major! Biff! STOP!

BIFF

Hey! Math Jockey, shut up and let
the pilots pilot. OK Major, you
best get ready for these MAN-uvers.

Biff licks his fingers clean and grabs his CONTROL STICK.

CU on Biff's capsule reflected in MAJOR'S MIRROR SHADES.

FFFT! FFFT! Jets fire. The capsules drift together and...

CLANG! They collide. The Astronauts erupt in childish glee.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! Like bumper cars, the Astronauts
joyfully bang the capsules together.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

CLANGS fill the room as Goddard screams into the comm.

GODDARD

Guys! Stop! Please! We've got vital
mission objectives. Those capsules
are fragile. Space is not YOUR
PERSONAL PLAYGROUND!

LEWIS

Biff, it just came up on my scope.

Instantly, the Astronauts' ruckus goes silent.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)

Shit, really? What's the range?

LEWIS

(into his headset)
Three kilometers and closing.

GODDARD

Lewis, what's going on?

LEWIS

Nothing, just... Biff asked me to
do a small favor.

(to astronauts)
Two kilometers and closing

HANS

Bravo Capsule has depressurized.
He's going EVA.

GODDARD

What? Biff, you are NOT scheduled
for Extra Vehicular Activity.

LEWIS

(to astronauts)
One kilometer. Thirty seconds now.

GODDARD

Thirty seconds 'till what?

Beep. All of mission control looks up to see a THIRD LIGHT
appears on the BIG SCREEN.

BEEEEEP. Beep. Beep. Beep. BEEEEEP. Beep. Beep. Beep. A
repeating pattern. One long beep, followed by three short.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

(recognizing)
Oh no.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Fssst. Air escapes as Biff's capsule door opens. Gnawed
CHICKEN BONES float out.

Biff, in his space suit, leans out of his capsule and scans
the horizon. Meanwhile... BEEEEEP. Beep. Beep. Beep. The
signal persists.

BIFF

Where are you? Where are you?
(spots something)
Bingo.

Biff pulls a BASEBALL BAT out of his capsule.

Far away, a tiny dot grows larger and larger until we see...

SPUTNIK! The first man-made object launched into orbit. A
basket-ball sized silver SPHERE with 4 long ANTENNAE.

Tip and Major watch Biff, poised in his batters' stance.

The iconic SOVIET SATELLITE approaches. Getting larger, and
closer, and larger, and closer, and ...

BIFF (CONT'D)

Come to papa. Riiiiiight over thaaaa
PLATE!

Biff swings and SMASH! The shiny metal ball and its antenna
EXPLODE! Debris flies off to infinity.

ASTRONAUTS
YEAH! / HOME RUN! / FINALLY!

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Up on the BIG SCREEN, Sputnik's light disappears.

DON
(super pumped)
OH! THAT is how you astronaut!

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)
Ladies and gents, it's been a
pleasure, we'll see you back home.

GODDARD
What?! No. You've got two more days
in orbit. You'll ruin the mission.

MAJOR (O.S. - RADIO)
Ruined? First orbital rendezvous,
check. First space ship fight in
space, check.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)
Shit! We played mail box baseball
with Sputnik.

DON
My boys proved they can fly
anything you build.

GODDARD
But we've got objectives, there's
data to collect, we've -

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)
Guys, it's outta our hands. We're
hosting a beach party tonight and
we already bought the beer. Plus...
I crapped my space suit.

The Flight Surgeon reads his display and shakes his head no.

GODDARD
No you didn't.

Mission Control is filled with the sound of the three
astronauts STRAINING. Then...

The Flight Surgeon turns to Goddard and nods.

MAJOR (O.S. - RADIO)
Now we all did. We're coming home.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)
And if Khrushchev calls, tell him
to bill me.

EXT. BEACH PARTY - NIGHT

It's a 1960's, Gidget Style BEACH PARTY. Buff PILOTS in tight trunks and bikini clad BEACH BEAUTIES surround a BON FIRE. Parked MUSCLE CARS light up the party with their headlights.

Further down the beach our ENGINEERS walk up in their own versions of swimwear. Sy wears trunks and a shirt and tie, Hans wears LEDERHOSEN, Lewis wears briefs and glistens with sunscreen, he holds a TUBE of the stuff - it's nighttime.

HOBART
I don't think we're invited.

GODDARD
This party wrecked our mission, we
deserve it more than anyone.
Besides, they mentioned it to
everyone, it'd just be rude if we
weren't -

SLAP! Someone throws a HOT DOG at Goddard's face. It knocks his glasses askew and streaks MUSTARD across his cheek.

MAN (O.C.)
Go home squares.

BY THE BON-FIRE... Major tells a story.

MAJOR
So I ask the eye-doctor why he
wants me to wear glasses that make
my eye-sight worse, and he says,
"I'm afraid you'll see into my
soul." Then I say, "Too late."

Tip runs up to the Bon Fire, he's fresh from the ocean and soaking wet. He carries a SURFBOARD and a drenched GUITAR, water pours from the instrument's sound-hole.

TIP
Hey, can anyone help me with some
sex?
(to two women)
Great, you two, come on.

2 BIKINI BABES eagerly get up and walk off with Tip.

BACK BY OUR ENGINEERS...

HANS

Zose women just got up. Let's go
zniff da wet spots on zeir towels?
(no takers)
You know where I'll be.

As Hans trots off, Goddard spots...

NURSE VALENTINE, chatting with several other women.

GODDARD

Hey, Nurse Valentine's over there.
I'm gonna say hi.

LEWIS

Wait, there's mustard on your face.

Goddard wipes the wrong side of his.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

It's still there. Here, let me.

Lewis reaches out, about to tenderly lick Goddard's face clean. Goddard backs away quick...

GODDARD

Thaaat's, thank you. I'm good. Bye.

And Goddard's gone. Then Lewis spots...

LEWIS

Look, my wife. Hey, honey.

Lewis heads off to talk to his WIFE - who, dressed in a plaid shirt and jeans, is making out with a bikini-clad woman.

HOBART

(to Sy)
Come on. Let's get a beer.

EXT. BEACH PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

Goddard walks up to Nurse Valentine.

GODDARD

Nurse Valentine?

NURSE VALENTINE

Goddard. I didn't expect to see you here.

GODDARD

Yeah. Thought I'd celebrate the launch.

NURSE VALENTINE

Even though it ended early and you missed half your objectives.

GODDARD

(thrown, nervous)

Yes, well, still, everyone deserves a break.

NURSE VALENTINE

I guess, but I saw that crazy ship you're building. You boys better buckle down. Unless you've given up on getting to the Moon safely.

Hearing his worst fears thrown back at him, Goddard's composure breaks.

GODDARD

That's a very... Well put.

BIFF (O.C.)

Hey, nurse V., take a gander.

They look over and see Biff, who's NAKED.

NURSE VALENTINE

My god.

GODDARD

There it is again.

BIFF (CONT'D)

Space *definitely* made my penis bigger this time. Right, Goddard?

GODDARD

I'm going to leave now.

Goddard walks off, but as he turns to say goodbye he sees Biff from behind.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

Bye Nurse - Oh, I can see his - they're hanging between -- DAMN IT!

Goddard runs away.

EXT. BEACH PARTY, SHORE LINE - CONTINUOUS

Hobart stands by himself looking out over the ocean.

A woman approaches. The moonlight hits her face. It's...

SHANNON BALEHARD

Hobart?

HOBART

Hello... Oh.

SHANNON BALEHARD

What are you doing over here? You should come join the party.

HOBART

Even though they hate us.

SHANNON BALEHARD

It's not like that. Major and the guys are just, *uncomfortable*, around people they don't respect.

A moment passes. They look out at the small, rolling waves.

SHANNON

Hobart, I hate that we're not friends any more.

Hobart whips around to face Shannon, the Moon reflecting in his EXTREMELY THICK GLASSES.

HOBART

We were never friends. We were in love. Why didn't you come to Boston with me? We could have had a life. We could have been happy.

SHANNON

Hobart please. My grandfathers were pilots. My brothers were pilots. My father was a pilot. A great pilot, who was never around and left me with feelings of inadequacy and abandonment. I date pilots.

HOBART

Do you know how unhealthy that sounds?

SHANNON

Not at all.

BLINK. Across the beach, a pairs of headlights goes out.

MAJOR (O.C.)
WHAT THE HELL!

HOBART
That can't be good.

EXT. BEACH PARTY, BON FIRE - MOMENTS LATER

Major holds Sy in the air, the engineer's shirt gripped in his fist. They stand in front of... Major's TANG-ORANGE CAR.

REVEAL: The entire rear of the TANG CAR, tailpipe to dash board, has been completely disassembled.

MAJOR
What did you do to my car?

SY
I... fixed it.

Sy licks the small piece of ORANGE BODY PANEL he still holds.

SY (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmm. Tang.

Goddard tries to intervene.

GODDARD
Major, please, he can't help it. He takes everything apart. But he'll put it back together, good as new. Probably better.

MAJOR
You better hope he can put his face back together.

HOBART
Get your hands off of him!

Hobart pushes through the crowd and steps up to Major, who is suddenly confronted with someone his own size.

MAJOR
Hobart, we were friends once, so you get a pass. Now get lost. This is pilot business.

BIFF

Yeah, this is about pilots and airplanes, not pencil necks and, uh, and --

TIP

(coming to the rescue)
Perfectly flat mathematical planes.

The crowd murmurs, impressed by Tip's insult.

HOBART

(in Major's face)
I guess I wouldn't know about pilot business anymore. It's been quite a while since I used to wax your tail back at the academy.

"Oooohs" from the crowd. Fighting words.

