

Atomic Blonde
"Pilot"

by Paul Robert Coyle

FADE IN:

GRAINY B&W FOOTAGE OF THE MOVIE "FRANKENSTEIN"

We're watching the classic Karloff version, right up to the scene on the riverbank where the monster is about to drown the little girl... suddenly the film runs out and the screen GOES ALL WHITE. Over the whiteness we HEAR:

CARLA (V.O.)

It never failed. The second things were about to get real gory, or bloody, they'd pull the plug. But I didn't care. I knew what came next. 'Cuz that's when my Dad would appear and save the day...

EXT. "GRAVEYARD" - NIGHT

From among the fog-shrouded headstones, steps a black-caped figure, COUNT HERMAN, our midnight horror-movie host... he speaks in an exaggerated Hungarian accent, ala Lugosi...

HERMAN

Ah, ghouls and goulashes... it may be the witching hour, but there are some scenes so disturbing, so nightmare-inducing, that I, Herman the Horrific, am banned from showing them to you...
(out of the corner of his mouth; *sans* accent)
Not that I wouldn't like to, but the censor'd have my job!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show we're in a T.V. STUDIO on a graveyard set whose budget makes Ed Wood look like DeMille. The single camera covering the action is a bulky floor model with "KTLA" stamped on it. The year is 1957, and though the word "camp" hasn't been coined, Herman indeed camps it up with abandon.

CARLA (V.O.)

He used to be a serious news writer, but when television came in he lost his job. Then the station made him horror movie host. But Daddy always did things *his* way...

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

HERMAN

Friends and fiends, here's where I'm supposed to introduce the most nightmarish manifestation of all -- our friendly sponsor hawking used Fords down in Long Beach. Instead, I offer a dramatization of the *verboten* scene from *Frankenstein*, performed by our late-night players...

From offstage, Herman's trio of costumed sidekicks run onto the set... Like Addams Family rejects, they are BRAINO (chrome-domed "seer" a la Criswell,) WOLF BOY (boyishly handsome under all that facial hair and sporting black leather a la Elvis) and FETISHA (your basic sexy vampiress.)

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Braino, Wolf Boy, Fetishia dearest...

Braino knocks over a cardboard headstone, causing the CAMERA OPERATOR to guffaw...

CAMERA OPERATOR

What the hell, nobody's watchin'.

CARLA (V.O.)

Wrong. I was watching, like always... and loving it.

ANGLE ON SIDELINES - 13-YEAR OLD CARLA

Blonde pigtails, strikingly pretty, whip-smart, part tomboy, Carla watches from offstage, eyes big as saucers and struggling to hold in her laughter.

CARLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's me. Carla. Well, me back then anyway. Sorry 'bout the pigtails. It's a good thing Horror Theatre ran Saturday nights, 'cuz I never missed a single show and I never hadda worry about school the next day.

On stage, Herman directs the trio.

HERMAN

I'll be the monster. Fetishia, you're the innocent child...

WOLF BOY

And us, master?

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HERMAN

You two are the heroic strangers come
to rescue the poor child...

The bargain-basement thespians go at it... Herman does his best
lumbering Karl off impression, as Braino and Wolf Boy attack
him...

HERMAN (CONT'D)

See, dear viewers, in the lost scene
the monster is driven off and the
innocent child is saved...

Braino and Wolf Boy end up trashing the set, flattening the
scenery... while Carla laughs and laughs...

HERMAN (CONT'D)

And in the end, the little girl flees
to safety... forever indebted to the
strangers for their courage and
kindness. And now, in the nick of
time... station identification.

STAGE MANAGER

We're clear. Back in ten, gang.

At the all-clear, Carla bounds onto the set, joining Herman and
the sidekicks. Everybody starts replacing the headstones.

CARLA

(rapid-fire, ideas
spilling out)

That was great! Next segment, Braino,
Fetisha and Wolfie can be the village
mob, waving torches, they corner
Frankie at the castle wall...

FETISHA

Listen to the kid, Herman. We're all
gonna be workin' for her someday.

BRAINO

(hand at his temple)

Ah, live fire and cardboard props... I
"see" disaster in the making...

With a smile, Herman puts an arm around his daughter.

HERMAN

Great ideas, honey. But a budget of
seventy-five cents only goes so far.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OAKLAND, the rumpled station manager, approaches.

OAKLAND

Herman, can I see you a sec?

Carla listens in as...

HERMAN

Don't worry, boss. There's not gonna be any torches.

OAKLAND

Huh? Listen, the station bought a package of new flicks, gonna start running 'em next week. Real modern-day sci-fi stuff, giant bugs, robots and radioactive freaks, the kids love 'em. So we're gonna be cutting back on the old Karloff and Lugosi stuff...

Carla's face freezes. It's as if she's thinking: is Herman about to lose his job? In fact, we hear...

CARLA (V.O.)

At that moment, I remember thinking: is Dad about to lose his job?

And in fact, Herman says it...

HERMAN

Am I about to lose my job?

OAKLAND

Hmm? No, no. Nothing like that. It's just, can you think about maybe updating your act? We got loads of silver paint, maybe your sidekicks could be Martians or, you know, radioactive freaks? Silver ones.

HERMAN

Sure, I'll think about it, Si.

OAKLAND

You do that, Herman. And *no torches*.

As Oakland moves off, Herman follows him.

HERMAN

Uh, Si... I sent you a memo about that weekend position at the anchor desk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

OAKLAND

Herman, that job went to Jerry Dunphy.
People say he's the next Edward R.
Murrow.

Behind Herman's back, some stagehands snicker...

STAGEHAND #1

Yeah, Bela here readin' the evening
news... that'd be a ratings-grabber.

No wallflower, Carla angrily whirls on them, defending her Dad:

CARLA

For your information, my father was a
serious journalist! He can do
whatever he sets his mind to!

STAGEHAND #2

Okay, kid! Herman, call her off!

OAKLAND

(eying Carla)
She's a spitfire, Herman. Pretty,
too. Y'know, there's a real future in
bubbly blonde weather girls...

CARLA

(right on him)
Is that a job offer, Mr. Oakland?
'Cuz if so, I just might be interested
in an entry-level position that could
lead to bigger things...

OAKLAND

You're how old?

CARLA

Fourteen next April.

OAKLAND

What I thought. See me when you're
outa high school, kid.

CARLA

Thanks, I won't forget!

Oakland starts to go. Herman looks at Carla with pride.

HERMAN

Did I teach you to speak your mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CARLA
You taught me to *have* a mind. That's
even better.

A COMMOTION o.s. interrupts their father/daughter moment...

DR. RETIK (O.S.)
Please, let me go -- I have to get the
word out, to *watch the skies*...

ANGLE AT STAGE DOOR

An older, brillo-haired man who looks like Einstein has been nabbed by security guards as he tries frantically to get inside.

GUARD
Let's go, Pops --

DR. RETIK
No, I have to warn the public --

Herman's been staring at the intruder, he makes the connection:

HERMAN
Dr. Retik? Hey, easy on him --

Carla follows as Herman joins Oakland and the others.

OAKLAND
Herman, you know this guy?

HERMAN
So would you, if you watched our own
science reports. Dr. Retik's one of
the country's top astronomers. He's
been reporting on Sputnik.

CARLA
Cool...

DR. RETIK
(wild-eyed, desperate)
Thank you, young man. I have to go on
camera, I have to get the word out...
they're coming, watch the skies...

He's like Kevin McCarthy in *Body Snatchers*, he's so excited he's babbling and coming off like a nutcase...

OAKLAND
Who's coming? The Russkies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED: (6)

DR. RETIK

No no no, this is *real*. A threat
we've never before imagined...

OAKLAND

Look, I can't let you near a camera,
Doc. Besides it's past midnight,
there's nobody awake to warn.

CARLA

Actually, I read where insomniacs now
account for point-seven percent of the
population.

DR. RETIK

Please, send a crew with me to the
Observatory! I'll illustrate the
danger through the telescope...

OAKLAND

Yeah, good idea. You go on ahead and,
uh, polish the lens.

Calmed somewhat, Retik leaves...

DR. RETIK

Hurry, before it's too late...

HERMAN

We'll be there, Doctor.

After he's gone, the boss makes a cuckoo sign.

OAKLAND

(to the guards)
He comes back, call the police.

HERMAN

Wait. Aren't you going to send
someone? That man's no crank.

OAKLAND

Why don't you let me handle the news,
Herman, while you get back to your
little spook show?

Carla watches as Herman slinks back to the graveyard set.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CARLA

Dad... Dad?

Off Carla, feeling Herman's disgrace...

EXT. CHANNEL 5 - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Carla and the trio of Herman's sidekicks come from the studio. They cast elongated WEIRD SHADOWS ahead of themselves, in the moonlight. Braino, Wolf Boy and Fetisha have changed into civvies but oddly they're still mostly in makeup... their fangs and facial hair don't really come off... more on that later...

WOLF BOY

Who's for pizza?

FETISHA

Where we gonna get pizza in L.A. at this hour? It's Canter's or nothing.

BRAINO

I could go for a corned beef. Carla, you riding with us or with Herman?

CARLA

Dad's lagging behind, like always. If I'm not back in a couple minutes, go on ahead. We'll catch up.

Carla heads back inside.

INT. CHANNEL 5 - MAKEUP TABLE AREA - NIGHT

Herman's rubbing the ghoulish makeup off his face. Looking in the mirror, he affects a "serious newscaster's" voice.

HERMAN

And now, the nightly news.

(beat; disgusted)

Turn the kids away first, I'm liable to scare 'em to death...

Overhearing, Carla picks up on her dad's melancholy...

CARLA

Everyone's going for deli, can we go, Dad? I'm famished!

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

HERMAN

You're always famished. It's bad enough I keep you up all ungodly hours, now you're breaking bread with the ghouls. Your mother must be spinning in her grave.

CARLA

You missed a spot...

Grabbing a tissue, she dabs at his makeup; "mothering" him.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Anyway, they're your friends. I like 'em. But they're not like other actors. Ever notice, their makeup never seems to come off?

HERMAN

They're... "special." The last of their kind.

CARLA

Wolf Boy's kinda dreamy. *Dangerous* dreamy, y'know? Like Ricky Nelson, with a hairy face. Maybe it's my imagination, but I think he nipped at me tonight.

HERMAN

Don't worry. You're immune.

CARLA

You're joking, right?

HERMAN

No, but never mind. I'll explain when you're older. You go on with the others, I've got an errand to run.

CARLA

At this hour? What could you --
(it dawns)

You're going to see that crazy guy, aren't you? Doctor Radish --

HERMAN

Retik. And he's not "crazy," don't call him that. He deserves to be taken seriously.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA
Sorry. You're right! I wanna come.

