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Sing 2

By Benjamin Wilkinson

(grand orchestral fanfare playing)
(light clunks on)

(singing in Minionese)

(singing in Minionese)

(singing in Minionese)

(light clunks off)

(insects chirping)

(birds calling)

(panting)

(animal shrieks)

(groans)

(yelps, grunts)

(screams)

(grunts)

(panting)

Oh.

(creaking)

Oh, my gosh.

(gasps)

(drumbeat intro to "Let's Go Crazy" playing)

(electric guitars join in, playing rock riff)

(bass and keyboards join in)

(vocalizing)

(music pauses)

(gasping)

(music resumes)

(Meena vocalizing)

(vocalizing)
(music slows)

(song ends)
(cheering and applause)
(door opens)
(upbeat fanfare playing)

What's going on?

No time to explain. Run away.

(screaming)

(laughing)

(grunts) Oh, hey, Sammy.

You really got those moves locked down now, hmm?

I sure do, Mr. Moon.

Yeah, look at you. (giggling)

Great job, everybody. Great job.

Thanks, Mr. Moon.

Yeah!

I think we pretty much nailed it.

So, is she here?

(audience laughing)

There. See the dog, middle third row?

ROSITA:

BUSTER:

business.

I can't tell if-if she's enjoying it.

Come on, let's get a better view.

And how we doing over here, Miss Crawly?

Oh, very good, Mr. Moon.

So far, I counted nine smiles, two belly laughs and five chuckles.

Uh, though the last one could've just been gas.

Well, that's proof, right? She must like the show.

Oh, my gosh. You think so?

I hope so.

All right, now, keep up the good work.

Come on, everybody, back to positions.

GUNTER:

(sighs) Dream big dreams.

That's what I always said, right?

MISS CRAWLY:

Well, looks like we're about to take this show to the entertainment capital of the world.

Mr. Moon, she's leaving.

Huh?

She's leaving the show.

(gasps) Miss Crawly, stay right here.

What are you gonna do?

I'm gonna follow that dog.

(grunts)

Good heavens!

Hey, Nana.

What are you doing?

The scout is leaving.

NANA:

Hurry.

(audience cheering)

BUSTER:

(sighs) I'm Buster Moon.

Uh, hi. So glad you could make it.

Um, would you like some popcorn?

Oh, no, thanks.

I'm not staying for the second half, so...

Oh. But, uh, we thought you were enjoying it.

I mean, not that we were watching you or anything.

It really is a cute little show. (chuckles)

Just not what we're looking for.

But-but wait. Y-You got to see the second act.

I'm-I'm telling you, (chuckles) it's a smash.

Okay, Mr. Moon, can I be honest?

Of course.

Are you sure?

'Cause folks say that when they don't really mean it.

No, please, please, be as honest as you like.

You're not good enough.

What?

Taxi!

You know, maybe I will have that popcorn.

Look, you've got a nice little local theater here, and it's great for what it is, but trust me, you'd never make it in the big leagues.

Bye, now.

NANA:

I'll be right back.

Nah. Mm-mm.

A few laughs, bunch of quirky ideas.

But, anyway, about Thursday..

(tapping on window)

Oh, my...

Yeah, hi. It's me again. (gasps)

(panting)

Whoa.

Whoa.

I'll call you back.

Are you out of your mind?

When are you holding auditions?

(stammers) Tomorrow.

But there is no way you'll...

Uh, listen, it...

(horn honks)

Get out of the road, you idiot!

Hey, do you mind? I'm in a meeting here.

Could-could you at least give us a chance to try out for your boss?

Driver, could you please lose this maniac?

Wait, wait, wait, wait. Hold on a second.

No, no, no, no!

(horn honking)

(screaming)

(bicycle bell ringing)

(crowd groans)

(crowd cheers)
(Buster screams)
(crowd groans)
("Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" by Elton John playing)

(whirring)

Mr. Moon?

(music stops)
Oh, for heaven's sake.
(sighs)
What can I say, Nana?
I'm a failure.
Oh, poppycock.
I was reaching too high.
Honestly, one negative comment, and it's all, "Woe is me."
Nana, come on. She said I'm not good enough.
I mean, heck, I've just been told that my destiny, all of my hopes and dreams, uh, they all end right here.
Well, what did you expect?
That she would drop to her knees and declare you a genius?
Roll out the red carpet for the great Buster Moon!
She-she ran me off the road into a canal.
Well, you're still in one piece, aren't you?
Well, yeah, but...
Well, anyone who dares set out to follow their dreams is bound to face a lot worse than a dip in the canal.
Ah, Hobbs. I found him.
Uh, bring the car round, will you?

There's a good chap.

I-I... I just thought she'd at least see we deserved a shot.

Never mind what this person you don't even know said.

Do you think you're good enough?

Of course, but...

Then you must fight for what you believe in.

Guts, stamina, faith.

These are the things you need now, and without them..

Well, maybe that scout was right.

Maybe you're not good enough.

("Heads Will Roll" playing)

Oh, I... No, I know, Rosita, but trust me on this.

It'll be totally worth it.

And listen, I'm outside her place now, so can you call the others and have 'em meet up in half an hour?

Great. Thank you.

("Heads Will Roll" continues)

(cheering)

(cheering)

(cheering)

Thank you so much.

Good night.

Moon. Hey.

(grunts)

Wow. (chuckles) You were great out there.

I got to go back out for an encore.

Okay. Hey, but what are you doing after the show?

Uh, nothing.

Well, listen, I know this is crazy short notice, but you always said you'd come back to work with us when the time was right.

Of course.

Well, this is that time. (grunts)

RICK:

I'm getting the gang together to go audition for this huge show...

Just-just a second.

Hey, Rick, how come you're only paying me half what the other acts get?

I pay what I think you're worth, sweetheart.

Oh, okay. See, I have this rule about not letting guys like you tell me what I'm worth, so, you know, unless I get paid like everyone else, I'm out of here.

(chuckles) This is the only club in town.

Where else you gonna play?

I have no idea, but I'm sure as heck not sticking around here.

Let's go.

(giggling):

Whoa, whoa. Wait a minute. You-you got to do the encore.

Hey, Ash!

Deal with it, sweetheart.

ANNOUNCER:

Okay, I got the tickets.

Anyone seen Miss Crawly?

Here you go, Johnny.

Here's yours, and...

Mr. Moon.

Uh, uh, I'm sorry, but I'm really having second thoughts about this.

What? No, no, no, wait.

All right, last call. Let's go.

Now, just a second.

MEENA:

I mean, that theater scout, she didn't think we were good enough.

ASH:

Yeah, total jerk.

Yeah, but she's wrong... dead wrong.

There's a reason our show is sold out every night, and I'm telling you, her boss is gonna love it.

Ooh. Or maybe we could just, like, do a different show, you know?

Gunter, please, I got this.

Seriously, I have this idea for, like, a space musical.

(horn honks)

All right, we're rolling out here.

You don't want to hear about the space musical?

(gasps) Guys, come on!

Wait!

(tires squeal, air brakes hiss)

Listen, you guys, I have dreamt of performing in Redshore City since I was a little kid.