MAJOR

That was luck Hobart. Blind luck.

HOBART

I was twice the pilot you were, and I could be twice the astronaut.

MAJOR

You could never be an astronaut with those *things* on your face.

HOBART

What? Glasses don't work in space?

MAJOR

Glasses EXPLODE in space!

HOBART

If I wasn't grounded, I'd take you on right now.

MAJOR

Who needs planes? A real pilot can fly anything, even a car.

Major snaps his fingers and, Swoosh-CATCH! Someone tosses Major a set CAR KEYS which he plucks from the air.

HOBART

Fine. Let's race.

MAJOR

Not so fast. We can't test our natural, God given piloting ability with all this *extra equipment*. So how 'bout Hobart? I'll take off my mine, if you... *take off yours?*

And, for the first time... Major removes his MIRROR SHADES.

ANGELS SING. For a moment his perfect eyes seem to GLOW.

VOICES IN THE CROWD

Ooooh / So perfect. / I can see better when he looks at me.

HOBART

Fine. Whatever. No glasses.

Hobart rips off his thick, blocky glasses.

GODDARD

Are you crazy? You need those.

HOBART

Not to wax this pansy. OK Major, let's race!

MAJOR

Hobart, I'm over here.

REVEAL... Hobart was not facing Major.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The entire beach party, including our Engineers and Shannon, have gathered to watch the race.

Major sits in a growling CORVETTE, ready to go.

Hobart pulls up in an ugly, shit-brown JALOPY.

MAJOR

You want a hand pushing that across the finish line?

HOBART

Don't be fooled by her looks. Under the hood, she's custom Beeman.

Hobart stomps on the accelerator. It's the LOUDEST ENGINE EVER. People in the crowd WINCE. CRACK! The vibrations split Hobart's rear window.

In response, Major grabs Shannon through the drivers' side window and kisses her. It's super sloppy and very lengthy.

Hobart looks at them kissing, but can't see what's happening.

HOBART (CONT'D)

Nothing to say? That's what I thought.

Biff steps out in front of the two cars.

BIFF

First car past Suicide Swerve wins.

Goddard sticks his head into Hobart's window.

GODDARD

Hobart, please, driving Suicide Swerve without your glasses is, suicide... ier.

HOBART

Sorry Goddard, I have to do this.

BIFF

Get ready, get set...

REVVVV! Hobart and Major gun their engines.

BIFF (CONT'D)

And GO!

SCREECH! VRRROOOM! Major's car peels out.

So does Hobart's, but backwards.

HOBART

SHIT! Come on, come on, COME ON!

Hobart blindly struggles with his gear shift. Then...

CLUNK! It engages and VRRROOOM! Hobart peels out forward and... right out off the road and out of frame. CRASH!

HOBART (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Crap.

Again we hear the gears grind, engage, then VROOM!

He zooms back onto the road and... off the other side. CRASH!

HOBART (O.C.) (CONT'D)

It's OK, I got this! I'm good.

GRIND-CLUNK! SCREECH! Hobart's peels back on the road and...
CRASH! Back off the other side again.

HOBART (CONT'D)
GOD DAMN IT!

INT. / EXT. HOBART'S CAR - LATER

It seems the blind Hobart has found his groove. Outstretched fists white knuckle the steering wheel. His face is pure determination as he squints into the night.

HOBART
OK Major, you're - going - DOWN!

Hobart shifts, his engine screams and...

GODDARD'S HEAD pops into view through drives side window.

GODDARD
Hobart?

HOBART
(startled)
AHHHH! Jesus Goddard, you can really run.

GODDARD
Actually, you're, not uh -

HOBART
I'm not driving anymore, am I?

OUT TO REVEAL...

HOBART'S CAR has driven off the road and into large ditch. A ditch just big enough to catch the car's front and rear bumpers and hold it aloft; the wheels spinning uselessly in the air.

This is why Hobart thought he was still driving. He turns off the engine. The wheels spin down the night gets quiet.

HOBART (CONT'D)
(doubting)
Did I win?

GODDARD
Major did. An hour ago.

HOBART
Yeah, that seems about right.

GODDARD

Don't feel bad Hobart, it wasn't fair. You didn't have a chance.

HOBART

(snapping)

I KNOW! I know damn it.

GODDARD

Then why do you let it get to you?

HOBART

You think pilots have it all because of the respect, and the girls, and the muscle tone --

GODDARD

My thighs are in pretty good --

HOBART

THEY FLY! They fly like gods. And the only thing worse than never having that feeling, is having it taken away. But you couldn't understand that cause, cause you're... you're just an engineer.

Goddard is caught off guard's by Hobart's words; A side of his friend he hasn't seen a long time.

GODDARD

So are you, Hobart.

HOBART

Don't remind me.

High above Goddard and his sullen friend, hangs a hair-thin CRESCENT MOON. In a night or two it will be gone.

INT. NASA, COMPUTER ROOM - NEXT DAY

The room is filled with an old-school, ROOM-SIZED COMPUTER. Big as a house, powerful as a pocket calculator.

HANS stands by the input-output TERMINAL as he talks to a group of Engineers, including Sy and Lewis.

HANS

OK, so I "networked" 'zis computer to da one in za other room. Now, I take 'zis stack of cards...

HANS holds up a huge stack of INDEX CARDS - Computerized "PUNCH-CARDS," the oldest of old-school computer programs.

HANS (CONT'D)
...Which I call my "profile." Den I
feed it in, rrrright here, like zo.

WHIRRRRRRRRRR! Hans feeds his stack of cards into the computer. It takes a LONG TIME and it's really LOUD.

HANS (CONT'D)
(yells over the computer)
It's telling za ozer guy zat my
"user name" is 1 - never use your
real name - and zat I'm interested
in things like, da number zero.
Then it asks if it wants to be
friends.

WHIRRRRRRRRRR! The primitive machine is still processing.

HANS (CONT'D)
Takes a minute or two.

Goddard storms into the room.

GODDARD
What is going on here?!

HANS
I call it "My Space." If America
buildz maybe, five more computers,
it could really take off.

GODDARD
We need to be working.

HOBART (O.C.)
What's the point?

Goddard turns. A grim looking Hobart has walked in.

GODDARD
What do you mean, what's the point?
We're putting a man on the Moon. Or
three, and maybe some prostitutes.

HOBART
I think we all know that's never
going to happen.

GODDARD
No we don't. They don't. Right?
Guys?

All eyes look away. Goddard has no support here.

HANS

It's zat ship Goddard. Even if ve
veren't months behind schedule,
it'll never get off the ground.

LEWIS

And the robot butler keeps turning
on us.

A murmur of support ripples through the room.

Goddard can't believe what he's hearing, from his crew, and
most of all, from his best friend.

GODDARD

So what, we should quit?

HANS

No, ve should fake it.
(mumbles, to himself)
Or hide in Brazil.

GODDARD

I can't believe what I'm hearing.
We could be the greatest explorers
since Christopher Columbus.

LEWIS

Astronauts go to the Moon, not us.

GODDARD

They're just along for the ride.
Our ship goes. Our ideas go. Our
vision. And that's us. If there's a
chance to build the-
(notices)
HEY! Sy, NO! We need that.

Sy has unscrewed one of the computers large panels. He's Arm-
pit deep into the machine, wires spilling out everywhere.

SY

(denying)
I'm not doing this!

GODDARD

If there's a chance to build the
greatest machine ever. To build
history, well then *nothing* could
make me quit.
(right at Hobart)
Cause I'm an engineer.

HOBART

Goddard, how can you expect us to believe in this project, when you won't even stand up for us?

Goddard hates to admit it, but Hobart has a point.

GODDARD

Yeah, the astronauts are just so darn stubborn. If only there was a way to get them to back off a little. To use our ships.

HANS

You want to weaken their resolve?

GODDARD

Yeah.

HANS

Crush zeir spirits.

GODDARD

Sure.

HANS

Bend zeir will over our knees until it shatters and zey give in like France?

GODDARD

I'm not really sure if that's -

HANS

(cutting off the question)
Cause I have some... *designs*, for *machines*, especially designed to, dampen one's spirits.

Hans reaches into a bag and pulls out some blue prints.

HANS (CONT'D)

(handing them out)
Zis spins them round and round. Zis drops them from very high up. Here's one dat shoves stuff up zeir asses for no reason.

The Engineers are shocked as they look over the designs.

LEWIS

(re: a blueprint)
This one's called Mengele?

HANS
That's the designer.
(off looks)
Different Mengele.

HOBART
(very suspicious)
What were these for?

HANS
(covering)
Uhhh... You know, like, for camp.

GODDARD
Like summer camp, for kids?

HANS
Yah, und adults too. Everyone. Und,
all year. For all the year camp.

LEWIS
I've never heard of all year camp.

HOBART
Me neither.

GODDARD
Where was this all year camp?

HANS
OK FINE! I'M A NAZI!

A long beat of silence.

LEWIS
There are Nazis in Omaha?

HANS
Nienen. I'm from da Germany! After
za war za U.S. rounded up all da
Nazi rocket zientists and said, "Ve
can kill you, or you can come work
for us, and we'll give you a nice
house." It vas a good deal.

GODDARD
So there are more Nazis at NASA?

Off of Hans' raised eyebrow...

INT. NASA, HALLWAY - LATER

The five stand outside a door marked "ROCKET DESIGN."

HANS

Za government calls it Operation
Paperclip. Ve call it, "Thank you
for not hanging us."

Hans opens the door. Scandinavian OOMPA MUSIC flows out.

