

EARTH CAMP

By Cassie Volkin

**TEASER**

EXT. COTTON FIELD - NIGHT

On a summer night, cicadas shout from beneath rows of cotton.

A MECHANICAL RUMBLE begins to drown out the cicadas, and branches SNAP closer and closer. Then WHOOSH! A TRACTOR rushes by us, in hot pursuit from three more tractors.

The leading tractor's operators, CLARA and SOFI, 11-year-old girls and BFFs, squeeze together on the driver's seat. Sofi looks back to see the other tractors closing in.

SOFI

Looks like it's time for a  
shortcut!

Clara grins and leans the tractor into a fast right turn.

Cotton flies free in clouds, leaving a floating trail behind Clara and Sofi. The operator of the next closest tractor, RJ, an 11-year-old Southern boy with a nervous streak, catches some of the beautiful spray in his face and SPUTTERS.

RJ

Pfah! Pfft!  
(cotton clears)  
Hey! Are you cheating?

RJ follows their path, holding his baseball cap down with one hand as he steers wildly with the other.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Still in the lead, Clara and Sofi weave through the forest of evenly spaced pines. On their left, RJ is catching up, only barely dodging the thin trees.

RJ

(laughing)  
Woah! Guys! This isn't the way we  
agreed on!

On their right, another racer breaks in, taking their lead. This competitor is INDU, an Indian-American girl with arrogance and brilliance in equal measure.

She looks behind her to taunt the other racers, effortlessly weaving between the trees even with her eyes off the path.

INDU

It doesn't matter, RJ. Y'all'll  
lose your tires in the swamp  
anyway.

Indu disappears again into the forest before they can  
respond. Sofi turns to Clara.

SOFI

Swamp? Are we good for swamp?

Clara passes Sofi a football helmet and puts one on herself.  
RJ watches them, dumbfounded, as they beeline for the dark  
marsh ahead.

RJ

Turn! You've gotta turn!

Sofi GIGGLES with anticipation.

SOFI

So what is it this time, Clara?  
Tricked out tires? Crazy wings?

Clara presses some buttons and preps the shifter, glancing at  
Sofi with a smile.

CLARA

It was a surprise.

She pulls the shifter in an unusual direction, causing the  
HOOD of the tractor to be jettisoned off in front of them,  
creating a ramp.

Flames burst from the tail pipe and Clara speeds into the  
ramp, and with the CLANG OF RUSTY METAL, they're in the air!

In SLOW MOTION, the tractor soars over the swamp. Sofi throws  
up her arms.

SOFI

(slow motion)  
WOOOOOO!

Alligators wake up in surprise and snap at the tractor's  
underbelly, popping a tire. A cloud of mosquitoes splatter  
onto the windshield like hail. Clara fastens Sofi's seatbelt  
as the tractor COMES APART.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Back to REAL TIME, Sofi and Clara burst through the trees on nothing but some twisted metal and a large wheel. They spin out of control and CRASH at the barn doors.

Sofi, laughing, lifts up Clara's arm.

SOFI  
The winners!

As they celebrate, Indu and RJ roll up to the barn in a more controlled manner, still having intact vehicles.

INDU  
Oh, I'm so sorry. You *didn't* win. A tractor race has to be finished with a tractor. What you have is more like a unicycle.

SOFI  
Whatever, we still won!

INDU  
Not really.

TYLER  
Actually, I won.

TYLER, the 11-year-old artist and resident weirdo, walks out from behind the barn, eating a popsicle. He speaks softly in a NEAR MONOTONE VOICE.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Why didn't any of you follow the path? I turned around, and y'all were gone.

The shortcut takers stutter their excuses defensively.

INDU	SOFI
I only went that way to tell <i>them</i> that--	We were just taking the scenic route--

RJ  
I didn't know what was happening!

Clara interrupts by sticking out a hand.

CLARA  
Good game?

Sofi eagerly accepts the handshake, but Indu is skeptical.

INDU

RJ, you're the rules expert. Who won?

RJ STUTTERS, looking off into the distance.

SOFI

Don't worry about it, Indu, you'll get 'em next time!

INDU

I don't need your pity.

In the background, Tyler's jaw slacks, and his popsicle drops to the ground. A foggy blue LIGHT is approaching off-screen.

SOFI

So we'll call it a tie! Hey, Tyler, can we get some more of those popsicles? Tyler?

While Sofi tries to get the unresponsive Tyler's attention, Indu sees the light and unfocuses, hypnotized. Clara notices this and tugs Sofi's sleeve nervously.