And besides, I just convinced my husband to babysit for the next 24 hours, and I am not gonna waste an opportunity like that.

So come on. We've got nothing to lose.

Here, Ash.

You come in on page two.

Wait. We're just gonna rehearse this here at the back of the bus?

Yes, we are.

(chuckles) Course we are.

BUSTER:

We got to get this show in the best shape ever.

Ah, Miss Crawly, you made it. Good.

You are an angel, and we're sure gonna need that...

Whoa!

What the...

Uh, well, you did say, "Dress to impress."

("Holes" by Mercury Rev playing)

Absolutely right. Let's just cut that line and have you just play the guitar part through the whole scene.

Got it.

Guys, we're here.

(ooing and aahing)

(riders screaming)

(excited chatter)

All right. Let's go spread a little Moon Theater magic.

(all cheering)

Woo-hoo!

Come on!

(song ends)

No.

No? What do you mean, "no"?

For the last time, sir, no appointment, no entry.

Um..

Sir, do I need to call security?

We should go.

RECEPTIONIST:

(all groaning)

GUNTER:

RECEPTIONIST:

I'm here to see Mr. Crystal for the presentation.

GUNTER:

She's, like, totally unfair, that lady.

ASH:

I got all dressed up for nothing.

JOHNNY:

Everyone, in here.

Quick. Get in.

(door closes)

Hmm.

Oh, come on.

So dark in here.

What's going on?

Shh! I got to think.

I've got to think. I've got to think.

MEENA:

I've got to think.

I'm not so good in small spaces.

Okay, okay, okay.

Ow! Somebody stepped on my trotter.

ASH:

Okay, honey. Come on.

Let's get you out of here.

BUSTER:

Look at this.

Meena.

Do you think that's kind of your size?

("Bad Guy" by Billie Eilish playing)

Hey, Ricky.

(gasps)

(clears throat) Hi.

(straining)

(phone ringing)

Crystal Entertainment.

Uh, hold one moment, sir.

Phew.

I'll-I'll connect you.

(gasps) Oh, no.

No, no, no, no, no, no.

Everybody, hold on.

(gasps, muffled grunt)

(shushing)

Oh, Mr. Moon?

BUSTER:

(grunting)

(beeps)

Good job.

(grunting)

Now, into the elevator.

Quick. Go, go, go, go, go, go, go.

Meena! Come on!

(bell dings)
(all grunting)
We could all get arrested for...
(yelps)

(glass squeaking)

(bell dings)
(music stops)
Everybody, mop.
(mops squeaking)
Uh... (grunts)
(squeaking continues)
(bell dings)
(giraffes whimper, grunt)
(rooster squawks)
("...Ready for It?" playing in distance)
Where are you going now?
I'm gonna find somewhere to change out of this stuff.
Ah.

Look, that's him.
That is the Mr. Crystal.

(groans) Garbage.

(buzzer blares, music stops)
(all gasp)

(buzzer blares)

(buzzer blares)

(buzzer blares)

(piano playing "Hello")

(buzzer blares)

(playing loud drumbeat)

(buzzer muffled under drumbeat)

(muffled buzzing continues)

(buzzer blares)

("Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" playing)

(buzzer blares)

(buzzer blares)

(buzzer blares)

Okay, everybody, if you can leave immediately, single file, we'd appreciate that.

(disappointed sighs)

Thank you very much.

(grunts) Jerry, for the love of...

(whimpers) Sorry, sir.

Well, where's the next group, Jerry?

Why am I standing here waiting?

(stammering)

How about I... I just... I just, uh...
Be useful or be gone, okay?
Yes. Yes, sir. Yes, sir.
Um, okay. Um, you.
Hey. Hey. Yeah, you.
Little guy, you're here for the audition?
Uh, yes.
Yeah, yeah, yes, we are.
Guys, we're on right now.
Now?
What?
(feedback squeals)

JERRY:

Uh, it's Buster Moon from the New Moon Theater.
And we're very excited to share our story with you today, sir.
Right, guys?
Yeah, great. Now, get to it.
Of course. Yes.
Okay, guys, just like we rehearsed.
(drumbeat intro to "Let's Go Crazy" playing)
This is the story of an ordinary high school girl who discovers...
(buzzer blares)
Stop.
Stop?
He wants you to stop.
(music stops)
"Ordinary" and "school."
Two words I will never be associated with.
Never. Never.
Where the heck did you dig these guys up from, huh?
If you could all leave very quickly, we'd appreciate that, please.
I need big shows, Jerry.
Big ideas!
Yes, sir, big. The biggest.
Hey, I have a big one.
Okay, honey. Come on, let's go.
You know, the sci-fi musical.
That's big, right?
Um, uh...

GUNTER:

and these amazing songs from, like, Clay Calloway to...
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Clay Calloway?

(chuckles) I love Clay Calloway.
I know, right? (chuckles nervously)
I mean, doesn't everybody?
Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah. See, Jerry?
This is exactly the kind of big idea I'm talking about.
Yes, sir.
So, uh... so what's the show called?
What's it called? Um...
Gunter, you, uh... you want to... (splutters)
...uh, tell Mr. Crystal what it's called?
Uh-huh. It's called Out of This World.
Out of This World.
That's right. Just imagine it.
Ash?
Uh, yeah, I got it.
A spectacular musical that takes your audience out of this world.

I love this song.

Sir, your lunch meeting with...
Oh, my...
Not now.
Moon, how did you get in here?
Hey, he said not now. Psst.
Yeah, I heard him. Thanks, Jerry.
Are you telling me you-you got Clay Calloway's permission to use his song?
Well, what if I told you I did?
Ah.
Okay, so what, you got some kind of personal connection to this guy?
How else would I get it?
Moon!
Wait, if you know him, then you could get him in the show, right?

(chuckles):

Huge.
Sir, I'm sorry, but seriously?
You think this little guy from nowhere can get Clay Calloway in the show?
Well, Suki, for your information, I am not just a little guy from nowhere.
Consider it done, sir.

I'll give you three weeks, Moon.
Three weeks to get this show up and running, okay?
Yes, sir. Thank you.
Moon, do you really know Clay Calloway?
Shh, shh. Not now.
Jerry.
Oh! Right here, sir.

MR. CRYSTAL:

Set 'em up with our designers, our dancers, whatever they need.
And get 'em rooms at the hotel, okay?
The very best suites. The whole shaboodle.
Yes, sir. Yes, of course.
Uh, hey, one last thing.
Don't you ever do nothing to make me look bad.
You got that?
Oh, I will never let that happen, sir.
You better not, or I'll throw you off the roof.
(laughs nervously)
Great job, everyone.
Take it away, Raoul.
(Jerry yelps, groans)
(whimpering)
Oh, my gosh.
Is this really happening?
Yeah!
We're playing Redshore City, baby!
Yes, we are, Gunter.
(others whooping)
Gunter, sci-fi musical?
You're a genius.
Yeah, well, Mama always said, "Gunter, you're not as stupid as your papa."
No, you're not.
Hey, Suki.
No hard feelings, huh?
You have no idea what you're getting into.
Whoa.
Are you out of your mind?
What?
Clay Calloway? I'm, like, his biggest fan, and I can tell you, the guy is a recluse.
Seriously, after his wife died, no one's seen him in over 15 years.
Ah. That's not good.
No, it's not.

