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Fly Me To The Moon

By Domonic Paris

Weather looks good today.
On schedule for liftoff.
T minus 30 minutes and counting.
In 1957, the Soviet Union
opened the final frontier
by sending the Sputnik
satellite into orbit.
Four years later, when NASA was
putting monkeys in its rockets,
cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin became
the first man to go into space.
The Soviets were beating the Americans
to every milestone off the planet.
Feeling a sense of urgency
in finding a way to overtake
the Soviets in the space race,
President John F. Kennedy
made a momentous statement
to a joint session of Congress
on May 25th, 1961.
I believe that this nation
should commit itself
to achieving the goal,
before this decade is out,
of landing a man on the moon and
returning him safely to the Earth.
Fly me to the moon
Let me play among the stars
Let me see what spring is like
On Jupiter and Mars
In other words hold my hand
In other words, oh, baby, kiss me
Okay, Apollo 10,
prepare for re-entry checklist.
Copy that. We are now 101,000
nautical miles from splashdown.
Groovin'
On a Sunday afternoon
Yeah
Really, oh, baby
Couldn't get away too soon
No, baby
I can't imagine
anything that's better

The world is ours
whenever we're together
There ain't a place
I'd like to be instead of
Groovin'
Hey, guys! Far out!
I found some double-chocolate layer cake
and pudding, too!
Didn't you just eat
four slices of pepperoni pizza?
What can I say?
I have a fast meatball-ism.
Metabolism. All flies do.
But you, Scooter, you're off the scale.
Cool!
That's not a good thing.
Obesity is very rare in flies,
given our propensity
for constant movement and all.
Gorging yourself
will lead to respiratory problems,
not to mention difficulty
maintaining a positive self-esteem.
Scooter! That is gross!
So, what's going on
with all the launches over there lately?
Beats me.
Hey, guys! You want some?
We're trying to work here, Scooter.
Okay.
I guess you don't want to hear
what I found out at Mikey's house.
The human's mom makes killer meat loaf
on Tuesdays.
Always chucks the leftovers.
Oh! And she made the best
upside-down pineapple cake,
with all the frosting,
whipped cream and chocolate syrup!
Enough with the food. What did you hear?
- I think the dad works for the space guys.
- Are you talking about NASA?
That's it. I overheard them talking
and they said these guys, the astro-nuts...

Astronauts. So, what about them?
Hi, guys. What you doing?
Nothing much. What are you doing here?
We're meeting Butch and Ray here.
They're taking us on a big adventure.
Oh, yeah? What kind of adventure?
Nothing much.
Just hopping the train to Kendrick,
grabbing a quick bite
at the treatment plant.
What are you pipsqueaks up to?
Looks like they're playing
backyard adventure to me, Butch.
Let me give you kids
a piece of adventuring advice.
Be alert.
Think like you got eyes behind your head.
We do have eyes behind our heads.
Bingo.
Ladies, shall we leave
these kids to their playtime?
Playtime! That's a good one, Butch!
Everybody's going on an adventure,
doing stuff.
And what do we do?
We talk about kid stuff.
We are kids.
Exactly.
So, you were saying about the astronauts?
- They're sending them to the moon.
- What? The moon?
- That's what I heard.
- Wow. That would be so cool.
An awesome scientific feat
is what it would be.
I'd like to do something like that.
You know, go someplace different,
someplace exotic.
I was at the Pinehill Dump last year
for this all-you-could-eat festival.
I'm talking someplace special, not a dump.
We're flies. We buzz around, eat,
make humans go crazy.
What else do you need out of life?