SOFI (CONT'D)

What?

Then Sofi sees it: an ALIEN silhouette is emerging from the mists, backlit by swirling blue light.

SOFI (CONT'D)

(exasperated groan)

Ahhh!

The alien, COLONEL KRASS, 50, is a round, squat fellow in a worn-out Victorian suit. His hypnosis-amplifying gadget pack spins and steams as he reaches towards them and scowls.

KRASS

You...are so grounded!

Krass telekinetically PULLS off the girls' human suits, revealing their alien forms. Clara hangs back her head while Sofi rolls her eyes.

SOFI

Come on!

**END OF TEASER**

ACT I

EXT. FLYING SAUCER - EARLY DAWN

Krass pilots the flying saucer back to their base. It's little more than an upside-down helicopter really, and it spews steam from every nozzle to stay aloft.

The city of Huntsville is part farmland, part bustling town, and oh yeah, part NASA base. A full-sized Saturn V rocket marks the landscape, spotlighted next to the space museum. A sign on the museum's exterior promotes a visiting exhibition: "Mars: The Next Frontier!"

INT. FLYING SAUCER - EARLY DAWN

Clara and Sofi are taped to their seats, fully out of their human suits. The Martians bear more resemblance to E.T. than little green men, and speak in STRONG TRANSATLANTIC ACCENTS.

KRASS

Sofimina Ledbetter! And Claralind  
Faginshtien! What in Deimos and  
Phobos is wrong with you!?

SOFI

What's the trouble, Colonel? All  
the adults get to go out--

KRASS

All the adults have necessary  
technological acquisition  
objectives for the planetary good!

Sofi mocks his blustering speech, making a funny face.

KRASS (CONT'D)

You, on the other hand, are  
compromising the entire base's  
security!

They fly over the entrance to the Redstone Arsenal military base, as a sign indicates.

SOFI

You can't keep us inside *all day*--

KRASS

And what about you, Ms. Quiet? They  
told me you were supposed to be the  
smart one.

Pilot - Cassie Volkin

CLARA

It's my fault. I got bored, okay?

KRASS

Bored? Bored?! We are surrounded by the most intelligent and advanced species in the known universe, and you're going to expose Martian civilization because you're *bored*?

CLARA

...sorry, Colonel Krass.

KRASS

Can you imagine the disaster if any of them found out about us?

Sofi and Clara glance at each other and FLASHBACK--

EXT. FOREST - DAY

SUPER: ONE WEEK AGO

Sofi and Clara explore the forest in their human suits. Clara is collecting leaves while Sofi climbs a tree.

CLARA

Look at this one!

SOFI

Cool!

Another group approaches in the woods: RJ, Indu, and Tyler.

RJ (O.S.)

I'm telling you Indu, this is gonna be the perfect place to camp...

CLARA

Humans!

Sofi scrambles to get down, but her human costume snags on a branch, leaving her dangling in the air, exposed as an alien!

Clara's hands glow as she clumsily levitates Sofi.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Hold on, I've got you!

TYLER

Are you aliens?

The curious human children watch as the scared aliens freeze.

SOFI  
Um, yes?

A beat.

RJ  
Cool!

SOFI  
Wanna be friends?

INDU  
Sure.

They all high-five.

ALL  
Yay!

INT. FLYING SAUCER - EARLY DAWN

The girls finish their flashback.

CLARA  
We can never let that happen.

SOFI  
Never.

Krass turns back to the dashboard with a grouchy HARRUMPH.

Passing miles of forest and swamp, they arrive at a small, nondescript shack in the middle of a cow pasture. As they descend, the ceiling of the shack OPENS and lets them inside.

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - LAUNCHPAD

The flying saucer slows to a stop in this cramped steampunk bunker. We see a logo for "M.A.S.A. - Martian Advancement Stealing Administration."

Krass, Sofi, and Clara all COUGH on the steam as the saucer door opens and he leads them out.

KRASS  
Now, if I'm remembering correctly, your parents sent you here to get your heads straight through hard work and study, not to goof off in nasty Earth forests. And definitely not to be babysat!



Krass locks the kids' human costumes in a closet.

SOFI/CLARA

Aw!

KRASS

Since you clearly can't be trusted  
with them. You--

(points at Clara)

--will spend the next 14 hours  
calculating non-euclidean angles  
and you--

(wags a finger at Sofi)

just try not to break anything.

Krass pops his collar and marches away. Sofi chases him.

SOFI

What? That's so unfair! I can  
calculate amphibian angles too!

