

FLAT EARTH SOCIETY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ILIAMNA LAKE CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Among the dense Alaskan wilderness, towering mountains, a lake; 77 miles of flat lifeless water. Ice encroaches upon the surface of the water, SAM CASEY (late 20s) stares out at it all.

Sam, a conspiracy theorist whose vitriolic demeanor eats away at his rugged appearance. He dresses like an Oregonian militiaman who walked into Abercrombie & Fitch.

SCOTTY

Your podcast?

Sam's adopted son, SCOTTY CASEY (11) sits painting the scene. He doesn't bother to look at his dad. Scotty, a skeptic at heart, quiet and unassuming but with a passive-aggressive demeanor that sucks the oxygen out of a room.

SAM

Oh yeah.

Sam moves over to look at the canvas at the edge of their small campsite. The only thing on the canvas, a depressive nightmarish rendering of the moon.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wow, that's awesome. You know for a while I worried I was raising Space Hitler.

Scotty's eyes remain glued to the canvas, hoping his silence and painting convey how he feels. Sam sways a bit as he tries to say something profound to his son.

SAM (CONT'D)

I mean I'm sure you'd be a great space Hitler, if you wanted to. You can be whoever you want to be. Jesus, your dad was better at this kind of stuff.

Sam looks down at Scotty, he focuses on the tinge of sadness in his eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Gonna stream in a minute, did you need anything?

SCOTTY

Silence.

Sam lumbers away from the campsite and pulls out his phone. He pulls up YouTube to start streaming, he points his phone at his face.

SAM

Amber, can you see me?

INT. AMBER'S ROOM NIGHT - NIGHT

A small Atlanta apartment, mini Tesla coils line shelves filled with Star Trek paraphernalia that gives the room a pulsating purple glow. It backlights AMBER SMALLSTORM (26) who sits at her computer desk.

A woman who wears her nihilistic worldview on her face. Her hair unkempt and frizzy

INSERT - YOUTUBE VIDEO

At the top, the title reads, EXPOSING THE TRUTH. On the right-hand side, the chat window. The chat filled with a barrage of messages expressing anticipation. In the center of the minimized window, a split screen video feed.

Amber waits, her faces scrunching up with some concern. One half of the video feed remains empty until Sam pops up on the other.

BACK TO:

AMBER

Yea, Sam I can see you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SAM AND AMBER

He scrutinizes her hair on his phone, it appears pixelated for a moment.

SAM

I think somethings wrong, your hair looks like pixelated shit. Never mind, the pixilation cleared up at least...

With a look of embarrassment, she fiddles with her hair.

SAM (CONT'D)

Welcome to Exposing The Truth: flat earth edition. I'm streaming live from Iliamna Lake.

AMBER

Should you be standing so close?
Didn't you say there was a sea
monster there

SAM

Yeah but it, uh, hates the cold.

AMBER

You guys should check out "Sam and
Tom's Cryptids Among Us" series if
you haven't already.

SAM

Yeah, we made some great content,
it doesn't deserve to be
forgotten...

He stares out towards the water, a bob in the water catches his attention, a fish, a cryptid? He doesn't notice Scotty heading back to his tent who glances at him with a look of concern. Sam snaps back into reality, well sort of.

SAM (CONT'D)

But today I'm here because just
look at how flat this lake is.

The universe responds to the bullshit with deafening SILENCE.

AMBER

I, uh, think you're referring to
the curvature formula. I have a
great video using algebra to
disprove it on my channel. --

SAM

Yeah, math is great but I mean you
can see the flatness. You don't
even need to really think about it.

Her annoyance builds, she rubs her face before pulling out a sketch from her cabinet.

AMBER

Oh, Sam check it out I got the
sketches for the packs done.

She holds up a sketch of an electromagnetic pack, formulas scribbled onto the margins.

SAM

Well, you gotta test them first
right. Scientific method and all
that?

AMBER

Yeah but I'm confident they will work.

