

SPACE REPO

Episode 101

"THE COMIC BOOK"

by

Tom Firestone & Martin Meunier



EXT. DESERT FLOOR - DAY

A scorched, sunlit terrain. Tumbleweeds BOUNCE ACROSS FRAME.

A Spanish GUITAR gives the scene a SPAGHETTI WESTERN VIBE.

A LOW ROAR shakes the rocky floor until the ground EXPLODES to reveal a SPACESHIP breaking through! The tumbleweeds SPROUT LEATHERY WINGS and fly off SCREECHING at CAMERA.

This was no desert floor, but an ASTEROID floating in SPACE.

PULL BACK to reveal a REPO-CRAFT dodging asteroids. The craft is tagged in ALIEN GRAFFITI that MORPHS to English: **Repo SCUM! Choke on my BLACK HOLE! Repo THIS! (alien finger)**. And lastly, an ALIEN LOGO: **MAK'S REPO - YOU OWE. WE TOW!**

In the rear, an electric-blue TRACTOR BEAM connects to a mechanical REPO CLAW gripping its repossessed spacecraft: A TYPICAL SILVER FLYING SAUCER.

A LASER BLAST hits the hull RATTLING THE SHIP.

EXT. REPO-CRAFT - HULL - SPACE - CONTINUOUS

In a worn SPACE SUIT, standing on the hull, we find EDUARDO "EDDY" RICO (45), Mexican-American, tall, rugged, (cowboy hat on inside the helmet). He holds a LASER AXE in both hands as ASTEROIDS WHIZ BY overhead.

We SPIN AROUND to reveal FOUR SPIDER-LIKE SPACECRAFTS, with lanky mechanized legs: SPACE JACKERS.

EDDY
LUNA! If we don't cut this repo
free...

Eddy raises the axe.

EDDY (CONT'D)
...these thieving Space Jackers are
gonna KILL US for it!

The Space Jackers LEAP FROM ASTEROID TO ASTEROID, FIRING at our Repo-Craft. Eddy dodges the laser fire.

A SCRAMBLED HOLOGRAM reveals the face of a young woman, LUNA RICO (20) pretty, Mexican-American with blue highlights.

LUNA
Dad, can you even get to the beam?!

EDDY
Before they blow us to bits? Or
before those Asteroid Leeches melt
my skin?

PULL BACK to reveal an army of SLUG-LIKE CREATURES slithering across the hull towards Eddy, ASTEROID LEECHES.

INT. REPO-CRAFT - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

A decrepit, leaky cockpit. Luna sits at the helm.

LUNA
I'll try to get you some cover!
(to herself)
Where are those GOD DAMN WEAPONS
AGAIN?!

Luna scans switches on the "alien" dashboard. The console is checkered with POST-IT cheat-sheets: **Toilet Flush. Eject Core. Screaming Noise. Makes Cockpit Smell. AC.**

LUNA (CONT'D)
There we go!

INSERT: POST-IT

A POST-IT with a smudged drawing of a SKULL AND CROSSBONES.

BACK TO SCENE

Luna flips the switch. The cockpit goes RED and ALARMS BLARE.

EXT. REPO-CRAFT - HULL - SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Two LASER GUN TURRETS pop out of the hull and FIRE!

Caught off guard, one Space Jacker takes a BULLSEYE HIT, spins wildly, and CRASHES INTO AN ASTEROID.

EDDY
That's my girl!

The remaining three spider-like ships fire off blue ENERGY WEBS. Upon impact, the webs suffocate the turrets until they IMplode. Eddy is knocked down.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Mierda!

A web COCOONS Eddy to the hull. The web CONTRACTS. Eddy SLICES THROUGH the mesh with the axe and jumps to his feet.

A CHORUS of SHRIEKS has Eddy spin on his heels.

THE ASTEROID LEECHES ARE UPON HIM!

EDDY (CONT'D)
Easy slugs--

The leeches ATTACK. Eddy SLICES through them with his axe like a hot knife through butter. He's covered in slimy remains that suddenly stiffen, immobilizing him.

Unable to move, Eddy loses his balance and FALLS OFF THE EDGE OF THE SHIP.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Luna navigates the Repo-Craft towards a LARGE OPENING in the asteroid field. Beyond it: SPACE, free of flying boulders.

LUNA
Dad? DAD?! COME IN! I think I found
a way out!
(whispers to herself)
Please space Gods of the third
kind, or whatever kind, give us
this repo, please.

EXT. REPO-CRAFT - HULL/TRACTOR BEAM - CONTINUOUS

With all his might, Eddy scales the ship's hull to the top, as if climbing a cliff in a soaking wetsuit. Walking like Frankenstein, he makes his way over to the Tractor Beam.