If it ain't an adventure,
it ain't worth doing.
Okay, Grandpa McFly.
Oh, no! I forgot!
What? What?
It's Grandpa's birthday party. I'm late!
Come on, you guys. You're both invited.
All right!
Hey, wait up, guys!
I'm going up the country,
baby, don't you wanna go
I'm going up the country
Baby, don't you wanna go
I'm going to some place
where I've never been before
Drop the cake!
You can't drop perfectly stale cake.
Mom says flies are starving in India.
I'm gonna leave this city,
got to get away
I'm gonna leave this city,
got to get away
All this fussing and fighting, man
You know I sure can't stay
Now, baby, pack your leaving trunk,
you know we got to leave today
Just exactly
where we going I cannot say
But we might even
leave the USA
'Cause there's a brand new game
and I wanna play
Louie!
Hiya, kid. Well, look at you,
all grown up with the light and all.
Careful, the girls will be all over you.
Hiya, Louie. You want some party mold?
Never turn down free mold.
Yeah, I'm trying to watch
my weight these days.
You never know
what kind of crap is in these things.
It's a dung ball, stupid!
There isn't anything but crap in it.

So a woman walks into the kitchen,
finds her husband walking around
with this huge swatter.
"What are you doing?" she asks.
"Hunting flies," he tells her.
"You get any?" she replies.
"Yep, three males, two females."
"How can you tell?"
"Well," he says,
"Three were on the beer can,
"and two were on the phone!"
Trust me, it's very funny.
Okay, kids, we're wearing Grandpa out.
Go out and play in the garbage.
Stay away from any chemicals!
And don't test the frogs!
- How are we holding up, Dad?
- Where's my favorite grandson?
Hello, Mrs. McFly.
Happy birthday, Grandpa McFly.
Yummy, is this brie?
Scooter, show some manners.
I think your grandson and company
have arrived.
- Here's my boy.
- Hi, Grandpa. Happy birthday.
What's this?
Oh, I remember this flypaper.
Still got some bite to it, don't it?
Yes, sir. It was down in Argentina.
Ended up saving ten lives that day,
barely escaped with my own wings intact.
Where in tarnation did you ever find it?
Mom had it hidden away.
And it would have stayed that way if it
wasn't for someone's snooping little ways.
Curiosity killed the cat.
Think what it would do to a fly.
You worry too much, sweetie.
Let him grow up, for darn sake.
- Tell your Grandpa here how you're doing.
- Just great. How are you doing?
Not bad for an old fly.
You know any hotties

who want to go honey-dipping?
Dad, be nice.
I'm gonna go check on the maggots.
Grandpa, you think a fly
could ever go to the moon?
The moon? Sure. Anything's possible.
Remember the motto,
if it ain't an adventure,
it ain't worth doing.
I ever tell you I once flew across
the Atlantic Ocean with Amelia Earhart?
About a hundred times.
You wanna hear it
a hundred and one times?
Sure. I love that story, Grandpa.
Well, if you insist.
We were about 10 hours into it,
out over the Atlantic Ocean.
Everything was going a-okay,
so I thought I'd take myself a little
snooze, catch 40 winks. You know.
Well, no sooner had I dozed off,
I woke up to find the plane
in one serious nosedive!
What was wrong, Grandpa?
I'll tell you what was wrong.
She gosh darn fell asleep.
That ocean was like black pavement,
and it was coming up real fast!
We were gonna die.
- What did you do, Grandpa?
- What any brave fly would do.
I flew straight up her nose.
She blew out one serious booger.
I was almost a goner.
You saved the day, Grandpa.
Darn right, I did.
After that, it was smooth flying.
Couple hours later, we landed in France.
The rest is history.
That's when I met Nadia.
Who's Nadia?
You never told me about her.
Oh, I guess I haven't.

Well, she was just about the prettiest
thing with wings I'd ever seen.

Russian, from Minsk.

Wow. You knew a Russian?

Sure did.

- How come you didn't marry her?

- Well...

That's kind of hard to explain.

Wasn't meant to be, I guess.

But she could put away the vodka.

We once drank so much, we...

Oh, Nat?

Why don't you go say hello

to your cousin Sheila?

- She just came out of her cocoon.

- Yeah. Sure, Mom.

See if anybody needs anything.

Don't let Scooter eat all the food.

Let me know

when you're taking off for the moon!

- I might want to come along with you.

- Don't put crazy ideas in his head, Dad.

Nothing crazy about a boy

having an imagination.

Can't hold him back forever.

I'm just trying to prepare him

for the real world out there, Dad.

Dreamers get swatted.

Mrs. McFly, one of your maggots

just jumped on the Baxters' dog.