SAM

Sure you are, either way, they're awesome. Reminds me of the packs from Ghostbusters.

She takes a deep breath, she struggles to suppress her rage.

SAM (CONT'D)

10,000 subscribers, you guys make our inventions and adventures possible. It means the world to us that we receive support from around the globe.

Amber scratches her head pretending that she didn't hear that screwup. Scotty groans from his tent.

SAM (CONT'D)

By the way, guys that was a joke.

He walks over to the campsite and pulls chocolate milk out of a cooler. He pops it open like a Sunday beer.

AMBER

You still drink chocolate milk?

SAM

Well, it's for Scotty.

Scotty yells out from his tent.

SCOTTY (O.C.)

No, it isn't!

SAM

You know what screw it, yes I do. I don't let politicians tell me who I can love. I'm done conforming to the media's notion of "masculinity" by drinking their disgusting white milk.

AMBER

So getting back on track, so you've talked about the flight from New Zealand to what was it --

SAM

Santiago Chile. The flight times don't add up and how can you explain why there are so few flights?

AMBER

I'm telling you it's the Pac-Man effect. For our new viewers let me recap --

Scotty peers out of his tent dressed in his pajamas. Sam puts his phone down for a moment.

SCOTTY

Dad, can you please move farther away if you wanna scream about Santiago.

Scotty slams the tent's Velcro notch shut.

SAM

Sorry. Love you, Scotty...

AMBER

As you approach the edge of the screen, the space-time barrier teleports you to the other side.

Amber's computer screen displays a game of Pac-Man.

AMBER (CONT'D)

These electromagnetic packs would disrupt the barrier allowing someone to reach the edge of the earth.

Pac-Man goes offscreen and reappears on the other side.

SAM

How does humanity fit into this example, are we Pac-Man or the ghosts?

AMBER

What?

SAM

They both teleport don't they?

AMBER

I don't know I guess we're Pac-Man.

SAM

Wouldn't you be Mrs. Pac-Man?

She facepalms hard and screams into her hands. Sam stares at the sealed up tent feeling cut off from his son.

INT./EXT. CABIN - ARTISTS LOFT - NIGHT

An isolated luxurious cabin sits among the Alaskan wilderness. A wide open artists loft, moonlight pours in from the skylight.

We see through the window Sam laying on the ground. He stares up at a painting hanging on the wall. Abstract with a splatter of colors save for the face of a Tasmanian Tiger. It almost seems to stare at Sam.

He stares at a glass of chocolate milk. He sits up a bit and tosses it down like a sad drunk. He pulls up a flat earth convention pamphlet, a series of intricate tabs spring out.

He pulls on the tabs. They manipulate the sun and moon to orbit above a picture of the Earth. It doesn't hold his interest long, he fiddles with his wedding ring.

INT. CABIN - SCOTTY'S ROOM (LATER)

Scotty stares at the ceiling, the night sky in all its beauty rendered with glow-in-the-dark paint. It almost seems to twinkle. The door SLAMS open.

SAM

Scotty are you packed?

SCOTTY

Dad, can you remember to knock?

Sam sees Scotty's luggage fully packed.

SAM

Sorry yeah, I need to, especially at your age.

Cringe chokes the air between them, Scotty stares off into space as Sam wriggles uncomfortably.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hey, did you pack your art supplies?

SCOTTY

Why?

Sam packs art supplies into Scotty's bag.

SAM

We'll have downtime at the convention.

SCOTTY

What am I going to do, paint cornfields?

SAM

Your dad painted the Wolfman of Illinois there once.

SCOTTY

Is that the dog that stands on his hind legs.

SAM

The proper term is "unknown upright canine".

He anticipates Scotty's reaction and hesitates.

SAM (CONT'D)

Who happens to be photo-shy.

SCOTTY

Of course, he is...

Sam notices Scotty staring up at the ceiling.

SAM

You know the night before you moved in, your dad stayed up all night painting that.

