

OVER THE MOON

Written by

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INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE SWEATSHOP - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Fluorescent lights. Grey cubicles. Fake plants.

MARIELA (O.S.)

I will be happy to assist you with your wireless upgrade. For security purposes may I have your date of birth and telephone number please.

INT. CUBICLE - DAY

MARIELA (24) has delicate features, moon-like eyes, and a beauty not quite of this world. She looks small and out of place.

Sitting in front of a computer, she speaks into a headset, reciting by rote.

MARIELA

While I am waiting for your account to load, may I interest you in our ten gigabyte storage plan for only 9.99 per month?

Mariela looks over at the staff table, strewn with store-bought scones and pastries.

MARIELA (CONT'D)

It shows here that your ran over your data limit within ten days...

Mariela's stomach gurgles, almost a growl.

MARIELA (CONT'D)

You currently subscribe to our unlimited family plan, which means communication between the mobile devices listed under your data plan is free.

She types away and her eyes lazily wander over to her COWORKERS standing around the staff table, talking.

COWORKERS

Four confident, well-dressed people. They hold coffee mugs and motion assuredly with their hands.

MARIELA (CONT'D)

Are you communicating with devices
other than the four devices listed
under your family plan?

ON MARIELA

Talking on the phone, eyes fixated on her coworkers - as if
possessed - HOLY -

COWORKERS FROM THE WAIST DOWN

They roll their bellies in unison, wavelike undulations.

MARIELA (CONT'D)

We have unlimited waving waves.

ON MARIELA

She shakes her head, as if to clear her vision.

COWORKERS - FROM THE WAIST DOWN

Hold coffee mugs and water cups, completely normal.

Mariela recovers with just a hint of disturbance.

MARIELA (CONT'D)

Unlimited data, bandwidth,
sometimes called wavelengths,
industry term, excuse me. Ma'am,
Ma'am?

Dial tone.

COWORKERS

All snap their heads in unison to stare, with frozen
expressions of disdain - "WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?"

To her left, WARREN, her coworker, is peering over the
cubicle wall at her, menacing.

Mariela snaps her head back to her computer screen,
determined to not be distracted again.

Standing at the entrance of her cubicle is

DJANGO

(30) the bike messenger. He is an urban male extraordinaire -
killer smile, great shape, used to being noticed.

DJANGO

Mariela.

You can tell he likes her by the way he says her name.

Mariela is far too deep into her own world to notice him.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

This is for you.

MARIELA

(distracted)

Thanks.

DJANGO

Thank you.

She looks back to her computer screen.

Django leans against her cubicle wall and lingers.

Eventually, she looks over at him, expectant.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

You have to sign for it.

MARIELA

Oh.

Mariela sign it and hands the document back to him.

He smiles, thoroughly taken.

MOMENTS LATER

DJANGO walks by her cubicle with his bicycle but she does not look up.

He tries again, this time making more noise.

Frustrated, DJANGO RIDES HIS BIKE past Mariela a third time - and does:

A CRAZY BIKE TRICK.

Mariela looks over, momentarily delighted.

The PHONE RINGS again. Mariela shakes her head - as if to clear her mind of what she just saw and puts her headset on.

MARIELA (CONT'D)

(sotto, muttering)

Just cause I see things doesn't mean they're there.

(MORE)

MARIELA (CONT'D)

Just cause I see things doesn't
mean -

(On Phone)

I will be happy to assist you with
your wireless upgrade.

ON DJANGO

Looking at Mariela confounded. No response? Nothing? Alright
then, it is on.

Django struts into an adjoining cubicle, determined.

INT. NONDESCRIPT CUBICLE

WARREN, a customer service rep is on a call.

WARREN

I do apologize, my computer is very
slow today. Just a moment while the
system updates here.

(then)

Django! What's up man?

Warren place the customer on hold.

DJANGO

What's the deal with her?

WARREN

Mariela?

Django nods.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I wouldn't go there. She's
kinda nutzoid. She was out on
leave and we think it was looney
bin kinda leave.

DJANGO

She doesn't seem crazy.

WARREN

Sometimes I catch her staring at
me, like I'm an alien. Pretty girl
no doubt but she's the type to cook
your dog and serve it to you for
dinner.

Django does not look convinced.

WARREN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Okay, so your data history finally loaded here, and it looks like you should be on a family plan. Oh, well our complimentary three month Direct TV plan -

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mariela walks out of her work building for her lunch break, brown paper lunch bag and purse in hand.