It's a room full of little, skinny, BAT-SHIT GERMANS, all going bonkers. Some play ACCORDIONS, some wear LEDERHOSEN, some are stripped down to nothing but NAZI ARM BANDS and UNDERWEAR. One stands on a desk, crapping in a paper bag, screaming, "ICH BIN EIN BERLINER!!!" It's ex-Nazi bedlam. (**NOTE - OPERATION PAPERCLIP was real. After WWII the US pardoned over 100 Nazi scientists who built many of America's early space rockets and long-range missiles.)

Our engineers are dumbfounded.

HANS (CONT'D)

A hundred and twenty six fully
pardoned, naturalized US citizens.
Most of whom are seriously
reconsidering National Socialism.
(beat)
Now zat ve've cleared all za air,
who wants to build my rides?

GODDARD

You mean your Nazi torture devices?
How would we even get the
Astronauts near those things?

HANS

Ve're in charge of zeir training
regiment, vich has been quite lax.

QUICK CUT TO:

MONTAGE: ASTRONAUT TRAINING.

- 1) Biff and Major leisurely pedal stationary bicycles while drinking beers.
- 2) Major drives a speed boat, Biff WATER-SKIS behind.
- 3) In a bar, Tip OIL WRESTLES five WOMEN IN BIKINIS.

BACK TO REALITY:

GODDARD

OK, let's fight back.

THE ENGINEERS

Yeah. / Let's do it. / Great.

HOBART

But first, back to Hans being a
Nazi. Cause I'm not OK with that.

MONTAGE: ASTRONAUT TRAINING / ENGINEER REVENGE

1) Cheeks plastered back, the 3 Astronauts spin around in the famous GIANT CENTRIFUGE. They look miserable.

2) The Astronauts take turns in a machine that SHAKES THEM VIOLENTLY. Biff, very unsuccessfully, tries to drink a beer.

3) The Astronauts stand in front of a machine that launches a MEDICINE BALL into their stomachs. BIFF goes last, he gets hit in the face and is knocked out.

INT. NASA, GYMNASIUM - DAY

The Astronauts stand in a GYM with Hans.

HANS

Gentleman, NASA is considering
zending a monkey to za Moon first.

MAJOR

(predictably outraged)
Listen funny man, any one of us is
worth five of your monkeys.

HANS

Excellent. You accept za challenge.

Hans sprints out as large door opens unleashing...

15 SCREAMING MONKEYS who swarm the unsuspecting Astronauts.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

It's mid-mission on another GEMINI FLIGHT. Hobart looks over to Goddard and smiles. Goddard nods and...

Goddard lifts up a cover exposing a SWITCH labeled: REMOTE THRUSTER CONTROL.

GODDARD

(into headset mic)
OK Major, head back in.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Major floats, in his space-suit, next to a GEMINI CAPSULE. He reaches for the capsule's door but, just as he's about to grab it...

INTERCUT: SPACE and MISSION CONTROL

In mission control Goddard hits the REMOTE THRUSTER SWITCH.

Up in space - Fffft! Thrusters fire and the capsule glides just out of Major's grasp.

Major reaches for the door again. Again, Goddard hits button.

Fffft! Major misses the capsule. It's the space version of the CAR HANDLE JOKE Major played on Goddard, but now the tables are turned.

After a few more frustrating grabs.

MAJOR

God Damn it!

In Mission Control, the Engineers giggle like crazy.

INT. ASTRONAUT LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Our Engineers recap their recent exploits, while pulling juvenile pranks in the Astronaut locker room.

Hans sprays SHAVING CREAM into a SPACE HELMET...

HANS

At zome point I thought I'd tire of shocking a man's scrotum, but you don't. It just stays fresh.

SY

Fifteen monkeys died.

Hobart relieves himself into a SPACE BOOT.

HOBART

That was brutal. Hilarious, but *bruuu*-tall.

GODDARD

It's just nice to know the astronauts aren't the only ones having all the fun.

LEWIS

But boy would they be mad if they
knew the truth.

HANS

Dat ve've been torturing zem for no
reason unt ve stopped all work on
zeir ship.

GODDARD

We'll make up the time when they
agree to our designs. It'll -

Goddard trails off. He's found something in Tip's locker.
Something of great interest. It's a SHEET OF PAPER.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

This was in Tip's locker.

Goddard hands the paper to Hobart.

HOBART

I think we need to have a little
talk with Mr. Adonis.

GODDARD

You read my mind.

Goddard leads the Engineers out, but once they're gone...

Biff, in a towel, peeks out form behind one of the lockers.
He's been listening the whole time.

BIFF

Those Protractor Petes.

EXT. NASA, PARKING LOT - DAT

Tip, wearing a flight-suit and carrying a surf-board, strolls
along a NASA parking lot.

SCREECH! Goddard and Hobart, in a NASA GOLF CART, pull up and
block the Pilot's path.

GODDARD

Hello Captain. Care to explain
THIS!

Goddard jumps out of the cart and shoves the MYSTERIOUS SHEET
OF PAPER in Tip's Face. It's covered with MATH EQUATIONS.

Tip goes white. He's terrified.

TIP

It's, I, I've never seen that before.

Now Hobart gets in Tip's face.

HOBART

Then why was it in YOUR locker? Why is it in YOUR handwriting?

TIP

(lying)

Oh, yeah, those are, they're just doodles.

GODDARD

You *doodled* advancement mathematics?

TIP

Must have. Cause I don't know what any of that means. Just pretty pictures.

Tip turns to run away but...

SCREECH! Another GOLF CART pulls up, blocking his escape. Hans drives and Lewis rides along. Sy, hanging onto the side, is thrown forward, onto the ground, by the short stop.

HANS

Cut za shit captain, YOU KNOW MATH!

GODDARD

How Tip?! HOW?!

Tip breaks down and comes clean.

TIP

Before I joined the airforce, I went to Cal Tech for engineering.

GODDARD

NO! How can you act like such an idiot? How can you think we'll make it to the Moon with these stupid designs? How can you stay silent?

Tip gets right back in Goddard's face.

TIP

I fought my whole life to be a great pilot, and have tons of sex.

(MORE)

TIP (CONT'D)

I'm not about to let brains or
common sense ruin that.

HOBART

Well it's over. You're gonna help
us from now on, or we'll tell
everyone how smart you are.

TIP

No.

GODDARD

Oh yeah. Everyone. Major. Biff. The
nurses.

HANS

Ve're gonna tell Tang.

TIP

Don't tell Tang.

GODDARD

Oh we will tell Tang.

SCREECH! SCREECH! Two more GOLF CARTS pull up. Don drives
one. Major and Biff are in the other.

DON

FIRED! FIRED! YOU'RE ALL FIRED!

GODDARD

What?

DON

They told me what you did! Biff
told me, and you're fired!

BIFF

You spun us around.

MAJOR

And made us look like fools.

DON

And you've stopped work on the moon-
ship? Is that GOD DAMN TRUE?!

GODDARD

Don, we've said it a hundred times.
That design is hopeless.

DON

Too bad 'ol Ivan doesn't have such
a piss-poor attitude.

Don shoves a file into Goddard's chest. The Engineer opens it and is shocked when he sees the photos inside.

DON (CONT'D)

That's right. Those are spy photos of a Gen-U-Ine Russkie moon rocket. They're gonna' beat us. They're gonna' get to the Moon first. America is ruined Goddard. It's ruined and now we're all gonna' have to read Frodo Dopstoyupski!

GODDARD

Not necessarily. Not if we use our ships.

BIFF

Those shity shit crap space turds?!

MAJOR

NEVER! We will NEVER fly in them!

GODDARD

Really? That's how you all feel? Even you... Tip?

Don turns to look at the Astronauts. Meanwhile Goddard looks right at Tip, holds up the MATH PAPER and mouths...

GODDARD (CONT'D)

(silent to Tip)

We'll Tell Everyone. NO MORE SEX.

Tip glares at Goddard. Then...

TIP

Guys, can we talk for a second?

BIFF

What? What for?

TIP

Just, please.

Tip pulls Biff and Major away. As they huddle...

The Engineers look on, trying to get a read on the Pilots' muttering, angry pointing, and gratuitous sexual gestures.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING? But then...

The Astronauts turn to the group.

BIFF
(pains him to say it)
The ships are fine. Let's just go
to the Moon.

Don's not sure what just happened, but the ENGINEERS CHEER!

DON
Hey! Don't be happy! I'm Goddamn
miserable. And YOU! Put those back
together!

REVEAL... Sy has completely dismantled all 4 golf carts.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

FLOODLIGHTS switch on, illuminating the SATURN V ROCKET.

This is *THE* monster, black and white Moon rocket you
recognize as quintessential, pre-shuttle NASA. Silent and
waiting, it sits on the launch-pad

INT. NASA, PRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Don, Major, Biff, and Tip crowd around a podium answering
reporters' questions.

DON
(answering a question)
...the boys have one last physical
tonight. Then tomorrow, after a
healthy breakfast of steak and
cigarettes -

BIFF
It's the MOON OR BUST!

Laughter and cheers from the reporters. Then...

Major silences the room with a gesture.

MAJOR
I'd like to read a prepared
statement.
(unfolds a paper, reads)
Dear lord in heaven, we three
citizens of Earth humbly pray and
ask that you not throw some type of
hissy fit if we accidentally drive
a space ship through your living
room.

BIFF

Also God, we're sorry if our rocket
is bigger than your penis.

Huge applause which builds, distorting, growing, becoming
TERRIBLE, EARTH SPLITTING ROAR. It continues as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, LAUNCHPAD - DAY

Walkways and tubes spring back as the quaking SATURN V ROCKET
climbs past the LAUNCH TOWER, ice avalanching off its sides.

