

THANK THE LUCKY STARS!

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COLD OPEN

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The night side of our very own EARTH glows gently with the sun on its horizon.

Above it in high-earth orbit is the silhouette of a space station shaped like a spinning top - an alien spaceship, the ALMAGEST. It is surrounded by a bubble of glowing energy.

The energy bubble flickers a few times before disappearing without a trace. Then, an EXPLOSION on one of the spires causes the ship to shake, with a very muffled BOOM following. Then there's a second, more powerful explosion.

One of the spires rumbles and collapses...

INT. THE ALMAGEST

With stone walls and silky drapes, a dreamy, castle-like look makes up the interior... but fires have sprung up and debris CRASHES down from the ceiling.

A metal beam clatters to the ground right in front of one of the ship's inhabitants, who jolts back.

It's CHANCE, a humanoid alien whose body and hair looks like it's made of fire and light - a 'stelloid.' He breathes very rapidly and shallowly.

The ship shakes again as he stumbles down the corridor he's in - he sees another of his kind on the other end of a doorframe...

But as he hobbles, a shadowy figure SWOOPS past the door and causes an explosion, collapsing the way forward. Chance is knocked onto his behind by the shock wave.

Chance's eyes struggle to stay open. He crawls towards another side of the room, where he finds himself on an open balcony.

INT. THE ALMAGEST - BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

He turns back around to see the same shadowy figure, hunched over with a black and purple aura coming off of him, in the middle of the room among all of the flames - that LUNGES for him!

Chance yelps and fumbles over the edge of the balcony - when the soles of his feet spew jets of flame like a rocket, and he boosts out backwards into space.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Chance throws his arms behind him and they act like thruster rockets too, stabilizing his course.

Chance's POV: he looks to his left and right, seeing junk riddled around the now faraway Almagest. A bright twinkle of purple light starts shining through the flames at the very top of the Almagest.

Slowly, Chance begins to re-approach the Almagest in a gradual drift, when the shadowy figure - the devious NIGHTCORE - POUNCES onto Chance and latches on tight with a bear hug!

Chance shrieks and struggles in Nightcore's sludgy arms for a while, but manages to hold a hand up right to his deranged grinning face.

Light accumulates in Chance's palm as he BLASTS Nightcore with a pulse of energy, and the two shoot apart from each other, sending Chance rolling through space backwards.

Chance begins speed up, like he's falling -- he IS falling, he's been caught by Earth's gravity! Panic spreads across his eyes.

He paws at the sky, then tries to swim through it, and then sustains a YELL as he plummets into the upper atmosphere straight towards the surface below.

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EXT. OUTER SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

From afar, flaming projectiles continue to bombard the Almagest, until the bubble of glowing energy surrounds it again -- it's a force field, deflecting the rest of the firepower.

The entire space station DAZZLES its surroundings in blinding blue, and then ROCKETS away in the blink of an eye, leaving a trail of light that leads further away in the direction of the Moon behind it.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The Moon continues to shine down on Earth, where two young humans are climbing up a hill carrying a large telescope together - the bright, bubbly CELINA (20) and the stiff, matter-of-fact NEWT (21).

They reach the top of the hill.

NEWT

And at ease. Okay, now just place it down on its legs.

Celina lowers herself carelessly causing the telescope to jolt.

NEWT (CONT'D)

Gently-- Celina, gently!!

The telescope nearly slips out of Newt's hands, and he squeals. Celina can't help but stifle a snort.

NEWT (CONT'D)

What did I tell you about the cost of instrument repairs?!

CELINA

(giggling)

Relax, dude... that's what our student loans are for!

NEWT

They're... really not...

The two set the telescope down on stable ground and switch it on. Celina idly fiddles with the attached remote.

NEWT (CONT'D)

Okay, so, in order to catch peak meteor activity, they say to point your lens far above the horizon into Sagittarius space.

Beat, as Celina keeps twirling the wire.

CELINA

Oh! Right, Sag space. Got it. Totally.

TELESCOPE'S P.O.V: The lens whirs across the night sky past the Moon controlled by Celina -- whose controls are quite erratic.

CELINA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 (sing-song)
 Hello, Moon...

A tiny shooting star streaks the sky.

CELINA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 A-ha!

Celina gestures Newt forward with one hand and takes her head off the eyepiece.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 You gotta see these, Newt,
 picture's crystal clear!