EDDY
Madre de dios...

A sign on the hull reads: **CUT HERE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY**

EDDY (CONT'D)
Luna, come in. I'm gonna cut the
beam. This one isn't worth it.

Eddy eyes the tail of the Tractor Beam, where the Repo Claw is grasping the silver flying saucer. Sometimes, you have to cut your losses. He raises the axe.

The HOLOGRAM of LUNA'S FACE APPEARS.

LUNA
DAD, WAIT! I found a way out!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Dogging asteroids, the Repo-Craft dives toward the breach in the asteroid field.

EXT. REPO-CRAFT - TRACTOR BEAM - SPACE - CONTINUOUS

In unison, two Space Jackers ASTEROID-LEAP onto the rock nearest the breach and SPOOL A MASSIVE ENERGY WEB, closing the hole.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

RACING TOWARD THE WEB, Luna takes a deep breath.

LUNA
HANG ON, DAD! CHANGE OF PLAN!

Luna teeth clenched, SWINGS THE WHEEL SIDEWAYS!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The Repo-Craft SPINS like a propeller, gaining momentum.

The TRACTOR BEAM STRETCHES with the weight of the Repo Claw and flying saucer at the far end.

REPO-CRAFT - HULL

Eddy drops to all fours in an effort to secure himself as everything around him SPINS.

EDDY
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

SPACE

The Repo-Craft, Tractor Beam, Repo Claw and flying saucer SPIN WILDLY like the sped up hour hand of a clock.

REPO-CRAFT - HULL

The HOLOGRAM of Luna materializes. Stars spinning behind her.

LUNA
CUT THE BEAM ON MY MARK!

Eddy wobbles to his feet and lifts the laser axe over his head directly above the base of the Tractor Beam.

LUNA (CONT'D)
NOW! DO IT!

EDDY DROPS THE AXE! An EXPLOSION of blue sparks lands him on his ass.

The Repo Claw and flying saucer are SET FREE and catapult towards the massive energy web. The spider-like Space Jackers attempt to flee but it's too late! BOOM! The massive web and Space Jackers DISINTEGRATE in an EXPLOSION.

Our Repo-Craft BLASTS THROUGH THE FIREBALL, breaking free from the asteroid field.

INT. COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Luna SIGHS and grabs a photograph from the dashboard.

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH

A stoic YOUNGER EDDY, a proud REDHEADED YOUNG WOMAN in a tank top, a WHITE HAIREd BOY and a YOUNGER LUNA stand united as one happy family.

BACK TO SCENE

Eddy enters from the airlock. Luna is frantic.

LUNA

Dad, I know we were great repos on Earth, but in space? We SUCK at it!

(panicky)

Now, tell me, how are we ever going to earn enough Fuel-Sticks to buy those stupid Astro-Coordinates to our "backwater homeworld" and get back to Mom and Lucas?!

(desperate)

Eh, Dad? How?!

Eddy takes a seat besides his daughter and removes his helmet. His cowboy hat is stuck inside. Eddy reaches in and retrieves it. He dusts it off and puts it on.

EDDY

I know this is all my fault.

LUNA

(composing herself)

It's okay Dad: "family is always forgiven"--

EDDY

"And never forgotten."

(beat)

Trust me, Luna, we will make it back to Earth.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A RED TOW TRUCK barrels through a field of towering cacti leaving a cloud of dust in its wake. Painted on the side is a logo and tagline: **RICO REPO: YOU OWE. WE TOW!**

SCREEN TEXT: BARSTOW, CA - EARTH - THREE MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. TOW TRUCK - BED - CONTINUOUS

In the bed of the truck, Eddy, tries to secure a HARLEY BIKE to a wheel lift. Straps and chains dangle off the side.

EDDY
LUNA! STOP SWERVING!

INT. TOW TRUCK - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

White-knuckling the wheel, Luna swerves between cactuses.

LUNA
I'M NOT HITTING ANY CACTI! THEY
LIVE TO A HUNDRED! AND THIS IS
EXACTLY WHY WE DON'T REPO CHOPPERS
FROM BIKER BARS, DAD!

EXT. TOW TRUCK - BED - CONTINUOUS

Eddy struggles to fasten the motorcycle.

EDDY
IT WAS TRIVIA NIGHT! I THOUGHT
THEY'D BE DISTRACTED!

EXT. DESERT ROAD/TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

SHOTGUN BLAST. The side view mirror EXPLODES. A BIKER GANG, armed to the teeth, erupts out of a cloud of dust.

