

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

An original screenplay

by

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BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

FADE IN:

INT. APOLLO LUNAR EXCURSION MODULE, THE MOON - DAY (1978)

MAJOR TIMO LAURILA at the controls, late 20's, is imposing in his NASA space suit. His sky-blue eyes gaze confidently through his visor with "Rocketman" airbrushed above. He listens to his colonel waiting for him above the moon.

COMMAND MODULE COLONEL (VO)

Major, go to burn, 10-seconds, 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-ignition.

Major Laurila flips several toggle switches to "on" then pushes a square green button. Both Lunar Excursion Module (LEM) rockets ROAR, pressing him into his seat.

MAJOR LAURILA

Lifting off commander. Swell, I've got a rowdy rocket with a mind of its'own down here. Heavens to murgatroid colonel, this bird is exiting, stage left. Reducing thrust starboard engine, adjusting heading over. May have to shut it down when I'm free of the pull.

COMMAND MODULE COMMANDER (VO)

Roger Major, I copy. You're go for docking. Good luck.

MAJOR LAURILA

Killing port power. What the...she won't respond, full-up starboard.

The rogue rocket ROARS. The major's cool persona is tested. The LEM lurches forward pinning Major Laurila to his seat. It streaks in the direction of the Command Module.

MAJOR LAURILA

Sufferin' succotash. Look out! Duck and cover colonel. Full port; hittin' kill switches, barrel roll left. Goin' dark side; catch you when the lights come on.

EXT. APOLLO LUNAR EXCURSION MODULE, THE MOON - DAY (1978)

The LEM rockets above the cratered moonscape, veers past the Command Module into the darkness.

COMMAND MODULE COMMANDER (VO)
Major Laurila do you read, over?
Major, do you read! Major Laurila
come in. Major Laurila, reply!

MAJOR LAURILA (VO)
-opy colon.., runaway, no co-trol.
Vicious vibe, bre-king up. I.. knockin'.
on -eaven's door, love you brown...

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

INT. SARI LAURILA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

A SCREAM, shatters the morning serenity.

SARI LAURILA
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

SARI LAURILA a petite brown-eyed, blonde-haired Norwegian woman in her 40's rises from her bed. She wears a man's blue air force shirt. Sari reaches in her closet, takes a tropical shirt with palm leaves and red parrots off a hanger and buttons it around her pillow. She turns on melancholy music and dances with her pillow. She sings.

SARI LAURILA
*Just look around and wonder why we can
live a life that's never satisfied.
Lonely hearts, troubled minds, looking
for a way that we can never find.*

INT. SKY LAURILA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sky Laurila 15, is STARTLED awake. She HEARS sad music.

SKY LAURILA
Not again. Hold on. I'm coming,
I'm coming Mom!

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SKY LAURILA is a tall athletic 15-year-old girl. Her single-braided blonde hair drops to her waist. She has her dad's big smile and her mom's brown eyes. She wears a long oversized t-shirt adorned with a Saturn 5 rocket. Sky hobbles down the hall and pauses at her mom's open doorway.

INT. SARI LAURILA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sky weeps while witnessing her mom's unrelenting love. Sari Laurila moans while caressing the shirt-clad pillow. Sky enters. They hug, then slow dance. Sari sings.

SARI LAURILA

*We may never know the reason why
we are born into this world,
where a man only lives to die,
his story left untold.
Make the best of what's given you,
everything will come in time.
Why deny yourself?
Don't let life pass you by,
like winter in July.*

The song ends. Sky leads her mom to the bed where they sit. ROCKET, Major Laurila's aging Yorkie leaps onto the bed.

SKY LAURILA

Mom, tell me about you and dad. Who was Timo really? What was he like, what did he like? Please Mom, I need to know.

Sari turns and takes hold of Sky's hands. Both are emotional. Rocket snuggles between them sniffing the shirt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A SINGLE ENGINE PLANE - DAY

A low-flying plane reveals stunning Norwegian landscape.

SARI (VO)

Our move from Norway was hard for both our families. It's such a magical place. The spectacular fjords; the snow-capped peaks that seem to touch the sky. Timo's

Timo's family deer ranch was fed by falls tumbling down those mountains. When my dad flew a vacationing NASA engineer all over Norway, he was so impressed by your grandfather's flying skill that he persuaded Max to apply for a new NASA position in the States. Then...

INT. SARI LAURILA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

SKY

Boring...I know this stuff Mom. Your dad Max was a pilot and Timo's was a rancher. Tell me the good stuff, you know, the mushy details. Like...why am I here Mom!

SARI

Patience, Skyly. We were playmates when we were only six. Timo loved Max's plane so he visited our grass strip often. We would sit in Dad's plane together and pretend to fly. Once he yelled, one day I'm gonna' fly jet planes and land a rocket on the moon!

SKY

So, he lived his dreams Mom. That's good...isn't it, isn't it Mom?

SARI

Yes, he lived his, but mine died with him.

SKY

But you didn't die. Come on Mom! Don't let life pass YOU by; move on today Mom! So, tell me a funny story... something that made you both laugh.

SARI

Okay...okay. One warm summer day in 1966 we were to meet at our secret swimming hole we called the hollow. It was a small glacial pond fed by a mountain waterfall and secluded by tall pine trees. I remember it well. I took my new transistor radio, a gift from my parents for my 15th birthday. I thought that I had arrived first.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HOLLOW, LINDAS, NORWAY - SUMMER DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sari arrives. A waterfall splashing into a pond creates a rainbow. Timo is hiding behind the rainbow. He jumps out.

TIMO

BOOOOOOHOHOHOHOALLLLAAAAA!

SARI

TIIIIIMO! Stop that! You're crazy? You scared the willies out of me. Hey, I brought my radio, you...wanna dance?

TIMO

Look, I can't Sari, my arms are stuck in my strait-jacket; I'm trying but it won't let me boogie...only wiggle.

SARI

You are the boogie man but it takes two to tango so wiggle over here and hold my hands...now Timo.

Sari turns on her radio and finds a favorite song. Sari SINGS while they dance.

SARI

Hey where did we go, days when the rains came, down in the hollow, playing a new game.

Sari and Timo hold hands, shuffle their feet and spin to the music.

SARI

*Laughin' and a running, hey hey, skippin' and a jumpin'.
In the misty morning fog,
with our, our hearts a thumpin'
and you my brown-eyed girl.*

Timo twirls Sari faster. Her hair flies out. She sings LOUDLY over the sound of the splashing waterfall. Timo SINGS too. He substitutes Sari's name for "you."

SARI

*What ever happened to Tuesday and so slow
Goin' down to the old mine with my
transistor radio!*

TIMO

*Standing in the sunlight laughing,
hiding behind a rainbow's wall.
Slippin' and a sliding,
all along the waterfall
with Sari, Sari, my brown-eyed girl!*

Timo releases Sari's grip. She splashes dizzily into the cold water. He jumps in. They stand together and LAUGH.

TIMO

From this day on your secret initials are "BG," for brown-eyed girl. Now you make up some for me.

SARI

OK, what should you be...let me think... I got it, you are forever known as "EG" for easy-going. How's that sound?

TIMO

I like that, EG and BG. But we must both agree to a vow of secrecy. OK...OK BG?

SARI

BG says EG, our secrets safe with BG.

Thunder from an approaching storm CRACKS in the distance.

SARI

We'd better head home now EG.

TIMO

Before we get wet you mean BG. Last one home is...YOUGLY!

EXT. LINDAS, NORWAY FARM - AFTERNOON

It starts raining. Timo runs down a path and stops near a barn. Sari pursues. Timo picks up something.

TIMO

Look BG, look what I found: an old steel-meshed glove. Must belong to Thor, the mythical god of thunder. I'm certain. He is the most powerful of all Norske gods, and he is feared most. He travels...

SARI

Does EG have an imaginary friend?

TIMO

Seriously BG, he travels the cosmos in a chariot, killing bad giants with his trusty hammer Mjollnir! But without his gloves...his hammer is useless! He needs this! He also has this magic belt which doubles his strength. BG, he even has the power, the power to resurrect!

SARI

EG, all our giants our good giants. And We don't really need to be resurrected, not yet anyway.

TIMO

You just don't get it, do you BG? I'm giving this back to him, right now!

Timo begins climbing to the top of an old barn.

SARI

No Timo don't. Where are you going? You are crazy. Come down from the barn Timo! You're scaring me. COME BACK TIMO!

TIMO

I'm going to hang the glove up here so he can find it! Right here on this rod.

CRACK!! Lightning, blasts Timo off the roof backwards. He lands on his back on a soft haystack. Sari runs to him.

SARI

TIMO! TIMO are you OK! Oh my god, you're turning blue, that means you're not breathing, you need air, my air. Oh my!

Sari flips him over, tilts his head back, plugs his nose and breaths into Timo's mouth. He comes to, dazed.

TIMO

Whoa...what was that? Why do I taste berries. Hey BG...did you do what I think you just did. Cool! You kissed me didn't ya? Wanna do it again?

SARI

Dare to dream Timo. You are such a Norske numbskull. You almost got yourself killed. Don't do that. You scared me to death. It's pouring; let's get into the barn.

TIMO

Look BG, up there! Thor has taken it!

Thunder CRACKS. Large hail rains down. WHACK! Timo is hit on the head and knocked down. He grabs a stone in the mud.

TIMO

BG... see this, Thor has rewarded me for my efforts! He has given me a sacred thunderstone. This proves he exists. Luck and strength will be bestowed upon us, forever BG! This is our lucky day!

SARI

Some reward Timo, I can see by the lump on your head, it's our lumpy day!

INT. SARI LAURILA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sky and Sari laugh.

SKY

So Dad had an invisible friend! That was some day, huh. Now we're getting somewhere. Go on, keep going!

SARI

A few months later Dad was offered that NASA flight training position. I was happy for him...but it was very hard for me. I was about your age, leaving my best friend and moving across an ocean. EG

gave me the thunderstone as a gift when I left told Dad about the stone and he polished it for me. I hung it from a silver chain and wore it often. It did attract some attention...maybe some luck too.

SKY

You have got to be kidding me Mom. You haven't been the luckiest person. Tell me how a dumb rock brought you luck Mom.

SARI

I feel like the luckiest person in the world, everyday...I have you.

SKY

Thanks Mom, but I haven't arrived yet. The luck Mom, now...pleeease.

SARI

OK, our family moved to America and was based at Canaveral. Timo's immigrated later. Your father enlisted in the US Air Force, so I did not see him again, for almost ten years.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL FLIGHT TRAINING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

24-year-old Sari Janzen works the flight simulator with ease. HOPI watches. A Hopi Native American, he is stocky with a dark complexion and protruding cheeks. His jet-black hair is twisted in one long braid and held by an Indian headband. He wears a turquoise eagle necklace and a wide belt with large silver buckle.

SARI

How long you been programming these flight simulators Hop?

HOPI

Ever since NASA enlisted my talents to discover the best pilots for their missions. And, I'm impressed, your score roars. Time for BG to move on... get out of this obsolete Phantom and

into a new F-16.

SARI

Roger tower, I copy, wild blue out.

HOPI

Over 2000 hours logged now, and with the highest sim scores. Several of the flyboys are asking, who is this BG jock, Hop? Don't worry, your true identity is known only to the Great Spirit and me. And oh, by the way, spirit say, Timo may appear at the Jolly.

SARI

No Way! When? When is Timo coming?

HOPI

Whoa! Hold your horses Sari. He MAY show. Timo is in the air force now you know. But hey, it's time for you to again lead the Trapezers in the joys of the Jolly.

SARI

Timo is living his dream. That's so cool and he MAY join us at the Jolly. Roger Hop, that's an affirmative! Wild Blue Yonder ready on final runway 1-8-0-L.

HOPI

You're clear. Wild blue, runway 1-8-0 left. Welcome to Circus City, over.

Both laugh at their mock air traffic control transmission.

INT. HOPI'S HANGER, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Max and Hopi ready Sari's show sled for the Jolly Holly Flyoff. The Christmas Eve's best flyers from the portside and starboard side of the dirigible, the S.S. Los Angeles, compete in a skywriting competition. MAX JANZEN is Sari's pilot pop. He is a handsome 50s man with a blonde flat top, aviator flight jacket and yellow shooting shades. Hopi runs the flyoff. Max, with a headset is her daughter's coach.

HOPI

Once again we qualify for the Jolly Holly Flyoff, representing the starboard side. Ninth straight year too. Spirit say Sari da man.

SARI

Funny! So who's our friendly foe from port this year guys?

MAX

You mean victim, don't you. We don't see the portsiders during the evening you know, but they'll be gunning for you, so don't hold back; just smok'em Sari.

SARI

Nice pep talk Pop. It is Christmas.

MAX

So this is my girl's secret sled huh Hop? Looks like an unfair advantage to me. Fancy new fiberglass shell, powered by?

HOPI

He-3, helium, that is, extracted from our very own moon rocks Max. Thank you NASA. Yup, Sari's Sky Blue Wonder is as light as an eagle feather, guided by teenage deer. It's fast and quick; turns a dime. Flyboy next door may as well not even turn on his smoke. This is a done deal.

EXT. THE JOLLY HOLLY CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL - MORNING

Timo rolls his Rocketman monikered sled into position. Sari dons her helmet. Timo's girlfriend approaches and kisses Timo. He is a handsome six-two blonde attired in a gray U.S. Air Force flight suit. Timo and Sari's exchange looks.

SARI

(into her microphone)

Well, what before my wondering eyes does appear...Rocketman. Forget to tell me something guys? Hopi, Max, come back!

SS LOS ANGELES OBSERVATION DECK RADIO CONTROL - MORNING

HOPI

SURRRRRRRRRPRRIIIIISE! OK, let's
get this welcome wagon rollin'. You
kids know the drill: Skywrite Merry
Christmas with blue and red smoke.
First to finish, wins. Buckle up.
Hover at 8; start at the bang.

INT. SARI'S SLED, SKY BLUE WONDER - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Timo glances at Sari and turns on red smoke. He hovers
at 800 feet above the Jolly Holly Festival.

SARI

You are so done dancin'. Blue smoke
on at 8 Hop! It still takes two Timo.

Sari blows Timo a kiss to distract him, glances below, sees
the flash of the cannon and starts just before the BANG.

SS LOS ANGELES OBSERVATION DECK RADIO CONTROL - MORNING

Timo's dad, KIE LAURILA joins Hopi and Max. He is a fit,
middle-aged deer rancher with wavy blonde hair, blue eyes,
wearing blue jean overalls and a red and green plaid shirt.

MAX

Kie guy, life is good, then we fly!
Great start! 5-length lead. On "e,"
he's on "M." You're screaming kid.

INT. SARI'S SLED, SKY BLUE WONDER - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sari calmly but rapidly works the sled's controls. She
completes "M-e-r-r-y" and begins writing "Christmas."

SARI

Big "C" done Pop, loopin' "h." Short
looping "r"...and on "i." Dottin' the "i"
Hop...invert, looping through "S." Vertical
up the "t"...now "hammerin'" down Hop.
I'm feelin' faint, dizzy too Hop.

MAX (VO)

Let up Sari. Way too many G's.

You gottem; just cruise kid.

She slows slightly and looks over her shoulder.

INT. TIMO'S SLED, ROCKETMAN - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Timo flies furiously. He is immune to high G-forces.

TIMO

Sufferin' Succotash! Just who am
I dealing with here...Dad, out?

KIE LAURILA (VO)

Merry Christmas son!

TIMO

What! Say over!

INT. SARI'S SLED, SKY BLUE WONDER - MORNING

She completes the letters and adds her secret initials.

SARI

Loopin' "m," now working "a." On last
"s" Hop. This one's for you hotshot. Add
a "B" now a "G," Pop...just for grins.
Read'em and weep flyboy. Splash one Pop.

HOPI (VO)

Be nice kiddo, we're better together.

EXT. THE JOLLY HOLLY PARADE - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sari lands, unhooks her belt and removes her helmet. She runs her fingers through her hair. Timo lands, hops out and approaches her while removing his helmet.

TIMO

BG...BG is that you. BG...

Hundreds of revelers, mostly kids, converge, ushering them to the parade sleds. The morning parade begins square. Kids ride the sleds of their favorite flyers. Sari is in the last sled, Timo just ahead. They toss candy and souvenirs.

SARI

Time for tots Timo!

TIMO

Hey BG! When you're a jet,
you're a jet, a jet all the way!

Timo tosses Sari a small Tootsie Roll. She catches it.
She smiles, then throws candy at him. He ducks, grinning.

SARI

Nice catch!

The parade ends. Timo and Sari sign autographs for kids and
give mementoes. In a lull, Timo again approaches Sari. Timo
is 10-feet away. He smiles and reaches out. His attractive,
brunette GIRLFRIEND intervenes.

GIRLFRIEND

Come flyboy; let's blow this holiday
day care.

The girlfriend pulls Timo to her. He winks at Sari.

INT. MAX LAURILA'S OFFICE CAPE CANAVERAL - DAY

Sari enters Max's office. Max is on the phone. He hangs it
up. They HEAR a loud incoming plane.

SARI

Hi Dad, you sent for me, what's up?

MAX

Sari, run outside right now! Go, go!

EXT. SIDEWALK/STREET OUTSIDE MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Sari runs out and looks up. Max follows. A loud, low-flying
plane is skywriting a message.

SARI

Look Dad! Look up there! It's a "B."
Now it looks like...like a "G" maybe.
It is! It's a "G." It is Dad it's...
BGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!

Sari runs after the plane, waving her arms wildly.
She jumps up and down. Max reads the message in the sky.

MAX

WOO EG BG...I don't get it.

SARI

You're not supposed to silly! It's a secret message...just for me. So why is Timo really here Dad?

MAX

Maybe it's because...he has just been selected for perhaps NASA's next moon mission! Meetings tonight. I'll pick you up at 1800. We'll all go.

SARI

Wow! His dream has come true Dad! I wouldn't miss it for the world! Look, here he comes again! He's tipping his wings! He's saying hi! Wave, Dad WAVE!

Timo roars low, from behind, tips his wings and flies off.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL CONFERENCE CENTER - NIGHT

Sari and her dad, Max talk while waiting for her mom.

SARI

So...which of Mom's attributes appealed to you most Dad.

MAX

I see, I'm thinking my girl here is BG. And perhaps you need some manly thoughts. OK, your mom is pretty, smart, and very competitive...but what really put the smitten on me is how she can do that darn wiggly dance. Milly did teach you that one.

SARI

That she did. Oh, hi Mom!

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL CONFERENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

MILLY JANZEN arrives and greets them. Milly, Sari's mother, in a yellow sundress, is a petite, gray/blonde-haired, brown-eyed woman in her fifties. They find seats. Timo, introduced as the next NASA astronaut, rises to speak.

MILLY

Hi guys, big day Sari. There he is!