As this sky scraper rises into the air, Emmet Kraft begins to
narrate the details of the journey.

EMMET KRAFT (V.O.)

The mighty Saturn five rocket, the
most powerful machine ever built,
will lift off, blasting our three
astronauts, the Command & Service
Module, and the Lunar Module across
the quarter million mile void
between the Earth and the Moon.

EXT. TRANS-LUNAR SPACE

The CSM, with the spidery LEM docked to its nose-cone, floats
towards a HUGE GREY MOON.

EMMET KRAFT

Once lunar orbit is achieved, Biff
Gimble and Major Major Balehard
will enter the LEM and undock.

EXT. ORBIT AROUND THE MOON

With the surface of the Moon flying by below, CLANK! The LEM
detaches from the CSM, rotates in space, fires its engine and
begins to descend.

EMMET KRAFT

Leaving the CSM and captain Tip
Adonis behind, they will make their
final descent to land, and walk
upon, the surface of the Moon.

Tip looks out the CSM's window and sees the LEM fall towards
the crater-pocked, grey Moon.

INT. NEWSDESK

EMMET KRAFT at his Newsdesk.

EMMET KRAFT

To demonstrate the true danger of
this journey, one might say that...

Emmet pulls up an ADORABLE PUPPY and sits it on the desk.

EMMET KRAFT (CONT'D)

If this puppy were an astronaut...

Emmet raises a PISTOL.

EMMET KRAFT (CONT'D)

And this gun, with one bullet in
the chamber, represents the risks
of space flight. Then the odds of
surviving such a voyage are no
different than -

Emmet spins the gun's chamber, locks it in, raises the gun to
the dog's head, and is about to pull the trigger when...

NEWS PRODUCER

Oh God NO! STOP HIM! NO!

A terrified NEWS PRODUCER rushes on. A TEST PATTERN appears.

EXT. THE MOON

High above the desolate grey surface, the spidery LUNAR
MODULE floats downward on its single rocket engine.

BIFF (O.S. - OVER RADIO)

...fuel 20 percent, altitude 500
hundred feet...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

The TENSION in the room is deadly. It looks as if no one has
moved in 3 days; ties undone, stubble abounds.

Goddard stands, staring at the BIG SCREEN, which displays the
CSM in orbit & the LEM floating towards the MOON'S SURFACE.

Lewis doesn't have sweat stains, he has two dry spots.
Shaking, he finishes a cigarette and reaches up to rest the
butt on top of a 2 FOOT TALL SPIRE of butts that rises out of
a tiny ash tray.

GODDARD

Good Biff, take her down easy.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)

I got it. I'm good! Altitude 50 feet. 20 feet. 10 feet. Contact in 5 feet, 4, 3, 2 -

BANG!

Everything is quiet. Not a sound in mission control. No rush of engines. No radio chatter. Nothing.

GODDARD

Biff -

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)

WE'RE DOWN! THE EAGLE HAS GOD DAMN LANDED!

DON

HOT DOG!

The rest of the room releases a giant sigh of relief.

RANDOM ENGINEER

(sprinting for the door)

Bathroom. Got to get to the bathroom.

GODDARD

(to the room)

Great job gentleman. Outstanding work. OUTSTANDING!

(to Hobart)

So, how's it feel?

HOBART

Like we just built some history.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)

For a tiny, dumb ass space ship with no steam shower, she don't handle too bad.

GODDARD

Thank you Biff.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)

And now, if you'll excuse us, it's time to stretch our legs.

Fssst. Over the radio, they hear the LEM depressurize.

GODDARD

Wait, no, Biff. Do not exit the lander. There are protocols, we've--
Damn it! Bring up the external cameras.

A HUGE SCREEN flickers to life, it shows the view of a camera mounted on the LEM, pointing at the craft's landing ladder.

BIFF'S SPACE BOOT comes into frame as he descends the ladder.

EXT. THE MOON, LEM LANDING SITE - CONTINUOUS

In his bulky SUIT, Biff slowly bounces down the ladder. Rung by rung until, with a final jump...

POOF. Moon dust billows up around his boots. The first human has landed on the Moon. History has been made. America has done it. Biff stares out at the Moonscape and...

Executes a massive double handed CROTCH CHOP

BIFF

LICK MY NUTS MR. MOON MAN!

INTERCUT: THE MOON & MISSION CONTROL.

GODDARD

OH NO! NO! Those will not be the first words said on the Moon!

BIFF

Too late. The world's seen it.

GODDARD

Nuh-ah. I expected this. We cut the feed. No one's seen anything.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. NEWSDESK

Emmet Kraft sits at his desk, a TEST PATTERN behind him.

EMMET KRAFT

We're experiencing technical difficulty. Most likely the pilots have succumbed to space madness, turning on each other in a bloody fight to the death.

BACK TO:

INTERCUT: THE MOON & MISSION CONTROL

GODDARD

No one sees anything 'til you GET
BACK IN THERE AND DO IT AGAIN! NOW!

MONTAGE: "FIRST WORDS ON THE MOON"

1) Biff hops down off the ladder, looks around and...

Lifts his leg. FARRRRRT

BIFF

That's for you IVAN! Ooh, it's a
wet one.

GODDARD

DO IT AGAIN!

2) This time Major, moonscape reflected in his MIRROR SHADES,
hops off the ladder.

MAJOR

And as I step down onto this
desolate but breathtaking -

BIFF (O.C.)

MOOOON FIIIIIGHT!

Biff, in his spacesuit, dives off the LEM and TACKLES Major.

3) Major stands by the LEM looking around.

BIFF (CONT'D)

Damn, there is *nothing* up here.
Like, not even like an Arby's.

In the foreground, MAJOR'S helmeted-head pops into frame.

MAJOR

This is why we wanted to bring
girls.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - LATER

Goddard, very frustrated, raises his head out of his hands.
They've been at this for a while.

GODDARD

(into mic)

Just say what I told you to say.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)
Well we've got a few tweaks --

GODDARD
JUST SAY IT!

INT. NEWSDESK

A VIDEO WINDOW over Emmet's shoulder flickers to life. It's the legendary footage of Neil Armstrong's first steps.

EMMET KRAFT
...like wild animals, the victor
feasting on his copilot's bones -
(noticing the screen)
Oh, we've got picture back and-

Slowly an astronaut begins descending.

EMMET KRAFT (CONT'D)
It's happening. Astronaut Biff
Gimble is descending the ladder
towards the lunar surface...

Biff hops off the ladder, lands and...

BIFF
That was one small step for man,
one giant leap for mankind.

EMMET KRAFT
AND WE'VE DONE IT! WE'VE DONE IT!
AMERICA'S PUT A MAN ON THE MOON.

INT. MIDWESTERN FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In that same MIDWESTERN LIVING ROOM, the SAME FAMILY, now older, watches on TV and CHEERS!

EXT. THE JUNGLE OF VIETNAM - CONTINUOUS

Haggard G.I.'s are pinned down in a vicious FIRE-FIGHT.

AMERICAN G.I.
(on a radio)
We just landed on the Moon.

The fighting stops. A VIETNAMESE SOLDIER, in his black pajamas, pops up out of the brush.

VIETNAMESE SOLDIER
(Vietnamese accent)
That's terrific. Congratulations.

AMERICAN G.I.
Thanks.

BADDA! BADDA! BADDA! The fire-fight immediately resumes.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

RIOT POLICE beat the crap out of STUDENTS and HIPPIES.

An EXCITED HIPPIE runs into frame.

EXCITED HIPPIE
Hey man, we landed on the Moon!

The melee stops and everyone CHEERS. Then...

WHACK! A cop skulls the HIPPIE and the beatings continue.

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

A dour BLACK PANTHER sits in an ornate wicker throne. He and several other party members watch the landing in SILENCE!

BLACK PANTHER LEADER
Now the man is on the Moon.

MUSIC BEGINS:

MONTAGE: BIFF AND MAJOR ON THE MOON.

1) Major plants the AMERICAN FLAG. Biff runs up and plants a 2nd FLAG. It reads "Biff's Chicken Shack - Our Shit's a Party. Orlando, County Road #2."

2) A BUCKET OF GOLF BALLS between them, Major and Biff drive away.

3) Major and Biff, wearing BASEBALL GLOVES over their suits, have a casual toss.

4) Major throws a FRISBEE to Biff. It drops like a rock. There's no air on the Moon.

INT. THE LEM (ON THE MOON) - LATER

Biff and Major, helmets off, beaming and sweaty, sit in the LEM. The grey moonscape is visible through the windows.

MAJOR
OK Goddard, we're back in.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

GODDARD
Great guys. Let's get you home.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)
First, a little celebration.

MAJOR (O.S. - RADIO)
You read my mind.

And then it comes... Fssst.

Goddard hears it, he knows what it is, but he can't believe.

GODDARD
Was that... a beer?

MAJOR (O.S. - RADIO)
Negatory, command...

Goddard breathes a sigh of relief.

MAJOR (O.S. - RADIO) (CONT'D)
It was Schlitz.

INT. LEM - CONTINUOUS

Major and Biff have ripped into a case of SCHLITZ CANS.

BIFF
Technically an ass-load of Schlitz.

Biff shakes a can, POPS it open and WOOSH! Sprays Major down.
POP-WOOSH! Major returns the favor.

Beer sprays EVERYWHERE inside the small, electronic craft.

BIFF (CONT'D)
(toasting & Chugging.)
WE KICKED THE MOON'S ASS!

BELCH! CRUNCH! TOSS! POP! They each open new beers, spilling
even more frothy liquid inside the tiny craft.

MAJOR
And if it wants some more, we'll
come back and walk all over it
again!

