

TO THE MOON

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOUSEOPOLIS - DAY

An orange sun hovers over a city skyline. Tall buildings wrap through a forest of highways and rumbling cars.

We close in on the bustling city, and we see something unexpected. MICE!

They're everywhere, in all shapes in sizes. Wearing business suits, the newest mouse trends, listening to music on the subways, exchanging cracker currency, shooting hoops with cheese puffs. This is no ordinary city. This is Mouseopolis.

I/E. ROADSTER - DAY

A red roadster sits in a tangled wad of rush hour traffic.

In the drivers seat is OTTO MOUSER JR. Young and inventive, he's probably in his mid-twenties in human years.

In the passenger seat is a stack of sneaker boxes, each marked with a white logo reading: FETADIDAS. Otto pulls forward in traffic slowly. He turns the radio dial to his favorite local mouseopolis station.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

Gooooood afternoon mouses and mousettes of Mouseopolis! It is just ten past five in the cheesy city, it's a brisk 68 degrees and traffic is currently backed up on the 405 cheeseway. We've got a developing story for you all today, Elon Mousk himself has just made a major announcement!

Otto straightens up in his seat to turn up the radio.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

That's right, you heard it here first folks. The great Elon Mousk has just announced that his electric rocket will launch for the moon in just three weeks, and he's saving ONE MORE seat for a special mouse that can impress the Mousla corporation with a new invention.

Otto's jaw DROPS in astonishment.

OTTO

WHAT?!

Otto looks over at the other cars on the cheese-way. He peers into the windows at the other drivers.

OTTO

DID YOU GUYS HEAR THAT?!

None of the other drivers seem to notice him.

Otto puts his car into drive. He SLAMS into the car in front of him. He SLAMS backward into the other. Fetadidas boxes fly everywhere. He slams back and forth over and over until he's created enough space.

He SCREECHES off of the roadway and rides the guard rail to the closest exit.

EXT. OTTO'S HOUSE - DAY

A quaint, suburban house sits just on the outskirts of Mouseopolis. The skyline can be seen in the distance.

A SCREECH is heard on a street corner. Otto's roadster peels into the driveway, running over the mailbox. He tumbles out of the car and quickly limps to the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Otto BURSTS through the front door of his quaint little home. A cheese board is set up on an elegant coffee table.

OTTO

CASHEW! CASHEW!

Otto leaps onto the couch and grabs a remote control from the coffee table. He turns on the TV.

OTTO

Babe! Babe come see!

Cashew, a beautifully dressed mouse with large pink bows in her long flowing hair. She has a flair for style, interior design, and is always attached to Squeakstagram on her phone. She slowly walks down the stairs, phone in hand.

CASHEW

Huh?

OTTO

Babe look! Remember the Mousla competition I was telling you about? Look!

The T.V shows Elon Mousk giving the same speech from earlier.

OTTO

It's happening! It's finally happening! I could pitch him my cryptocurrency. He'll love it!

CASHEW

Babe when was the last time you bathed? Or paid your half of the rent for that matter?

Otto turns to her, his eyes bugged out like he hasn't slept in days. A cloud of stench can be seen emanating from him.

OTTO

What's that supposed to mean? I've been doing great at Fetadidas!

CASHEW

It means I owe Mr. Mouselstein \$1800 goldfish crackers for the rent you haven't paid recently. Seriously. I've had it with this ridiculous crypto fantasy.

OTTO

But. But this is my dream, babe.

CASHEW

And what about my dream? Look at this place. It's a mess. You never come to bed, you're up all night working on monopoly money and you haven't touched me in a year. I wanted to have some pinkies and start a family!

OTTO

Babe, come on. I'm exhausted. Stop being such a cheesehole.

CASHEW

What did you call me?

OTTO

You heard me.

CASHEW
OUT. OUT RIGHT NOW.

OTTO
I'm not going anywhere.

A long pause. A western style stare-down.

EXT. OTTO'S HOUSE - DAY

SMASH

Otto's limp body flies from the front window. Glass everywhere. A laptop and suitcase come next. Hitting him in the stomach.

