

AMERICAN DAD  
"Death of an Astronaut"  
by  
Josh Kornbluth

Dear Dada Productions  
143 Garth Rd. 3M  
Scarsdale, NY 10583  
347-260-2440  
Killerset@gmail.com

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

INT. CIA OFFICE-MORNING (DAY ONE)

STAN sits lifeless at AVERY'S DESK, staring at the walls barely noticing a GIANT BEE buzzing around him. AVERY picks up a Koran from his desk and SLAMS the bee on top of his desk.

AVERY

Now that's what I call a buzz  
kill. Try beating that Chelsea  
Handler.

STAN snaps out of his mopey comatose state and notices the Koran.

STAN

Why do you have a Koran in your  
office, sir? Are you half black or  
something?

AVERY

The Koran is for research.

STAN takes out a bruised BANANA from his inner coat pocket. He PEELS it open and takes a bite.

STAN

I read the Koran once during my  
conspiracy theory phase. I was let  
down by the chapter on virgins.  
There's no mention of belly  
dancers, Shakira look-alikes or  
non-broken-in Kim Kardashian types  
ready to greet you at the pearly  
gates.

AVERY

I brought you in, Stan, because of  
a new undercover CIA mission  
called Mr. Brownstone.

STAN

Can my code name be Axl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVERY

You mean like Axl Foley, from Beverly Hills Cop? No way. Your banana-in-the-tail- pipe fantasy will have to wait. Also who carries a banana in their suit pocket?

STAN

I can't project any credible authority while carrying around a banana sir.

AVERY

That's because you have none. You've been wearing the same suit since the first Police Academy movie. The monkey's we sent to space have friends in higher places than you do.

STAN

I always wanted to be an Astronaut. My mom said that I could do anything in that suit.

AVERY

Are you quoting Death of a Salesman?

STAN

Francine and I dressed up as Arthur Miller and Marilyn for a Halloween Party last year. Francine wanted to see me wear those thick rimmed glasses that make you look like an old school Jewish mobster that outsmarts the feds and never goes to jail.

AVERY

You dressed like an American playwright for Halloween? How lame.

STAN

I know. I wanted to dress like the Six Million Dollar Man but Francine reminded me that our PPO plan with the CIA wouldn't cover my bionic implant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AVERY

So you let your wife pick out the Halloween outfits. Now, that's scary sad, man. But back to the new mission I want you lead, Mr. Brownstone. You'll be working undercover as a BLACK BEARDED MUSLIM, at the new Interfaith Center by Ground Zero selling, interfaith memberships on the street by the line of Halal meat carts. There's a big-time smack dealer from Afghanistan who calls himself Brown Sugar. We believe that the Interfaith Center is being used to wash money for this big-time Afghani drug lord.

STAN

I'm going to be selling interfaith memberships to random New Yorkers on the street. But sir, I don't have any sales experience. Plus, this is a harder sell than bailing out NASA.

AVERY

Sales isn't rocket science, you can handle it. Just act like Vince Vaughn.

STAN

I miss the good old days, when I got to spy on George Lucas after he stole the Stars Wars battle plans from Ronald Regan.

AVERY

George Lucas didn't steal Star Wars from Ronald Regan. Ronald Regan just called his failed space nuke shooting program Star Wars, which was quite catchy at the time. You just wanted to sneak into the Lucas Ranch so you could stick your hand into Han Solo's holster. You revealed this fantasy in the Dream Chamber during your first week of orientation.

STAN

Oh yeah, the Dream Chamber. Of course I forgot the really good part.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STAN (CONT'D)

Why is Arnold the only bionic man  
blessed with TOTAL RECALL?

AVERY

Because he was Mr. Universe six  
times in row. We can review your  
Mr. Universe fantasies if you  
like, they popped up pretty  
frequently during your follow-up  
Dream Chamber sessions. The good-  
old Dream Chamber could be the  
best form of truth serum the CIA  
has ever produced.

STAN

I thought that was acid.

AVERY

If I took some acid from our top  
secret stash, I could've told my  
daughter how much I hated the  
Jerry Garcia tie she gave me for  
Christmas.

STAN

Haley went through a Deadhead  
phase. Now she's brain dead  
permanently.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERFAITH CENTER BY GROUND ZERO-DAY (DAY TWO)

STAN scratches his FAKE LONG BLACK BEARD while holding  
Interfaith Center Coupons by the Halal Carts, as swarms  
of New Yorkers pass him by.

STAN

Now I understand why terrorists  
have such itchy trigger fingers.

STAN stops scratching his beard and introduces himself to  
a twenty-something PUNK ROCK GUY passing through GROUND  
ZERO.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Sid Vicious.

PUNK ROCK GUY

Who you calling vicious?

STAN

Vicious, isn't the ordeal of canceling your gym membership vicious? Have you considered joining a new gym where you can get some praying in and learn about the teachings of Mohammed, all at the same time?

PUNK ROCK GUY

What are you selling?

STAN

Memberships to our new Interfaith Community Center. Your dark, gloomy, on the edge image seems like a good fit for our Muslim directed Inter-Faith Community Center.

PUNK ROCK GUY

I thought this place was just a super mosque.

STAN holds up the INTERFAITH MEMBERSHIP COUPON.

STAN

No, we have prayer rooms for all religions. Take a coupon, it saves you fifty percent on the activation fee.

PUNK ROCK GUY

Dude, I'm gay. Don't get gays get stoned to death in the Middle East?

STAN

But this is New York City. We can give you hot stone massages if you like.

PUNK ROCK GUY

I'll pass. How frisky can the steam room get if everyone's in towels from head to toe?

STAN stops an ITALIAN CONSTRUCTION WORKER on the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STAN

Sir, have you been the gym to lately?

ITALIAN CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I work in construction, I don't need it. Are you trying to come on to me? What are you anyway? A white Muslim? Aren't you a little old to be getting back at your parents? Wasn't Jews for Jesus radical enough for you?

STAN holds up another coupon.

STAN

Would you be interested in taking a tour of our new Interfaith Community Center? Here, take a coupon. You get fifty percent off your membership fee.

ITALIAN CONSTRUCTION WORKER grabs the Interfaith Coupon.

ITALIAN CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I'd rather take a tour of that crack house in Newark I saw in the Sopranos.

ITALIAN CONSTRUCTION WORKER crumbles up the coupon and throws in the trash.

ITALIAN CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(CONT'D)

I'm not buying your garbage. Get a real job, you bum.

STAN hangs his head in shame and examines his sandals.

STAN

Constant rejection in sales is brutal. I feel like Willy Loman in sandals.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR (36) well built, short, stocky guy appears in a Boston Red Sox Hat, jeans, and a T-shirt that says: Bail out NASA. GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR approaches a Halal Cart.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR

(Southie Boston  
accent)

One Falafelllllll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A flock of pigeons drops a stream of pooh from above which lands right on STAN'S BLACK TURBAN. The white pooh DRIPS down the turban. GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR can't help but hear a loud splashing plop. He looks over at Stan's drenched, dripping turban.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR (CONT'D)  
You're more dumped on than Willy Loman.

