

**SPACE TRASH**

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. THE MOON - DAY

Several BASES are scattered over the Moon's surface. We see American, Russian and Chinese flags, then pan to a smaller base - rectangular spokes radiating from a central dome. On top is a CORPORATE LOGO with "MILLSTECH, INC." printed below.

DOUG (V.O.)

The Tardigrade lunar test facility is the first attempt at a privately funded lunar colony. Using millions of dollars in private investments and a sizable grant from the American government, it's goal is to study the effects of long term lunar habitation on a group of six average Americans.

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

DOUG MEEKS (30s, clean-cut, blue jumpsuit) reads off a TABLET to DECLAN (50s, southern accent, same jumpsuit with cutoff sleeves). Behind them sits a partially-constructed ABOVE GROUND POOL.

DECLAN

What is that, the world's most boring book report?

DOUG

It's the mission statement of this base, Declan, which I'm reading to you because nowhere in it does it say that you can have an above ground pool on the moon.

DECLAN

You don't get to tell me what I can and can't do, Doug.

DOUG

I'm the administrator of this facility. That's literally my job.

Declan grabs a WRENCH and climbs into the pool.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Don't walk away from me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECLAN

If you're gonna just sit there and whine, I might as well get some work done.

DOUG

No. Stop it. The recycling system on this base can't just produce water out of thin air. If you fill this piece of crap, we won't have anything left to drink.

Declan pokes his head over the side, indignant.

DECLAN

Are you kidding me?

DOUG

Yeah, the waste management-

DECLAN

This is a top of the line model.

DOUG

What?

DECLAN

Fiberglass construction, individually powered air jets, integrated diving board-

DOUG

I feel like you are focusing on the wrong part of my statement.

DECLAN

Pools and Ponds Monthly said it was their editor's pick for July 2085.

DOUG

Did you not hear the part where it could cause us all to die?

Declan ducks back into the pool and comes out with a BOLT.

DECLAN

Does that look like a piece of crap to you?

DOUG

I guess if you ate bolts.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

That is a two-inch, titanium carbide set bolt. I could've spent less and gone with aluminum, but I wanted the best.

DOUG

I don't care, Declan. You were supposed to be checking the air ducts for leaks, not building an outdoor bathtub.

DECLAN

I checked 'em yesterday.

DOUG

You have to do it every day! It's part of the maintenance routine.

DECLAN

I didn't come here to do your chores, you webelo.

DOUG

Except you literally did. I'm not your landlord, Declan. You guys are supposed to be doing that stuff yourself. The whole point of this test is to prove that the base can eventually run without supervision.

DECLAN

Believe me, I'm countin' the days.

DOUG

Me too. I'm tired of trying to stop you from turning this place into a trailer park.

DECLAN

The hell's that supposed to mean?

DOUG

I mean, come on. Above ground pools are kind of trashy.

Declan points at Doug with the bolt, irate.

DECLAN

You're a snob, you know that? Above ground pools offer the luxury of a private pool without the hassle and expense of large-scale construction.

DOUG

Where'd you hear that, hillbilly quarterly?

DECLAN

You take that back.

DOUG

Sorry, you're right.

(Beat)

Technically, in this case it would be moonbilly.

Declan THROWS THE BOLT AT DOUG'S HEAD.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Son of a-

CUT TO:

**OPENING CREDITS:**

Upbeat music plays over ANIMATED TITLE CARDS:

1. The economy is bad, the environment is ruined. Commuters are sadly trudging to their jobs.
2. From inside an SKYSCRAPER, a BILLIONAIRE watches the sad commuters and has a brilliant idea.
3. On TV, he announces a NEW MOON BASE.
4. Masses of people clamor outside of the skyscraper.
5. The billionaire holds a LOTTERY for who gets to go.
6. FIVE PEOPLE and ONE SCIENTIST (the main cast) get on a rocket and blast off. Rocket smoke whites out the screen to:

**TITLE CARD: SPACE TRASH**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT 1

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Doug walks into a tiny office (Space is at a premium, so everything feels like a college dorm). When he slams the door behind him, a wall tile falls off and knocks over a bookcase. As he tries to clean up the mess, a COMPUTER TERMINAL lights up and a serene, artificial voice addresses him.

COMPUTER

Good morning, Doug. Would you like to begin today's progress report?

DOUG

Go ahead.