TIMO

Thank you...thank you all very much for being here today to celebrate my special announcement. Carl Sandberg once said, nothing happens unless first we dream. I feel most fortunate now, to live my dream. I wish to first thank my parents, NASA and the U.S. Air Force for their support and guidance. And last, but not least, a very special person who taught me humility, that being second is OK too. Many of you know of her only as BG, the phantom simulator diva. Let me now introduce my first friend, my best friend, my high-score honey, SARI JANNNNZEN!

The crowd LAUGHS. Timo motions Sari. She rises to an ovation. Her thunderstone radiates.

EXT. THE BEACH, COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA - MORNING

Sari and Timo walk on the beach. The sun is rising.

TIMO

Look the suns peeking at us. It's going to be a great sunrise. Sari, do you ever get used to the sunrises, the sunsets?

SARI

No, not ever. They always inspire me. I celebrate the sun's triumphant return almost every day and marvel at its colorful farewell. The sunrise signals the first day of the rest of our lives...so why not celebrate it. Wanna celebrate Timo?

Sari plays, "Here Comes the Sun" on her player. Timo takes Sari's hands. They sway slowly in the cool morning sand.

TIMO

The sun shining off your thunderstone is blinding me.

SARI

Close your eyes.

Sari whispers a verse of the song in Timo's ear.

SARI

*Here comes the sun, here comes the sun
and I say it's all right...*

Sari kisses Timo's cheek just as the sun cracks the horizon. They hold hands and stroll in shallow water.

SARI

Tell me your favorites, you know, color music, food...things like that.

TIMO

Sky blue for sure, no surprise huh? Music? Morrison's our main man you know, but let's not forget just how slick Grace is. My favorite food, that's easy, a juicy cheeseburger, fries and gobs of of ketchup...all washed down with a humungous chocolate malt.

SARI

Oh yeah...just so happens I know where the best burger joint in all of Florida is. It's on the gulf side. The pirate Gasparilla once kept his beautiful maidens held captive there...and it is rumored that on occasion they return to cast love spells on unwary patrons. Wanna go?

TIMO

Oh the lure of beautiful captive maidens, casting love spells. Are you kidding me? I'm in like sin! And if I am to meet maidens, I must to change into something more... more islandish. I'll pick you up at eleven hundred. Oh, keep that stone on...we may need it!

SARI

You're on Rocketman. Eleven hundred it is.

INT. SARI LAURILA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (BACK TO PRESENT)

The upbeat conversation continues.

SKY

Now I know where I got my name.
And this is where the magic happens,
isn't it? I can feel it.

SARI

Is it that obvious? I am excited.

SKY

Like a kid, all alone in the cookie jar.

SARI

I changed into a slinky creamy-white
sundress with coral and yellow flowers.
I pulled my hair to my left and placed
a yellow orchid above my ear. My
thunderstone hung from a sea-glass
necklace, just above my dresses' low-cut
neckline. I wore a shell ankle bracelet
and a pair of mom's white dancing shoes.

SKY

Wow! Dressed to impress. What about Timo?

SARI

The most handsome ragamuffin ever. He
wore this very white tropical shirt with
palm leaves and big red parrots. His jeans
were holey and faded and his flip-flops
worn thin. His day-old stubble completed
his look. I could see myself meeelllllting
in his mirrored shades!

SKY

MOM! I'm arriving soon; I know it!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SARI JANZEN'S HOME CAPE CANAVERAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Timo arrives holding Rocket. Sari is waiting outside. He
sets his dog down and circles her.

TIMO

I don't believe you, Brown Eyes, you're not the truth...no one could look as good as you!

SARI

Whoa! Throttle back Rocketman. That talk may get you to the moon!

TIMO

EG is your man in the moon BG, but I hate to keep all those captive maidens waiting; to the liberators go the ladies! Your chariot awaits, me merry maiden. ARRRRRGH!

Rocket BARKS. Timo opens the car door for both, they leave.

EXT. THE MUCKY DUCK, CAPTIVA ISLAND - AFTERNOON

A sign with a big green duck welcomes them to the eatery. It is a beachfront restaurant with white siding, blue shutters and a gray metal roof. They park and exit the car.

TIMO

Thar she blows! The Mucky Duck, where the captive, mucky wenches, wait...wait for the booty call...or can they be just ordered off the Mucky menu...to go BG?

SARI

You've got a mucky mind, EG. Let's go in before it gets even murkier. Besides, you have your maiden and your best days of libation and liberation are soon to be, the first to flee...EG.

TIMO

Ahh, a Shakespearian enhanced passage from me main and very merry maiden, and so appropriate a declaration 'fore the love spell, soon to be bestowed upon us, the two unwary souls we are.

SARI

You are such a smitting duck EG.

INT. THE MUCKY DUCK, CAPTIVA ISLAND - AFTERNOON

They enter and sit at the last table near the band.

TIMO

This place is beachy keen BG. Homey too.
Band must be good...big crowd.

SARI

Locals musicians mostly, impromptu jammin'
to celebrate the sunset...everyday.

A gorgeous MYSTERY MAIDEN, dressed as a pirate woman appears, delivers 2-rum drinks in coconut shells and dissolves. Rocket chases, sniffs her footprints and BARKS.

TIMO

Aye, a nut filled with Gasparilla's very
own pirate sauce; me matey maiden by my
side, I can't help but feel...like a
blessed, booty bound...love pirate.

SARI

I'd count my blessings too EG, delusional
scallywag you are. Beware...your wish is
to be granted by your merry wench, so
hoist the Jolly Rodger and prepare to
walk the plank...BUCKO!

TIMO

(raising his coconut)

Arrrgh, woo me, woo me woman 'till the sun
goes down, then tell me that you love me.

The band starts to play a SONG. Sari rises.

SARI

Your wish is my command...Rocketman.

Sari begins the "wiggly dance" and SINGS the songs lyrics.

SARI

*Tell me what you want me to be, one
one kiss and boom you're the only one
for me.
So please tell my why don't you come
around no more,*

*'cause right now I m' crying
outside the door of the candy store.*

Sari pirouettes toward the band and back again. Patrons watch. Sari maintains eye contact with Timo as she twirls.

SARI

*It takes a little bit of this,
a little of that, it started with a kiss
now we're up to bat.
A little bit of laughs, a little of pain,
I'm telling you babe,
it's all in the game of love.*

*It's whatever you make it to be,
sunshine instead of this cold lonely sea.
So please baby try,
and use me for what I'm good for.
It ain't sayin' goodbye,
it's knockin' down the door of your
lovin' store.*

Singing, Sari approaches Timo, she spins down easily on the sandy wood floor, then up again. She nears Timo.

SARI

*You roll me, control me, console me,
please hold me.*

Sari holds both her arms up high as she concludes.

You guide me, divide me into...what?

The song ends. Timo sets his coconut down, rises as if in a spell. He shuffles to the bar, speaks to a bartender, a band member then goes to the front door. He motions for Sari to join him. The MUSIC starts. Timo sings to Sari.

TIMO

*Looking in your eyes I see a paradise,
this world that I've found is too good to
be true.
Standing here beside you, wanting so much
to give you, this love in my heart that
I'm feeling for you.*

Sari smiles at Timo. They begin to dance. Timo leads.

TIMO

*I'm so glad that I've found you, I'm
not gonna' lose you, whatever it takes,
I will stay with you.
Take it to the good times, see it
through the bad, whatever it takes is
what I'm gonna' do.
Let'em say we're crazy,
I don't care about that.
Put your hand in my hand baby,
Don't ever look back.*

Timo twirls Sari repeatedly. He leads her slowly through the eatery and out the rear screen door to the beach.

EXT. THE MUCKY DUCK BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

Timo holds BG's hips. She grasps his shoulders. Both SING.

TIMO AND SARI

*And we can build this dream together,
standing stong forever,
nothin's gonna stop us now.
And if the world runs out of lovers,
we'll still have each other.
Nothin's gonna stop us,
nothin's gonna stop us now.*

The song ends. Timo and Sari face each other. A tipsy pirate-attired man waits between two small palm trees, tied together to form an arch. He is an English captain of a local schooner. He is called GASPAR. He has a patch over his left eye and a colorful parrot is clamped to his right shoulder and a drink in hand. Patrons circle. Gaspar sets his pineapple drink down.

GASPAR

*Do you EG, easy-going lad, with a flair
for the dramatic and who obviously
suffers from the hots this young lass
exudes, promise to hold and console but
never control, 'till you both depart?*

TIMO

Whatever it takes is what I'm gonna' do.

Gaspar HICUPPS. The parrot HICUPPS. Gaspar continues.

GASPAR

Aye me brown-eyed girl, who obviously
has eyes...big eyes for this fine young
gent, promise to do what he just did?

SARI

All that I need is you, all that I ever
need and all that I want to do, is hold
you forever, ever and ever.

GASPAR

The ring please.

Gaspar opens his hand. The parrot, ring in beak, drops
the ring into Gaspar's hand. Gaspar gives it to Timo.
Rocket YELPS at the parrot.

PARROT

Kiss the Miss, kiss the Miss!

Sari and Timo kiss, patrons cheer. Gaspar raises his drink.

GASPAR

Laddies and lads, what we have
here...are, are mates for life!
Lord, LORD...LOVE A DUCK!

The sun sets. The band plays, "The Sound of the Sunshine
Going down." All dance on the beach. Mystery Maiden and
Gaspar vanish while dancing. Rocket dances with the parrot.

INT. SARI LAURILA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sari is sullen. She talks to her daughter.

SARI

And then he was gone. He left
footprints on my heart, long
before he stepped on the moon.

SKY

Wow! But you lived a real-life fairy
tale Mom! And my Dad was sure a silly
spellbound scallywag!

Sky hugs her mother.

SARI

Now...now is where you come in Sky.

SKY

Finally Mom!

SARI

I stayed here on base training pilots on the sims. Eight months later, I was in the third seat of a military transport from Houston when you suddenly decided to join us...at 20'000 feet. And you were just four when sitting on my lap you would needle me to hold the controls. You worked the wheel while I handled the pedals. We were quite a team back then. By twelve, you had already equaled my simulator records. You were born flying and you were born to fly.

SKY

Thanks Mom.

SARI

You're welcome Sky. I should have told you it all sooner. Oh, I almost forgot... Hopi called from Circus City. Said he has summoned his spirits to retrieve you.

SKY

HIP, HIP! NO WAY! Really! How did you forget that Mom? Bring Captain Matt, or come fly with me. You said we were quite a team! Let's jet, you and me Mom!

SARI

I just don't know if I'm ready yet. If I do decide to come, believe me, I know the way. Now get your cold-weather wings together. The flight to Chi-town leaves tomorrow and connects with the Ringling Express to Circus City. You were programmed at birth to do this Sky. You're a jet, a jet, a jet all the way!

Rocket runs to the door, turning circles and YAPPING.

EXT. MILITARY AIRSTRIP, CAPE CANAVERAL - MORNING

Sari ushers Sky to the plane. Sky carries Timo's 17-year-old Yorkshire Terrier, Rocket. Sky kisses her mom goodbye.

SARI

Good luck! Say hi to everyone for me; take care of Rocket. Go jet'em.

Sky waves goodbye and boards. The plane takes off.

EXT. CHICAGO TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Snow falls. Sky and Rocket board the dim-lit car. The Express is a refurbished Ringling Brothers circus train.

INT. THE RINGLING BROS. BARNUM AND BAILEY EXPRESS - EVENING

Most seats are occupied by small people, dressed in white circus jumpsuits. Occupying three seats is a large, half-man, half-rabbit beast, a mabbit. Opposite him are three people dressed like medieval court jesters.

SKY

Quiet Rocket, everyone is sleeping.
Smells like chocolate in here too.
Only one seat left, over there.
Let's get it.

Rocket sniffs the beast. Sky trips on its big foot. The sleeping giant stirs, then peeks at them. They sit. A small man napping in the seat next to them stirs. Rocket GROWLS BARKS, then jumps in his lap. He is named MINIMAN. He has a short, trimmed white beard, wears a vintage white Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey jumpsuit with a US Navy, SS Los Angeles hat. He is in his fifties. He shakes Sky's hand.

MINIMAN

Well, well. Look what my little Mini Tin Tin brought to the Jolly. Hi Sky, I'm the main Minikin, Miniman. We Small guys run this gift ship. I knew your father well and, his his little Rocket boy here. He's just my size, that's why I was compelled rename him in my own image. I teamed with Timo, as I will with you, the year he participated.

SKY

You watched their flyoff!

MINIMAN

Wouldn't have missed it. It was the festival's main attraction that year. They were fun to watch. Sari was so precise, never predictable and could improvise a maneuver in a heartbeat. If the Circus City scuttlebutt, confirms my prediction, then I should be in the company of the next...natural nugget.

SKY

What's a nugget Mr. Miniman?

MINIMAN

It's a first-tour aviator Sky.

Rocket hops down, runs to the mabbit, leaps to his chest, licks his lips and tugs at his whiskers. The beast grabs Rocket, holding him over his head. He wears an XXXXL NY Jets football jersey, a Nike headband holding his ears down and is covered in Hershey's Kisses' foil. He is called HOPSCOTCH. He is 6-foot three and 350-pounds.

ROCKET

Errrr. Errrrrrr. Rar, rar rar rar!

HOPSCOTCH

Hey, hey big guy! Look what the Hopster has the fury fiend!

Station bells RING. Riders rouse. Lights come on.

TRAIN ENGINEER (VO)

Last stop, Ringlingville! Welcome to Circus City. The current temperature is a balmy 34 degrees with wet snow. Enjoy the Jolly Holly!

Hopscotch rises. Sets Rocket down, and wallows down the aisle bumping the seats. Rocket leaps and clamps onto his tail. Hopscotch ducks under the exit door and shakes his booty. Rocket drops to the floor. All begin departing.

MINIMAN

It was great to finally meet you. I'm sure you'll do well Sky. You are just like him, you have his grin you know.

SKY

Nice to meet you too Mr. Miniman.

EXT. RINGLING TRAIN SHED, RINGLINGVILLE, WI - NOON

Sky carries Rocket. Hopi waits with two young deer. He wears an original Trapeze Squadron naval flight jacket, jeans and shin-high moccasins. He wears turquoise/silver jewelry and carries a dream catcher with an eagle feather.

HOPI

Um-pi-tuh Sky: You have arrived.
May the moon light your night journey;
may you fly like the eagle within. You
are Night Eagle, you are Koko Kawahu.

Hopi places the dream catcher on Sky's neck. Rocket wiggles in Sky's arms.

SKY

Thanks Hopi, it's beautiful. I will try to live up to your expectations.

HOPI

Namid, Star Dancer, will guide you.
That's my handle Koko. Tonight we will
all be, Chochokpis, Thrones of the Clouds.
And you Rocket, are as always...Little
Big Dog. Your dad called him Rocket-1,
which means skipper. Enough jargon, we
walk now nugget, I will tell you of the
journey that beckons.

EXT. RINGLINGVILLE, WISCONSIN - NOON

Rocket wiggles for freedom. Hopi hands Sky the deer reigns and takes Rocket. They walk in snow past circus buildings. A sign says, Welcome Trapeze Squadron.

HOPI

Trapezers! Neat name and place huh.
The circus wintered here for eons.

Then the demand sadly diminished.
That's when we approached them
regarding a home base for our
Trapeze Squadron. And here we are.

SKY

So why are we the Trapezers? Hop. I feel
as though I have run away from home to
join the circus, the flying circus.

HOPI

You have. The original airship pilots
were called the Trapeze Squadron, because
of the circus maneuvers required to dock a
biplane to the airship. It was essentially
a navel aircraft carrier used for
surveillance. Perfect for our night OPs,
Wings for Wishes. And if you do well
tonight, you may even get shot out of the
world's largest cannon. No circus act though.

SKY

What? Say over, come back non-nugget
Namid.

HOPI

It's the grand prize...you'll see. And
I like impulsive wit. I know where that
comes from.

SKY

I love the snow Hop. I rarely see any.

HOPI

Yeah, it's cool and slippery and there's
more predicted. We don't need too much
white stuff...not tonight anyway. Look,
your grandparents home, there, all lit up!

EXT. KIE AND KARIN LAURILA'S PORCH - AFTERNOON

A Victorian home is on a hill overlooking town. It has
turrets, a porch swing and tree with many large spheres lit
in lights. Timo's father, Kie Laurila, in his late sixties,
welcomes them. He has long blonde hair, blue eyes and wears
blue jean overalls and a red and green plaid shirt.

KIE LAURILA

It's Sky's time! I've been waiting to
Say that. You're getting tall! And
you're getting more like...come on in!

Sky greets her grandmothers. KARIN LAURILA and Milly Janzen hug Sky. Karin is Kie's wife, Milly, Max's spouse. Both are both pretty, blonde/gray-haired Scandinavian woman in her mid-sixties. Karin has blue eyes; Milly, brown eyes.

MILLY JANZEN

Hi Sky. It's time to carry on the
tradition. My Max says we're all in
for a big surprise. Is your mom coming?

SKY

Hi Milly, it's nice to see you here. Mom
Says hi too. She may come, I just don't
know. I'm hoping she'll bring Captain Matt.

KARIN LAURILA

Welcome, welcome Sky! We have all been
waiting...forever. Hopi's spirits say you
will be the best ever. You will do great
but first things first, follow me Sky.

SKY

No pressure. Thanks Star Dancer.

HOPI

From pressure comes poise Koko.

INT. KARIN LAURILA'S SEWING ROOM - MID-AFTERNOON

Karin ushers Sky upstairs. Milly follows. Many photos of Timo adorn the walls.

KARIN

See, these photos? Your dad was quite
handsome in his flashy goose-down duds.
I made his suit and I made this for you.
With the help of the circus wardrobe
people, I make most of the flight suits.
Go ahead, open it Sky!

Sky opens the first of two, wrapped packages, unfurls the quilted full-body suit and displays it.

SKY

Cool, Gram! Thank you! My very own flyer suit, with my name on the front and in my favorite colors!

KARIN

Look, it's midnight blue with your name embroidered above your heart. The back has the sky-blue Trapeze Squadron logo with Koko Kawahu below.

SKY

It's just beautiful, way to much work for just a nugget Gram. And look at the matching gloves with the fingers cut off! Cool!

MILLY

Now open the other package too, Sky.

SKY

No way! My own flight helmet! Wow! An eagle clutching a gift on both sides and with Koko above the visor. Hop must have had something to do with this. And radio equipped, of course. Thank you both so much! And Milly, you know how much I like an early Christmas gift.

KARIN

Kie had a local boy, Rem, do the art. You're all set to jet, Sky. Now go. I'll bring these to the parade.

Sky hugs both once more. They go downstairs.

EXT. KIE AND KARIN LAURILA'S PORCH - MID-AFTERNOON

Max and Kie are excited. Sky, Karin and Milly return.

MAX

Thanks Hop, we haven't flown in years. Whadaya think Kie, you up for this?