Scotty looks down at Sam for a moment showing some interest, he returns to staring at the stars.

SAM (CONT'D)

Well, I guess I'd better pack too.

Sam heads towards the door, he pauses. At a loss for words, he turns off the light and leaves.

INT./EXT. FLAT EARTH CONVENTION CENTER - LOBBY - NOON

A crowd pours in through the lobby doors, some hold ridiculous conspiracy signs. The attendees explore a series of booths lining the conference room floor. Vendors sell flat earth earrings, models, and various other knick-knacks.

Scotty and Amber wait by the entrance for Sam.

AMBER
Where's your dad?

SCOTTY
I think he dressed to impress you.

AMBER
What?

SCOTTY
Like, all of you nutjobs. Not you,
you're only like, half-nutjob.

AMBER
Thanks, and your only half as
angsty as your dad told me you
were.

She smiles fiendishly. Scotty slouches against a column.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Here.

She hands him a Star Trek T-shirt with Picard doing his
infamous face-palm.

SCOTTY
Cool.

He adjusts his posture to hide his excitement.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Low-key, thanks.

He puts the shirt on, Amber cracks a small smile before the
door swings open. Sam enters wearing suspenders holding up a
giant plastic model of the flat earth.

He looks like a walking flat earth bird bath.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
I'm done.

Scotty wanders off as Sam approaches. Sam signals his
confusion to Amber.

AMBER
He is just gonna take a look
around. What are you wearing?

Sam tries to give her a hug, but water spills out of the model onto the ground. They walk together through the central pathway, Sam taking it all in.

SAM

Do you think Cliff will like it?

They walk past TIM (20s), a reject hipster, sitting at a booth his long beard braided with flat earth beads.

TIM

(yelling)

Looking good dude, good luck with your panel.

SAM

And good luck with exposing Matt Damon.

AMBER

What did Matt Damon do?

SAM

Six months after "The Martian", NASA proposes planting potatoes on Mars. They expect us to believe that was a coincidence?

AMBER

Damn NASA really ruins everything. So are you excited to finally meet Cliff?

INT. FLAT EARTH CONVENTION CENTER - MAIN STAGE - NOON (LATER)

A dimly lit stage, sepia tone footage projected on the screen, reminiscent of an old-time adventure serial. The audience shrouded in darkness as adventure MUSIC plays.

CLIFF DOVER (20s), energetic, dashing looks, the badass British equivalent of Indiana Jones.

SERIES OF SHOTS

--Cliff drinks tea when he hears a gun COCK, he tosses his tea up in the air. Spinning around with his bullwhip he knocks the gun out of the gunman's hand, then finishes his tea.

--Cliff scours an ancient Mayan temple. He clears the dust off the wall to reveal an ancient model of the flat earth etched in gold.

--Cliff discovers a gold mine, he high fives his brother ELLIOT (20s), lanky. The more book smart explorer between the two.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO:

CLIFF DOVER (60s), bitter and shrewd, with the bravado one would expect from a very drunk Sean Connery. He wears fairly tattered explorer apparel and a pith hat. He comes from behind the curtains coughing profusely.

In the panel's crowd, Scotty stands in front of a HECKLER wearing expensive attire and black-rimmed sunglasses.

HECKLER

Why am I even here, these guys are debunking themselves.

Scotty looks over his dad's ridiculous outfit and with a look of pleading in his eyes stares at him. They make eye contact, Sam looks back at Scotty with uncertainty.

He breaks eye contact turning his attention back to Cliff, Scotty disappears from sight.

SAM

Mr. Dover can I get you some water
--

CLIFF

Scotch neat.

Sam signals off-stage for someone to bring him a drink.

SAM

More of chocolatini man myself --

CLIFF

I just want to let you know that doesn't make you less of a man. Of course, unless you want to be less of one. My publicist says that's ok nowadays.

SILENCE, Amber shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

AMBER

Is it true? You've made a discovery related to the Pac-Man effect?