STAN  
You don't say.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR takes off his Boston Red Sox cap and offers it to STAN.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR  
Take my hat.

STAN  
A Red Sox Hat. I'll stick with the crappy turban.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR  
So you're not a New England man, are yah?

Bird pooh drops from his turban and trickles down onto STAN'S FAKE BLACK BEARD.

STAN  
Does it look like I summer in the Cape?

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR  
You look at home with sand dunes.

STAN  
Nice shirt. Bail out NASA. What are you, a Wall Street Protestor?

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR  
Just a Genius Southie Janitor. I'm in town for the Sox game. Boston is down 2-0, but Beckett is on the mound tonight. He always scares the Yankee players stiff.

STAN  
Oh yeah, Josh Beckett, the pitcher for the Sox, he's a real flame thrower, all the Muslims fear him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR

But the main reason I'm here is to shop around my play, "Death of an Astronaut." It's a dark comedy about an astronaut from NASA that never made it to the moon.

STAN

So his career never achieves liftoff. Sounds like the Willy Loman of NASA.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR

Exactly. I got some time to kill. Buy me a beer and you can read the play. I always carry a copy on me.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR grabs a folded play from his back pocket.

STAN

Hanging out in Oxygen bars when I need to take a breather from the Hashish is usually my thing, but if I'm going to sell interfaith memberships for an Interfaith Community Center right outside the site of Ground Zero, I might as well lead by example and add some modernity to my life.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR

The story takes place in Southern California, during the summer of love in 1967. NASA had become the biggest star making factory in the universe. Being an Astronaut was never better. Every human on Earth had to look up at these stars.

CUT TO:

INT: ASTROBURGER-SUNSET STRIP(1969)NIGHT

YOUNG STAN (22) leans back on the counter in his zip-up space suit, sporting NASA badges on both arms. Astronaut Groupies check out Stan while eating turkey burgers in their booths. ROCKET MAN (24) leaves the bathroom wearing those star shaped Elton John-type sun glasses. He taps Stan on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKET MAN

I'm going to get of here Stan. All this speed is making me motion sick.

STAN

You better cool down on the speed Rocket Man.

ROCKET MAN

Relax Stan, I'm a Rocket Scientist. If anyone is paid to be obsessed with mastering speed it's me.

YOUNG FRANCINE (22) approaches the ROCKET MAN.

YOUNG FRANCINE

Who's that astronaut you were talking to?

ROCKET MAN

That's Stan the man. He's an astronaut.

YOUNG FRANCINE

Have you been to the moon?

YOUNG STAN leans over looking dreamy eyed and soul charged around YOUNG FRANCINE.

YOUNG STAN

Not yet. But with you around, what's the rush.

ROCKET MAN GAGS.

ROCKET MAN

That is so mushy and lame.

ROCKET MAN pukes all over YOUNG STAN'S MOON BOOTS.

YOUNG STAN

Don't worry I have another pair in the trunk. Rocket Man is a Rocket Scientist at JPL in Pasadena. But he's lost his stomach for speed.

YOUNG FRANCINE

So what are your other interests besides space travel?

YOUNG STAN

I'm an aspiring fashion boot designer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YOUNG STAN (CONT'D)

I just created my own brand of  
Moon Boots decorated with glow-in-  
the-dark stars.

YOUNG FRANCINE

I love Moon Boots. For you the sky  
is the limit, isn't it?

YOUNG STAN

If the sky was the limit, I'd  
never make into space.

YOUNG FRANCINE

Stupid me. Do you have a name for  
these Moon Boots?

YOUNG STAN

Not yet. What's your name?

YOUNG FRANCINE

Francine.

YOUNG STAN

Horrible name... for Moon Boots.

YOUNG FRANCINE pouts. STAN leans in closer.

YOUNG STAN (CONT'D)

Why don't I just name a  
constellation after you instead.

YOUNG FRANCINE

You would do that?

YOUNG STAN

Does God bless America?

YOUNG STAN kisses YOUNG FRANCINE on her heart.

YOUNG FRANCINE

(dazed)

Nobody has kissed my heart before.  
It's pumping so fast.

YOUNG STAN

I know what I'd like to pump.

YOUNG FRANCINE

But we just met.

YOUNG STAN

I could explore the stars for  
twenty more lifetimes and never  
find a celestial beauty as radiant  
as you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

YOUNG Francine touches her heart and you see it glow neon color in the black light decorated ASTROBURGER once they turn the lights down low.

CUT TO:

INT. ASTRONAUT STAN HOUSEHOLD -KITCHEN-FORTY YEARS LATER-  
NIGHT (DAY ONE)

OLD FRANCINE (62) examines her specs of grey hair in the mirror. OLD STAN (62) enters the door, slightly hunched, holding an astronaut helmet, wearing his Moon Boots and zip up suit that Francine met him in, except now it looks way past its prime playing days.

OLD FRANCINE

(perky)

Hey Stan. Did you bring home that astronaut helmet so we can play Amazon woman on the moon? I love it when you mark your territory by planting your pole inside my surface.

OLD STAN

I can't role play as long your son lives in this house.

OLD FRANCINE

He won't be here much longer. Just try not to be so angry at him all the time.

OLD STAN

I thought Haley could use the astronaut helmet as a fish bowl. All see she ever talks about is seeing fish.

OLD FRANCINE

She means the jam band, Stan.

OLD STAN

So, what is your no-talent bum son, Steve, doing now?

OLD FRANCINE

He's your son too. Can't you drum up some faith in him for a change?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD STAN

He worked as a video game tester in Austin, had the most cushy job imaginable, and then left it so he could play with his puppets instead. His lack of imagination is scarier than the Puppet Master franchise.

OLD FRANCINE

He got carpel tunnel from that video-game testing job. The puppet strings cause far less strain on his fingers.

OLD STAN

The kid should stop playing with them if he's not going to make a living at it.

OLD FRANCINE

I got it Stan. Take off your Moon Boots. I'll get you some Tang.

OLD STAN

No more Tang.

OLD FRANCINE

Since when do you have an issue with Tang?

OLD STAN

I hate Tang. It tastes so freaking tangy. Forty years on this job and I'm still drinking Tang. I should be drinking Belinis at the Four Seasons with Nancy Regan.

OLD FRANCINE

You don't have to drink Tang, Stan. Just say no.

OLD STAN

Never mock Nancy Regan in this household again. If you do, I'll send Steve to a space camp in Africa for bi-curious monkey's. Don't test me on this one, Francine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD FRANCINE

So you never made it to the moon  
Stan. Greater travesties have  
happened.

OLD STAN

Like what? Being a failed boot  
designer?

OLD FRANCINE

So The glow-in-the-dark Moon Boot  
concept crashed and burned. Not  
everyone wants to relive Freshman  
year of college all over again.

OLD STAN

I loved my freshman year at NASA.  
Back then the stars felt within  
reach.

OLD FRANCINE

You've provided for the family for  
all these years. That's what  
matters most.

OLD STAN

I wanted to do more than just  
provide Francine. I wanted to  
inspire. I wanted my kids to look  
up to me from earth as I worked on  
my short game on the moon.  
I wanted our kids to shoot past  
the stars and blaze new trails of  
innovation that could make America  
burn bright again.  
I never made it because I never  
made it up there. I just gazed at  
the stars from afar on a really  
expensive, tax funded telescope.