KIE

In your aviator terms, I'm spooled Max.

HOPI

You two were the best; your records attest to that. And this year we need the help. Put your team together fast. These are my two best deer. Take them, we'll meet up at the parade. Good luck! Sky, front and center. You're with me kid. Karin, Milly, I'll see you youngin's later.

Hopi and Sky wave goodbye and depart for Hopi's ranch.

EXT. PATH TO HOPI'S RANCH, BARABOO - AFTERNOON

Hopi and Sky trudge through wet snow toward Hopi's ranch. Hopi carries Little Big Dog.

SKY

Why are Kie and Max participating.

HOPI

They want to win the prize. NASA supplies us with moon dust to lighten our loads and He-3 for power. Both are in short supply, so NASA is offering a special prize to the team that delivers the most payload and also wins the flyoff.

SKY

Is it that grand prize Hop?

HOPI

Yup, but I have pledged silence to the spirits. I can only say it's called, The Rise is the Prize. I will announce it at the flyer's briefing in the Ready Room before the OP.

SKY

They sure were excited about something. Tell me, what was it? Sky promises never Ever, to lose the Great Spirit's trust.

HOPI

Your bending my arm here kid. Well, OK, they were our best team ever and I did need to persuade them. Come here, the spirits have relinquished.

Hopi whispers in Sky's ear.

SKY

Hip, hip no way! I'm going to the...

HOPI

Only if you win Sky, only if you win.
But I do like your spunk. Here we are,
what do you think? Up we go.

EXT. HOPI'S RANCH, RINGLINGVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

They arrive at Hopi's ranch on a plateau just out of town.

SKY

It's a water tower Hop. Up where?

HOPI

Up top, there! Follow me.

Hopi with Rocket and Sky, open a curved glass door, step in, close the door and push a button. They are sucked up.

INT. HOPI'S OBSERVATION TOWER - LATE AFTERNOON

The tower has glass sides, a large telescope and a communications dish mounted outside. It has a 360 view.

HOPI

Welcome to Heaven Sent. Here night OPs
Wings For Wishes' every move is monitored
by Minikins, whom are, of course, guided
by the spirits...which in turn, use NASA's
new Global Positioning System.

SKY

Or the spirits themselves would get lost
huh Hop? Look! Our ship is landing! It's
bigger than big, and it's scaring the
deer Hop!

HOPI

We best corral them. Come with me.

Hopi walks out to the railing and jumps on a slide that circles the elevator. He spins to ground. Sky follows with Rocket. The sky is getting dark. A giant US Navy blimp

lands on the plateau. It is silver, 900-feet long, as high as Hopi's tower. Rocket BARKS, then bolts for the ship.

SKY

Rocket! Stay! Come back, ROCKET!

HOPI

You get him; I'll tend to the deer.

Rocket leaps into a lower hatch. Sky dizzily chases him, entering the same hatch.

INT. SS LOS ANGELES AIRSHIP - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky surveys her surroundings then looks for Rocket.

SKY

Looks like this was built from a zillion Erector sets. Come Rocket!

Sky walks a dim-lit walkway. She attempts to open doors. They are all locked. She hears a fast PITTER-PATTER. Sky turns, Rocket leaps into her arms.

SKY

Good boy! What's over here boy?

INT. SS LOS ANGELES, FLIGHT SIMULATOR ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

They enter a room with no doors. There are two flight simulators divided by a curtain.

SKY

Look Rocket, a flight sim. Let's give it a try? Come, sit on my lap.

Rocket YAPS and jumps to her lap. She grabs the joy stick. "on" lights flash. The game begins in 2-player mode.

SKY

Here we go, boy! This is all about flying skill: quick outside loop into a slow hammerhead...stall, fall back and reverse. Say Rocket, someone's trying to catch me. Watch this. Bat turn right, flip and finish. Easy as pie, Little Big Guy!

MUTTERING is heard. Rocket sniffs and GROWLS. He jumps down. Hopscotch, bursts from behind the curtain. Rocket attacks his big fury feet.

HOPSCOTCH

Cheater, cheater pumpkin eater!
No fair! I deserved to win. I needed
this dubble-u. Now I'm gonna' get you
...and your little dog too!

INT. SS LOS ANGELES AIRSHIP GANGWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky runs down the aisle trying locked door handles. One door opens. She quickly enters followed by Rocket, panting and spitting hair. Sky SLAMS the door.

INT. SS LOS ANGELES AIRSHIP, FLYER HANGER - LATE AFTERNOON

Skylights provide dim light. Sky holds Rocket and looks.

SKY

I have a strange creepy feeling about
this place boy...I'm not scared. I feel
as though I should be here...that I
belong here. Look at all the photos,
the trophies on the wall. What's this?

Rocket wriggles to get down. Sky releases him. He runs to one of two sleds and sniffs the contents. Sky sees powder-filled plastic pails by the door. She looks for lights.

SKY

It's too dark. I can't find the light
switch. Come Rocket. We should go.

Rocket jumps into Sky's arms. She opens the door slowly and cautiously peeks out into the dark gangway.

SKY

Ready to bolt boy, let's...

The door suddenly BURST open. Sky is knocked back into a pail, spewing its powdery contents on the intruder. Rocket jumps down and bites its feet.

SKY

IT'S THE MABBIT! RUN ROCKET! RUN!

INT. SS LOS ANGELES AIRSHIP GANGWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky and Rocket run down the steel-grated gangway to the hatch. Hopscotch, covered in moon dust, CLANGS awkwardly after them. The dust upsets his balance.

EXT. RINGLINGVILLE HILL - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky runs with Rocket trailing and YAPPING. They hurry to a shack above a snow-covered hill that faces town.

SKY

Hurry fella, he's gaining on us. Hey
look, a grain shovel, I have an idea.
Come here boy, hop on! Here we go!

Hopscotch wobbles quickly toward them. Sky holds Rocket. She mounts the shovel's blade and holds the handle between her legs. She pushes off hard, down the hill.

HOPSCOTCH

Come back here you motley little dog!
I'm going to get you!

Hopscotch reaches the top of the hill. He loses his balance, falls and barrels down, amassing wet snow.

HOPSCOTCH

WIPEOUUUUT! WHO LOVES YAH LORD!

Sky and Rocket slide down the hill at speed. The rolling beast is an out-of-control, 7-foot snowball and growing.

SKY

Hold tight boy! Whoa, whoa Nellie!

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky plants her feet to stop. Rocket jumps and runs. Thunder CRACKS. Rocket watches the mabbit glance off a tree and the snow break off him. Rocket circles him and YAPS. Sky runs.

ROCKET

RAR! RAR! RAR! RAR! Errr, RAR RAR!

Hopscotch is lying belly up among large chunks of snow. He is dazed and disoriented. He sings a "Chipmunk" song LOUDLY

while making a giant snow angel. Rocket GROWLS.

HOPSCOTCH

*Christmas, Christmas time is near,
time for toys and time for cheer.*

Rocket jumps to his chest and licks his nose. He tugs hard on his whiskers. Hopscotch holds him up and sings a song.

HOPSCOTCH

*Hurry Christmas, hurry fast.
I want a plane that loops the loop,
all I want is a b-ball hoop
I've got you now...fuzzy wuzzy!*

EXT. PATH TO RINGLINGVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky jogs in wet snow to town. Many small sleds fly low overhead. She hears loud WOOSHING. SUDDENLY a big hairy hand grabs her collar and hoists her into a large ship.

INT. STORM KING'S SHIP - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky glances below to see Rocket and Hopscotch frolic. She studies the ship's occupants: a big black dog, two men, two young gladiator women. STORM KING is big, 260-pounds with a long greasy red hair and beard. He wears gladiator attire and speaks with an accent. The men SMELL badly.

SKY

PU, what died in here...stinkos!

STORM KING

Yo, ho, ho! Great, a turbulent teeny bopper with bones to grind. My kinda crew, don't cha know!

Stormy addresses his friend, WINGMAN. He is 6-ft-2 and fit, wearing a tattered black, high-altitude, one-piece flight suit with a zillion zippers. His long blonde hair and beard are unkempt. He wears damaged shooting glasses with yellow lenses, chews bubble gum and wears worn-out driving gloves.

STORM KING

What say you? Think we can Wingy?
Make her into a fly gal?

WINGMAN

A cranky kid with a hygiene hang-up or perhaps a flying tigress waiting for wings Storm King. Don't know, but best not grind those bones just yet. Got wings kid?

SKY

Wings with rings; I could fly circles around you Pop. Now take me back down.

WINGMAN

Big attitude, zero latitude, she's perfect. Eerily reminiscent of my very own youth. You and me kid, we're cut from the same cloth. We're in for a night of fast flights and high times. Are you with me?

SKY

That's a negatory pop. I'd soar while you snore. Take a nap kidnapper. Take me back down now!

WINGMAN

And a sense of humor. It keeps getting better. Say, you got an outside loop in your repertoire kid?

SKY

I prefer to hammer to a barrel, then loop. Otherwise...I may nod off.

WINGMAN

Storm King big fella, I do believe we may very well have a bona fide jet girl in our midst. Congratulations kid, you're officially the newest member of our hastily formed, Fly-By-Night Squadron. We have our flyers, now we need crew. Les go snatch'em big guy.

SKY

You mean the BO brigade, don't you? Dream on. No way will I ever fly with you smelly-nellies. Ever heard of soap-on-a-rope?

WINGMAN

No, but sounds like a great Christmas gift.

Hey kid courageous, now that we're on the same team an intro is in order, don't you think? I'm Wingman and this, my not so abled-bodied partner in grime is Storm King...and you are?

They cruise over town. The Jolly Holly is underway. People gather in town square. A gang of boys break dance near a graffiti wall. When an officer approaches, they run. Two boys crawl thru a hole in the wall of a vacant building.

SKY

Hay is for horses wing ding. My friends call me Sky...but you are definitely...

WINGMAN

Yeah, I know. I'm not you're friend. Once you get to know me, you'll love me. Here, take the controls and see if you can set her down easy-like, there by that red brick building. Stormy, two boys are holed up in that hole down there. Maybe you can coax them to join the cause.

EXT.RINGLINGVILLE ABANDONED BRICK BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky descends between 2-buildings, hovers just above ground then drops hard jarring the occupants. She glances at them.

SKY

Whoops.

EXT. RINGLINGVILLE, WISCONSIN - AFTERNOON

Stormy stares at Sky while he exits. Wingman grins. Stormy bends down to the hole in the wall and addresses the gang.

STORM KING

Yo! All ye, all ye. in come free.

GANG MEMBER (VO)

Fat chance! Who are you anyway, the girly-hurly man? Speak American weirdo!

WINGMAN

Now that's the Christmas spirit. These guys will do just fine.

No Storm, STORMY, NOOOOOOO!

Stormy throws a poof ball into the hole where the two kids are hiding. A muffled POP is heard. They file out coughing and blinking. They SMELL like perfume.

STORM KING

Yo, wing ding, looky here? It's a girly gang of two, and as you say... it takes two to tango. Head'em up and and mov'em out. Into the ship...now!

WINGMAN

Boys smell like a cheap date Storm King!
Best do as the big guy says.

One boy hops in and sits next to Sky, the other walks to the far side of the ship, and starts spraying paint. Stormy grabs him, holds him up over his head and shakes him.

STORM KING

I odda grind your bones to make my bread!

WINGMAN

Hum...cracked wheat or white big fella.

SKY

Mr. Potato Head, that's our crew member you are about to grind! We need him, put him down yo big dork!

WINGMAN

There are no dorks on our team, your royal skyness. Now move it before you're all made into peanut-butter sandwiches!

SKY

Mom forgot to mention I was going to ...Dorksville!

WINGMAN

You're in Circus City now, weird maybe but definitely not dorky. Besides, *it's lovely weather for a sled ride together with you.* So let's do Christmas, Sky you and me, together. What say you?

SKY

You are soooo delusional.

WINGMAN

Not the first time I've heard that.

Stormy assists the boy into the ship. Wingman joins them. Sky pilots the craft upward.

INT. STORM KING'S SHIP - LATE AFTERNOON

Sky hovers over town. Santa leads the Jolly Holly parade around town square in his traditional sleigh and deer. The mammoth, SS Los Angeles airship descends behind them. Sky sees Hopscotch walking and cradling Rocket.

EXT. JOLLY HOLLY PARADE REAR - DUSK

A MINIKIN in charge of the participants approaches. He is attired in a white circus jumpsuit. The light blue round Trapezer logo on the back. The SS Los Angeles lands silently to the ROAR of the crowd.

MINIKIN

Registration and certification please!

STORM KING

Yo, rules are for fools short cake. Go away boy, you bother me.

MINIKIN

Your ships to wide for the flight deck sir. Please park it on the top deck and team with the Hopster. There he is now, the big guy with the little dog, going into the airship.

STORM KING

Gotta see a man about a new horse,
You're in charge now Wingy. Wing it
if ya gotta. Ha, ha, ha!

Hopscotch and Rocket enter the blimp. Stormy spots him.

INT. SS LOS ANGELES AIRSHIP, HOPSCOTCH'S HANGER - DUSK

Hopscotch is wearing a WWII sheepskin leather flight suit.

He has WWI goggles and flight hat that pin his ears back.

STORM KING

Yo, looky here, a rabid rabbit! Never seen one. I say, I need a big sled, you got it, I want it, where is it?

HOPSCOTCH

And you are...Mr. Uncouth, I presume.

STORM KING

Storm King at the ready...don't cha know.

HOPSCOTCH

Ah, aptly named for your sudden outbursts.

STORM KING

Yo, listen up Hoppalong! I want your ride! Gimme it! Times a waistin' fur ball!

Storm King STOMPS the floor hard. A mirror crashes down and a YELP is heard. Rocket is hurt. Hopscotch picks him up.

HOPSCOTCH

Come here boy. I got ya, you're gonna be alright. Just look what you've done you big oaf. Take the sled, it's the only big one out there.

STORM KING

Relax, it's just a tiny dog. Real dogs are big, don't cha know.

HOPSCOTCH

I do know. All dogs give us unconditional love. And is not love, what we live for? Just a dog, Adam was likely walking his in the garden when Eve strolled up, with a cat! Dogs make our world go 'round. They lift our spirits. What far away world are you from anyway?

Hopscotch hugs Rocket. Storm King turns to leave. Santa blocks his exit. SC is older and distinguished. He has white hair, a matching beard with red and white attire and black boots and belt. He dons round wire-rimmed glasses.

SC

Get him to the infirmary. Hold on, not so fast big guy. That's not how we operate around here. You need a permit to participate tonight. Only I can issue PTPs.

STORM KING

Yo, who are you, the big cheese? Listen up cheddar head, I don't play second fiddle to no one no how, not even ever!

SC

Now that was a ME moment. You're just the consummate team player aren't you? I have no time for tantrums. Here's the deal: I will issue you a permit but only under these stringent conditions: First, because of your size you must team with Hopscotch and he will apprise me on your progress. Most importantly, your demeanor requires that I also assign the Mudheads to your crew. Hopefully they will diffuse any stressful situation you may encounter, and finally an apology is in order.

STORM KING

No way, no how! Why would I, the great and powerful Storm King, subject myself to such humiliating humbleness.

SC

Because we need you and it's good to be needed. We could use your many useful talents and you could use a good dose of our camaraderie and brush up on your social graces along the way. We distribute joy every year on this very special occasion. We initiate love in people and spread happiness. Yes, you could even say we are in the happy business. Well, Mr. Stormy King, would you like to be happy?

STORM KING

Happy is as happy does! Alright already! I'll be, happy to help in such a worthy cause. Suppose I could TEAM with a high-flyin' hare with not one but four,

count'em four, lucky charms and luck
is darn good, don't cha know! Yo, sorry,
about the mutt. Ne is a cutie. You want
I fix him good? I can don't cha know!

SC

No thanks, he's in good hands. OK, we're
good to go then. It's parade time!

EXT. JOLLY HOLLY PARADE REAR - DUSK

Storm King finds Hopscotch's sled at the rear of the
parade. He pushes it into position. Kids swarm him.

STORM KING

Kids are thicker than a swarm of flies
on a hot tur...oops, a little classy
camaraderie here, don't cha think!

WINGMAN

Rembrandt, Loosejam, front and center.
Give Storm King a hand pushing the sled.

REMBRANDT is an artist. He has baggy jeans, a jean jacket
with Van Gogh's "Starry Night" on the back, a cocked
Brewers hat and his belt holds spray cans. LOOSEJAM is part
Polynesian with curly black hair, green eyes, saggy jeans
and Converse All Star bright-blue shoes. He wears a big LA
Laker jacket. They join kids and push the large sled.

LOOSEJAM

Holy Cra...Christmas! There's gotta be
an easier way.

STORM KING

Yo, heave HO my merry men! Once more
HEEEEEAVE! That's good, right here.

WINGMAN

Good job! Now hook up these deer men!

REMBRANDT

What the hey! Why didn't we just...

WINGMAN

Builds moral servitude.
Called bondage son. You're all ours.

REMBRANDT

Why don't we just do push ups?

WINGMAN

Way too easy, besides I'm saving those.
Keep this one word in mind fellas: flour!

Hopi guides a new sled into position. It has two deer bridled in back, in deer stanchions, two flyer seats in front with four crew seats behind them and a swivel hitch for the rear cargo box. Hopi approaches Sky.

HOPPI

Merry Christmas Koko. Controls here,
radio, avionics and cargo release.

SKY

Thanks Namid. Sky Time on the side too!
This is great Hop but I have no real
experience, or a crew.

WINGMAN

The cure for your inexperience is...me.
No worries your skyness, I'm your wing
tonight. And for crew, we've captured
the services of these two restless
rebels. Sky, formally meet Loosejam and,
and where is, where is...REMBRANDT!

MINIMAN

He's spray painting your sled. Appears
to be flames of some sort with a Sky Time
moniker.

SKY

Lookin' good Remmy! Hi Loose. Miniman,
you're here too!

MINIMAN

Surprised? I'm your crew chief Sky.
With three of my best Minikins.

LOOSEJAM

She's the flyer tonight? Not a chick,
no chance, Mamma say no way...not
unless Loose have a chute.

SKY
Mamma's boy? Sorry, no chutes Loose.

LOOSEJAM
Remmy!

Both kids bolt toward the front of the parade.

STORM KING
Yo, you want I go snar'em Wingy?

WINGMAN
Nah, we have enough for now.

EXT. JOLLY HOLLY PARADE FRONT - DUSK

The kids are collared by a large OFFICER. Max approaches.

MAX
Officer, what have the boys done?

OFFICER
Damaging public property and eluding.

MAX
Say, is it possible we could try kids
right now in our kangaroo court.

OFFICER
I like that idea. What exactly do you
have in mind?

MAX
I say they are guilty and to pay their
debt to society, I recommend a night
of rigorous community service, if you
know what I mean. Besides sir, we need
a flight crew to participate.