Bullets hit one of the straps holding the bike. IT SLIPS OFF THE WHEEL CATCH. Eddy jumps on it as it slides down the ramp.

With Eddy RIDING the bike, it wobbles, but pulled taut by the LAST STRAP, it straightens out behind the tow truck.

EDDY
SU PUTA MADRE!

Luna heads for a desiccated cactus standing 30ft tall. She hits the gas and CRASHES into the dead succulent. The truck pulverizes the base, sending chunks high up in the air.

The cactus trunk spins above Eddy's bike and CRASHES ON THE BIKER GANG behind him in a shower of spiked chunks. Some Bikers are impaled by needles. The remaining Bikers pursue.

The CAMERA BOOMS UP to expose a wide concrete TRENCH surrounded by mounds of dirt.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Luna looks at a POST-IT above a RED BUTTON on the dashboard. It reads: *When you really need to fly. Love, Mom.*

LUNA
HANG ON, DAD!

Luna hits the button!

EXT. TOW TRUCK/DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck VIOLENTLY ACCELERATES as the exhaust belches a ball of flames: NOX.

The barreling truck hits the dirt embankment but takes flight with a SLOW-MOTION TWIST.

The truck CORKSCREWS high above the ditch. The air-bound bike follows with Eddy upside down, SCREAMING. A few Bikers wipe out. The ones who dare jump fall off their bikes mid-air.

The truck continues its mid-air corkscrew and touches down on all fours. The bike hits the ground, BOUNCES and lands back in the truck bed.

EDDY
Esa es mi loca, Luna!

The Rico Repo tow truck drives off into the SUNSET.

EXT. DESERT - SUNSET

The same SUNSET, but now with TWO SUNS. A SILHOUETTE gazes at the horizon like Luke Skywalker in Star Wars. A loud BURP interrupts the majesty of the scene.

MAN (O.S.)
(slurring)
Human's really suck, don't they
Cactina? They really do...

We realize this is a POV, and the two suns are a result of inebriation. They slowly merge into one.

UNCLE CHUCK (45) in pajamas and bathrobe, curly red hair, stands on a sand dune, beer in one hand.

UNCLE CHUCK

I tell you, I couldn't make it on
this backwater planet without you.

Uncle Chuck sits, reaches out with his beer to a small POTTED CACTUS sitting in the sand. He pops the beer cap off from the brim of the pot.

He takes a gulp then waters the cactus with his beer.

BOY (O.S.)

LET GO!

BULLY (O.S.)

It's repo-time skunk head!

Uncle Chuck jumps to his feet with urgency.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

LUCAS RICO (12), Mexican-American, sweet-faced boy but with a full head of WHITE HAIR is in a tug-of-war for his bike with a BULLY (14).

BULLY

Your Dad repo-ed my Dad's car last
night. Time to pay up, freak!

The Bully manages to grab the bike away from Lucas.

Uncle Chuck runs down the sand dune SCREAMING at the top of his lungs and WAVING HIS ARMS ERRATICALLY. He looks like a crazy-eyed madman racing directly for the Bully.

UNCLE CHUCK

WAGALUGA LUGULA WOOO! TIKILI!

Freaked out, the Bully drops the bike and runs off.

Out of breath, Uncle Chuck arrives, smiles at Lucas and wipes a tear off the boy's cheek.

LUCAS

Thank you, Uncle Chuck.

Uncle Chuck sweats profusely.

UNCLE CHUCK

No sweat. You know "Wagaluga lugula
wooo" actually means: "Let go of
the bike." It's Ogueberdon dialect
from the Thornus Nebula on Quador,
except their bikes have 27 wheels--

LUCAS

Hey, Uncle Chuck, you always talk about aliens and neat planets, but am I ever gonna go there one day?

(excited)

To the Astromancer Festival on Quador, with those giant parade ships that light up the diamond skies of Aio Majora? And those fireworks the size of the moon?

UNCLE CHUCK

Listen, I know your Dad and my sister think I'm crazy, but it's ALL TRUE. I promise you, Lucas.

LUCAS

But then how come Mom doesn't remember any of it?

Uncle Chuck sighs, this is actually painful...

UNCLE CHUCK

Yeah...see, when our Dad left, he didn't want your Mom to be sad. She was really young, so he wiped her memory. But trust me; he swore he'd come back for us, and he will, when it's safe.

LUCAS

Because Grandpa Mott is hiding from the evil Octoluminaty? Isn't that what you said?

UNCLE CHUCK

Wow! Hey! Lucas! Never mention the "enemy" aloud! "They" got ears on every planet.