Uh...

Miss Crawly, I need you to help me find Clay Calloway.

An address, a phone number, anything.

But we've got to find that guy.

Yes, sir.

TV HOST:

I'm Linda Le Bon, and here I got some hot news for you.

Infamous billionaire Jimmy Crystal has hired an unknown theater producer...

What?

...by the name of Buster Moon.

GUNTER:

like, cuckoo crazy, and then I think we should have, like, this cool alien tango scene.

(vocalizing)

BUSTER:

Oh. I love it.

Wait. I've got a better idea.

What if it was, like, a big underwater scene instead?

Underwater?

Yeah, yeah.

I'm sure of this. Write it down.

Mm, okay.

(gasps) Wait, wait.

Stop your clicky-clacky. I have a better idea.

Uh, you can't keep changing your mind.

Why?

Why? Because in exactly 20 minutes, the stage crew are coming here to start work on our show, and we need to lock this stuff down.

(doorbell rings)

Oh, my gosh, they're early.

Ooh, and I want to have, like, this beautiful love scene...

BUSTER:

Hmm, not a thing.

Oh, geez.

Ah, Mr. Moon.

We're your production team, and we're here to start...

Yes, yes, yes. Uh, you're here to work on the show.

And I would gladly invite you all in right now, but...

We should totally do, like, a battle scene!

Gunter, no, not now. (chuckles nervously)

I just need a little more time to, you know, hammer out a few minor, little details, so would it be okay if you all could come back in, like, I don't know, an hour? Or maybe four?

And I really appreciate your patience.

Thank you so much.

Hmm. Okay.

(sighs):

Oh, look, it's a gift from Mr. Crystal.

Huh.

It-it says, um, "Don't screw up, Moon, or else."

Ooh, I've got a better idea.

(Gunter vocalizes rhythmically)

(excited chatter)

BUSTER:

May I have everyone's attention, please?

Thank you. Yes.

Okay, um, on behalf of myself and the cast,

I just want to say that to be given this incredible opportunity to work with you all here at the Crystal Tower Theater, well, it's an honor for all of us.

And I believe that, together, we can make a show that'll take the audience out of this world.

(others gasping)

And a big thanks to Steve over here for staying up all night to make this model.

Great work, Steve.

And here she is, folks.

The star of our show, Rosita.

(laughs) That's you, baby!

(gasps) The lead role?

Trust me, you are perfect for it.

(cheering, excited chatter)

Wait till my kids hear about this.

And so the story goes like this.

Rosita plays an astronaut searching for a missing space explorer.

Together, with their trusty robot...

That's me.

BUSTER:

They follow the trail across four planets.

There's a planet of war, a planet of love, a one of despair and one of joy.

And each planet will have its own spectacular musical number performed by one of our terrific cast.

(oohing)

A-And how does it end? Do I find the explorer?

Oh, we have no clue what we're going to do at the end.

Gunter, no, no, no. Whoa, whoa, whoa.

We do have great ideas for the ending.

We just... All right.

We've only got three weeks to make this reality, folks.

Let's get to work.

Johnny, you are gonna play an alien warrior in a fantastic battle scene.

Yes!

Come with me.

("Lite Spots" by Kaytranada playing, singing in Portuguese)

Johnny, I want you to meet your fellow dancers.

Hello, lads.

Hey, how you doing?

Uh, wait. You said mine was a battle scene.

Well, it is, but Gunter saw it as more of a... a dance battle.

Yeah!

Okay...

Johnny, don't worry. You're gonna be working with the number one choreographer in Redshore City.

JOHNNY:

Yep. Klaus will turn you into a pro in no time.

Okay.

Uh...

Mr. Moon?

Meena, you okay?

Gunter said I'm in a romantic scene and, uh, uh...

(whispers):

Yeah. It's gonna be an amazing, beautiful, romantic scene.

Mr. Moon, I've never even had a boyfriend or any of that stuff.

Ah, don't you worry.

I'm gonna cast a great partner for you.

Promise?

Promise.

Mr. Moon, we're ready to start building the rest of the sets and...

Okay, okay, okay, listen.

(hushed):

me one more night to figure this out?

(loudly):

start work right now.

(stammering)

(clears throat) Mason?

Did everybody hear that?

Hey, don't...

He does not have the show figured out.

(Buster shushing, stammering)

I'm looking into his eyes, and all I see is fear.

Uh-uh. Mm-mm. (whistles)

Hey, hey, hey, listen, listen...

And a little bit of shame.

Yeah, yeah.

Look, I-I think everyone heard you, Mason.

Thank you so much.

Gunter... (clears throat) we have work to do.

GUNTER:

have a duet with Clay Calloway, 'cause, like, she's a star that is, like, guiding them all the way back home again.

(laughs) Yes, Gunter. That's perfect for Ash.

(doorbell rings)

(clamoring)

Mommy!

Oh, my darlings, you're here. (chuckles)

Yeah, Johnny!

(chuckles) Oh.

(Rosita chuckles)

My gosh, I wasn't expecting you till the morning.

I know, but they couldn't wait to see you.

The star of the show, huh?

Can you believe it?

It's literally my dream come true.

I know. Mwah.

Ew.

I am so proud of you, honey.

(piglets clamoring, laughing)

Uh... help.

Mr. Moon, I found him.

Clay Calloway?

Yeah. I found his home address.

(Buster cheers)

No way.

Yes way.

Miss Crawly, I'm gonna need you to go visit him first thing tomorrow.

Oh, yes, sir.

You'll need to rent a car and take him a letter and, uh, maybe that fruit basket.

Yes, the fruit basket.

You got that?

Got it.

(piano playing gentle classical melody)

And one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

We're dancing. We're dancing.

We're holding. We're holding.

Stay en pointe.

Shuffle and hold.

(Johnny grunting)

I said hold, Johnny. He's not holding.

And one, two, three, four...

All right, I'm... I am trying.

Let's not forget, this is Redshore City, not your little local theater.

And five, six, seven, eight.

Ryan, that was excellent.

Johnny, you are doing it wrong.

That was awful.

Come on, Johnny. You can do better.

He's freaking me out.

BUSTER:

I'm trying.

KLAUS:

And thrust, and thrust.

You're not thrusting, Johnny.

Come on. Thrust.

Thrust, and thrust.

Still not thrusting. Can you thrust, please?

Five, six, seven, and tippy-toes, tippy-toes.

I don't see your tippy-toes.

Oh, come on, he's having a laugh.

Tippy-toes. Come on, let's go.

KLAUS:

That is rubbish, terribly poor, really bad.

(Johnny panting)

That bloke absolutely hates me.

Hang in there, Johnny.

The first week's always tough.

Yeah. You're right. You're right.

Meena, come and meet your partner.

Oh, my gosh, he's here?

Yep. He's called Darius.

Won a ton of awards.

And I think you guys are gonna have great chemistry.

Wow.

That's really great, Darius.

(music stops)

Uh, yeah, it's a scene from the last show I was in.

I'm sure you heard of it... Hope Against Hope.

Gosh, I won every award in town.

