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Moontrap: Target Earth

By Robert Dyke

- Mya!

- Holy crap.

- Who is she?

What is the history behind
this magnificent sculpture
recently unearthed on
the plains of Arizona
in the arid lands of
the navajo nation?

How old is she?

She, it, does not conform to any
known remnants of
navajo history.

And the tools needed
to construct her
suggest a civilization
previously unknown.

One that may have existed before
the dawn of known history.

And with your
generous commitment,
we will hopefully unlock
this beautiful enigma
and find out what
secrets she has hidden.

Are there any questions?

The young lady in the corner.

Miss Sharon Christine
Turner, I believe.

- Scout.

- Scout.

- Any plans for tonight,
professor Allen?

- I'm so glad you asked that.

- I'm glad you're glad.

- Because I have
very important plans.

- I'm very intrigued.

- As you should be, because
they are surprisingly devised
very cleverly with you
as the focal point.

- I am surprised and intrigued.
Please elaborate.

- They are to wine, dine
and just perhaps seduce.
- My most trusted colleague,
miss Sharon Christine Turner.
- Scout.
- Scout.
- I like, I like.
- Really?

Which part?

- The dine part.
This girl is starving.

- Yeah?
So, what do you think?
- Sushi.

- No, about our
little show and tell.

You think it'll
get them excited?

- Make 'em cough green?
- Yeah.
- No problem.

How could they refuse some
one so irresistibly lickable?

- I am truly irresistible.
- But you've got
to change that part
about hopefully
discovering the truth.

- How so?
- To we will discover the truth.

Be positive, young man.
- Ah, no can do, my gal.

You know us serious
academic types.

- Like you?
- Like me.

Can't make those
kinds of promises.

- Then what kind
can you promise me,
professor Daniel Allen?

- Oh, serious time now?
- Maybe.
- Ah, okay.

- I, Daniel Allen, promise to scout that I will forever-- be saved by the bell.

- Only reprieved.

- Hey, Bryan.

- Danny.

- You calling me from your big deal secret location?

- That I am, my man.

- And is this the call, the holy shit one you promised me?

- Ah, no, amigo, no. This is the call saying that holy shit's not happening tonight.

- You know, I'm starting to think that just maybe you don't have that world changing discovery that's going to finally put you on top.

- No, no, it's for real. Okay, no stop to the top. Don't you doubt that.

- Oh, I won't.

- Cool.

- Trust me, it's way bigger than your mystery woman statue.

- So you say

- so I say.

But, um, there's been a delay, all right? It's outta my hands. Sorry.

Okay?

- Yeah, but I'm still starting to doubt you.

- It'll be worth the wait, pal. I promise you.

- Oh, boy, oh, boy.

- Yeah, ah, you might want to be watching CNN tonight.

- Really?

- Really.

- Okay.

Might.

Take care, Bryan.

Carter.

Calling from who-knows-where.

- Ooh, about who-knows-what?

- Yep.

- Still trying to outshine you?

- Yeah, maybe.

But now, we can directly proceed
to the wine, dine, and seduce.

- Oh, boy, oh, boy.

- It's the greatest
discovery since,

ah, man went to the moon.

Shit, shit, that sucks.

Asshole.

Okay, all right, something
better, something better.

Don't be a fool, be cool.

Hi.

- And a big hi right
back at you, Mr. Carter.

- Uh, sorry, I was
expecting someone else.

- I know.

The alphabet boys.

Abc, nbc, CNN.

- Oh, yeah, kinda.

- Oh, please don't
be embarrassed.

I completely understand.

But before you get your
15 minutes, I would, we,
were sent to make sure
that your incredible, uh--

- discovery.

- Discovery, thank you,
is what you say it is.

No offense, I hope.

- No, no, not at all,
none taken, none taken.

I'd probably do the

same if somebody told me
they had a, but it's for real.

- Oh, I certainly hope so.

- No doubt whatsoever.

As crazy and as whacked
out as it sounds,
I mean, this is the
genuine article, Mr.?

- Kontral.

But Richard, please.

And this is Nicole,
my facilitator.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- All right, Richard,
right this way.