OLD FRANCINE

I'm all for looking up at stars.  
That's why I married you.

OLD STAN

You still bring the glow out in  
me, baby.

OLD STAN kisses OLD FRANCINE on the lips with some real  
feeling behind it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OLD FRANCINE

And you have to stop beating yourself up over your rich brother. Discovering Ugg boots in Australia, it was dumb luck.

OLD STAN

I could've been his partner. But the long flight to the Outback scared me. And I was going to be the astronaut that would go where no man had gone before. How pathetic is that?

OLD FRANCINE

While we're on the subject of long trips, Haley is going to take her grilled cheese truck on the road and tour with Roger Waters this summer.

OLD STAN

My own daughter knows more about space travel than I do.

FRANCINE

Haley just gave me this moon stone Necklace. Isn't it magical?

OLD FRANCINE shows the moonstone necklace to Old Stan.

OLD STAN

The Greeks said Moonstones have traces of the moon in them.

OLD FRANCINE

How did the Greeks know. They're not astronauts.

OLD STAN

Until I make it up there, I won't be one either.

CUT TO:

INT. STAN AND HALEY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM-ONE MINUTE LATER

STEVE (32) looks outside the window up at the stars.

HALEY (36) enters.

HALEY

Are you getting excited to see Haley's Comet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE continues to stare up at the stars.

STEVE

I wasn't the one named after a must-see event.

HALEY

There is a place for your talents in the universe, Steve. They're just not fully developed yet.

STEVE

What if I don't have any significant talent? What if I'm just an average nobody. What if Jim Henson sold his soul to the Devil for his success? If he did, I'm screwed. I can't go back to game testing. I get heart palpitations thinking about it.

HALEY

Why don't you go on tour with me? You can perform your puppet act in the parking lots, meet interesting people and have some fun for a change.

STEVE

That does sound dreamy Haley. I know that being home is really dragging Dad down. I saw him outside last night yelling at the moon for giving him false hopes. He's the one astronaut that never got into space.

HALEY

That's like the being the one member of Jefferson Airplane that never took acid.

STEVE

Remember when Dad told us about the glow, the secret of the universe?

HALEY

Dad said that life moves fast which is why you need to revolve your life around what makes you glow inside because that's what makes life worth living.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

Do you know what makes me glow?  
Being around you, sis. You've  
always been my biggest booster.

STEVE AND HALEY hug and hold each other tight by the window sill as the stars twinkle with delight.

CUT TO:

EXT. JPL HEADQUARTERS PARKING LOT-PASADENA-MORNING (DAY TWO)

STAN parks in his spot that is a long distance from the star astronauts.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE INTO JPL HEADQUARTER-MORNING-ONE MINUTE LATER

We see all the other STAR ASTRONAUTS walk in slow motion. STAN runs up from behind.

STAN

Hey, guys wait for me.

STAR ASTRONAUTS run away.

STAR ASTRONAUT

Stop acting like you're apart of our crew. We made it up to the moon you didn't. You'll never be that money.

CUT TO:

INT. CHECK IN TABLE FOR JPL GRAVITY CHAMBER-FIVE MINUTES LATER

STAN gives his ID to the GRAVITY CHAMBER LADY working the desk. She checks the ID.

GRAVITY CHAMBER LADY

This ID is no longer valid.

STAN

Scan it again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAVITY CHAMBER LADY

This scanner was designed by NASA.  
I don't think that's the issue,  
sir.

STAN

But it's me Stan Smith I've been a  
US Astronaut for the past forty  
years.

GRAVITY CHAMBER LADY

Your NASA ID is no longer valid.  
If there is a misunderstanding,  
then I'm sure HR can fix the  
issue.

CUT

INT. HR OFFICE-BOILER ROOM-TEN MINUTES LATER

OLD STAN sits across from the HR MANAGER who is ROGER  
dressed as the female HR LADY with a mole on his cheek.

OLD STAN

The lady at the gravity chamber  
said my NASA ID is no longer  
valid.

HR LADY

That's because you're fired. Obama  
doesn't want to bankroll NASA's  
joy rides anymore. And let's be  
frank. You spent your prime flying  
years floating around the gravity  
chamber, bored out of your mind,  
like a retired Peter Pan.

OLD STAN

I've done more than just float  
around in the gravity chamber. I  
was the Photoshop expert. I made a  
travel brochure of the stars for  
Richard Branson's moon shuttle,  
Intergalactic Planetary. NASA said  
he loved it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HR LADY

I know you're star obsessed. Why don't you move to Hollywood and make maps of star homes for a living?

OLD STAN

I don't believe I'm being fired from NASA. I'll never make it to the moon now.

HR LADY

Get over it Stan. You knew that would never happen after you puked all over the Gravity Chamber from snorting all that Ritalin during the office Christmas Party with us. Your fate was sealed at NASA then, and you knew it.

OLD STAN

I better start packing my belongings.

HR LADY

I don't think so. Everything here belongs to NASA, including the Moon Boots.

OLD STAN

Not my moon boots.

HR LADY

Also take off the space suit. Take your time with the zipper if you like.

OLD STAN starts to unzip.

OLD STAN

Can I go now?

HR LADY

No, not until you remove that tatoo on your leg that says, "NASA for Life." We can get sued for that, I think.

OLD STAN

But it's a permanent tatoo.

The SHORT CIRCUIT ROBOT enters and zaps a laser that burns off OLD STAN'S NASA FOR LIFE TATOO. OLD STAN screams in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HR LADY

Good work, Data. There is no more trace of it. Like Pluto.

OLD STAN screams in pain.

SHORT CIRCUIT

Do you want me to blow on your boo-boo for you?

OLD STAN

Screw you, Short Circuit. You killed Steve Guttenberg's acting career. That's your legacy. I don't know how you sleep at night.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAN'S HOUSE-TWO HOURS LATER (DAY TWO)

JACOB THE JEWELER a hairy chested, Israeli, jeweler for the HIP HOP ROYALTY smells a orchid in his garden. JACOB the JEWELER hears sighing, looks up and sees OLD STAN with no MOON BOOTS on.

JACOB THE JEWELER

What happened to your Moon Boots, neighbor?

OLD STAN

A Rookie Astronaut puked on them after his first float around in the Gravity Chamber. I had to drop them off at the Dry Cleaners. You know how hard it is to get Tang stains out.

JACOB THE JEWELER

No, I wouldn't Stan. I'm Jacob the Jeweler the Third. I drink one hundred dollar Mimosas with Kayne West at Mercer, when he's buying.

OLD STAN

That's right. You only have drinks with your Rap-Star clients.

JACOB THE JEWELER

I've never seen you this down, Stan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD STAN

What do you mean?

JACOB THE JEWELER

You're so down in the dumps you haven't even noticed my new moat filled with Japanese Sea Dragons.

A JAPANESE SEA DRAGON pops out of front yard MOAT that has one of the POWER RANGERS riding on it.

OLD STAN

Was that a Power Ranger riding a Japanese Sea Dragon?