KRASS

Enough complaining! If you two  
don't start behaving yourselves,  
I'm moving you to separate rooms!

The girls GASP with horror!

KRASS (CONT'D)

That's right. No more pillow forts  
or arts and crafts or midnight jump  
rope competitions! You'll be *alone*.

CLARA

(resigned)

Yes sir.

Krass raises an eyebrow at Sofi.

SOFI

Aye aye, Colonel. But where are you  
off to so early? You surely didn't  
get all gussied up for our sakes.

KRASS

I have an important surveillance  
mission to attend to. None of us  
will be having fun today.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Krass tiredly approaches the golf cart parking lot, where COACH R, a vision in plaid, khakis, and can-do American spirit, is eagerly awaiting him.

COACH R

We're gonna have so much fun today!

Coach's quarterback arms wrap Krass in an overzealous hug.

KRASS

(sarcastic, choking)

So...glad...to see you too. And so early.

Coach releases the hug and springs up, slinging his golf clubs onto his arm like a light purse.

COACH R

Best to start early when we've got all this fresh morning energy! ARE YOU READY TO WIN?!

Krass is blown back by the enthusiastic scream and WHIMPERS.

KRASS

Whatever you say, Director Lanch.

COACH R

Pfft!

Coach R puts his arm on Krass' very tense shoulder.

COACH R (CONT'D)

Director Lanch was my father. Call me Coach R!

KRASS

How professional of you.

COACH R

Hey, that's just how we do it around here! Where was it you transferred from again? As the base director, it's my job to know everything that happens around here, but it looks like you still haven't been added to the database. I know that OHRP tends to be a little slow with those things--

Krass struggles to keep up with the avalanche of questions. Does Coach know? But he seems so innocent!

KRASS

--Uh, yeah, ohrp, lots of ohrping.  
So what are we playing again?

COACH R

Haha! See you on the first tee!

Coach R hops into his golf cart and zips away. Krass pulls out a hypnosis pinwheel and ponders its temptation.

KRASS

(mocking)

Oh, tee hee, so funny!

(normal)

It would be so easy...

An ANGEL and a DEVIL poof onto his shoulders. The angel is a friendly, round green boy with an antenna halo, and the devil is a textbook xenomorph wielding a pitchfork.

DEVIL

Yes, do it! Wipe his mind of your  
entire existence!

ANGEL

He's already done that! 57 times!

DEVIL

And counting!

ANGEL

We can't avoid him forever.

KRASS

Shut it, both of you!

The angel and devil poof out.

KRASS (CONT'D)

We just need to kill his curiosity  
and get out of here.

He puts away the pinwheel and squeezes into a golf cart. He doesn't notice his disguise starting to RIP at the waist.

Krass accidentally hits the pedal before he's fully seated and ZOOMS off, barely holding on.

KRASS (CONT'D)

Ahh!

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - CLARA AND SOFI'S ROOM

Clara sits on the floor chugging through mountains of math worksheets. Sofi hangs upside down from her bed, bored. Their room is barely more than the standard bunker, and what few decorations they have fail to cover up the exposed pipes and cold metal walls.

SOFI

You know you can stop whenever you want to. I'll unplug the cooling pipes and Krass'll forget about the whole thing.

CLARA

No thanks. I don't want you to get in trouble again.

SOFI

Whaaaaat? But I love trouble! Trouble's my whole thing!

Sofi takes a worksheet and folds it into a paper flying saucer. She throws it through the door at Martian scientists studying a chicken. It hits the chicken gently and it goes BERSERK, causing the scientists to freak out and run away.

SCIENTISTS

Sound the alarm!/Code Green!/The lifeform is rebelling!

Clara GIGGLES.

SOFI

See! And you love trouble too!

Clara goes back to her work, not looking at Sofi. Sofi ducks and dodges to stay in Clara's line of sight.

SOFI (CONT'D)

Come on, Clara! We're not on Mars anymore! You don't have to stay in our room taking math tests all day.

Clara puts down her pencil.

CLARA

If I don't do this it won't be our room anymore! Do you really want us to get separated?

Sofi sobers a bit. Of course she doesn't want that.

CLARA (CONT'D)

And besides, our human suits are locked up. There's nothing fun to do around here.

That gives Sofi a new idea. A sly smile creeps onto her face.

SOFI

I have a universal key ring that says otherwise.

Sofi holds up an overloaded key ring.

CLARA

(gasps)

Where did you get that?!