Uh, the Golden Piccolo for Best Crying.

(chuckling):

Oh, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Anyway, my costar, she was just like you, Gina.

She was, uh...

Uh, it's Meena.

Excuse me?

M-My name, it's Meena, not Gina.

Yeah, okay. (laughs)

In the future, if you could not interrupt me, that would be way better.

Okay, okay. Let's rehearse.

(Meena stops singing)

Uh, uh, uh...

Oh.

No, no, no, no, no, uh...

This song is not helping her at all.

Oh, boy.

So, where's Calloway?

Uh, he'll be here very soon.

Mm, is that so?

It is indeed so.

In fact, my trusty assistant Miss Crawly is on her way to meet him right now.

("Chop Suey!" by System of a Down blaring over car stereo)

AUTOMATED VOICE:

On the right. Okay.
(tires squeal, engine revs)

(birds calling)
(screams)

Oh.
(grunts)
(whimpering)
Oh.
(gate creaking)
(strains)

Mr. Calloway?
Hello?
Is anybody home?
(yelps)
(alarm blaring)
(engine revving)

Ooh.
(yelps, screams)
(whimpering)
(screams)
(whimpering)
(pants, yelps)
(groans)

Okay, I got you.
(gasps, screams)
(whimpers)
(engine revving)
(gasps)

Clay Callowa...
(screaming)
Opsie-daisy.

MISS CRAWLY (recorded): Hello.

I can't take your call right now, but please leave me a message after the beep.

(beep)

Miss Crawly, it's me, Mr. Moon.
I haven't heard from you in a while.
I'm starting to worry here.

MR. CRYSTAL:

(gasps)

BUSTER:

Your set designs are a disgrace.

What?

(laughs) I'm just messing with you.

Where's your sense of humor, huh?

(chuckles nervously)

Anyway, this is my daughter Porsha.

Hey.

Nice to meet you, Porsha.

She wants to meet Calloway. Big fan, aren't you, baby?

Oh, my gosh, I'm, like, so into vintage right now.

So, where is he?

Uh, well...

I-I'm not expecting Clay on set just yet.

I mean...

PORSHA:

Is this, like, a sky-fi show?

Uh, sci-fi? Yes. Yes, it is.

Oh, my gosh, I love sky-fi.

SASHA:

We're ready on the tower.

BUSTER:

Thank you, Sasha. We, uh...

We're gonna rehearse, Mr. Crystal, so...

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. You go and do your rehearsing thing.

Go, go, go, go.

Playback.

("Break Free" playing)

SASHA:

All set.

Just remember to release the safety catch before you jump, okay?

Okay, yeah. (exhales sharply)

Is Mommy gonna jump off that?

She sure is.

(all gasping)

PIGLET:

(gasping)

(music distorts)

Uh...

(music stops)

Oh, my gosh.

Gunter. (whimpers)

Mr. Moon, I think Rosita's having, like, a major freak-out up here.

Oh, no.

Hey, Moon, you really think the mommy pig's gonna pull this off?

Mommy pig?

BUSTER:

Believe me, there's nothing Rosita can't do.

I can't do this.

Why didn't you tell me you were afraid of heights?

I wasn't.

I-I mean, I've never been afraid in my whole life before, but I... suddenly,

I just...

I don't know what happened to me.

Did my kids see that?

PORSHA:

What's going on up here?

Who is that?

Ooh. Can I try?

No, no, no, no, no, no.

I-I can't let you jump off here.

Daddy, he won't let me jump!

Moon, come on. Let her do the thing.

(chuckling):

BUSTER:

SASHA:

(whooping)

PORSHA:

Whee! It's easy!

All right, let's get you down, Rosita.

PORSHA:

This is exactly like the dream I had last night.
Seriously, you-you were all there.
And you and you and that funny-looking guy over there.
Um...
All of you.
And you asked me to sing for you.
I... I did?
Yeah. And so, I was like... (clears throat)

Well, that's a lovely dream you had there, Porsha.
Um, okay, everybody, back to first positions, please.
Here, Rosita.
You want to try with the helmet this time?
Oh, but now I know what the dream meant.
Yeah. She's afraid.
She'll never be able to play the part.
But here I am, and I'm young, and I'm not afraid at all.
I-I can't just give you Rosita's part. I mean...
Moon, walk with me.
What's wrong with you, huh?
What, you got a kink in your think?
It's just that I wrote this part for Rosita and...
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Let me tell you something, Moon.
What you got here is an opportunity to make me happy.
And when an opportunity like that comes along, you'd better grab it!
(yelps)
You get me?
Uh...
What?
You don't think my daughter's good enough for your show?
No, Mr. Crystal. Well, I-I think she's wonderful.
Oh, good. So you'll figure it out.
I'll... Yes, I will.
Daddy, I'm hungry for French toast.
Jerry!

JERRY:

Get her some French toast.
And, by the way, I like the set.
That whole "rings moving around" thing.

Creative, quirky. I like it.

Bye, Daddy.

Mm-kay. Let's have Porsha measured for a costume right away, please.

JERRY:

SUKI:

JERRY:

You okay?

A little shaky, but I'm okay.

Yeah. You know, uh...

Look, maybe this is for the best, huh?

I mean, you really were scared up there.

Right.

I'll write you another part, Rosita.

A really... a really, really great part.

You all right?

Oh, I'm fine.

Really?

Yes. You're all very sweet, but like Mr. Moon says, this is probably for the best.

Seriously?

Seriously.

I am completely fine with this.

(sniffing, whimpering)

Hey, honey.

Are you... you-you're sure you're not, you know, upset?

No, I-I'm good.

Um, can I please just have the bathroom to myself for five minutes?

You got it.

Okay, kids, go get your jammies on!

(sniffles, sighs)

Thank you for choosing to drive with Royalty.

(engine starts)

(chuckles)

All right. Bye-bye.

("Who's That Girl?" by Eve playing over car stereo)

Oh, hello, young sir.

Um, oh, yes, you'll... you'll be pleased to hear I did bring it back with a

full tank.
(air hissing)

KLAUS:

(piano music playing)
And one, two, three, four, five, six, seven.
And one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. And...

(panting):

I was practicing all morning. I just lost track of time.
Oh, I thought maybe you had been involved in a terrible accident and we'd never have to see you again, but never mind.
(sighs) Seriously?
Why do you have to be so mean all the time?
'Cause only when we suffer..
(yells)
...can we be great.
Places, everyone!
Ryan, you'll be playing his opponent in the climax of the scene.
Now...
let's see if little Johnny has learned the steps.
("Dance of the Knights" from Romeo and Juliet playing)
Whoa. S-Sorry. Sorry, sorry, sorry.
Ow!
Wrong.
Sorry.
Again!
Higher. (grunts)
(groans)
So bad.
Again!
(ticking)
No!
(grunts)
Again!
Come on.
Yuck! Again!
Whoa.
Come on!
(panting)
(grunts)
(music stops)
(sighs) Man.

(crowd cheering)

(song continues in Spanish)

(cheering, whooping)

Thank you.

Thank you so much, everyone.

Wow, wow. You are an amazing crowd.

Mate, you're amazing.

Much appreciated.