COMPUTER

Today is day five hundred and thirty eight of the Millstech experimental colony test run. There are one thousand, two hundred and eighty seven days remaining. Oxygen level is currently-

The voice cuts out as the LIGHTS FLICKER and SHUT OFF. An EMERGENCY LIGHT bathes the room in a soft red glow.

DOUG

What the hell?

COMPUTER

The facility has lost power. Please remain calm.

Doug goes to the door and tries to open it, but its locked.

DOUG

Computer, open the door!

COMPUTER

Electronic systems offline. Please wait for backup generator.

The VIDEO MONITOR COMES BACK ON, but now its showing a FOOTBALL BROADCAST at FULL VOLUME.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER

It's Sunday, Sunday, SUNDAY! Are y'all ready for some FOOTBALL? It's a classic grudge match between the Reno Raiders and the Mexico City Terrorbirds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The broadcast continues as Doug flings open a WALL PANEL. He flips a few switches and there's a loud THUNK.

COMPUTER

Emergency override activated.

He pries the door open and squeezes through.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Doug jogs down the hallway. Everywhere there's a screen, it's playing the same broadcast. He takes a right at a sign that says COMMUNICATIONS ROOM.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

A COMPUTER ARRAY shows the broadcast on a multitude of flickering and glitched out screens. Doug picks up a BUNDLE OF CABLES snaking out from behind the monitors and follows it out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Doug continues to follow the cables.

INT. BUCK AND TRUCK'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Doug walks into one of the base's living quarters (The base is modular, so this room is the same size as Doug's office, just reconfigured as a tiny apartment). The cable leads into a FLAT SCREEN TV, on which BUCK and TRUCK (20s, twin brothers) are watching the broadcast.

BUCK

Woo! That's another fifteen points for the Buckster! Count it.

Truck tallies the points on a DRY-ERASE BOARD labeled "ARAKAWA BROS SUPER FANTASY LEAGUE." There are only two teams.

DOUG

Buck, what the hell did you do?

BUCK

Why's it gotta be me? Maybe Truck did it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look over to Truck, who crushes a beer can on his forehead without taking his eyes off the game.

TRUCK

(To no one)

Gosh, I love football.

Doug turns back to Buck and glares at him.

BUCK

Fine. I rerouted power to the satellite array to pick up the game.

DOUG

Holy shit, the terrestrial broadcast? No wonder you blacked out the base.

BUCK

Had to, bro. There was a thirty minute delay on the web feed.

DOUG

So? It's not like anyone else is here to spoil it for you.

TRUCK

You'd be surprised.

EXT. THE MOON - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A RUSSIAN COSMONAUT sits in a MOON ROVER just outside of Buck and Truck's quarters, holding up a hand drawn sign reading "Raiders 30, Terrorbirds 7," then gives the finger.

INT. BUCK AND TRUCK'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

DOUG

I told you not to fuck with the Russians.

TRUCK

They started it when they stole the moon rover.

DOUG

That was their moon rover, they were taking it back.

(CONTINUED)



TRUCK

Oh, yeah.

DOUG

Hold on. Where do they get the score from?

BUCK

They use a high-powered telescope to look at the jumbotron.

DOUG

God, that's just... so Russian of them.

BUCK

Right? It's so dumb it's actually smart again. What are you doing?

Doug ducks behind the TV and RIPS OUT THE CABLES, which shuts the feed off. He sternly brandishes the unplugged cables.

DOUG

Put it all back how it was. Now.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

On his way out, Doug bumps into CANDACE (30s) holding a TRAY OF NACHOS.

DOUG

Candace! You're part of this? You don't even like football.

CANDACE

I know, but my psychiatrist recommended that I try new hobbies, on account of my acute anxiety disorder.

DOUG

You cant just invoke that every time you feel like fucking around.

CANDACE

Excuse me. I take my mental health very seriously. I quit a high-paying finance job to live on the moon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

You got fired for freaking out and trashing your office.

CANDACE

No, I jumped out a window before security found me, so technically I quit.

Dough SIGHS.

DOUG

I left NASA to take this job.

Doug's tablet starts BEEPING.

COMPUTER

Warning. Greenhouse function at 10 percent. Condition critical.

DOUG

Holy shit.

As Doug sprints off, Candace resumes munching on her nachos and heads into Buck and Truck's.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Doug bursts in to the door to find...nothing out of the ordinary. Hydroponic plants grow in trays stacked from floor to ceiling. MISTERS automatically spray them with water.