SOFI

Krass' belt, where else? It was practically falling off anyway.

The angry chicken and frightened scientists run past again, SCREAMING. Sofi dangles the key ring in front of Clara.

SOFI (CONT'D)

Whatdaya say?

Before Clara can decide, there's a clanging sound in the ceiling pipes, then a BLUR OF FIGURES fall onto the floor between them! The math papers fly everywhere, blocking their vision for a moment...

Tyler emerges first from the crash.

TYLER

Wow!

RJ pops up next, sees Clara and Sofi.

RJ

I think we found it!

Indu brushes herself off.

CLARA

What are you guys doing here?

INDU

Y'all didn't think we'd hear about a secret alien headquarters and *not* check it out, did ya?

Tyler starts taking pictures of the room.

TYLER

Woah...

Clara quickly closes the door so passersby won't see them.

CLARA

Sofi, this is bad...

SOFI

I know! They're seeing Martian life for the first time, and they're stuck with the most boring part!

CLARA

We've gotta get them out of here. If anyone sees them--

SOFI

Exactly what I was thinking!

Sofi opens the door with a flourish.

SOFI (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Martian Advancement Stealing Administration. I'm Sofi, and today I will be your tour guide through our marvelous facilities!

The humans excitedly gather around her as Clara facepalms.

CLARA

Trouble it is then.

**END OF ACT I**

ACT II

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - HALLWAY

Clara and Sofi walk with their backs to the wall, hiding the humans behind them.

RJ  
Where are we going first?

SOFI  
The organics lab!

CLARA  
The closet! We need them to look less suspicious!

SOFI  
Right, right. Well, the organic lab's on the way!

An adult Martian walks past. Sofi and Clara give him an awkward salute.

SOFI (CONT'D)  
(fake low voice)  
Chicken on the loose. You know how it is.

Once the adult is far enough away, Sofi opens the door to the organics lab and they sneak in. With the "Out for Lunch" sign on the door, it's no problem.

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - ORGANICS LAB

Clara locks the door behind them, just in case.

CLARA  
Okay, the scientists are out for lunch, so we can hide in here a little while...

SOFI  
Which was exactly where we wanted to be!

CLARA  
(quietly)  
No...

The lab looks like a mix between a middle school science lab and the garden section of a home improvement store.

Tyler takes pictures of the steampunk science equipment as Indu tests its gears and levers for actual function.

A ridiculous Rube Goldberg machine whirls around the room in response, concluding in the subtle switch of samples under a microscope.

INDU

(laughs)

Primitive. My mom's microscope is way bigger!

RJ is frozen in fear upon discovering an ominous side door labeled "Animal Testing." Sofi walks up to check on him.

RJ

You don't really...

SOFI

Test animals? Sadly, yes.

Sofi swings open the door. RJ shields his eyes, but eventually looks. A collection of local animals in school uniforms is filling out Scantron tests in a makeshift classroom.

Clara joins Sofi and RJ by the door to watch.

CLARA

Yeah, it's pretty horrible. If you use the wrong pencil it doesn't even count. Not acceptable for any intelligent life.

A bear shifts in its undersized seat and moans. The questions don't make any sense. Its paws can't hold the pencil right. The pencil lead snaps. It's all too much! The bear slams facedown into the table, sobbing dramatically.

RJ

It's worse than I imagined.

Tyler silently joins them and SNAPS a picture of the bear in crisis. The sound of the camera makes them JUMP in surprise.

TYLER

What do you do when you're done with them?



RJ

Ah! No! Please say you don't eat them!

SOFI

I don't know what we do with them, but we don't usually eat lifeforms.

RJ

Okay. What do you eat then?

Clara notices motion at the front door.

CLARA

Everybody hide!

The group ducks behind a table as two Martian scientists come back from their lunch break.

MARTIAN BIOLOGIST #1

Deimos and Phobos, does this cafeteria suck or what?

MARTIAN BIOLOGIST #2

You're telling me. My dirtburger is completely uncooked.

The second biologist holds up his disgusting looking red dirtburger. The human kids gag immediately.

MARTIAN BIOLOGIST #1

You shouldn't eat any of the hot food if you ask me. I only trust the premade dirt cream.

The first biologist holds up his red dirt ice cream sandwich. The humans look to Clara and Sofi, horrified.

INDU

Do y'all have no taste buds?

SOFI

We don't, actually!

CLARA

Now what, Ms. Tour Guide? We can't just walk out the front door!

SOFI

Why not?

Sofi holds up two stolen sets of scientist get-up: long aprons and gloves with huge, goofy goggles.