EXT. MOUSEOPOLIS - NIGHT

Otto walks slowly through the streets of mouseopolis. His laptop lodged in his armpit and a suitcase in the other.

He arrives at a street corner. A sign reads:

MOUSEBUCKS: Free SwissFi.

Otto RUNS across the street, paying no heed to the traffic signs. Cars SCREECH and SWERVE around Otto and CRASH right into each other as he reaches his destination. He enters.

INT. MOUSEBUCKS - NIGHT

Otto sets up his laptop in a dingy corner, plugging into the 3 pronged mouselet in the wall.

He opens his crypto files, compiles them, and hits SEND.

EXT. MOUSEOPOLIS - NIGHT

Otto exits the Mousebucks and continues down the street. He finds a large sewage pipe, and crawls inside.

INT. SEWAGE PIPE - NIGHT

Otto opens his suitcase, gets a blanket, and goes to sleep.

INT. SEWAGE PIPE - MORNING

A phone buzzes and blares. Otto wakes and opens his device. It reads: 17 Missed Calls.

He sees a notification from Squeakstagram. He opens it. An audio message plays:

AUDIO MESSAGE

Hello Otto? If you're hearing this, I'm Mia, Elon Mousks secretary. We received your crypto project last night and Elon loved it! I mean, a cheese based cryptocurrency? Why didn't we think of it sooner?

Otto's mouth drops in astonishment.

MIA

Anyway, we'd love to meet with you asap. Check your E-mail, and in it you'll find a one way ticket on CheeseWest airlines to the Nikola Mousla compound. We'll meet at 9 o'clock tomorrow. Don't be late!

Otto drops to his knees.

OTTO

HOLY SMOKED GOUDA, RATMAN! I'm going to be rich!

Suddenly, a strange looking mouse dressed in a dark costume with pointy ears peeks around the corner.

RATMAN

Uh...do I know you?

Otto grabs his stuff and runs out of the sewer drain.

EXT. OPEN SKIES - DAY

A large CheeseWest Airlines plane flies across the sky.

STYLIZED SEQUENCE

An animated plane flies across a map from the east coast of Mouseopolis. It arrives in Ratón Angeles in California.

INT. NIKOLA MOUSLA INC. - DAY

Otto enters through large glass doors into a massive complex with high tech equipment. Electric Cars, cheese force charging docks, a fully stocked beer cheese bar. The works.

Mia, Elon's secretary, approaches Otto.

MIA

Welcome, Otto. So happy to have you. Right this way.

INT. MOUSLA BOARDROOM - DAY

Otto and Mia enter a giant, empty boardroom.

MIA

Have a seat, he'll be right with you.

Otto sits there for an eternity, twiddling his thumbs.

Suddenly, the lights in the boardroom start to DIM.

A funky version of *Also Sprach Zarathustra* begins to swell and crescendo from the board room speakers. Disco and strobe lights appear from the ceiling. A giant projector turns on, displaying "CONGRATULATIONS" on the far wall.

Otto's eyes well up like Niagara falls. The congratulations sign can be seen reflecting on his cornea.

Suddenly.

VOICE

Hey.

Otto JUMPS 10 feet out of his chair.

OTTO

CHEESUS CHRIST YOU SCARED ME.

ELON MOUSK stands behind him, timidly and awkwardly.

ELON

Sorry. I do that.

OTTO

It's ok.

ELON

Uhh. So. Yayyy. You won. Are you excited?

OTTO

Are you kidding me?! I did?!

ELON

Well, yeah. I mean, most of the entrants were a bit fanatical, but I liked your concept. In fact, that's why I want to send you to the moon.

OTTO

What do you mean?

ELON

Well, everyone knows the moon's made of cheese, so...kinda fits in perfectly with your crypto idea.

OTTO

Holy Taleggio, you're right.

ELON

So? What do you say? Are you in?

OTTO

You bet your sweet Mascarpone I am.

ELON

Uh, ok. Well...sounds good. The cheese references are a bit odd, but you're a smart kid. Excited to have you on board! Mia will get you the paperwork.

Elon leaves awkwardly.