(beat)

Remember, UFOs AND ALIENS ARE REAL. That's all you need to know. And you shouldn't give a damn if everyone else on this ROCK OF A PLANET thinks we're NUTS.

Uncle Chuck BURPS, reaches into his bathrobe and pulls out a **HOME & GARDEN MAGAZINE: CACTI OF CALIFORNIA**. Looking over his shoulders, Uncle Chuck covertly hands it to Lucas.

INSERT: HOME & GARDEN MAGAZINE

Lucas opens it and peeks inside to find a worn COMIC BOOK.

LUCAS

Really?! I can borrow it?

UNCLE CHUCK

Yes, Lucas, but REMEMBER, never,
EVER answer the Cosmic Classifieds.
Sure they'll get you off this dump,
but NOT in a good way. They're
Strander bait for idiots dumb
enough to answer them.

EDDY (O.S.)

This better NOT be that stupid
comic book again!

They turn to see Eddy and Luna park the tow truck across the way in the front yard of their double-wide trailer home. A large sign is erected on the roof: **RICO REPO.**

This is no idyllic neighborhood.

EXT. RICO TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Eddy and Luna step out of the truck and walk over to Uncle Chuck and Lucas. Lucas looks up at his Dad, guilty. Eddy squares off with his brother-in-law.

EDDY

Remember what happened last time he read it? Scared the hell outta him!

LUCAS

Papa! I told you it wasn't the comic that turned my hair white. It was a UFO trying to abduct me!

EDDY

UFO's DO NOT EXIST, Lucas!

UNCLE CHUCK

And how do you know that, ED!

EDDY

Because I'm NORMAL. Not some middle-aged drunkard man-child, with a cactus for a sole mate that keeps telling MY son crazy stories about aliens and scary space adventures!

UNCLE CHUCK

If it wasn't for Cactina, your son would be in an Octoluminaty prison cell on Tyrus Five right now.

(beat)

WAIT A MINUTE!

Uncle Chuck looks around erratically.

UNCLE CHUCK (CONT'D)
 CACTINA?! Where are you?!

In a panic, Uncle Chuck spins around and races back up the sand dune and out of sight.

Eddy steps up to his son.

EDDY
 PLEASE do not let Uncle Chuck fill
 your head with his stories.
 (whispers)
 After his Dad left, I think your
 Uncle made up a fantasy about him,
 to make himself feel better.
 (beat)
 Now, Lucas, hand me that comic,
 it's going in the trash once and
 for all.

Eddy grabs the Home & Garden magazine but Lucas won't let go.

EDDY (CONT'D)
 LUCAS! Let go! NOW!

The comic book falls to the ground, spread open to the Cosmic Classifieds.

EDDY (CONT'D)
 What is wrong with you, Lucas? It's
 just a stupid comic book!

Eddy picks it up, touching one of the classified ads. A PURPLE SPARK springs from the comic and electrocutes Eddy's finger. OUCH. He drops it, shaking his hand in pain.

INSERT: COMIC BOOK SPREAD

PURPLE SPARKS dance across a CLASSIFIED AD and DISSIPATE. The ad reads: ***Dreaming of a Stress Free Life Beyond your Backwater Planet? Tap Here for Your DNA Scan and say Hello to Space.***

BACK TO SCENE

Eddy sucks his finger.

EDDY
 It -- stung -- me--

Frantic, Uncle Chuck arrives and immediately averts Cactina's "eyes" as he points to CACTUS CHUNKS in the truck's grill.

UNCLE CHUCK
 WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
 (beat)
 You succulent serial killer!
 Monsters! I demand these holy
 remnants be buried in accordance
 with the sacred Cactorium ritual!
 (beat)
 How could you let Cactina see this?

Eddy grabs a chunk off the hood and throws it in the sand.

EDDY
 There! Done. Rico style.

Uncle Chuck rushes to collect the cactus chunks in his robe.

LUNA
 Dad... come on, be nice.

EDDY
 Be nice?! Your Uncle's a full-grown
 vampiric parasite mooching off your
 mother's big heart!

LUNA
 But listen, he's family. Besides,
 he's more Chupacabra than vampire
 to me anyway.

Luna shoots a loving wink at Uncle Chuck.

A LOW GROWL rises to a ROAR.

STREET

A TRAIL OF CACTUS NEEDLES snakes up the street, leading the
 Biker Gang from earlier straight to the Rico Repo trailer.

The LEADER, covered in cactus needles, parks his Harley. He
 pulls a sawed-off shotgun from the bike's side satchel.

FRONT YARD

Eddy approaches calmly.

EDDY
 Hey, Bud, let's talk this over--

LEADER
 There ain't nothing to talk over,
 HOMIE!