INT. MISSION CONTROL

We've seen Goddard frustrated, angry and bewildered, but we've never seen him like this... FROZEN IN TERROR.

GODDARD

No. No. No.

Hobart sees Goddard. This is bad.

HOBART

Don. They have to stop. The beer, it could short circuit the whole ship.

DON

And whose fault is that? A man lands on the Moon, he needs to take the edge off. It's your job to anticipate that stuff.

HOBART

THIS ISN'T A JOKE! They'll destroy -

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)

Um Houston, quick question...

The room becomes silent, everyone knows what's coming.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO) (CONT'D)

Scale of one to ten, how much fire should we be having?

DON

(into headset)

Don't know, whad'ya got?

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)

I'd give 'er a two.

Sharp CRACKLING over the radio.

MAJOR (O.S. - RADIO)

Oh, that's a five, no seven - AHHH!

Their transmission goes DEAD. ALARMS and LIGHTS go off at every station.

HANS

We've got fire and caution alarms!

FLIGHT SURGEON

I'm reading elevated heart rates!

LEWIS

There's also - BARRRF!

It's too much for Lewis, he pukes into a nearby garbage can.

DON

What's happened? HEY! GODDARD!

But Goddard's gone. He just stares up at the BIG SCREEN.

GODDARD

No. No. No.

Hobart grabs a headset and starts flipping switches.

HOBART

(into headset)

Come in Major. Come in Biff. Come
in. Shit. Tip. Come in Tip.

TIP (O.S. - RADIO)

Copy Control, this is Tip.

INTERCUT: MISSION CONTROL & the CSM in LUNAR ORBIT

Tip floats inside the CSM as it orbits the Moon.

HOBART

We've lost contact with the LEM,
can you raise them?

TIP

No, their signal's dead. Hold on,
I'm coming into visual range.

As the LEM sweeps around the curve of the Moon, Tip looks
down at the surface through a periscope/telescope.

TIP'S POV: Through the scope we see nothing. Nothing. More
craters. Nothing. Then...

TIP (CONT'D)

I see it. It's the LEM and...

Down on the surface, the tiny LEM is CHARRED and SPARKING.
BOOM! ! piece of it EXPLODES.

TIP (CONT'D)

There's heavy damage. This is bad.
This is really - WAIT!

On the surface, 2 FIGURES in SPACE-SUITS run out of the LEM.

TIP (CONT'D)

I GOT 'EM. They're OK. They're OK!

BIFF and MAJOR'S transmission crackles back to life.

BIFF (O.S. - RADIO)

Houston. Do you copy? Houston,
we're OK. We are A-OK. Man that was
a close one.

Everyone in Mission Control breathes a sigh of relief.
Everyone except...

Goddard. He rips off his headset and barges out.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Hobart runs after Goddard.

HOBART

Goddard. Goddard. Wait, Goddard,
where are you going?

Goddard whips around.

GODDARD

They killed it. Our ship. They
destroyed our perfect ship. Our
perfect mission. They destroyed it
all.

HOBART

I know but Biff and Major are -

GODDARD

You saw the numbers, the readings.
It's done. And so am I.

Goddard turns and walks away.

HOBART

Goddard, no, you can't... quit.

INT. NASA, DRAFTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Goddard sits, all alone, in front of a large BLUE PRINT of
the LEM. He toasts the picture with a BOTTLE of whiskey.

GODDARD

You were a good ship.

NURSE VALENTINE (O.C.)
Goddard, what are you doing?

Goddard turns and sees Nurse Valentine behind him. He stands.

GODDARD
Drinking. Whiskey. Cause I love it.

Goddard takes a defiant sip, it's disgusting. He tries to maintain his cool face, but he can hardly swallow it. Some even leaks out of the corner of his mouth.

NURSE VALENTINE
But you've got to help Biff and Major.

GODDARD
There's nothing up there that can help them.

Suddenly Nurse Valentine becomes icily serious.

NURSE VALENTINE
Maybe not... up there.

GODDARD
What? What are you...
(gets what she's implying)
Oh no. That's, that isn't possible.

NURSE VALENTINE
You've got to try.

GODDARD
Look, you... You have no idea what you're talking about. You couldn't. You're just a nurse.

NURSE
If you don't try, then you're... that's like killing them.

GODDARD
THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD!
(beat)
And they don't deserve my help.

SMACK! Valentine slaps Goddard across his face.

NURSE VALENTINE
I thought you were special. But you're just like those stupid fighter jocks. All you care about is your ego.

Goddard watches Nurse Valentine leave as he holds his face.

INT. DON CHIPLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Don is being briefed by Hans, Sy, Lewis and Hobart.

DON
Options people. I want options

LEWIS
The Command and Service Module
can't land on the Moon. If they
can't get the LEM up to Tip, they
can't get home.

HANS
Zey did manage to save a four day
zuply of oxygen. And all za beer.

DON
How 'bout the weirdo? He can fix
anything. What can they do with the
stuff they got up there?

SY
They can build a new engine.

DON
Great.

SY
Using Major's skull and eight feet
of Biff's intestine.

BOOM! The door flies open and Goddard bursts into the office.

GODDARD
WE CAN GO GET THEM!

HOBART
What?
(realizing)
Oh no. You're crazy.

GODDARD
Maybe, but I don't quit. We can
launch a rescue mission, but we
have to do it now, and we fly it.

DON
Hell no. Pilots fly missions.

GODDARD

Hobart's a pilot, and last time I checked, you're all out of astronauts.

Don thinks, he doesn't like it, but...

DON

Fine, but you still need a ship.

Goddard flashes a devious smile.

EXT. NASA'S VEHICLE ASSEMBLY BUILDING - LATER

Don and the Engineers stand outside NASA'S massive VAB (Vehicle Assembly Building); A hollow, 55 story BOX.

Groaning, the VAB's football-field sized DOOR slides open.

DON

Holy shit. You assholes built it.

REVEAL... A towering, real life version of the ASTRONAUTS' SPACE SHIP. A tall rocket ship, right out of a 1950's comic book. Tall and sleek, standing on tail-fins.

GODDARD

No. It's unfinished and untested.

DON

Can it get you to the Moon?

NURSE VALENTINE (O.C.)

With these modifications, it might.

Nurse Valentine walks out from behind the ship. She holds rolled up BLUE PRINTS.

GODDARD

Nurse Valentine. What are you doing here?

DON

Seriously honey. Someone need a cup and cough, we'll call ya'.

NURSE VALENTINE

Yes, I am a Nurse...

(shoots Goddard a look)

Because it's the only position you would give me, despite my degrees in mathematics and physics.

(MORE)

NURSE VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Now, do you want to get this ship
ready or not?

Nurse Valentine hands the plans to Goddard. He lays them out
and the Engineers gather round to inspect.

HANS

(points to something)
Look vat she fixed there. Zat would
have killed everyone.

HOBART

(points to something else)
And that'll get her off the ground.

Goddard looks up from the plans with a giant smile and puppy
dog eyes. He stares at Valentine, totally in love with her.

GODDARD

This is brilliant work. *Brilliant*.
But how can we get all this done?

Valentine WHISTLES. There's a rumbling of footsteps and...

126 NAZI ROCKET SCIENTISTS stampede in.

NURSE VALENTINE

Come on boys! Let's go! Let's go!
ROUS! ROUS!

NAZI ROCKET SCIENTISTS

Ya VOL! / Ve make za rockets now. /
Yell at us more, don't stop
yelling. / Ve need discipline.

The Nazi's swarm all over the ship, fixing like crazy.

DON

(disgusted)
Yuk. I wished we hung those guys.

GODDARD

Listen, Don, even with Nurse
Valentine's upgrades, that ship was
built to the astronauts' exact
specifications. Hundreds of key
systems were compromised.
Telemetry, guidance -

DON

Blah, blah, blah. That's what you
sound like.

GODDARD

It's a million to one shot. We'll probably die on take-off.

DON

Weeeeeeeell, I can live with that. I am worried about our PR problem. If the astronauts come home late, the public will know something went wrong. Worse, so will Russia. We need a cover story.

HANS

I sink I can help you zere.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMET KRAFT'S NEWSDESK

Emmet at his Newsdesk.

EMMET KRAFT

Our astronauts are having such a swell time on the Moon, they've decided to stay three extra days. Video transmissions will resume shortly.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE, FAKE MOONSCAPE

Hans holds a MEGAPHONE and wears a BERET and DIRECTOR PANTS.

A full FILM CREW is set up in front of a FAKE MOONSCAPE, complete with a FAKE LEM and 2 ASTRONAUT ACTORS.

HANS

(directing the actors)
OK, you're on da Moon, it's fun,
zere's lots of zience, you valk
funny - Hey, ve got any coffee?

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

How do you take it Mr. Von Berner?

Hans turns to see a tall BLONDE WOMAN standing by the craft service table; hips cocked, one eyebrow raised seductively.

HANS

(instantly smitten)
Any vay you got it hot legs.
(energized)
(MORE)

HANS (CONT'D)

OK, fake crap on the za' Moon, take one. Lights, stuff, great, ACTION!

EXT. THE MOON, LEM LANDING SITE

BIFF

Houston, we've got a problem... I can't open my beer.

BIFF, in his bulky space gloves, paws at a can of beer.

INTERCUT: THE MOON & MISSION CONTROL.

DON

(into headset mic)

Copy Biff. We'll get on that, but first, some good news. We're sending some folks to come get you.

MAJOR

Who are you sending Don?

Don is hesitant, he knows they won't like it.

DON

Hobart, Goddard and Sy.