Thank you so much.

Uh... (sighs)

Uh, um...

Thank you for coming. Thank you for coming.

Okay. Thank you very much, little guy.

Wow, so kind.

Listen, could I buy you a coffee or, uh, maybe something to eat?

Whoa, that's forward, ain't it?

What? No, no, no. I didn't mean...

I just would love to talk to you about maybe...

Hey! You got a license to perform here?

(gasps)

Actually, I'd love a chat. Let's go.

("There's Nothing Holdin' Me Back" by Shawn Mendes playing)

Here you go. One volcano smoothie with extra chocolate lava.

Shut up.

Here. 50 bucks.

Honestly, if you could just give me some dance lessons, you would literally be saving my life.

Wait, if you're in a real show, how come you don't have a choreographer?

I do, but it turns out he's a massive weirdo.

(scoffs) And how do I know that you're not a weirdo?

Hmm? How do I know that you're legit?

Well, just come with me to rehearsals. See for yourself.

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm not just gonna follow some guy I don't know to

rehearsals.

Well, how else am I supposed to prove that I'm legit?

(sighs)

(vocalizes melody)

What are you doing?

(excited chatter)

(diners clapping in rhythm)

Yeah! Woo-hoo!

I knew you were a weirdo.

Whoa.

This is sick!

JOHNNY:

BUSTER:

Whoa. Mate, look at that. Look at that.

Hey. Who are you?

Ah, it's all right. She's with me.

Pleased to meet you. I'm Nooshy.

I'm his dance coach. And I really love that hat.

She's right. Great hat.

(chuckles)

You think some riffraff street dancer can help you more than me?

Riffraff?

Okay, okay. Hang on.

She's just gonna give me some extra lessons, that's all.

Oh, because I, Klaus Kickenklober, master choreographer, am not good enough for Johnny.

No, that's not what I meant.

Yes, I'm irrelevant to him.

I'm just a stupid, fat, old monkey.

I don't think that at all.

I do.

JOHNNY:

She's only trying to help me, that's all.
Dude, anyway, I only need two days with him.
Two days? Ha!
200 years, more like.
Two days. He'll be amazing.

KLAUS:

Well, if he is, I will eat my hat.

BUSTER:

Stand by, playback.
Lots of energy now, and...
(Miss Crawly groaning)
Wha...?
(gasps)
(whimpering)

BUSTER (gasps):

You can't go back there, Mr. Moon.
Never. Never.
What? What happened to you?
That lion, you see, he's crazy. Crazy!
Oh, he's crazy.
Pew. Pew, pew.
Wow, she's a mess.
Pew, pew! Pew...
So, you're not gonna go out there, are you?
Gonna have to. I mean...

STAGEHAND:

(splutters) Okay. Playback!
("Look What You Made Me Do" playing)
Stand by, Rosita.
And... action!

And cue Porsha.

(yelps)
Take that, you nasty alien monster.
Did I do good?
Yeah.
That was so good.
Yay!
Did you hear that?
He thinks I'm awesome.
(groans)
Okay, she cannot act.
Shh. I know. I know.
But I got to keep Mr. Crystal happy.
Take that, you nasty alien monster.
Excuse me, but Mr. Crystal wants to see you.

PORSHA:

Oh. Well, I could come by this afternoon.
He means now. Right now.
O... kay.

BUSTER:

Yes, I did. Yes, I did.
Come on in.
Whoa.
This place is incredible.
(chuckles)
Pretty great, huh?
So, how's it going with Calloway?
Calloway?
It's, uh... it's good.
Yeah. Very good.
Right, right.
Well, let me ask you something.
What did I do to make you disrespect me, huh?
What?
Oh, what? You think I'm an idiot?
Some kind of bozo?
No. No, sir, not at all.
My team, they talked to Calloway's lawyer, and they say he's never heard of you or your show.
Really? They said that? Uh...
You lied to me!

(gasps) I-I didn't mean to.

Okay? Honestly, I really thought I could get him.

No one makes me look like a fool! No one!

I-I wouldn't dream of doing that to you.

(growling)

I swear, if you didn't have my kid in your show, you'd be out of that window by now!

Please, please, please. I-I'm so sorry.

You'd better have Calloway by the end of next week, or so help me! (growls)

I-I-I will.

I-I-I'll get him. I won't let you down, sir.

Oh, I know you won't let me down.

Jerry, get in here!

Yes, sir. Right here, sir.

Clean this mess up, will you?

Yes, absolutely, I'd love to.

Listen up. I got to go to Calloway's, and I got to go ASAP.

Oh, no, please don't go there.

D-Don't worry. Don't worry.

I know you said he's crazy, but I'll be all right.

Oh, can I go with you, please?

Uh, I don't know.

Come on, you're gonna need me.

I know everything about this guy.

Uh... I think you're right.

Yes!

Now, listen, Gunter, you've got to figure out the ending of this show on your own.

On my own?

Yes.

Miss Crawly, I need you to take charge while I'm away.

Yes, sir.

Now, listen to me.

You got to bring your A game here, Miss Crawly.

I'm serious. You got to be tough.

Yes, I got to be tough.

You got to be firm.

Oh, and I got to be firm. Yes.

And you cannot... I repeat, cannot... let production fall behind, not one little bit.

Is that clear?

Yes, sir, Mr. Moon, sir.

(military drumbeat playing)

Mason!

(yelps)

That volcano should've been finished yesterday!

W-We're on it, Miss Crawly.

You better be!

Meena, Darius, take it from the top, and this time, put a little juice in it, will you?

I'm trying my best, Miss Crawly.

A little juice?

Hey, everybody.

You're two hours late for rehearsal!

Wait. Wait, where's the koala?

Who are you?

I'm in charge! That's who!

Now, get your tail to wardrobe, sweetheart.

(rustling)

(Buster and Ash groaning)

(grunts, spits)

(groans, sighs)

Oh, my gosh.

There he is.

That's him.

BUSTER:

He doesn't look so scary.

Mr. Calloway!

Go away!

BUSTER:

We-we-we just want to talk to you for one minute.

That's all.

We are not leaving until you talk to us.

Fine. If you're not coming over here, we're coming over to you.

No! Stay off the fence!

Don't listen to him.

("Romeo and Juliet

Fantasy Overture" playing)

(whimpers softly)

(yells)

(groans)

(screams, whimpers)

Stop, stop, stop!

Porsha, you're still messing it up.

(groans) It's not my fault.

He keeps missing the catch.

I think she's trying to kill me.

Reset. Let's go again.

Meena! Darius!

We're coming to you next, and I better see some chemistry between you two.

Okay, let's run these steps one more time.

(snapping finger rhythmically)

So, music starts, I step out, do my moves, fancy moves.

BOTH:

Gazing at each other like we're burning up with love...

(groans)

What are you doing with your face?

Your face looks broken.

What is that?

Uh... I was falling in love?

Yeah, Gina, listen.

I'm sorry, that-that's not what falling in love with me looks like.

I... I should know.

I see it day after day, week after week.

(chuckles) Let's run it again.

From the top! And five, six, seven, eight.

And one...

(sighs)

ALFONSO:

Or should I say, Your Majesty?