HERMAN
The Observatory's no place for a thirteen-year old girl at this hour. No, you're better off with the ghouls.

CARLA
But but but, the Observatory's -- *educational*.

Herman tousles Carla's hair affectionately.

HERMAN
You're fearless. But not tonight. If I'm right and Retik's got a story to tell, he just may be my ticket out of the graveyard. Okay, Carla?

CARLA
(bummed, but giving in)
Okay.

Giving her a big hug, he sends her off.

HERMAN
Now scoot. I've gotta finish removing my pallor.

She goes. Herman lingers at the mirror, finishing up.

EXT. CHANNEL 5 - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Carla comes out, just in time to see the TAILLIGHTS of the trio's car heading out the gate.

CARLA
Hey, wait for me!

Too late; they're gone. Carla pauses near Herman's car: a HEARSE, with his picture on the side for promotional purposes. After a beat, she impulsively climbs in back and hides in the coffin.

Moments later, Herman comes and slides behind the wheel, and drives out the gates.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

The hearse winds up the road and parks in front of...

THE OBSERVATORY

... where Herman gets out, and starts inside. We HOLD on the hearse. After a beat the coffin's lid slides open, and Carla slips out. She ducks behind a statue when she HEARS:

DR. RETIK'S VOICE

Halt! Who goes there!

HERMAN'S VOICE

It's me, Doctor Retik. "Count Herman." From Channel 5.

In the moonlight, Carla watches as her father joins Dr. Retik on the observatory's steps.

DR. RETIK

Fine, fine! Where's your camera?

HERMAN

Maybe you'd better show me what's the big emergency first. Then we'll send for a film crew.

DR. RETIK

Very well. Follow me.

They start up the stairs leading to the telescope. Carla slips closer. Their voices get more and more distant.

DR. RETIK'S VOICE

I was tracking Sputnik when it aligned with the moon, and I happened to see the damndest thing. *We have to warn the world of the danger up there!*

As they go into the telescope room, their voices fade. Carla pauses at the gate, unable to follow them inside.

From a nearby tree, an OWL HOOTS. Carla jumps. Then sees it's just an owl. But she SEES the tree branch is overlooking the observatory's window. An idea dawns.

CARLA

A bird's-eye view. Perfect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

Carla scrambles up the tree like the natural athlete she is. When the owl flies off, Carla takes its place on the perch. She has to struggle for balance, but it's cool, from here she SEES:

HER POV - THROUGH OBSERVATORY WINDOW

She sees Retik excitedly gesturing for Herman to peer through the giant telescope's lens.

BACK TO CARLA as she shimmies a little further out on the limb for a better view... suddenly out of the corner of her eye she SEES:

POV - THE OBSERVATORY STAIRS

In shadows, a pair of what can best be described as *dark, ethereal bogeymen* glide up the stairs. Nearly invisible, they blend into their surroundings like chameleons.

CARLA shakes her head, blink her eyes. When she looks back:

THE BOGeyMEN ARE GONE!

CARLA isn't sure *what* she just saw. The OWL HOOTS from another tree.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Carla, you have an overactive
imagination...

EXT. NIGHT SKY - THE FULL MOON

It glows a shimmery silver, looming large in a cloudless sky.

EXT. OBSERVATORY - BACK TO CARLA

She turns her attention back to spying. Through the window: Herman now seems swept up in Dr. Retik's paranoia. He takes a second look through the telescope, as if not believing his eyes.

HERMAN'S VOICE

A what?!

DR. RETIK'S VOICE

It's still a theory, but I believe the
evidence will prove me right. The
moon's not a natural celestial body at
all. It's an egg...

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED:

And now CARLA can't believe her eyes as *the two bogeymen seem to materialize behind Herman and Retik as if from the wall itself.* Only now the newcomers are slightly more tangible, and identifiable. Remember *Radar Men from the Moon?* You got it.

The next several actions overlap fast:

Carla SHOUTS a warning:

CARLA
Dad! *Behind you!* Look out --

The MOONMEN draw funky silvery RAY GUNS and point them at Herman and the doctor. At this very split-second:

CARLA SLIPS FROM THE TREE and falls, as:

A BLINDING WHITE FLASH spills from the telescope room. It's the last thing Carla sees as:

She hits her head on the ground, and BLACKS OUT.

THE OWL disappears into its hole. Through the window, the flash is gone. All is perfectly silent. CAMERA MOVES IN ON CARLA, out cold. She tosses her head in fitful unrest.

And now we DISSOLVE VIA WAVY CIRCULAR IMAGERY in the manner of Hitchcock's *Vertigo* until we are in:

CARLA'S NIGHTMARE (IN B&W)

A surrealistic, trippy montage of images from Carla's life: Count Herman rises from among the headstones... Braino, Wolf Boy and Fetisha drift through the dreamscape... the satellite Sputnik streaks across an impossibly large moon, BEEPING as it goes... Retik looms wild-eyed, gesticulating at the stars... THE OWL peers from its hole and speaks a grim warning:

OWL
They're coming, watch the skies...

The penultimate image is of Herman's makeup-streaked face, as he hugs Carla near the mirror... suddenly the figures of the MOONMEN APPEAR IN THE MIRROR. They raise their rayguns, and the BLINDING FLASH WHITES-OUT THE SCENE.

The WAVY *VERTIGO* DISSOLVE recurs, returning us to:

EXT. OBSERVATORY - LATER STILL

Lights. Flashes of light. The flashing emergency bubble lights of an AMBULANCE and two LAPD cruisers, parked on the lawn.

Carla's eyes switch from the flashing lights to TWO OUT-OF-FOCUS FIGURES LOOMING OVER HER. The moonmen?

AMBULANCE ATTENDANT

She's waking up.

No, not moonmen. An ambulance attendant. And a sympathetic POLICEWOMAN (of the meter maid variety.)

POLICEWOMAN

Can you hear me, sweetie? What's your name?

CARLA

Carla...

As the memories come flooding back, Carla shoots to her feet.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Dad! He's inside, I gotta warn --

She cuts off. Because more attendants are wheeling TWO SHEET-COVERED CORPSES from inside. There's another vehicle parked on the lawn. A boxy van marked "LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER'S OFFICE." Carla gasps, as --

Nearby, an officious-looking government MAN-IN-BLACK faces a small knot of REPORTERS. He drones on:

MAN-IN-BLACK

... the unfortunate victims of a tragic accident. The telescope's refracting lens apparently focused and magnified the electromagnetic pulsars radiating from a sunspot or supernova, creating an explosive feedback. Dr. Retik and his visitor were instantly incinerated.

CARLA

(crying out)

Nooooo...

Breaking free of the Policewoman's grip, Carla runs to the stretchers. The Reporters snap photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA (CONT' D)
It wasn't an accident! There were
men... some kind of *bogeymen*...

Flinging the sheet off the first corpse, she sees DR. RETIK'S BLEACHED-WHITE FACE. Before the Policewoman can stop her, Carla runs to the second stretcher.

CARLA (CONT' D)
And they had *ray guns*...

She pulls the sheet back. There she sees HERMAN'S BLEACHED-WHITE FACE, peaceful in its stillness. Carla doesn't flinch.

CARLA (CONT' D)
(gently; mothering him)
Daddy, you forgot to wash off your
makeup again...

She licks her thumb with her tongue, and tries to wipe the white off Herman's face. But this time it won't come off. Carla struggles to come to grips with that.

MAN-IN-BLACK
(to the reporters)
Let's give the little lady some
privacy, boys. As you can see, she's
hysterical.

And Carla is left standing over her father, as CAMERA PANS UP to the sky and the FULL MOON... strangely ominous.

CARLA (V. O.)
They never took him seriously, and
they treated a kid like me the same.
That night, on that very spot, I
promised Daddy in my head that things
would turn out differently for me...

As we hear the soulful strains of "BLUE MOON" by Elvis, it serves as our transition piece...

ELVIS (V. O.)
BLUE MOON... YOU SAW ME STANDING
ALONE... WITHOUT A DREAM IN MY
HEART... WITHOUT A LOVE OF MY OWN...

DISSOLVE TO:

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE: JOHN GLENN'S TICKER-TAPE PARADE, FEB. 1962

PANNING DOWN from the moon, to a sky filled with balloons and ticker tape, and astronaut Glenn waving from his motorcade.

WALTER CRONKITE (V.O.)

With simultaneous parades in Washington D.C. and on both coasts, a joyous nation celebrates Mercury astronaut John Glenn's safe return following the success of Friendship 7's historic first manned orbital space flight.

A TITLE CARD brings us up-to-date: "Present Day (1962.)"

CARLA (V.O.)

It's a new age, the *atomic* age, an exciting time bursting with the promise of science and progress and youth...

INT. T.V. STUDIO - DAY

We're back at Channel 5; a little more "modern," a lot busier, especially since it's the middle of the day. A door opens, flooding the stage with sunlight. In steps a vaguely familiar figure in form-fitting slacks and blonde bouffant hair.

CARLA (V.O.)

It's *my* time. And I'm back. Minus the pigtails.

It's CARLA, now 18. Cheery, self-confident, gorgeous, she's grown up and blossomed in all the right places.

OAKLAND (O.S.)

You're telling me we're on-air in thirty seconds, and the model's a no-show?!

Carla spots Oakland, a little older with a bigger gut, standing with a flustered director in front of a lighted kitchen set.

DIRECTOR

(spots Carla)
Here she is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

Grabbing Carla, he steers her onto the kitchen set.

DIRECTOR (CONT' D)
No time for rehearsal, doll, so I'm
counting on you to be a pro.

CARLA
(sweetly)
I'm afraid you've got the wrong --

OAKLAND
What's with her wardrobe? What kind
of housewife wears slacks? And
where's her pearls?!

Before Carla can set things straight, she's standing in front of
a refrigerator, facing a stagehand holding cue cards.

DIRECTOR
Standby. We're live in three -- two --

He throws a silent cue. The camera's red light blinks on.
*Without missing a beat, Carla proceeds to launch into a pitch-
perfect performance.*

CARLA
Ladies, how would you like your hubby
to crown you Queen of the Castle?
You'll feel like it's coronation day
when you introduce your subjects to
the all-new-for-'62 Polar Throne, from
Westinghouse.

Opening the fridge's door, Carla gestures grandly.

CARLA (CONT' D)
Elegant with spacious freezer, dairy
compartment and adjustable shelves,
the Polar Throne deserves to command a
regal spot in your kingdom. I know *my*
king agrees.

(rolls her eyes just
slightly; the big finish)
The Polar Throne. Available at Sears
Roebuck, and all fine appliance
stores.

DIRECTOR
Cut! Beautiful!