CLARA

Okay, but then *straight* to the exit.

SOFI

Relax, we've got this!

Indu stands on RJ's shoulders in one set of scientist clothes while Tyler drags along in the oversized second outfit as Clara and Sofi lead them out of the room.

The scientists continue their lackluster lunches.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Krass is awkwardly lining his golf club up to the ball, glancing between it and Coach nervously.

COACH R

So what is it you do at OHRP? Are you into analytics? Maybe an aerospace guy?

KRASS

No space! Just, um, administrative...research. Pretty boring.

Krass gives a weak swing. The ball rolls a few feet away and stops. Krass starts to walk away.

KRASS (CONT'D)

Oh well, I guess I lost. Goodbye.

Coach puts a golf ball in front of him, forcing him to stop.

COACH R

You're not trying to quit, are you?

Krass STUTTERS. He was too obvious!

KRASS

I just don't think I'm cut out for this, so I'll stay in my lane--

COACH R

WE DON'T SELF-HATE ON THIS FIELD!

Krass JUMPS back in fear!

COACH R (CONT'D)

Good players don't come from just punishing weaknesses. It's about lifting up your strengths!

Coach wraps around Krass from behind and guides him through practice swings. Krass notices the tear in his disguise for the first time and breaks into a cold sweat.

KRASS

This really isn't necessary--

COACH R

Now for me, I like to picture the ball as an intercontinental missile, arcing all the way from launch point to the forehead of a Communist dictator.

Krass is distracted by his disguise's rip, growing BIGGER with every swing. He sucks in his gut so Coach won't notice.

COACH R (CONT'D)

But you're a practical, call-it-like-it-is kind of guy. What do you see?

KRASS

I mean, those trees are in the way.

COACH R

Right! So instead of focusing on all the ways we might not measure up, let's take our strengths and use them to our advantage!

Krass carefully aims away from the trees and swings. The ball flies into the air...and SPLASHES down in a lake. Krass's alien gut flops out as he slumps with disappointment.

KRASS

Well that was dumb--

COACH R

That was great! Go Huntsville High!  
I mean Krass! Woo!

Krass fights a smile as he turns away to adjust his disguise. The shoulder devil reappears, YAWNING.

DEVIL

Hey, what was that about missiles?

The terror of the violent analogy hits Krass and his subconscious friends hard and fast.

Krass dives into his golf cart and starts turning it around as fast as possible!

ANGEL	DEVIL (CONT'D)
He's too charming, it's dangerous!	He's gonna kill us all!

But before they can escape, Coach slides into the seat next to Krass!

COACH R  
Would you believe it? My cart's dead! Guess I'm riding with you!

Coach rubs up against Krass in the tight seat, and one of Krass' jacket buttons SNAPS off.

DEVIL  
It's not too late to mind-wipe--

KRASS  
Six holes left.

As the cart drives away...

COACH R  
It's fifteen, actually!

ANGEL/DEVIL  
Nooooooooo!

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - HALLWAY

The human kids in their scientist costumes and the Martian girls roam the base.

CLARA  
Sofi, I can't help but notice that we are getting farther away from the exit. How much longer are we going to parade them around here?

SOFI  
Excuse me! It is my job as a tour guide to give them the most complete experience possible. And besides, no one's going to suspect them like this!

CLARA

And what about us? We're supposed to be--

SOFI

You'd really rather go back to busywork and disappoint our friends? They came all this way, and Indu deserves to be impressed!

Indu, despite herself, is in awe of the alien base. But hearing this, she feigns dissatisfaction.

INDU

Uh, yeah, totally.

SOFI

And what about Tyler's scrapbook? We can't let Tyler be sad, can we?

CLARA

Yeah, about that. Isn't a human taking photographs of a secret alien base, ya know, a *problem*?

SOFI

We can cross that bridge when we get to it.

CLARA

Well, we already passed the bridge, so now we need to turn around and send them home.

On "them," Clara turns and points towards where the humans were just a second ago. But they aren't there.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Where are the humans?

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - TECH STORAGE WAREHOUSE

Clara and Sofi enter the cracked-open door to a dimly lit, expansive warehouse. They look around for the humans.

SOFI

Guys? Friends of ambiguous planetary origin?

The girls spot the humans rounding a corner, exploring a dark column with a phone flashlight.

INDU  
Hey, what is this room for?

CLARA  
Nothing interesting to you.

INDU  
Seriously? What is it really--

SOFI  
No, Clara's right!