- They're halfway down the block.

- Coming.

All right!

Who wants to twist an antenna

with old Louie?

When I don't know what to do

I just wanna fly, fly, fly

I wanna be with you

and make you dance, dance, dance

Baby, baby, baby,

make me feel so hot, hot, hot

Let me know

when you're taking off for the moon!

I might want to come along with you.

Okay. I've been doing a lot of thinking.
I was doing a lot of sleeping.
Couldn't this have waited until tomorrow?
- I'm going to the moon.
- The moon?
Are you crazy?
A fly can't make it to the moon.
We can if we hitch a ride.
Wait a minute. What's this "we" stuff?
Guys, we've watched a ton of these flights.
They only last a few minutes.
We'll be back before anyone misses us.
Oh, gosh, I don't know.
The odds of making it are...
Where's your sense of adventure?
We're always talking about
taking a road trip.
Yeah, road trip. Earth. Terra firma.
Is that a dessert?
Oh, just forget it, then.
You don't want to go? I'll go myself.
He's crazy, sleep-deprived.
Nat, wait!
What... What are you doing? Let him go.
Okay.
Don't do it.
I'm in.
You did it.
What?
Oh, no. You guys don't need me to go.
No way.
- We need you.
- Come on, Scooter. We're a team!
You guys, this is not good.
I've got heartburn just thinking about it.
Scooter!
All right. All right, I'm in.
Adventure forever!
Dreamers get swatted? Never!
All right, first thing we have to do
is finish the space suits.
- Can we get them done by tomorrow?
- Yeah, if I don't sleep.
Kind of late

to be wandering around, isn't it?
I was just getting some fresh air, was all.
Really? Gee,
I can smell wood burning a mile away.
Maybe there's a fire at the dump, then.
I'm talking up here.
I'd say the gears are turning pretty hard.
You want to tell your Grandpa
what's going on?
So, tell your old Grandpa
what's on your mind,
because I know something is.
I want to do something special, Grandpa.
I want to have a big adventure like you.
- Is that right?
- Yeah.
You know, I'm all for adventure.
Nothing better than
being out there, taking risks,
having that excitement
pumping through you.
Yeah! You can't beat it.
But I'll tell you something.
Sometimes, you gotta know
that maybe you're just not ready
for the big adventure.
I bet you never waited for adventure.
You're right about that.
But, well, I have come up short.
What do you mean "short"?
Well, as a matter of fact,
you talking about the moon tonight
reminded me of the time
I got my first taste of coming up short.
The humans over at NASA
were sending a monkey into space.
Just a handful of years ago,
I was planning on hitching a ride.
I was gonna be the first fly
to go into space.
You actually went into space?
No, not exactly.
Darn scientist knocked me clean
off the monkey's head.

Before I knew what hit
me, they were gone!
I had missed my shot,
my trip into space.
Yeah, kind of knocked me back to Earth,
in a manner of speaking.
I guess somebody was reminding me
I'm an old fly.
Ever since then, well, I began thinking
maybe I should start acting my age.
Your time will come, little one.
Wait and see.
Your time will come.
How'd we make out with the space suits?
Great. Okay, you guys, this is it.
Mikey's house is our ticket to the moon.
I sure hope it's a round-trip ticket.
I need some breakfast.
Okay, we split up,
and when the time is right,
we get into the lunch pail.
- Okay. Let's do it.
- I can't wait to get in there.
- Scooter! IQ's been hit!
- What? Where is he?
IQ, get up! Move!
No!
- You okay?
- You guys are gonna give me a heart attack.
- This is gonna be a crazy ride.
- Hurry! She's closing the lunch box!
- Thanks, Nat.
- Now we're talking. Breakfast.
Wow!
Moon, here we come.
- Morning, everybody. What's for breakfast?
- I made mold fritters. Where's Nat?
I thought he was down here already.
Wasn't in his bed.
Maggots, stop playing with your grease.
Nat, time for breakfast! Where is he?
He's not here. He left.
What do you mean, he left?
Where did he go?

Hi, everybody.

Has my Scooter been here this morning?

- I haven't seen him.

