

0A EXT. STREET DAY

0A

We look down on a cluster of elementary school-aged children of various genders and races all staring up, open-mouthed in awe, stealing glances at each other as they fidget about.

KID #1
You gonna get it?

KID #2
No way.

KID #3
Not me. Not for a million bucks.

0B EXT. MRS. PETERSON'S HOUSE

0B

Looking up from a child's POV, the weathered house could use a coat of paint and some repairs. The front gate squeaks in the wind and menacing music underscores its unearthly appearance. The distant sound of thunder adds to the creepiness of the buzzing, flickering front porch light.

KID #1 (O.S.)
I heard a kid went in there to get her kite back and was never heard from again.

We swing around to face the frightened children again.

KID #2
That's because she moved.

KID #3
I didn't see anyone move off the block. Did you?

ANGIE (O.S.)
There's only one way of getting in there.

They all turn, looking back, their bodies parting to reveal ANGIE (8), a multi-racial 4-grade girl, holding onto a TEDDY BEAR.

KID #3
Oh yeah Angie, and how's that?

Angie smiles.

ANGIE'S LOGS OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

1 EXT. PLANET DAY SIDE**1**

An Earth-like planet slides into view, but its colors are orange and purple instead of blue with white clouds. ANGIE narrates.

ANGIE (V.O.)

Angie's Logs, star date 100164.96.
At the request of Kid Fleet, we have
arrived at Tempest 117-42, an Earth
like planet, in search of the golden
disc.

A ship stretches into view falling into an orbit around the planet. It is rectangular, dull brown with wings, and a tail fin. Movement can be seen through the small, square windows along the front and sides. As it gets closer, we can see its the cardboard packing container for a refrigerator. The words SS ANGIE are stenciled along its side. We push inside through the window.

2 INT. SS ANGIE CONTINUOUS**2**

The interior is also cardboard. Various LED holographic displays along the wall provide a read out of data. Seated at the front console is Angie, wearing a colorful purple bathrobe and leather World War One flying helmet complete with goggles, reminding us of Snoopy from the Charlie Brown cartoons. Angie gently works a joystick, turning to an animated robot stuffed teddy bear seated on the dashboard.

ANGIE

Mr. Snuggles - any signs of this
golden disc showing up on your
scans?

Snuggles looks into dashboard viewer.

MR. SNUGGLES

There are, and I can pinpoint it to
within one hundred feet.

ANGIE

All right. Let's keep our eyes open
and scream down to the planet.

Angie pushes the joystick to the left. The ship tilts.

3 EXT. SS ANGIE CONTINUOUS**3**

As the ship slides into the planet's atmosphere, there is a loud, screeching, dive bomber-type noise reminiscent of a

scream.

4 INT. SS ANGIE CONTINUOUS 4

Through the front view port, stars give way to cloud cover, which quickly dissipates to give us a view of an alien world.

5 EXT. ALIEN WORLD NIGHT 5

The ship lands on a rocky cliff face. Luminescent water splashes down below and an imposing castle-like structure looms near by. The sky is dark with clusters of stars.

6 INT. SS ANGIE CONTINUOUS 6

Angie powers down her ship and turns to Mr. Snuggles.

ANGIE

Okay, let's go have a look.

Angie pulls out a TV REMOTE CONTROL.

MR. SNUGGLES

Do you really think that's necessary?

ANGIE

You never know when you'll need to hit the pause button, Mr. Snuggles, and give someone a "time out".

She pulls back one side of her robe, to reveal a BOX OF CRAYONS mounted on a belt like an ammo pouch. Sliding several crayons out, she pops open the remote, slipping several inside. She closes the remote, and buttons light up as it hums to life.

MR. SNUGGLES

And being as it's a universal remote, it does give you a tactical advantage.

Angie slides the remote into a holster under her robe.

ANGIE

Yeah, that too.

7 EXT. SS ANGIE CONTINUOUS 7

The door slides open. Angie marches outside, while Mr. Snuggles sits on her shoulder the way parrot would on a pirate.

MR. SNUGGLES
Personally, I prefer wit as my
weapon.

ANGIE
Let's hope whoever's here finds
your clever banter disarming.

MR. SNUGGLES
One can always hope Angie.