JACOB THE JEWELER

He needs the work. So I've heard rumors about NASA ending it's space program.

OLD STAN

Who told you that?

JACOB THE JEWELER

Russian spies. Who else?

OLD STAN

It's not true. America without NASA is like America without NASA.

JACOB THE JEWELER

I'm still interested in taking a look at your Moon Rock. My Russian spy contact just referred me to the Russian Howard Hughes, a real eclectic type. He's opening a VIP club in West Hollywood that's designed like one giant VIP bathroom where famous stars do drugs. He's calling it the Moonlit Strip and he's making the toilet seats out of melted moon rock. This man will pay top dollar, I promise.

OLD STAN

Let me get this straight. You want me to sell my moon rock, so Russian Billionaires can take druggy dumps on it?

JACOB THE JEWELER

Why not? NASA dumped you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD STAN

What gives you that idea?

OLD FRANCINE approaches Stan while sneering at JACOB THE JEWELER.

JACOB THE JEWELER

Hello Francine, you look more ravishing than ever.

FRANCINE

What happened to your Moon Boots Stan?

JACOB THE JEWELER

Lost in space, isn't that right buddy. Wait a minute, you've never been up there before, have you.

STAN

I got motion sick in the Gravity Chamber again. The idea of floating through life without ever completing my mission made me hurl.

CUT TO:

INT. STAN'S STAR CHAMBER-FIVE MINTUES LATER (DAY TWO)

OLD STAN approaches the door to his STAR CHAMBER. On the door it has a sign that says: "DON'T DISTURB THE STARS." He opens the door. On the book shelf is a picture of LITTLE STAN holding up a rocket with a parachute dangling from it that won him first prize in the science fair in seventh grade. We also see a shoe rack that has his collection of STAR LIT MOON BOOTS. Last we see a picture of Stan with his graduating NASA class in the gravity chamber doing the moon walk together on his WORK DESK. He sits down at his work desk and picks up the valued MOON ROCK that is encased in box case like it's a signed pair of Air Jordan's.

OLD STAN

Stupid Moon Rock. What good have you done for me?

OLD FRANCINE knocks on the door.

OLD FRANCINE

Can I come in, Stan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD STAN

Stars only Francine.

OLD FRANCINE

I know about the Moon Rock Stan. It's OK that you got one for never making it to the moon. You all work on the same team. I bet Mark Madsen didn't mind getting an NBA Ring when he played for the Lakers knowing that he never got off the bench or the ground for that matter.

OLD STAN

This isn't helping Francine.

OLD FRANCINE

I also wanted to tell you that Steve is going to trail around with Haley to see the Roger Waters Tour this summer.

OLD STAN puts the Moon Rock down on his work desk. He opens the door and peeks his head out.

OLD STAN

Well, I'm not bankrolling this space trip. Tell your son that he will be selling his Astronaut Trading Cards for spending money.

OLD FRANCINE

You can't force him to do that, Stan. Those cards are a pure link to his childhood. They brought out the glow in him, remember?

OLD STAN

Either the cards go, or Steve goes. We all have to part with what we love, sooner or later.

OLD FRANCINE

If this is your way of saying I need to part with my Flash Gordon fantasy, you can forget it, buster. Flash, aha, ruler of the universe. I'd love to be struck by his lightening rod.

**End of Act One**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

**Act Two**

CUT TO:

INT. STAN KITCHEN-DAY THREE-MORNING

THIRTIES STEVE, THIRTIES HALEY and OLD FRANCINE sit at the table eating THIRTIES HALEY'S new grilled cheese creation for breakfast. OLD STAN enters the Kitchen wearing his zip up space suit and OLD FRANCINE'S PURPLE UGG BOOTS. OLD FRANCINE notices the Uggs on OLD STAN immediately.

OLD FRANCINE

Why are you wearing my Uggs Stan?

OLD STAN

My Moon Boots are at the dry cleaners. I had to drop them after I got sick.

THIRTIES HALEY

At least now, you have an excuse to wear Mom's Uggs around the house.

OLD STAN

I was going to wear the UGGS to work. My Boots won't be ready until Friday. All the male stars in Hollywood wear Uggs, like Bruce Willis, Brad Pitt.

THIRTIES STEVE

Don't forget Orlando Bloom.

OLD STAN

Don't get carried away Steve.

OLD FRANCINE

The Uggs stay Stan.

OLD STAN

Come on Francine, They're so snug on my feet.

OLD FRANCINE

Alright fine. Anything for my STAR MAN.

OLD STAN kisses OLD FRANCINE on the cheek and he kicks back his foot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD STAN

You light me up like no other.

OLD FRANCINE takes a bite from the grilled cheese and oohs with delight.

THIRTIES HALEY

Killer grilled cheese, right Mom?  
The champagne vinegar on the  
onions give the grilled cheese a  
real sour snap, don't you think?

OLD FRANCINE makes mmmmming sounds and nods in approval.  
OLD STAN leaves the house. OLD FRANCINE notices OLD  
STAN'S I-PHONE on the table.

OLD FRANCINE

Stan left his i-phone.

THIRTIES STEVE picks up the i-phone.

THIRTIES STEVE

I've always wondered what star  
contacts he has in here.

OLD FRANCINE

Don't scroll through Dad's private  
property.

THIRTIES STEVE is already scrolling.

THIRTIES STEVE

Buzz Light Year from Toy Story.

OLD FRANCINE

What about him?

THIRTIES HALEY

Dad, has Buzz Light Year as one of  
his contacts. I didn't know Dad  
knew Tim Allen.

OLD FRANCINE

He's doesn't. Your father never  
cared for any of Tim Allen's Santa  
Claus films either.

THIRTIES STEVE

Dad is such a tool.

OLD FRANCINE

Never call your Dad a tool. He's a  
US Astronaut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THIRTIES STEVE

Well, if Dad is a such a big star,  
then why is he putting toy  
astronauts under his list of  
contacts? And I'm the one lost in  
fantasy land.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-FIVE MINUTES LATER (DAY THREE)

OLD STAN gets in the car but hesitates.

OLD STAN

Where do I go now?

OLD STAN turns on the radio and "THE END" by the Doors  
plays: this is the end, my only friend, the end.

OLD STAN (CONT'D)

Ease up, Jim. I'm totally tripped  
out as it is. Perhaps a drive  
through Death Valley will help  
clear my head.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY-THREE HOURS LATER (DAY THREE)

OLD STAN drives through the desert and sees a crashed UFO  
in the sand. He stops his car.

OLD STAN

My first UFO sighting. I guess  
those NASA photos weren't photo  
shopped after all.

OLD STAN gets out of the car. A fatter, Roger now known  
as TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY stumbles out of the UFO wearing  
sunglasses and does a face plant on to the sand.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

This beer belly is weighing me  
down more than I'd like to admit.

OLD STAN

Are you an alien? Where do you  
come from?

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

That's top secret. Aliens aren't  
supposed to mingle with your kind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD STAN

My kind?

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

Yeah, white males. You're not as evolved as you think.

OLD STAN

We sent men to the moon.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

What did that cure? Polio. If NASA got FDR to walk on the moon, I'd be impressed.