A RIFLE BLAST catches everyone by surprise.

DIANE RICO (43), a beautiful redhead in jeans and a grease stained tank top, walks onto the scene, rifle in hand.

DIANE
That HOMIE is my HONEY, so watch
it!

The Leader and the Bikers raise their guns.

LUNA
MOM! Wait!

EDDY
Diane, I got this!

DIANE
Let me ask you this tough guy. What
kind of biker LEASES a hog?

The Leader clears his throat as his gang waits for an answer.

LEADER
Look lady, I got no beef--

DIANE
Look here, BOY, I STOLE my first
Hog at 17. Robbed a convenience
store to buy my second.
(beat)
That's how you own a Hog.
(chuckle)
But LEASING? And calling yourself a
biker, is that a joke?

The Bikers look at each other, embarrassed.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Oh... I see, you're one of those
Sunday morning gangs.

Silence.

DIANE (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. Listen, you
owe, we tow, that's Rico Repo.

LEADER
We apologize for the intrusion,
Mrs. Rico.

The Bikers turn to leave.

DIANE
Take it.

The Leader turns.

LEADER
Are you serious?

DIANE
Yes. You know what to do, right?

LEADER
Make a payment when I get back to
the house. Thank you, Mrs. Rico.

The Leader retrieves the Harley from the tow truck and mounts it. The Biker Gang ROAR AWAY.

DIANE
EVERYONE INSIDE! NOW!

Uncle Chuck tries to sneak off.

DIANE (CONT'D)
THAT INCLUDES YOU!

EXT. TRAILER HOME - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Just before entering the trailer, Lucas darts UNDER THE PORCH with the Home & Garden magazine in hand.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - CONTINUOUS

Lucas crawls into his SECRET HEADQUARTERS, a sizeable cubbyhole under the trailer. The tiny HQ has a mini fridge, coffee maker, laptop, recliner, TV, and in its center a busy, cork CONSPIRACY BOARD.

INSERT: CONSPIRACY BOARD

On the board the name **OCTOLUMINATY** takes center stage. It's linked to: **UTS? GRANDPA MOTT? ASTRONOMICON? ASTRO-COORDINATES? UFOs? FUEL-STICKS? ASTROMANCERS? AMY IN GYM CLASS? JUMP-STICKS?**

BACK TO SCENE

Lucas opens the Home & Garden to reveal the comic book hiding inside: ***The Adventures of Space Jacker Mott***. On the cover, MOTT wears his signature metallic-red helmet equipped with several lenses and his specular-black skin-suit.

Lucas opens the comic book to a spread of a VIBRANT GALAXY; his eyes wide with wonder.

EXT. RICO TRAILER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Everyone, but Lucas, is sitting at the kitchen table ready for a scolding. Potted Cactina is on the table in front of Uncle Chuck.

DIANE
You promised me no more risky
reposes...

EDDY
Diane, you know we're in the red
this month. Every repo counts.
(eyes Uncle Chuck)
Although, if it wasn't for that
giant extra mouth to feed, maybe--

UNCLE CHUCK
Be lucky I don't have three mouths
like the Seepens on Haltorian.

EDDY
(pissed)
Don't you ever shut up?!

DIANE
Eddy, leave him alone! This has
nothing to do with my brother, and
you know that!

LUNA
But he's right, Mom. We have to
take every repo we can right now.

DIANE
Luna, it's just too dangerous.
(to Eddy)
Why can't we hire someone else?

EDDY
NO ONE can hotwire cars like Luna.
You know she's a genius at it. Any
make, any model, any year.

UNCLE CHUCK
Are we having dinner or what?

EDDY
Shut up Chuck!

DIANE
Shut up Chuck!

DIANE (CONT'D)
Okay Luna, so what about law
school? I know you hate seeing
families lose everything to the
banks. That way, you could defend
them, isn't that what you want?

UNCLE CHUCK
 (with a giggle)
 Did you answer an ad by chance, ED?

EDDY
 (confused and irritated)
 I'm done here. We are NOT selling.

Uncle Chuck watches him walk out. Diane notices.

EXT. RICO TRAILER HOME - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Eddy sits on the porch playing his Spanish guitar.

Lucas emerges from under the porch, without the comic.

LUCAS
 Are you guys still fighting?

EDDY
 No, we're done. Hey, I'm sorry I
 yelled at you before, sometimes
 your Uncle drives me crazy.

LUCAS
 It's okay Dad, but maybe he's not
 that crazy...maybe Mom and him are
 really extraterrestrial.

Eddy kneels by Lucas and looks him straight in the eye.