Cliff receives his drink and takes a capricious swig.

CLIFF

I believe you are familiar with Samuel Rowbotham.

SAM

Famous inventor, founder of Zetetic Astronomy?

CLIFF

The very same. You must know of the tragedy of the man? It's so sad that 63 baseless allegations of fraud can destroy a man... But shortly before his death, I believe he indeed invented a compass.

AMBER

The compass, capable of finding the weakest point in the space-time barrier? How does it work?

CLIFF

I don't know, but I do know I'm close to finding it here in Zion.

Clearly accustomed to relaying his exploits Cliff's light up in anticipation.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

My adventure started in New Zealand. I met a woman there named Montuban Ricardo. A truly dashing woman she loved me, naturally.

As Cliff rambles on bullshit permeates the air. Amber's eyes gradually grow wearier.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

A top NASA official was hot on my trail at the top of a volcano.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION CENTER MAIN STAGE - AFTERNOON(LATER)

A festival employee off stage taps his watch signaling for Sam to move on.

SAM

Ok, it's about time to move onto Q&A. First question?

Scotty emerges from the line with a look of defiance.

SCOTTY

In your panel, you raised a lot of questions about the moon. But if the earth is flat, why do people in different hemispheres see the moon inverse to each other?

Sam looks taken aback. He looks to Amber to answer the question but she knows this goes deeper than skepticism and stays out of it.

SAM

Amber do you wanna debunk this --

SCOTTY

How come hurricanes spin counter-clockwise in the northern hemisphere?

SAM

How can we really trust the weather channel?

By this point we realize his problems with his dad go deeper than embarrassment, he explodes in a tantric rage.

SCOTTY

So everything that doesn't fit in how it's supposed to, is some grand conspiracy to ruin your life?

Sam startled freezes he locks eyes trying to figure out the situation.

The HECKLER from before emerges. He takes off his glasses revealing himself to be Cliff's brother ELLIOT STICHELTON (50s). A space entrepreneur, English, he carries himself with a pompous demeanor.

His company's insignia emblazed on his suede jacket. People in the room start to chatter, people start pulling out there phones to record.

ELLIOT

Clifton resorted to brainwashing children, have we?

CLIFF

Elliot. NASA send you to silence me?

ELLIOT

I'm my own man now Cliff, I have my own company...

(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

No, but I am here to silence you.
I'm willing to fund an expedition
for you to find the edge of the
world.

The crowd chatters in anticipation.

AMBER

You might think it's bullshit but
we do need a way to pass the
barrier.

ELLIOT

I believe you have specifications
for electromagnetic packs?

AMBER

Yea, how did you --

ELLIOT

Perfect, my engineers will happily
make them. Them actually working is
another matter...

AMBER

They'll work.

CLIFF

I'll need a team to get the
compass.

Sam bustles with excitement. HIS CHANCE TO CHASE HIS DREAMS.
He looks to Scotty for affirmation like a desperate child.
Scotty sees how much it means to him, Scotty mouths "fine".

SAM

I'd be happy to --

Amber gestures in a circular motion with her hand towards
Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

I and Amber would be happy to help
you if we can Mr. Dover.

CLIFF

Of course, call me Cliff.

He puts his hand on Sam's shoulder, Sam looks at Amber who
smiles. They share a moment of great joviality, excitement
pours over their faces.

EXT. CORN FIELDS - DAY

An Illinois cornfield, the corn stretches for miles into endless monotony. Cliff studies a map.

CLIFF
(To Himself)
Elliot was always the map-guy.

He turns to Amber who emerges from the corn.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Drones?

AMBER
Drones?

CLIFF
Yes, you're the scientist don't you have drones?

AMBER
No, I don't have drones.

CLIFF
Useless twat.

He looks at his map before realizing what he said.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
That insult wasn't targeted at your gender mind you, my publicist --

AMBER
Publicist warned you, I understand.