Uh... I just... You look like a goddess, and, uh... and-and-and lucky for you, it's "free ice cream for all goddesses" day.

Aw. (chuckles)

That's cherry cheesecake, and I-I make it all myself.

See, my truck's right over there.

Come by anytime...

Your Majesty.

(loud bang)

Ooh, that... Are you okay?

(sighs)

ASH (echoing):

(Buster groans)

You okay?

Ash? (hisses in pain)

Where are we?

We're in Clay's house.

Oh, my gosh.

Have you talked to him yet?

Uh-huh.

You have?

We were just discussing whether he'd consider being in our show.

What did he say?

He said no.

(Buster gasps)

Not in a million years.

Please, Mr. Calloway.

Look, you don't... you don't realize how much it would mean to have you in our show and...

(groans)

Will you stop your yakking?

(Clay growls quietly)

Here.

Your friend left this on my property.

(growls quietly)

And I want you gone in the morning.

(door slams)

And that's why they say, "Never meet your heroes."

Step, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four.

Yes!

(whimpers, grunts)

NOOSHY:

You're not ready to be busting out these moves.

Sorry. (panting)

Look at you.

Klaus has thrown you in the deep end and drained out all of your confidence like...

(inhaling deeply)

(laughs)

("Suéltate" by Sam I plays)

Don't worry.

We'll build up to it step-by-step.

Just forget what Klaus told you and go with the flow.

(cheering)

(song ends)

Nailed it!

Now, didn't you say you were gonna eat your hat?

Well, there you go.

Mmm. Yum-yum.

(yelps)

("Señorita" by Shawn Mendes and Camila Cabello playing)

(excited chatter)

(breathes heavily, groans)

Girl, that is your fourth today.

I know, I know.

But I can't stop.

It's 'cause I really want to talk to him.

But... but when I get close, I get nervous, so... so I just buy another ice cream.

(music stops)

(hammering)

(bird screeching in distance)

Uh, honestly, th-this is gonna be the greatest show I have ever made.

Whoa!

And when you see the sets and the...

Turn on that tap for me.

Tap? Uh, sure.

So, anyway...

Whoa!

(yells)

(laughing)

Oopsie-daisy.

Moon, you okay?

BUSTER:

(growls softly)

It's tea.

You drink it.

(panting):

mean, fantastic show ever.

Did you put honey in this?

BUSTER:

I mean, i-it's gonna end with you and your song...

(growls)

You don't want to do the show.

Besides, lost my singing voice, so...

Your voice sounds fine to me.

(Clay groans)

This... This is all because you lost your wife, isn't it?

CLAY:

We're not talking about my Ruby.

Look, I know she inspired so many of your songs...

All of my songs.

Right.

I... I can't imagine what it must be like to lose someone so special, but do you think this is what Ruby would've wanted for you?

I mean, you out here on your own and never singing again?

No, y-you don't understand.

There's... there's no rock star living here anymore.

Clay, you just need to play again.

Your songs will bring you back.

You can. You can reconnect with...

No, I can't!

I haven't even heard one of my songs in over 15 years.

And for good reason.

(takes deep breath)

Ruby was everything.

And I don't like honey in my tea.

(Buster sighs)

He's not gonna change his mind.

He will.

But you should go back.

Me? What about you?

ASH:

I can't just leave him like this.

Ten-hut!

Whoa.

Welcome back, Mr. Moon, sir.

Uh, thank you, Miss Crawly.

Oh, and I have something for you.

Thank you, Mr. Moon, sir.

All right, you can ease off the attitude now.

Oh, oh, yes, yes.

So, any luck with Clay Calloway?

Shh! Not yet.

But if anyone can convince him, it's Ash, so...

All right, folks, tomorrow, we have our first run-through, so let's get this show in shipshape shape.

(whirs)

(ooing and aahing)

And cue Porsha.

(flatly):

I must take care, for I have landed on the Planet of War.

Ooh. Okay, so let's just hold it right there, folks.

Uh, everyone, take five.

(bell ringing)

What the heck is a captain's log, anyway?

Um, Porsha, can I have a word?

Porsha, you know I truly believe that this show, i-it... (shivers) it's close to being fantastic, maybe even perfect.

Thank you.

Y-Yeah, yeah, but-but, see, to make it the best it can be...

(takes deep breath)

...well, I got to make some changes.

Uh-huh.

Like...

(whimpers):

I have to give the lead role back to Rosita.

What?

I'm just offering you the opportunity to switch roles with...

You're firing me?

No, I-I'm not firing you.

Oh, wait till my dad hears that you fired me.

But I'm not firing you. Please, wait!

(sighs) Oh, my gosh.

You all hate me, don't you?

No, no, no, we don't hate you. We all think you're terrific!

Well, I don't care if you hate me.

Please stop.

You and your stupid, stupid sky-fi show can go to heck!

Porsha, stop. Wait!

Oh, I am one dead koala.

(clock ticking)

(acoustic guitar strumming in distance)

(stops strumming)

(sighs)

(song ends)

LINDA:

fired from her father's show.

(angry grunt)

(Porsha sobbing)

He fired my daughter?

My daughter?

(Porsha wailing)

Would you be quiet? You've embarrassed me enough.

But, Daddy...

Now the whole world thinks I got a talentless loser for a daughter.

Take her home.

(sobbing)

Bring me Moon.

(elevator bell dings)

("Something Wonderful" by Terry Saunders playing)

(gulps)

(song fades)

(cell phone ringing)

(gasps)

(groans)

Ash? Now is not a good...

ASH:

What?

I got Calloway!

Here, he wants to talk to you.

Your friend is even more annoying than you are.

(laughs):

We're heading to Redshore right now.

You are?

Yes.

(gasps) Oh, my gosh.

Okay, this is great news, seriously.

You may have just saved my life here.

(sighs):

Here we go.

Mr. Moon, what have you done?

Mr. Crystal. Aah! I got some great news.

Clay Calloway is on his way here right now.

MR. CRYSTAL:

Okay, I think I know what this might be about, and I...

You fired Porsha.

No. No. I never fired her.

You calling her a liar?

No, no, no, no, she just got it wrong, is all.

I was only trying to help her do the best she could, and be-believe me, I-I-I just wanted to do the right thing.

The right thing to do...

(yelps)

...is what I tell you to do!

But I did!

I-I-I delivered a great show.

And Ca-Calloway, he's coming.

No, no, no! Stop! Stop!

(whimpers) No!

You really think I'd let a lowlife little amateur loser like you humiliate me?

(whimpering)

BUSTER:

You made me look bad.

(screams) No, no!

I didn't mean to!

(whimpers) No!

So I'm gonna have to let you go.

What? Whoa!

JERRY:

I'm-I'm so sorry, um, so sorry to bother you, but, uh, you have a live TV appearance in just a moment, so it-it might be better if we just put a pin in this right now. Um...

(Buster whimpering)

(grunts)

You-you nearly killed me.

And I'll finish the job later.

(door slams)

(whimpers)

No.

(panting)

No! No!

(gasps) Help!

Help! Jerry! Anyone!

(pants, whimpers)

No. Help, please!

Shh!

You need to get out of this city and never, ever come back.