- Are the boys here?

Don't tell us. IQ's missing, too?

- Mommy! Mommy! They went to the moon!

- Not now. Mommy's talking.

They took a rocket to the moon, Mommy.

- What did you say, sweetheart?

- He said rocket! He clearly said rocket.

- I heard moon.

- What's today's date?

- Please, not now, Dad.

- Of course!

Of course what?

Today's the day the humans are
sending a man to the moon.

- Nat's going to the moon!

- Nat's going to the moon!

- Nat's going to the moon!

- Nat's going to the moon!

The heat from the rocket
could kill them!

I told IQ, "Never, ever, cross the fence."

Oh, my lord of the flies!

They are going to the moon!

Well, I'll be.

Hey, man. How's it going?

- Good, guys. Everything a-okay?

- Oh, yeah. Good to see you, Ben.

Big day, huh?

What if he doesn't open
his lunch pail?

Don't worry. He'll open it.

Humans love a second cup of coffee.

Just remember, when he does,
we get out of here pronto.

He'll be swatting at anything that moves.

Regroup on the nearest wall.

Okay. This is it, guys! Be alert.

Whoa, that was close.

- He almost got me!

- Where's Scooter?

I didn't see him.

There he is! What is he doing?

Scooter!

Oh, no. Scooter!

- What's up, guys?

- I thought that was you down there.

- Where?

- On the donut. Well, was on the donut.

You thought that fatso was me?

I'm insulted.

Nice fake-out, fly.

Okay, listen up. Phase one, complete.

Now, we find the astronauts.

This is Apollo launch control.

T minus 58 minutes, 55 seconds
and counting.

The countdown for Apollo 11 is still
going very satisfactorily at this time.

In most cases, we're a matter of five or ten
minutes ahead of countdown procedures.

Look at all the people here!

How will we ever find them?

If something happens to Nat,
I'll never forgive myself.

Me, too!

Look, gals, I know you're all worried,
but you gotta cut them some slack.

They need adventure in their lives.

Builds character!

So, dry up those tears,
'cause your boys are about to make history.

Ah, women!

iWe've just passed
the 40-minute mark in our countdown.

We are still proceeding
in an excellent manner at this time.

All elements reporting in that all systems
continuing to look good this morning.

We couldn't help but overhear.

Are you the three moms of
those brave flies going to the moon?

- How do you know that?

- They're on TV.

We need to find a TV
or somebody who knows what's going on.

Come on. Follow me.
Hey, watch out!
We ready to go?
- Ready on 12.
Well, we'll stay with you, Kenny.
Be sure you hold that wide shot
at the beginning.
It's set up here, right now.
It's going...
Look at them.
They really are going to the moon.
I'm not going to faint. I'm not going to...
Here we go again.
Wow! This is beyond cool.
Well, gentlemen,
shall we go make some history?
Copy that. Should be a fun week or so.
- A week?
- A week?
A week?
I'm gonna need more food.
Starting final countdown.
Ten, nine, eight...
Sweetie, they're on their way.
Maybe it won't be that bad.
How long could it take?
They go up, they come down.
Sure. It'll be over
in a matter of minutes.
I don't think so. I just heard
they're gonna be gone at least a week.
- What?
- Maybe more.
Hello, Apollo 11,
this is mission control in Houston.
We're taking over for launch
command center at Cape Canaveral.
Let's run through our
procedural checklist.
Roger that, Houston.
Welcome aboard.
- He'll be back before you know it.
- He's never been away from home that long.
Your boy's going to the moon.

I could only dream about doing that,
but he's doing it.

- Everything will be all right, I promise.
- Thanks, Dad.

We're family.
Just don't give me
that dreamers-get-swatted routine anymore.
Okay?
I'll try.