OFFICER
Hum, okay, sounds good to me. You boys
are Max's 'til dawn.

MAX
Do we know each other?

OFFICER
Are you kidding, once a jet, always

one Max. Know 'em all. Good luck
Tonight! Best get a move on.

Rembrandt and Loosejam GRUMBLE.

MAX

What's the matter boys, someone swipe
the prize out of your Cracker Jack's
box? Come on, cheer up, it's your lucky
day. Besides, Christmas is a magical
time of year...you just never know.
Merry Christmas officer!

EXT. JOLLY HOLLY PARADE REAR - DUSK

The parade of flyers sleds begins. Kids run alongside
cheering. Karin hurries to Sky, last in the parade.

KARIN

Sky! I have your suit and t-shirts
for your little fans. Quick put it on!

Sky hands Karin her jacket, steps into her tailored flight
suit and zips it over her clothes.

SKY

Thanks Gram. How do I look?

KARIN

Like your father. Here's your helmet;
Your gloves are inside. Fly high Sky!

INT. SKY TIME SLED - DUSK

Sky hops in her sled and parades around town square. "Santa
Claus is Coming to Town" BLARES. Sky throws souvenirs to
kids. The boys teamed with Max and Kie. Storm King is with
Hopscotch, his dog Thorbird, the Mudheads and two Light
Elves. Sky flies with Wingman, Miniman and his Minikins at
the parade's rear. The SS Los Angeles airship hovers above
town. Merry Christmas lights up a hill. Hopi arrives.

HOPHI

Koko Kawahu, destiny is calling! The
night begins here; the night ends here.
Between, the spirits will guide you on
your great journey thru the darkness

and into the light! Can I hitch a ride?

SKY

Hop in Hop! I have prepared my life for
this day Hop. Am I ready? Can I do this?

HOPI

You were born a jet Sky. Father will
be proud of his Koko.

The parade stops. All lights go out. The American flag is
illuminated. The "Star Spangled Banner" is PLAYS. Sky,
last to parade, is the first to depart. She dons her
helmet, steadies the deer, pushes the start button, tugs
the reigns. She and Hopi rise; others follow.

EXT. JOLLY HOLLY PARADE - CHRISTMAS EVE

A cannon BOOMS! The crowd ROARS! SC commands on a platform.

SC

Flyers, giddy up...giddy way up!
Flyers, GIDDY OUDDA HERE...GOOOOOONE!

INT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopi adjusts the radio to the correct frequency.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

Night Eagle, you're green to P-1-P.
That's platform number 1 on port Sky.
Welcome home Koko, over.

SKY

Copy AC, P-1-P visual, out.
Here we go Hop.

EXT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky proceeds to her platform, others follow to the port or
starboard side of the ship.

INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky lands on P-1-P ramp. Behind her, Max and Kie on P-2-P.
Stormy and Hopscotch are next P-3-P. Her crew rotates the
sled, attaches a full cargo box and sprinkles it with moon

dust to lighten the load. Hopi jumps out to the flight deck intercom.

HOPI
Flyers! Ready Room, JET!

INT. READY ROOM, SS LOS ANGELES - DUSK

Most pilots and some crew attend. Hopi addresses the group.

HOPI
Wankan Tankan Nici Un: May the Great Spirit walk with you! Greetings my elite flying trapezers. Again, I am Air Boss. I'll keep this short. The weather will be lousy at times so be careful. Depend on your crews. Now this is especially important: Ration your moon dust and He-3 or you will run out! The dust lightens our loads, the Helium is your fuel. We have little. Because of this, NASA has offered an incentive this year. The evenings most productive team from port and starboard will fly off to determine who goes...
TO THE MOON!

The group WHOOPS and HOLLERS.

Hold it! Hold it down please! Yes, yes, you and your crew will ride the five on NASA's upcoming moon mission to replenish supplies. A real Saturn-5 cat shot people! The spirits will guide us down the Eastern seaboard, then we zigzag north and south to the West Coast and work the return. Question? No? All yours my man.

SC
I just want to quickly say our overall objective is always the same. Camaraderie comes first...we are much better together! Let's rock!

INT. VULTURE'S ROW, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Crews below HOOT and HOLLER. They hurry to their platforms. The ship's band plays MUSIC.

Landing Signal Operators (LSOs) direct sleds with orange popsicle lights.

SC

To stand here on Vulture's Row watching the teams, their enthusiasm, year in, year out, always gives me the chills.

HOPI

The Great Spirit say kudos to the jolly old soul with long white beard.

INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Wingman and Miniman convene the crew in a circle.

WINGMAN AND CREW

Time to snap, crackle and pop! Circle up!
Bring it in for our victory chant!
Ready...*SIS KUME BAH, SIS KUME BAH,*
RICKETY RACK RICKETY RACK, RAH RAH RAH!

INT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Miniman and Sky team. Sky turns "on" the navigation. Both flip down their visors. A green light over the ramp lights. A Minikin with an orange light signals her to go.

SKY

Navigation on. Homes, entry codes, package lists displayed. Green light. Sky Time ready on P-1-P.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

Clear to port, Godspeed Koko.

EXT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

The sled rises off the platform then drops down to the first town. Miniman levels off and lands. The airship's blue landing lights illuminate.

SKY (VO)

Whooooa! My stomach just jumped out.

MINIMAN (VO)

You'll get used to it. First drop Sky.

Minikins, LAUNCH! Next drop, go!

The Minikins scurry to homes. Miniman and Sky supply them with gifts. The other teams arrive. They finish fast.

INT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

SKY

Its madness Miniman; an accident waiting...

MINIMAN

Don't say it! Methodical madness Sky. Kinda like watching a speeded up nighttime traffic film isn't it? Hey, the sleds lighter now, you should take the stick, give it a try. I instruct all my nuggets this way. No crash courses.

SKY

Funny. Think I'm ready?

MINIMAN

I was purvey to all your sim scores. Oh yeah, you're ready fast Freddie! In fact, let's see...the next town is... Madtown! Madtown it is, your very first drop Sky. Let's do it to it sky girl.

EXT. SKY TIME SLED, MADISON, WISCONSIN - CHRISTMAS EVE

The sled rises. A lit capitol dome beckons. Miniman nods, Sky grips the stick, rounds the capitol and lands by a lake. Minikins deliver gifts to homes and return.

INT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

MINIMAN

You're doing great child, well beyond your few years. Time to reload; up the ladder now Sky! Control, Sky Time P-1-P up, over.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

Sky Time clear to P-1-P.

EXT/INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

A Minikin on the ramp directs Sky's landing. The crew leaps over a wall. Sky gets a smoothie and clean windscreen. A turntable spins the sled around. A cargo box is sprinkled with moon dust; two fresh deer are reined. Wingman gets in.

INT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky takes off. The heavy ship veers left. Wingman with his control corrects. Sky hears MUSIC. Wingman is listening to music on his helmet headset and bobbing his head.

SKY LAURILA

Just who are you anyway.

WINGMAN

Mind if I give her a try sky hawk.

SKY

Knock yourself out...wing nut.

WINGMAN

No respect from the nugget. Sweetie,
you can't be the best of the best 'til
you learn from the best. Let's roll.

EXT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Wingman barrel rolls the delivery sled and lands perfectly. Minikins deliver. Sky looks at him and grabs the stick.

SKY (VO)

A loopy loop for you, wingless!

Sky does a tight inside loop and lands at the next drop. Both supply their Minikins and ready for reload.

WINGMAN (VO)

*Wingless, wingless, be my lady. Well,
well, well. Time to slow your mustang
down. Control, wingless, up the
ladder, P-1-P.*

INT. SS LOS ANGELES, AIRSHIP CONTROL - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopi is manning the radio.

HOPI

Did I hear wingless? How goes it?
Team turmoil so soon. Sky Time is
clear; make this life lesson snappy.

WINGMAN (VO)

A rebel with wings. Edgy too. Back flip
with a twist comin' at cha radio man.

EXT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Wingman flies up and fast toward P-1-P.

SKY (VO)

To fast, too fast. TOO FAST,
LOOKOOOOUT!

EXT/INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Wingman approaches the ramp, spins backwards and lands
facing forward. Sky and Wingman exchange glances.
He grins. Sky exits SHAKEN past Hopi.

HOPI

One heck of a move...and for good reason:
shaves seven seconds off the stop.

SKY

You want a move? Man the radio my
next sortie with wing nut.

HOPI

Koko, all young warriors must corral the
rebel raging within. And when you do,
you will reach lofty stars.

The crew services the sled. The green light appears.
Miniman and Wingman exit. Kie approaches Sky.

KIE

How's it goin'? Check the board yet?

SKY

I'm good, just fine thanks. Yeah, the
Hop and Stomp with Hopscotch and stinky
Stormy lead you guys and we're tied with
a team called Night Moves.

KIE

You'll catch up, the night is young.
We're under a winter storm watch now.
Ready your night goggles. Incoming
P-3-P! Behind the wall people!

Hopscotch and Stormy land backwards but hard on the ramp.
Two LIGHT ELVES service the craft. They are gorgeous women
dressed in medieval attire with leather masks, boots and
pants, with steel-meshed vests. LIGHT ELF ONE has black
hair, ELF TWO has red hair. They are twin sisters.

LIGHT ELF ONE

Runners check, windshield squeaky,
box dusty, fresh deer, smoothies
for my men. Come see us again sometime.

EXT/INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky Time lands and is refreshed. Wingman exits. Sky jumps
in with Miniman and buckles up. An LSO waves his light.

INT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

They drop straight down. The ship's lights illuminate haze.

MINIMAN

Welcome to Toledo, Ohio and its Lake
Erie windy weather. You're doing great,
a real wicked-weather wizard.

SKY

Makin' tracks now Mr. Miniman!

INT. HOPS-N-STOMP SLED, TOLEDO OH - CHRISTMAS EVE

Stormy and Hopscotch work Toledo. Two mascots from the
Detroit Tiger's farm team approach: MUDDY and MUDDONNA. The
MUD HENS resemble Big Bird with a better beak and wear Mud
Hen pinstripe uniforms with gloves, bat and ball.

MUDDY

We're ball players, kinda. We need
winter work. Have clucks we will travel.

STORM KING

A muddy duck and his hen-friend buddy.

OK, clucksters, mount up, cluck up!
Do what Stormy says; you'll be just
clucking fine...don't cha know!

HOPSCOTCH

Say hey! Let's sing a Christmas song!
Ready! *Yah better watch out, yah better
not cluck, you better not cluck I'm
telling you why, Santa Claus is cluckin'
to town.* You two aren't gonna' chicken-
out on us will yah now? Hah ha ha hah hah,
hah ha ha hah hah, ha ha ha ha ha ha !

MUDDONNA

Enough already you big clucking clods!

HOPSCOTCH

Fire-eating foul and short-fused Stormy!
Say hey, we got ourselves a bang-up team!

EXT/INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky lands backward, softly on the moving ramp. Sky gets a
smoothie a necklace of granola balls. Wingman approaches.

WINGMAN

Kick the tires and light the fires,
class is back in session, nugget!

SKY

Throttle back pop.

WINGMAN

Ever do the twist? Negative? Well,
shall we do the twist to Stockbridge?
*Let's twist again, like we did last
summer...*

EXT. SKY TIME SLED, STOCKBRIDGE MA - CHRISTMAS EVE

Wingman drops fast, barrel rolls left then right and sets
down. Sky glares at him. Minikins jump ship and work.

INT. SKY TIME SLED, STOCKBRIDGE, MA - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky's team returns to the sled.

SKY
Control, Night Eagle to P-1-P.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)
Clear to ramp Night Eagle.

SKY
360 to ramp AC.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)
Negative Night Eagle. Standard
Approach.

EXT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky disobeys. She rolls the sled once, levels, then hits the icy ramp backwards and slides off. Sky pushes on the stick forward. The sled spins down.

SKY (VO)
Control, ramp strike! Spin, DEATH SPIN!
Clear below!

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)
Roger Night Eagle, clear to ground.

Wingman takes control. He coolly manipulates the controls.

WINGMAN (VO)
Darn, darn...double darn! I keep
pitchin' 'em, you keep missin' 'em.
Let's buck this bronco Sky. Pull back
with me now, PULLLLLLL! Control, can't
pull out, goin' in. Here we go! Hold on!

The spin and descent slow. The nose of the sled rises. The stall warning BLARES. The sled slows just above ground. BOOM! Snow flies. They impact the cushioning snow between a swing set, a BIG SNOWMAN and a smaller SNOW WOMAN.

INT. SKY TIME SLED, STOCKBRIDGE, MA - CHRISTMAS EVE

Wingman and Sky eye each other. Wingman radios control.

WINGMAN
AC, Delta Sierra down. We're good. Whew!
Just lost the bubble that's all; not your

fault; it happens. What a ride, huh?
Trouble in the air is rare Sky, it's
the ground that causes the problem.

SKY

High warble Hop. Fun meters just been
pegged. It's time to take off the wheels.
The training wheels Hop. Clear to 2 over.

HOPI (VO)

Koko, be one, with the eagle poised
within. Summon him; ride his wings
of glory...to your destiny.
Clear to two. Open mic, over.

EXT. STOCKBRIDGE, MA - CHRISTMAS EVE

A SNOWMAN and SNOW WOMAN turn and look at each other.

SNOWMAN

The eagle has landed, she is not happy.

SNOW WOMAN

It's Sky's time. Knock'em dead Sky!

SNOWMAN

Not the best choice of words hun.

INT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky turns "off" the duel-control switch. She stares at
Wingman.

SKY

Power up, full vert to 2, Hop.

EXT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

She rises vertically, above the airship.

SKY (VO)

Stick back, here we go loopy-loop!
Bottoms out, straight back, hold it,
hold it...stick up right, SNAP! Slow
hammer Hop, spinning, spinning, death
spin! Down right. Pull back, pull back,
slow...slowing, INVERT and flip back Hop!

Where's the ramp...the ramp.

HOPI (VO)

At your six Sky. You got it Koko.

SKY (VO)

Check six chief! Got it, see the ramp!
Hold on. Here we go! Hook slap and down
Hop! Night Eagle has landed, out!

Sky lands backwards. A BANG then a SCREECH is heard.

EXT/INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky and Wingman sit in the sled glaring at each other.

HOPI (VO)

I hear the cheers. Now cool your jets
Sky, that flathatting consumes time.
Breaks over, back to work!

WINGMAN

Bravo Zulu! Where'd you get those vapes
kid? Man, you've got vapes! And you sure
pegged the fun meter this time, cause
we are havin' it now kid. Some frequent
flyer advice though. When you goon up,
say nothing...and when you fly right,
say even less...understood.

SKY

Message received, understood...SIR!

INT. SKY TIME SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky exits. Miniman joins Wingman. Hopi radios Wingman.

HOPI (VO)

Namtekcor, how sweet was that ride!

WINGMAN

Her fangs were way, way out. Ferocious
fangs, over.

INT. VULTURE'S ROW, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

A Minikin runs on the upper gangway and YELLS.

MINIKIN

Did you hear? Did you hear? She did a
10, a perfect 10. A hammer roll to a
death spin, to a barrel roll then
looped and nailed a backward landing.
Sky's a jet, a jet with vapes!

INT. LEADER BOARD, SS LOS ANGELES

Sky sees the leader board on Vulture's Row. Loosejam stops.

LOOSEJAM

Way rad Sky! Loose heard you da
bitchin' sky babe.

SKY

Hi Loose. You're sooo eloquent.

LOOSEJAM

Hop and Stomp still leadin'.

SKY

Yup, with the Crawl in the Wall Gang
close behind.

LOOSEJAM

Dey have the Light Elves and da two
Mud Hens helpin' now too. Dat's a big
crew. Who's dat crawl in the wall thang.

SKY

That's what I call you and Remmy. Who
are the Light Elves and what is a
Mud Hen?

LOOSEJAM

Dono. Da elves are some sweet thangs
Stormy knows. Da Mud Hens are a couple
of odd-ducks wid bayball bats'n gloves.
Dey picked dem up in Scale Town. So,
we are da crawl in the wall guys...
sounds kinda like spiders, I like dat.

SKY

Yeah, spiders or snakes Loose. Ducks
with bats and gloves, I'll have to check
them out. Who's the 3rd place Night Moves?

LOOSEJAM

Dono, but Loose thinks Max does.

Loosejam and Sky peer over the railing down to P-3-P. They watch "Special Delivery" land. Old music plays.

SKY

Speaking of nasty rides, your Special Delivery is way cool! Remmy made it look like a hot rod on fire. The flames are boss! And speaking of a babes, who's that on the sled?

LOOSEJAM

Max had 'em do dat. He wanted a girl on da side like da flyboys had durin' da war. The package symbol for each sorbet was his idea too.

SKY

Sortie, most likely. She looks familiar...like Milly with wings.

LOOSEJAM

Yeah, Loose thinks Remmy did dat for Max. You should listen to der music...man it, it's so bad and I don't mean good. Dos singers gotta be dead and gone.

SKY

Bet they don't like your rap either.

LOOSEJAM

No, but da vibes keep 'em awake.

SKY

No one could sleep through those vibes!

LOOSEJAM

No way. Hey babe, we really need to reel in dat big sled. Max and Kie want da prize bad. And Loose was wondrin' if... ah, you would wanna show me, you know, teach me how to do your thang, sometime, maybe tonight even. Hear what Loose is sayin'.

SKY

I'm trying, believe me. How to fly I'm guessing. No chute, no service Loose. I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself. Sure, sure thing Loose, I'll help the Crawl in the Wall Gang. It's a date. Zero-dark-thirty, P-1-P...be there.

LOOSEJAM

What? Say what? Come back babe!

SKY

Half-past midnight green eyes?

Loosejam blushes, shuffles in dance steps down the gangway. He leaps and whoops.

LOOSEJAM

Yeah, yeah, YOU BETCHA!

INT. VULTURE'S ROW, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Stormy weather ROCKS the ship. Hopi meets Sky.

HOPHI

Batten down the hatches, it's a new ballgame Koko. Old Man Winter's tootin' his horn!

SKY

I'm sure the ol' girl can handle it Hop.

HOPHI

It's the only dirigible remaining that has. All others have succumbed to weather.

SKY

Who built this giant Erector Set, Hop.

HOPHI

The German company, Zeppelin, built it for the Navy in 1925 along with two other sister ships. Both were lost in storms, one at sea. Our angel has a rare but perfect safety record and the captain and myself, we intend to keep it that way.

SKY

I know you will. Nobody does it better.
And the spirits are your friends Hop.

A gust of wind buffets the ship.

HOPI

I best get back to control. I've got
863 feet, to surf waves of wind.

SKY

Namid, Star Dancer you must safely
guide us mere mortals thru thorny
clouds to victory. Let the spirits
guide your dance with clouds.