Angie stops walking suddenly, looking up at a metallic looking HUMANOID ROBOT blocking their path.

ROBOT
Angie.

ANGIE
Mom?

ROBOT
Are you out in the backyard?

Angie turns to look behind her.

8 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME BACKYARD DAY

8

Angie is standing in the backyard of her home, still dressed in the same outfit, but Mr. Snuggles is no longer animated. He is merely a stuffed toy bear balanced around her neck like a scarf.

Her "ship" is still made of cardboard, but is much smaller and now looks like what it is - a cardboard play pretend space ship with clear plastic covering cut-out windows.

ANGIE
Yes Mom.

Angie's Mother stands in the rear doorway of the house.

MOM
It's time to come inside and wash
up. Dinner will be ready soon.

ANGIE
Aw Mom... Mr. Snuggles and I were
about to retrieve the golden disc
from the evil fortress.

MOM

That's going to have to wait. Put your space ship back in the basement, and Mr. Snuggles in your toy box, and come inside.

ANGIE

But Mom - what about the golden disc?

MOM

I hope the golden disc isn't a frisbee that landed in Mrs. Peterson's yard, again.

ANGIE

(coyly)
Maybe.

MOM

(sighs)
Don't just go into her yard without permission. Knock on her door and ask her if it's okay to get it.

ANGIE

(dejected)
Okay, fine.

9 EXT. MRS. PETERSON'S HOUSE

9

Angie looks up at the street sign on the corner where Mrs. Peterson's house is located. It reads TEMPEST STREET. She looks behind her at all the neighborhood kids staring at her from across the street, clustered nervously behind a large TREE.

One boy salutes her. Turning she trudges up the short walkway to the front door, pressing the door bell. The address on the house reads 117-42 Tempest Street.

We hear a thumping sound and heavy mechanical breathing.

Angie takes a large, cautious step back looking up.

ANGIE POV: The house is now an EVIL INTERGALACTIC CASTLE complete with flashes of lightning over head.

The door scrapes open. A large figure stands there, looming in the doorway, silhouetted by the light from inside.

Angie gulps, her hand drops down to the remote on her belt.

ANGIE'S POV: The house is now normal.

All the kids across the street lean back in anticipation.

MRS. PETERSON (80s, elderly) stands in the doorway with a walker, a small oxygen tank dangles from a hook on it, feeding the tube that snakes up to a mask she wears over her face.

Pulling it down, she speaks in a raspy wheezing voice.

MRS. PETERSON

Yes?

ANGIE

Hi Mrs. Peterson, our frisbee went over the fence into your backyard. Would it be okay if I went in and got it?

MRS. PETERSON

Again?

ANGIE

(shy)

Yeah.

MRS. PETERSON

Okay, but you'll have to come in through the house. I'm not dressed to go outside and open the gate.

ANGIE

Oh, I can do that.

MRS. PETERSON

I prefer you just go out through the backdoor. Do you know where it is?

ANGIE

I think so.

Mrs. Peterson grunts, struggling to open the door wider, then shuffles back to allow entry. Angie slips through. The door closes with a loud slamming sound, like a dungeon door.

10 INT. EVIL CASTLE DRAWING ROOM

10

Inside, is a ridiculously huge stone room reminiscent of a medieval castle. Torches on the wall provide dim light, exposing shadowy objects that move. Chained skeletons from tortured victims hang on the wall like a house of horrors.

Angie looks around from the middle of the room taking it all in. Mrs Peterson appears as an EVIL SPACE QUEEN towering over her, and talks in a loud booming voice that reminds us of the Wizard of OZ.

MRS. PETERSON
Well, what are you waiting for?

Startled Angie turns to face her, then regains her composure.

ANGIE
Can I ask you a question?

11 INT. ANGIE'S SPACE CRAFT

11

Angie enters through a sliding door. Standing at a control panel Robot/Mom's upper torso swivels towards her.

ROBOT/MOM
Did you get your frisbee?

ANGIE
Yes I did.

ROBOT/MOM
Was Mrs. Peterson annoyed? Should I expect a phone call from her?

ANGIE
No, it turns out she's no evil monster, she's just... lonely.

11A INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

11A

Her fantasy broken she faces her actual Mother who turns to face her in the kitchen.

MOM
What makes you say that?