EDDY
 Lucas, I know you want all this to
 be true, but I can tell you for
 sure, we are ALONE in the universe.
 There are no aliens out there.
 (beat)
 Everything you need is here in
 front of you -- your family.

Eddy winces in pain and eyes his throbbing finger.

Lucas notices.

EDDY (CONT'D)
 All right, I got to get to work.
 I'll see you in the AM.

LUCAS
 Be careful, Dad.

EDDY
 Always, son.

Eddy walks into the trailer.

Lucas gazes up at the night sky. A shooting-star streaks by.
Or was it a UFO?

INT. RICO TRAILER HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Diane cleans grease off her shoulder.

Eddy cracks the door open and stands in the doorway.
Something he's said hundreds of times is hard to get out:

EDDY
... We're heading out...

Diane eyes her husband, disappointed and concerned.

DIANE
Remember what you promised me at
our wedding twenty three years ago?

EDDY
That one day we would--

DIANE
Live where the sand meets the
ocean.
(beat)
Not where it meets the tracks...

Eddy is forced to confront a harsh reality: his family is far
from where he intended them to be.

EDDY
You really think we should sell?

DIANE
This isn't about us. We need to set
our sights a little higher for
Lucas and Luna.

Eddy has got a big decision to make.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Having hooked a 2010 Mazda to their tow truck, Eddy and Luna
jump in and fire up the engine. As they pull away, a MEXICAN-
AMERICAN WOMAN runs after them waving her hands to stop.

Luna feels horrible, guilt ridden.

EDDY
The job can be cruel, but everyone
must take responsibility for what
they want in this life.

Luna is silent.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - LATER

The truck stops at a railroad crossing. The gates are down.

Eddy eyes Luna, serious.

EDDY

Luna... don't you like doing this
job anymore?

(beat)

Am I holding you back?

LUNA

Well, I think I'd rather help
disadvantaged people, rather than
take advantage of them, you know--

Luna is suddenly mesmerized, then looks out the windshield.

LUNA (CONT'D)

What is... THAT?!

Luna points across the tracks to a GIANT INVERTED PURPLE CONE hovering off the ground.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Is that a... UFO?

EDDY

WHAT? NO! Luna, that's not
possible, just wait a second...

Eddy lowers the window to take a better look. The massive cone just hovers there, impossible to ignore or comprehend.

EDDY (CONT'D)

(nervous laugh)

It...it could be a new Tesla?

LUNA

(very calm)

Dad? I think we may have to
reconsidered two things...

(beat)

Our conception of the universe.

(eyes UFO)

And that Uncle Chuck is NOT crazy.

Eddy, onto his second stage of grief, anger.

EDDY

Luna, whatever this is, it is NOT A
UFO, I can promise you that.

He POINTS at the UFO. Suddenly his finger PULSATES PURPLE.

A PURPLE SPARK SHOOTS out of his finger through the windshield, across the tracks and connects to the cone.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Madre de dios...

The CONE fires back a PURPLE BEAM that engulfs the tow truck and lifts it off the road. In mid-air, the 2010 Mazda dangles from the wheel hook and breaks free, crashing to the ground.

Luna grabs the door handle but it's no use. The truck's trapped in a PURPLE COCOON and pulled towards the UFO.

The tow truck is now directly above the TRAIN TRACKS when a blinding light fills the cabin.

LUNA
DAD! TRAIN!

A speeding TRAIN SLAMS INTO THEM! Incredibly, the truck, still cocooned in purple energy, BOUNCES off like a rubber ball across the desert floor.

AAAAAAAH! LUNA (CONT'D) EDDY
AAAAAAAH!

The tow truck lands several hundred feet away and gently lowers to the ground as the COCOON DEFLATES LIKE A BALLOON.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Go! Luna! GOOOOO!

Luna puts the truck in gear and takes off down a dirt road.

A PURPLE ARC connects from the sky to the horizon behind them. Going as fast as the truck, it PLOWS the ground beneath it like an electric TORNADO.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

TILT UP as the truck heads for a TRAIN YARD. Luna cuts across a cactus field. The purple beam IGNITES the CACTUSES.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Luna looks back in a panic at the cacti-inferno behind them.

LUNA
What is going on, Dad?!

In the mirror, Eddy spots the electric arc MELTING a windmill and BLOWING UP A BARN.

EDDY
There! The TUNNEL! GO!

Luna hops the truck onto train tracks and follows them towards a UTILITY TUNNEL. The electric arc cuts the crossties like matchsticks. The truck rips into the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Feeling safe, Luna stops the truck. Eddy looks at her.

EDDY
Luna, PLEASE get out of the truck.
If Uncle Chuck has been telling the
truth, then I really messed up...