HOPI

I like that, but it's stormy clouds,
not thorny. We may just have to make
you an honorary member of Hopi Nation.
Be careful out there. Play the bounce.

SKY

Thanks for the tip, Chief Namid!

INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky returns to crew the platform. The ship causing WALLOWS.

SKY

How are they doing out there?
Hop says we're in for a wild ride.

MINIKIN

Only two more drops, Sky.

SKY

Hand me the mic please. Thanks.
Night Eagle, base, come in, over.
What is your ETA, out?

INT. SKY TIME SLED, CHRISTMAS EVE

Wingman and Miniman battle winds. They are pelted by large
wet snow flakes.

WINGMAN

*We better watch out, we better not cry,
we better not pout, I'm telling you why...*

SKY (VO)

Bobbing ramps. Hop says, play the bounce.

MINIMAN

Warning duly noted, thanks. Two more
drops and we ride the updraft, out.

INT. P-2-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Max, Loosejam and the Minikins wait for Kie and Remmy
behind the safety wall. The wind bobs the ship.

MAX

Base to Special Delivery, come in.
Slick ramp, ready on P-2-P.
Be careful, over.

KIE (VO)

Comin' at you up the draft.

EXT. THE SPECIAL DELIVERY SLED

Winds batter Special Delivery. Kie fights a downdraft.

REMBRANDT (VO)

TOO FAST, TOO FAST! GO AROUND!

KIE (VO)

Can't do it; on final.

INT. P-2-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

The ramp rises and SMACKS the sled runners. The sled
spins in the ramp and crashes into storage containers.

MAX

RAMP STRIKE! HEADS DOWN!

Crews rush in. Alarms RING. Sky and Max arrive first. Both
jump in Special Delivery. Kie moans.

KIE

It's my arm, my arm and my shoulder.

MAX

Rembrandt, you OK, and the rest, you're all good! Sky, help me get Kie out! Unhook his belts. Get his helmet off too Careful now! Lift him up. Other arm!

KIE

It's OK, I can walk, I can walk! Sorry I pranged the sled Max. We're done dancin'.

SKY

Maybe not Kie. Max, I think I can help. Loose! Shadow me, let's jet! Flight lessons begin NOW!

Sky runs through the flight deck and up stairs. Loose pursues her. Hop and Stomp's crew and Hopi rush in.

HOPI

Disconnect the box! Clear the ramp! Get this sled below deck, hurry!

Stormy and Hopscotch move the box and slide the sled to the elevator. Light Elves clean up and GIGGLE at the Mud Hens.

INT. TIMO'S HANGER, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky twists the locked door knob. It opens. She turns on the lights and enters. Loosejam watches Sky survey the room.

LOOSEJAM

What'sa matter? You don't look so good. Ya got some serious shakin' goin' on.

He gently takes her hand. Tears fill her eyes. She leads him around the room. Hop arrives and stands in the doorway.

SKY

This is it Loose, this is it, this is my dad's hanger. This is him, here in this photo with his Tomcat. Here he is with his crew in front of his new F-16.

LOOSEJAM

Just look at all da awards, da trophies Sky. He must have been bad, way bad. And you be bad too...dat's sooo good.

SKY

My heart's pounding. These are his rides. Rocketman's rides, his festival and this, this must be his flyoff sled...the one he flew alongside Mom!

HOPI

You're right Sky. Welcome to Timo's hanger. Your mom and I did because... we never stopped believing. This is yours now Sky. You have earned it.

Sky turns quickly around and faces Hopi.

SKY

How Hop? How have I earned the right to this his sacred spot? I don't deserve this. I don't deserve this at all.

HOPI

Spirits say yes to Sky, no to others. Say you played the sim game, and won.

SKY

You left to tend the deer. Rocket ran into the ship so I chased him. I played some game against that goofy mabbit.

HOPI

Then you did earn it. In case Timo Failed to return, we set up the sim as a contest, so only the most qualified flyer would be able to enter his domain and follow his spirit. That game you played with Hopscotch established you as that flyer. Once your score exceeded your mom's lofty record, the sim recorded your thumb print off the stick.

SKY

What does all this mean Hop?

HOPI

The print recognition allows you, only you to enter this room. And operate any of these sleds. Timo will be proud to know it is his Koko.

SKY

Can the gang use this sled?

HOPI

Sure, but you'll have to fly it until I have time to override the ignition. It's old school but with new upgrades.

SKY

How 'bout it Loose, you ready to grow some wings?

LOOSEJAM

I'm stoked! Let's do it to it sky girl. And later, during our howlin' you girl, can grow some legs with a little jumpin' and jivin'.

SKY

Say what? Whatever, you're on Loose. Raise the door Hop! Loose, help me roll your new sled to the elevator.

INT. P-2-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

The new sled arrives. Rembrandt begins his air-brush art. The box, deer and dust are added. Sky returns with gear.

SKY

Kick the tires and light the fires!
Class is in session, Loose nugget!

LOOSEJAM

You sling da ling. I'll fly da thing!

INT: NEW SPECIAL D SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Sky and Loosejam fly, Remmy watches. Three Minikins help.

SKY

Hand on the stick, feet on the pedals. There, follow my moves. AC ready on P-2-P, over.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

Special D, clear and gone.

INT. P-3-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopscotch, Stormy, feeding his dog Thorbird, the Mud Hens and the two Light Elves pile into the sled.

STORM KING

Yo, grab some more granola necklaces.

HOPSCOTCH

We're getting low. Quit feeding them to the mutt...and ease up on the cookies, they're for the celebration. AC ready to hop, stomp or cluck.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

Clear to cluck Hopster. You're gone.

INT. HOP-N-STOMP SLED, EGGNOG, UT - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopscotch drops vertically and lands. Stormy commands.

STORM KING

Yo, Eggnog, Utah me merry men! Light Elves LOOSE! Mud Men, MOVE! Hens, HUSTLE! Ah, such a well-oiled machine, don't' cha know! So Hopster, what's in that big box that says L-S-Bs?

HOPSCOTCH

Nothing. *Hey, hey, hey hustle, hustle!*
Not a chance thunderhead. *Hey, hey...*

STORM KING

SNACK ATTACK!

Stormy and Hopscotch dive for the box and collide. Some of the contents roll out. Thorbird BARKS. Stormy grabs one.

HOPSCOTCH

Give me that! These are mine, all mine!
Karin makes these just for me, not for
for you. OK, OK, just one and only one!

STORM KING

Ah, decadent melted milk chocolate,
tossed with crisp graham cracker bits,
glued together with gooey, fire-fried

marshmallows, then all rolled into grapefruit-sized smores and strung on a string. You sneaky, low-down, fuzzy-bellied HOPPIN' HOARDER! You're lower than a snake after a Thanksgivin' meal.

HOPSCOTCH

I know you are but what am I? Deal with it sir dolt! These are my LSBs, my life support balls and only for me. They get me thru the night...don't cha know.

STORM KING

Yo, team balls, now Hoppalong. All for one and one for all! That's me, Storm King, team player personified! My, my growth has been meteoric, don't cha know?

HOPSCOTCH

Oh Lord, please guideth me now! Say hey big guy, I'm bored, let's do a drop.

INT. FAMILY ROOM, EGGNOG, UT - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopscotch enters a home, trips on a rug and THUMPS down.

HOPSCOTCH

AC, big bunny down, splash one, over!

A little boy in pajamas with a stuffy crouches near him.

HOPSCOTCH

Merry Christmas, ho, ho, ho!

LITTLE BOY

You smell like chocolate.

HOPSCOTCH

How sweet! No sleepies no sweeties kid. Here, take this never-ending bag of Hershey Hits chocolate and, off to bed.

Hopscotch carries the NEB toting child down the hall. Stormy and Thorbird enter the room. He gives two cookies to Thorbird and eats the remaining cookies left for Santa.

THORBIRD

Urrrrrrrrrrrr. I wike ookies. Ruff!

Sprinkles fly from Thorbirds mouth. Hopscotch watches.

HOPSCOTCH

Yeah, the kids at the party wikem too.
I'm telling SC! You two get next door.

STORM KING

Yo, bunny boy snag a burr in the
brambles? Thorbird, we're oudda hare!

INT. LIVING ROOM, EGGNOG, UT - CHRISTMAS EVE

Stormy, Thorbird deliver, eat sweets. A YOUNG GIRL arrives.

YOUNG GIRL

Hey, what are you doing? I made those
cookies...not for you! Who are you?

STORM KING

I am the jolly gift giant and my four-
legged friend is the chief cookie taster.
We thoroughly test all cookies before we
present them to Santa. Just the rules kid.

YOUNG GIRL

You eat my cookies then give them to Santa.

STORM KING

Yo, you're as quick as a horse fly on a
hog honey. And SC rule, 12-25 specifically
states, she who lies in wait gets no cake!

YOUNG GIRL

You smell like diapes.

STORM KING

Charmin' don't cha know. Here's my deal.
You go back to bed now and you get this
thunderbird storm teller. His eyes flash
red when a big storms a comin'.

INT. BEDROOM, EGGNOG, UT - CHRISTMAS EVE

The girl jumps under her blanket. The teller FLASHES.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR, EGGNOG, UT - CHRISTMAS EVE

The Mud Hens approach a MAN on skis with two axe handles, walking in the snow.

MUDDY

Good evening sir, we're the Mud Hens from Toledo, Ohio. How ya doin' and ...what ya doin'?

MAN

Making reindeer and sleigh tracks to keep the magic alive, and strangely conversing with two chicken baseball players. This is December is it not.

MUDDY HEN

Tonight, we're the magic makers sir, but yes, we work the scary night as well.

MAN

Ah huh. So, how do I explain the many chicken prints in the snow.

MUDDONNA HEN

Easy...Mud Hen magic sir. Please take these gifts for your two sons. The balls go straight, the bat never misses and if you kiss the thumb of the glove it will never let you down. Merry Christmas sir!

MAN

Thank you! Merry Christmas Mud Hens!

INT. HOP-N-STOMP SLED, CHRISTMAS CITY, UT - CHRISTMAS EVE

Snow falls, the wind BLOWS. The Hop-n-Stomp lands.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

All crews, all crews, be advised: winter storm weather alert, repeat, winter storm incoming from southwest.

HOPSCOTCH

Roger AC, goggles down, out. OK people, Christmas City, let's hop. Light Elves, hang a Louie, clucks, make a Roscoe.

Stormy, you manage the storm.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CHRISTMAS CITY, UTAH - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopscotch enters. Three kids wait above. They drop a net on Hopscotch. He stumbles and falls on his back. Two boys stand on the net. WINNIE a five-year-old girl sits on his chest. She has curly red hair, freckles and reindeer PJs.

WINNIE

Who are you? You're not Santa. I asked for a weindeer, not a giant bunny.

HOPSCOTCH

I'm Hopscotch and I'm just hoppin' out. Release me, you can have this never-ending bag of chocolate.

WINNIE

Mommy told us not to take candy from stwangers and you are stwange and hopscotch is a game so who are you?

HOPSCOTCH

It's a secret, can't tell, no way.

WINNIE

My brovers showed me how to make you tell. I take this one long whisker and...up your nose with a wubber hose!

HOPSCOTCH

No, no wait, not that ahhhhhh! No, no stop! It tickles! I'll come clean. STOP! Pist, come closer...closer.

Winnie bends down and Hopscotch whispers in her ear. The boys take the gifts and run upstairs.

WINNIE

You are, weally? Neat-oh!

Stormy rushes. Winnie grabs the chocolate and runs.

STORM KING

Yo, we're in a race here! Hah, ha, ha! Looks like the Hopster hopped where he

should have bopped, don't cha know!

HOPSCOTCH

Where were you when I was being accosted?
Get me out of here ya big oaf!

Stormy frees Hopscotch from the net and grabs the cookies.

INT: HOP-N-STOMP SLED, CHRISTMAS CITY, UT - CHRISTMAS EVE

His crew is waiting. Stormy hops in. Hopscotch radios.

HOPSCOTCH

It's a jungle out here AC! Request
hazard pay. Hop and Stomp incoming out!

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

Clear on grapevine one left, over.

INT: SPECIAL D SLED, CHRISTMAS CITY - CHRISTMAS EVE

Rembrandt works the stick with Loose and Sky next to him.
They finish their drops in dense.

MAX (VO)

Winds up; ship bobbing; ramps slick!

SKY

Roger that Max, Special D coming at cha!
Who wants to plant us on the platform?
Separates the men from the boys.

LOOSEJAM AND REMBRANDT

I will...we will.

SKY

Great! Not one but two Whiskey Charlies
with NFOD. Translation: two don't cares,
with two no fears of death. Perfect jocks!

REMBRANDT

I'll trade you my NFOD for one MFEO.

SKY

Oh oh! An artsy guy in the danger zone;
Momma told me there'd be guys like you.
Max! Flyin' Popeye home! Twirly on!

Slide over Remmy, three's a crowd
but we'll do this one together.

INT. NEW SPECIAL D SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Remmy approaches the airship in fog. The twirly BLARES.
Sky assumes control.

SKY
Bat turn! Looping right!

Another sled emerges from the haze and STREAKS close by.

SKY
AC, Spec D, near miss talk to me!

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)
Special D clear to P-2-P.

LOOSEJAM
Remmy needs his NFOD back. What's
Popeye got to do wid all dis anyway?
Can I have da chute now?

SKY
Popeye is flying in this fog...and
chutes are for chumps Looseman.

A mid-air crash is avoided. They land safely on the ramp.

INT. P-3-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

The Light Elves install a full box and sprinkle moon dust.
The cookie container is half-full. SC confronts Stormy.

SC
We need these for the celebration.
You're gonna choke on the sprinkles.

STORM KING
Yo, grub is good; food is my friend,
keeps Stormy happy. If you're in the
happy bizz, why make me UNHAAAAPPY!

The Mudheads rush in and perform a pantomime. One pretends
to eat cookies inside an invisible and impermeable box. The
two others try to get some. Both hit the box and fall down.

They make silly NOISES. Stormy LAUGHS, then STOMPS away.

SC

I'd give anything to get Stormy's
hammer and belt...anything at all.

Winnie HEARS Santa's wish. She is hiding and peeks over the
top of the storage container. She silently climbs out.

INT. HOPI'S FLIGHT HANGER, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Winnie shimmers. She wanders up stairs to an open hanger
and sees a raven outfit and puts it on. Hopi startles her.

HOPI

You look like a little black Big Bird.
That's my old trickster suit honey.
Beware child, the wearer possesses
magical powers. Hi, I'm Hopi and you are?

WINNIE

I'm Winnie from Christmas City. I told
the big bunny I wanted a weindeer but
he didn't have one. Do you have any?

HOPI

Some, come, hold my hand, hurry now.

INT. THE STABLES, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

They meet the Reindeer Keeper. He is MARIO, a Minikin.

MARIO

Sir Hop! What brings you to my esteemed
abode and who is the feathered one?

HOPI

Hi ho Mario! This is Winnie, the great,
the powerful raven. She wishes to meet
the kids. Watch her. Gotta run, thanks!

Mario shows Minnie the descendants of SC's original heard.
They are Dancer, Prancer, Blitzen and Rudolph. They huddle
in their stall near the rear of the stables. Dozens of deer
rest before their shifts.

MARIO

Here take Rudolph Jr. for a walk. We usually go out on the deck but it's too windy now. Take him around the upper gangway.

WINNIE

Thank you Mr. Marwio. Come Wudolph.

INT. COOKIE ROOM, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Winnie walks Rudolph by the cookie room. She takes two large cookies, stands on the upper railing and spots Stormy and Thorbird on the deck below.

WINNIE

I have an iadea Wudolph.

She drops a cookie. It breaks on Stormy's helmet and falls to the floor. He eats the pieces and looks up. Winnie waves another cookie at him. He and Thorbird run up the stairs to her. She stands in front of the cookie room.

WINNIE

Hi Mr. Stormy. I'm Winnie and this is my pal, Wudolph. You can come in and eat cookies but you have to leave your belt and hammer out hewe, please.

STORM KING

Yo, Nice try squirts. A feathered fiend and its four-legged fiend. Two fiends don't' make a friend. Stand down my darlin'.

Stormy tries to barge by. He bumps Rudolph's lit nose and is SHOCKED. He winces. Thorbird GROWLS. He takes a deep breath and blows. Feathers fly from Winnie's suit. Winnie looks plucked. Thorbird GIGGLES.

STORM KING

Everyone knows I'm windy.
Oh Looky, here's a feather in my cap! Oh, oh...

The suit rejuvenates, feathers reappear. Winnie takes a NEB chocolate, puts it on a peanut butter cookie and gives it to Stormy. He eats it, hangs his hammer and belt on the door, smiles and nods, then walks in with Thorbird.

STORM KING

Thanks sprout. Yo, the birds the
word my fury friend; heaven in a
heap! Dig in big fella!

INT. CONTROL CAR, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopi and the bearded CAPITAN work the storm. He is a skilled German dirigible pilot and wears a white uniform and hat. RALLY, the engineer, an elevator man and the rudder man are all Minikins in Trapeazer flight suits.

HOPI

We're bobbin' and weavin' Capitan. Radar indicates the williwaw is upon us. Spirits say it will test us as never before.

CAPITAN

Your williwaws bring out the willies in me; the death of dirigibles. We best jump ship while she takes us for a ride. Herr Hop.

INT. VULTURE'S ROW, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

All crews listen to the order to load and depart the ship.

HOPI (VO)

All crews, jump ship! I repeat, all crews JUMP SHIP! load and go, NOW!

EXT. SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Crews depart from both sides of the ship and work the town.

INT. CONTROL CAR, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

A BLAST of warm air thrusts the ship's nose up.

CAPITAN

The warm updraft is raising the nose. Increase engines 500, lower elevator 30-degrees. Hop, watch the pressure and angle. I'd rather not vent.

The blimp levels. The wind ROARS. A more powerful updraft surprises them. The nose soars faster. The ship rolls.

HOPI

Nose inclinometer rising fast Capitan!
Nearing stall, 68 knots!

CAPITAN

We stall, we fall! Altitude is our
friend Herr Hop! Elevators down 30,
hold flippers hard! Steady as she goes.

EXT. SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Lights flicker. The storm BUFFETS the ship. It levels off.

INT. CONTROL CAR, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

The nose of the SS Los Angeles thrusts upward.

HOPI

Rapid rise! Vent now Capitan!
If a bag blows, could damage the frame!

RALLY

Loosing power in all engines Capitan!
Can't keep'em runnin' much longer!

CAPITAN

I need those engines. Keep us windward
rudder man. Hop, release water ballast.

HOPI

Leveling, going windward! Flat Capitan!

RALLY

More power now, in six sir!

CAPITAN

Is your williwaw releasing us Herr Hop?

HOPI

I feel cold air. Spirits say we fight
hard now! Falling, FALLING FAST CAPITAN!