Newt focuses into the eyepiece as more and more meteors streak by. He sighs dreamily.

NEWT
 Wow... truly amazing what rocks and
 a lot of friction can create.

CELINA
 So...? What wish are you gonna
 make?

NEWT
 Wish? I mean... I don't really-

CELINA
 (pouting)
 No. Nuh-uh. Don't- don't tell me
 you don't believe. There's gotta be
 something you really want!

NEWT
 I guess if there were one thing...

INT. MOON BASE - NEWT'S IMAGINATION - NIGHT

The visual style is more photo-realistic in this imagination sequence. Newt sits at a desk in a white, sterile, high-tech building.

NEWT (V.O.)
 Humanity finally gets its feet off
 the ground and into the skies.

There is a huge painted portrait of Newt in an astronaut suit framed behind him.

NEWT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Thanks to my outstanding career in
 the space agency--

Graffiti spontaneously appears on the painting depicting Newt
 with an exaggerated muscular physique, as Celina interjects.

CELINA (V.O.)
 Yeah, 'cuz you'll graduate soooo
 hard.

NEWT (V.O.)
 --they ask me to oversee lunar
 research and station me there...
 permanently.

Newt stands and looks out of a wall-spanning window to see a
 wide view of a futuristic solar system - queues of spaceships
 line the sky, and the Sun is surrounded by mechanical rings.

NEWT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And who knows what I'll discover up
 there?

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Celina looks at Newt, mouth completely open.

CELINA
 ...That's it?
 (feigning sadness)
 No postcard for me or anything?

NEWT
 Of course I'd send you a card,
 genius!

CELINA
 Fine.

She looks back into the telescope.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 And you better tell me if you find
 any rabbits on the moon.

TELESCOPE'S P.O.V.: A few more meteors streak by, but then an
 especially large and bright one ROARS past, whiting out the
 view with its glare.

Celina bolts upright again - it's so bright that both of
 their faces are illuminated like it's daytime.

CELINA (CONT'D)
Whoa. Are you--

NEWT
Yep.

This meteor stays in the sky much longer, leaving a lingering path that burns extremely bright before it abruptly gets dimmer.

Beat. Both Celina and Newt's mouths form perfect, capital O's.

NEWT (CONT'D)
So how about that wish, huh!

CELINA
Oh, of course! well...

EXT. SPACE PIRATE SHIP - CELINA'S IMAGINATION - NIGHT

The visual style changes for this dream to become hyper stylised, like a 90s' cartoon. Celina stands proudly on a wooden deck in a starry sky.

CELINA (V.O.)
As time passes, I'll take part in exploring space...

Celina's outfit spontaneously changes into a pirate uniform.

CELINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
AS A MARAUDER!

Celina lifts a laser sword in the air in a circle with other people dressed like pirates.

CELINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Together with my crew, we'll chart our own course!

Celina duels with a little green man on the ship's bow, who also wields a laser sword.

CELINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We'll discover treasures undreamed of... and, and... we'll name planets after our favourite movies...

EXT. ALIEN BEACH PLANET - CELINA'S IMAGINATION - DAY

Continuing to narrate her dream, space pirate Celina plants a purple flag on a beach with pink sand and green water.

<p>CELINA (V.O.) And we'll meet loads of cool aliens and I'll have a super- cool SWORD made out of LASERS and--</p>	<p>NEWT (V.O.) Celina. Hey, Celina, cool it- - I think I get the-- CELINA!</p>
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EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Newt has just cut off Celina's babbling, who has her lips freshly pursed.

NEWT
 At that rate I think the neighbours
 heard that.
 (beat)
 And their dogs.

Newt smirks at his own quip.

NEWT (CONT'D)
 But if you wanna believe in your...
highly unlikely alien adventures...

CELINA
 Hey!

Newt takes Celina's hand and points up at the fading meteor. They both look up at it and follow its movement across the sky.

NEWT
 ...you better wish on that star
 now.

Beat. Celina nods at Newt and the both of them squeeze each others hands whilst making their wish. Celina lets out a content sigh.

EXT. OPEN SKY - MOMENTS LATER

Contrasting the peace down below, Chance is ROARING through the sky as part of the meteor shower, spinning and flailing madly as he makes noise that sounds like screaming.

After more falling he braces in a cannonball position... then SKIMS the top of a hill, kicking up dust and rolling down towards a lake where he SPLASHES down.