As he starts to poke around for the cause of the alarm, ASHLEE (20s, jumpsuit tied around her waist, crop top) emerges from an adjacent STORAGE ROOM, followed by a CLOUD OF SMOKE. She sees Doug and frantically fans the smoke away, then closes the door. Doug looks up at the sound.

DOUG

Ashlee, whats going on in here? The sensor readouts just went berserk.

ASHLEE

Nothing! I was just repotting.

DOUG

Huh. Must have been a false alarm.

Doug looks around the room at all the thriving plants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (CONT'D)

You know, I've been meaning to tell you how much I appreciate the work you've put into the greenhouse. It turns out you're the only colonist who has taken a real interest in their work assignment.

ASHLEE

Oh, well I mean I had to when I saw this rig: Herzfeldt mister, adaptive nutrient feed, metal hallide grow lights. Shit is rad.

Doug looks back at the equipment. He never thought of it as something he could be impressed by.

DOUG

Huh. How did you know that? Did you grow up on a farm or something?

ASHLEE

Kind of.

Before Doug can reply, the misters start to SPUTTER, then CUT OUT. Doug and Ashlee stare at them, confused.

DOUG

Are they supposed to do that?

The misters VIOLENTLY BLAST BACK ON, this time spitting out GRAY WATER. Doug and Ashlee cover their faces in disgust.

DOUG (CONT'D)

JESUS.

ASHLEE

HOLY CRUD.

Doug runs to a COMPUTER TERMINAL on the wall and frantically enters in a KEY CODE, but nothing happens.

DOUG

WHY DOES NOTHING EVER WORK?

Ashlee runs to the closet and comes back with a WRENCH, which she uses to manually close a nearby VALVE. The misters stop spraying and the two gather themselves for a moment.

ASHLEE

What just happened? It smells like someone died on a beach toilet.

DOUG

The system must have gone into emergency recycling.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG (CONT'D)

If the base is low on clean water, it pulls from the waste for emergency functions, but that should only happen if the tank is empty for some reason.

(Beat)

Oh, Goddamnit.

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Doug and Ashlee enter the courtyard to find Declan standing in his pool, now half-full of waste-water. The other colonists are already gathered around: Candace and Truck in towels, Buck holding a glass of filthy water.

DOUG

Declan! You better not be filling up that goddamn kiddie pool!

DECLAN

You said "don't use the drinking water," so I hooked it up to the greenhouse.

DOUG

It's all the same water!

DECLAN

Well, I'm not a plumber, Doug.

DOUG

That's why you should have listened to me, you toothless yokel!

DECLAN

That's it! That tears it!

(To crowd)

We don't have to stand for this! I can deal with the low oxygen levels, the powdered food, the shit in the water-

DOUG

You can?

DECLAN

-but I will not be constantly insulted by this spineless twerp! I say we go on strike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

You can't go on strike. You don't do anything.

DECLAN

We'll see about that.

(chanting)

Fuck Doug! Fuck Doug!

The colonists enthusiastically join Declan's chant.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Doug's bookcase has been re-set up and moved against another wall. Doug enters and slams the door behind him, causing a different wall tile to fall off and knock it over again. The computer terminal LIGHTS UP and CHIRPS.

DOUG

What?!

COMPUTER

You have a new message. Would you like to play it?

DOUG

What? Yeah, sure. Fuck it.

The screen flips on. We see KATHERINE HALVORSON (40s, severe demeanor, futuristic business attire) addressing the camera.

KATHERINE

Hello. My Name is Katherine Halvorson. As of Monday morning, MillsTech has been acquired by the Bregulus Corporation. As such, all MillsTech assets are being absorbed into our corporate structure. I will be arriving tomorrow to perform an inspection of the facility, the goal of which is to determine if the structure is ready for permanent habitation. Please prepare accordingly. Thank you for your cooperation.

DOUG

Oh, fuck.

**END OF ACT 1**

ACT 2

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Declan sits in his pool, hammered. Candace lounges in a nearby lawn chair, wearing a swimsuit and reading a novel. Doug picks his way to them through a sea of beer cans.

DOUG

Hey, Declan. I'm really sorry about all that earlier. How about we find some way to come to terms?

DECLAN

Eat dirt, Doug.

DOUG

Yeah, thought so.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(To Candace)

Can I talk to you for a second?

DECLAN

Don't bother her, you turd. She's on strike, too.

DOUG

You're getting drunk at three in the afternoon. This is what you do every day.