CAPITAN

Cold air, less lift, and a storm
without the Christmas spirit. Where is
the merry in that Hop. RELEASE WATER
BALLAST! LEVEL RUDDER!

RALLY

Loosing power again Capitan!

HOPI

Dropping 300 feet a minute 300, 275,
slowing now, holding, holding at 1350.

The pressure drop PUSHES on their ears. The blimp's girders and cables CREAK. Cold sleet PELTS the ship's fabric cover.

HOPI

Hear the creaking...like a submarine
nearing crush depth. Inclinator rising,
she wants to take us down too Capitan
...like all the others.

CAPITAN

How your spirits say Herr Hop? FAT CHANCE!
LET'S SLAY THIS BEAST! Forward valves open
10 degrees, elevators down 30, flippers
hard over! Hop, check the girders!

EXT. SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Lights flicker. The airship rides the rollercoaster wind.

INT. CONTROL CAR, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopi and Rally, the ship's engineer leave to assess damage.
She is a red-haired Minikin.

HOPI

Rally, let's check the old girl's bones.

RALLY

Roger that. We'll x-ray her Herr Doc!

INT. UPPER GANGWAY, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Hopi and Rally inspect girders and bags. A bright flash
outside lights the interior. The ship's lights flicker.
Then go out. A SIZZLING fireball enters in front of Hopi.

HOPI

FIREBALL! RALLY GET DOWN!

It HISSES past Hopi and over Rally. She SCREAMS.

The ball moves thru the ship exiting the stern. A muffled POP is heard. A NAUSEATING mist permeates the gangway.

RALLY

What the heck was that Hop?

HOPI

A rare, unpredictable but spectacular phenomenon, a lightning ball. Cool, huh! And pint-sized has its advantages; just clear fireballs.

RALLY

And door knobs. Definitely not cool Hop. It burned my hat; singed my eyebrows and it stinks too, like hot, smelly, gym socks. I don't like how your williwaw plays ball Hop.

INT: HOP-N-STOMP SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

Crews are grounded. The storm threatens. Hopscotch, Thorbird, the Light Elves and Mario with Winnie converse.

HOPSCOTCH

Where is our storm guru when needed?

WINNIE

He's eating cookies in the cookie woom Mr. Fwoppy, lot's of cookies.

HOPSCOTCH

Swell. Let's go Mario! Who's the bird.

MARIO

She's Winnie, the winged warbler.

HOPSCOTCH

AC, we have a real sweet problem, must return now, over.

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

Clear to P-3-P sweetie, be careful, out.

EXT/INT. P-3-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

They land hard. Hopscotch, Winnie and Mario run up the stairs to Stormy. The Light Elves stay with the sled.

WINNIE

Follow me. He's up hewe Fwoppy.

INT. COOKIE ROOM, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

They all arrive and peek into the room. Stormy is on his back MOANING. He is covered in crumbs. Thorbird is beside him, licking his chops. Hopscotch speaks into his mic.

HOPSCOTCH

Control medic, medic to the cookie room.
HOP TO IT!

WINNIE

He's gween. Wow, wook at his big belwy.

HOPSCOTCH

And what before my wondering eyes does
appear?...a magic belt and hammer!
Thank you Santa! He'll feel much better
if we get him out of his heavy suit...
and so will the Hopster.

Hopscotch removes his own flight suit and puts on Stormy's steel vest and helmet. He buckles on his belt with the heavy hammer and grabs the heavy gloves. Thorbird GROWLS. A Minikin MEDIC, SC and the two Light Elves arrive.

SC

What's the problem now kids?

HOPSCOTCH

Stormy wolfed a mountain of cookies.
He's green 'bout the gills.

MEDIC

Let's use a cookie cart as a gurney.
No, we better use two for this guy.

They all struggle but lift Stormy to the carts. Hopscotch leans under the weight of the hammer. Light Elves GIGGLE.

SC

You look ridiculous. And, you
don't need the hammer. Leave it
on the cart.

Hopscotch places the hammer on the cart on his flight suit.
The medic and SC wheel Stormy below.

HOPSCOTCH

He who hath the belt, hath the power
don't' cha know! Follow your leader!

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

The Light Elves, Thorbird and Hopscotch climb stairs to the
upper deck to Stormy's chariot. Strong winds blow.

HOPSCOTCH

Listen up men! I have an iadea! We are
going to lasso the ship to our chariot
and mightily yank it from harm's
wayward way. Harness the beasts, grab
that cable, mount up! Folla me fellas!

LIGHT ELF ONE

Yo, we're ladies! Hear us ROAR! You
folla that Flopsie!

HOPSCOTCH

Don't I know! Folla me, pretty ladies!

INT. INFIRMARY, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Stormy wakes to the Storm's HOWLING. He sees Rocket asleep
on a gurney next to his. He sees his hammer on the cart.

STORM KING

Yo, remember me, big bad and mad? I'm
real sorry boy, cause I'm mad 'bout mutts.
The bigger the better, but you're such a
cute little bugger. Hold on boy, I'll
grab my hammer here and fix you good.

A faint GROWL is heard. Stormy circles the hammer over him.

STORM KING

I, the great and powerful Storm King,
command you, a mere blessed meekster.
No, no, that's not good. I best start
again. Yo, Rocket is a dog, a good dog
but mired in fog, small in height but
tall in might. Today you will get better,

much better than ever. If all goes right,
you will be puppy-like tonight. Now excuse
me...for Stormy has a storm to fight.

Stormy looks for his outfit. He sees Hopscotch's flight
suit. He puts it on, grabs his hammer and STOMPS out.
He turns to leave and bumps into Winnie with Rudolph.

STORM KING

When I find that rabid rabbit...he'll
soon sprout wings don't cha know!
Where's the mangy rodent you dirty bird?

WINNIE

He's upstaiwes, fighting the storm while
you're hewe...wollygaggin'.

STORM KING

Yo, Winnie's mini-welcome wagon chocked
plumb full of holiday cheer. Stand back
dirty birdy, I'll show that mangle how
it's done!

EXT. UPPER DECK, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Stormy arrives, see Hopscotch. He shuffles across the icy
deck toward the sled. He slips, falls down and gets up.

STORM KING

Yo! You, yeah you! YOU MOTELY FUR BALL!
How do I look?

HOPSCOTCH

Like a green-tinted fly boy, big guy.
Could use a hand over here though!

EXT. STORMY'S SHIP, UPPER DECK - SS LOS ANGELES

Stormy pulls in the cable and climbs aboard.

STORM KING

Stand back or grow wings you hoppin'
hairball. I gotta job to do! Gimme
them there balls, in the vest. Come
on, hurry! Rain, rain, go away,
come again another day!

Stormy throws balls high up into the night air. They explode like fireworks. Thunder CRACKS.

HOPSCHOTCH

You sure showed that storm, yo ho!

STORM KING

Patience me merry man. I'm not done yet!
We're not building an F-16 here don't
cha know! Ok, once more, STAND BACK!

Stormy waves his large hammer toward the heavens.

STORMY

Snow, snow, snows ok, snow much more
on Christmas day! Wind, wind, no more
wind, go away and save our day! Sleet,
sleet, no more sleet...away with you
or lick my feet!

HOPSCOTCH

That would do it for the Hopster!

The storm SUDDENLY ends. Stars appear. Thorbird HOWLS.

INT: NEW SPECIAL D SLED - CHRISTMAS EVE

The grounded crews await the green light.

HOPI (VO)

All crews mount up. We're good to go.
Commence operation Wings for Wishes.
Prepare for resupply at 0130.

SKY

Last dance guys. Let's boogie.

LOOSEJAM

Yeah, yeah you bettcha! Boogity,
boogity boogity chew!

REMBRANDT

Loose is loosin' it. I'll check your
six Sky, you know, watch your back.

SKY

Thanks Rem, you make me feel safe. AC,

Sky in Special D, the sharks are circling. Clear to P-2-P?

AIRSHIP CONTROL (VO)

Just pok'em in the eye Sky. Stay in your lane, clear to ramp over.

INT. P-2-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Loose lands on the ramp. Sky exits. Max and Kie arrive.

MAX

Kodos kids, you both have just completed FAST 101, Fleet Air Superior Training. Consider yourselves nuggets of the night.

LOOSEJAM

Nobody gonna give Loose a noogie.

REMBRANDT

Not noogies Loose, nuggets! You know, beginner flyers! Thank you my lady, my lady of the night. I am...we are, eternally grateful and forever yours.

SKY

Careful, Rem you're swirling in my slipstream.

LOOSEJAM

Oh, oh! Too bad, so sad, Remmy down, splash one AC.

SKY

Loose, you help Kie and Max get that moon shot and you'll get your jumpin' and jivin' dance.

MAX

Oh my, just look at that poor boy's moon-eyes. Thanks for your help Sky,

KIE

Don't worry Sky, we'll keep'em caged.

SKY

Yeah, leash Loose and reign Remmy.

EXT. REINDEER, MISSOURI - CHRISTMAS EVE

The ship descends between two freight trains. A sign reads Welcome to Reindeer, Missouri. Hundreds load cargo.

INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Wingman, Sky and crew prepare the sled. Hopi arrives.

HOPI

Home stretch men, you too Sky. Here's your last ration of moon dust. Over use it and lose it. How's this? The Great Spirit now summons you Koko Kawanu, and you, Namtekcior to join as one, to reach out to seize the night, to achieve the everlasting destiny it affords.

WINGMAN

Snackin' on 'shrooms again Airboss?

HOPI

Chief Airboss to you...R-E-S-P-E-C-T!

SKY

Wow! Anyway...who's up now Hop?

HOPI

Looks to be Night Moves, followed by your other team, the Crawl in the Wallers in Special D, then the biggins.

SKY

Who are Night Moves Hop?

HOPI

Just another of my many highly skilled, fly by nighters. No more time for chitchat the sky will lighten soon. Spirit say we must now all fly with wings of fury.

WINGMAN

No problem here Hop, we've got a secret weapon: Miss fanged ferocity on our team.

HOPI

Good luck guys, you too fanged one.

INT. P-3-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

The two giants, Light Elves, Thorbird, the Mudheads and Mud Hens pile into Stormy's large goat-drawn vehicle.

HOPSCOTCH

Yo, we're off to see the wizard, the wonderful Wizard of Oz, we hear

MUDDONNA/MUDDY

he is the cluck of a cluck if ever a

THORBIRD

ruff there was, if ever oh ever a ruff

STORM KING

YO! STIFLE! What we have here is a failure to commaraderate. This teamlessness will not be tolerated! It means mandatory dismembership from the Merry-men, don't cha know.

The Light Elves GIGGLE. The large ship just fits through the ramp door. They are off and down.

INT. STORM KING'S SHIP - CHRISTMAS EVE

(0239 HOURS) Stormy reveals his hunger to Hopscotch. Thorbird flies the sled.

STORM KING

Got more of them there LSBs Hoppalong? I'm hungrier than a bear after hibernatin' and that makes me ornry, don't cha know!

HOPSCOTCH

No can do big fella. I'm plumb out, but before you flip, let's take a dip, down there. Say hey, to the Milky Way. Heaven on earth as we know it. Home to saturated fat itself, home of the Big Greazer. Giant donuts boiled in blubber then smothered in sweet sticky sauce and all free for cause. What say you big guy?

STORM KING

2-turdy in the morning. Time to dine dog.

Greasers for Trapezers! You heard
da mabbit. Dropper down bird dog!

INT. THE MILKY WAY CAFÉ - CHRISTMAS EVE

Thorbird and the Mudheads wait outside. The big guys enter with the Mud Hens and two Light Elves. Flyer and space memorabilia adorn. LARDO, a large unkempt obese man in a dirty white apron and hat works the counter.

STORM KING

You aren't just a whistlin' Dixie. Looky, them there bubblin' gut bombs just waitin' to slide down my gizzard. Ah, smells great in here. Smells...smells like...like victory...don't cha know!

HOPSCOTCH

Yeah, like a hot tub of lard! Say hey Lardo, been a year big guy!

LARDO

Hey, hey Hoppalong is that you? Halloween and Christmas all in one. Merry Hallomas!

STORM KING

Yo, hallo to you too grub bud. Trick or treat or kiss my feet. Donuts now or KAH POW...don't cha know!

HOPSCOTCH

Oh, this here is Stomp-a-lot, our chief mannerless merry man in charge of mayhem. Best chuck him a Greazer big guy.

LARDO

Merry Christmas, merryless!

He throws a hot donut to Stormy. He juggles, then eats it.

STORM KING

Ow, owie, it's hot, it's hot. Color me gone you greasy Greazer.

The MUDDY grabs a Greasers and throws it to MUDDONNA. A Light Elf takes a bat and steps up. Stormy grabs another flying donuts and eats it. The Light Elves GIGGLE.

MUDDONNA

Fire hard big fella! You got'em, you da
man. Come chuck NOW, BIG FELLAAAA!
Swing, batter, batter now SWING!

The Light Elf swings and misses.

MUDDY

Batters OUUUUUUUT!

Stormy confronts Hopscotch.

STORM KING

Yo, I want my battle garb back, toot
sweet! Or, you'll be hurtin' for
certain Hoppalong.

Hopscotch spots a silver alien uniform hung on a nearby
wall. He disrobes to his Christmas boxers and puts it on.
Stormy removes his suit and dons his uniform. Hopscotch
hangs up his flight suit where the alien suit had been.

HOPSCOTCH

SWEET! Robot Gorg's very own,
The Day the Earth Stood Still
space suit. How do I look lard man?

LARDO

Gorgs proud papa Klaatu, is so proud.
Klattu says, Barada nickto! Translation:
take these Greazers, with gallons of go
juice to Hopi. Now blow this buzzery!

STORM KING

Much obliged grease ball. Headem' up and
move'm out me merry men.

EXT. THE MILKY WAY CAFÉ - CHRISTMAS EVE

(0247 HOURS) They exit and pass an OFFICER. He stares at
them, enters the café, then bursts out and confronts them.
He has high boots, shooting glasses and a smokey hat.

OFFICER

Hold up there! Just what are you clowns
tryin' to pull here! I odda run y'all in!
Halloweenin' on Christmas Eve just don't

seem right to me and nobody but nobody
cops my Greazers, not never. You there,
Gladys the gladiator, up against the squad
with space case here...and spred'em!

STORM KING

Yo, you talkin' ta Stormy, the great da
powerful Storm King! You lizard-livered,
low-down, no-necked, bobble-headed badge-
bandit. You're ridin' the last roundup!

HOPSCOTCH

Noooooooooooooooooooo!

Stormy throws three lightning balls. A Mudhead catches and
juggles them to dissipation. The other two pantomime an
invisible wall around the cop. LIGHT ELF TWO approaches.

LIGHT ELF TWO

Donut officer? When I'm good, I'm very
good... but when I'm bad, I'm very bad.

OFFICER

Really! Merry Christmas kids. Fly safe.
Y'all come back 'n see me next year,
yah hear?

INT. STORM KING'S SHIP - CHRISTMAS EVE

The Light Elves GIGGLE. They steer toward the ship.

HOPSCOTCH

AC, the Hopsters comin' to the hop.

HOPI (VO)

Lardo called. Stand and deliver big guys.
Gorg, clear to P-3-P. Klattu out.

INT. P-3-P, SS LOS ANGELES - EARLY CHRISTMAS MORNING

(0304 HRS). Hop and Stomp lands. Special D, Sky Time load.
Hopi, Rally, Mario, Winnie and Rudolph arrive.

HOPI

Home stretch people! Rally, please
grab a box of Gorg's Greazers for us.
Max your crews up, followed by Sky Time,

Night Moves then Gladys and his merry gladiators! 3-AM, suns comin.' We have a need for speed; ready, set, jet!

WINNIE

I can fix your eyebrows Rally. Look into my eyes...your eyebrows and eyelashes are all gone but we don't care, Winnie the raven will grow you hair.

New hair sprouts. Her burned hat rejuvenates.

RALLY

WOW! You really chirp kiddo! Thank you!

HOPSCOTCH

Stormy, where's our lunnie dust? Please tell me we have more left to lighten the remaining loads.

STORM KING

Plumb out partner! Big sled uses more. No problermo! I'll just goose them there goats!

INT. VULTURE'S ROW, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

All crews load. Fast Christmas music plays. Controllers guide the sleds. Flyers take off.

EXT. SS LOS ANGELES AIRSHIP - CHRISTMAS EVE

Fast Christmas music plays. All crews depart the ship.

EXT. STARLIGHT, INDIANA - NIGHT

SUPER IN/OUT - "STARLIGHT INDIANA (0410 HRS)"

Fast Christmas music plays. The Mud Hens exit a home and play snowball. They pitch and hit. Hopscotch hits Stormy with a snowball. The Light Elves pelt Hopscotch and GIGGLE.

SUPER IN/OUT - "JOY, ILLINOIS (0434 HRS)"

The man/woman, Night Moves team quickly enters a home with gifts. Minikins scurry to the home next door.

EXT. MERRY, MINNESOTA - NIGHT

SUPER IN/OUT - "MERRY, MINNESOTA - (0453 HRS)"

Fast music plays. Sky and Wingman walk out of a home. Wingman hip-checks Sky into a snow bank and runs away. She grabs a handful of snow and throws it at him. They laugh.

EXT. "ROMANCE, WISCONSIN - DAWN

SUPER IN/OUT - "ROMANCE, WISCONSIN (0515 HRS)"

Teams, Special D and Sky Time work. The sky is lightening. Loosejam and Remmy approach Sky. Fast Christmas music plays softly.

LOOSEJAM

Last chance in Romance, Wisconsin for sky girl! Say, Loose was wondrin'...

SKY

Again? Not now wonder boy, whoever gets back to the airship first is going to win this thing. But what does Remmy Rembrandt have on his artsy mind...in starry Romance.

LOOSEJAM

All he wants for Christmas is that MFEO.

SKY

Oh yeah, that very elusive MFEO. Does he ever speak for himself.

REMBRANDT

Starry night, stars so bright, the first star I see tonight, I wish I may I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight.

SKY

My, my! A starry-eyed romantic, ridin' the envelope in Romance. Sounds dan-ger-ous. Be careful what you wish for. One chute, one MFEO, got it. Warp one flyboys!

SKY

AC, Night Eagle to P-1-P. Pinky plant, Speed-of-heat out.

HOPI (VO)

Crack-a-dawn landing with heat, gotcha.

The boys run to their sled and look back at Sky. She kisses her gloves and blows them a kiss. They pause. She jets.

EXT. SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS EVE

Teams race to their platforms. Fast Christmas music plays.

INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sky and Wingman land and exit. Others land. The music stops. Sky Time is atop the leader board. Hopi approaches.

WINGMAN

Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse...
I'm feeling warm and fuzzy. How 'bout you?

SKY

Good all over? Yeah. Mom says those are endorphins, God's gift for hard work. She taught me almost everything.