EXT. SWAMPY FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Chance is drifting in and out of consciousness, lighting up the dark water he's submerged in.

A fish swims right up to his face as his eyes start to flutter open again - he is SHOCKED by the sight of this unusual creature and JOLTS awake. He flaps wildly through the water.

Chance surfaces on a muddy shore and shivers as he slowly gets to his feet... but his limbs go limp like he's lost circulation, and he flops gingerly back to the ground again.

He looks out at the moonlit water with a groggy expression and groans as if to say "oh, man...". His head lolling on his shoulders, he can only inch across the ground with his body away from the lake, avoiding each puddle he passes.

EXT. SWAMPY FOREST - ROADSIDE - LATER

Chance pokes his head out from a bush that separates the forest from a road, getting his head covered in leaves in the process.

He blusters and shakes the leaves off his head, wringing out his hands and arms as he becomes able to move them again.

He crawls out of the bush looking to his right, ready to cross the road... when a car ZOOMS past on his left, causing him to stumble backwards into the greenery again.

Chance skitters backwards more until his back bumps against something furry and growling.

Petrified, he slowly turns around and looks up to see a very angry-looking BUCK DEER, whose sharp antlers are silhouetted by the moon directly overhead. Chance winces and recoils upon seeing the antlers...

The buck GROWLS again and CHARGES Chance, who yelps and leaps out of the way. Nearby deer scatter, some jumping across the clear road.

As the buck continues to try goring Chance on its horns, Chance keeps dodging by a hair, and he moves ever closer to the road, getting into position to leap... as the road is slowly but surely illuminated by headlights.

INT. CELINA'S CAR - MEANWHILE

Further back down the road are Celina and Newt driving home, with their telescope in the back. Celina, in the driver's seat, is looking at Newt instead of the road, and the car is gradually veering into the left lane.

CELINA

...and then we'll see how Lucky Seven and Crazy Eight did with getting shots of the meteors, then we post our findings on the discussion board, then...

The interior of the car gets brighter as something approaches. Newt instinctively lunges for the wheel.

NEWT

Road, Celina-- ROAD!!!

He YANKS the wheel to the right to correct the car's course, swerving out of the way of something in the other lane just in time. Just another car, honking its horn like mad.

All of the colour has drained from Celina's face in shock, and her hands are now both firmly on the wheel. Newt only sighs.

NEWT (CONT'D)

I'm driving next time.

Celina looks at Newt once again. Whilst they're facing each other, the group of deer gallop across the road, with Chance bounding behind just like them still being chased by the angry buck.

CELINA

...Yeah, okay. Wouldn't wanna miss anything on the road, right?

They both focus on the road again just as it becomes unobstructed.

EXT. ROW OF BACKYARDS - MOMENTS LATER

Chance, having cleared the road and plowed through several more bushes, looks around breathing very shallow breaths. There is complete silence once more, and the deer are nowhere to be seen.

Chance takes a deep breath, looking up towards the sky, and tries rocketing away with the flames on his feet.

He ascends a few feet... before the jets flicker out of action and he face-plants on the ground. Again.

He POUNDS the dirt with his fist and lets out a muffled groan that sounds like "Oh, COME ON!" before looking up at the houses in front of him with a look of defeat in his eyes.

He perks up when he sees one of the houses has an open window looking into a room lit with deep purple, unlike any of the others on the row - JUST like the light on the Almagest.

EXT. STUDENT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He slowly gets up, clutching his sides and shivering as he scampers towards the house, climbing up the walls almost like a cat and squeezing into the purple window.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the house, a car pulls up.

INT. STUDENT HOUSE - CELINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chance tumbles off of the windowsill to find himself in someone's bedroom.

The purple light comes from LED's stuck to the ceiling corners. The rest of the room is decorated with sci-fi posters, spaceship models, glow in the dark sticky stars, and a giant zodiac tapestry spanning the bedside wall.

Chance's breathing slows down and his facial expression weakens, barely looking around before trudging towards the bed, where he curls up into a tight little ball on top of the sheets and closes his eyes.

The flame atop his head shrinks as he rests.

INT. STUDENT HOUSE - CELINA'S BEDROOM / HALLWAY - LATER

The moon has set some more as Chance has rested.

NEWT (O.S.)

What about the Astro test next Friday?

CELINA (O.S.)

Studying super hard!

The flame on his head grows again as he starts to stir; he hears the two people inside the house! He JOLTS up in panic.