OLD STAN

What brings you to Death Valley?

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

Desert Trip. I've always wanted to do Peyote. I'm a big Jim Morrison fan, fitting into leather pants is no longer an option.

OLD STAN

Unlike Jim, I never did break on through to the other side.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

I don't know what that means. Don't you have a job or something? Not that I would know anything about that, I'm a Trust Fund Alien Baby. My father made his fortune in the rock business.

OLD STAN

Was he the laser light consultant for Pink Floyd?

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

No silly. He ran the construction company that built the Pyramids. Soon after, he became the biggest landscaper in the galaxy.

OLD STAN

Haley's Comet is around the corner. Got any big plans for it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

Haley's Comet. Now that's a light show to remember. Every show rocks.

OLD STAN

It' makes an appearance every seventy five years.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

Aliens live many lifetimes Stan. Didn't you ever see Cocoon?

OLD STAN

Oh, yeah, forget about that.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

I can get you great seats for Haley's Comet. Ever heard of Richard Branson?

OLD STAN

I designed the travel brochure for his moon shuttle.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

I'm not supposed to tell anyone but the first trip on that moon shuttle is to see Haley's Comet from space. All the big stars will be on it. I can get you tickets if you like.

OLD STAN

You would do that for me?

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

Sure, Branson owes my dad big time. He gave him all the building permits he needed to build oxygen bars on the moon.

OLD STAN

But I don't have much money.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

Just give me the Ugg boots and were even.

OLD STAN

But they belong to my wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

This is going to be a long trip. I need all comfort I can get.

OLD STAN

Alright, deal.

OLD STAN starts taking off the boots.

OLD STAN (CONT'D)

How can I contact you about the tickets?

OLD STAN reaches in his pocket.

OLD STAN (CONT'D)

I left my i-phone at home.

OLD STAN fumbles through his pocket and finds his GRAVITY PEN.

OLD STAN (CONT'D)

I found my gravity pen. Here write your number on my hand.

OLD STAN opens his palm. TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY takes the pen and EXAMINES his OLD STAN'S PALM.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

You have a long life line, Stan.

OLD STAN

(bright eyed)

You just extended it. I didn't know trust fund aliens could be so charitable.

ROGER gives the Gravity Pen back to OLD STAN.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

Take your gravity pen. You can get some star autographs on this flight with it. Steve Guttenberg will be flattered if you recognize him. The man hasn't had a sighting in years...since his receding hairline wiped out his forever young look, forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM-DAY THREE NIGHT

OLD STAN hears music, knocks on the door and enters the room. THIRTIES STEVE is hiding under the bed. He steps through the window and see's THIRTIES HALEY reclining back on the roof staring at the stars.

OLD STAN  
See anything good up there?

OLDER HALEY turns her head toward OLD STAN.

THIRTIES HALEY  
I thought I saw a UFO whiz by but  
it was probably just a flashback.

OLD STAN sits down next to THIRTIES HALEY on the roof as she resumes her star gazing on the roof.

THIRTIES HALEY (CONT'D)  
Whenever I think of leaving home  
for good, I always think of our  
times up here. You can't beat his  
view, can you Dad?

OLD STAN stares at OLDER HALEY like she can do no wrong.

OLD STAN  
You sure can't, kiddo. So, Mom  
tells me that you're taking Steve  
on the Roger Waters tour with you.

OLDER STEVE trembles under the bed in the other room.

THIRTIES HALEY  
Being at home is killing him, Dad.  
He can't be his own man here.

OLD STAN  
How will the road change that?

THIRTIES HALEY  
It will stimulate his imagination.  
The road can reveal to him new  
secrets of the universe.

OLD STAN  
Do you know why we named you  
Haley?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD STAN (CONT'D)

Originally we planned on naming you Venus, after the hottest star in the galaxy. But by the time you reached Kindegarden, we knew that you weren't going to be that hot, so we named you Haley instead.

OLDER HALEY playfully punches old dad in the arm.

THIRTIES HALEY

That joke is so old, Dad.

OLD STAN

Are you ever going to outgrow following jam bands? Are you ever going to stop being a trip obsessed, star worshipper?

THIRTIES HALEY

But that's who astronaut are. And I always wanted to be like you, DAD.

They hug. THIRTIES STEVE sheds a tear knowing he'll never share that level of closeness with his AMERICAN DAD.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM-ONE HOUR LATER (DAY THREE)

THIRTIES STEVE plays with A puppet that is supposed to resemble MICHAEL DOUGLAS from Wall Street 2. OLD STAN enters the room and sees THIRTIES STEVE play with his puppet. OLD STAN sighs.

OLD STAN

Round up your astronaut cards. We're going to sell them at the card fair. If you go on tour with your sister, you're going to pay for the trip yourself.

THIRTIES STEVE opens the mouth of his MICHAEL DOUGLASS PUPPET and conducts an interview with him.

THIRTIES STEVE

Mr. Douglass, your son Cameron is now serving major time for dealing Crystal Meth? Is that a case of bad parenting or a defective gene?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL DOUGLASS PUPPET

I won an Oscar for producing One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest when I was in my twenties. My son Cameron was bound to trail behind me and choke on my star dust sooner or later.

THIRTIES STEVE

But you've won more Academy Awards than your famous father. Why couldn't your son Cameron eclipse the memory of you?

MICHAEL DOUGLASS PUPPET

I never ruled it out. I wasn't banking on it either.

THIRTIES STEVE

If your son turned into a gold fish, would you be tempted to flush him down the toilet, if a real life Ace Ventura Pet Detective couldn't trace it back to you?

MICHAEL DOUGLASS PUPPET

Of course not. Just because my son has been hanging on the outskirts of Loser-Ville for the past twenty years, I don't want him to disappear from my sight forever.

THIRTIES STEVE stares at OLD STAN like the most spurned kid in the world.

THIRTIES STEVE

Could of fooled me.

OLD STAN

Enough with the passive aggressive puppet show, Steve. Do you remember that letter you got from Jim Henson as a kid? I wrote it. Grown-up concepts like lasting disdain for your offspring's profitless, passion projects, and my lack of career-starting, Hollywood contacts, hadn't sunk in yet.

THIRTIES STEVE

Why are you telling me this now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD STAN

It's kills me to watch you play with puppets into your thirties without any sign of profitability ahead. It would be one thing if you were a Ventriloquist like Jeff Dunham but you're not. You're just a lost boy that clung on to your cozy teen years longer than Corey Haim, rest in peace.

THIRTIES STEVE

You wrote that letter for me. That's the nicest thing you've ever done for me Dad. You must have saw some promise in me back then or else you wouldn't write that letter, right Dad.

OLD STAN

I should've seen how your art would develop first. Jim Henson was a giant man and you still look like a four eyed Howdy Doody. I should've known better.

CUT TO:

INT. CARD SHOW-MORNING(DAY FOUR)

OLDER STAN enters the card show with THIRTIES STEVE. OLDER STAN takes out the Astronaut Cards from his coat's inside pocket that are in plastic cases and places them on the CARD SELLER'S TABLE.

OLD STAN

This is the original Dream Team, baby. I've got all the rookie astronaut cards from the Right Stuff.