Right this way to the
greatest discovery
since microwave popcorn.
Shit.

- That is wonderful.

- Alphabet time now, Richard?

So we had to, we had to cut
away about 2,000 tons of ore,
when they, I, I found it.

See, I at first thought
it was just a new strata,
but when I got closer and
saw what those taco boys
were digging up, I made
them clear out fast.

- Good for you, Bryan.

- Yeah, yeah, there's
no way I want them
chattering away about this.

- Nor would I.

- Look at it.

Doesn't it look brand new?

Like it could have
been made yesterday.

- It does indeed.

- There's not a scratch on it.

It's gotta be over
14,000 years old.

- Really?

14,000.

How on earth would
you know that?

- Well, age of
the ore around it.

That's when the
geog, um, geologists
think it collapsed on it.

And look, these hieroglyphics.

That's not any language
I've ever seen.

- That is incredible.

- You think that's incredible?

Wait 'til you hear the
most incredible part.

You know what i
think we got here?

- The suspense is
killing me, Bryan.

- This isn't some
old Indian piece of junk.

No.

What we've got here
is an alien spaceship.

An ancient alien spaceship.

I'm talking chariots of the
fucking gods here, Richard!

And you know something, i
think it's still working.

Feel it.

Feel the power inside?

The sucker's alive.

- Perhaps.

- It is, it is
and not just from this whatever.

The whole area is vibrating.

- Really?

You know, I believe
you're correct.

- Damn right.

- Damn right you are.

Nicole.

- If it is, if it is, do

you know what this means?
Do you have any idea
what this means?
- I know what this means.
- What a goofball.
- Don't you ever make light
of taking a human
life again, Nicole.
You know how I feel about that.
What you've just
done is horrible.
But necessary.
Your next priority is
make sure no one else
understands the true
nature of this--
just a moment, just a moment.
Patience, Patience.
I'll soon unlock your secrets.
- And with your
generous commitment
we will unlock this
beautiful enigma.
- Perfect.
They're going to be
coughing green now
that you went with my
brilliant suggestions.
- Well, a guy will agree
to just about anything
after a great--
- dinner?
- Dinner.
- How's that for a dramatic
opening image, huh?
It is kind of cool, isn't it?
- Maybe, if we knew what it was.
- And who you are.
- A legitimate
request, miss Turner.
I'm Richard kontral.
- Just a well-paid messenger
boy for some very liquid guys.
- And they are?

- Oh, of no matter right now.

What does matter is that they might just have had the good fortune to come across a most incredible discovery?

- And that's it?

- Oh, this is a very small part of it.

Part of something that's very, very old.

- And by very, very old you mean?

- Over 14,000 years old.

- 14,000 years, that's--

- pre-history.

Well, known history at any rate.

Well, let's just say well before that overrated sphinx would become a gleam in the eyes of its primitive creator.

- What do you want from profess, us?

- To help me figure out what the hell this thing is and what message its trying to send us from--

- over the river of time?

- Nicely put.

And how, miss Turner, would you like to join us on a wondrous journey along that mysterious river?

- It's beautiful.

- I had no idea that its surface, was so--

- perfect.

- Crafted, sculpted, with tools--

- unknown.

- Exactly.

That's, that's why I wanted you to actually see it.

To understand.

Not just view it digitally.

- Good thinking.
- That's what I do.
That's the way I am.
- And you two will
help me translate
what these writings
actually mean,
if indeed writings
is what they are.
- In all likelihood.
- That's what we do.
- We're going to need textural
laser scans of the surface.
- Of course.
I've already ordered them.
- That's what you do.
- Great.
- Daniel, look at this.
The top part of this,
whatever, it's the same as--
- this.
- Yes, indeed.
I hadn't noticed that.
Well done, miss Turner.
- So that would mean that
buried below this is--
- a vehicle from the stars.
Chariot of the gods.
- Holy crap.
- My sentiments exactly.
- Okay, let's not get
ahead of ourselves here.
That's a pretty big leap.
- Perhaps, but I think not.
- Why wouldn't you
try to uncover it?
- Yeah, dig it up?
- Oh, I will, miss Turner.
I most certainly will.
But discretion above all.
It's waited 14,000
years, it can wait
a little while longer,
at least as long

as it takes to tell its story.