Do you understand? Never.

Okay, okay. I understand.

I told you you were not cut out for this.

He tried to kill me.

Yeah, and when he finds you're gone, he'll have his thugs looking all over for you.

Okay. Thank you, Suki. I'm so, so...

Get out of here.

(panting)

Uh, what did you say, Mr. Moon?

Get out! All of you!

Get out of there right now!

(yells)

There's no time to explain. Just get the cast and meet me back at the hotel!

(both grunt)

FLOOR MANAGER:

(audience cheering)

Jerry, go get my snacks.

Yes, sir.

(Linda speaking indistinctly, music continues in distance)

LINDA (in distance): What a great show we have...

(Jerry gasps)

(screams)

Here to discuss the drama surrounding his new show...

Sir! Uh, sir, sir, sir.

Mr. Redshore City himself...

(growls):

...please welcome Mr. Jimmy Crystal.

Come on out here, Jimmy.

(audience cheering)

Don't make us beg.

Moon got out.

Find him.

(laughs) Does this guy know how to make an entrance or what?

(laughs) Hey, everybody!

Good to see you.

Linda, I got some hot news for you.

You look terrific.

(Buster panting)

It is so good to see you.

(knocking)

MR. CRYSTAL:

(doorbell rings)

(gasps)

LINDA:

Billionaire Magazine Man of the Year three years in a row, owner of the largest...

(knocking)

theater chain in the world...

(doorbell rings)

(gasping)

(door creaks open)

ASH:

Ash?

Ash, in here!

Buster?

(Buster whimpering, yelping)

BUSTER:

You got to be kidding me.

ASH:

What are you doing in there?

BUSTER:

(Ash grunting)

Crystal got mad and tried to kill me.

What?

(grunts)

(panting):

off.

(doorbell rings)

(whimpers)

BUSTER:

(knocking)

Shh. Pretend we're not here.

(Clay groans)

The first time I leave home in 15 years, and what do I find?

(Buster shushing)

The show is off, and this guy is hiding in a suitcase.

No, no, don't... don't open the door.

No, no, no. (shushes, mutters frantically)

(all gasp)

ALL:

(Clay groans)

I remember you.

(whimpers)

(thuds)

BUSTER (echoing): Miss Crawly.

Pew, pew. Pew.

Miss Crawly, wake up.

Wha... Mm, what?

Wake up. We got to get out of here.

Coast is clear. Let's go.

Come on, Miss Crawly. Come on.

Come on. Come on.

(groaning)

We'll all feel better when we're safe at home.

CLAY:

'Cause I can tell you, running and hiding away is not all that it's cracked up to be.

Well, we don't have a choice.

Yeah, well, all these years, I thought the same, but turns out there's always a choice.

Just never had the guts to make the right one.

Know what I mean?

MR. CRYSTAL (over TV): Right? A victim.

(Linda groans)

I shut down my show 'cause of a talentless little twerp called Buster Moon. Seriously, you should've seen this teeny, tiny loser.

Oh, and his pathetic amateur friends...

let's just say, whatever Podunk town they crawled out of, that's where they belong, 'cause it sure ain't this great city.

No.

I see, Clay's right.

What we're trying to do here, it takes guts.

(stammering)

Guys, wait.

We-we cannot let that-that-that-that... that bully steal our hopes and dreams.

No, no, no. We are way past singing and dancing now.
Look, I-I know this might sound crazy.
If we got the theater back...

JOHNNY:

Just for one night only.
Seriously?
It's not like we can just sneak in there and put the show on behind
Crystal's back.
That is exactly what we're gonna do.
Yes!
(doorbell rings)
(all gasp)
Maybe it's, like, room service?
(knocking)

WOLF:

Okay, it's not room service.
You and your dumb friends better not be hiding in there.
What are we gonna do?
Guys, we just got to be brave now.
Are you saying we should fight these thugs?
No, no. They'll beat us to a pulp.
(banging at door)
(all gasp)
We're gonna put this show on whether Crystal likes it or not.
But first, we're gonna jump out that window.

ALL:

I'm beginning to like this guy.
(grunting)
(all screaming)
("Soy Yo" by Bomba Estéreo playing, singing in Spanish)
(gasping, yelling)
Security. Yeah, we got nine suspects loose on the river ride.
Repeat, nine suspects loose on the river ride.
Hang on, everybody.
(all whooping)
Uh, this is pool security.
I don't see anyone here. Over.
There!
They're heading east through the back lot!
Go, go, go, go, go.
Oh, I wish I didn't have... (gasps)

such teeny, tiny legs!
(panting, yelps)

Thank you, Linda.

(audience cheering)

Thank you. Thanks, everybody.

(song continues in Spanish)

Well?

Uh, no sign of 'em, sir.

We think they might have split town.

(grunting angrily)

(all panting)

(beeps)

(all gasp)

(song stops)

No one is supposed to be in here.

Uh, who are you?

We're the night cleaners.

Oh, I see.

Well, we don't need any cleaning right now, but it'd be better if you didn't leave, so...

Mm, I don't suppose any of you can tap-dance, huh?

(throat clears)

Huh.

Well, let's move it, folks.

(song resumes)

Here, Rosita.

It's your role.

Miss Crawly, let's see if we can get us a new green alien.

Yes, sir, Mr. Moon, sir.

(sobbing)

Rise and shine, sweetheart!

(yelps)

Hey! You made it!

(applause)

Yeah, well, uh, maybe I overreacted a little before.

A little? You were, like, a total drama queen back there.

Yeah, okay, we're all good now.

Wow, my dad's gonna flip when he finds out about us.

Well, we're safe for now, but listen, let's...
Safe?
(scoffs) Uh, no.
None of us are safe.
Mr. Moon, I know someone who can protect us.
Right. Mm-hmm. Yeah. Yeah.
Protection?
Say no more, son.
We're on our way.

Good night, Porsha.

All right, be that way. I don't care.
Spoiled little brat.
All right, time to get us an audience.
Wait. Moon, as soon as you start inviting folks in here, hotel security will just shut us down, right?
Oh, it's okay. Rosita's got that covered.
(cell phone beeps)
Norman, release the piglets.
(elevator bell dings)
(clamoring)
(“Not Today” by BTS playing)

(yelling)
(whimpers, grunts)
(groans)
(clamoring continues)
Hey, no!
All security, we have a situation on floor 17.
Repeat, all security to floor 17.
This is the best day of my life, Daddy! Whoo!

BUFFET HOST:

(microphone feedback squeals)

Wait, uh, is it on?

MISS CRAWLY:

Oh, now?

Yes, now.

Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes.

Before I blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Yeah, yeah, okay.

(clears throat) Good evening.

Uh, my name is Buster Moon, and it is my great pleasure to present to you, for one night only in the Crystal Tower Theater...

(phone rings)

Mr. Crystal's office.

This is Jerry speaking.

...a brand-new show called Out of This World.

A musical space odyssey featuring the return of the legendary Clay Calloway.

(whimpering, muttering)

That's right, Clay Calloway.

(gasping, murmuring)

And what's more, this show is completely free, so step right up, folks, and take your seats.

The journey of a lifetime is about to begin.

All right, folks, we all set back here?