The pudgy, ultra pale, bushy mustached CARD DEALER(50) examines the astronaut card collection.

THIRTIES STEVE

(softens up)

A Neil Armstrong trading card is as American as it gets. Right, Dad?

OLD STAN

No, Steve, bartering is as American as it gets.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD STAN (CONT'D)

It's also a grown up sport which you know nothing about so just shoo while the adults do business.

CARD DEALER

I'll give you fifty bucks.

OLD STAN

For Neil Armstrong.

CARD DEALER

No. The entire collection.

OLD STAN

Fifty dollars for the greatest collection of American patriots ever assembled?

CARD DEALER

That was GI JOE. Also, didn't NASA fly monkey's to space? Now those monkey cards would be worth something to me.

THIRTIES STEVE

Don't you think your underselling the finest team of fighter pilots ever assembled?

OLD STAN

Don't get involved Steve. You have no head for this type of negotiation.

CARD DEALER

Fifty bucks is the best I can do. Nobody cares about Neil Armstrong anymore. The greatest success NASA has left behind is the advent of Satellite TV. Everything else they do is indulgent star gazing. So NASA can blow me. Thirty bucks, that's my final offer.

JACOB THE JEWELER appears behind OLD STAN holding an encased Larry Bird rookie card.

JACOB THE JEWELER

Hey, Stan. Got anything good to sell?

OLD STAN turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD STAN

What are you doing here, Jacob?  
Aren't you little old for card  
shows?

JACOB THE JEWELER

I came here to buy a Larry Bird  
rookie card, just so I can rip it  
to pieces and scatter it on my  
Ivory den floor and have my maid  
pick it up in front of my new  
client, Allen Iverson and say:  
Pick up the white trash, Dirty  
Maria.

OLD STAN

AI is your new client? So that's  
why he's broke.

THIRTIES STEVE

Screw Larry Bird. I got the  
original DREAM TEAM right here,  
every single Astronaut rookie card  
from the first class of US  
ASTRONAUTS to set foot on the  
moon.

JACOB THE JEWELER

The basketball Dream Team could  
never touch such a high  
accomplishment. Then again, Larry  
Bird could barely touch the rim.  
Why not keep the cards and give  
them to your kid one day, Steve?  
These Astronauts proved that there  
is no ceiling to the American  
Dream. How can you put a price on  
that?

THIRTIES STEVE

I don't have the option of keeping  
these cards. My father says that  
if I want to go on tour with Roger  
Waters with my sister, I have to  
sell my astronaut card collection.

JACOB THE JEWELER

Look, if you want to do some real  
business, have your dad bring his  
Moon Rock to my pawn shop later  
today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THIRTIES STEVE

My Dad would never part with his Moon Rock.

JACOB THE JEWELER

Just drop by. Let me quote you a price.

OLD STAN

Sure why not? Can't hurt to see how much my Moon Rock is worth.

CARD DEALER

If that Moon Rock was signed by Neil Armstrong, we'd be in business.

OLD STAN grabs the CARD DEALER from the back of his head and smashes his head into his card table which busts his head open before he hits the ground.

THIRTIES STEVE

What was that for, Dad?

OLD STAN

You don't compare Astronauts to monkeys and not get your ass kicked, Steve.

OLD STAN jumps on top of the table and pounds his chest like King Kong.

CUT TO:

INT. STAN AND FRANCINE'S KITCHEN-DAY (TWO HOURS LATER)

OLD FRANCINE and OLDER HALEY eat SPACE CAKES watching Martha Stewart on TV.

OLD FRANCINE

Who taught you how to make brownies like this Haley?

THIRTIES HALEY

You did, Mom. I just added really good weed to the batter.

OLD FRANCINE

Oh yeah, I taught you. I totally zoned out for a second, but it felt like an eternity. I taught my daughter something useful. I'm not a complete failure as a mother. Yay me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRTIES HALEY

One time I broke up with Jeff because he said that Martha Stewart was his dream roll in the hay.

OLD FRANCINE

Screw Martha Stewart. She's not the only blonde that's handy with her hands. I was a candle maker in college. I made good money selling them to the hippies during the summer of love.

THIRTIES HALEY

That's so cool mom. You never told me that before.

OLD FRANCINE

Hippies always need candles. They can never have afford their electric bill.

THIRTIES HALEY

You can say that again.

OLD FRANCINE

My body is numb from head to toe. I've haven't felt this tingly since I rode John Glen.

THIRTIES HALEY

Oh my god Mom. Remind me to never give you space cakes again.

OLD FRANCINE

What? I used to be an ASTRONAUT GROUPIE. How do you think I met your father?

OLDER HALEY

Why do you think Dad never's made it to the Moon?

OLD FRANCINE

Don't be a buzz kill, Haley. It looks like I didn't teach you that much after all.

They laugh in a body convulsing, spastic way, that screams touchdown.

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP-DOWNTOWN PASADENA-DAY-2 HOURS LATER

OLD STAN and THIRTIES STEVE enter. JACOB THE JEWELER is on the phone and motions for them to hold on a moment.

JACOB THE JEWELER  
I can make anything for you, my friend. One time Lamar Odom asked me to make Khloe Kardashian a gold belly dancing belt, yet I couldn't make that for him because even I don't have that much gold.

JACOB THE JEWELER hangs up the phone.

JACOB THE JEWELER (CONT'D)  
I knew you'd come. Now, let's see the merchandise.

OLD STAN places suitcase on the counter and opens it up. He raises the Moon Rock that's in a rectangular, plastic case. JACOB THE JEWELER grabs the MOON ROCK and holds it up to his ear like a giant seashell.

JACOB THE JEWELER (CONT'D)  
Fifty Grand.

THIRTIES STEVE  
Seems low, Dad.

JACOB THE JEWELER  
It's an ugly moon rock that's got more holes on its surface than Edward James Olmos.

JACOB THE JEWELER (CONT'D)  
You know what I changed my mind, forty five grand.

OLD STAN  
Forty eight thousand.

JACOB THE JEWELER  
Forty seven.

OLD STAN  
Deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACOB THE JEWELER writes a check and hands it to OLD STAN.

JACOB THE JEWELER  
 Don't second guess yourself Stan.  
 It's just a Moon Rock. Only God  
 and twenty-plus Astronauts have  
 touched it before.

OLD STAN looks at his i-phone and the message says,  
 Tickets are ready for pick up.

OLD STAN  
 Let's get of here. I have to pick  
 up something special for your mom.  
 Hold on to the check for me.

OLD STAN hands over the check to THIRTIES STEVE who puts  
 it in his wallet.

THIRTIES STEVE  
 What's the big surprise, Dad?

OLD STAN  
 A date with destiny.

CUT TO:

EXT. RITZ CARLTON-PASADENA-TWO HOURS LATER

Old STAN checks in at the front desk of the Ritz Carlton.  
 THIRTIES STEVE trails behind.

OLD STAN  
 (edgy)  
 Steve, just hang out by the bar,.  
 I could use a drink when I get  
 back.