BIFF

WHAT? HELL NO! LEAVE ME UP
HERE! JUST LEAVE ME HERE!

MAJOR

WHO IS GOING TO DO MY
LAUNDRY?!

DON (CONT'D)

OK. OK. I don't like it either, but it's our only play. Now Major, I got someone who'd like to say hi.

Shannon approaches Don. He helps her put on a headset.

SHANNON

(into headset mic)

Hello, Major.

MAJOR

Excuse me?

SHANNON

Sorry. *Major*, honey, they, they told me you had a problem.

MAJOR

I never had a problem. *This* Mickey Mouse ship has the problem.

(MORE)

MAJOR (CONT'D)

A ship I can still fly because I
CAN FLY ANYTHING! ANY TIME! AND I
DON'T NEED LIMP-DICK MATH JOCKEYS
OR SOME WOMAN TO HELP ME! AND WHY
ARE YOU CALLING ME AT WORK?!

Shannon takes off her headset, quivering, about to cry.

DON

(to Shannon)

He's under a lot of stress, a lot
of... moon stress.

SHANNON

No, he's the same as always.

Fighting back the tears, Shannon runs out of Mission Control.

INT. NASA, MEDICAL OFFICE - PRE DAWN

Goddard gets a last-minute physical from Nurse Valentine.

ELECTRODES are plastered all over Goddard's bare chest. Wires
trail back to clunky ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT.

Goddard, working himself up to say something, takes a step
towards Nurse Valentine.

GODDARD

Nurse Valentine -

YANK! CRASH! The electrodes stick on his body as the wires
pull the EQUIPMENT off its shelf and onto the floor.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

OH GOD! I'm so sorry.

NURSE VALENTINE

Technically this department reports
to you. So, no problem.

GODDARD

But still, I'm sorry. For how I
treated you, for how we all treated
you. You're an amazing engineer and
if I don't explode, or freeze, or -

NURSE VALENTINE

Suffocate.

GODDARD

Yeah, that -

NURSE VALENTINE

Miss the window for lunar orbit and
fly off to nowhere, trapped in a
metal tomb, forever and ever and -

GODDARD

YES. OK. But, IF I get back, I'd
like to... Maybe I could... I...

He wants to tell her how he feels. So bad. But...

GODDARD (CONT'D)

I'd like to write you a great
letter of recommendation. Cause
you're a darn fine engineer, and
anyone would be lucky to have you.

NURSE VALENTINE

Thank you Goddard. And...

Valentine quickly leans in and KISSES Goddard.

NURSE VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Now go get those astronauts. Go.

GODDARD

(flustered and happy)
Um, OK. Bye. Um, thank you.

Happy as a schoolboy, Goddard bounds out of the room and...

INT. NASA, HALLWAY OUTSIDE MEDICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Runs right into...

LEWIS

GODDARD! Hi! I just wanted to say -
(choking up)
I'm gonna' miss you so much.

Lewis grabs Goddard and KISSES him, on the lips, deeply.
Goddard freezes in awkwardness until Lewis breaks off.

GODDARD

Lewis, listen to me. You need to
seriously consider the fact that
you might be gay. For your own
happiness. Will you? Please?

LEWIS

Fiiine. I'll look into *gay*. And if
gay is real, and if I like *gay*,
then I'll be *gay*, for you.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Come back to me Goddard.

Lewis goes in for ANOTHER KISS but Goddard hurries away.

GODDARD

I have to go.

LEWIS

(calling after Goddard)

If anything happens, I'll name my
Pomeranian after you.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - PRE DAWN

HOBART, GODDARD and SY, wearing space suits, helmets tucked under their arms, do the slow-mo, long-lens, "RIGHT STUFF" walk straight to camera. It's totally BAD ASS until...

Hobart doubles over and PUKES. Goddard screams in terror.

HOBART

THIS IS INSANE!

GODDARD

WE'RE GOING TO DIE!

HOBART

MY GLASSES ARE GOING TO EXPLODE!

Hobart PUKES again.

Sy, who was just quietly watching, suddenly yelps and sprints, arms flailing, into the distance.

INT. THE ROCKET SHIP, COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Unlike the realistic, cramped, space craft we have seen, THIS SHIP is roomy and gorgeous. Everything is smooth and curvy, like something from the future, fifty years ago.

DON (O.C. - RADIO)

Hey? Hello? Anyone there? Attention
dipshits?

Hobart, in his space-suit, rushes in and sits down in front of the controls. As he straps himself in...

HOBART

Yes Don, we're here. Sorry we got a
little, held up, but...

Goddard sits down and straps into the next seat.

HOBART (CONT'D)

Are we good?

GODDARD

I got the gloves on Sy, so, yeah,
we're ready.

SY, strapped into the third seat, has big BOXING GLOVES tied over hands. He paws uselessly at the control panel.

SY

I CAN'T FIX ANYTHING!

HOBART

Don, we are ready to go.

DON

Well, on the off chance you don't screw this up and die, I just want you to know, none of you are fired.

HOBART

Thanks a lot Don.

(to Goddard)

You ready to make some history?

GODDARD

Why not, we already built it.

And with that, Hobart punches a big RED BUTTON, and...

Nothing happens. Hobart and Goddard are confused, until...

BOOM! It's like an 10.0 Earthquake hits.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD, ROCKET SHIP - CONTINUOUS

We move down the body of quaking ship to the INFERNO spewed out by its main engine. Then we move OUT TO REVEAL...

What has been done to get this ship off the ground. The Space Shuttle uses 2 booster rockets. This ship has EVERY ROCKET NASA OWNS strapped to it. Varied heights and models, an ugly, hodgepodge cluster of rockets fanning way out to the sides.

One by one, the extra rockets FIRE, but the giant, poorly designed, overweight ship doesn't budge.

Finally, one last, tiny rocket - a firecracker by comparison - lights up and slowly, the monstrosity creeps into the air.

EXT. NASA - CONTINUOUS

An AMERICAN FLAG flaps in the wind as, behind it...

The SHIP and its ROCKET-BOUQUET shoot through the sky.

INT. ROCKET SHIP, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The Engineers shake like they're in a paint mixer.

GODDARD
I'M GLAD WE WORE DIAPERS!

HOBART
DEFINITELY!

EXT. THE MOON, LEM LANDING SITE

Major and Biff, in their space suits, stand on the Moon.

TIP (O.S. - RADIO)
Hey guys.

Biff and Major are VERY RELIEVED to hear his voice.

BIFF
Tiiiiip! You up for another round of
eye spy?

TIP
Actually, I-- I just got my orders.
I'm going home.

Biff and Major, both clearly upset, try not to let it show.

MAJOR
Right, sure. Hey, did you ask them?

TIP
Yes. They said the wetness in your
boots is just a small malfunction
in your suit's urine collection
system. It shouldn't be an issue
unless you've drank an unreasonable
amount of liquid.

Major nervously eyes the empty BEER CANS by the damaged LEM.

TIP (CONT'D)
Well... I guess this is it. I'll
see you back on Earth. Good trip.

SY (O.C.)

Help me.

Meanwhile SY has been backed into a corner by a threatening ROBOT wearing a BOW-TIE.

ROBOT BUTLER

YOU ARE MY BEST FRIEND. YOU ARE MY FRIEND.

BEEP! An alarm sounds.

GODDARD

What is that?

INT. ROCKET SHIP, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Goddard rushes up from the lounge and checks the consoles. Hobart follows, travel pillow still around his neck.

GODDARD

We've got a contact. Closing fast and coming from... *the Moon?*

Goddard looks out the front windows and sees...

The CSM drifting towards them.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

It's Tip, in the command and service module.

(into radio)

Hey captain, how's she flying?

TIP (O.S. - RADIO)

Nice and steady. You boys built us some damn fine ships.

Goddard can now see Tip through the porthole of the CSM.

With newfound respect, the Astronaut salutes.

TIP (CONT'D)

Good luck... astronauts.

GODDARD

That kind of makes it all worth it.

HOBART

That made dying in space worth it?

GODDARD

No. Probably not.

EXT. THE MOON

SPACE BOOTS hop into frame. Out to REVEAL...

2 ASTRONAUTS exploring the Moon. Is this Biff and Major?

HANS

CUT! CUT! You call zat "Fazinated
by da vonders of da universe?"

We're on the SOUND STAGE. Hans storms out onto "the Moon" to
scream at his ACTORS.

HANS (CONT'D)

You're prancing about like dis is
one half gravity, not one sixth.
And you're INDICATING LIKE CRAZY!
Mein gotten SCHEITZ! Am I za only
professional HERE?!

Furious, Hans kicks a fake moon rock and reels with pain.

HANS (CONT'D)

OW! Damn! Jesus Goddard, hurry up.

EXT. THE MOON, LEM LANDING SITE

Major and Biff have been on the Moon a while. They sit,
together, on a moon-boulder, holding each other.

They talk via their staticy suit-to-suit radios.

BIFF

How's that suit malfunction?

Major's suit is almost entirely filled with URINE. It sloshes
back and forth in his helmet, lapping at this chin.

MAJOR

(lying)

Fine. Hardly notice it.

BIFF

Good. That's good. Hey Major? I--
I don't want to be alone. OK. I
want to die first, OK?

MAJOR

I was thinking the same thing. I'd
really like it if you'd die first.

Biff doesn't seem very comforted.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

Cause man, I don't want to die.
Hell, I didn't even think I could.
I thought I'd be here forever, like
Zeus, or our supply of petroleum.

BIFF

Maybe we'll come back. Reborn. Like
them birds from Tucson.

MAJOR

You mean like a Phoenix?

BIFF

Yeah. That's us. We'll rise again,
as giant flaming birds.

