

ONE GIANT LEAP FOR MOLEKIND

written by

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EXT. FOREST

ABOVEGROUND EXT. FOREST, CAMPSITE - DAY

Sunlight shines down on a campsite in a beautiful, serene pine forest; birds are CHIRPING; a squirrel chases its companion across branches.

Although there is rubbish strewn all over the campsite, the animals do not seem to mind. A rabbit hops into view, sticking its nose in the air, sniffing curiously. Beside it is a smoking cigarette bud.

Abruptly, the cigarette bud bursts into flames with a comical WHOOMP sound. The rabbit freezes, startled.

PAN DOWN TO:

UNDERGROUND EXT. MOLE CITY - DAY

A peaceful lush green forest is disturbed as a small fire ignites inside its depths. The fire begins to grow and gradually begins to engulf the forest.

A thousand meters below the surface, a civilization consisting entirely of moles thrives underground. It is a sprawling, bustling city, with impressively tall office buildings - even from a distance, the HONKING of cars can be heard.

CULE is an ordinary office mole - ordinary in every conventional sense a respectable white-collared mole could be. He wears a neat blue suit and a fine pink tie, a splash of colour amongst the otherwise black-clad passersby around him. In his hand he holds a brown suitcase.

He is walking home from work. Cule heaves a great sigh as he recalls what transpired at work today.

SLAM TO:

A still shot of Cule at his small office cubicle, being scolded by his supervisor.

BACK TO:

Cule continues to walk, a drag in each step. He pauses to look up to the dirt that is his city sky. Around him, the passersby continue to move in the humdrum of daily life.

Abruptly, his nose twitches. He sniffs the air - there is a distinct burning smell, not entirely unfamiliar from the many charred meals that resulted from his abject bachelorhood.

CULE  
(curiously)  
Something is burning. Is something  
burning?

Cule turns, grasping the arm of a passerby.

CULE (CONT'D)  
(urgently)  
Hey, do you smell that?

The passerby shakes him off, annoyed.

Even as Cule scrambles to be heard, a large digital billboard nearby shows a news reporter talking.

NEWS REPORTER  
...global warming has taken a toll  
as temperatures in the tunnels  
continue to be on the rise...

Cule stumbles through street to the fire department. He rushes through the front of the fire station, looking panicked.

CULE  
FIRE! FIRE!

FIREFIGHTING MOLES  
Where?!

CULE  
I don't know! I smell something  
burning!

The FIREFIGHTING MOLES look at each other.

CULE (CONT'D)  
You've gotta believe me, I've never  
smelled anything like this before.  
I mean, I have, but...

Cule is kicked out on the curb, looking stunned.

Across the street, there is an OLD PREACHER. His clothing is old but well-worn, but his eccentricity is highlighted by his raggedy beard and overgrown whiskers, eyes barely be a sliver through the whiskers. He preaches passionately; beside him is a sign that reads 'The World is Ending'

## OLD PREACHER

Aliens, monsters, freaks! These  
flesh-bags are destroying our  
earth. We must be vigilant in the  
face of adversity, united in the  
face of doubt! Believe!

Cule looks convinced.

## OLD PREACHER (CONT'D)

Believe! Believe! Or united we  
stand or together we fall! Do you  
SMELL that?

Cule nods fervently. He steps forward, as if to cross the  
road - a car HONKS as it zooms past, and he stumbles back, a  
little thrown. He starts looking around, as if to cross the  
road.

## OLD PREACHER (CONT'D)

It's a sign from the beings above!  
I have been blessed with divine  
vision! I've seen them! This  
smell... is the smell of the world  
as we know it, crashing down around  
our ears!

Cule looks frantic to cross the road. At this moment, though,  
a tomato falls on the old preacher.

MOLE WHO PROBABLY LIVES IN THE  
APARTMENT UPSTAIRS

Shut up, old man!

Cule looks shocked and unsure. He stumbles, turning away,  
looking dejected.

## INT. DIMLY LIT BEDROOM - LATER

Camera is focused on the initials 'MASA' but it is a crayon  
drawing version of the logo on a paper on a wall, hung up as  
a poster.

Cule steps into the room, a weary drag in his steps. A slow  
pan around the room reveals a series of different  
paraphernalia: posters of "space" on the wall, a "world map",  
crayon drawings of a young mole in a protective "spacesuit".

Cule sits, hauling his suitcase onto the table with a grunt.  
He glances at it before heaving a great sigh. A leaflet falls  
to his table, yellowed with age - 'JOIN MASA TODAY!' is  
emblazoned proudly on the front.

He turns the leaflet around, revealing a handwritten note. He makes a surprised noise, sweeping away the dirt covering half the note with careful hands.

'Don't let dreams be dreams, little Molecule,' it says.  
'Love, Mom.'

For one second, Cule hears the laughter of a child - in his mind's eye, a small and young mole runs around the room excitedly, holding up what looks like a hybrid rocket drill toy and making mechanical sounds.

He turns. An object under the bed glimmers in the light. He stoops to look under the bed. It is the rocket drill toy.

He reaches for it...

EXT. FUTURISTIC BUILDING (MASA)

Cule builds his rocket. It is finished. He enters its cockpit and it launches into the air. Cule's face is full of determination as he pilots the rocket upward.

The town below him gets smaller and smaller as civilian moles turn into dots-- no, he can't see them anymore and the buildings become the dots.

The buildings fade away and there is nothing but dirt around him. It gets darker and darker and soon, he cannot see anything. He is surrounded by darkness. He looks around at the darkness and the rocket vibrates with increasing intensity until finally.

Light. Pure white light.

As his eyes adjust to the brightness, Cule looks up to see a clear blue sky and tall skyscrapers. He emerges from a manhole. Then pulls out a flag from his pocket(?) and sticks it into the ground.

NEWS REPORTER O.S.

One small step for a mole, one  
giant leap for mole-kind!

The flag flutters in the wind, on it is a crayon drawing of his dream, similar to that of the last astromole poster the audience sees in young Cule's room.