OLD STAN scurries off to the elevator. THIRTIES STEVE  
 reaches into his wallet to see if he has any money on him  
 and spots the big check from the MOON ROCK. THIRTIES  
 STEVE approaches the front desk of the hotel.

THIRTIES STEVE  
 Can you tell me what room my  
 father just went to? He forgot  
 something important.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE-TWO MINTUES LATER

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY eats chocolate strawberries in bed while wearing OLD FRANCINE'S UGGS. OLD STAN enters the room out of breath.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY  
Hi, Stan. Check out my five-star hotel, pretty swanky, huh. Being a Trust Fund Alien Baby rocks.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY sneezes and cocaine flies out of his belly button

OLD STAN  
What just flew out of your belly?

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY  
Bolivian blow, uncut stuff. Alien bellybuttons are our second nose. Our Bellybuttons aren't useless like your's.

OLD STAN  
I just sold a Moon Rock. I know it's priceless but I didn't want it to antagonize me any more.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY  
Cheer up, Stan. I got you first-class shuttle tickets to see Haley's Comet from my PR contact at Planet Darren Starr. You got the best seats in the universe for once in your life.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY reaches into his robe and pulls out two tickets.

OLD STAN  
Where is the shuttle boarding?

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY  
Kennedy. Just kidding. The flight departs from Branson's Hollywood Hills Estate off Coldwater Canyon.

THIRTIES STEVE knocks on the door.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY (CONT'D)  
I don't remember calling room service. Ask them for a razor blade. This coke isn't going to cut itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD STAN

I got it Roger. It's the least I can do.

OLD STAN opens the door. THIRTIES STEVE enters and notices TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY wiggling his feet on the bed showing off his OLD FRANCINE'S UGGS.

OLD STAN

Steve.

THIRTIES STEVE

Hi, Dad. You forgot your check. I thought you might need it. You said you had a big surprise for Mom.

THIRTIES STEVE notices TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY wearing his Mom's Uggs plopped up on two pillows. OLD STAN tenses.

OLD STAN

I can explain.

THIRTIES STEVE

Why is that thing wearing mom's Uggs?

OLD STAN

It's not what you think, kid.

THIRTIES STEVE

I don't even know what sex that is.

TRUST FUND ALIEN BABY

I'm a gay man trapped in an alien body with no outward forms of genitalia.

THIRTIES STEVE

Why would you give Mom's Uggs to this freak? What else have you lied about? Is the glow a big lie also?

OLD STAN

Let me explain. And no the glow isn't a lie, it's alive and well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THIRTIES STEVE

Don't deceive yourself Dad. That glow inside you died the moment you sold that Moon Rock. I thought it was your most prized possession, besides Haley of course.

OLD STAN

My love for that Moon Rock died the moment I got fired from NASA, Steve.

THIRTIES STEVE

I didn't know you got fired.

OLD STAN

The glow is what makes us feel most alive. I always told you kids that. Yet this Moon Rock was a consolation prize for being with NASA for so long. I never made it up to the big show. I never became the SHOOTING STAR that I wanted to be for you son.

THIRTIES STEVE feels bad for his AMERICAN DAD and hugs him with all his might. TRUST FUND ALIEN sheds a really big tear

THIRTIES STEVE

Give me the check for forty grand, and Mom doesn't have to know a thing.

OLD STAN

But nothing happened, Steve.

THIRTIES STEVE

That's not what I saw.

OLD STAN

Make it twenty grand.

THIRTIES STEVE

Deal. It looks your LOST BOY can barter with the big men after all.

OLD STAN

If you blow the money on puppets, the anal probe sting ray gun will come out of hiding. I still have some connections you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

End of Act Two

CUT TO:

ACT THREEINT. STAND AND FRANCINE KITCHEN-TWO HOURS LATER

OLD FRANCINE pounds veal cutlets. OLD STAN surprises her from behind and covers her eyes.

OLD STAN  
Guess who?

OLD FRANCINE  
My STAR MAN.

OLD STAN  
You got it, baby.

OLD STAN grabs OLD FRANCINE by her waist with authority, which rams her up close. OLD STAN slips her some tongue for a passionate embrace.

OLD FRANCINE  
The glow is sparkling tonight.

OLD STAN  
I got us two tickets to see  
Haley's Comet on Richard Branson's  
Space Shuttle. You'll be among the  
stars, right where you belong.

OLD FRANCINE  
The Sir Richard.

OLD STAN  
I got us tickets on his moon  
shuttle, Intergalactic Planetary.

OLD STAN kisses her chest and her MOONSTONE NECKLACE glows neon yellow like BLACK LIGHT STARS.

OLD FRANCINE  
I'll pack an extra pair of panties  
in case I get overheated from the  
rise up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACOB THE JEWELER knocks on the door. OLD STAN answers.

JACOB THE JEWELER  
 Hey, Stan, that Moon Rock you sold  
 me a was a fake. I need my money  
 back. I should've known that NASA  
 wouldn't give you a real Moon  
 Rock. You were never a real  
 Astronaut after all.

OLD FRANCINE hits JACOB THE JEWELER over the head with  
 the MEAT MALLET she was using to pound the veal cutlets.

OLD FRANCINE  
 We're going to the Moon to see  
 Haley's Comet. There's no way I'm  
 letting that cheap ET rip-off ruin  
 our moment in the sun.

OLD STAN  
 You give this old STAR MAN all the  
 star power he needs.

OLD FRANCINE  
 I better throw my panties in my  
 freezer they're beginning to  
 overheat already.

OLD STAN  
 What are we going to do about this  
 debt to the Russian?

OLD FRANCINE  
 I'll take of care of it dear. I've  
 dealt with the Russians before.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE-NIGHT-FIVE HOURS LATER-NIGHT

OLD STAN and OLD FRANCINE sit next to each other, next to  
 SPIKE LEE, JACK NICHOLSON, JEFF BRIDGES, JOHNNY DEPP,  
 STEVE GUTTENBERG, ROGER WATERS, RICHARD BRANSON, BRIAN  
 MAY, MOBY, AND MICKEY HART and the RUSSIAN HOWARD HUGHES.

OLD STAN  
 What do you mean, you've dealt  
 with the Russians before?

OLD FRANCINE  
 Let's just say that you weren't  
 the only astronaut I achieved  
 blast off with, OK.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD FRANCINE (CONT'D)

Plus, they also got into space  
before you guys did.

OLD STAN

Russian Astronauts are like  
Russian Novelists, dark,  
depressing, drunks every last one  
of them.

OLD FRANCINE

What Russian writers have you  
read?

OLD STAN

I've read all of them, Yakov  
Smirnoff, is the first one that  
comes to mind.

RICHARD BRANSON grabs the microphone.

RICHARD BRANSON

This is the first launch of  
Intergalactic Planetary. I want to  
dedicate this launch to the late  
Beastie Boy, Adam Yauch. He was an  
innovator, a boundary pusher, a  
trail blazer. Let's blaze this one  
up for him.

JACK NICHOLSON

If my daughter was on board, she'd  
have that covered.

RICHARD BRANSON

The great Roger Waters will do the  
countdown. He's launched the  
imagination of more space cadets  
than all of us combined.