Celina's voice and footsteps grow closer and closer to the door - this is HER room! Chance scrambles to his knees, hurriedly looking around the room for a hiding place, first trying to hide behind the wall tapestry.

NEWT (O.S.)
No, I mean, will you be awake in time?

CELINA
(scoffs)
Sure! ...Maybe.

Chance tries digging through the bed sheets with his hands to hide under them. This obviously does nothing, but he keeps on doing it. The door opens, and Celina turns back to close it properly.

CELINA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Trust me, Newt. It's just basic space stuff. I'm going to be okay.

Celina turns to face her room... and falls silent. She stares directly at Chance on her bed, who stares back, mid-dig, as still as a statue.

The staring continues in complete silence and stillness. A gust of wind blows through the window.

CELINA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
No...
(exclaiming)
WAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYY!

Chance JUMPS at the sudden shout.

EXT. STUDENT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Celina's sustained, albeit JOYFUL, scream SHAKES the surroundings and a few birds fly up into the sky.

INT. STUDENT HOUSE - CELINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celina runs out of breath and covers her mouth.

CELINA
Dude...

Chance points at himself inquisitively.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 (whisper-screaming)
 Dude!!!

Celina scampers over to her bed, prompting Chance to back up into the corner. Mouth open, she leans into Chance as far as she can, extending a poking finger.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 What are you?! Can you talk?! Are you made of fire?! Will I burn my hand if I touch you?!

As Celina tries to poke and swat her hand through Chance's 'hair', Chance presses his back further and further into the wall -- after that, Celina lowers her hand weakly; Chance is SHIVERING in pure fear.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 ...where did you come from?

Her facial expression drops, and she pulls away, looking down at her hands...

NEWT (O.S.)
 Is everything okay up there?

Celina wheels her head around to look at the door, and, when hearing footsteps approaching, faces Chance again. She points one thumb towards the walk-in closet at the other corner in the room.

CELINA
 (whispering)
 Closet. Quick.

NEWT (O.S.)
 Celina? Are you okay?

CELINA
 Don't worry.
 (to Newt, calling)
 Uh, yeah, all good!

Chance gets off the bed slowly at first, but Celina hurries him along. He begins to stumble awkwardly - and LOUDLY - across the room, and Celina cringes. As he walks...

NEWT (O.S.)
 It sure doesn't sound like it!

CELINA
 Trust me, I'm fine, you don't have to--

The door SLAMS open as Newt barges in - though he has his eyes shielded at first, just in case.

Celina is caught in a tableau, reaching to the closet to slide the door shut, although it's still half-open, and a beam of light from Chance barely escapes.

CELINA (CONT'D)
Bust in... again-- Dude!

NEWT
Oh, sor-ry for checking up on my screaming housemate.

Newt tilts his head.

NEWT (CONT'D)
Seriously though. Are you...?

Celina follows her awkward position through into a goofy disco dance, hopping over towards the open side of the closet to shield Chance further from view.

NEWT (CONT'D)
...What? It's not like an alien actually came down and trashed your room, huh?

Newt scoffs.

Extreme awkward beat. Celina's cheesy smile lingers as her mouth opens but nothing comes out.

CELINA
Uhh... actually! Dad showed me his plan to build car-sized spacecraft was approved, and I just had to celebrate! See?

She pulls out her phone to show it to Newt.

NEWT
...Celina, your phone's off.

Celina jokingly flicks her forehead and fakes a groan.

INT. CELINA'S BEDROOM - CLOSET - MEANWHILE

Chance huddles up to one of Celina's hoodies in the closet. Initially he has his face buried in it, hiding, but as Celina and Newt's muffled conversation carries on, he softens up and looks; Celina's PROTECTING him.

His eyes widen... he does not look afraid. He's in AWE.

He edges closer to the open door...

INT. STUDENT HOUSE - CELINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The conversation continues, and Newt has loosened up.

CELINA

D'oh, sorry my phone died...
definitely gonna show you the news
soon, though!

Celina notices Chance's hand visible out of the corner of her eye. Not missing a beat, she leans back casually into the door to hide it.

NEWT

...Huh. Alright, then. Tell your
dad congratulations from me.

Celina gives him a two-finger salute as he turns to leave.

CELINA

Sure thing, bud!

NEWT

Just remember your indoor voice
next time!

She sighs in relief... but Newt stops. He stares at the open window.