Picking up on the sarcasm, Cliff crosses his arms.

CLIFF
I consider myself a feminist you know. I've mentored a diverse group of women throughout my adventures.

AMBER
Like who?

CLIFF
Erica Lockheart, Ali Aghdashloo, Brigitte Lin. However, I've come to the conclusion women aren't cut out for adventuring.

AMBER
Why is that?

CLIFF

Well, they tended to be good at puzzle solving, but so eager to learn and prove themselves that they never saw them coming.

AMBER

What coming?

CLIFF

Spike traps. Every damn one of them reduced to a bloody mess. Impossible to wash out in the wash as well.

This catches Amber off guard, she appears shaken as Cliff strolls past her.

SAM (O.C.)

Over here, guys, we got something.

They traverse through the corn to see Scotty take a necklace off a scarecrow.

SCOTTY

I think this is Mayan?

CLIFF

Really where did you learn that?

SCOTTY

Art History.

CLIFF

What are they teaching you kids these days? No no, this right here is Mayan.

Scotty and Amber look at each other in sympathy.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I have an idea.

He takes out his whip and pulls the scarecrow down which acts as a lever. A staircase leading into a tunnel opens up from the ground. Scotty and Amber turn on their flashlights and head down.

Sam sees Cliff struggling with back pain.

SAM

Can you show me how to that?

CLIFF

I'll do you one better.

He takes off his hat and takes out another whip and tosses it to Sam.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

You learn to keep a spare.

Sam admires it with childlike wonder.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

The most important thing is you have to look badass.

Sam adjusts into a relaxed posture and flashes a goofy smile.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

When a man sees you've pulled out a whip during a gunfight, what does he think? Humor me.

SAM

Why does he have a whip?

Sam admires the fine details of the whip.

SAM (CONT'D)

I mean it's badass --

IN A FLASH THE WHIP COILS AROUND SAM'S NECK. He lets go and Sam collapses to the ground gasping for air.

SAM (CONT'D)

Awesome! I get to choke you now right?

Cliff looks at him with incredulity.

INT. FLAT EARTH MAYAN TEMPLE - HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway appears to be a standard ancient Mayan temple except... Scotty and Amber are somehow standing at a 45-degree angle while remaining upright.

SCOTTY

There has to be a logical explanation.

AMBER

The Mayans came to America and discovered a gravity well?

She turns to face Scotty.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Oh god, I sound like those ancient
alien people don't I.

Scotty nods. He spots an elaborate set of ancient Mayan
glyphs along a wall.

SCOTTY

I don't mean just the room, Mayans
in Illinois...

Sam and Cliff stroll in jovially, Cliff confidently takes one
glyph. He walks up to the door at the end of the hallway and
shoves it into the wall. The room rumbles and the door behind
them SLAMS shut. The room fills with quicksand.

CLIFF

I don't understand that should have
been it. Or was it damn --

SAM

Why did it have to be sand.

SCOTTY

Could the Mayan's use weird shapes
or something to screw with us.

Sam stares at the ceiling in desperation. He sees a support
beam. He throws his whip upwards, it curls around it. He
grabs Scotty and pulls both of them up, Cliff does the same
with Amber.

AMBER

Maybe to throw off our vestibular
system...

CLIFF

English?

AMBER

It's an optical illusion. Do any of
the glyphs mean optics or illusion?

CLIFF

Yes, of course, bottom row, it
looks like --

The group now up to their necks in sand. Their heads hit the
ceiling.

SAM
Screw what it looks like, what does
it feel like?

CLIFF
It feels like a woman's --

Sam and Amber both look at him angrily and gesture towards
Scotty.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
The inside of a pomegranate.

Scotty ponders for a moment before Sam hands Scotty the whip
and dives down. Sam lets the quicksand take him, he battles
against the sand to find the glyph. The group watches the top
of sand for signs of life.

SCOTTY
Dad.