Apollo 11, this is Houston.
You can terminate battery Bravo charge,
and we'd like the crew status report
before we begin TV transmission.
Copy that, Houston.
Fit as a fiddle up here.
We're ready for our close-ups.
Hurry, everybody!
Our boys are gonna be on TV.
We have to find a TV!
Hey, there's a Pearson's appliance store
a few blocks from here.
Come on.
We can get there in time if we hurry.
Apollo 11? Houston, again.
We will begin our live television
transmission in two minutes.
Copy that, Houston.
Did you hear that, guys?
We're gonna be on TV!
- All right.
- What's my best side? Right or left?
Did they start yet?
Almost. Hey, look, they're on!
Good evening.
Tonight, the United States has
entered a new dawn, a new frontier.
In just a few moments' time,
we will get the first glimpse
of our intrepid moon travelers.
With our connection
inside mission control,
we're able to broadcast
the first images inside the capsule.
I'm getting word from Houston

that we're ready to go.
Apollo 11, Houston.
You are good to go.
- Did anybody see that?
- See what, sir?
A fly. Three to be exact.
Check out the playback, get back to me.
Okay, people,
end transmission, and let's tuck them in.
Apollo 11, Houston.
As far as we can see,
you're cleared for some Zs. Over.
Sounds good to us.
Good night, Houston.
- Good night, IQ.
- Night.
I did it, Grandpa. I did it.
We now have photos
from the American space mission.
American astronaut has made
it to the moon before Russia!
Kremlin very embarrassed.
How happen this to us?
Someone tell me this.
How happen this to us?
I want answers. Not yesterday. Today!
- Comrade Poopchev, I will explain.
- I am waiting.
Hi, Mom! Hi, Grandpa!
We did it, Grandpa McFly!
We're headed for the moon!
We did it, Grandpa McFly!
Nadia, these last few days have been great.
I wish it could last forever.
- This world so crazy, no?
- I know. But if only we...
Please, for me, forgive.
I need go back to Russia.
My father, he very ill. He need me.
Nadia, I'll never forget you.
This killing me.
We must stop Americans getting all glory!
Nadia, I need food when I get angry.
For you, Comrade, I make your lunch.

What do you propose, Comrade Poopchev?
Do we have operatives
in their mission control in Houston?
Well?
We make slight mistake, Comrade.
What kind mistake?
We have no operatives?
We send them to launch center in Florida,
not Houston.
You idiot! Idiot! Idiot!
How are we going to stop Americans from...
Wait a Russian minute,
my little idiot friend.
Tell me, who we have in Florida?
Two pencil pushers and Yegor.
Yegor? This is good. Very good, maybe.
It is?
Focus will be on mission control
in Houston.
We make plan,
change re-entry codes from
launch command center at Cape Canaveral.
- They never suspect that.
- You are a genius, Comrade. Pure genius!
Stop, I know.
Okay! Tell Yegor
his orders are to stop the Americans.
Tell him Mother Russia will wait
with bait on breath.
- No way Americans can succeed.
- No joke.
Is amusing, America.
Apollo 11, this is Houston. Over.
Good morning, Houston.
Apollo 11, we have a little problem
with a potential contaminant aboard.
Copy, Houston. What kind of contaminant?
Flies. We believe you have flies aboard,
and we need to contain them,
eliminate any possible
bacterial cross-contamination.
Roger that.
We'll stow them first chance we get.
- I slept like a baby.

- Commander Armstrong,
- we're three minutes from lunar orbit...
- I'm hungry.
Is that all you ever think about?
- Guys, you smell anything?
- Food?
Roger that.
What's the problem?
It's gone now.
Commencing orbital burn.
Hey, listen up, you guys!
Something's going on.
Scooter, look out!
Whoa, that was close!
Houston? We seem to be taking on
a bit more vibration than we expected.
Yeah, we're monitoring that now.
What's going on, IQ?
I think we gotta slow down, get into
the moon's orbit before we can land.
Better strap in, fellas.
This might get worse before it gets better.
We want you to cut back power
by 25 percent.
Houston, we don't have a whole lot of
time to make our orbit range for entry.
We know, 25 percent.
Roger.
Houston, we seem to have a small problem.
The engine won't respond.
Commander, we've discovered a short
in one of your control panels.
It needs to be manually disconnected.
Sir, we don't have time to trace a short.
In 30 seconds, we'll have missed our orbit.
It's the only shot we've got.
I knew I smelled smoke!
We gotta do something!
I'm with you!
- What are we looking for?
- A loose wire! A short!
I think I found it! What do we do?
We've gotta put it back in.
Careful! It's too hot.