DECLAN

That's not true.

DOUG

There's still wine stains everywhere from Tour de Franzia!

DECLAN

I mean it's not 3PM.

DOUG

Not this again. All the bases agreed on GMT as the standard for lunar time. Why can't you just change your watch?

DECLAN

Because I'm an American!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Then it's 10AM, so you definitely shouldn't be drinking.

DECLAN

You're just trying to get me out of this pool. No way, pencil-neck.

DOUG

You can't stay in there forever.

DECLAN

I have enough beer for weeks.

DOUG

You'll still have to leave to use the bathroom.

Declan looks down at the gross water, then back at Doug.

DECLAN

No, I won't.

CANDACE

What do you need, Doug? You're blocking my light.

Doug kneels down next to Candace and speaks in a low tone, so Declan can't hear.

DOUG

Millstech got bought out and the new owners are sending someone to see if we're ready to go to full scale colonization. Obviously it will never pass in this condition.

CANDACE

Aw, I'm sorry, babe. Better luck next time.

DOUG

There might not be a next time! It's pretty bad, and if they send me home, there goes my chance at a career in aerospace.

CANDACE

I don't understand. Didn't you already work at NASA?.

DOUG

Yeah... about that.

INT. NASA OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Doug, in a button-down and tie, holds a TRAY OF COFFEE. A lab-coat wearing SCIENTIST SPIT TAKES directly into his face.

SCIENTIST  
I said two sugars!

INT. COURTYARD - DAY (CONTINUED)

Candace stares at Doug, shocked.

CANDACE  
You were an INTERN? Why the hell would Millstech hire you?

DOUG  
I wrote "NASA" on my resume and they never really asked what I did.

CANDACE  
After all your complaining, you're just a fuckup like the rest of us.

DOUG  
Yeah, but I don't have to be. If I pass this test, I could use it to finally get a real job as an aerospace engineer. That's all I've ever wanted, since I was a kid.

CANDACE  
So, what do you have to do?

DOUG  
The first thing they'll do is a computerized system check on the base's core functions. I can probably get the greenhouse and the power working long enough to fool them, but I can't do anything about the hick-a-colada using up all our clean water.

CANDACE  
Yeah, and I don't know if your story about being the world's nerdiest child will really change his mind.

DOUG  
What would you do?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CANDACE

Just wait him out. Above ground pools are only fun for like, two hours, max.

DOUG

Of course your suggestion is to do nothing.

CANDACE

I'll keep an eye on him while you're fixing the other stuff.

DOUG

You mean you'll continue getting drunk and sunbathing.

CANDACE

Moonbathing.

DOUG

You're still using the sun to tan. It would only be moonbathing if it was called earthbathing on earth.

CANDACE

This is why people don't like you. You need to stop picking fights with everyone.

DOUG

It's not my fault they chose today to start hating me!

Candace puts her hand on Doug's shoulder.

CANDACE

Aw, Doug. They always hated you.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Doug walks into the greenhouse and immediately gags at the smell. He finds a TOWEL to tie around his face, then starts snooping around and grumbling to himself. He makes his way to a WALL SENSOR and finds an UNPLUGGED CABLE next to it. It has a BROKEN SAFETY SEAL that reads "DO NOT TAMPER."

DOUG

What the hell?

Ashlee strolls in and sees Doug. Her face falls immediately.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEE

Oh, farts.

DOUG

Ashlee! I know you've been working hard in here, but you have to use the equipment property. This is dangerous, not to mention illegal.

ASHLEE

It's not illegal. There's no laws here.

DOUG

What? Of course there's laws. Why would you think that?

ASHLEE

We're not close enough to a country, dummy. It's like international waters.

DOUG

That's not even how international waters work. You're under the law of wherever the boat's from.

ASHLEE

Then why do mobsters take people out on boats to kill them?

DOUG

Because they throw them in the ocean. You can't just murder people because you're on a boat, Ashlee!

Ashlee pauses for a second, then her EYES GO WIDE.

ASHLEE

I need to call a lawyer.

DOUG

Look, we can discuss maritime law another time, but you're going to just have to trust me that you need to reconnect these sensors or we're all in trouble.

ASHLEE

Sensors?

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG

Yeah, the air quality monitors.

(Beat)

What did you think I was talking about?

Ashlee glances at one of the trays. Doug runs over and swipes aside a clump of greenery to find a MARIJUANA PLANT.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

Doug searches the planter and finds more and more marijuana.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Ashlee!