Sofi turns on the lights to reveal retro tech like CRT televisions and touch dial phones clustered haphazardly on the floor.

RJ  
This isn't alien stuff. It's a plain old garage sale!

CLARA  
Yeah: *Martian Advancement Stealing Administration*. All this stuff is going to be sent to Mars for research. Like I said, not interesting--

The humans dive into a pile of old technology:

Tyler puts his camera into an old boombox and starts DJing a strange techno rhythm that emits hard light as well as sound.

RJ uses an original Gameboy and several corded phones to string together a large, robotic game of foosball.

Indu reconstructs the CRT televisions into teleportation portals and starts zapping between them with glee.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

SOFI  
They really are the superior species.

Indu teleports above them to gloat.

INDU  
Yup, I'm basically a rocket science super genius.

RJ  
Just like our parents!

INDU

*RJ!*

TYLER

And our grandparents, and our great-grandparents.

INDU

But my thing's cooler, so shut up!

From behind the immediate salvage piles, Clara hears a voice.

MARTIAN GUARD #1 (O.S.)

Something's weird over here...

CLARA

Everybody hide!

The kids all hide in the junk together as a few security guards stroll in.

MARTIAN GUARD #2

Yeah, looks like the equipment's acting up.

SOFI

(whispering)

Clara, what do we do?

CLARA

(whispering)

There's only one way in and one way out of the warehouse. We'll just have to wait for them to leave.

MARTIAN GUARD #1

I'll call in some of the scientists to take a look.

SOFI

(whispering)

Or not.

Indu clears her throat.

INDU

(whispering)

Sounds like you could use some help from the superior species.

The alien girls see the humans, each with their own fantastical inventions, and they all nod.

CUT TO:

Pilot - Cassie Volkin

One of the guards is drawn to the staticky flashing of a TV.

MARTIAN GUARD #1  
Hey, check this out--

A Macintosh computer teleports through the screen and crashes into the guard, knocking him on the ground.

MARTIAN GUARD #2  
What's wrong?

From her hiding place, Clara gives Tyler the signal.

Distorted techno music begins to fill the room and spook the guards. From above, hard light beams like the arrow guides in Dance Dance Revolution come crashing down to the beat.

MARTIAN GUARD #2 (CONT'D)  
AAAH! What's happening?

MARTIAN GUARD #1  
I don't know!

One by one, Clara cues more of her friends. Mounds of humanoid-shaped machinery batter the guards to and fro, commanded by RJ.

As the guards scream, Sofi uses telekinesis to move around the teleportation TVs, giving Indu more range to spook them.

Clara grins as she orchestrates her band of marvelous miscreants.

INT. MASA - HALLWAY

The salvage guards run SCREAMING out of the warehouse.

MARTIAN GUARD #1	MARTIAN GUARD #2
The TVs are haunted! Aaah!	The beats! I can't go back in there! Beware the beats!

Behind them, the kids walk out CACKLING.

SOFI  
Ladies and gentlehumans, evil  
mastermind Claralind Faginshtien!

They all APPLAUD.

CLARA  
(playfully)  
Hey, we all did our parts!



But then an ALARM goes off, and emergency lights flash!

ANNOUNCER

Pipe breach in sector three,  
unusual activity in sector seven.  
Full lockdown until foreign element  
is found and contained. All forces  
on high alert...

The humans cringe as the warning repeats in the background.

SOFI

What are the odds they're just  
talking about a lost possum?

INDU

I think we'll go now!

Clara is overflowing with panic.

CLARA

Go where? They've locked all the  
doors, and probably the pipes too!  
We should have left when *I* said to!

SOFI

We'll just hide them in our room?

CLARA

It's not our room for much longer!

RJ

(timidly)  
I might have an idea.

They turn and look at him.

RJ (CONT'D)

Maybe.

INT. MASA - TO THE ENTRANCE!

The door to the organics lab SLAMS open as a rodeo's worth of newly freed animals stampede through!

The bear leads the pack, rips off its school uniform, stuffs its Scantron into its mouth, and ROARS!

Running close behind the animals are the kids as the stampede clears their path of any Martian adults.

MARTIAN BIOLOGIST #1  
The lifeforms are free! Run for  
your lives!

The doors open before them to let the animals out, and soon they can see the light of day up ahead!

INDU  
We made it!

SOFI  
Great idea RJ!

But far behind them, they hear a DISTRESSED CLUCKING. The rebellious chicken sprints towards freedom, but its little legs and useless wings just aren't carrying it fast enough. The door is slowly beginning to close...