We need something,
I don't know, anything!
Will this work?
Let me help you.
Come on, harder!
You did it, Aldrin.
I did, didn't I?
Let's get out of here.
I love toasted olives.
Apollo 11, you have been cleared
to commence lunar module docking.
Roger that, Houston.
Come home soon, my little dreamer.
Houston, lunar module is
docked and secure.
Good work, Commander.
Commander Armstrong,
this is Houston.
Are we ready to begin transfer
to the lunar module?
- Ready as can be, Houston.
-You may proceed.
This is it, guys.
Time to hitch a ride to the moon!
Wow, look at that moon.
It's shining like a spoon.
This is so cool.
Guys, what's that?
- What's happening?
- We've got to get out of here.
Whoa, what was that?
IQ, wake up.
Scooter, please wake up.
What have I done?
Okay.
On the count of three,
we give it everything we've got.
All right?
Ready. One, two, three!
Pull! Pull! Pull! Pull!
Houston, we are ready to begin
first phase of lunar descent.
You may proceed.
Scooter! You're alive!

What? Of course I'm alive.

- What happened?

- Some kind of numbing spray, I suspect.

You're both alive!

Yeah, but for how much longer?

We're stuck in a glass tube.

How are we gonna get out of here?

Wait. Let me help you.

Ready? Push!

It won't move!

You know, IQ, if you'd help us,
maybe we could get this cap off.

I have a better idea.

If we all combined our energy mass
and apply it to the tube

from the same intersection,

we might be able to dislodge ourselves,
thereby creating a natural momentum

to carry us over the edge.

- You mean push the tube over and break it?

- Yeah.

Why didn't you just say that?

All together.

Come on, harder!

We're doomed.

Houston,

we've begun our descent.

It seems we are off target

by at least four miles.

Copy that, Apollo 11.

It's gonna be a rough landing if we
stay with these coordinates, Houston.

We're going to have to switch over
to manual.

Can you bring her down yourself?

Roger that, Houston. Let's give it a go.

We're approaching the southwest
edge of the Sea of Tranquility.

Houston, we're experiencing some
communication breakup. Do you copy?

Nine hundred feet,

coming down at 23 degrees.

- Houston, do you copy?

-Stand by, Apollo 11.

Eight hundred feet, 21 down.
Apollo 11,
we are assessing the situation.
Be prepared for possible abort
on lunar landing. Do you copy?
Copy that.
Oh, come on, boys.
Get your butt into it, come on.
Take us surfing
Take us surfing
We're awaiting word
from mission control in Houston.
Everyone here is engaged
in a tremendous enterprise.
The excitement is palpable.
Apollo 11, we've established the cause
of our communication breakdown.
Due to unanticipated radar data,
we've gotten a bit bottlenecked.
We've alleviated the problem.
You are good to go.
Roger that, Houston.
Four hundred down and nine.
Still have lots of vibration.
Great. Now, what?
Weightlessness.
Gosh, I didn't think about that!
On this incredible occasion,
the world's eyes are on
what is happening in Houston.
These adventurers are going to be
performing something
which has obviously
never been done before.
Oh, guys, we're about to meet
that energy mass you were talking about.
We've got shadow out here.
Thirty feet,
two and a half down.
Roger that, Apollo 11.
Houston, Tranquility Base.
The Eagle has landed.
- We're on the moon!
- We are on the moon!

Did you hear something?

- I thought I did for a moment there.

- Never mind. We did it, Commander.

- Nat's on the moon! Nat's on the moon!

- Nat's on the moon! Nat's on the moon!

Yes, he is, sweethearts.

I'll be. Our boy's on the moon.

Hey, you're not fainting!

- No more fainting, Dad.

- That's my girl!

Good work, you guys.

I'll be waiting for you when you get back.

Good work, Commander.

Okay. I guess it's time for me to suit up.

It looks like there's only gonna be
one of them walking on the moon.

Nat, we wouldn't be here
if it weren't for you. You go.