He maneuvers through the mucky sand, Sam grabs what he thinks
to be the right glyph and swims towards the door. The
quicksand sand now covers all but their faces which press
against the ceiling.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Dad.

The sand envelops them, all hope gone when suddenly SWOOSH.
The door opens and the sand starts to drain out, Sam still
missing in action.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Dad!

The quicksand falls into grates outside the door. Sam gasps
for air.

SAM
It's coarse and rough and it gets
everywhere.

Scotty hugs him tightly.

SAM (CONT'D)
I wouldn't let anything happen to
you, Scotty.

Tears stream down Scotty's face.

SCOTTY
It's not me I'm worried about.

Scotty storms off ahead, Cliff follows him. Sam remains frozen in place, slouched against the wall.

CLIFF

I'll keep an eye on him.

SAM

Am I bad dad, I mean I wasn't really ready for it.

AMBER

Ready for what?

SAM

Tom just showed up one day, he told me about this kid he was teaching art to at the foster home. I liked Scotty when I met him, but I went through with the adoption for Tom's sake.

AMBER

You know the day my mom went up, into flames.

She walks over to the glyphs just to face away from Sam, a memory too painful for eye contact. She pierces the silence with a depressive chuckle.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I was mad she was leaving so I stopped speaking to her. I didn't even touch her. So what did God or NASA or whoever do to punish me?

She looks him straight in the eye and makes an explosion gesture with her hands.

SAM

You were just a kid, I'm sure she understood.

AMBER

You're probably right, but god I would give anything to hug her the way Scotty hugged you. Anything.

Unsure of how to respond she extends her arm and helps him up, Scotty SCREAMS. They rush out the door and find Cliff with his arm braced against Scotty. A spike trap mere millimeters from Scotty's face.

SAM

Scotty are you okay!

Sam looks him over carefully.

SCOTTY
I'm fine dad.

Amber sees a corpse in astronaut attire impaled on the wall, she inches toward it.

CLIFF
Watch out.

The spike trap triggers, it comes flying towards her. Sam pulls out his whip and curls it around her. She falls back on top of Sam. They share each other's embrace and lock eyes as adrenaline surges through them.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
I warned you about making a bloody mess!

She gives Cliff a death glare. She stands up pissed as hell. Cliff turns sheepish and shies away from her.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
You know what I mean.

Amber examines the astronaut corpse. She slowly pulls up the visor to see a skeleton. Startled she freaks out and backs against the wall.

AMBER
What the hell!

CLIFF
Damn NASA agents must know about this place. Hopefully, they gave up and left without it.

SAM
NASA sucks, am I right?

SCOTTY
Wait so NASA sent agents dressed in space suits to an ancient Mayan temple in Illinois?

Scotty looks towards Amber for confirmation.

AMBER
Maybe those ancient alien guys were right.

Scotty pounds his head against the wall accidentally activating a hidden panel. The rocks move away revealing another room.

FLAT EARTH PLANETARIUM (CONTINUOUS)

An enormous circular room. Torches line the walls. In the center, a giant raised model of the globe. Cliff pulls out a cigar and a lighter.

He lights it and presses it against a torch. A trail of oil along the walls chain-ignites each torch, fully illuminating the room. Beyond the model of the earth on a giant metal pole a downsized sun, and at the far end of the room, the moon.

SCOTTY

That's gonna give you cancer.

CLIFF

Kid, this world has taken everything from me. I'd welcome it as a gift at this point.

They sprawl out and survey the room.

AMBER

The sun and the moon are reversed.

Cliff opens his mouth to say something.

AMBER (CONT'D)

If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say it.

SAM

Do you have anything useful Amber?

AMBER

Well we could try positioning it correctly.

They move the moon and sun to their correct position, NOTHING HAPPENS. Cliff takes a long hit of his cigar.

CLIFF

I don't have anything nice to say.

SAM SEES HIS OPPORTUNITY. The moment to turn what the world calls bullshit into reality. His eyes lock onto the models and he springs into action.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. FLAT EARTH PLANETARIUM - DAY - Sam pushes the moon and sun into place.