(CONTI NUED)

CONTI NUED: (2)

CARLA

"The Polar Throne?" What genius wrote that? The only throne in most homes isn't the one found in the kitchen.

OAKLAND

Terri fic. Now go change into something dressy, sweetheart, you've got a vacuum cleaner spot up next.

Di smi ssi ng her, Oakl and starts away.

CARLA

Don't you remember me, Mr. Oakl and?

OAKLAND

Wait. Don't tell me. Did you used to wait tables at Norm's?

BRAI NO (O. S.)

Carla? I thought it was you.

BRAI NO pops out from behind the T.V. camera. He's the operator who just shot Carla's commercial! He's wearing a baseball cap. He lifts it, helping Carla to recognize him.

BRAI NO (CONT'D)

It's me. Billy Bissou. "Braino."

Bi g smi le from Carla. As they hug --

CARLA

Oh my gosh! You're still here!

BRAI NO

They made me a cameraman. I'm union and everything! And not just me --

(calling o.s.)

Lonny! Dolores! Look who's back!

WOLF BOY and FETI SHA, AKA Lonny and Dolores, appear. He's pushing a broom; she's in the makeup department.

FETI SHA

You're all grown up, little girl!

WOLF BOY

(gives a big WOLF WHISTLE)

I'll say she is!

More reuni on hugs as Oakl and says:

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OAKLAND

Carla Webb! Your father Herman would be proud of you... a frigidaire spokeswoman! And a damn fine one...

CARLA

I've been trying to tell you, you've got the wrong girl...

Right on cue, a BUSTY MODEL in wobbly heels runs in, breathless.

BUSTY MODEL

Am I late? It's me, Miss Polar Throne!

Oakland winces, recognizing the gaffe.

OAKLAND

Oy. I owe you one, Carla. Big time.

BRAINO

What a trooper. Didn't I predict she'd go far?

CARLA

Mr. Oakland --

FETISHA

Call him Si. You've earned it.

CARLA

I'm here for the job you promised me.

OAKLAND

Job? What job?

CARLA

You told me to look you up after high school. So here I am!

OAKLAND

It's February. Schools don't end 'til summer.

CARLA

I took an accelerated senior year. Graduated top of my class.

WOLF BOY

Beauty and brains. Watch out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

OAKLAND

Yeah, you've got the looks and the hair and you think fast on your feet. Okay. Consider yourself the new Polar Queen Lady.

Still in earshot, the Busty Model takes umbrage.

BUSTY MODEL

Hey! That's *my* gig!

CARLA

(still sweetly)
Thanks, but no thanks.

OAKLAND

Excuse me?

CARLA

I kind of see myself as more of a Jackie, not a Marilyn.
(aside, to Busty Model)
No offense.

BUSTY MODEL

None taken. Hey, who doesn't want to be a Marilyn?

WOLF BOY

(all caveman)
Yeah, Marilyn's hot!

FETISHA

Down, boy.

OAKLAND

I don't understand. You want a job, I'm offering you one.

CARLA

I majored in Journalism, not Bimbosity.

OAKLAND

Don't tell me you wanna waste those good looks workin' behind the scenes?

CARLA

Fine, put me on camera. As long as it's real news, not fluff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

OAKLAND

Yeah you're Herman's kid, alright.

CARLA

I don't want anything handed to me. I want to earn it. Tell me how.

OAKLAND

Okay. Go out and bag me a big exclusive.

CARLA

How big?

OAKLAND

Bigger than a breadbox. I dunno. I just heard John Glenn's in town, rumor is he's staying at the Ambassador to meet with the President after some big speech tomorrow.

BRAINO

John Glenn? Come on, boss, be fair. She'll never get anywhere near --

CARLA

I'll do it! Can I have a crew?

Exasperated, Oakland indicates Braino, Wolf Boy and Fetisha.

OAKLAND

Take your friends. When you come back empty-handed, I promise I won't say I-told-you-so.

(then, to Busty Model)

You. Let's get you in pearls.

As he goes off with his arm around the model's tiny waist, Carla excitedly faces the trio of her old friends.

CARLA

This is great! I love a challenge...

Off Carla's enthusiasm...

INT. CARLA'S T-BIRD - DAY

Carla drives a white T-bird, straight out of *American Graffiti*. Braino's in the passenger seat, Wolf Boy and Fetisha sit in back. Carla chatters cheerfully:

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA

And I filled out all sorts of college applications and I already got some scholarship offers, and the recruiter from UCLA says I'm a shoo-in and all I need is some hands-on guidance but I really think he wants to date me, so I thought hey, why waste four more years when the job market's calling? Hey, I really missed you guys.

FETISHA

We missed you too, hon.

BRAINO

But I always knew you'd be back.

CARLA

You're still into that swami thing, huh? I hear ESP's the NBT. The Next-Big-Thing!

Glancing into the rear-view mirror, Carla notices Wolf Boy has seemingly sprouted even more facial hair.

CARLA (CONT'D)

What about you, Wolfe? Jeez Louise, that's some heavy five o'clock shadow!

WOLF BOY

Sun's goin' down. I left my razor in my other pants.

FETISHA

Don't worry, he doesn't shed. Much.

CARLA

So, uh, now that I'm not a kid anymore, can I ask: what's the real deal with you guys? I mean, Dad called you "special." But like how?

BRAINO

Let's just say, we're not so much good actors as we're good at being ourselves.

CARLA

As in, you're a real seer, a real vampiress and a real wol fman?

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FETISHA

Wolf Boy. He still thinks he's James Dean.

BRAINO

Herman was more than our friend... he looked after us.

CARLA

Like a guardian?

FETISHA

Sort of. It's kind of like a legacy.

WOLF BOY

That's how come we always knew you'd be back someday... to take his place.

CARLA

That's so boss! I mean, I love you guys and everything, and I'm into societal obligations and Making a Difference in the world. And I'm also into Being All You Can Be but I'm not about to join Uncle Sam, so this legacy thing, I'm cool with that. I think. Whatever it means.

They lapse into driving in silence. Carla sneaks another look at Wolf Boy in the mirror. Those are some *serious* whiskers.

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - PARKING AREA - LATE DAY

The T-bird parks. Everybody climbs out.

BRAINO

Carla, Oakland's sending you after the broomstick of the Wicked Witch of the West. I mean, he knows you're not gonna get within a mile of John Glenn!

FETISHA

Yeah, hon. We don't wanna see you fail and be disappointed.

CARLA

(always looking on the bright side)
How can I fail, with you guys in my corner?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA (CONT' D)

Besides, John Glenn went up into space. It's possible... just possible... he might have the answers I've been looking for...

BRAINO

Answers? What answers?

CARLA

(somberly)

About the death of my dad.

She starts off, purposeful. The others exchange looks, worried for her.

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - POOL AREA - LATE DAY

A lone figure swims laps across the pool. ANGLE to see a small knot of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS. They're held back by a larger knot of BEEFY PRIVATE SECURITY TYPES.

REPORTER #1

Is that him? C'mon, he's a national hero. Just lemme get a quick quote.

PRIVATE SECURITY TYPE

Everybody back. All Lt. Colonel Glenn asks for is a little breathing room.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Colonel Glenn! Smile for the camera!

The swimmer emerges from the pool, grabs a towel and waves to the press as FLASHBULBS POP. JOHN GLENN, 41, is fit and athletic, a genuine American hero. He's immediately surrounded by MORE PRIVATE SECURITY TYPES, who whisk him through a door.

JOHN GLENN

(smiling; sotto voce)

Oh, for the peace and solitude of space.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - GROUND LEVEL - LATE DAY

Glenn and his bodyguards come from the pool area. Suddenly they hear a WOMAN'S SCREAM. WHIP-PAN AHEAD TO SEE: Fetisha lying on the floor, with a ferocious-looking Wolf Boy drooling and GROWLING over her. She SCREAMS again.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Braino, dressed in an ill-fitting bellboy's outfit, runs in and smacks Wolfie over the head with a traveler's bag.

Their little skit plays out for the benefit of a surprised John Glenn and his bodyguards.

JOHN GLENN
(to the bodyguards)
Don't just stand there! GET him!

The bodyguards take off after Wolf Boy, who scampers away. Glenn comes to Fetisha's rescue, helping her to her feet.

JOHN GLENN (CONT'D)
Are you alright, ma'am?

FETISHA
(milking it)
Fine, thanks to you! Oooh, my handsome rescuer... such big, rippling biceps...

BRAINO
(grabs her elbow)
Better get you to the hotel nurse, lady. Thanks, sir. Enjoy your stay at the Ambassador!

They disappear around a corner. Glenn's left standing alone. He turns toward a door marked: "MEN'S SAUNA." As he reaches for the knob, the door is yanked open from inside by CARLA.

CARLA
(perky)
Hi there! Carla Webb, from Channel 5!

JOHN GLENN
All that to get me alone? I admire your initiative, young lady. But please, no interviews...

He starts away. Carla dogs his heels.

CARLA
My entire future depends on my not coming back empty-handed. How would you feel, sir, if you went all that way into space for nothing?

JOHN GLENN
Trust me, it wasn't for nothing. But I can't talk about it. Not until I've met with the President.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA
Then can I get a story?

JOHN GLENN
 Then the world will get a story. I
 just pray it's not too late.

At the elevator, Glenn punches a button. Carla persists:

CARLA
 Thanks, but that's not exactly the
 exclusive I had in mind. And I really
 really REALLY need to talk to you!

The elevator opens, Glenn steps in. An ELEVATOR OPERATOR's
 inside. Carla almost jumps in, but Glenn blocks her way.

JOHN GLENN
 Sorry, Carla.
 (to Elevator Operator)
 Penthouse, please.

The elevator closes in Carla's face. She stands there,
 exasperated, watching the elevator rise. Then she plunges
 through a door marked: "STAIRS."

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Carla races up, past the floor signs, until she reaches "P."

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - PENTHOUSE LEVEL - NIGHT

Carla emerges, heart pumping. Down the hall, she spies John
 Glenn stepping off the elevator. He starts for the penthouse
 door. Carla starts after him. Just as:

CARLA'S POV - GLENN

Room key in hand, he walks toward his door. Suddenly shimmering
 into view *as if materializing from the walls of the hallway*, TWO
 MOONMEN APPEAR BEHIND GLENN.

ON CARLA

She GASPS. Thinking fast, she whips out a CAMERA, snaps off a
 quick series of shots.

Things happen fast now --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MOONMEN raise their ray guns, point them at Glenn. Fumbling with the key in the lock, he doesn't see the danger.

CARLA is Glenn's only hope. She rips a FIRE EXTINGUISHER off the wall. Aiming it, she LETS LOOSE A BLAST OF FOAM.