The Astronauts tear up, trembling in each other's arms.

MAJOR

Flying on wings of fire.

As there is no noise in space, Biff and Major don't notice...

THE GIANT ROCKET SHIP touching down right behind them.
Goddard and Hobart have arrived.

BIFF

Just us. Together. Flyin', huntin',
holding each other with fire wings.

MAJOR

Assuming there were no other birds
made of fire around?

BIFF

OH YEAH! Completely. ONLY if we
were the ONLY birds made of fire.

The rocket touches down, its engine cuts out.

BIFF (CONT'D)

Course, we might get lonely... And
curious. Then it'd be only natural
to want to explore each other's
fire bird bodies.

GODDARD

Uh guys, we're here.

Major and Biff freeze, mortified, at the sound of Goddard's
crackly voice over their suit radios.

They turn and see the ship, looming behind them.

BIFF

Um, Goddard, how long have you been there?

Very long pause.

GODDARD

Why don't you guys just come on in?

INT. ROCKET SHIP, LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Engineers wait in the lounge as MAJOR AND BIFF, in their full moon suits, enter. Their normal demeanors are back.

MAJOR

'Bout time math jockeys.

BIFF

Whaddya' let 'yer grandma drive?

Hobart notices the pee in Major's suit.

HOBART

Is your suit full of pee?

MAJOR

No.

Goddard and Hobart start laughing like crazy.

GODDARD

Yes! Your suit's full of pee! We told you not to drink that beer.

MAJOR

Hey! This is a serious malfunction. THIS ISN'T FUNNY! You're the ones who look bad right now. Immature, and, un, un-spaceman-like. ENOUGH! TAKE US HOME RIGHT NOW!

BIFF

Yeah, we want to go home!

GODDARD

OK, but there's something we need to do first.

Goddard looks at Hobart.

CUE MUSIC: "FLY ME TO THE MOON" sung by FRANK SINATRA.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOON - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: Grey lunar dust. STOMP! A boot steps into frame, leaving that iconic FOOTPRINT-ON-THE-MOON indentation.

Goddard and Hobart, in moon-suits, bound across the Moon. Kicking up dust, smiling, laughing. Time of their lives.

Finally they stop, out of breath and giddy.

GODDARD

You ever think we'd end up here?

HOBART

Always dreamt. Never thought.

GODDARD

Anything really is possible.

Goddard points. Hobart turns and, as he does...

The reflection of PLANET EARTH glides across his face shield.

A tiny BLUE-GREEN EARTH hangs above the two engineers.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

Two billion people looking back at us.

HOBART

They say in forty years, it'll be over six billion.

GODDARD

Wow. All those people, packed together that tight. You'd be so busy making friends, there wouldn't be time for war.

HOBART

I spent so much of my life so angry, so upset, but now, all my problems just seem so... small.

GODDARD

Especially when you do this.

Goddard holds up his thumb and forefinger and begins pinching the tiny Earth between them. He's CRUSHING THE EARTH!

GODDARD (CONT'D)

(funny voice)

ARGH! I'm a giant and I'm smooshing the Earth. I'm smooshing it. GRRRR!

HOBART

Oh, Oh, watch this. I'm punching
the Earth. I'm punching the Earth
right in its Earth face.

Hobart starts gleefully punching the air.

GODDARD

Oh yeah. Look at me...

Goddard squats down with the Earth to his back.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

Look, I'm pooping out the Earth.
I'm pooping the whole Earth.

Indeed, from Hobart's POV, Goddard looks like he's pooping
out the Earth.

MAJOR (O.C. - RADIO)

Are you guys done out there?

Now it's Goddard and Hobart's turn to be embarrassed.

GODDARD

All done.

HOBART

Be in in a moment.

INT. ROCKET SHIP, COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Hobart and Goddard run in, their helmets off.

GODDARD

OK, what's our status --

Major and Biff, out of their suits, sit in the pilots' seats.
Major is still head-to-toe wet (from pee).

MAJOR

Once you two strap in, A-OK.

HOBART

But I'm flying this ship.

MAJOR

First rule of flying, pilots pilot,
everyone else is a stewardess.

BIFF

So unless you wanna pour me a
scotch, or gimme' some space head,
get on back there!

GODDARD

But -

Biff hits the ignition button and the ship roars to life.

MAJOR

Pilots pilot. Now git.

Dejected, Goddard and Hobart head back to the lounge.

Biff pulls back on the stick and the ship begins to lift off.

BIFF

(calling back)

And hold onto your feminine hygiene
napkins.

BACK ON EARTH:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE, FAKE MOONSCAPE

Hans, his crew, and the actors have been faking the Moon
landing for three days. They are REALLY bored.

HANS

(feigning enthusiasm)

Oh look, *anozer* rock. *Wooow*, zis
rock is *sooo* much better dan da
last rock. You can't wait to put it
in your special bag for rocks --

A MAN runs up and whispers something to Hans.

HANS (CONT'D)

(suddenly energized)

ZEY'RE COMING HOME! It's done.
Ve're done. Good hoax everyone.
Good hoax.

EXT. SPACE

The ROCKET SHIP floats by.

TITLES: 40 Hours Later.

INT. ROCKET SHIP, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Major and Biff snore, sleeping in the seats.

GODDARD (O.C.)

Major. Biff. Guys.

BIFF

(waking up)

What? Who? Shit Goddard, you better
have some Chicken Cordon Blue.

GODDARD

We're here. It's, Earth.

EARTH is now quite sizeable through the ship's windows.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

Listen, you need to know, this
ship, it's not aerodynamically
sound. Reentry could get rough -

MAJOR

We designed this ship, I think we
know how to fly her.

INT. ROCKET SHIP, LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

GODDARD, now in his full PRESSURE SUIT, straps in next to
HOBART and SY.

GODDARD

This is going to be bad.

The ship begins to shimmy, REENTRY HAS BEGUN.

NURSE VALENTINE (O.S. - RADIO)

Goddard. Do you copy? Goddard.

Nurse Valentine's voice crackles in on the radio.

GODDARD

(happily surprised)

Nurse Valentine, hey, how are you?

NURSE VALENTINE (O.S. - RADIO)

Um, good, but can we talk about
later? You're coming in too steep,
and way too hot.

GODDARD

You need to tell Major and Biff.

NURSE VALENTINE (O.S. - RADIO)

I tried. They just asked what I was
wearing.

GODDARD

Well - I need to get back to you.
(looking up)
What are you doing here?

Major and Biff stand in the lounge, staring at our Engineers.

MAJOR

We've got a bone to pick with you.

BIFF

With all a' ya'll.

The ship begins to shake more violently.

BIFF (CONT'D)

This ship is terrible. It's slow,
unresponsive and, from what I can
see out the window, mostly on fire.

GODDARD

We've begun reentry. You need to
get back up there and fly this
ship.

MAJOR

Maybe you didn't hear us. The ship
is substandard and we refuse to fly
it.

GODDARD

What? You're quitting because -

BIFF

Hey! Don't deflect. This is about
you, and the crappy space-ship you
built.

BOOM! The ship JOLTS violently. BOXES fly off an overhead
shelf. They hit Biff and Major, knocking the men unconscious.

Goddard unstraps, rushes over and reads the label on one of
the boxes: "NASA VAGINA: ARTIFICIAL"

GODDARD

Damn these fake vaginas.
(to Hobart)
They're alive, but they're out.
Hobart, you're taking us in.

HOBART

I'm on it. Come on Sy.

Hobart runs up to the cockpit. Sy, in the boxing gloves, paws at his straps. Goddard struggles to lift Major's body.

EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

The plummeting SHIP begins to heat up. The intense friction of reentry literally ignites the air around the falling ship.

In moments, the ship is engulfed in fiery REENTRY PLASMA!

INT. ROCKET SHIP, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Flames fill the window as Hobart struggles with the stick.

Goddard runs up and takes the seat in between Hobart and Sy.

GODDARD

Major and Biff are strapped in.
How's she handling?

HOBART

Ask me in five minutes, if we're
still alive.

INT. ROCKET SHIP, LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Biff and Major, safely strapped into couches, wake up.

BIFF

Do you smell something burning.

MAJOR

I'm getting a smoky odor.

WHOOOSH! One whole wall of the lounge BURNS AWAY. Suddenly Biff and Major stare into OPEN SKY and FIRE. They SCREAM!

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed, all eyes glued to the BIG SCREEN.

NURSE VALENTINE

We've lost contact. It could be
interference, but the chances of
that ship surviving reentry.

DON

Who's flying it?

LEWIS

Hobart.

DON

Oh-Kaaay. Been fun folks. I'mma
grab some chow.

Don walks off, but Nurse Goddard just stares up at the board.

NURSE VALENTINE

Come on guys. Come on.

Still, only silence from the comm.

RANDOM ENGINEER

We should have heard from them by
now.

NURSE VALENTINE

I know. Come on, Goddard. Come on.

Then.. STATIC, followed by...

GODDARD (O.S. - RADIO)

Control. Do you copy, control.

NURSE VALENTINE

(overjoyed, into radio)
Goddard. Thank God. Yes. We copy.

INT. ROCKET SHIP, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The fire is gone and BLUE SKY fills the windows.

GODDARD

We're through the ionization and,
still alive.

HOBART

Not for long. The stick's dead.
I've got no control. We're falling
like a rock.

GODDARD

Sy, can you fix this?

SY

I CAN'T FIX ANYTHING!

Sy holds up his hands, still encased in boxing gloves.

Goddard leans over, yanks on the gloves and POP! POP! They
fly off. Sy is FREE. He dives under the Control Panel.

