

NASA Script

By

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FADE IN

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1 EXT. SPACE 1

Stars. They're everywhere. They fill everything in sight. We slowly move closer, examining them. In awe.

We snap to another image of space, unsure of how we got there. Instead of questioning it, we're taken aback by the hauntingly beautiful vastness of space.

Image after image come and go, we're traveling. Time and distance aren't an issue. Then...

2 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 2

COLEMAN WAKES UP

He has his work uniform still on from the night before. Stubble on his face, a lot on his mind. He lies in bed, looks up at his ceiling and remains silent. After a brief moment passes, he sits up on his bed, feet on the floor.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

I never gave that much thought to my dreams. My whole life, they were just sort of...there. I didn't remember most of them and the ones I did remember, rarely made sense. I know some people put a lot of stock in them, or at least some stock in them. But I wasn't one of those people.

Coleman gets up and gets ready for work.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

My dreams are all I can think about.

3 EXT. SPACE 3

We're traveling through space again. Much more rapidly. We're...searching.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

My job used to mean something. My relationships had weight. Now, this is all I...care about.

Stars. Planets. The Sun. The Moon.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

I started having the dreams 101  
days ago.

4 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 4

Coleman wakes up and starts the route again.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

On that first night it was a mad  
dash of images. I felt...*felt*, like  
I was there. Flying through space.  
I saw worlds, stars, everything. It  
was overwhelming.

(beat)

Then I saw something...

5 EXT. SPACE 5

The mad dash.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

...incredible. It was unlike  
anything I had ever seen before in  
my entire life. It filled me with  
meaning. Purpose. The rush finally  
stopped and there I was, locked  
eyes with...everything. All there  
was. But just for a moment. Then it  
was gone.

6 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 6

Coleman wakes up. Stares at the ceiling.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

It's been 100 days since I've seen  
it. All I Want. is to see it again.

7 MONTAGE - VARIOUS 7

A.) INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - Coleman wakes up.

B.) INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - Coleman rushes to bed.

C.) EXT. SPACE - Traveling through space.

D.) INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - Coleman wakes up again.

8 EXT. SPACE 8

Coleman searches the cosmos.

COLEMAN (V.O)

I search every night. It's what I  
look forward to. The empty feeling  
when I wake up from another night  
without seeing it is, well.. empty.  
I've started seeing the same places  
over and over but even still, this  
view, this sight. Is...magnificent.  
Failure never looked so good.

(beat)

And then I wake up.

9 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 9

Coleman in bed.

COLEMAN (V.O)

And there it is again.

Sees the ceiling fan spinning. Mocking him.

10 MONTAGE - VARIOUS 10

A.) INT. APARTMENT - DAY - Coleman walks down the hall.

B.) INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - Coleman reads a book, gives up  
and tosses it across the room.

C.) INT. BEDROOM - EVENING - Through the blinds, we see  
Coleman get into his car.

D.) INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - Coleman gets into bed.

COLEMAN (V.O.)

Days off are the worst. I can't  
work to try to take my mind off it  
and I can't nap to try to find it.  
I don't dream when I nap. It has to  
be at night...

11 EXT. SPACE 11

Coleman surfs the skyways.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
 ...In my bed. I can't dream  
 anywhere else.  
 (beat)  
 but it can still be pretty  
 distracting when I'm not dreaming.

12 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 12

Coleman, lost in thought, fills his cup of water to the brim and then some. When the water hits the counter, he snaps out of it and responds.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
 I don't know what to do anymore.

FADE OUT

13 EXT. SPACE 13

Peacefully quiet, Coleman drifts over plants, gazes at stars, delights in the universe.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
 Oh, I love this spot.

He stops to appreciate the spot when it SNAPS to another image.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
 Wait. This is new. I haven't. This  
 is the first new place in weeks. I  
 must be getting close.

Before He gets a chance to study this place like he has all others and appreciate it. He takes off.  
 The mad dash.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
 I. Have. To find it.

Image after image at light speed. He's desperate.

14 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 14

Coleman wakes up.

COLEMAN  
 No!

Coleman gets out of bed. His bed remains untouched until he returns at night.

15 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 15

Coleman gets into bed with his work clothes on.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
Okay, this is it.

Coleman shuts his eyes.

16 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 16

Coleman wakes up.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
What? No. What?

He didn't dream.

17 MONTAGE - VARIOUS 17

A.) INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - Coleman rushes to bed.

B.) INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - Coleman wakes up.

C.) INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - Coleman rushes to bed again.

B.) INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - Coleman wakes up again.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
What is happening? I don't  
understand!

18 INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 18

Coleman sits up on his bed. His feet on the floor. He looks down, hands together.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
I haven't had the dreams in a week.  
They're gone.

19 EXT. PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING 19

Coleman walks out to his car. His head drifts up to the sky. The moon is out, floating above him, nestled in the sky. It's beautiful, he can't help but stop and stare.

20 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 20

Coleman plops down onto his bed. Unlike before. He lies down, looks up at his fan and enjoys a silent moment.

He thinks about beauty. The beauty in this world, the beauty beyond it. He feels tiny as he starts to embrace the fact, the idea that beauty is all around him, in everything. He's such a small part of it all, but it's all somehow still empowering.

He drifts asleep.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

21 EXT. SPACE 21

There it is.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
(almost a whisper)  
There it is.

We stare at it, gazing in wonder.

For a while.

22 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 22

Coleman wakes up peacefully, smiles and jumps out of bed.

FADE OUT