ANGIE
Because I talked to her.

12 INT. MRS. PETERSON'S HOUSE

12

Angie sits in a chair inside the living room. Several lamps are now on making the room feel warm and homey. Photographs can be seen of a younger Mrs. Peterson posing with a man, children, grandchildren, etc. Basically the woman's entire life.

MRS. PETERSON

My children all live in different states so it's hard for them to visit. I didn't feel it so much when Mr. Peterson was alive.

Mrs. Peterson offers Angie a cookie on a plate. Angie shakes her head no.

ANGIE

My Mom doesn't like it if I eat sweets before dinner. She says it'll ruin my appetite.

MRS. PETERSON

She's right. Sorry.

ANGIE

It's okay. Do you video chat with them?

MRS. PETERSON

Video chat? What's that?

ANGIE

Well, you use a program on your computer so that you can see people when you call them.

MRS. PETERSON

I don't have a computer.

Angie thinks for a moment.

ANGIE

You should join Kid Fleet.

MRS. PETERSON

What's that?

ANGIE

It's an intergalactic federation of kids who patrol the galaxy going on space missions.

INSERT: Images of Angie and OTHER children flying about the cosmos in various space craft.

Mrs. Peterson smiles.

MRS. PETERSON

I might be a little too old for that. Sounds like you need to be

very young, like you, and with a vivid imagination.

ANGIE

We can make you an honorary member. You could be a Watcher.

MRS. PETERSON

What's a Watcher?

ANGIE

Well, you'd sit at your window and watch out for things, and anything that needs to be investigated, you let us know.

MRS. PETERSON

I could do that. Does this Watcher position come with any benefits?

ANGIE

Yep! As a member of Kid Fleet, you'd have access to our laptop computer.

MRS. PETERSON

What would I do with that?

ANGIE

It has video chat on it and you could speak with your family.

MRS. PETERSON

Really?

ANGIE

Of course! As an active member, you'd have to be willing to give some of the neighborhood kids access to your backyard in case a frisbee or ball ever accidentally landed in there.

MRS. PETERSON

Oh I see. I suppose this access would be unlimited?

ANGIE

That would be nice. Plus, kids might need to come by and check up on you from time to time. You know, to see if you're okay, or have anything to report - or share. Like cookies.

Angie reaches out, picks up a cookie, and slips it into her robe pocket. Mrs. Peterson gives her a curious look.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

For later.

13 INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE DAY

13

Angie's Mom looks at her, surprised.

ANGIE

She's just lonely Mom, and I think this could make her feel special.

MOM

Hmmm, go get washed up and come back down to eat.

ANGIE

Okay.

Angie turns to go.

MOM

Angie? You did a nice thing today.

Angie smiles.

MOM (CONT'D)

But hand over the cookie.

Angie reluctantly gives it to her and walks off.

INSERT IMAGES: Kids come to Mrs. Peterson's door. She looks much happier and healthier with the company.

Mrs. Peterson and Angie's Mom sit at her kitchen table, a laptop open as she video chats with smiling adult children who hold up babies for her to admire.

14 EXT. MRS. PETERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

14

Mrs. Peterson watches happily from a chair in front of her house as kids play on the street.

An errant frisbee goes off course landing at her feet. Kids run up to her and she happily tosses it back.

In the background Angie can be seen entering her SPACE CRAFT, the doors slide closed. The ship takes off slowly climbing into the sky.

ANGIE (V.O.)

Angie's Logs Supplemental: It turns out our neighbor, Mrs. Peterson, isn't a cranky monster at all, she was just lonely. I've invited her to become part of Kid Fleet's Space Command, where her primary duties will be keeping an eye on things and providing much needed fuel in the form of cookies.

Mrs. Peterson uses her walker to move along the sidewalk as kids skip and play around her.

TILTING up and away Angie's ship continues climbing - high overhead.

ANGIE (V.O.)

I'm not sure what the future holds for Mrs. Peterson, but it's like Mr. Snuggles said: One can always hope.

EXT. SPACE EARTH DAY SIDE of PLANET

Angie's ship glides along in orbit. As it turns, majestically, we catch a glimpse of her and Mr. Snuggles through the windows. Once it completes its turn, the engines fire and it zooms off, disappearing from view in a flash of light.

FADE OUT.