Houston, we're good to go.

We'll support you, Commander.

I'm at the foot of the ladder.

The lunar module footpads
are only depressed in the surface
about one or two inches.

The surface appears to be
very, very fine grain.

As you get close to it,
it's almost like powder.

That's one small step for man,
one giant leap for mankind.

I can't believe it. I'm on the moon!

Well, I'll be.

What was that, Commander?

Didn't copy.

Nothing, Houston.

Just talking to myself.

Look at the Americans!

They are walking on the moon!

This is fantastic.

You idiot! Idiot! Idiot!

Where is Nadia?

I have not seen her

for several days, Comrade.

How strange.

Come in! The door's open!
Hello, my name is Nadia. I come to America.
Oh, my lord of the flies!
Maggots!
Come in, come in.
Children very crazy, no?
- What's all the commotion? I was...
- Hello, Amos.
Nadia! Why are you...
How did you get here, let alone find me?
Darling, it too long time
for many questions.
- You have beautiful wife and...
- No. I'm his daughter.
Your grandson, he in big, big danger.
- What? My Nat?
- Yes. I tell you.
Many flies in my country
very angry about moon mission.
They not stop. They want to make sure
your son and friends do not come home.
Ain't nobody gonna hurt Nat.
Russian operative
inside your command center here.
- He must be stopped!
- Who is this Russian operative?
His name is Yegor.
He have bad scar on face,
twitch like locomotive
down slippery slope.
- Dad, what are you doing?
- No need to worry about me.
The Russians have got to be stopped.
I'll bring our boys home.
Amos, be careful.
Houston, we are preparing
for departure and re-docking.
Copy that, Apollo 11.
Hey, any of you guys hungry?
Apollo 11, you have been cleared
to commence pre-checklist
- for lunar module docking.
- Roger that, Houston.
Houston,

we have left the moon.
Copy that, Apollo 11.
Where's Scooter? Scooter?
Hey, what's going on? Where are we?
Wow.
Houston, we are leveling out
in our orbital pattern.
Job well done, men.
It's too small. Help me.
Everything is in place.
Yegor handle diversion
when re-entry begin.
We move into action,
reset new landing coordinates.
Ah, not worry, Comrade. I not fail you.
Make sure you don't.
Go! Do not arouse suspicion.
Too much.
Commencing to re-dock.
Houston, lunar module
is docked and secure.
Houston, we are moving back
to the command module.
Houston, we are commencing
lunar module disengagement phase.
Scooter!
Where is he?
We're back in the command module.
- What?
- Oh, no!
Scooter's going to be left behind!
He's still in the lunar module.
We have to get him out!
- I'm going in after him.
- No, wait! Nat!
Commencing lunar module
disengage in 15 seconds.
Hey, Nat. Where have you been?
They're gonna disconnect
this part of the ship
- from the command module.
- Cool!
No! Not cool.
If we don't get out of here,

we'll be left behind in space!
- Hurry, Scooter, hurry!
- I'm stuck! I can't move!
Come on, Scooter. Come on! You can do it!
Suck in your belly! That should do it!
Disengaging lunar module.
Guys?
Guys. This is terrible.
I should have done something.
Hey, IQ? You want some?
Scooter! You're alive!
I should kill you.
You and your compulsive eating!
You almost got us killed!
Scooter, you really gotta go on a diet.
I promise. I promise I will. Guys?
- They are American flies, after all.
- Sure, why not.
What was that all about?
I don't know, but we're going home.
All right, you two.
Time to prove you got what it takes.
I heard the stories
about your big adventures.
Maybe you did, and maybe you didn't,
but this is the real McCoy.
We gotta stop these Russians
from hurting our boys.
I want you to get in there and find them.
We'll be right behind you. Right, boys?
Right! We won't fail you, Grandpa.
All right, boys, stretch out.
Don't wanna pull anything.
Houston, we are on course.
The Earth's gravity has taken over,
and we are beginning
to be pulled homeward.
Alert, Yegor,
it is time to change re-entry coordinates.
Babushka, how we feel now? Better?
Much better. I thought I was over
these fainting episodes.
Nadia, look. I don't do this sort of thing,
be brave and all, I mean,