RJ  
Be right back!

RJ runs back to carry the chicken, and the other kids follow.

CLARA  
RJ, come on!

INDU  
We're almost there!

The door's almost shut! Desperate, RJ throws the chicken like a football towards the closing gap. The chicken spirals through the air...and out the door as it seals shut.

The kids stop to catch their breath, their escape route gone.

INDU (CONT'D)  
All that for a chicken?

RJ nods.

TYLER  
Respect.

All around them, the base is in chaos, so one has noticed them...yet. But how will they get out now?

**END OF ACT II**

**ACT III**

INT. MASA - SHADY CORNER OF ENTRANCE

The kids hide near the entrance as the chaos of the locked-down base continues.

SOFI  
So, surprise sleepover?

CLARA  
We can't hide here forever!

SOFI  
What about you, humans? Can't you use your acid breath or something?

INDU  
Humans don't have that.

CLARA  
This is why I didn't want to do this, Sofi! Now the humans are going to get caught and we're never going to see each other again!

Sofi drops the pep in her step, feeling Clara's hurt.

SOFI  
Oh Deimos, I just thought...you always loved it when I pulled pranks on Mars, and you're really smart, so I figured it would all work out.

CLARA  
I do enjoy goofing off. Just when I'm not forced into it and it isn't putting our friends in danger!

SOFI  
That's fair. Sorry.

INDU  
We're sorry too. If we hadn't dropped in on ya, we wouldn't be in this mess. That said...

Indu pulls out a pair of gameboys with teleportation screens.

INDU (CONT'D)  
I did get a pretty cool souvenir!

Tyler waves his camera, communicating similar satisfaction.

CLARA

Well, good for you then.

SOFI

Clara, I promise I won't pressure you into doing anything else...for the rest of the day!

CLARA

(chuckles)

Great, Sofi.

SOFI

So...how are we getting out of here?

Clara rubs her hands together and thinks. Looking around: doors sealed, pipes locked, no windows. But then, she looks up. Smiles with realization.

CLARA

We didn't come in through the front door.

It takes Sofi a minute to get it.

SOFI

Ooooooh. See, it's so much better when you lead!

CLARA

Come on, guys!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - AFTERNOON

Krass walks up to the ball, a flag marking the last hole waving in the distance.

KRASS

Last hole.

He already feels a sense of relief. Oh, that's the sense of Coach finally UNSTICKING from him after riding in the golf cart together. Krass' gelatinous body retains a bit of an imprint from where Coach sat.

COACH R

Man, those seats really stick to you in the heat!

Coach gives a little space, both for Krass to swing and for him to cheer.

COACH R (CONT'D)  
You got this buddy!

KRASS  
Uh-huh.

Krass adjusts his jacket to cover the area facing Coach. The angel and devil are struggling to hold the last two buttons in place.

ANGEL  
Slow and easy, that's the way to do it!

COACH R  
Say, what are you up to after this?

Oh no, a social invitation. Think of an excuse...

KRASS  
Oh, I've really gotta go...aquify my photosynthesizers. How about you?

COACH R  
Me?

DEVIL  
(sarcastic)  
Nice work! Now we have to listen to him talk!

Krass is lining up his shot.

COACH R  
Well, as base director, I juggle a lot of stuff, but what I'm most excited about is our interplanetary travel prototype.

KRASS  
Uh-huh.

Krass winds up for the swing. The jacket still holds...

ANGEL  
Easy does it, you've got it...

COACH R

Can you imagine? In a few short  
years, we'll be next-door neighbors  
with the Martians!

Krass panics at the mention of Martians and wildly SWINGS!  
The rapid twist is too much for Krass' human suit, and the  
last buttons SNAP! His disguise FALLS DOWN to his ankles as  
he turns to face Coach!

KRASS

What? Martians? Who said anything  
about-

Miraculously, Coach is looking up at the sky rather than the  
exposed Martian.

COACH R

Whoa, pal, Martians aren't real!  
But look! You totally nailed it!

Krass turns back and sees his ball gracefully arcing through  
the sky. He smirks, oddly proud of himself.

COACH R (CONT'D)

I knew you could do it! We should  
golf together more often!

ANGEL/DEVIL

Ah, no!

But where the arc of the glimmering ball peaks, Krass sees  
something else: a FLYING SAUCER spinning out of control!

KRASS

Deimos and Phobos!

INT. FLYING SAUCER - AFTERNOON

Clara frantically turns the wheel on the saucer, trying to  
comprehend all the controls.