ASHLEE

Its all medicinal, I swear!

Doug turns over another tray to find a crop of OPIUM POPPIES.

DOUG

This is opium!

ASHLEE

Opium can be medicinal! My doctor does it all the time!

Doug starts tearing through the rest of the room. Every tray is full of illegal plants.

DOUG

Ashlee! Is any of this food?

Ashlee hands him a HEALTHY TOMATO PLANT.

ASHLEE

Yes! Here, look.

DOUG

Oh, a tomato. That's nice.

He takes a closer look, then pulls up the entire plant to reveal a HOLLOW COMPARTMENT FULL OF PILLS.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Damnit!

ASHLEE

I thought it was legal!

(CONTINUED)

DOUG  
Then why disconnect the sensors?

ASHLEE  
So the sprinklers don't go off when we smoke.

DOUG  
You can't smoke in here! It's a space station! Who's "we?"

ASHLEE  
Buck and me. He hacked the computer so it wouldn't know the sensors were off.

DOUG  
So that's why the readout went red. The blackout reset his workaround.  
(Beat)  
Holy shit. I might not even need to get rid of Declan. I just need Buck to hack the water sensors.

Doug starts to head out the door, but Ashlee stops him.

ASHLEE  
Please don't send me back to Tampa.

DOUG  
I'm not sending you back. Just reconnect the sensors and re-hide all this by tomorrow. We will all go to jail if anyone sees this.

ASHLEE  
Good, because apparently I've committed a lot of crimes on boats.

INT. BUCK AND TRUCK'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Buck and Truck play video games on their couch. Among the beer cans and snacks in front of them sits a TATTOO GUN.

DOUG  
Buck, I need your help with something.

BUCK  
I'm kind of busy here. We're playing best of 7 in Madden. Winner tattoos the loser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG  
You know how to tattoo?

BUCK  
We practiced on some bananas.

Buck gestures to the corner of the room, where there is a  
PILE OF MASHED UP BANANAS COVERED IN TATTOO INK.

DOUG  
Looks like you really mastered the  
artform. Alright, so there's going  
to be a final inspection of the  
base tomorrow.

BUCK  
(Not paying attention)  
Cool, bro.

DOUG  
If we pass, the test ends, which  
means the base would become a self-  
sustained colony. No more  
supervision, at all.

Buck puts down the controller and locks eyes with Doug.

BUCK  
You have my attention.

DOUG  
I need you to use whatever  
workaround you set up in the  
greenhouse to set the water readout  
to full.

BUCK  
I'd need all the access codes to  
the station computer.

DOUG  
What? You already did it without  
them.

BUCK  
Yeah, but it took three days and  
now I don't have to.

DOUG  
Ugh, fine. So you'll do it, then?

Buck picks the controller back up.

(CONTINUED)

BUCK  
Yeah, once we finish this game.

DOUG  
Buck! This is pretty time  
sensitive!

BUCK  
Alright, then you finish for me.

Buck stands up and hands Doug the controller, who awkwardly  
takes it.

DOUG  
Fine. How does this even work?

As Doug fiddles with the controller, the game clock hits zero  
and TRUCK'S TEAM WINS. An elaborate celebration sequence  
starts on the screen.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
What just happened?

From off-screen, there's a HIGH PITCHED BUZZING SOUND.

INT. AIRLOCK - DAY

Doug stands in front of an AIRLOCK, gingerly touching a brand  
new TATTOO OF THE MEXICO CITY TERRORBIRDS LOGO on his arm.

There's a CLUNK from the other side of the door and he  
frantically rolls down the sleeve. The door whooshes open to  
reveal Katherine, holding a METAL BRIEFCASE. Doug takes a  
BOTTLED WATER out of his jumpsuit pocket and hands it to her.

DOUG  
Good afternoon, Ms. Halvorson.  
Bottled water?

KATHERINE  
Thank you.

DOUG  
And there's plenty where that came  
from. Just say the word.

KATHERINE  
I'll be sure to keep you updated.

DOUG  
Also, let me know if you need to  
take a shower or use the toilet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

Im sorry, what?

DOUG

Let's start the evaluation. Right this way.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Katherine sits at the desk as Doug nervously looks on. She opens up her briefcase to reveal a COMPUTER, then plugs it into Doug's terminal and types a string of commands. She keys through a few pages and nods approvingly.