B) INT. BEDROOM OFFICE - NIGHT - A depressed Sam stares at his computer screen. In the chat window one comment reads: "What are you doing, why peddle bullshit for a living?"

C) EXT. FUNERAL GROUNDS - DAWN - An uncertain Sam stares at Tom's grave, Scotty looks up at Sam for answers.

D) INT. FLAT EARTH PLANETARIUM - DAY - Sam triumphantly finishes pushing the models into place.

END OF MONTAGE

The Sun and Moon models now positioned above the Earth. Nothing happens for a moment, then the Earth sinks into the ground becoming flat. The moon opens up to reveal the compass, the group share a moment of awe.

Cliff walkie-talkie BEEPS inside the satchel he carries. He takes it out and cranks the volume dial.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Cliff.

CLIFF

Elliot what are you doing here?

ELLIOT

NASA is on to you --

We HEAR the rough and tumble of a fight breaking out.

CLIFF

Elliot, hello?

A slow CLAP as a man emerges from the shadows, the terror of NASA. MATT DAMON (48), wearing a NASA flight suit. His shit eating grin reveals his Hollywood approved ivory teeth. He wields a five-seven pistol painted with a NASA logo.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Damon.

SAM

Damon.

DAMON

You know the boys at Huston said we should send another team. But I said you can always count on the great Cliff Dover.

Cliff postures defensively contemplating pulling out his whip.

CLIFF
I won't let you have it.

DAMON
The whip.

He raises his pistol, Cliff tosses the whip onto the ground.

AMBER
Wait what the hell is happening?

DAMON
Second whip?

Cliff tosses off his hat.

CLIFF
Lost it already.

Sam eyes his whip clipped onto his back out of sight.

SAM
He's a NASA operative.

DAMON
Captain actually, Captain Matt
Damon. A proud family tradition
going back to 1969.

AMBER
My mom, wait it was all pretend --

She struggles to process this information, she inadvertently gets under Damon's skin. Damon looks down and rocks his head back and forth.

DAMON
Pretend? You wanna know what the
best part of playing pretend is?

AMBER
Planting shit potatoes?

He chuckles but lets the insult wash off his back.

DAMON
Watching the special effects.

His shit-eating grin too much, she tries to lunge at him. Sam struggles to hold her back.

SCOTTY

Can I...

Damon's smugness stops, with such genuine encouragement he invites gestures for Scotty to come closer.

DAMON

What is it kid?

SCOTTY

Can I get your autograph?

DAMON

Of course man.

Damon hands him a notepad to hold while he signs. Scotty looks at Sam, he mouths the words "get ready"

SCOTTY

I think you should have won best actor instead of that boring bear guy.

Damon's eyes light up.

DAMON

Wow, what a nice kid you have man.

SAM

Thanks man.

Amber gives Sam the evil eye. Damon pats Scotty on the head, he seizes the opportunity. Scotty hits the pistol's magazine release, it drops to the ground, CLANK.

Damon realizes what happened he goes to pistol whip Scotty when Sam's whip coils around his hand. Amber runs up and punches Damon knocking him to the ground. They look judgmentally at Cliff standing idly, he relights his cigar.

CLIFF

Age-shaming bastards. You should be ashamed.

Amber spots Damon trying to get up and kicks him.

AMBER

The book was better.

SCOTTY

Actually, I really liked the movie.

Damon hits the ground reeling in pain.

DAMON

Thanks, kid fans mean the world to me.

She kicks him again, Damon groans in pain.

AMBER

My mom, we're you a part of that?

DAMON

No, where they send the rockets, why they blow up is all top secret.

AMBER

I want answers, why did she have to die?

She notices Damon's walkie-talkie lying on the ground.

HUSTON (V.O.)

This is Huston. Agent you've passed your designated check in time. Cryptid backup is being deployed.