And that, of course,

is your assignment.

- That's--

- what we do.

- Not exactly.

What we do is

translate the writings

of ancient cultures,

human cultures.

But something from

another world.

- Not much different.

- We'll try our--

- make it happen.

- I know you will.

- Yeah, sure.

- What wonders will you reveal?

Why are you also

here, mystery woman?

- Scout, you okay?

- Yeah.

- You sure?

- Totally.

- Okay.

- Not from the stars.

From our forgotten past.

- Hey, hon, what 'cha doing?

Scout?

- Daniel, I know the key.

- Hm?

- To understanding,

translating these--

- alien writings?

- They're not.

- They're not what?

- Alien.

It's not a chariot of the

gods that kontral's found.

- Not an alien spacecraft?

- No, they were

created by humans.

- From earth?

- Yes.

And they left us a message.

- Well, let's see if we
can translate it then.

- That's what we do.

Not from the stars,
from our forgotten past.

- You ready?

The driver should be here.

It's almost time.

- To kiss off all we've done?

- Now what is that
supposed to mean?

- Nothing.

Never mind.

- Come on, don't be
that way now, okay?

- I am what I am.

- The woman I love.

The woman who figured
out the translations.

And the woman who's now
acting fucking weird.

- You should have
stopped at number two.

- But I am what I am.

- Hey, guys, your ride's here.

- Thanks, Eli.

Your timing was perfect.

- A really decadent
stretch limo.

- Does it have
crystal glassware?

Eyes wide shut.

- Keep your clothes on.

- I'll try.

- Not an alien ship from some
other world as we suspected,
but rather a vessel
constructed by an ancient,
very human, and long
forgotten civilization.

Now, even though the details
of this startling conclusion
has been transmitted to

you, I thought it beneficial
for you to meet the
people responsible
for so brilliantly translating
these ancient writings.

Dr. Daniel Allen and
miss Sharon Turner.

- Thank you, Mr. Kontral.

- Oh, please, Richard.

- Good afternoon, everyone.

- Good afternoon.

- Contrary to Richard's very
kind words about our work,
the etchings proved, because
of miss Turner's intuition,
to be extremely
simple to decipher.

- Ray Charles
could have done it.

- Well, not quite that simple
but with today's high speed
computers, translations
of unknown codes and
languages are much easier.

There's no need for
a rosetta stone.

- You both
are quite humble.

- He is, I'm not.

- True.

But they were created,
intentionally designed,
so that any reasonably
intelligent culture
could read them.

- And learn.

- Which is the
translation in your report?

- Yes, but that's only
the surface meaning.

- I don't understand.

- Well, we've determined
that there are hints
to the real attitude

and dialect of the,
the story teller beyond that
of the literal translation.

And miss Turner--

- scout.

- Thank ya.

- Has created, composed a
draft in which I believe
is the true character of
the ancient historian.

She has revealed the
emotional content.

- Really?

You can do that?

- I can.

That's what I do.

- Then

please do so, scout.

- This world has been ours
for countless millennia,
ruled under the
benevolent bloodline of,
a name I can't translate, but
now approached destruction.
He refused to allow the cosmos
to erase all that he has
so wonderfully created.
He is our lord god, my lover,
and through his mighty strength
wished to forge a new world,
a continuing destiny
for his people.

He tasked me to complete his
vision and I have failed,
unable to return
to where he waited.

For those who may rise again
along this river of time,
I have inscribed his
name for eternity
to remember, our lord god.

- A love letter.

- In a way, I suppose.

- It is.

From across the river of time.

- Surprisingly romantic.

- And enigmatic.

- Yes, very.

What else do you know
about this ancient culture?

- Zip.

But with your--

- that's all.

- And the craft

buried below the etchings?

- Nothing.

Richard wouldn't allow us.

- You have all the information.

And we believe it is
a fantastic mystery.

- One that I, we,
want to, can solve.

- I understand
your desire but--

- but?

- But your

assignment has now
been fulfilled brilliantly
and completely.

You have our thanks and
the considerable fee
that will soon be
deposited in your accounts.