WINGMAN

Yo, almost? Come back kid courageous.

SKY

You taught me poise under pressure and grace after. But I have to say bravo zulu for that sweet stall maneuver, that saved our spinning sled, and us. That's the essence of cool. Who are you Wingman?

WINGMAN

You first kiddo Koko. Where'd you get those vapes? They don't just happen... gotta come from somewhere.

HOPI

Namketcor, Koko Kawahu, front and center! Listen up! There's been a tie, Sky Time and Night Moves. Imagine that. I know, it's a shame but we must have another flyoff. Funny how that worked out. Boy, am I good or what? I've got a meeting

with my spirits, then we should get together and strategize. I'm spooled!

SKY

Why does Namid call you Namketcor?

They separate. Other teams converge to offer congrats.

WINGMAN

Figure it out, fanged one.

Max and Kie shake Wingman's hand. The two boys appear.

LOOSEJAM

You gonna ride the five sky girl!

REMBRANDT

You da bitchen' blast-off babe!

SKY

Remmy, you can do better. I do hold you to a higher-hood standard you know.

REMBRANDT

My lady, on behalf of the entire Special D crew and myself, offer our sincere congrats and wish you Godspeed on your journey.

Remmy bows and gently kisses Sky's hand. She MOANS.

LOOSEJAM

Skys a sky-jacked babe now!

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS MORNING

(0553 HRS) Crews gather. The airship shoots flares. Circus City responds with fireworks.

SC

Yo, ho ho Sky! I need to say well done, but the gift I cannot give is waiting in the wings. And the flyoff will bring you joy. Thanks for your contribution. You are forever welcome in Santa's city!

SKY

Thanks...say what Santa?

Winnie and Rudolph approach SC. Hopi arrives.

WINNIE

I'm Winnie. You said you would give anything for Stormy's hammew and belt so I got it then the wabbit took it. I want Wudolph!

SC

Oh my, I did say that didn't I and you did, didn't you. How about a different toy honey, something more useful and fun: Silly Putty perhaps.

WINNIE

You've an Indian givew!

HOPI

Whoa now! I heard that. That's not Nice, nor true kiddo. We like to trade. You know, finagle up, get the better end of the deal, like swapping our homeland for an oily reservation.

WINNIE

Nothings bettew than Wudolph. I'm sleepy. I want my mommy; I wanna go home.

HOPI

OK, I now appoint you, Chief Reindeer Keeper. You must attend our training camp in July. Oh, there is one more perk.

WINNIE

I don't wanna pewk? I wanna go home.

HOPI

That's the perk! Just flap your wings three times and say, raven oh raven wild and free, whisk Winnie home, quick as to be.

She repeats the verse and soars up and off the deck.

WINNIE
NEAT-0000000000ooooooooo!

SC
May the Great Spirit forgive Hopi and
guide Winnie's family thru their time
of turmoil.

MAX
Sky, I hear we have another bona fide jet
in the family. Are you even old enough
to be a jet?

KIE
Yeah, and a moon shot to boot. Lotta
hardware for one night Sky. Way to go!
We all knew you could do it!

SKY
You two deserved it more. I thought you
had us there at the end.

MAX
Yeah, until you distracted our boys.

KIE
Boys will be boys Max. And I can't
say I blame'em Sky.

Stormy and Hopscotch appear. The Crowd ROARS!
The airship is landing at the Jolly Holly Stadium.

STORM KING
Yo, wingleet, Airboss say powwow now!
P-1-P yesterday! Oh yeah, Wingman
say...don't forget the fangs!

SKY
Oh, the messenger aliens from Neverland,
Mr. Mabbit and his cranky king. Mom once
Read a rhyme to me about you two but I
remember you as Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

HOPSCOTCH
Our names have been changed to protect
the innocent. We're now known as
Tag team r us. NOOGIES FOR THE NUGGET!

Both giants grab Sky. Hopscotch gives her a noogie while Stormy holds her. Sky struggles to free herself.

SKY

STOP! You both act like you're twelve!

HOPSCOTCH

Sticks and stones won't break Gorg's bones! I'm glue, what you say bounces off you and sticks to Gorg!

STORM KING

Yo Sky! Klattu says Gorg is just eight, but an adult where he's from!

INT. P-1-P, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sky arrives. She sees Hopi, Wingman, Miniman with the sled.

HOPI

Miniman, get boy Blitz reigned up. Wingman, check the HE-3. Spool-up Sky. You're flying against an experienced jock from Night Moves and moves they have. So here's the deal: You both will skywrite Merry Christmas. We have blue smoke, they use red. Stay to the outside until the top of the last "S" turn, and they will think they've got us.

WINGMAN

On the last "S", snap roll at the top to gain the inside track position. Then you'll will be home free before they realize they've...just been fanged!

HOPI

Yeah, and dot the eyes and cross the Ts immediately. Never double back. And we all know who invented those maneuvers.

Wingman glances at Sky. Miniman clips Sky's belts, helmet.

WINGMAN

You're in for a dog fight in a phone booth kid. Fangs out, vapes on. Don't relax, not even for an instant or this

bandit will take you down.

HOPI

Let's roll! Miniman get her shaded visor! We'll be up top! Destiny awaits us today...speedo-heat Sky!

EXT. SS LOS ANGELES- CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sky leaves the ramp and circles above the stadium. Another sled circles at a distance. The crowd's roar is DEAFENING.

HOPI (VO)

OK, you two know the drill. Upsy daisies kids, angels at 8 and snuggle. Red/blue smoke on. Wait for the signal, over.

They fly in close formation at 800 feet. They glance at one another. Smoke obscures their identities. The cannon BOOMS!

EXT: SKY TIME SHOW SLED - CHRISTMAS MORNING

They race side by side. Up and down the "M-e-r-r and y." Sky ups the pace and works the word CHRISTMAS.

SKY (VO)

Here we go Hop! Let's speed things up a bit before I nod off. Inside loopin' "C"; vert up "h"...hammer hard and down. Loop "r" and...vertin up "i"; smoke off... smoke on...and dot.

INT. SKY TIME SHOW SLED - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sky looks left and sees her adversary alongside.

SKY

Can't shake'em Hop! Who we up against here? It's like I'm flyin' against me!

HOPI (VO)

The eagle will guide you over the edge and into the serene.

SKY

Not helping here. Loopin' "s" fast and up the "t" even faster. Hammer to cross

...and workin' the "m" with heat Hop.

WINGMAN (VO)
Vapes kid! Break the envelope, NOW!

Sky's vision blurs, clears then she flies in slow motion.

SKY
I'm in slow-mo Wingy...where am I?

WINGMAN (VO)
Bravo zulu! You're in the zone! Fangs out.
finish with a flip...on my command.

SKY
I'm all yours...ROCKET MAN! You're Rocket
Man! No way...are you my...how did...

HOPI (VO)
Not now, focus! Finish first!

EXT. SKY TIME SHOW SLED - CHRISTMAS MORNING

The both loop thru the "a" and begin the last letter "s."
Sky flies atop her competitor. She inverts and circles
around them. She is on the outside of the last loop.

INT: SKY TIME SHOW SLED, CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sky glances over her shoulder.

SKY
Just made the bandit Hop.

HOPI (VO)
Cool, huh! She's all yours kiddo!

WINGMAN (VO)
Sky, fake right and loop left
on 1. Ready, 3-2-1 FAKE, SNAP LEFT!

SKY
Hard luck Louie! Head on a swivel Hop!
Inside track Wingy!

Sky's barrel roll obscures the finish in a purple cloud.

EXT. THE JOLLY HOLLY FESTIVAL - CHRISTMAS DAY

They land. Sari Laurila unbuckles and approaches Sky. The large crowd ROARS and intervenes.

SARI

Who taught you that maneuver?

SKY

Someone very near and dear.

SARI

I thought I was flying with Timo,
you knew my moves. Great fly Sky.

SKY

The merriest of Christmases Mom!

Sari smiles and turns. She leaves just as Wingman appears.

WINGMAN

Too close to call. Even with his
infrared camera that sees thru smoke,
Hopi can't declare a winner yet.

They look at each other. Fans swarm Sky. Wingman turns.

SKY

Wait! Wingman...

WINGMAN

*Off we go into the sky blue yonder,
here we go...into the sun...Time for
tots.*

EXT. TOWN SQUARE BAND SHELL - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Bands play. Stormy leads the parade in his just polished chariot. Teams pilot their sled with a cargo box full of kids. The parade finishes. SC takes to the podium.

SC

Merry Christmas, merry makers!
Welcome to the 1993's SC Awards! We
have a new Kids Choice this year.
Upsetting our perennial favorite
hoppin' hare is Gorg! Where is Gorg?

Hopscotch walks like an alien to the stand. Fans cheer.

HOPSCOTCH

Earthlings, listen up! Gorg has come
from a far away world, to warn you...
if you do not live in peaceful harmony,
your planet Earth will be in great peril!

The crowd BOOS him off the stage.

SC

Well, if we are in trouble, who better
than our very own weathered warrior to
see us through a stormy, stormy night.
Please, a heart-felt cheer for the grump
that saved Christmas, please welcome,
SOS Storm King, and his merry band!

Stormy and his team take the stand. SC pins metals on him.

SC

I now honor you and your crew, with my
most coveted award, the MVP! And and,
along with it comes a new accolade I just
made up, the MID, Most Improved Distemper.

STORM KING

Yo, ho, ho! Alright already! Maybe I was
a might grumpy...but no more. Now I'm
just a big lovey-dovey, don't cha know!
Much obliged to you SC, the Gorgster and
my crew for givin' me the chance to prove
me worth and for showin' me the power
of being the "M" in team, ME!

The Mud Hens CLUCKLE. The Light Elves GIGGLE. Thorbird
HOWLS. Stormy throws colored balls to the Mudheads.
The Mudheads juggle the balls. They POP, coloring them like
Easter eggs. Fans laugh.

STORM KING

Yippy yo! My rainbow is here; the bridge
to take me home! Rainbow rides for all
my merry men, and the more the merrier!

HOPSCOTCH

Gorg needs youth to populate his planet.

Gorgs gonna get you kids!

Kids run with Stormy toward the airship. Hopscotch chases them and makes GOULISH sounds. A few adults stay.

SC

No wait! Come back! We're not done yet! Who won the Ride is the Prize contest anyway? Come on, this is the Santa show! Ok...Sky, you're our unanimous Nugget of the Year. Are you here? No. Hopi, for his Top-Flight Director award...no. Sari, the Come-Back-Kid honor.

SARI

Here! I'm here Santa!

SC

Come up here you! How's my favorite flyer. And I can't wait to hear who won the flyoff? Please tell me it was Sky 'cause I know you're not going anywhere.

SARI

Whoa! Hold short big guy. Wind down! So, exactly what, are you trying to tell me?

SC

The merriest of Christmases to you Sari.

INT. TIMO'S HANGER, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sky looks in the door. A clean-cut man is buttoning his shirt while peering into a mirror. She hears a PITTER-PATTER, turns and bends down. Rocket runs toward her.

SKY

Rocket, come here boy.

The man turns. Rocket zips past Sky and leaps into the man's arms.

WINGMAN

Hey Rocket One! How has my Little Big Dog been! Gimme big smoochies!

Rocket licks his ears and neck. Wingman carries Rocket out.

WINGMAN

Thanks, for bringing him. Sky,
when you're a jet, you're a jet
...a jet all the way. Merry
Christmas Sky!

He leaves. Sky is spellbound, hurries outside. He's gone.

EXT. JOLLY HOLLY STADIUM - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Stormy's bleacher-moored chariot is next to a rainbow. His crew ushers kids to the top and propels them into the rainbow. They fall slowly thru the giant sunlit kaleidoscope. Sari appears and climbs the bleachers.

SARI

Stormy! STORMY, is this your thunderstone?

STORM KING

You may approach the king meek mortal one!

INT. STORM KING'S SHIP, CHRISTMAS MORNING

Stormy reaches down and lifts Sari into his chariot.

STORM KING

Sorry for the pomposity. It's proper deity etiquette when addressing a...

SARI

Stop! More like idol idiocy, don't cha know. Is this yours, my king?

STORM KING

Yo, I like you young lady! Lemmy see. This is, yes...this is my long-lost lucky thunderstone! It's a carving of my goats you know. How did, where did you get this? Well I'll be a dipped in ...you're BG aren't you! Yes you are! Well now, Stormy's a merry matchmaker don't cha know! Ms. BG, are you a true believer? Do you believe in the magic of Christmas?

"Do you Believe in Magic" BLARES. Stormy lifts her above his head and twirls Sari in circles. Merrymakers CHEER.

STORM KING
I'll ask you once more pretty lady, do
you believe in magic?

SARI
Yes! Yes, YES I DO BELIEVE!

Stormy sets her down. They dance and sing to the music.
Stormy's stomping rocks the chariot.

SARI
DO YOU WANT THIS BACK?

STORM KING
NOPE! IT'S YOURS NOW PRETTY LADY! SHALL
WE SEE IF IT WORKS!

SARI
WHAT!

Stormy lifts Sari high over his head. He spins her several
times then chucks her, out of the chariot into the rainbow.

STORM KING
OOPS!

INT. THE RAINBOW - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Time slows. Sari tumbles slowly thru the bright colors.
The electric harp ECHOES. She lands softly. Sari steps from
the bright rainbow and into a DAMP gray mist. The music
stops.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HOLLOW, LINDAS, NORWAY - SUMMER DAY

A ghostly man emerges from the mist. He reaches for her.
They touch hands, music resumes, they dance. EG sings.

TIMO
*If you believe in magic, come along with
me.
We'll dance until morning 'til there's
just you and me.
And maybe, if the music is right, I'll
meet you tomorrow sort of late at night,*

*and we'll go dancin' baby then you'll see,
How the magics in the music and the musics
in me.*

They spin in increasingly faster circles.

TIMO

*Do you believe in the magic of a young
girls soul!
Believe in the magic of the rock-n-roll
Believe in the magic that can set you free!*

They splash dizzily into the pond. The music stops. They kiss. The fog dissipates while a dog BARKS. People CHEER.

EXT. JOLLY HOLLY STADIUM - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Sari is completely dry. Her parents and friends applaud. Stormy hovers above, ready to depart. Rocket jumps to Timo.

STORM KING

*Yo BG! Merry Christmas pretty lady!
Stormy King is comin' to town, Stormy
King is comin'...to town!*

TIMO

Don't cha know?

Sari turns quickly. Timo is smiling and clutching Rocket in one arm. Rocket licks him. Smiling, he reaches for her hand with his other arm. They touch.

SARI

I just woke up in a good dream.

They SILENTLY gaze at each other. He takes her hand. They walk with friends following, to the observation deck.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK, SS LOS ANGELES - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Friends gather around. Timo and Sari face each other.

TIMO

*My heart never stopped thumping for
you, my brown-eyed girl.*

SARI

You are my heart. I have something
for you...something you left behind
long ago.

Blue smoke letters drift in the sky, over Timo's shoulders.

SARI

At your six Major.

Timo turns to see the message, HI DAD. Friends and Hopi are
gathered. Sky lands on the deck and runs to her parents.

SARI

Sky at 12 o'clock high. Merry Christmas
Timo...this is your daughter, Sky. Merry
Christmas Sky...this is your father Timo.

TIMO

You are kidding me? This, is mine.
The rebel with wings. THE flying
tigress! She calls me wingless and
she took my vapes!

SKY

Whoa! Reduce thrust Rocketman.
That's an attitude with altitude.

TIMO

Help me Hop, what did I do to deserve this?

HOPi

You mean the gift that keeps on giving.
Great Spirit say you fathered a child;
comes with the fun son...deal with it!

TIMO

Funny man that airboss. So which one of
my two gorgeous gal jocks won NASA's
prize anyway?

HOPi

I have summoned the Great Spirit to
rule on the too-close-to-call, Rise is
the Prize Contest. He say, Sari and Timo
are grounded; no reason given. He say,
it is time to stand now, stand tall and

shout to the silver of the full moon...YES!
Sky, Kie, Max, Remmy, Loose, the spirits
beckon you, to join him, as he steers your
journey to the heavens and back! The great
one...has now spoken!

Crews congratulate them. Timo hugs Sky and Sari. The
band PLAYS; the party starts. Hopscotch approaches Hopi.

HOPSCOTCH

Say hey Hop, the great one forgot one.
Klattu wants Gorg to hitch a ride on the
Sat-5. If I don't go, I'll miss our
family's New Years Hop Around. And, I
am the planet's designated sweetie; the
perfect earthling ambassador.

HOPI

Sorry Gorg, but if you go we'll need the
Saturn-6 and it's just not ready yet.

HOPSCOTCH

But if I don't arrive they will be upset.
Klattu does not like to be upset. He may
even launch an all-out alien assault
against planet Earth...and you wouldn't
want that on your conscience, would you?

HOPI

The great one accepts all responsibility
for mankind. He feels confident in his
decision. He say, nice try but the Bop
Around is here, so go now, hop and bop!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE BANDSHELL - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Merrymakers flock to the band shell. SC presides.

SC

Greeting, and Merry Christmas to all.
Stormy git while the gittin' was good
and relinquished control of his cookie
comrades to me, and rightfully so.
Anyway, it is my privilege to once
again preside over this years Bop Around
dance contest. So, I now ask you, are
we ready to GET DOOOOOWN? YESSERRRIE!

First up and boppin' to Van the man's
Wavelength is our very own, long-lost
dancing duo, please welcome...Sari and
Timo LAUUUUUUURILA!

Timo sings the song's lyrics to Sari. He adds her initials.
They hold hands and circle. Sari releases and pirouettes
causing her hair to fly straight out. They perform side by
side. Timo spins Sari several times and releases her. He
kneels down. She approaches and leaps high. He catches and
lifts her to arms length. They circle. Sari flips over and
slides down Timo's back. Applause erupts.

LOOSEJAM

Way too rad for old people! How can
they still do dat.

SKY

Please Loose, just how old do you think
they are?

LOOSEJAM

Dey should be chillin', you know, kickin'
back at da lake. Scopin' da sun settin'.
Sippin' some fine wine wit yo momma...
yah know, just doin' old-dude stuff.

REMBRANDT

Welcome, welcome my lady, to the hood,
where trash talking, a fine art in
itself, enables Loose to describe his
fully distorted view of the world, in
his own, very delusional way.

LOOSEJAM

Say what? Cuts no smack with Loose. Hey
spray-can man, now dat we a howlin',
let's school Sky on some jumpin' an
jivin'. Loose and Remmy gonna make the
sky babe a bitchin' bopper!

Loose, Remmy and Sky leave. Hopscotch and the Mud Hens bop.

SC

Up next, A hardy-hare welcome for the
hoppin' Hopster! Performing with him
from Toledo, Ohio...The MUD HENNNSSS!

HOPSCOTCH

Are we ready my merry Mud Hens? Music please! Do the Clucky Chicken now bop, bop!