OTTO

Well, that was...weird.

INT. NIKOLA MOUSLA TRAINING COMPLEX - DAY

MONTAGE

- Otto begins his moustronaut training while *Rocky* music plays in the background.

- He runs on a hamster wheel as sweat pours from his fur.

- He's dunked in a cheesy swimming pool in his moustronaut suit and walks across the bottom.

- He receives texts and calls from Cashew and his family but ignores them.

- He flies around in a high tech G-Force testing machine while peanuts are thrown at the rocket, simulating asteroids.
- He walks in slow motion down a hallway like a rock star, fully prepared for his flight. He looks up at the beautiful rocket. It reads in bright red letters: Mozzeralla-1.
- He enters the rocket and straps in. We hear a countdown: 5...4...3...2...1
- The Mozzerella-1 blasts off into the stratosphere.

END MONTAGE

INT. MOZZERELLA-1 ROCKET - NIGHT

Otto sits in his seat, strapped in tightly. The other mousetronauts are playfully bouncing around the cockpit, drinking beer cheese.

MOUSETRONAUT 1

Hey Otto! What's the matter, you wanna join us?

OTTO

Uh...no guys I'm..I'm good thanks!

MOUSETRONAUT 2

Careful Otto, don't cheese your pants! You only get one suit!

The other mousetronauts laugh as Otto sits in his chair, petrified.

Otto's phone rings. He looks at the screen. It reads: DAD.

He answers.

OTTO

Dad?

OTTO MOUSER SR.

Hey son.

OTTO

Wha...why did you call?

OTTO MOUSER SR.

Oh, you know, Cashew came over yesterday crying. She said you left.

OTTO

Oh, Dad I'm so sorry. I forgot to tell you. I won a trip to the moon!

OTTO MOUSER SR.

That's great son. We're so proud of you. Listen, we..we just wanted to say we love you. And we hope you come back soon.

OTTO

Thanks Dad..I...

Suddenly one of the drunken mousetronauts returns to the control panel.

MOUSETRONAUT 2

Hey guys, is this one the air conditioner?

One reads: Air conditioner. The other: Air Lock. He plays a little game of eenie meenie miney mo and presses one.

BOOM

The astronauts FLY out of the air lock. Otto's phone flies from his hand.

OTTO

OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD.

Otto whimpers as seats, food, and equipment fly out the air lock. He bravely unbuckles and gets to the front. Pressing the button and locking the door again.

Otto returns to his lone seat as the rocket hurtles toward the moon. He gazes out the window and stares at the moon in silence.

OTTO

I'm so sorry Cashew.

EXT. MOON - NIGHT

The Mozerella-1 lands on the moon. Otto exits with a shovel. He looks back at the earth behind him, his eyes well up.

He grips the shovel tightly with determination.

OTTO

Okay. Cheese. Right. Here we go.

He lifts it to start digging.

THUD.....THUD.....What? The shovel CRUNCHES into some kind of gooey paper substance.

Suddenly, a giant hand SWOOPS onto the moon towards Otto.

OTTO
AHHHHHHH. CHEESUS CHRIST. JULIUS
CHEESER. MARY MOZZARELLA!!

The hand quickly GRABS Otto from the moon and cradles him tightly as he screams horrible obscenities.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A little 9 year old boy safely cuddles Otto in his hands. Otto's curse words turn to cute little squeaks as he's carried back from a papier-mâché moon to a glass mouse cage.

BOY
Otto, what did I tell you about
running out at night?

EXT. OTTO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Otto is safely dropped by the giant, godlike hand in front of his home.

He pants furiously and THROWS UP on the ground as he gasps for life. He takes a breather, and runs inside his home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Otto runs into the living room. Cashew and his entire family are sitting there, glued to the TV, eyes wide and jaws open as if they just watched what happened to him live.

Otto runs to Cashew and gives her a big hug.

OTTO
I'm so sorry everyone. You were
right babe. Family is what matters
most.

She hugs him back. The family huddles around him and they close in for one big hug.

Ratman randomly walks in from the kitchen, beer cheese in hand, and joins for one final group hug.

FADE OUT.