- Now it's time
for others to continue.

- I totally disagree.

We're the ones who
did all this research
and we can continue
this project.

- Again, thank you.

- Hey, come on.

- Easy there.

- Mr. kontral?

- It would now be
appropriate for you to--

- Jesus, scout.

- Still here, Eli.

With everything we've learned,
it makes perfect sense
for us to continue, to
see this project through.

- Your service is greatly
appreciated, miss Turner.

But it is now over.

- You do
understand that.

- Yes, we understand our
agreement but we are--

- but we're the most qualified.

- We will be in
communication again with you.

- Very soon.

- I think we should talk now.

- Goodbye.

- Oh, come on.

This is ridic--

- goodbye.

For now.

Come on.

- Yeah, okay.

See ya around.

- Celebration time?

- Yeah, sure.

- I need a drink but
not to celebrate.

- Huh?

That doesn't sound so great.

What happened?

- Nothing.

It went mostly fine.

- Fine?

- Can we not do this now?

- We turned in our report,
were patted on our heads,
and told to hit the road.

- Ouch.

- That's not exactly
what happened.

- Oh, really?

Then tell me what did.

- We wrapped up our job.

- Our job?
- The one we agreed to do and get paid for.
Our job.
- So, discovering, interpreting, what could potentially change the world, change the world, that's just a job?
- Change the world?
I know the world should be changed.
- It needs to be changed.
- But saying this discovery could be extreme.
- No, it isn't, Daniel.
If what we've found out was made public, then everyone's beliefs in reality, in history, would transform.
- Maybe.
- No maybe.
You know I'm right about this.
- Fine, you're right.
- Thank you, professor.
- But are you sure you're not pissed just because we might not be getting credit?
- Yeah, that's me, all right.
My goal's always been to be interviewed by fake news.
- I'm sorry.
I know that's not you.
- Apology accepted.
- Okay, I'm listening.
Tell us what you want us to do.
- Daniel, I just want us to somehow follow this through.
I just want to find out who really wrote those inscriptions.
Why did she risk so--
- if it was a she.
- It was.

Why did she risk so
much for her lord god
and her world of
14,000 years ago?

- A world that was much
more advanced than now.

- Yeah, that's also
kind of major, isn't it?

- Yes.

- And what happened to them?

Why, how, did their
civilization vanish?

- And why aren't
we being allowed to
search for the answers?

- I don't know.

- And no clue as to
what kontral's bosses
are planning on doing next.

- True.

- I mean, who are
those guys anyway?

They certainly
didn't make me feel
especially warm and fuzzy.

- Same.

- So?

- Fuck 'em, we go public.

- Yes.

- Right, we tell the world.
We give fake that interview.

- That is why you are still
the man and I love, you know.

- I do.

- Yeah.

- Ready for that drink?

- Yes, to celebrate.

- Agreed.

- All right.

- Oh, crap.

What's wrong with the?

Can you help me?

- Okay.

- No, scout.

- Oh, sure.
- You know you drive me nuts.
- That's my job.
- Crazy kids.
Ha!
Hey, it's interview time.
- Hello, handsome.
My god, what happened?
Dr. Allen, miss Turner.
Are you all right?
Are you okay?
Guess we'll do this the fun way.
- Ready to proceed?
- Definitely, showtime.
- It's not gonna moisten
halo's pants, but it's kickin.'
- I'll take that as a good.
- 548 ultra, ultra sensitive
suckers kissing it.
Feeding into this
hungry maxi gig baby.
Yeah, it's killer good.
- Just get on with
the tour, please.
Now, the images
are pretty accurate
but what we're seeing
is anybody's guess.
Oh, oh, something bad coming up.
Bonus points.
- Zoom in and enhance.
- Aye, captain.
We're going in.
- Whoa!
Holy crap.
- Get, get more detail.
- Uh, we're at Max.
- Another piece to the puzzle.
- A rubik's cube.
- An appropriate analogy.
- Oh, Mr. kontral.
- What is it?
- I'd like to show
you something, sir.

- Zero effect.
Like a diamond.
Denser.
Infinitely.

- Now that's interesting.