KATHERINE

Looks like all your systems are at peak functionality.

(Beat)

The operational history of the station is perfect. Well done.

DOUG

Glad to hear. Well, whenever you're ready, I can show you around the rest of the base.

Katherine snaps the computer shut.

KATHERINE

That won't be necessary

DOUG

Beg your pardon?

KATHERINE

I'm not here to perform a physical inspection of the base. As long as the core operations are functional, the test can conclude and we can send the current inhabitants home.

DOUG

Send them home? We're not going to full-scale colonization?

KATHERINE

Our company has decided to convert this facility into ultra-luxury condominiums. I just came here to verify the life support systems are still operational before we start a full renovation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Obviously, we can't do that with the current crew inhabiting the base.

DOUG

So they're getting gentrified out of the moon.

KATHERINE

I'm sure the current inhabitants will have no trouble resuming their lives on Earth.

DOUG

What about me?

KATHERINE

Since you now work for Bregulus, you'll be transferred to one of our R&D offices on earth. A significant promotion.

DOUG

I think I can live with that. When do we start?

KATHERINE

I'll need until tomorrow to write up and transmit my final evaluation. But once I get approval from the main office, I'll just need your thumb-print on the final digital paperwork and we'll head out on the next shuttle.

**END OF ACT 2**



ACT 3

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Doug crosses the courtyard and trips over a COOLER OF BEER.

DOUG  
Goddamnit!

Declan pokes his head over the side of the pool at the sound.

DECLAN  
Bet you can't hit me with one of  
those beers.

DOUG  
Nice try. Get it yourself.

Declan sighs and longingly stares at the beer.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. I'm not going to empty  
your stupid pool. You can get out.

Declan lets out a whoop, then climbs out and makes his way  
over to the cooler.

DECLAN  
Just in time. Thought I was going  
to miss Monday Night Football.

DOUG  
Declan, why is this pool so  
important to you?

DECLAN  
I always wanted a pool.

DOUG  
Then why come here? That's like the  
one thing it would have been easier  
to get on Earth.

DECLAN  
Are you kidding? I could never have  
a pool on earth. I never even owned  
a house.

DOUG  
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

Do you know anything about my life  
before we came here?

DOUG

Just what's in your file.

DECLAN

I worked as a tractor salesman for  
thirty years. I worked hard, paid  
my dues, and at the end of it I  
still had nothing: no wife, no  
kids, no house. That's why I signed  
up to come here, so I could finally  
get what's owed to me.

DOUG

...and out of everything you could  
have, you want this, an above  
ground pool full of raw sewage.

DECLAN

Damn right. It's the American  
dream.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Doug sits with his feet on his desk, deep in thought. He  
takes out his WALLET and removes his old NASA ID BADGE. The  
badge is worn from being carried around for years, but the  
photo still shows a younger and more optimistic Doug, happy  
to be starting his dream career. He turns the badge over in  
his hands for a BEAT, then looks up.

DOUG

Computer. Bring up the crew files.

The computer BEEPS softly and his tablet lights up with a  
LIST OF THE CREW. He picks it up and clicks on Declan's name.  
He scrolls down to the EMERGENCY CONTACT SECTION to find it  
has been left blank.

He hits BACK and clicks on CANDACE'S FILE, then scrolls to  
her emergency contact: Dr. Wendy Brickel (Therapist). He then  
rapidly looks at the others: Buck and Truck list each other  
and Ashlee's just says "911." He contemplates these for a  
long BEAT, then looks back at the ID.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug tosses the ID on the desk, then hops to his feet and heads for the door.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Candace stands by herself, back to the door. Doug walks in, holding an armful of TRASH BAGS and a SPACE HELMET. She spins to face him and quickly hides something behind her back.

DOUG

There you are, we need- What were you doing?

Candace stares at him, holding her breath.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Candace?

She coughs out a CLOUD OF SMOKE and takes a CIGARETTE out from behind her back.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. Does anyone use this place for gardening?

CANDACE

It's the only room without smoke alarms.

DOUG

Just vape or something.

CANDACE

Sure, Doug, because I want to consume nicotine like a child.

DOUG

Whatever. We passed the test, but the new company isn't going to start colonization after all. They want to turn this place into condos.

CANDACE

And I'm guessing we don't all get free condos.

DOUG

We need to convince them to continue the test, or everyone gets sent home.

(CONTINUED)

CANDACE

Isn't that what you wanted?

