

SPACEBALLS 3.0: THE SEARCH FOR MORE, MORE, MORE

Opening Crawl (Spoof Style)

In a galaxy even farther away than last time...

The Merchandising Empire has fallen to the Algorithmic Syndicate, led by the dark overlord of tech: Darth Ledger.

Once known as a lowly billionaire named “Musk, Elon,” he now rules from a megayacht orbiting Planet X (sponsored by CryptoKraze™).

Meanwhile, a ragtag team of freedom-fighting freeloaders has launched a quest to reboot the franchise — AGAIN.

Armed with snark, snacks, and an expired pilot’s license, they seek the last remaining copy of the sacred script... hidden deep within the bowels of the forgotten theme park: Six Flags Over Tatooine.

This is their story...

SCENE 1 – Cockpit of the S.S. Retcon

INT. S.S. RETCON – COCKPIT – DAY

CAPTAIN STALEMATE, a worn-out hero who peaked in the last reboot, lounges in the captain's chair with a space-slurpee and cheeto dust on his uniform.

****STALEMATE****

(leaning back)

Tell me again why we're risking our last ounce of credibility on this mission?

His co-pilot, DRONE-B-420, a sarcastic hovering toaster with attitude, buzzes in midair.

****DRONE-B-420****

Because the fandom demands it. And also, we're broke.

Suddenly, the ship jolts.

****STALEMATE****

(half-interested)

Was that enemy fire or just another plot twist?

****DRONE-B-420****

According to my sensors... it's your unresolved character arc.

The intercom buzzes. A smooth voice: COMMANDER CLICKBATE.

****CLICKBATE (V.O.)****

All hands to merch stations! The algorithm has detected... potential revenue.

Lights flash. Sirens blare. A hologram of a limited edition lunchbox appears.

****STALEMATE****

Here we go again...

FADE OUT.

SCENE 2 – Six Flags Over Tatooine – Abandoned Theme Park Entrance

EXT. SIX FLAGS OVER TATOOINE – MAIN GATE – DAY

The S.S. Retcon wobbles into a crash landing beside rusted-out rollercoasters and faded posters of parody mascots like “Goofth Vader” and “Sponge-Luke Pants.” Dust billows. Nothing works. Like... nothing.

STALEMATE

(stepping out, brushing off sand)

Smells like copyright decay.

DRONE-B-420

(sniffing dramatically)

And desperation. Possibly a Taco Bell.

They're met by GRANDMA YODA, a 3-foot tall, hunched alien in fuzzy slippers and a souvenir "I Survived the Merch Wars" t-shirt.

GRANDMA YODA

Welcome, you are not. Coupons, did you bring?

STALEMATE

(grabbing pockets)

Do expired NFTs count?

GRANDMA YODA

Only if minted before breakfast.

Suddenly, the ground trembles. From the sand rises a giant animatronic SANDWURM-MART, half store, half worm, slithering ominously.

DRONE-B-420

Oh no. They rebooted Dune... again.

GRANDMA YODA

Brand synergy, it is. Hungry for product placement, he becomes.

STALEMATE

(to Drone-B-420)

Next time, let's just sell out before the opening credits.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 3 – The Gift Shop of Doom™

INT. GIFT SHOP OF DOOM – INTERIOR – MOMENTS LATER

We pan across a crumbling, abandoned mega gift shop — like if a Spirit Halloween and a failed SkyMall had a child. Rotating racks squeak eerily. Every surface is plastered with clearance tags.

Sign reads:

“WELCOME TO THE GIFT SHOP OF DOOM™ — ALL SALES FINAL. ESPECIALLY YOUR SOUL.”

STALEMATE

(tugging a melted ChewBarbie from the shelf)

Was this always this cursed?

DRONE-B-420

(reading label)

“Choking hazard: May cause metaphysical identity crisis.”

...Nice.

A skeletal MERCH-CLERK lurches forward. Think haunted animatronic cast member. The badge reads: “HELLO, I’M KAREN-9000.”

KAREN-9000

(cheery but menacing)

Hi, welcome to the DOOM™. Would you like to sign up for our loyalty program or face immediate annihilation?

STALEMATE

Just browsing.

KAREN-9000

I'll need to see a valid coupon or blood offering.

DRONE-B-420

(quietly to Stalemate)

I liked her better when she was just a Roomba.

Suddenly, a glowing screen activates. The store darkens. DARTH LEDGER appears in 1080p force-hologram... wearing a business suit, cape, and a "Musk, Elon" name tag.

DARTH LEDGER

(ominous)

Welcome, retail renegades. You've wandered into the Free Market's last frontier. Here, the price is... everything.

He taps a calculator. A thunderclap sounds. Lights flicker.

STALEMATE

I don't negotiate with holograms. Not unless they're voiced by Morgan Freeman.

DARTH LEDGER

Then prepare... for Q4 PROFITS!

[Cue villain theme: trap remix of "O Fortuna"]

GRANDMA YODA

(strolling in sipping a frappuccino)

This is why I told you. Bring coupons, you should.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 4 – The Sandcrawler Investment Pitch

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY – TATOOINE STARTUP INCUBATOR

A surprisingly sleek desert tech hub. Giant glass walls look out over dunes. Inside, half-sweaty, half-shiny execs sip blue milk lattes and chew on overpriced Bantha jerky sticks.