CARLA
Colonel Glenn! *Duck!!*

Startled, the moonmen are covered in foam. Glenn whirls, sees the danger, ducks. Suddenly the extinguisher runs empty. Carla THROWS it. The bottle clanks off the first moonman's skull, and he staggers back, FALLING OUT A WINDOW. Glenn grabs up the bottle, uses it to clobber moonman #2. He drops his raygun. Then he too falls backward out the window. Carla runs up. She and Glenn look out the window.

THEIR POV - THE GROUND BELOW

No sign of the moonmen.

BACK TO CARLA AND GLENN

Glenn's surprised. Carla's not.

JOHN GLENN
They're... *gone!!*

CARLA
I've seen them before.
(off his look)
They... or someone just like them...
killed my father.

A beat. Carla notices the fallen ray gun.

CARLA (CONT'D)
This time, they left something behind.

As she reaches for it --

MAN-IN-BLACK (O.S.)
Don't touch that!

Like clowns emerging from a Volkswagen, an impossible number of identical-looking MEN-IN-BLACK pour off the elevator. Inscrutable behind dark shades, it's impossible to tell if this particular MIB's the same one from the Observatory.

MAN-IN-BLACK (CONT'D)
Are you safe, Colonel Glenn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN GLENN

Yes, thanks to this young --

Before he can say anything more, Glenn's surrounded by MIBs and swept away into his suite. Carla's grabbed by more MIBs.

MAN-IN-BLACK

(into a walkie-talkie)

Situation Orange. The package is contained. We have the Stone-in-the-Shoe. Over.

CARLA

I get it. I'm the Stone-in-the-Shoe, right?

(beat; big squeal)

That's so cute!!

Off her unabashed delight --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

In this windowless room it's impossible to tell whether it's night or day. From the agents' haggard faces and loosened ties, they've been here for hours.

MAN-IN-BLACK

All right, let's hear it again. From the beginning...

Carla on the other hand, seated center-table, somehow looks pert and fresh as a daisy.

CARLA

I'll be happy to tell it again, but the story's gonna be the same. I call 'em "moonmen" 'cuz they've got something to do with what Dr. Retik discovered about the moon. Hard as it is to believe, this time there's proof.

(pops a breath mint into her mouth; holds up pack)

Certs, anyone?

The door opens. An agent enters and hands the boss man a file folder. The MIB looks inside, and frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

MAN-IN-BLACK

If by proof you mean the pictures you took, guess again.

He throws the open folder on the table. A set of enlarged photos spill out. As Carla looks --

HER POV - THE PHOTOS

They show Glenn in the corridor, unlocking his door. But the moonmen Carla shot only show up as smudgy BLURS.

BACK TO SCENE

Carla frowns, di sappointed.

CARLA

Hey, you ruined 'em! No fair...

MAN-IN-BLACK

I don't see any moonmen, Miss Webb. Do you?

CARLA

(her mind racing)

Their body chemistry probably vibrates at a different frequency or something, enough to be seen by the naked eye but too fast to be caught on film.

MAN-IN-BLACK

Ri-ight. And maybe they're made of green cheese.

CARLA

Blue cheese. No, I mean -- forget it. Anyway, there's still the ray gun.

MAN-IN-BLACK

You mean this?

He picks up the ray gun. Points it at the wall and squeezes the trigger. Nothing happens.

MAN-IN-BLACK (CONT'D)

Sells for a buck-and-a-quarter at any toy store. Here, knock yourself out.

He tosses it to her. She fiddles with it, trying to make it work.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA

I saw it work! It shoots a bleaching ray! Maybe it's bio-mechanical, it channels their powers or something...

The MIB's face says it all: "Right."

MAN-IN-BLACK

Now about your violent assault on a national hero --

Suddenly the door bursts open, and JOHN GLENN BARGES IN.

JOHN GLENN

Here you are! Gentlemen, this interview is over!

The MIBs snap to attention, straightening their ties.

MAN-IN-BLACK

Colonel Glenn. Ah, sir -- our agency has jurisdiction in this --

JOHN GLENN

Do you know who I am?

MAN-IN-BLACK

Yes, sir.

JOHN GLENN

And do you know who you are?

(as the MIB gulps)

I thought so. Carla, let's fly.

Carla grabs up her camera, puts it in her purse.

CARLA

(to the MIBs)

You guys owe me a roll of film. Next time, we'll use my lab. 'Bye.

Chipper as ever, she proceeds Glenn out the door.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Carla and Glenn emerge, she squints in the morning sun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA

Another few hours, I was gonna have those guys begging to tell me all they know!

JOHN GLENN

Knowing you, I'd bet on half that time. And by the way, thanks for rescuing me back at the hotel.

CARLA

We both saw those crater-faces, right? But we're the only living witnesses. Five years ago I saw...

JOHN GLENN

... Your father and Dr. Retik killed at the Observatory. I know. Your friends found me and filled me in. They're an -- unusual bunch.

CARLA

Somehow I always attract the "offbeat." Present company excepted, of course.

JOHN GLENN

I have the feeling if we put what I know together with what you know... they'd probably lock me in a straightjacket and throw away the key.

CARLA

I knew it! You saw something when you were up there, didn't you?! In space. That's why they're after you, to silence you.

JOHN GLENN

Carla, I'm meeting with JFK tomorrow. That's when I plan on telling him. But it would be nice if I had the slightest shred of --

CARLA

Evidence. Right. And that's what's in awfully short supply. But now I know what I didn't when I was thirteen. *I know I'm right*. And nothing's gonna stop me from proving it...

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN GLENN

If Dr. Retik knew the truth, there must be others. Try and find them. We'll talk in twenty-four hours. Watch your step, the government boys will be watching you...

CARLA

I will, and you too! Just one thing.

JOHN GLENN

Shoot.

CARLA

What do I call you? "Colonel Glenn" sounds so formal. "Astronaut John?" That's a kiddie-show host...

JOHN GLENN

Call me JG.

He offers his hand, and Carla shakes it.

CARLA

Wow. Only three days out of high school and I'm partners on a top-secret project with *John Glenn*. Pinch me.

Glenn smiles, and moves off. Carla goes another way, beaming her perfect Pepsodent smile.

EXT. JOHN GLENN'S SPORTS CAR - DAY

It's parked in a shady corner of the lot. Glenn approaches. As he's opening the door, he's suddenly SURROUNDED BY MOONMEN, who seem to materialize out of thin air. One presses a small silvery disc to Glenn's neck. Glenn's eyes roll in his head, and he passes out. The moonmen carry him and stuff him in the back of a panel truck parked nearby, with a giant COCKROACH on top: "ACME EXTERMINATORS. WE KILL BUGS GOOD." As the truck peels out, the cockroach seems to fly STRAIGHT TOWARD CAMERA, and --

INT. CANTER'S DELI - DAY

Carla holds court in a red naugahyde booth. She's flanked by Wolf Boy and Fetisha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA

JG's really cool and down-to-earth. I mean, that's funny 'cuz now he's literally back down on Earth. He circled the globe three times, think how impressive that'll look on a resume.

FETISHA

Careful, hon. I hear he's married.

CARLA

(blushing)

Please, I'm not interested like that. After all, he's gotta be past thirty. Maybe even thirty-two!

Wolf Boy makes rude slurping sounds as he chows down on a blood-red roast beef sandwich.

FETISHA

Wolfie, where are your table manners?

WOLF BOY

(mumbles)

Who're you, my mother?

Braino arrives and slides in, handing Carla a thick file.

BRAINO

I got it. The station's "crackpot file." Goes back ten years.

CARLA

Good job!

She opens it: a collection of letters, yellowed newspaper clippings, etc.

FETISHA

What're we looking for?

CARLA

Remember when Dr. Retik showed up that night, all crazy-like? There's tons of people like that. They call, they write, they picket the gate. "Weirdos," Mr. Oakland always called 'em.

BRAINO

Around us, who'd notice?

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA

If they're too pesky, the station makes a file. I'm hoping maybe, just maybe --

(breaks off; reading a letter)

Here's one. Dated a week after that night. The writer says he's a colleague of Dr. Retik... he doesn't want his death to be in vain... he's insisting the station cover a meeting of his organization... a *midnight* meeting...

(looks up)

Right up your alley, guys!

WOLF BOY

Waitress! I'll have another roast beef, bloody.

CARLA

Make it to go.

Off Carla and the trio --

INT. WINDOWLESS CHAMBER

Again, that night/day thing; who knows? We're TIGHT ON A FLY BUZZING IN MIDAIR. (CGI.) It circles under a light fixture, which casts harsh green florescent light. Its buzz is really annoying. Suddenly at lightning speed, A FOREFINGER AND THUMB SNATCH THE FLY FROM MIDAIR. A MOONMAN looks at the fly he's caught. It's still buzzing. After a beat, the moonman pops it in his mouth, and swallows. Mmmm, tasty. He shows his delight by licking his lips with his eight-inch lizard-like tongue.

We notice electrodes attached to the moonman's head and neck. Wires lead to a central black box. Coming out of the other side of the box, more wires lead to more electrodes, attached to the head and neck of:

JOHN GLENN - AS WE CUT WIDE

He's stretched out on a silver table, the only furniture in the room. Moonmen stand monitoring the black box, a kind of medical monitor with a screen that pulsates with Glenn's LIFESIGNS. Glenn's eyes blink open. He's paralyzed, can't get up.

The boss moonman, a tall angular-featured individual with a silky-smooth voice, steps in. His name's BOB.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Good, you're awake for the next phase.

JOHN GLENN

Who are you?

BOB

You'd find my real name unpronounceable. Call me -- Bob.

JOHN GLENN

Are you going to kill me?

BOB

At first we were. It's just as well your little friend interfered, because now we realize what a celebrity you are. That complicates things. It also presents us with fresh opportunities. So no John, we're not going to kill you. Instead, you're going to assist us in an experiment.

JOHN GLENN

The hell I am.

BOB

Is that a threat? Try this: "One of these days, Alice... POW! *To the moon.*"

The other moonmen crack up, laughing in high-pitched voices.

BOB (CONT'D)

We just love "The Honeymooners."

A moonman techie fiddles with the controls. The black box HUMS, sparks fly and a current of electricity zaps through the wires connecting Glenn's wires to the moonman's.

Next, an incredible thing happens. The moonman who ate the fly slowly MORPHS INTO AN IDENTICAL TWIN OF JOHN GLENN!

BOB (CONT'D)

(to the twin)

Now exercise your vocal cords.

The Glenn double clears his throat, trying out his voice...

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED: (2)

"JOHN GLENN"
The hell I am... the hell I am...
(then, perfectly)
The hell I am.

JOHN GLENN
You'll never get away with this... you
fi ends.