DOUG

Yeah, but I was talking to Declan and realized that we kind of came here for the same reason. Really, we all did: My career, Declan's retirement, your anxiety, Ashlee... well, I'm actually concerned that she just came because she thinks there's no laws.

CANDACE

Right, international waters.

DOUG

That's not how that works.

CANDACE

Oh, I'm sorry. Did you also intern at a law firm?

DOUG

I realized we're all just trying to live the lives we couldn't have on Earth. I can't let my second chance ruin theirs.

CANDACE

Obviously, Doug. Nobody agrees to get shot to the moon for free rent if everything's going amazing.

DOUG

Just help me fix this. I'm trying to do the right thing.

CANDACE

Alright. What's the plan?

Doug hands the bags and helmet to her.

DOUG

You're gonna want these.

INT. BUCK AND TRUCK'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Doug walks in as Buck carefully stacks an EMPTY CAN on the top of a MASSIVE CAN PYRAMID.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG  
What time does Monday Night  
Football start?

TRUCK  
Eight PM, eastern.

DOUG  
I told you, we use GMT.

TRUCK  
There's no football in England.

DOUG  
That doesn't... Are you guys gonna  
rig up that pirate feed again?

BUCK  
We don't need to anymore. You gave  
us the computer codes.

DOUG  
Can you do it anyway?

BUCK  
Sure, but you'd owe us.

DOUG  
What? No! Can't you just trust me  
that it's in your best interest to  
help me out here?

Doug slaps the wall in frustration, causing the can pyramid  
to fall.

BUCK  
You know... We had a bet on that.

DOUG  
Oh, come o-

He gets interrupted by the same HIGH PITCHED BUZZING.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Doug gingerly touches a SECOND TERRORBIRDS TATTOO, right  
below the first one. He searches around until he finds  
Candace's CIGARETTES and LIGHTER. He takes one out, lights it  
and takes a puff. After a moment, he takes the cigarette out  
of his mouth and JAMS IT INTO HIS THUMB.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

There's a PILE OF PAPERS sitting in front of Doug, who now has a LARGE BANDAGE ON HIS HAND. Across the room, Katherine watches more paper slowly emerge from a PRINTER. She pulls out a sheet and brings it to him.

KATHERINE

It's unfortunate that we were unable to use your digital thumbprint to sign. This is usually a much faster process.

DOUG

I'm sorry it took so long to find the printer. We don't use it much.

KATHERINE

I still don't understand how you injured yourself on a hot plate. You eat powdered food.

The lights FLICKER, but stay on. Doug looks at a WALL CLOCK and frowns. It reads 12:10.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Is something wrong, Mr. Meeks?

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Buck fiddles with a mass of wires connected to a TV as Declan sips a beer and looks on from the pool. The picture on the TV intermittently shows the game, but keeps on fuzzing out.

BUCK

I don't know what's wrong!

DECLAN

We're missing the coin toss!

BUCK

We should just use the web feed, this isn't working.

TRUCK

But we promised Doug.

BUCK

Fine. Let me take another look.

Buck goes over to his tablet and types in some commands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUCK (CONT'D)

That's weird. I'm getting some sort  
of interference.

The TV switches to a VIDEO OF A RUSSIAN BOY WRESTLING A BEAR.

BUCK (CONT'D)

What the hell?

They look over and see a RUSSIAN MOON ROVER sitting outside  
again. Inside, one cosmonaut holds a MASSIVE ANTENNA, while  
another GIVES THEM THE FINGER.

DECLAN

Motherfuckers!

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Katherine removes a final PAGE out of the printer and places  
it on the stack of documents in front of Doug.

DOUG

There it is, the signature page...

(Beat)

Maybe I should read it over again.

KATHERINE

Mr. Meeks! I must insist that you  
hurry up. There's a shuttle waiting  
and, while it would create an  
irritating amount of paperwork, I  
am perfectly capable of firing you  
and having your replacement sign  
that document.

Doug looks back up at the clock. He's really sweating now.

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Truck stands at the window, energetically giving the finger  
back to the Russians, while Buck continues to fiddle with his  
computer. Declan throws an empty can at the window.

DECLAN

You commie sons of bitches!

(To Buck)

Buck, what's going on down there?

BUCK

Hold up a minute. I'm realigning  
the antenna array.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Truck starts mooning the Russians, which enrages them. The Russian holding the antenna leans so far out of the rover to flip off Truck that he falls and CRACKS HIS HELMET ON A ROCK. He flails his arms to cover the crack and DROPS THE ANTENNA. Buck's feed instantly SWITCHES BACK TO THE GAME.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Got it!