In moments, MUSIC BLARES and Sy pops his head up.

SY (CONT'D)
I fixed the stereo.

GODDARD
The controls Sy! FIX THE CONTROLS!

Sy dives back under and, after a few moments...

THUNK! The controls engage, causing the ship to JOLT VIOLENTLY. Our Engineers' heads snap forward with whiplash.

GODDARD (CONT'D)
Is it fixed? Are the controls back?

HOBART
Yes. But we've got a bigger problem.
(terrified)
My glasses. They fell off, and my helmet's jammed.

Hobart's thick GLASSES have fallen off his face and now rest at the bottom of his helmet. SO CLOSE but SO FAR.

HOBART (CONT'D)
I'm blind.

GODDARD
It's OK Hobart. I'll guide you in.

HOBART
I can't land a space ship blind.
It's impossible.

GODDARD
Nothing's impossible. Not for you.
You can do this Hobart. I know you can. Now grab that stick. I said GRAB THAT STICK PILOT!

HOBART
OK. Let's take her down.

Hobart grabs the controls, and just in time because...

The LANDING STRIP is coming right at them.

GODDARD
There's the runway. Right in front of us.

HOBART
Guide me in, Goddard.

Out the ship's window, the long black LANDING STRIP drifts back and forth. Getting closer and closer. Bigger and bigger.

GODDARD
A little left. A little right.
Left. Right. Right. More right.
More right. More right. More...

The RUN WAY is HUGE, it fills up the window and...

KA-THUNK. They touch down.

Hobart, Goddard, and Sy SCREAM with joy.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the room CHEERS!

NURSE VALENTINE
YES!

DON
Well I'll be.

INT. ROCKET SHIP, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

An overjoyed Goddard turns to Hobart and Sy.

GODDARD
I had my doubts, but when it
counted, this ship really held up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANDING STRIP - CONTINUOUS

The once massive ship has been burned down to nothing but a tiny NOSE-CONE. Fins, engine, fuselage - all gone.

Like the nose of a plane, without the plane, the front cone rolls down the runway on a single LANDING WHEEL. Its jagged, singed, rear scraping along behind it. SPARKS flying.

INT. ROCKET SHIP, LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

With most of the lounge burned away, Biff and Major, still strapped into their couches, watch the scenery crawl past.

BIFF

We should, lay some ground rules,
about what we tell people?

MAJOR

What happens on the Moon stays on
the Moon.

INT. NASA, HANGER - LATER

Goddard, followed by Hobart, Sy and the Astronauts walk into
a large hanger. It's totally empty except for Don and Lewis.

LEWIS

(running up)

GODDARD! It's AMAZING!

GODDARD

I know, we did it -

LEWIS

No, I mean, GAY! Gay's amazing. Not
only is gay real, but guess who's
gay? My wife, her hockey team, two
of my uncles, and ME! I'm gay, and
I'm gonna' tell the WHOLE WORLD!

GODDARD

I wouldn't do that Lewis. Not yet.
But that's great. I'm proud of you.

Lewis moves to kiss Goddard, who manages to fend him off.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

Proud. Just proud. Only proud.

Don walks up and pats Goddard on the back.

DON

Heck of a job Flack. Too bad no one
can ever know about it. Course,
there are, *other* rewards.

Don looks over at...

Nurse Valentine, who runs up to Goddard.

NURSE VALENTINE

Oh Goddard, you did it.

GODDARD

I had a great engineer backing me
up. Great and... darn pretty.

Goddard grabs Valentine and KISSES HER.

Hobart notices Major walking right toward Shannon. The engineers' brief moment of triumph fades.

MAJOR

I'm in a rush hon, but we might
have time for a little oral.

But Shannon passes right by Major and runs to...

SHANNON

HOBART!

HOBART

Shannon, I flew! I'm a pilot again.

SHANNON

I don't care. I'm done with pilots.
I just want a good man. A good man
like you. I love you Hobart Beeman.

They EMBRACE and KISS.

DISSOLVE TO:

AN AMERICAN FLAG flaps. We move down to...

EXT. CAPITAL BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

The Capital Dome, and below that...

A huge CEREMONY on the steps of The Capital. The nation has gathered to honor Biff, Major and Tip.

Military officers, politicians, and dignitaries are seated behind an ornate stage. In front of them, a CROWD OF THOUSANDS stretches as far as the eye can see.

Major steps up to a podium, flanked by Biff, Tip and Don.

Our Engineers, Nurse Valentine and Shannon, stand on the stage, but WAAAAY off to the side.

Again, Major unfolds a piece of paper.

MAJOR

(reading)

Ladies and gentleman, America, the
world, I have stepped on the Moon's
head and showed it who's boss. I -

Major stops and looks to the Engineers. He begins again.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

I wiped my ass with that grey hunk
of rock and... and...

(stops reading)

I'm sorry, I can't do this.

The crowd murmurs with confusion. Biff steps up.

BIFF

All that's true, but what's more
true is that, no astronaut does
nothin' without the scientists and
math-, mathusels- , mothamus -

TIP

(whispers to Biff)

Mathematicians.

BIFF

(back to Tip)

That sounds made up.

(to audience)

Without the scientists and
mathletes who make our jobs
possible. I'd like some of those
boys to come on up here right now.

Biff looks toward Goddard and the other Engineers who are
totally confused.

BIFF (CONT'D)

That's right ya'll. You. I said
come up here? Come on.

A BRASS BAND strikes up and suddenly, thousands of people are
cheering for our Engineers.

Goddard and Hobart exchange surprised looks, and then begin
to make their way to the podium, but not before...

Goddard grabs Nurse Valentine's hand.

GODDARD

He means you too. Come on.

As Goddard leads the group to the podium.

MAJOR

They're the heart and soul of NASA,
and the best our country has to
offer.

Flash bulbs pop, reporters scream questions, congressmen
reach out to shake their hands and pat them on the back.

As they walk this gauntlet of adulation, Goddard notices some VIP'S in the crowd.

HUGH HEFNER - in his ROBE, a BUNNY on each arm - raises his PIPE to our Engineers.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN gives Goddard a "Right On."

ELVIS PRESLEY, in his sparkling jump-suit, "Karate-Points."

ELVIS PRESLEY

That's some real good math, uh-huh.

Finally Goddard and the Engineers reach the podium.

Hans looks out and sees... His tall BLONDE BOMBSHELL from the Fake Moon Shoot. They exchange coy waves.

Lewis catches the eye of a HANDSOME MALE REPORTER who winks. Lewis is shocked at first, but then, he smiles back.

Major turns to Hobart. He takes off his Mirror shades and holds out his hands.

MAJOR

That was some damn fine flying Beeman. I'd be honored to put in a good word with the Air-Force.

HOBART

Thanks Major, but the Air Force is for pilots. I'm an engineer!

Hobart shares a smile with Goddard, then shakes Major's hand.

BIFF

Well go on. Say something. It's 'yer day Goddard.

Goddard steps to the podium and the crowd quiets.

GODDARD

Hello. My name is Goddard Flack and-

Like a channel being turned off we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS DESK - CONTINUOUS

EMMET KRAFT.

And there you have it. Two American heroes have walked on the Moon and returned safely. A perfect ending to a perfect mission, sooooo...
SUCK ON THAT RUSSIA!

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END

AS CREDITS ROLL...

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

In GRAINY 16MM footage, Biff and Major sit for a vintage news interview.

The Astronauts go through LETTERS sent to them by school children.

MAJOR

(reading)

Dear astronauts, have a safe trip to the Moon.

He turns the letter around to show a crude CHILD'S ILLUSTRATION of a space capsule with stick figures inside.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

And he drew a picture. This is us, in our space craft. Obviously the quality of the artwork is horrible. That, or it's a good drawing of a terrible ship.

BIFF

There's a whole wall missing. That would kill us.

MAJOR

Either way, I think it's clear why we don't let children work at NASA.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH, WEDDING - DAY

It's a big church with a small crowd. At the front, a PRIEST is marrying HANS and his CRAFT SERVICE BLONDE BEAUTY.

Goddard, Nurse Valentine, Hobart, Shannon, Sy and Lewis, with the REPORTER who winked at him, sit in the front row.

The rest of the church is filled with obvious former NAZIS. Some have Hitler moustaches, some have eye patches, all look weird and a little evil.

PRIEST

I now pronounce you man and wife.

Instead of kissing his bride, Hans grabs her hand and runs.

HANS

Let's go. Let's go.

INT. CHURCH, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hans and his bride burst out of the chapel. He drags her off down the hall and into a BATHROOM.

INT. CHURCH, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We see Hans' laying on the floor of a bathroom stall and his wife's LEGS and FEET. She seems to be PERCHED ABOVE him.

HANS (O.C.)

Oh, do it now baby. Give me za ztuff. Give me zat big brown ztuff.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS DESK

Emmet sits at his desk. A graphic of the MOON hangs over his shoulder with the word "HOAX?" stamped on it.

EMMET KRAFT

Controversy surrounding the Moon landings has arisen due to this alarming footage depicting two unidentified men, on the Moon, without pressure suits.

A VIDEO SCREEN showing MOON FOOTAGE zooms in on a detail behind an Astronaut's shoulder. It's HANS screaming at a PA. The Ex-Nazi throws a hot cup of coffee in the kid's face.

EMMET KRAFT (CONT'D)
NASA has yet to comment.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOON

It is an empty moonscape. Nothing is around until...

The forlorn ROBOT BUTLER walks into frame.

ROBOT BUTLER
BIFF? WHERE ARE YOU BIFF? COME BACK
YOU ARE MY BEST FRIEND. I LOVE YOU.

BLACK.