BOB
"We" won't. You will. And don't call
us "fi ends," we just have... cul tural
di fferences.

Pressing the silvery disc to Glenn's neck, Glenn passes out
again. His double looks down at him, a mirror image. Creepy.

EXT. GRI FFITH PARK - NIGHT

Carla's T-bird comes to a stop in a dirt parking lot. The lot
is jammed with other cars, but no sign of the drivers. As Carla
and the trio climb out, Carla refers to the old yellowed letter
in her hand...

CARLA
Here's where we're supposed to park,
then head uphill...

FETI SHA
Carla, that letter's real old. What
makes you think whoever wrote it's
still around?

BRAI NO
Two-hundred sixty letters from the
same wacko, one a week for five years?
The man's obsessed.
(puts hand to temple)
Besides, I feel he's close... I'm
picki ng up *emanations*...

WOLF BOY
(swatting at bugs)
I'm picki n' up *mosquitos*! C'mon,
let's move...

Behind them on the dirt road, another vehicle pulls over to the
side, and kills its headlights...

(CONTI NUED)

CONTI NUED:

FETISHA

Don't look now, but that car's been tailing us all night.

CARLA

Ignore them. It's just the government boys, keeping an eye on me. Our tax dollars at work.

As they head uphill, CAMERA PANS BACK to the shadowy vehicle that's just killed its lights... we see it's another "ACME EXTERMINATORS" van... *the moonmen!*

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Carla & Co. reach the top... a clearing illuminated under a CRESCENT MOON. A midnight meeting of a secret society is in progress. About twelve to fifteen men and women dressed in robes are gathered around blazing trash can fires for warmth, all peering skyward through binoculars, portable telescopes or just the naked eye. They're mostly silent, though one of them HUMS contentedly: "Moon River." Carla notices a SIGN stuck in the dirt. It says: "WELCOME, L. U. N. A. A. MEMBERS."

CARLA

This must be the place. LUNAA. The League United to Neutralize Attack from Above.

Preoccupied, the moongazers pay no attention to the newcomers. Suddenly a SHOOTING STAR gets everyone's attention. An EXCITED BABBLE quickly arises.

LUNAA #1

A shooting star!

LUNAA #2

Could be a meteor!

LUNAA #3

Could be a starship. Advance scout to an attack force.

PROF. PRIMBLE

Let's not panic, people. Did anyone track its trajectory?

(CONTI NUED)

CONTI NUED:

LUNAA #1

I have it. South by Southwest, one-eighty degrees latitude by seventy-six longitude.

LUNAA #2

Should be passing the equator now. Probable destination: the southern hemisphere.

PROF. PRIMBLE

Ed, get on the short-wave to our stations in Sydney and Melbourne.

"Ed" runs into a tent with a big radio antennae sticking through its top. PRIMBLE, the jovial leader, notices Carla and her friends.

PROF. PRIMBLE (CONT'D)

Ah, visitors. Welcome, welcome. I'm Professor Primble. Have you come to join LUNAA? You've chosen an excellent evening, not a cloud in the sky. You can see virtually millions of stars.

CARL SAGAN (O.S.)

No, billions and BILLIONS of stars...

A robed LUNAA member, young CARL SAGAN, looks up from a 'scope.

PROF. PRIMBLE

Yes, thank you, Mr. Sagan.

CARLA

Actually Professor, we're here because of your letters...

She holds up the yellowed letter. Primble is excited.

PROF. PRIMBLE

At long last! Are you from the Space Agency? The Civil Defense Department? United Nations, perhaps?

FETISHA

(flat)
Channel 5.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PROF. PRIMBLE
 Ah, the media. First step in the
 clarion call to vigilance. National
 network, I presume?

CARLA
 (brightly)
 Local independent. But hey, we're a
 step up from AM radio.

EXT. BACK ON TRAIL - NIGHT

We're FOLLOWING BEHIND the shadowy figures of several moonmen as
 they track Carla and her friends... up ahead we SEE the burning
 trash can fires...

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Carla and Prof. Primble walk through the clearing.

PROF. PRIMBLE
 Dr. Retik was a dear friend, and co-
 founder of LUNAA. His loss was a
 shock, unfortunately not the last.

CARLA
 You mean you've lost other members,
 other... uh, "loons?" Sorry, "Luna-
 tics?" What do I call you?

PROF. PRIMBLE
 We prefer "Luminaries." In recent
 days we've noted an alarming increase
 in activity from the moon's dark side.

CARLA
 And that corresponds with John Glenn's
 mission into space, am I right?

PROF. PRIMBLE
 Precisely. They're aware that we're
 on the verge of exposing them, and
 they're desperate.

CARLA
 Are we on the same page, Professor?
 By "they," we're talking -- "moonmen?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

PROF. PRIMBLE

(nods; grave)

We don't know where they're from, or how long they've been up there. They're technologically superior, able to thrive in a lifeless planetary atmosphere. They are almost certainly non-indigenous.

CARLA

And, they get around. They're here, among us. I've seen 'em. They're natural chameleons. But what's their secret? What are they hiding?

PROF. PRIMBLE

I'm afraid all we have are theories.

CARLA

Is one of 'em that the moon's some sort of "egg?"

(off his surprise)

I was there the night Dr. Retik died. It's the last thing he said.

PROF. PRIMBLE

I see. Yes, well, as for that particular theory, I believe --

Suddenly they're interrupted as another SHOOTING STAR causes a fresh BABBLE OUTBREAK among the loonies... uh, Lunarians.

LUNAA #1

Another spotting!

LUNAA #2

Nearly identical trajectory. Point-zero-four degrees of difference.

PROF. PRIMBLE

(to Carla; as he goes)

Excuse me. This could be the evidence of extra-terrestrial intelligence we've been seeking...

ANGLE ON BRAINO, WOLF BOY AND FETISHA

Off near a fence, Wolf Boy suddenly sniffs the air, his wolfish senses are tingling...

WOLF BOY

I smell something... disturbing.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRAINO

We're standing on an equestrian trail.
I know what you're smelling.

FETISHA

(the vampiress)
Wolf Boy's right... I feel strangers
among us. Uh, I mean stranger than
all these other strange people...

BRAINO

(catching on; shoots a
hand to his temple)
Huh? Oh, right. I sense it too.
Danger...

ANGLE IN CLEARING

Carla stands, watching from a distance as Prof. Primble confers
with LUNAA members near some trash can fires. Suddenly --

CARLA'S POV - NEAR THE BLAZING TRASH CANS

Shimmering into view, briefly appearing as fiery figures as they
creep past the fires, are several MOONMEN.

BACK TO CARLA

She reacts, starts to yell a warning -- first she reaches into
her handbag, and pulls out a POLAROID INSTANT CAMERA.

CARLA

This time, I gotcha!
(then, yells)
Professor! *They're here!!*

PANIC spreads among the LUNAA members. SHOUTS of "We're under
attack!" "Maybe they come in peace!" "Fat Chance!" "Run for
your lives!" Etc. These serene stargazers and scientists go
apeshit, running everywhichever. Carla stays put, snapping off a
series of FLASH PHOTOS. Braino, Wolf Boy and Fetisha run in and
start tangling with several moonmen. Somebody knocks over a
burning trash can, which sets fire to the tent! As it BLAZES,
Carla stands in the middle of the melee, snapping pix. Through
the camera lens, she SEES --

CARLA'S POV - PROFESSOR PRIMBLE

as a figure suddenly appears behind him. It's "John Glenn." *We
know he's the double, but Carla doesn't.*

As CARLA reacts, surprised, she lowers her camera --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARLA (CONT'D)

JG! What are *you* doing here?

"JG" reaches toward Primbles neck. He attaches one of the tiny silver discs. Primbles goes into immediate cardiac arrest.

CARLA (CONT'D)

No! Professor, RUN --

Primbles staggers a few feet, then collapses. "JG" retrieves the disc, shoots Carla a look, then starts to GO. Carla raises the camera and SNAPS OFF A FLASH SHOT. Then she runs to where Primbles fallen. She turns him over. She's too late.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Professor Primbles? Professor?! Oh, no...

She's joined by Braino and Fetisha. In the b.g., Wolf Boy still tears furiously into some moonmen.

BRAINO

We've got 'em on the run. Is he -- ?

CARLA

Dead. I saw it. I can't believe who did it, it was... *John Glenn*.

FETISHA

I thought he was one of the *good guys*!

CARLA

Wait. I GOT HIS PICTURE!

She grabs the camera, rips the Polaroid out. It's finishing developing in front of her eyes. She SEES --

CARLA'S POV - THE POLAROID

Instead of "JG," it shows a BLURRY IMAGE where he was standing.

BACK TO CARLA as she takes it in... realizing the truth.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh! I know what this means. It wasn't JG, it's an impostor... *one of them*.

Off her grave discovery, we CUT TO:

INT. CARLA'S T-BIRD - NIGHT

Carla drives down the mountain, as fast as she possibly can.

CARLA
This is harder than I thought! They
could be anywhere, they could be
anyone!

(paranoid; glancing at the
trio)
They could be one of you!!

FETISHA
Our senses are sharper than an
ordinary person's. We'd know.

CARLA
You could ALL BE THEM!!

BRAIN0
The girl has a point.

WOLF BOY
(rationally)
Then we would've slain her by now.

CARLA
Oh, right. Calm down, Carla. Think,
think. There's gotta be someone who
can help us...

She spins the wheel, taking a curve on two tires. The others
nearly toss their cookies.

INT. T.V. STUDIO - DAY

Hours later, we find a desperate Carla on a phone, her tone
urgent.

CARLA
(into phone)
The reason I'm calling the Mayor to
have the entire city quarantined?
Why, medical, of course! It's a
flu... the moon flu. I'm afraid I
imported it from New Guinea. No, I've
never actually *been* to New Guinea but
I...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLA (CONT'D)
 hey, that's no way to speak to a
 potential future voter. Hello?
Hello?

She hangs up glumly, then joins Brai no, Fetisha and Wolf Boy.
 They're working a bank of phones like volunteers at a telethon.

BRAI NO
 (into phone)
 You call yourselves the National
 Guard? You couldn't guard a piggy
 bank!

He hangs up, as --

FETISHA
 (into phone)
 I demand to speak with your commanding
 officer. Away on war games, huh?
 Next time I need the Army, I'll call
 the Marines. Only I already DID!

She hangs up, as --

WOLF BOY
 (into phone)
 Yeah, cheese and pepperoni, salami and
 ham. Large. Get it here in twenty,
 your delivery boy gets a fat tip!

He hangs up. The gang regroup.

CARLA
 Nobody believes us.

FETISHA
 Nobody believes squat nowadays 'til
 they see it on the boob tube.