OVERHEAD

Behind Mariela, Django RUNS ALONG A BUILDING ABOVE HER AND JUMPS OFF THE EDGE - landing effortlessly on the street.

Mariela did not see his trick, but her body reacts to the sound, and she turns around to try and see him, but Django is scaling the side of another building, just out of her view.

Django climbs up the side of the brick building and lets out a small whistle - he wants her to see this one.

He JUMPS FROM ONE ROOFTOP TO ANOTHER - over a rising moon in the daytime sky.

Mariela watches, more relaxed now, enjoying the tricks her mind plays on her.

WOW! Look at him go! *Beyond human.*

As soon as his feet touch the ground he runs across the street to WALK UP A WALL AND FLY BACKWARDS - FLIPPING.

THEN

He FLIPS SIDEWAYS off the top of the roof, down to the awning, and flips again as he descends to the sidewalk in front of her.

Django jumps down and appears right in front of her - suddenly.

They stand there awkwardly for a moment... neither quite sure what to say next.

MARIELA

Did you - was that... real?

He does a standing BACKFLIP in thin air, lands, smiles at her, and nods.

DJANGO

Real.

He extends his hand. She takes it.

He starts running down the street and she follows, smiling for the first time that day.

FALLING IN LOVE MONTAGE

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

Mariela watches Django skip stairs like he's playing hopscotch. He leaps from the ledge at the top of the stairs to a large cement rectangle. At the top he does a victory dance. She smiles.

EXT. TALL BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

Django spots Mariela as she steps carefully into a handstand, balancing on a low square structure on the rooftop. He helps her down. Then he repeats the handstand, but he jumps out of it in a crazy dismount.

He moves to kiss her, but she freezes.

DJANGO steals a kiss on the cheek and then grabs her hand and they run out of frame.

EXT. CHATSWORTH PARK - DAY

ON THE GRASS - A funny moment as DJANGO does an aerial over Mariela while she is lying down. He leaps over her again.

He teaches her cartwheels and wall spins. She falls and storms off - but a second later she comes back and does a cartwheel over his knees.

BALLOON GUY

Django and Mariela see a balloon salesman in the park. Django hands the vendor money and takes the whole bunch! Mariela's walks alongside Django, holding a massive bunch of balloons.

TRAIN TRACKS

They walk along the train tracks, flatten pennies on the rail, and climb above the open tunnel to let their feet hang off the ledge.

PLAYGROUND

Joy. Swinging. Dismounts.

IN THE TREES

He walks along the swaying limbs. She is scared, but he spots her and she learns to walk on the moving branches, just like him.

She does a successful wall spin! They celebrate.

INT. MARIELA'S BEDROOM - DAY

She and Django sit on her bed, talking. He inches closer.

Mariela stands up and walks over to the record player.

She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

MARIELA'S VISION

Mariela looks like a disgusting shadow of herself - Her hair is wound into little snail like bits and red lipstick is smeared halfway across her face.

She steps back in fear, shakes her head as if to clear her vision, and looks again.

It is still there. The vision won't go away.

DJANGO

Are you alright?

Mariela hugs herself and mutters.

MARIELA

Just cause I see things doesn't
mean they're there... Just cause I
see

DJANGO

(trying to snap her out of
it)

Hey, hey... What is it?

She rocks herself.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

Just tell me.

She open her eyes and looks at him.

MARIELA
I see things.

DJANGO
(making light)
Yeah? So do I...

MARIELA
That aren't there.

DJANGO
No worries. Everybody sees stuff
that's not there. Here - look...

Django starts doing a dog shadow puppet on the wall.

DJANGO (CONT'D)
That's what shadows are...

MARIELA
(looking possessed)
I see crazy things, Django. I don't
think you understand.

DJANGO
(starting to get the
gravity of the situation)
I'll fight 'em for you.

MARIELA
Yeah right.

DJANGO
Don't think I'm strong enough?

Django bounces down and does a one-arm push up.

Mariela laughs...

He stands up and approaches her... getting closer again,
closer still. He leans for a kiss...

Mariela's eyes dart left - she freezes when she sees the
shadow of a man silhouetted against the wall.

THAT'S IT! Django has had it with these vision of hers
getting in the way.

He grabs a parasol hanging next to her laundry basket -
lurches toward the corner she is staring at and beats the
imaginary demon to smithereens.

Mariela watches in amazement as Django fights the silhouetted man, and the man fights back, finally bested by Django, and shrinking into nothingness.

Her eyes dart right. Django leaps to the right, and flattens his back against the wall.

He reaches back into the closet, sight unseen and grabs a mop.