There he is!

Dad. (chuckles)

Come here.

What are you wearing?

Oh, well, we're still doing our community service, ain't we, lads?

Yeah.

That's right.

Oh, my gosh. He's here.

Crystal's here?

No. M-My ice cream guy.

And he's sitting in the front row.

Mr. Crystal! Mr. Crystal!

Aah! Jerry!

Mr. Crystal, wake up, wake up.

I tried to stop him, sir.

I-I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry to wake you up, sir.

It's Moon. He's taken over the theater, and he's putting on a show right

now.
He's what?!
(screams)
(audience clapping rhythmically)
Okay, this is it, guys. You ready?
Oh, my gosh. Are we really doing this?
Yeah, you better believe it.
Yeah, big-time, baby!
(all cheering, whooping)
Remember...

ALL:

Yeah!
(whooping)
Let's do it! Come on!

(robotically):

Beep-beep, boop-boop.
Playback!
(orchestral overture playing)
(cheering)
All creatures great and small, welcome to outer space.
("outer space" echoing)
(ooing and aahing)
(applause)
(whooshing)
My name is Captain Rosita.

My mission:

went missing long ago.
Captain, I am picking up his signal.
Excellent. But from which planet?
I see four of them ahead.
It is impossible to know which one the signal is, like, coming from.
I see.
Then I'll have to explore them all.
Take us down.
You've got this, big guy.
Remember what I said... just go with the flow.

ROSITA:

for I have landed on the Planet of War.
("A Sky Full of Stars" playing)

That's my boy.

(cheering)

(cheering)

Yeah!

Give me that!

And your costume. Now!

Wait, what?

Take it off now!

(tires squeal)

(horn honks)

Uh, we'll be at the theater soon, sir.

I don't want to be there soon. I want to be there now.

Yeah, we want to be there now.

Yes, sir.

(engine revs)

(yelps)

(tires squealing)

(horn honks)

(audience oohing and aahing)

(grunting)

(creaking)

(grunts)

(Johnny yelps, grunts)

(audience groans, applauds)

You see? You will never be great, Johnny.

(cheering and applause)

Oh, come on.

(playing drumbeat)

(audience cheering)

(drumbeat continues)

(tapping rhythmically)

Yeah, that's more like it.

(drumbeat continues)

(yelps, screams)

(pained whimper)

(drumbeat stops)

(audience cheering)

(cheering)

BARRY (over radio): This is Barry. Come in. Over.

Yeah, go ahead, Barry.

Crystal's on site.

Repeat, Crystal is on site. Over.

Roger that.

Right, let's go to work.

(knuckles crack)

Mission report.

My search takes me to the second planet, the Planet of Joy.

All right. Here we go, Porsha.

Time to show the world what you're really made of.

(audience oohing and aahing)

Hey, who the heck are you? Where's my security?

We're security now, mate.

What?

(snaps fingers)

(grunting and groaning)

(grunting and groaning)

Porsha!

Get off of there!

Don't you make me come out there!

(grunts)

You traitor.

That's it, I'm coming out there!

(grunts)

Miss Crawly put some cushions and snacks down there, so you should be comfortable till the show's over.

You little...

(song ends)

(cheering and applause)

ROSITA:

No sign here of the missing space explorer.

I'm moving to the next planet.

(breathing sharply)

Ready, Gina?

It's Meena.

Wait, what is?

Never mind.

Listen, find that feeling.

It is now or never.

(sighs)

(Darius grunts, exhales sharply)

(grunts, inhales sharply)

("I Say a Little Prayer" playing)

Okay. I'm ready now.

(grunting and groaning)

(screams) Oh, Mr. Crystal, where are you?

I'm trapped somewhere under the stage.

I'll find you, sir. (yelps)

Mr. Crystal, I'm coming!

(song ends)
(audience cheering)
Yes!

(laughing):

Hi.
Um, hi.
I'm Meena.
Oh. Um, Alfonso.
You-you were incredible.
So were you.
Um, what?
Oh. Uh, uh, never mind.
Um, want to meet up after the show, maybe?
Uh, okay.
Okay, great. Bye.

GUNTER:

There is, like, a huge wormhole.
The ship will never make it.
(audience gasping)
You're right. It won't make it.
But I will.

(grunting)

Watch your fingers. (yelps)

(growls)

(panicked gasping)

Rosita, you've got to jump.

(whimpers)

(panting)

Oh, honey.

Come on, Rosita.

MEENA:

Whoa!

PORSHA:

NOOSHY:

Mr. Moon!

Mr. Crystal, no!

Well, I've got you now, you lowlife little loser.

No, sir.

I'm not a loser.

We did what we came here to do.

And there is nothing you can do or say to change that.

(Mr. Crystal chuckles)

Oh, I can do whatever I want.

(audience cheering)

(grunts)

GUNTER:

(laughs)

(audience cheering)

(song ends)

(cheering and applause)

NORMAN:

I love you!

Yeah!

(cheering)

Oh, Mr. Moon, are you okay?

Yeah. Never better.

Uh, where's Ash and Clay?

ASH:

Clay, you back here?

We're on next.

(sighs)

You okay?

Uh-huh.

ROSITA:

We have survived the wormhole.

GUNTER:

Yeah.

And arrived on the last planet.

The missing space explorer must be here somewhere, but there's no sign of life on my scanner.

ASH:

Clay, it's time to go on.

ROSITA:

Nothing but an empty cave.

Clay.

Oh, no.

It's okay. Just sing.

Your songs will carry you.

No.

This is a mistake.

Please.

It's been so long.

I'm not ready.

I'm sorry.

I'm not ready.

(audience singing along)

(applause)

(electric guitar riff playing)

(cheering)

(cheering)

ROSITA:

We're heading home.

(song ends)

(cheering)

(grunting)

Hey, Mr. Moon!

Come on!

Get out here, Moon.

Come on out here!

(grunts)

(audience cheering)

(whooping)

LINDA:

Oh, my gosh, listen to that crowd.

You are a genius.

Yeah, you really are a genius, sir.

Yeah, you got that right, Linda.

(cheering continues)

MR. CRYSTAL:

Too kind. I appreciate it, really.

I-I do.

Look, I am very proud of this show.

We did great work here. Great work.

And my good friend, Clay... great to have him back, right?

(audience cheering)

Yeah!

And listen, I look forward to seeing this show run at my theater for many, many years to come.

Right, Moon?

(audience laughing)

Moon?

(laughter continues)

Officers, arrest that wolf.

JERRY:

He's innocent! Mr. Crystal, please!

I love you!

("Your Song Saved My Life" by U2 playing)

(tapping on window)

Stop the bus!

(song stops)

(tires squeal)

PORSHA:

NOOSHY:

ROSITA:

MEENA:

GUNTER:

I just got a call from The Majestic.

They think your show is fantastic, and they want to put it on at their theater.

(all gasp)

Well, what do you say, Mr. Calloway?

You in?

(all cheering)

(song ends)

(vocalizing intro to "There's Nothing Holdin' Me Back")

("There's Nothing Holdin' Me Back" by Shawn Mendes playing)

(piglet chuckles)

(sighs)

Oh!

(music fades)