MUDDY/MUDDONNA

We are the Mud Hens the merry, merry Mud Hens, where we go oh, people want to know oh, who we are, so we tell'em, we are the Mud Hens the merry, merry Mud...

HOPSCOTCH

STOOOOOOOOOP! Now CLUCK ALREADY! No clucks no glory; Do the Clucky Chicken now, cluck, cluck!

The kids follow Hopscotch and the Mud Hens. They hold waists, flap arms, bob heads and line dance. Light Elves approach CAPTAIN MATT. He is a handsome officer and Sari's flight partner.

LIGHT ELF ONE

Hey sad eyes, we need a boyfriend for a rainy day...

LIGHT ELF TWO

And too much of a good thing can be...wonderful.

The Light Elves each take the captain by a hand and they walk away. Loose, Remmy and Sky return to the bandshell.

LOOSEJAM

Tanks for the choreo, Rem. Dat's a cool cool strut you showed us, but Loose may have to be loosen it up a litto, yah know what I'm sayin'? We be two bad rug cutters now Rem, way bad.

REMBRANDT

Got cleats? It's skippin' time!

Sky and Loose take the stage. A rap SONG begins. Loose moves in spastic motions then stops. Sky imitates his double-jointed gyrations. They face each other. Loose does a stand-up tap. Sky repeats it. They dance faster, then flail arms and legs even faster. Both leap, pirouette, then land with arms high and legs apart. Merrymakers ROAR.

SC

Pizzazz personified! That's a whole lotta shakin' goin' on! If I tried that, they'd cart me out on a Stormy's gurney. Any more shakers out there, any more ? No? Well...

SKY LAURILA

Wait! Remmy, show me what cha got!
Let's hear it for starry, starry Rem!

MERRYMAKERS

REMMY...REMMY...REMMY...REMMY!

Rembrandt blushes, smiles at Sky then takes the stage. He motions the band. The MUSIC starts. He begins a gymnastic break dance routine. It combines a floor exercise and the pommel horse with the strength of rings. He executes many head and neck pirouettes to a handstand. His handstand finish with his legs lowered rearward, parallel to the floor is stunning. Remmy flips to both feet. CHEERS erupt. Sky and Rembrandt smile at each other.

SC

Oh my, oh my, how will we ever decide a winner, you're all too good. What to do, what to do. All contestants to the shell please! Now merrymakers, please applaud when I point to your favorite bop around.

He points to each; all applaud enthusiastically.

SC

Sounds like another too-close-to-call contest to me! As chief bopper, I must declare a dancing draw! Hopscotch, the Bop Around trophy please!

The trophy is passed around. Revelers cheer. Loose kisses Sky's cheek with a SMACK. Fans GASP. SILENCE follows.

SKY

Oh, oh, big green eyes with a rosy-red, broken smile. A true Christmas chameleon!

REMBRANDT

I got your six Sky! You've just been hoodwinked by a holiday lizard on the the loose!

LOOSEJAM

Go lop an ear...least Loose give it a whirl!

TIMO

I heard that boys. Why argue over something you can't have. Besides, I'd hate to have to grind your bones to make my croissant.

SKY

DAD!...MOOOOM!

LOOSEJAM

Say...ka what!

HOPSCOTCH

Oh nooo! First family feud hare! Music please! Do the Hoppy Boppy now, hop, bop!

Kids join the dancers for a group bop to a Christmas medley. The dance celebration is seen from above.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, PAD 39-A PLATFORM - NIGHT

A million fans gather for the new Saturn-5's unveiling and scheduled night launch. The large rocket HUFFS and PUFFS clouds of white smoke. Remmy approaches Sky.

REMBRANDT

Say hey Sky girl...lookin' good!

SKY

Thanks, just don't say that too loud. Hop says you've been working hard on the world's largest art project. What is it?

REMBRANDT

Yeah, I had this cool idea and I told Hop and he asked NASA and they said yes.

So I called the Subway Boys. They all came to help. Sky, you are not going to believe what we did to that rocket!

SKY

You're so funny when you're stoked Rem! I've never seen you like this before. Exactly, what did you do to our rocket ship and just who are the Subway guys?

BEBOP arrives with Loose. He is a skinny artist from East St. Louis. Suspenders hold his baggies and a loaded spray-can belt. A cocked hat covers dreadlocks. Hopi approaches.

REMBRANDT

This Sky, is Bebop, a Subway Boy and Boss Brush of my all-American art troupe whom I engaged to assist me on the world's largest canvass, the Sat-5.

HOPI

Sky, Rem and the Beeeeebopper! How goes it? I sneaked a peek. WOWZZA! You boys surpassed all expectations. Your impressionist mentor would be impressed.

REMBRANDT

Your wisdom is that of a great chief Hop. Your coaching inspires and encourages us.

HOPI

Your work exemplifies remarkable talent but it also masks deeper feelings. It signifies your world view much as our art depicted our lives. It is your way to cry out, too be heard. Soon all will hear.

BEBOP

You da man, Chief Hop!

HOPI

Your great art will soon amaze. Destiny calls; best mount up...you lucky stars! I've got a christening to do.

Thousands line fences. The Sat-5's HISS and PUFF. SUDDENLY the rocket ship is illuminated. "Peace Train" PLAYS. Fans

CHEER! Kids from 249 nations throw paint balloons at the ship. They create flame colors above the engines. The Subway Boys dance. The song ends. Hopi addresses the crowd.

HOPI

When the Sat-5 shakes loose of Mother Earth's loving arms, seismographs from a thousand miles away will say earthquake; but we will know the truth, for we are standing on sacred ground. On this very spot, Pad-39A, millions prayed as young braves left their world behind in search of a new one. The success they achieved inspired all. Again, we will dance with stars, follow blazed footsteps; in doing so...the world will become one.

Fans chant COUNTDOWN, COUNTDOWN! They listen.

HOPI

Earth kids, kids from all 249 nations, you are our future! I give you the very same advice our great chief gave me when I was young. He said, he said Hopi, when you were born, you cried and the world rejoiced; live your life in such a way that when you die, you rejoice and the world will cry! COUNT'EM DOWN.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, PAD 39-VIEWING PLATFORM - NIGHT

The fans cheer then chant countdown, countdown! The announcer is heard. Sari and Timo view the Sat-5.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

T-minus one hour, t-minus one hour and counting to PT-249's liftoff to the moon!

SARI

Peace Train, one cool spaceship! A high-speed train adorned with flags from every nation on earth, from nosecone to the engines, it's electrifying; gives me the shivers.

Timo holds Rocket in his arms. The dog wears ear muffs. Winnie with a rocket hat is held by her mother.

TIMO

And led by Lady Liberty cloaked in our own stars and stripes. Vargas would be so proud of her.

SARI

Van Gogh would equally applaud his subway disciples. Bravo zulu Boys!

WINNIE

Look Mom, the man in the moon! He's got a big smiley face! He wants us to come, he wants us to come right now Mom!

INT. SATURN-5 COMMAND MODULE - NIGHT

All are strapped down horizontally. Max and Kie laugh. Sky blows a kiss to the boys. Loose turns red. Remmy smiles and returns the gesture. An indicator light FLASHES.

MISSION CONTROL (VO)

Major Max, we show an overload in S-2. We are on hold until we assess, over.

MAX

Control, storage-2 lamp just went out, I'll test switch, over.

MISSION CONTROL (VO)

Roger that Max, please advise.

MAX

Flip on...off, bypassing...good switch, no light, we're good to go control, out.

MISSION CONTROL (VO)

Roger PT-249, we are resuming countdown.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, PAD 39-VIEWING PLATFORM - NIGHT

Fans grow louder. The countdown is less than a minute. VIBRATIONS increase. The rocket COUGHS plumes of smoke.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

All systems are go for launch. T-minus 16 seconds, are you ready to RUMMMMMMMBLE? 13-11 seconds, contact.

Ignition sequence start, 10-9, engines are "on" 7-6-5-4-3-2-1-0, YES, LIFT-OFF, we have LIFT-OFF of Peace Train at 32 minutes past the hour.

Five giant rockets ROAR. Massive vibrations SHAKE the cape. Noise is DEAFENING. Smoke rises; light turns night to day.

ANNOUNCER

Launch tower clear! Umbilical cord disconnect! NASA's baby has taken flight. Godspeed PT-229.

INT. PEACE TRAIN COMMAND MODULE - NIGHT

Astronauts are pushed hard into their seats. VIBRATIONS water their eyes. They ride the ROUGH first stage.

HOPI (VO)

He said, let their be light, and you're lighting us up down here. Your thoughts?

LOOSEJAM

Momma never said they'd be nights like this.

MAX

Faster than a bullet!

KIE

More powerful than a speeding locomotive!

REMBRANDT

Able to leap oceans in a single bound.

SKY

Flying high is...Super Sky! Hi Dad, Hi Mom, mach-10. Permission to beam you both up, over.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, PAD 39-VIEWING PLATFORM - NIGHT

The rocket's fire illuminates the cape and surrounding sky. Timo and Sari listen to flight transmissions on headsets. They can communicate with their daughter.

TIMO

Our high-flying daughter is spooled.

She would like to beam us up...

SARI

Sorry Scotty, we're not going anywhere.
Godspeed to our gal!

ANNOUNCER (VO)

First stage jettisoned at 68 vertical
miles, speed, 6164 mph. Begin second-
stage burn.

TIMO

Rocketman Sky, come in over.

INT. PEACE TRAIN COMMAND MODULE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sky Replies to her father.

SKY

I copy Pop. How's it goin' down
there Pop? I love how that sounds.
Pop, Pop, Pop!

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, PAD 39-VIEWING PLATFORM - NIGHT

Timo responds.

TIMO

Focus my fanged one. You go any slower
you'll stop; kick it in gear, the
second-stage burn. You'll soar over a
hundred high, 1600 downrange and jet more
than 20,000 miles an hour, or ten times
faster than Superman's foot-dragging,
faster-than-a-bullet speed.

SARI

That's warp speed Scotty! Will this stunt
our daughters growth or accelerate it?

TIMO

Heaven only knows BG but tell me...could
YOU handle the third stage Brown Eyes?
That's a speed-of-heat, 17,500 mph?

SARI

No need for that, my man major!

Just beam your big win-grin my way.
That pegs BG's heat meter.

Timo beams at BG.

SARI

Oh no! I'm melting, I'm melling!

TIMO

Heavens to murgatroid, Momma, we're not
in Norway no more!

SKY (VO)

My lord...cool those jets kids!

INT. PEACE TRAIN COMMAND MODULE, ABOVE MOON - DAY

The crew prepares to load into the LEM. A light FLASHES.

MAX

Houston, we have a nagging problem.
That darn overweight indicator light...
what the heck, it just went out...
no, hold on, it just moved, somehow to
the Lunar Excursion Module. Loose,
check the LEM for aliens.

Loose's eyes bug out. Kie motions and smiles at Rembrandt.

KIE

Remmy, you go with him. Find that pesky
Klingon and Rem, try not to get snatched
to a far, far away distant galaxy.

INT. LUNAR EXCURSION MODULE (LEM), ABOVE MOON - DAY

The kids enter the LEM. Loose sees it peaking. He SCREAMS.

LOOSEJAM

It's there, great big and...with one eye!

KIE (VO)

Does it have a horn too? Is it purple?
It could be the very elusive one-eyed,
one-horned, flyin' purple people eater.
Careful...he can be a mean one!

SKY
I don't see any aliens hare!

MAX
As soon as Kie and I can squeeze in here
kids, Houston's cleared us to land.

EXT. PEACE TRAIN COMMAND MODULE, ABOVE MOON - DAY

The Lunar Excursion Module disengages the Command Module.

MISSION CONTROL (VO)
Major, this is Houston. You're go for
undocking and power up. Initiate descent
orbit insertion burn, over.

MAX (VO)
Copy that Houston, undock and power on.
Initiating burn to descend.

INT. LUNAR EXCURSION MODULE, ABOVE MOON - DAY

The crew descends in the LEM. Max pilots, Sky navigates.

LOOSEJAM
*Mamma say Loose has done real good,
Mamma say dat Loose done gooooood.*

SKY
Cut the radio rap, Loose. Houston, PT
260 nautical miles uprange, 50,000 ft.

MISSION CONTROL (VO)
Max, power descent initiation to 10K.

MAX
Roger Houston, throttle back, attitude
adjusters 10 to port. On course, over.

SKY
9,000 feet and descending.

EXT. LUNAR EXCURSION MODULE - DAY

The LEM nears the moon's surface

SKY (VO)
2,000 feet, manual override, pads out.
PT-249's all yours Max.

MAX (VO)
Hovering at 200 Houston. Looks good.

MISSION CONTROL (VO)
Pt-249 clear to land. Say hi to the big
cheese, out.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, PAD 39-A - DAY

Fans worldwide watch the broadcast. The LEM lands and
settles in dust. People cheer. Hopi takes the platform.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
PT-249 on final descent and touchdown! We
have touchdown in the Sea of Tranquility
at 16 minutes past the hour!

SKY (VO)
Touch down, engines off. Peace Train
now arriving at Moongate-1.

HOPI
Ho, mitakuye oyasin: We are all related!
May the winds of heaven sooth your soul;
may the rainbow always touch your shoulder.
And may you dance with wildness and bask in
the adventure of being alive.

INT. LUNAR EXCURSION MODULE - DAY

The crew prepares for departure.

MAX
Well said airboss! Okay, Houston, who
takes the first step for man this time?

EXT. THE SEA OF TRANQUILITY, THE MOON - DAY

The hatch BURSTS open. Hopscotch in Gorg's silver spacesuit
and NASA breathing device, leaps off the top step. Max and
the boys follow and exit, witnessing the stowaway.

HOPSCOTCH

No hops no glory! A funny hare, with the speed of jack rabbit, a big cloud of dust and a hardy, HI-HOOOO HOPSTER! Oopsy daisey Houston, Hopscotch has a problem...BIG HOPS...OVERRRRRRR!

Hopscotch cartwheels, SCREAMS and creates a dust storm.

MAX

Boys, lend a hand to our hapless hare. Grab him on the rebound. And strap rocks to both ankles. He'll be useful setting up Camp Crawl in the Wall.

The boys grab Hopscotch's big feet and hold him.

HOPSCOTCH

You have pleased Klattu. He will reward you both generously, for saving sweetness!

REMBRANDT

We are always at the great alien master's service...and his royal rarebit's.

LOOSEJAM

That's a crock of cr...

KIE

Alright already, first things first! We set up camp, then gather our payload of moon rocks. Go, make tracks!

EXT. CAMP CRAWL IN THE WALL, THE MOON - DAY

They all set up camp with tents and air compressors. Hopscotch takes a battery from the LEM storage and disappears. Loose and Remmy return with lunar samples.

MAX

Anybody seen our havoc-induced hareball? I get nervous when I don't have a visual.

LOOSEJAM

He hopped over da ridge wid some go-juice. Holy smoke-a-rolly! See dat big honkin' clouda moon dust?

KIE

Oh, my...Houston will our problems
ever cease?

All look at the cloud. Hopscotch with Stormy emerge from
the dust and become airborne in the Lunar Rover. They WHOOP
and HOLLER, then careen off a rock and roll on two wheels.

MAX

Are you getting this for the inquisition?

REMBRANDT

The hare with hot wheels? That's an
affirmative Major Max. Stormy's at the
wheel...the Hopsters ridin' shotgun.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL, PAD 39-A - NIGHT

Timo and Sari watch the giants race around the camp on the
big screen. The rover disappears in its own dust cloud.

TIMO

*Fun, fun, fun, till NASA takes the rover
away.*

SARI

To have fun...or not to have fun, that
is the real question, may man major.

EXT. CAMP CRAWL IN THE WALL, THE MOON - NEW YEAR'S EVE

There is a display with lights, a camera on a tripod and
boombox. Earth is illuminated behind them. Kie counts down.

KIE

10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-ZERO!

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

Millions view the festivities on a giant screen.
Loose lights a "Happy Birthday Earth" sign. Remmy plays
"Telstar." Fans in New York CHEER and dance.

INT. CAMP CRAWL IN THE WALL, THE MOON - NEW YEAR'S EVE

Hopscotch and Stormy bump. Loose grate dances. Kie films.
Sky approaches Remmy. Kie focuses on them.

SKY

It's a starry, starry night Rem. I've heard artists have romantic hearts. Tell me something, something dreamy Rem.

REMBRANDT

That's a lot of pressure to bestow on the young artful one...but I willingly accept your starry-eyed challenge. So, this, this me lady of the night, is to rest upon your eyes and ears only. In the beginning he said, let us all be merry, and we were; in the end, there was even more merriment...and in the middle was...was...the TICKLLLLLE!

Remmy tickles Sky mercilessly. They laugh, giggle and gaze. They kiss, their first. The earth is in the distance.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

Fans view the kiss. Sky and Rembrandt look into the camera. They realize they are being watched.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. PEACE TRAIN COMMAND MODULE, THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

A HUMMING is heard. Max reaches back, nudges Remmy then points to the window. He motions him to rouse the other and again points to the windows. Rem wakes the others. All sleepily gaze out. The sky lightens, slowly then faster. A sphere rises from the horizon, its light reflects back. All watch it emerge from the barren moonscape and into view.

MAX

Look, she's wearing her Sunday best!

KIE (OS)

Yeah, attired in her dress blues with deep-green accents and partially cloaked in a see-through white, wispy overcoat.

Remmy takes Sky's hand. They peer through the windows.

REMBRANDT

Like a lighthouse floating on a lonely
sea, Mother Earth beckons its
earthlings home. This is it, isn't it
Sky, our real prize...Earthrise; the
glory of the lord.

LOOSEJAM (OS)

The G-man did good, huh Rem.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, the G-man did real good Loose.

Max turns on Mission Control's video screen to reveal Hopi.
The crew listens to Hopi. They peer out the windows.

HOPHI

Greetings, sky walkers. Hear the drumbeat,
listen to your world...as it revolves; it
resonates to the rhythms of its people; it
is the music within us, the art of the
earth. Dance to the song of our kindred
souls, as it too dances...by the light
of the moon.

The Video "Stand By Me," by Playing for Change, PLAYS.
Musicians from around the earth, simultaneously entertain
the crew and the world's inhabitants. Remmy holds Sky's
hand.

*No matter who you are, no matter where
you go in life,
you need somebody...to stand by you.*

*No matter how much money you have,
or the friends you have,
you need somebody to stand by you.*

*When the night has come and the land is
dark and the moon is the only light we'll
see,
No I won't be afraid, no I won't be afraid,
just as long as you stand by me.*

*And darlin' darling 'stand by me, oh now,
stand by me, stand by me.*

*If the sky that we look upon should tumble
and fall,
and the mountains should crumble to the sea,
I won't cry, I won't cry, no I won't shed a tear,
just as long as you stand by me.*

FADE OUT:

THE END