A terrifying HOWL breaks the tension, the WOLFMAN OF ILLINOIS. A large wolf that walks upright on its hind legs, its appearance a mix of scary and derpy. It waddles over, appendages swinging like a puppet on strings.

Damon takes advantage and runs back towards the hallway, Amber gives chase.

SAM

Amber!

The Wolfman ROARS, Cliff picks up his whip. Sam joins him in whipping at the beast.

HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Damon rushes past the hallway door and pulls out the glyph. Amber notices the door slowly sinking towards the ground. She hesitates. He smashes the glyph against the wall.

DAMON

What's more important?

A final grin, he runs out bumping Elliot using his walkie-talkie.

ELLIOT

Clifton come in some guys jumped me, are you ok? --

Elliot regains his composure and sees Amber failing terribly to hold the door open.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Was that --

The Wolfman's HOWL echoes through the hallway.

AMBER
Matt Damon, Wolfman, help...

She notices the glyphs while straining against the door hatches an idea.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Glyphs, Door.

It takes Cliff hesitates for a moment looking puzzled. His face light up with recognition and repositionsthe glyphs.

FLAT EARTH PLANETARIUM (CONTINUOUS)

The trio slowly backs up towards the door, Sam lands a whip on the creatures face. Sam and Cliff whip again, the creature now filled with rage, grabs the whips and throws them away.

Scotty pulls up the camera app on his phone.

SCOTTY
Dad.

With a look of understanding, Sam takes the phone and springs into action. He snaps pictures of the Wolfman, it shields its face with a look of embarrassment. They back into the portion of the hallway just outside the door.

HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Elliot and Amber in the meantime stacked glyphs to prop the door open. The door now half closed Scotty crawls under first, followed by Cliff. Sam realizes he won't be able to crawl under while taking pictures.

He eyes the astronaut's corpse, ribs protrude out from it. He breaks a rib and tosses it, the Wolfman chases after it like a frisbee. The door now mere inches from closing, Sam dives under his foot gets caught he screams.

The group look at him terrified.

SAM

No those were my best pair, water resistant, llama wool, I got them on sale!

They collectively groan realizing that their concern was misplaced.

ELLIOT

Are you alright?

CLIFF

Fine.

Cliff gives Elliot the cold shoulder refusing to be appreciative.

ELLIOT

Damnit, Clifton I came here to help you.

CLIFF

Maybe your part of a ruse, a robot or something. Also, stop calling me that.

Cliff looks him in the eyes and walks away making angry hand gestures. Some distance away a helicopter engine WHIZZES as it starts up.

ELLIOT

God damn your childish antics, Cliff Dover what nonsense.

SAM

Wait, what's your real name?

CLIFF

Don't you say it.

ELLIOT

Clifton Stichelton. Not very adventurous sounding is it?

Cliff angrily locks eyes with Elliot. A helicopter soars by with Matt Damon, he gives them the bird.

SCOTTY

Can talk about the fact that we were attacked by Matt Damon and for some reason, a Wolfman!

SAM

Isn't it obvious, the Wolfman, the Loch Ness monster, Sasquatch. Me and your dad had trouble getting evidence because they were all caught and tamed by NASA!

Scotty's brain breaks he grabs his head and sits in the corner of the room. Elliot pays no attention to the distraction, his focus solely on Cliff.

ELLIOT

My contacts inside NASA notified me that your life was in danger. Did he manage to steal it?

CLIFF

Of course not, that's why you're here, you want the compass?

ELLIOT

When I left our adventuring days behind, I thought I was chasing my dreams. My dreams slowly turned into a nightmare. That's why I started my company, why I sent you on this mission.

CLIFF

You expect me to believe you want to expose not only NASA but your company as liars?

A standoff neither side willing to budge, both carry a guarded posture. Amber interrupts walking up to cliff, she looks at the group.

AMBER

I believe him.

She turns to face him.

AMBER (CONT'D)

First you need to answer some questions. What happened to my mother?