- It would take something nuclear tipped to break this baby apart.

- Well, that's never out of the question.

- You can do that?

- You have no idea what I can do.

- Shit.

- But then we'd lose our little discovery wouldn't we if I went all strangelove on it? And I do so much though want to know what secrets you contain.

- Kontral, you are one supreme prick.

- That's an understatement, scout.

And he's sitting on--

- the discovery of the century.

- Another understatement.

- Then I suggest, sir, that you decide what you want to do a-sap.

- You do?

And why is that?

- Our sensors are indicating increased, growing activity inside. Circuits, engines, something is starting up.

- It's reactivating?

- Yes.

- That's interesting.

- And I think it's getting ready to take off.

- Now, after waiting 14,000 years?

- My guess is that
it was covered
under tons of ore
that buried it.
And when we scraped it
off, something inside
said it could now break free.

- Well, can it?

- I have no idea of
knowing its power
but I'm pretty damn sure that's
what it's preparing to do.

- Well, we're just
going to have to
change its plans, aren't we?

- You're the boss.

- Yes I am.

- Doctor Allen, I presume.

- Crap

- stay down.

It's time for the
world to know, kontral.

- Now why on earth would
you come to that conclusion?
Nicole.
Lock on and execute.

- Oh no!

- I'm sorry.
I couldn't finish our job.

- Oh, no!

- Hey, hey.

It's okay.
It's just a dream.

- Death and destruction.

- That's a worry.

- Everything was burning
and I couldn't stop it.

- It's okay.

It was just a dream.
Remember?

- Yeah, sorry, sorry.

- Don't be sorry.

- It was really scary.

- Yeah, I figured that.

- You're so smart.

- And lovable.

- Just barely.

Can you hold me?

- If I must.

- Mm, feel good?

- It does.

- Mission accomplished.

- Remember,

we are god's creation.

And the creator of all has
placed his divine instructions

in the scriptures telling

us, no instructing us,

that it is our right, our

destiny, to enrich ourselves

from the world's limitless

ever-plentiful resources.

We must--

- this is where you should be.

Good food and good people.

- Thank you.

- You're quite welcome.

Now promise me you'll

find your way home.

Okay?

God bless you.

- You too.

- Sharon

Turner, 22, is being sought

for the brutal murder

of Daniel Allen.

Allen's charred and

dismembered body

was discovered late last

night by firefighters

in his oak palm apartment.

Allen and Turner were

reported to have been

romantically involved

and that Allen

had repeatedly tried

to end their affair.

- You can't occupy a booth

without ordering something.

- Coffee.

I didn't order that.

- No coffee for you.

No coffee period.

Fucking spill by the
fucking upstream chem plant
contaminated the town's water.

My idiot boss should
close the place.

- Bad news.

- Yeah.

Anyway, you need this
more than coffee.

It's no charge.

You look like crap.

- Thanks, for the sundae.

- No big deal.

Nobody orders dessert anymore.

It's like a world gone mad.

- Yeah.

- Do you need a job?

- No, I'm okay.

- Yeah, right.

Look, if they ever clean
up this water mess,
they're gonna need help here.

It's not too shitty once
the owner gets the message
you're not going to blow him.

- No, really.

- Okay.

Snot.

- Yeah.

- Tears.

- Can't stop 'em.

- Bad news?

- Bad, bad day.

- Mary, when

we gonna get some coffee?

- Ask the president.

How bad?

- Real bad.

Lost--

- your guy?

- Yeah.

No, he wasn't just a guy.

He was the only one

who saw the real me.

He was my best friend

before he was--

- look, life goes on, hon.

You'll find another.

- He was killed today.

- Fuck.

- Murdered.

- Double fuck.

- And they're going

to get away with it.

- What

are you saying?

- They're too rich,

they're too powerful.

- I don't know what happened.

I don't want to know.

But you got to make

them pay somehow.

- But I can't.

- Somehow.

You can't let the

bad guys always win.

- And you must

fulfill your destiny.

- Always ringing

at the wrong time.

And I hate that it's always

broadcasting your location.

Stay brave.

- Good evening.

Good evening again, one and all.