That gives Carla an idea. She turns toward the studio, where
 she sees a NEWS SET being lit for a broadcast.

CARLA
 You're absolutely right...

She spies Oakland, convening with the stage manager.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 Mr. Oakland --

OAKLAND
 Oh, Carla. How's it going? Bring
 back that big exclusive I asked for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In all seriousness, Carla blurts breathlessly --

CARLA

Yes. I met John Glenn and I saved his life and then I found out he saw something when he was in orbit, something connected to the deaths of my father and Dr. Retik. It's an advance force of invaders from space and they're here and they've captured Colonel Glenn and replaced him with his evil twin. I've gotta find the real Glenn and warn the city to be on the alert! Okay if I use your newscast?

Oakland looks at her, flabbergasted -- then bursts out laughing.

OAKLAND

That's great. Very creative, Carla. Now clear the set, we're live in five.

Chuckling, Oakland turns away. As he passes a guard, he says under his breath without losing his smile:

OAKLAND (CONT'D)

She goes anywhere near that camera, shoot her.

Off Carla's frustration, we JUMP CUT TO:

INT. T.V. STUDIO - MINUTES LATER

Carla & Co. watch from offstage as the NEWSCASTER reports:

NEWSCASTER

In local news, it seems like this year's Rose Parade was only yesterday, but plans are already underway in Pasadena for next year's event...

Carla rolls her eyes. They speak in hushed whispers...

CARLA

The world's in danger, and the big news is parade floats. Okay everybody, it's time for Plan B.

BRAINO

What's Plan B?

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA

I haven't figured it out yet. I was *supposed* to get back together with JG before his big meeting with the Prez, but now I'm on my own...

Wolf Boy spots the pizza delivery guy at the door...

WOLF BOY

Great! Chow's here. 'Scuse me.

He scurries off to get his pie... passing the set where the newscast is continuing...

NEWSCASTER

And here's film of President Kennedy, arriving in Los Angeles where he's expected to meet with astronaut John Glenn today somewhere in private. It will be their first meeting since Glenn's triumphant return from space.

BRAINO

(whispers)

But Glenn's missing. So I guess that meeting won't be happening.

The stage manager shoots Braino an angry look, shushing him.

NEWSCASTER

The President has been a major proponent of the space program, and together with Glenn he's expected to explore funding for future missions, with the goal of placing a man on the moon by the decade's end.

Listening intently, Carla's face darkens...

CARLA

Uh-oh. I have a bad feeling...

Beckoning her friends, she leads them backstage...

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Carla emerges backstage where she can speak without whispering. Braino and Fetisha follow, then Wolf Boy munching his pizza.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA

What if they didn't kidnap Glenn to stop him from meeting with Kennedy? What if they created his double so he could take his place? You know what, guys? I think that's their plan. *I think the JG double is going to eliminate the President.*

A long beat. That's heavy.

FETISHA

My God, Carla.

BRAINO

We have to stop them.

WOLF BOY

Yeah, JFK's a cool cat. So how do we save him?

CARLA

First we gotta *find* him. The meeting's someplace secret. Braino -- you're the seer. You're on.

All eyes shift to Braino. He clears his throat.

BRAINO

Excuse me?

WOLF BOY

Do your thing, Chrome-Dome.

CARLA

Picture the Prez in your mind. Concentrate.

BRAINO

Hey, this ESP thing, it's a good act, y' know, but I don't take it too seriously.

CARLA

I thought you three were supposed to be the real deals.

BRAINO

Yeah, I used to "forsee" things. It got to be a drag.

(MORE)

(CONTI NUED)

CONTI NUED: (2)

BRAI NO (CONT' D)

When you know a girl's gonna turn you down for a date, after awhile you stop asking. The swami bit, it's mostly -- show biz.

CARLA

Come on, Braino... Billy... if there's even a tad of a real gift there, you have to *try*. You have it in you -- I know you have -- NOW DO IT.

Bolstered by her enthusiasm, Braino shuts his eyes, and concentrates.

CARLA (CONT' D)

Think JFK... he's here, in Los Angeles... but where?

As if from Braino's POV, we INTERCUT QUICK PSYCHIC FLASHES of the following items as he names them...

BRAI NO

I see... a key...

CARLA

A key. Good. That's good. Is it a hotel room key?

FETI SHA

A car key? A mailbox key?

BRAI NO

There's an image on the key... ears.

CARLA

A key with ears. Got it. What else?

It all turns into a spirited game like charades...

BRAI NO

Cocktail shakers.

WOLF BOY

He's in a bar? It's a key to a bar?

BRAI NO

A piano bar. I see a piano.

FETI SHA

Piano keys!

BRAI NO

And music.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WOLF BOY

JFK and John Glenn are together in a piano bar, singing show tunes?

BRAINO

No... wait. The key with ears is separate from the piano keys.

CARLA

Now we're getting someplace! What else?

BRAINO

Tails. White furry tails.
(opens his eyes)
That's all. I need a Bufferin.

Carla gets a big grin on her face.

CARLA

A bar with piano music, a key with ears and bunny tails. I GOT IT!

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB - DAY

Hip, jazzy, smoky, we're in L.A.'s premier key card club, circa '62. Mel Torme tinkles at the piano keys. Lenny Bruce stands telling a joke to Harry Belafonte. Well-dressed gentlemen and celebrities mix, serviced by a bevy of Bunnies in fishnet hose, heels, and those famous ears and tails.

A pert butt wearing a bunny tail wiggles past a group consisting of SAMMY DAVIS JR., JOHNNY CARSON and pipe-puffing HEF. It's CARLA, decked out in a Bunny suit, juggling a tray of drinks.

SAMMY DAVIS JR.

Well, va-va-va-VOOM, my sweetness.
And what might your name be?

CARLA

I'm Bunny Carla.

JOHNNY CARSON

Don't hog the hostess, Sammy. Carla, I'm Johnny. I'm about to begin hosting a late-night talk show.
(raising his eyebrows, a la Groucho)
And I want you to know there'll always be room on my couch for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLA

Oh, boys. You say the sweetest things.

HEF

Bunny Carla? I *approve*. But I don't remember seeing you at the private auditions.

CARLA

You don't? Well, it was pretty crowded that day... I mean, night.

SAMMY DAVIS JR.

Hef, you dog.

Carla's eyes dart around the room. Searching.

CARLA

All these famous faces, I'm in heaven! But I'm supposed to bring a martini to a special someone, code name "Mr. Big," and I don't see him...

HEF

Ah, I think you're looking for the VIP lounge...
(points)
... that way.

Carla looks, and sees a door being guarded by several Secret Service-types. Flashing a smile, she goes. The swingers continue looking lustily after her bobbing tail.

SAMMY DAVIS JR.

I hate seeing her go, but I dig watching her leave...

JOHNNY CARSON

(to Hef; peeved)
VIP lounge? What're we, pond scum?

INT. VIP LOUNGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Carla enters this shag-carpeted sanctum, the ultimate bachelor's pad in Day-Glo colors. Not much furniture, except for the round rotating bed. It's rumpled, but empty. Carla looks around.

CARLA

Uh... hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN MONROE (O.S.)
Is that you, hon? Hold on.

MARILYN MONROE slinks from behind a black sequined curtain. She's almost wearing a hot pink negligee.

MARILYN MONROE (CONT'D)
(singing sexily)
Happy To-day to you, Happy To-Day to
you, Happy To-Day, Mr. Presi --

She breaks off, seeing it's Carla.

MARILYN MONROE (CONT'D)
Oops. You're not my John-boy.

CARLA
Sorry. Um -- is he here?

MARILYN MONROE
He was, but he got an important call
and slipped out back. Said to keep it
warm 'til he returned.
(pouting)
"More important." Imagine that?

Off Carla's disappointment --

INT. CARLA'S T-BIRD - DAY

Carla's at the wheel (dressed in a new outfit.)

CARLA
I've never felt so cheap and slimy.

FETISHA
Stuffed into a Bunny suit?

CARLA
No. Finding out someone I thought was
a paragon of virtue is just a guy with
normal human impulses and faults.

BRAINO
He's gonna be a paragon of *deadness* if
we don't find him. Fast.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - LATE DAY

The T-bird comes to a stop, and the gang get out.

CARLA
Here's where I saw JG last, heading
toward his car.

WOLF BOY
Okay. Like, so what?

CARLA
It's a starting point. We can't find
JFK, so we have to try and find Glenn.

She hands Wolf Boy an item of clothing.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I went back to the Ambassador, looking
for an item of clothing from his room.
Unfortunately the laundry was already
picked up, but I found these, they'd
fallen behind the hamper.

As Wolfie regards the pair of boxers, he's offended.

WOLF BOY
His shorts? What am I supposed to do
with these?

CARLA
You're part wolf. Can't you... *pick
up his scent?*

He fixes Carla with a critical stare.

WOLF BOY
You're beginning to look more and more
like Little Red Hiding Hood to me.

BRAINO
You can do it, Wolfie! Carla had
faith in me, and I came through.

FETISHA
Yeah, give it a try!

Feeling foolish, Wolf Boy holds the boxers to his nose and
sniffs. He starts looking around... then moves toward the spot
where we see Glenn's rental still parked... sniffing the air...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOLF BOY

He was here.

Braino looks into Glenn's sports car.

BRAINNO

There's a copy of "American Astronaut Monthly" on the passenger seat, and a key in the door.

CARLA

This must be where they grabbed him!

WOLF BOY

His scent heads off that way... it's fainter, maybe they stuffed him in a trunk or something.

He starts trotting off down the road.

CARLA

You follow your nose, we'll catch up.

Carla, Braino and Fetisha jump back in the T-bird and pull out, following after Wolf Boy.

EXT. ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Carla follows Wolf Boy in the T-bird, cruising slowly. The sun's starting to set. Nose in the air, Wolfie SNIFFS as he runs.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Wolf Boy jogs past a MOVIE SCREEN showing *THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT*. Moe, Larry and Curly Joe vs. the Martian Army. Gotta love those Stooges. Wolfie slows, distracted watching the screen. Following in the T-bird, Carla flashes the headlights and HONKS the horn, and Wolfie jogs on.

INT. CARLA'S T-BIRD - NIGHT

As Carla drives, Braino sits massaging his temple, and concentrating hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAINO

I'm getting an image... the two Johns
are meeting, they're shaking hands...
it's a historic moment, a coming
together of giants...

CARLA

I'm getting all flag-wavy. But where?
Where are they!?

Braino shakes his head, frustrated.

BRAINO

I don't know. I can't see.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Wolf Boy jogs along the shoulder. The T-bird follows in the
slow lane, going too slow and causing irate motorists to HONK
and swerve around, yelling angry epithets. A PISSED-OFF
CORVETTE DRIVER shakes his fist at Carla as he passes.