CLARA

How does Krass do this?!

Indu and RJ fight for the best view, and are thrown around  
the cabin with every jerk of the wheel.

INDU

I can't see anything!

RJ

Neither can I!

Pilot - Cassie Volkin

INDU  
You're afraid of heights!

RJ  
Y-you're afraid of heights!

Another swerve knocks them both over.

SOFI  
Please fasten your essential organs  
as we prepare to land.

Tyler buckles in next to Sofi and snaps a picture of the saucer controls. Another bump knocks the camera out of Tyler's hands and into Sofi's. Now, she sees that all of the pictures are of very mundane things: doorknobs, floor tiles, thumb tacks.

SOFI (CONT'D)  
*This* is what you were taking  
pictures of?

TYLER  
I'm making a collage!

Clara button-mashes to try to find the landing gear.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - AFTERNOON

COACH R  
So, next Thursday?

Krass hastily hypnotizes Coach, then focuses a telekinetic hand towards the saucer.

The saucer spawns all kinds of features in response to Clara's button-mashing: water raft, parachute, laser lights...

INT. FLYING SAUCER - AFTERNOON

CLARA  
Down! Down! It's gotta be one of  
these!

SOFI  
Maybe it's this broken one!

INDU/RJ/TYLER  
Broken one?!

Pilot - Cassie Volkin

Suddenly, their forward momentum stops as it is seized by telekinetic energy. Indu and RJ hit the windshield as the craft begins to fall.

SOFI

You've got it! We're landing!

CLARA

I'm not controlling it! Buckle up!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - AFTERNOON

The saucer hits the ground with a slight telekinetic bounce before digging into the dirt. From a distance, it's a crater of smoke and metal.

The human kids escape unnoticed in the haze as Krass arrives to find Clara and Sofi in the cockpit. Clara pretends that she's waving away the smoke when she's actually shooing the humans away.

SOFI

Oh hey, Krass! Business casual today?

KRASS

SOFIMINA LEDBETTER!

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - CLARA AND SOFI'S ROOM

Clara and Sofi each sit on their respective beds as Krass gives them a talking to.

KRASS

Stealing my keys was bad enough, but flying the saucer in broad daylight?!

SOFI

Well you see--

CLARA

It was all me, Colonel Krass. The worksheets gave me some ideas for mathematical velocity theories, and I wanted to test them out. I should have been more careful. I'm sorry.

Krass furrows his brow.



KRASS

Didn't mean for the busy work to be giving you ideas. Expect new room assignments in...

Krass sees their sad faces and remembers Coach's words.

COACH R (V.O.)

Good players don't come from just punishing weaknesses. It's about lifting up your strengths!

KRASS

...eh, scratch that. You'll both be doing time on the launchpad. Might as well fix the mess you made. Maybe even learn to actually fly.

Surprised, the girls' eyes go wide.

CLARA

So we can stay in our room?

KRASS

For the next two weeks? Preferably.

Krass closes the door and locks it behind him.

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - HALLWAY

Krass hears the girls' muffled CHEERS through the door and SIGHS. Is he getting soft? Then his phone RINGS.

COACH R

Hey Colonel Krass! This is Coach R, the base director? We haven't officially met, but I was hoping we could schedule a golf date--

Krass covers the phone to glare at the shoulder angel, panicked! The angel PANTOMIMES memory wiping the devil. The devil feigns confusion.

COACH R (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Buddy? Buddy?

KRASS

(furious)

Yup. Can't wait to meet you.

INT. M.A.S.A. BASE - CLARA AND SOFI'S ROOM

The girls both flop onto their beds. What a day!

...but they're kids, so they're still not tired.

SOFI

So, two weeks probation.

CLARA

Yup.

SOFI

...Wanna build a pillow fort?

A rustle comes through the pipes, and sliding between the vents comes a note. Clara catches it.

CLARA

We could do that...or...

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Bicycles bounce up a mountain trail in the cool, full moonlight, with trees swaying above and the city skyline shining below.

Tyler's in the lead, but RJ edges ahead, and Indu follows close behind. As a group, they look around. Did the girls get the message?

A shadow passes above them, then BAM! Clara and Sofi land in front on a bike. The friends are reunited!

They all ride up to a cliff together, and WOOSH! As their tires leave the ground, Clara and Sofi use telekinesis to make all of the bikes fly (yes, like *that* movie). But instead of being silhouetted by the moon, the spotlit Saturn V illuminates the sky.

**END OF PILOT**