ROGER WATERS

Have Brian May do it. He's the  
Astro Physics genius on board.  
I'm do busy contemplating my next  
Space Rock Opera.

BRIAN MAY

I'm not some countdown monkey like  
Michael Buffer. Find someone else  
to do it, Richard. Wasn't the  
blond hunk from Flash Gordon  
available?

RICHARD BRANSON walks down the aisle looking for someone  
else to announce this historic launch

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARD BRANSON

Do you want to do the count down,  
Spike?

SPIKE LEE

Who do you think I am? Flavor  
Flav?

OLD FRANCINE raises her hand and volunteers.

OLD FRANCINE

I'll do the countdown, Richard.

RICHARD BRANSON

Who are you?

OLD FRANCINE

I'm Francine Smith, the  
Astronaut's Wife.

THE RUSSIAN HOWARD HUGHES

Her husband isn't a real  
Astronaut. He sold me a fake moon  
rock. It's a total fugazi. Isn't  
that the way you say it in Donnie  
Brasco, Mr. Depp?

JOHNNY DEEP nods his head. OLD STAN stands up to talk  
down to THE RUSSIAN HOWARD HUGHES who stirs his vodka on  
the rocks with his extra long pinky nail who's wearing a  
mink coat and a Brooklyn Nets basketball Hat on.

OLD STAN

Our original astronauts got six  
figure salaries while your  
original class got paid in the  
same, chipped, chess pieces. Our  
Astronauts were the headliners  
everyone came to see while Russian  
Astronauts were the unwelcome,  
forgettable, opening acts.

RICHARD BRANSON

Wait a mintue, the Stan Smith who  
designed my star map brochures  
which are conveniently located in  
the seats in front of you?

All the star celebrities open up the brochures.

STEVE GUTTENBERG

I didn't know that Mahoney had his  
own constellation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OLD STAN

Did the smug, ultra adorable,  
voice of the Police Academy  
Franchise just speak? I don't need  
to live forever anymore.

OLD FRANCINE stands up.

OLD FRANCINE

Let's take off before we miss  
Haley's Comet. Can I do the  
countdown, Sir Richard?

RICHARD BRANSON

Go for it. By the way, has anyone  
seen Elton John? He was supposed  
to sing Rocket Man for us once we  
achieved lift off.

JOHNNY DEPP

I thought this plane had a Karaoke  
machine. That's why I'm on board.

OLD STAN

By the way, I got let go from  
NASA.

OLD FRANCINE

Who gives a shit now? Where did  
they ever take you?

OLD FRANCINE gets up to make the countdown.

RICHARD BRANSON

Let's do this legendary blast for  
Astronaut Stan Smith, no offense  
Whitney. Your voice is still the  
greatest one of all.

OLD STAN

I'm star bound after all.  
If only Steve could see me now.  
Haley will always think I'm the  
greatest no matter what.

OLD FRANCINE

5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Happy trails.

INTERGALATIC PLANETARY launches up into space.

SPIKE LEE

MJ never knew hang time like this.  
Maybe, I can write a sequel to  
Space Jam starring Jeremy Lin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

OLD STAN grabs the KARAOKE MIKE and sings "We Are Stars", by MOBY. OLD STAN dances through the crowd, and grabs JOHNNY DEPP'S sunglasses and continues to jam out as the star ship goes wild.

OLD STAN  
No space drum set for you tonight,  
Mickey Hart.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAN SMITH ROOFTOP (SAME TIME) BACK ON EARTH

THIRTIES STEVE AND THIRTIES HALEY lie on the roof waiting for HALEY'S COMET to fly by.

THIRTIES STEVE  
Those space cakes are awesome  
Haley. They really took the edge  
off.

THIRTIES HALEY  
Haley's Comet is a once-in- a  
lifetime event, like a one-term  
African American President.

THIRTIES STEVE  
Obama is going to lose to Romney.

THIRTIES HALEY  
Just kidding Steve. I thought the  
one term line would sound real  
heavy on Space Cakes.

HALEY'S COMET shoots across the sky.

THIRTIES STEVE  
Even though your dad's favorite,  
you always made me feel like the  
center of your universe. It must  
be my magnetic personality because  
I've got nothing else to offer.

THIRTIES HALEY  
Take a chill pill, Steve. Don't  
forget, it's not what your country  
can do for you but what you can do  
to keep the glow alive. That's how  
you keep the American Dream alive  
and as Grace Slick once said,  
nothing's gonna stop us now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now by STARSHIP plays.

CUT BACK:

INT. IRISH BAR-DOWNTOWN NY-NIGHT

Stan finishes reading the play "Death of An Astronaut" and jumps up from his bar stool.

STAN

I have to keep the American dream  
alive for my kids. After all, I'm  
THE AMERICAN DAD.

STAN exits the bar but trips over GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR that lies knocked out and bruised on the barroom floor. STAN removes the Boston Red Sox hat from his face.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR

Is my play great or what?

STAN

It needs a stronger ending.

GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR

Did the Sox win the last game of  
the series?

NEW YORK IRISH BARTENDER whacks him the face with a broomstick for his continued rooting interest in the Red Sox in a New York bar in downtown Manhattan.

NEW YORK IRISH BARTENDER

Yankees won, take your stupid Sox  
hat someplace else. The only Sox  
fan treated with respect in this  
bar is Mark Wahlberg. Were all big  
Entourage fans here. Basketball  
Diaries wasn't too shabby either.

NEW YORK IRISH BARTENDER, sweeps GENIUS SOUTHIE JANITOR out of the bar onto the street, literally.

NEW YORK IRISH BARTENDER (CONT'D)

And that completes the sweep.

"New York, New York" plays in the background as the Yankee fan patrons roar with approval.

CUT TO:

INT. STAN HOUSEHOLD-DINNER TABLE PRESENT (DAY ONE)

(STAN, FRANCINE, ROGER, HALEY, STEVE, KLAUS)

STAN enters the door dressed in his undercover Muslim gear. FRANCINE, STEVE, HALEY and KLAUS sit at the dinner table.

FRANCINE

Hey, Stan. Welcome home. I got one slice of apple pie for you.

STAN lights up and shows off the glow.

STAN

Hey, Steve, if you want to be the next Jim Henson, then you have my support. But if you consistently suck after a decade of trying, I'll blast with you my anal probe sting ray gun. In the meantime, we can practice with my Land of Confusion Puppets.

STEVE

(confused)  
Sure thing, Dad,

ROGER

Are you going to finish that Apple Pie?

STAN

If you even look at it again, I'll end you.

I'll end you, I always loved that line from Good Will Hunting. It's about time someone stole a line from Robin Williams for a change.

STAN puts his hand on HALEY'S shoulder.

STAN (CONT'D)

Do you know why we called you Haley?

HALEY

I don't know. After that stupid comet.

STAN hugs HALEY with all his might and lets go after her face turns red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN

We named you Haley because we never want to miss you light up the world, the way we know you can. I love with all my heart.

STEVE

(jealous)

Hey, Dad, can we play with those puppets now?

ROGER

When you're daddy's girl, you've got the world on a string. Good luck competing with that.

US and Them plays as we fade out.

END OF SHOW