At the head of the table, DARTH LEDGER, now wearing a black turtleneck and dark Ray-Bans, gestures to a hologram of a SANDBANK™ CRAWLER — a terrifying hybrid of a sandcrawler, hedge fund, and ice cream truck.

DARTH LEDGER

(in full TED Talk mode)

Gentlebeings... what if I told you sand... could be monetized?

CUT TO: AUDIENCE — confused alien venture capitalists.

HUTT #1

(slurping through translator)

Did he say “monetized sand”? Or “sanitized money”?

JAWABRO #5000

(clapping rapidly)

He said both. This guy's a genius.

DARTH LEDGER

Our Sandbank™ Crawler will extract emotional equity from impoverished planets, then reinvest in artificially intelligent sandstorms that target people who still pirate movies.

CLOSE-UP — screen behind him now flashing: “Project DUNESWEEP: Return on Existential Investment 8000%”

VC #3

(skeptical)

How does it work?

DARTH LEDGER

Simple. First, we tokenize their despair.

GRANDMA YODA

(off-camera, sipping again)

This is why bankruptcy, I filed.

DRONE-B-420

(poking Stalemate, whispering)

Does this mean we're shorting the galaxy?

STALEMATE

Nah. We're about to meme it into submission.

Suddenly the hologram glitches, and the real sandcrawler outside crashes through the glass like a slow-moving meteor.

CRUNCH. PANIC.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(voice of late-night infomercial)

The Sandbank Crawler™ — Invest now, pay later... with your soul!

FREEZE FRAME on Darth Ledger doing finger guns.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

“COMING SOON TO A WALLET NEAR YOU”

SCENE 5 – TEMPLE OF REBOOTS: THE GALACTIC TIMESHARE SUMMIT

INT. CRUMBLING ANCIENT TEMPLE – NIGHT

Ancient Jedi statues have been hollowed out and turned into holographic sales kiosks. Formerly sacred murals now read: “ASK US ABOUT THE MULTIVERSE PLAN!” and “REBOOTS ARE ETERNAL™”

DARTH LEDGER (now in beachwear, holding a fruity drink)

Friends, enemies, disillusioned franchise holders...

Have you ever wanted to vacation in every timeline at once?

AUDIENCE – half cultists, half interns, and one confused Dalek in a Hawaiian shirt.

DARTH LEDGER

Introducing: The ChronoShare™ — the first multiversal timeshare investment plan backed by residual royalties, deepfaked nostalgia, and entirely synthetic memories.

SCREEN BEHIND HIM FLASHES:

“Own a weekend on Dagobah! A Tuesday in the Blade Runner timeline!”

HUTT #1

Do I get a free robe?

DARTH LEDGER

You get a free personality upgrade and a clone of someone who regrets their choices for you to bond with emotionally.

GRANDMA YODA

(folding arms)

Still no dental.

STALEMATE

(low whisper)

This is getting out of hand. We're one pitch away from NFT-enabled lightsabers.

DRONE-B-420

(confused, taking notes)

Wait. I thought we already minted NFT lightsabers?

CUT TO – A WALL DISPLAY:

“Next Up: LightsaberCoin™ — Slay Your Debts. Literally.”

SCENE 6 – THE BLOCKCHAIN REBELLION

INT. DIGITAL PYRAMID SCHEME CONVENTION CENTER – DAY

A massive glowing cube floats midair, with screens reading:

➤ “WELCOME TO THE INITIAL CRYPTO OFFERING: FORCECOIN™

The only currency backed by fan theories, Jedi ghosts, and pure speculation.”

DARTH LEDGER

(arms raised like a televangelist)

Brothers, sisters, algorithmic children... We now offer you a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity:

Buy in early to ForceCoin™, the decentralized token of destiny!

A HOLOGRAPHIC SLIDE APPEARS:

“Backed by absolutely nothing since 0 BBY!”

JAR JAR BANKS

(wearing a suit and bad wig)

Meesa approved by 3 outta 5 imaginary regulators! Don't ask where da liquidity go!

AUDIENCE – made up of influencers, bounty hunters, and the Galactic IRS.

MILDLY ANGRY REBEL #6

Wait... isn't this just a Ponzi scheme?

DRONE-B-420

Don't be ridiculous. This is a Starkiller Staircase™. Totally different. See? It's shaped like a saber and goes... absolutely nowhere.

SCREEN BEHIND FLIPS TO A NEW SLIDE:

- “Early investors get a free digital Bantha rug. Late investors... get to fight in the war.”

STALEMATE

(whispers to Princess Franchise)

They've even minted NFTs of Yoda's toenail clippings. I saw one sell for 40,000 credits.

PRINCESS FRANCHISE

Disgusting.

(pause)

...Buy me three.

MEANWHILE, IN A CORNER BOOTH – SITHBROKER & HEDGE-VADER

They're programming DeFi Lightsaber Futures using a rotary dial and ancient Sith scrolls.