In a burst he rushes the right corner of the room and does a spectacular martial arts routine - WOW! Spins and jabs and crosses.

The shadow, which has grown to look even more menacing, just slinks away as Django continues his flashy routine, far out of reach.

When he's done he turns to her proud of himself, and smugly asks:

DJANGO (CONT'D)
Did I get it?

MARIELA
It's over there now...

Mariela shyly shrugs and points to the headboard of the bed.

Django takes a deep breath, a little exasperated, but then he hits the floor - FLAT. He grabs one of her high heeled shoes and pretends it is a gun.

DJANGO
Am I close?

MARIELA
Yes.

Django grabs her by the skirt and pulls her to the ground with him. She squeals in protest.

DJANGO
Take the gun.

MARIELA
What are you talking about?

DJANGO
Take it.

MARIELA
Django I feel ridiculous.

Django ducks for cover, as if there was an explosion.

MARIELA (CONT'D)

This is not a game...

DJANGO

(Shouting)

GET DOWN!!!

Django covers her head as HE MAKES an EXPLOSION SOUND. They hover for a moment, waiting to see if another bomb will drop. He pulls her toward him.

MARIELA

I think you should go.

DJANGO

And leave you in a warzone alone?

No way.

MARIELA

Django, it's been this way my whole life.

He is not ready to give up.

DJANGO

Let's get outta here. Come on.

Mariela drags her feet as they leave.

EXT. ROCKY CANYON - DAY

They scramble up to the top of a huge rock outcropping, overlooking the canyon.

Django leaps from one rock to the other - crazy, beautiful, daring.

DJANGO

Now you try.

MARIELA

You're crazy.

DJANGO

Well actually, you're the one...

MARIELA

Not funny.

DJANGO

Just try it. You can do it... You catch air and then lay out... Like this -

He demos again.

MARIELA

I'm not like you.

DJANGO

If I can do it, you can do it. You always give into your fear. Just do what I do - watch.

He leaps down off of the rock to a clearing below them, effortlessly.

Then looks up at her and motions for her go. She decides to jump but she clenches just as she takes off and...

She falls. And falls and keeps falling... as if in a dream. After an four, five, so many levels of falling down the rabbithole she lands on the dirt, HARD. The wind knocked out of her - gone.

He rushes over to her, but

Mariela's eyes are dead. She has turned SEPIA - the color of the earth beneath her.

He examines her - she is transparent - see through...

DJANGO (M.O.S.) (CONT'D)

(desperate)

Mariela! Mariela!

He waits, and waits, and waits for an imagined eternity. Django watches the wind rustling the leaves.

The sun sets, the moon rises and falls, the stars travel across the sky.

The sun rises again.

Mariela is still SEPIA...

A wind picks up and

Django looks at her, more in love now than he ever was - a man humbled, and desperate.

He turns his eyes to the sky, asking for help.

He stares straight into the sun, until it is all he can see, and everything is obliterated by light. From a distant place, the SOUND of BREATH is heard. It grows in strength and Django takes a breath and leans down and starts blowing warmth into her shoulder.

Color blooms into her flesh - turquoise, purple, orange.

The color blooms and travels toward her center, growing, gathering momentum.

He blows into the side of her hip, then her other leg.

Django sits back, watching the colors grow and run toward each other, down each limb, filling her flesh. When the color in every last bit of her body has returned -

She wakes up. In one giant breath. Coming back to life.

DJANGO looks angelic almost. Turquoise eyes and a white glow around him...

MARIELA

Did I do it?

DJANGO

Yeah, you did it.

Moments later she is standing - looking around her - at Django, her body - the ground - the rock that she jumped from

When SHADOW PEOPLE, who look strangely similar to her coworkers, emerge from the rocks. They are angry, stooped, mewling, hungry ghosts.

Django is standing there, looking at her, so in love - so present, so ready to be with her. Mariela sees the shadow people come toward her, gathering around them.

She sticks out her hand, as if to tell a dog to stay, and ignores the shadow people. They kind of mill around in waiting.

Mariela deliberately leans toward Django and kisses him. Sparks fly!

The shadow people grow bored, get tired of waiting, and slink off into the distance.

Django, as he is kissing Mariela, starts floating, just a few inches off the ground.

She opens her eyes and they realize what is happening.

He flaps his arms as if it is a joke, but realizes he really can fly, as he rises into the air.

They are delighted, almost heady. She grabs his hand and

EXT. OPEN SPACE - SUNSET

They run off into the sunset, as he floats beside her like a balloon.

THE END.