- You know

why we requested

your presence,

don't you, Richard?

- Oh, I can guess.

- Don't guess.

Tell us.

- Please.

- To explain why
the ancient craft
has yet to be disposed of.
- Destroyed.
The harlot captured.
And eliminated.
- You know that I will
ultimately follow your orders.
- Ultimately?
- Oh, I, ah, ah, please
do not misinterpret.
- Are we?
- I pray not but I would,
once again, wish to request
more time to access
its inner workings.
- We grow weary
of explaining to you
that whatever it
contains can not counter
the negative cultural
effects of its existence.
- Even, even if it
were not constructed
by creatures, monsters,
from some other world
but built instead by humans
identical to us from
some long past age?
- Even more so.
- Certainly,
you have not forgotten
that such knowledge
of their existence
would undermine our
prime means of control.
- Of course not.
- The time for
closure has now arrived.
- Has passed.
- And I will immediately
fulfill your wishes.
The relic ground into dust
and scattered to the wind.

- The harlot?
- Located and
butchered, of course.
- See that you do.
- I will.
- Good evening, Richard.
- Fuck.
- What's up?
Oh yes, sir, Mr. Kontral.
- I'm accelerating the
examination of our project.
- Cool.
- Be prepared to begin with--
- this the harlot you're
looking for, shithead?
- So melodramatic.
How on earth did you
manage to get in here?
- Amazing what some guys'll
do for major blow job.
- From you?
I don't think so.
- I care not.
- You do realize you're not
getting out of here alive, dear.
- Kind of figured that.
- So why the visit?
- To slit your fucking throat.
- Oh, such malice.
- Yes, that's me.
- Ugh, how blandly
lower middle class.
Just because we butchered your
pathetic little sweetheart?
- Fuck.
- On your knees.
- Listen to her.
- It's the only way
you're ever gonna
get a woman to do
that, you creep.
- Why must you continuously
insist on referencing
such an unpleasant

subject, Sharon?

- Fuck you.

- I do like your attitude.

So come on, tell me.

Just to satisfy my
ever inquiring mind,
how did you manage
to slip by security?

- No sweat.

Your girlfriend stepped
out for a smoke.

- Nicole, I'm disappointed.

- Your bosses need a
higher level of employment.

- Oh well, it's a
national problem.

I am sorry we didn't
get to spend more
quality time together, Sharon.

Oh, well.

Dispose of her.

Oh, that you'll find
she's really very good at.

- Holy shit.

- Oh, oh, that's awkward.

You, uh, heard our whole
little confrontation?

- Uh, I know nothing.

- Help me.

Don't let this--

- now my hand is
seriously pained.

It's about time we put an
end your sad little story.

- Uh, Mr. Kontral?

- What?

- When that

woman comes on camera,
the readings here, they
blast off the charts.

- What do you mean?

- From the spaceship.

- Really?

- Yep.

- What, when it saw her?
Point your camera at her.
Huh, change of plan.
Bring her along with us.
Oh, secure her in
the usual manner.
Welcome, Sharon.
Now let's see if you
really are essential
to this historic puzzle.

- Fuck you.
- Check the readouts.
Shazam.
- All right, here,
let me have that.
Aha.
Well, now that is
very interesting.
You really are linked to our
little project, aren't you?
- All I did was
interpret some etchings.
Just doing my job, you creep.
- No, you're far more than that,
way beyond random coincidence.
This ship lying dormant
for thousands of years
and then reacting
now only to you.
Serendipity?
Oh, I don't think so.
Chess pieces are being moved.
- Go fuck yourself.
- Now, Sharon, if you're
going to be part of history,
you'll have to be a
little more elegant.
Ho, ho, ho, it just
can't wait to meet you.
- Easy with the camera.
- Bill me.
Come on, let's
take a little walk.
- Um, I'll stay here

and man the shop.

- Stay close.

And those idiots wanted me
to destroy this treasure.

Bring her.

Well, you were right
about one thing.

It is beautiful.

- It's not yours.

- Oh, whose is it?

- It belongs to--

- to the world?

To science?

- Yes.

- Well, that's not
going to happen.

So you and I are going to
continue our little walk alone.