FLASHBACK

Eddy touches the Cosmic Classified in the comic book.

END FLASHBACK

LUNA
What? I'm not leaving you, Dad.

EDDY
Luna, GO! It's after ME. Get out! I
love you.

The TUNNEL ROOF is vaporized by a PURPLE BEAM! The truck is lifted through the air in a PURPLE ENERGY BUBBLE.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The tip of the CONE UNFURLES into a PURPLE HAND and GRABS the LEVITATING TOW TRUCK. The hand retracts and the cone rotates, pointing at the stars.

It BLASTS OFF with a purple comet-like trail--

EXT. RICO TRAILER HOME - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Uncle Chuck, gazing up at what looks like a purple shooting star. FLASH. It disappears.

UNCLE CHUCK
(to himself)
Looks like Ed is gone baby, gone.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(Spanish accent)
Chucky, this is very serious, you
need to tell them the truth.

Uncle Chuck looks down to see that THE VOICE IS CACTINA'S.

UNCLE CHUCK

I have! For years! No one believes me... Hey, listen, we're better off without him anyways.

CACTINA

Chucky, you're only thinking of yourself. But you know what it's like to lose a father. Remember?

UNCLE CHUCK

(sudden realization)
Lucas...

CACTINA

It's time you tell them.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The CONE is flying through space at top speed. The planets of our solar system ZIP BY at an INCREDIBLE RATE.

INT. STRANDER SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. Luna and Eddy sit in their truck bewildered.

The HOLOGRAM of a FEMALE ALIEN materializes. She cycles through ALIEN LANGUAGES until settling on English.

FEMALE ALIEN

(Southern accent)

Welcome to the great illegal workforce of the universe. You are now categorized as STRANDERS.

The tow truck JOLTS FORWARD as a CHORUS of ALIEN GIRLS SING. The holographic alien moves with the truck like a ghost.

ALIEN CHORUS (V.O.)

*Reaching for a better TOMORROW.
Through servitude and SORROW.*

The truck is on a creepy "It's A Small World After All" amusement ride populated with rundown animatronics of humans in worn 1950s attire.

At the first animated diorama, they watch a HUMAN FARMER on a tractor get ABDUCTED.

FEMALE ALIEN

A Strander is a displaced alien, in your case a "human," that will NEVER earn enough Fuel-Sticks to buy the Astro-Coordinates to Earth.

ALIEN CHORUS (V.O.)
*We know it may sound FUNNY, but
 Fuel-Sticks are your new MONEY.*

At the next diorama, a human receives a FUEL-STICK as payment
 - a small cylindrical silver tube similar to a beaker.

FEMALE ALIEN
 Without Fuel-Sticks you cannot
 travel through space as per statute
 401.2, paragraph three, of UTS's
 Travel Directive as declared by the
 Octoluminaty.

Approaching the next diorama, a spacecraft cockpit, they see
 an alien insert a Fuel-Stick into the console. The cockpit
 interior lights up.

ALIEN CHORUS(V.O.)
*Astro-Coordinates are so PRICEY.
 Going home is very UNLIKELY.*

EDDY
 WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

Luna looks at her father. She's calm in comparison.

Eddy tries to open his door, but it's no use.

FEMALE ALIEN
 A Strander contract is for life. So
 embrace hopelessness, and settle in
 to a life of indenture. Or...

At the final diorama, a human is DISINTEGRATED.

ALIEN CHORUS (V.O.)
*Disintegration is your only other
 OPTION. So proceed with CAUTION.*

LUNA
 The universe is in serious need of
 social reform...

EDDY
 Why are you not freaked out?!

LUNA
 Honestly, I'm not sure, somehow
 this is all very familiar...

The truck accelerates.

EDDY
 Something is happening!

FEMALE ALIEN

Now, happy Stranders, we have a long way to travel so let's get some shuteye.

The tow truck suddenly DROPS into DARKNESS.

EDDY (O.S.)

LUNAAA!

LUNA (O.S.)

DAAAAD!

INT. RICO TRAILER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Diane paces around the kitchen on her cell phone. Lucas watches her intently, worried.

DIANE

Eddy, please call me back, I'm starting to get worried.

Diane dials another number as Uncle Chuck enters and beelines for Lucas.

UNCLE CHUCK

The comic, Lucas.

Lucas retrieves the comic from his back pocket and places it on the kitchen table.

LUCAS

Are they in danger--

UNCLE CHUCK

Yes.

Uncle Chuck places Cactina on the table and opens the comic book in front of her. He then pulls out a hairbrush from his robe and removes a BLUE HAIR. We recognize it as Luna's.