NEWT (CONT'D)

That window was closed when we
left.

Dread flashes across Celina's face.

CELINA

The-- the window... I opened for
some cool air, duh!

Beat.

Newt just nods and shrugs before leaving, closing the door behind him.

Celina waits a few seconds... and then opens the closet up. Chance stumbles out, still hugging that one hoodie. He looks at Celina who's started to pace around the room, mumbling to herself.

CELINA (CONT'D)

I knew it... there's an alien in my room... there's an alien in my room and I'm providing sanctuary... for an alien... which is real...

She turns back to Chance, delirious with excitement.

CELINA (CONT'D)

Hi!! Hello, Mister Alien!

Chance stares back at her.

CELINA (CONT'D)

Uh... do you come in peace?
Wanna... see our leader...?
...Directive?

(in Klingon)

Do you understand what I'm saying?

She shakes her head and groans. She mouths "I'M BEING STUPID", then spins around on the spot. When she stops, she maintains a much more composed demeanour, signing with her hands as she speaks.

CELINA (CONT'D)

What is your name?
(pointing at herself)
My name... is... Celina!

Beat. Celina holds that pose, and Chance perks up... he SPEAKS!

CHANCE

(strained)

Ce...li...na?

Celina jumps for joy!

CELINA

YES! YES! That's my name!

But she quickly composes herself again.

CELINA (CONT'D)

Oops, indoor voice.

CELINA (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

Do you have a name?

Chance hugs himself tighter and looks down at the floor.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 No...? Uh, how about a home? Up in
 space? I bet it's beautiful where
 you come from, right?

Chance closes his eyes.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - CHANCE'S IMAGINATION

Chance's imagination displays a huge, almost completely black
 void where he floats aimlessly. He, along with any other
 light source, is drawn in scribbly chicken scratch.

An ominous, deep drone perpetually hums, with the occasional
 howl of wind.

CELINA (V.O.)
 You'd get to play among the stars
 all the time... maybe even play ON
 the stars, huh?

Chance weakly propels himself through space - even though
 there is nothing around him for LIGHT YEARS.

CELINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So many natural wonders to see...
 so many amazing species to meet...

He glides to a halt, drooping with weak sadness on his face
 and curling up into a ball as his light fades.

CELINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 SO AWESOME! What I'd give to walk
 in your shoes, Mister Alien...

Total darkness.

INT. STUDENT HOUSE - CELINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celina's wistful expression melts away into melancholy.

CELINA
 ...You must really miss home, huh?

Chance lets out a meek whimper, and Celina is touched. She
 holds both hands to her heart and, for the first time, stops
 to think...

CELINA (CONT'D)
 ...I won't keep you here any
 longer, then. This'll be our little
 secret, 'kay?

Celina walks towards the open window.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 Just be careful if you use some...
 crazy wacky star powers to get
 outta here; the stuff we make is
 quite fragile.

She taps the bottom frame three times.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 Oh, and you can keep the hoodie if
 you want... it gets pretty chilly
 up in space, doesn't it?

Beat, as Celina lets out a deep sigh. Chance remains ever silent.

Celina gestures her hand out of the window.

CELINA (CONT'D)
 Well... safe travels, Mister Alien.

She bows her head as she hears Chance's footsteps... but they're not coming towards the window. They're moving AWAY from it.

Chance, still huddling the hoodie, trudges back towards the closet! He stays close to the closet door, looking at Celina expectantly.

He tilts his head.

CHANCE
 Ce-lina...

Celina's breath catches as she gasps. A large, warbly smile spreads across her face...

The two stare at each other from across the room, this time not in shock, but in wonder.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

Celina's house is just one in the suburbs of a beautiful beachside city whose skyscrapers are lit up in the night by THOUSANDS of colourful street lights.

But even higher up above the tallest buildings, above the clouds, a silhouette eclipses the moon... it's Nightcore. He descends through the sky slowly, head lolling down creepily facing the earth's surface.

He licks his lips, baring pointy teeth, and a mischievous smirk spreads across his face...

TO BE CONTINUED...

CREDITS

As scribbles of star-shapes and planets decorate the credits screen, Celina lies in her bed, fast asleep. At the foot of that bed is Chance again, also sleeping and curled up tightly like a kitten.

He shuffles in place frequently, but after not very long his body comes to rest, and they are both at peace for now.

END OF EPISODE