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Doug reluctantly moves his pen towards the "Sign Here" box. At the last moment, the LIGHTS FLICKER AND GO OUT. The RED LIGHT comes on and he breathes a sigh of relief.

KATHERINE

What was that?

COMPUTER

The facility has lost power. Please remain calm.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Candace wears a TRASH BAG WITH ARMHOLES and a SPACE HELMET. She looks up at the red light, then takes out a CIGARETTE and a LIGHTER. She puts the cigarette in her mouth.

CANDACE

Showtime.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

The SPRINKLERS TURN ON and waste water starts spraying all over the office. Katherine gags at the smell and runs to the door, but can't get it open.

KATHERINE

Open this door!

COMPUTER

Electronic systems offline. Please wait for backup generator.

DOUG

Don't worry, this happens all the time! You just have to wait it out!

KATHERINE

Why does it smell like that!?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DOUG

It's really not too bad when you  
get used to it.

KATHERINE

WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL COULD GET USED  
TO THIS?

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Declan, Buck, Truck and Ashlee watch the game from Declan's  
pool, completely unfazed by the water spraying over them.

BUCK

Pass me a beer.

DECLAN

Get your own beer.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Katherine hurls herself at the door and slips and falls to  
the ground. As she curls up into the fetal position, Doug  
surreptitiously ACTIVATES THE CONTROL PANEL. The water stops,  
the lights go back on and the door THUNKS open. Doug quickly  
starts yelling over the computer.

DOUG

See! I told you, nothing to  
worry about!

COMPUTER

Emergency override activated.

From the floor, Katherine glares at him for a BEAT.

DOUG

Now, where were we?

INT. AIRLOCK - DAY

Katherine (still wet) marches to the shuttle. Doug follows  
her, holding up a SOAKING WET BALL OF PAPERWORK.

DOUG

Wait, I was almost finished!

KATHERINE

That won't be necessary.

DOUG

Oh, come on. Give me another shot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

I'm afraid we'll have to scrap the whole project. It's clearly not fit for human habitation.

DOUG

Hold on a second. That's just not true. The vital functions all work, you saw yourself. We just need more time to work out the kinks.

KATHERINE

It may be able to support life, but I don't see any way this base could function as a luxury property.

DOUG

That's because I never told you about the recreational features our crew has been working on!

This piques her attention. Katherine stops and turns around.

KATHERINE

What recreational features?

DOUG

All sorts of stuff: live sports, a thriving marijuana crop, one of our colonists even managed to install a full sized swimming pool.

KATHERINE

A pool? I would have thought that was impossible, given the limited water supply.

DOUG

Not with my crew. All they think about is ways to make this a more enjoyable place to live.

Katherine mulls this over.

KATHERINE

I suppose we could allow the test to continue for the remainder of it's planned run, if the base is as promising as you say.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Oh, it definitely is. Abandoning us now would just be leaving money on the table.

KATHERINE

Fine, but I'll be keeping a close eye on you. If I find that you have mischaracterized the viability of this base, I'll see to it that you can't even get a job pumping gas in Cape Canaveral.

DOUG

You won't regret it.

KATHERINE

I better not. Goodbye, Mr. Meeks.

Katherine walks out and the airlock closes behind her. Doug waits a second to make sure she's gone, then lets out a TRIUMPHANT WHOOP. Just then, a SECTION OF THE CEILING FALLS OUT and lands behind him.

**END OF ACT 3**

TAG

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Doug watches the colonists play in the pool. Candace breaks off from the group and joins him.

CANDACE

You're really not going to go in?

DOUG

No.

CANDACE

Oh, come on. Stop moping. You'll find another job after the test.

DOUG

It's not that.

CANDACE

Sure, Buck has the computer codes and can now destroy the base at will, but he probably won't!

DOUG

No, not that either.

CANDACE

Then what is it?

Doug rolls up his sleeve to reveal his HORRIBLY INFECTED TATTOOS. Candace recoils.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

DOUG

Yeah, turns out airborne wastewater isn't good for fresh tattoos. Thanks for bringing up all that other stuff, though. Really makes me feel good about my decision.

CANDACE

Just gotta keep it together for three more years.

Doug takes a sip of beer and SIGHS.

DOUG

Three more years.

END OF PILOT