PISSED-OFF CORVETTE DRIVER

Women drivers!

Looking over his shoulder at Carla, he isn't paying attention to
where he's going and he DRIVES RIGHT OFF THE SHOULDER into a
riverbed. SPLASH!!

ON WOLF BOY as he takes an off-ramp, following his nose. Carla
follows in the Thunderbird.

EXT. "ACME EXTERMINATORS" HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Its fleet of bug vans, each with a different bug on top --
cockroach, beetle, wasp, etc. -- sit in darkness. Beat. Then
Wolf Boy appears, followed by the T-bird.

At the roach coach, Wolf Boy flings open the back doors and
sniffs inside. Carla and the others join him.

WOLF BOY

End of the line.

Carla regards the building. It looks dark, and deserted.

CARLA

We're going in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start creeping up the steps, which CREAK loudly.

Carla's in the lead. Behind her, Braino, Fetisha and Wolf Boy bunch together. We can't help noticing they look a little like Dorothy and the Scarecrow, the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion.

Carla stops short, and the others bump into her, nearly jumping out of their skins. She puts a finger to her lips.

BRAINO

Aren't you scared, Carla?

CARLA

Well... sure. But how bad can it be, with you guys at my back? A werewolf, a swami and a vampiress.

Taking a deep breath, she pushes forward. She recites a little mantra under her breath, for courage.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Werewolves and swamis and vamps... oh my.

She finds the front door unlocked. They go in.

INT. "ACME EXTERMINATORS" HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Dark, creepy. Carla's brought a flashlight. She shines it around the room, illuminating mostly pictures of bugs. It's a big building; lots of doors lead to lots of corridors.

CARLA

We can search faster if we split up.

BRAINO

I was afraid you were gonna say that.

Splitting up, they each go through a different door. We FOLLOW CARLA as she moves down a hall, shining the light. Something SCITTERS across the floor, and she swings her light, illuminating:

A RAT

It glares at her with red beady eyes, then ducks through a hole.

BACK TO CARLA

Sucking it up, she soldiers on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLA
Some exterminators.

INT. WINDOWLESS CHAMBER

The door opens, and Carla steps in. Dark. She tries the light switch, and the green fluorescents come on. She looks around the room. Empty except for the silver table we saw Glenn laid out on, and the aliens' black box device. Carla puts a hand on the table. Not your standard exterminating equipment.

Suddenly she hears VOICES from outside:

MOONMAN #1 (O.S.)
Hurry, we have to eliminate all traces
that we were here.

MOONMAN #2 (O.S.)
I'm on it.

Carla freezes. There's no way out of the room. O.s. FOOTSTEPS approach. She flicks off the lights, and ducks for cover behind the only object large enough to hide behind, the black box.

MOONMAN #1 comes in. He doesn't need any lights; moonmen naturally see extremely well in the dark. (We can see thanks to moonlight through a window in the hallway outside.)

The moonman takes out his ray gun, adjusts a setting ring, then aims the weapon at the silver table. There's a BLAST OF WHITE LIGHT. *The table seems to melt away into nothingness.*

From her hiding spot, Carla stifles a gasp. She's afraid her POUNDING HEART is going to give her away.

The moonman turns his attention to the sole remaining object in the room: the black box Carla's hiding behind! Again he adjusts the ring, then aims his weapon. The WHITE LIGHT ENVELOPS THE BLACK BOX. As it VANISHES --

CARLA'S LEFT HUDDLING THERE, FULLY EXPOSED. The alien reacts, surprised. Carla makes a bee-line for the door. He grabs, she dodges, then plunges out the door.

INT. SERIES OF HALLWAYS - NIGHT

A STALKING SEQUENCE as Carla races from one moonman, only to practically run smack into his partner around a corner!

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

MOONMAN #1

There's an intruder in the building!

MOONMAN #2

I see her!

Both moonmen aim their ray guns. Carla ducks and weaves and rolls across the floor, forcing the aliens to track her. When the first moonman FIRES, he misses Carla, and instead hits:

THE SECOND MOONMAN

Struck dead-center by the WHITE BLAST, he turns a ghostly bleach white, then quickly melts away.

ON CARLA AND THE FIRST MOONMAN

She finds herself cornered, trapped like a rat. She's really scared. As the moonman steps into a shaft of light, Carla sees his face clearly for the first time. And we INTERCUT:

EXT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT (CARLA'S MEMORY FLASHBACK)

From the tree, Young Carla SEES the faces of the two moonmen as they're about to kill Herman and Dr. Retik. They're the same two moonmen from the present.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

BACK TO THE PRESENT, and Carla's shock of recognition.

CARLA

You! You're the one who... killed my dad!!

MOONMAN #1

(mock "innocence")

Me? You're mistaken, I'm just a common ordinary exterminator.

And he raises his weapon to exterminate *her*. The BLAST ENVELOPS CARLA. Suddenly --

There's a blur from the darkness -- and WOLF BOY TACKLES THE MOONMAN. They hit the floor in a frenzy. Seconds later, Wolf Boy has the moonman in an armlock. Braino and Fetisha run in.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED:

FETISHA
 (to Carla)
 Are you alright, hon?

Incredibly, Carla seems unphased by the blast.

CARLA
 I'm -- fine. I think!

BRAINO
 That blast hit you dead-on. We saw it.

CARLA
 Dad once said I was... "immune" to you guys. I guess I must be protected by some kind of -- invisible shield.

WOLF BOY
 Like Colgate toothpaste?

They turn their attention to the captured moonman.

CARLA
 Now talk! Where's the real Glenn?

He's tight-lipped. Wolfie applies pressure, but the prisoner only grunts.

BRAINO
 He's not spilling anything. They're probably trained to withstand torture.

Carla picks up the ray gun.

CARLA
 Maybe he just needs the proper persuasion.

She points the ray gun at the moonman, who remains defiant.

MOONMAN #1
 Try it. It won't work in an Earthling's hands.

CARLA
 It seems I'm not your common garden variety Earthling. I'm "special." I don't even know why, I just am. Are you sure you want to gamble with my powers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Moving the gun to his head, Carla is acting very unCarla-like.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 (emotionally)
 My father was a wonderful man. *And you took him away from me.*

FETISHA
 Carla... honey. This isn't about revenge, is it...

A beat. Carla comes to her senses.

CARLA
 No. It's about saving the world.

She lowers the gun. Sticks it in her shoulder bag.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 Tie him up.

BRAINO
 (excited)
 We don't need him anyway. Look what I found.

He shows Carla a sheaf of papers.

CARLA
 Maps? Directions?

BRAINO
 To the Jet Propulsion Lab in Pasadena. Now unless JPL's got a big infestation problem, why the big interest? I say, what better place for a meeting of two space buffs?

Carla sneaks a look at the moonman out of the corner of her eye. He shifts uneasily, betraying that Braino's onto something.

CARLA
 Wait. Let me write the cartoon balloon: "The humans are too clever, they've cracked our secret."

She smiles, satisfied.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 JPL. Sounds like a destination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As they start out -- suddenly THE MOONMAN BREAKS FREE OF WOLF BOY'S GRIP. He hurls himself against a wall.

BRAIN0

Stop him.

There's nowhere for the moonman to go. He's surrounded. But it turns out he's not focused on escape. He reaches for a moon-shaped pendant around his neck. He triggers it, and a 2-inch NEEDLE snaps out. The moonman slams the needle into HIS OWN NECK. Seconds later, he turns bleach-white FROM THE INSIDE OUT, then VANISHES ALTOGETHER.

A beat. Carla's face sets in determination.

CARLA

Let's rock and roll.

And they're OUT, as we CUT TO:

EXT. JET PROPULSION LAB - NIGHT

The modern high-tech (for '62) facility, located on the sprawling Cal Tech campus. This late, it's quiet, serene. We watch as a jet black PRESIDENTIAL LIMO and its escort of CHP motorcycles arrives. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER as the limo stops. A Secret Serviceman hops out and opens the rear door. PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY EMERGES. He smiles at the Secret Service guy.

JFK

Thank you, Tom.

The President looks around. He spots a figure standing near a collection of radar dishes, waving at him. John Glenn. Or more precisely, we know it's the *evil twin* "GLENN."

The President and "Glenn" walk toward one another. The Prez's bodyguards are deferential to Glenn, recognizing him on sight. The President and the astronaut shake hands.

"JOHN GLENN"

Good evening, Mr. President.

JFK

'Evening, John. I must say, you picked an unusual spot to meet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

"JOHN GLENN"

I wanted to avoid the press, all the
photographers taking our pictures.
This way we'll be alone.

JFK

Who am I to question a national hero?

ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM A DISTANCE

Watching from out of sight behind the radar dishes, we find the moonman leader, BOB, with a few cronies and the REAL JOHN GLENN, his mouth taped shut and his hands tied behind his back. Bob smiles as he sees JFK and "JG" start walking, while the Prez's entourage mostly stay at the limo. He's shadowed by only a handful of Secret Servicemen, at a discreet distance.

BOB

See that, John? Your leader seems
very relaxed and confident in "your"
company. The world will be shocked
that you turned on him so viciously.
But they'll never know why, because
the only evidence left behind will be
your dead body.

Glenn struggles to break free and shout a warning, but he's restrained by the moonmen.

WALK-AND-TALK - JFK AND "JOHN GLENN"

as they're trailed by the bodyguards in the b.g.

JFK

We'll have a formal reception for you
at the White House. John-John can't
wait to meet you. He doesn't want to
grow up to be a cowboy anymore, now he
wants to be an astronaut.

"JOHN GLENN"

That's... very flattering, sir.

QUICK CUTS: THE BODYGUARDS

Trailing behind, as one-by-one the Secret Servicemen are *ambushed by shadowy moonmen*, and taken out quietly. JFK never notices.

EXT. JPL GROUNDS - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

Carla arrives in the T-bird. She and the gang pile out.

BRAINO
This place is huge. They could be
anywhere.

CARLA
"Anywhere's" not good enough. We have
to narrow the search.

Braino massages his poor aching temple.

BRAINO
Don't look at me. I'm all ESP'd out.

WOLF BOY
(sarcastic)
I don't suppose you have any of the
President's underwear for me to sniff?

Carla turns her attention to Fetisha.

FETISHA
My turn. Right.

The vampiress steps away, into the shadows. Shuts her eyes, crosses her arms across her chest in a Dracula pose.

Carla isn't exactly sure what to expect.

CARLA
This better be good.

A beat. Then Fetisha's shadowy figure MORPHS INTO A BAT. As the bat flies away, the others follow it with their eyes.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Oh. That *is* good.