but I'm not gonna just sit here
while my son is flying home
to lord of the flies knows what!
Boys? Lick your faces.
It's time to rock and roll!
Yeah!
Okay. We rocks and rolls.
I bet when we get back, they'll throw us
a big party with lots of food.
Scooter!
Not that I'm eating anything
with my new diet.
Houston, we've made our
mid-course corrections
and have readjusted the flight path
of the spacecraft.
Roger that. We'll switch over
to computer coordinates for re-entry.
Americans think they can beat us.
They better think again.
Mother Russia is strong!
Hey, you're that Russian, aren't you?
Russian? What are you talking about?
- I made a wrong turn.
- He's trying to trick us!
Butch, he's got the scar.
Scar? It's a birthmark.
Don't move!
And what do you plan on doing?
Ever wanted to be a firefly?
He's getting away!
So long, losers!
Americans too slow for us Russians.
Not so fast!
They send a bunch of old flies after me?
I will make quick work of all of you.
Is that right?
I'm all you're gonna be able to handle.
Bring it on, Grandpa!
All right, Grandpa! You got him!
That's it, Grandpa.
Keep moving, keep dancing.
Yeah, get him!
All right, Grandpa!

Give him the old one-two!
Wow. That had to hurt.
You got him! You got him!
Come on, Grandpa! Work those wings!
Hey, that's cheating!
Everything fair in war and love.
Isn't what you silly Americans say?
Yeah, get him, Grandpa!
- Yeah! She rocks!
- Awesome!
You act like big fly?
You little fly, darling.
Little, nothing fly.
Nadia, don't. They have washed brain.
You confused.
No, no wash brain. I get smart.
- My kind of woman!
- You okay, Amos?
Fit as a fiddle.
That's some kick you got there.
Yeah. I got big foot.
What take Yegor so long?
He must set diversion off now.
Maybe something wrong?
We proceed anyway.
- Not so fast!
- Not so fast!
What this? Some kind of joke?
- Boys?
- Yeah, Mom!
Prepare your butts to be kicked!
- Good one!
- It was no joke.
Gonna hurt my boys, huh?
Standing by, Houston.
We are moments from splashdown.
Copy that, Commander.
We've begun live TV transmission
down here.
No! How happen this to me?
I'm finished! Kaput!
What you do now? Join circus clowns?
No, I move to Miami Beach.
New groovy club need

waiters with foreign accents.

- What?

- Don't swat me, please.

You think groovy club need two waiters?

Give me some skin, Comrade.

Maybe too groovy.

Welcome home!

Hey, guys, something big

must have happened while we were gone.

- Scooter!

- What?

- It's all my fault.

- It's my fault, too.

- I wanted to go to the moon.

- Me, too.

Well, actually, I didn't,

but when I got there, it was so cool!

I love you, Mom.

Sorry you didn't get your chance

to go to the moon, Grandpa.

Don't you worry about me.

I got lots more adventure

under these old wings.

- I love you, Grandpa.

- Not more than I love you.

I ever tell you about the time

I flew with Amelia Earhart?

Only about a million times!

Wanna hear it a million and one?

Sure, I love that story, Grandpa.

We were about 10 hours into it,

out over the Atlantic Ocean...

Hold on! Hold the credits!

Stop the credits!

Hello, I'm Buzz Aldrin. The original Buzz

and lunar module pilot on Apollo 11.

My friends here at the Space Program

asked me to speak to you today

to set the record straight.

No matter what you may have heard

or thought you have seen,

there were no contaminants, no flies,

on the Apollo 11.

It is, in fact, a scientific impossibility.

Now that we've straightened that out,
I want to salute all the men and women
who have toiled,
before and after that first moon mission,
in pursuit of new frontiers.

Let us always continue
to reach for the stars.

What was that all about?

Beats me.

- Adventure forever!

- All right!

Fly me to the moon

And let me play among the stars

Let me see what spring is like

On Jupiter and Mars

In other words

Hold my hand

In other words

Darling, kiss me

Fly me to the moon

In other words

Please be true

In other words

I love you