Diane is preoccupied with trying to reach Luna.

DIANE

Luna, please call me back.

Uncle Chuck places Luna's hair over the comic and lets go. The blue hair is suspended in space. A RED BEAM projects from the comic and SCANS THE HAIR. Scan complete.

A HOLOGRAPHIC MAP of the MILKY WAY springs from the comic, filling the kitchen with a pulsating blue glow.

Lucas is mesmerized as the holographic light dances across his boyish face.

Diane caught off guard by the invasive light, turns around. Stunned at the awesome sight, she drops her phone.

Uncle Chuck pops off the bottle cap of a beer from Cactina's pot and takes a REALLY BIG GULP. He BURPS.

UNCLE CHUCK

The ASTRONOMICON, the ONLY map of the universe.

(to Lucas)

Your Grandpa stole it from the OCTOLUMINATY--

LUCAS

(proudly)

Who monetized the map's Astro-Coordinates in order to segregate the universe, preventing space travel between worlds unless officially purchased from UTS.

Uncle Chuck takes another swig of his beer and with his free hand ZOOMS-IN on our solar system until he reaches SATURN.

UNCLE CHUCK

That's right Lucas. My Dad hid it inside this old Space Jacker Adventures comic.

(burp)

The map can locate a genetic being within two lightyears in any direction, a cosmic volume of 707.023 parsecs, a spherical magnitude of nine that is.

Uncle Chuck LOCKS ONTO the lightning fast PURPLE CONE.

UNCLE CHUCK (CONT'D)

This is Luna... and probably Eddy.

Diane watches the cone whiz by Jupiter.

DIANE

This... is impossible.

CACTINA (O.S.)

(Spanish accent)

I'm afraid not.

Diane looks down at the potted cactus on the kitchen table. The CACTUS LOOKS UP AT DIANE. It's ALIVE.

CACTINA (CONT'D)

(Spanish accent)

Your brother is not lying.

(MORE)

CACTINA (CONT'D)
 Eddy and Luna have been
 "recruited." Finding them, even
 with the map, is going to be quite
 difficult.

Shocked, Diane collapse into a chair.

DIANE
 Chuck? What the hell? It talks?

UNCLE CHUCK
 That's not all, Dad never told you,
 but... Diane, we're part alien.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPO SPACE STATION - SPACE

A blue and yellow REPO SPACE STATION orbits INTO FRAME. It's covered in graffiti with a large ring of floating junk. A flickering sign reads: **MAK'S REPO - YOU OWE. WE TOW!**

The PURPLE CONE STRANDER SHIP appears and comes to a halt.

An exterior hangar door on the repo station slides open.

The Rico Repo tow truck is SHOT OUT OF STRANDER SHIP cocooned again by a purple energy bubble.

In pure *2001: A Space Odyssey* fashion, the tow truck SLOWLY TWIRLS THROUGH SPACE towards the repo station.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Eddy and Luna wake from a deep sleep.

Luna looks out the windshield at the star field.

LUNA
 We're floating in SPACE! Dad?!

Eddie also comes to this realization.

EDDY
 Madre de dios...

EXT. REPO SPACE STATION - CONTINUOUS

A PLANK EXTENDS from below the hangar door to welcome them.

The truck gracefully touches down on the plank and rolls into the hangar.

INT. REPO SPACE STATION - REPO-CRAFT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

A hangar lined with REPO-CRAFT equipped with REPO CLAWS.

INT. TOW TRUCK - REPO-CRAFT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Eddy and Luna look around in awe and fear. Luna reaches for the door handle, but Eddy grabs her hand.

EDDY
Don't get out of the truck!

LUNA
I don't think we have a choice.

Luna delicately opens the door and walks out onto the hangar deck. Eddy cautiously follows her lead.

REPO-CRAFT HANGAR

A handful of SPACE REPO ALIENS hustle about the hangar overworked and disgruntled.

The plank supporting the tow truck suddenly retracts.

Eddy and Luna watch in disbelief as their Rico Repo tow truck plummets into space. The hangar doors close with a CLANK.

EXT. REPO SPACE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck is swallowed up by the ring of space junk surrounding the station. We spot a few other Earth vehicles.

INT. REPO SPACE STATION - REPO-CRAFT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Stepping out of a dark hangar bay is a lanky green alien with tired yellow eyes, MAK. Standing beside him is DIX, a short, four-armed red robot. They approach Eddy and Luna.

MAK
Welcome to space repo, Stranders.

Eddy and Luna look at each other.

EDDY
SPACE -- repo?

LUNA
SPACE -- repo?

THE END