AERIAL POV SHOT - AS THE VAMPIRE BAT FLIES OVERHEAD

Seeing the JPL campus below... finally seeing the President's limo and the waiting entourage... continuing ahead past the radar dishes, where the President and "John Glenn" are walking... we see the LAST SECRET SERVICE BODYGUARD AS HE GETS TAKEN OUT, leaving Kennedy unprotected... and we JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. JPL GROUNDS - BACK TO CARLA & CO.

A minute later, the bat returns and MORPHS BACK INTO FETISHA.

FETISHA
I found them. This way. Hurry!

With Fetisha leading the way, they RACE OUT.

EXT. JPL GROUNDS - WITH JFK AND "GLENN"

As they continue walking... alone now.

JFK
You're awfully quiet. I want to hear
all about your space flight.

"JOHN GLENN"
Where do I begin, Mr. President?

JFK
Don't be so formal. It's just us.

"JOHN GLENN"
Right... John.

Kennedy tosses him a look, growing suspicious.

JFK
Jack. It's Jack. You've always
called me...
(beat; it dawns)
You're -- not him, are you?

Looking back and seeing the bodyguards are gone, "Glenn"
abandons the charade. He pulls a .38 revolver.

"JOHN GLENN"
It doesn't matter anymore. You're
right, it's just us.

JFK sees his shadows have disappeared. Then Bob and his cronies
appear from around a corner, along with the trussed-up Glenn.

BOB
Nice job, Z' tar. You can resume your
normal shape now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In front of a shocked JFK's eyes, "JG" MORPHS BACK INTO MOONMAN FORM. His name's Z' TAR. Z' tar rocks on the balls of his feet, a little dizzy from the transformation.

Z' TAR
Whoa. Double vision.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON CARLA & CO.

Creeping up, they catch sight of what's happening ahead. They flatten against a wall. At Carla's signal, Braino, Fetishia and Wolf Boy begin circling around, closing in from another direction. But first:

CARLA watches in horror as Bob and the moonmen threaten JFK.

BOB
(to Z' tar)
Aim carefully. Their inferior
projectile weapon only contains six
pellets.

Suddenly JFK makes a move. The ex-war hero manages to take down a moonman or two, but he's quickly overwhelmed.

Carla slips closer...

BOB (CONT'D)
(to Z' tar)
Eliminate him.

Z' tar raises the gun. Carla can't wait anymore. SHE JUMPS OUT INTO PLAIN VIEW. But not wanting to throw oil on a raging fire, she isn't confrontational. Instead she handles things in her own inimitable style.

CARLA
Ohmygosh! OhmyGod! Can it be? Is it
you? *Both of you?! My brother, he's
ONLY the world's biggest space buff.*
All he ever talks about is the Mercury
mission this and John Glenn that and
how President Kennedy's gonna put a
man on the moon, and here I am face-to-
face with his two greatest heroes! I
gotta have an autograph. Please. TWO
AUTOGRAPHS. EACH. Two for him and
two for me. Do you mind?
(reaching into her bag)
I have a piece of paper right here.
Hold on, I'm so discombobulated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly she whips out the RAYGUN.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 (still sweetly)
 Now freeze, please.

The moonmen's jaws drop at the sight of Carla threatening them with one of their own weapons.

Now BRAINO, WOLF BOY AND FETISHA JUMP IN, knocking the gun from Z' tar's hand and kicking off a MASSIVE FREE-FOR-ALL.

During the brawl, JFK ungags and frees Glenn.

JOHN GLENN
 Thanks, Jack.

JFK
 What's a President for?

The two heroes pitch in, fighting furiously alongside --

BRAINO, WOLF BOY AND FETISHA

kicking moonman butt!

CARLA

Raygun in hand, she and the alien leader square off.

CARLA
 Don't make me bleach you!

BOB
 (furious)
 You meddling... *girl!* You've ruined everything.

CARLA
 I still need a story, and I need you to fill in the blanks. So the moon's an egg, okay. I get it. Only, what's that mean?

Bob makes a grab for the raygun. His hand on the barrel, Carla squeezes the trigger, channeling his powers causing the gun to SHOOT, hitting Bob's arm. It turns white.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 Answer, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOB

It doesn't matter. You can't stop it.
We've been the caretakers of the
Almighty Egg for eons.

He lunges again. This time his other arm gets the bleaching treatment.

CARLA

Trust me, white's not your color. Now spill.

BOB

Soon it will hatch, and the Destroyer
will emerge and feed off your solar
system, devouring worlds! *All hail
the unholy hatchling!*

CARLA

Can I quote you?

In a final kamikaze lunge, Bob tries wrestling the weapon from Carla. It GOES OFF, and he VAPORIZES IN A BURST OF WHITE, taking the raygun with him.

Seeing their leader gone, the fight goes out of the moonmen. They start pulling their pendants, releasing the suicide needles and jamming them into their necks. All start DISAPPEARING. Soon, they're gone. Carla faces JFK and John Glenn.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Are you alright, Mr. President? JG?

JFK

I think so... thanks to you, miss.

JOHN GLENN

Jack, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine...

As Carla beams, we TIME CUT TO:

EXT. JPL - BACK AT JFK'S LIMO - MORNING

Carla and the President share an Important Moment.

JFK

Carla, the nation -- no, the world
owes you a debt of thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA

We can't relax our guard, sir. More aliens will come. And that Destroyer thingie, we're going to have to deal with IT someday.

JFK

I agree. But we can't risk worldwide panic. Trust me. I'll continue to champion the moonshot program. By the time we get there, hopefully we'll have found a way to deal with the crisis.

CARLA

Are you asking me to keep my mouth shut? Who'd believe me anyway? Don't sweat it, Mr. President.

JFK

Call me Jack.

CARLA

Okay... Jack.

Before stepping into his limo, the Chief Executive clasps Carla's hands warmly. The man can't help himself.

JFK

Perhaps we should discuss the space threat more intimately. I'm staying at a place at the beach, if you'd...

The look she shoots him as good as says: "Keep it in your pants, Jack." Kennedy clears his throat.

JFK (CONT'D)

Come to think of it, Jackie expects me home for lunch. Goodbye, Carla.

As he gets in the limo, Glenn runs up.

JOHN GLENN

Can I hitch a ride, Jack?

(to Carla)

Thanks for everything. We'll talk.

He jumps in. The limo pulls away.

Carla turns back, joining Braino and Wolf Boy who are waiting.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOLF BOY

Sun's up. I'm beat. Gonna go crawl
in a hole.

CARLA

Where's Fetisha?

BRAIN0

She has a problem with broad daylight.
She burns easily.

CARLA

Oh. Right. I get it.

BRAIN0

Gonna come back to the station with
us, Carla?

CARLA

Later. I have a stop I want to
make...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A real graveyard this time. Granite and marble tombstones, not
cardboard. Carla places a bouquet of flowers at Herman's grave.

CARLA

I did it, Daddy. I proved you were
right. Along the way I saved some
lives... maybe even saved the *world*.
Who knows? Some Very Important People
take me seriously. Of course they're
not allowed to talk about it, but I
know they know. That's what's
important. They believe in me. Just
like you did.

She brushes some dirt off the stone; still "mothering" him.

CARLA (CONT'D)

That immunity thing you and Mom passed
on to me, I plan to learn more about
it. That and my special legacy. You
called me "fearless," but I'm not.
It's a scary world. People are
digging fallout shelters in their
backyards. The monsters aren't always
the ones you'd expect anymore. But
I'm not alone. I have friends.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA (CONT'D)
 Weird ones, but anyway. And I have
 you in my heart. Always.

Carla smiles and goes. We MOVE IN ON the headstone, seeing its
 caption for the first time: "HERMAN WEBB. 1904-1957. Loving
 husband and father. 'Do you take me seriously NOW?'"

CARLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So anyway, that's my story. I got the
 job at Channel 5 -- but not exactly
 the one I expected.

CUT TO:

GRAINY B&W FOOTAGE OF THE MOVIE "RADAR MEN FROM THE MOON"

We're watching the classic '52 serial, in all its cheesy glory.
 Just as Commando Cody, Sky Marshall of the Universe finds
 himself in a perilous cliffhanger -- we CUT TO:

INT. T.V. STUDIO - NIGHT

CARLA's all decked out a la Zsa Zsa in *Queen of Outer Space*.
 She's fronting a space-age set with the show's name in glittery
 silver letters: "ATOMIC BLONDE."

CARLA
 We'll be right back to Commando Cody,
 but first, the news. Today we took
 our cameras into the L.A. sewers,
 investigating reports of giant
 wormlike slugs. What we found was --
 disturbing.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE: IN THE SEWERS

A HANDHELD CAMERA follows Carla as she trudges through the muck.
 Kind of a "Blair Witch" vibe. The ON-CAMERA CARLA reports:

CARLA
 We've been following the slug trail
 for almost an hour... I hope we don't
 run out of film..

BRAIN O (O.S.)
 Don't worry, I brought extra.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED:

From up ahead, a SCREAM. And a MONSTROUS SCREECH.

CARLA
Oh my God... I see something, SHINE
THE LIGHT, SHINE IT...

The lights catch sight of a MULTI-EYED BLOB. Blinded by the light, the creature slithers off down a tunnel, SCREECHING as it goes. A terrified 6-YEAR OLD BOY covered in slime runs from the monster's nest, into Carla's arms.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I've got you. You're safe. You're
safe.

We also see Carla's crew, Wolf Boy and Fetisha, fighting panic. (Braino's behind the camera.) Suddenly, a symphony of SCREECHES from o.s.

WOLF BOY
Listen! There's more of 'em! They're
everywhere!

FETISHA
We gotta get out of here!

They begin inching out, with Carla protecting the kid.

INT. T.V. STUDIO - BACK TO CARLA

as she's joined on-camera by Braino, Wolf Boy and Fetisha.

CARLA
Does everyone swear that footage was
authentic?

The sidekicks all OVERLAP EACH OTHER responding affirmative:
"It's real, alright!" "I've never been so frightened!" "I
nearly soiled my shorts!"

Offstage, we see the boss, OAKLAND, as he tells a crony:

OAKLAND
Our ratings are up point-six percent.
After midnight even! The public LOVES
her. I don't buy a second of it, but
we're a hit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARLA

(into camera)

Where the creatures came from, we can only guess. They may be mutants, the product of atomic contamination, or scientific experiments gone terribly wrong.

(beat)

In the weeks to come, we'll be searching for answers to these and other baffling horror stories. When we find them, we'll bring them to you right here, on *Atomic Blonde*.

A beat. On a more cheery note:

CARLA (CONT'D)

And we'll be right back, after this word from Cal Worthington.

As Carla flashes her thousand-watt smile, happy to be here, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END