Just to see what happens.

Move.

Come on, don't be frightened.

I have a very strong feeling
this thing doesn't
want to harm you.

- Yeah, well hopefully
that doesn't include you.

- Wait.

A valid concern.

On your knees.

- What?

- On your knees.

- You're fucking kidding me.

- I never kid.

Just do it.

Put your hands on the surface.

Touch it.

Ho, ho, ho, ho.

It is so excited to see you.

Now, what do you feel?

I said, what do you feel?

- It's cold, powerful.

- Wonderful.

Cold power.

Wonderful.

Thank you, Sharon,
I don't think I could have
put it any better myself.
See, that's what this
has all been about.
Cold power, Sharon.
Cold power and when i
have it at my command,
when I control it, i
mean fully control it,
and in my control alone,
then I'll take that power
and the world will have to
listen to Richard kontral.
- Asshole.
- Oh, shit.
Time for a smoke.
Nice tin man.
Nice tin man.
Have fun tonight, bitch.
- Hello?
Hello?
Anybody out there?
How's it going?
Hello?
- Hey, hey, hey.
You don't want to miss the
whole adventure, do you?
Your awakening has been duly
noted by our tall friend.
- Oh, god.
- And he appears to
be very interested--
- shut the fuck up.
- Take your clothes off.
- What, and get on my knees?
- Oh, please, you're
not that irresistible.
Take them off.
Do it, or it's going to.
- Okay, okay, okay.
- Pst!
- What?
- Socks, don't

forget your socks.

- Stop helping me.

- Wow, queen of outer space.

- You have no idea

of how close you are.

- Well then, would you

please enlighten me.

- Since when did

we become friends?

Slitting your throat is

still my number one priority.

- Well, that's a real shame.

And here I thought we were

getting along so well.

- Forward.

Huh, even Mr. ray

Charles, right?

- What?

- Nothing of interest.

- The moon?

We're there?

- Apparently so.

- So fast.

How is that possible?

- Super science.

Super power.

- So, you haven't a clue.

- Not a one.

You're the first woman

on the moon, I believe.

Any appropriate words?

- Fuck off.

- Oh.

- And you're wrong.

- How so?

- I've met her twin sister.

- Who is she?

- Curiouser and

curiouser grows our tale.

Well, that was entertaining.

- Since when did you

become comedy relief?

- Oh, please, by no means.

- Just shut the hell up.

Don't say another word to me.

Got it?

- Got it.

- Oh, you got to be kidding me.

Sure, after flying to the moon

and getting attacked

by a killer robot,

how difficult can it be putting

on an ancient space suit?

Why not?

- Okay.

Ready for whatever.

- I have to say I'm very
curious to see what awaits you.

- Stop, stop, stop!

- Thank you.

Thank you.

Thank you so much.

Thank you.

Thank you.

But why, why did you do that?

- Not sure.

Maybe I'm just a good person.

- Thank you.

I really thought I was--

- or maybe I wanted

to kill you myself.

- Whatever.

Just be careful.

We're in this together

now, you know.

Come back in one piece, okay?

No, fuck you.

- Journey's end.

- Watching, learning
while you were dreaming,
my sweet little scout.

Whoa, whoa, whoa,

whoa, easy, easy.

Up, up, up, and away we go.

Homeward bound, nice and
steady, nice and steady.

Second star on the right

and straight on to morning.

- Damn you.

- Now what?

- Asshole.

I'll try.

I'll try.

Dear god, what have I done?

I'm going to follow

it through, Daniel.

Finish our job.

Garen.

Waiting for Mya

- long ago,

the krell crystal

created a world for our people.

The crystal's origin was

unknown, lost in time.

When destruction from

the stars was foretold,

lord god garen bid me to

bring the krell to this world,

so he could prepare a

new home for our people.

But I failed, so i

have selected you

to fulfill my destiny.

- Will you one day be

awakened and thanked

for making this new

world, my lord god garen?

- On

your knees, Sharon.

- Hey.

Hey.

Here.

Right here.

Come on.

Come on.

Hey, I'll get on my knees.

Queen of outer space?

No way.

Into the river of time.