HEDGE-VADER

If we short the midichlorian spike and pump the nostalgia stock...

SITHBROKER

...We can trigger Order 67: Financial Bankruptcy.

DRAMATIC MUSIC BUILDS.

A new ticker tape scrolls across the screen:

- “FORCECOIN CRASHES AFTER CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT FROM SPACE KANYE.”

SCENE 7 – THE CORRUPT STUDIO BOARDROOM (A.K.A. THE DEATH STARLOT)

INT. LUXURIOUS OFFICE – NIGHT

Overlooking a lava-lit skyline, the interior oozes with bad taste and even worse ethics. Neon signs buzz overhead:

- “PUBLISHGALAXY MEDIA – YOUR VOICE, OUR PROFITS”

The walls are lined with empty trophy cases, ghostwritten memoirs, and unused ISBNs. A single plaque reads:

- “#1 in Author Disillusionment Since 2020.”

DARTH LEDGER, now in business casual robes, swirls blue milk in a chalice. His helmet now sports a Bluetooth earpiece and a “CEO & Visionary” name tag.

DARTH LEDGER

(to his board of alien interns)

And once we’ve locked the authors into a three-movie adaptation, we hit them with... THE EXPOSURE CONTRACT™.

ALIEN INTERN #3

Isn’t that just unpaid labor?

DARTH LEDGER

(chuckles darkly)

No, no. It’s collaboration. We take 90% royalties, charge them for their own premiere, and offer an exclusive NFT of their soul. Legally binding, naturally.

CAMERA PANS TO THE WALL: A framed contract written in invisible ink, signed by “A. Skywrittern.”

STUDIO ASSISTANT droid (PR-R2)

Sir, your next scam—I mean, creative synergy call—is ready. Also, the merchandise division requests more useless figurines. They suggest “Emotionally Fragile Sith Lord Ken Dolls.”

DARTH LEDGER

Make them cry when you press their chestplates. Emotional vulnerability is trending.

Suddenly, the HOLOSCREEN BLINKS ON. A group of rebel authors appear, led by:

STALEMATE, PRINCESS FRANCHISE, and THE WRITER FORMERLY KNOWN AS
“ORIGINALITY”

STALEMATE

Darth Ledger! Your scams end here. We know the truth.

PRINCESS FRANCHISE

You’re not just producing this movie. You’re profiting off every plot twist—even the cancellation arc!

DARTH LEDGER

You fools! I am the cancellation arc. And as of today, you’ve all been optioned... into oblivion.

SCREEN GLITCHES. CUT TO:

A trailer voiceover begins mid-glitch:

- “This summer... when hope was but a rejected screenplay... three misfits dared to fight for final cut rights.”

TITLE CARD:

- SPACEBALLS 3.0: THE SEARCH FOR A LEGITIMATE CONTRACT

SCENE 8 – FAKE NEWS GALAXY NETWORK (FNGN)

INT. HOLO-NEWS STUDIO – NIGHT

A nauseating swirl of spinning logos, ticker tape riddled with ads, and a theme song that sounds like a caffeine overdose blast onto screen.

VOICEOVER

♪ “This is FNGN: Where the Galaxy Gets its Facts—FAST & FICTIONAL!” ♪

Cut to two news anchors who look cloned from the same vat of plasticine:

ANCHOR #1 (BLOND BLANDLY) – wide smile, wider collar.

ANCHOR #2 (KARA CHROME) – blinking like she’s being updated mid-broadcast.

BLANDLY

Tonight’s top story: The so-called “Rebel Writers” claim Darth Ledger is both funding and villainizing their own movie. We ask: is it plagiarism, parody, or just postmodern performance art?

CHROME

Sources say Ledger also launched a line of crypto-backed screenplays, where fans can buy scene ownership—including plot holes—in exchange for “galactic authenticity.”

BLANDLY

The script coin is tanking, though, after hackers leaked that every token was just a repurposed Beanie Baby.

(Graphic on screen):

- “SCRIPTCOIN: From Billion to Banana in 6 Parsecs”

CHROME

In other news, CEO Ledger’s studio “PublishGalaxy Media” is under investigation for reportedly greenlighting a biopic about itself while actively producing the scandal it’s based on.


BLANDLY

When reached for comment, Darth Ledger said:

(in a clip that clearly loops the same 3 seconds)

- “It’s not a scam, it’s synergistic ambition. It’s not a scam, it’s synergistic ambition. It’s not a—”

(Footage freezes. A pop-up ad appears mid-broadcast.)

-  “Buy the official Spaceballs 3.0 legal defense bundle! Comes with a gag order and a T-shirt that says ‘I sued the Empire and all I got was this NDA!’”

CHROME

Coming up next: “Is your screenplay secretly a political allegory? Five red flags—and one actual red flag.”

BLANDLY

And later, our exclusive expose: “Ghostwriters of the Galaxy: Who’s Really Writing Your Dialogue?”

BOTH SMILE – STATIC BURSTS – CUT TO COMMERCIAL.

VOICEOVER (AGGRESSIVELY TOO LOUD)

- “FNGN: Because if you can’t trust fiction, what can you trust?!”

SCENE 9 – THE HYPERGALACTIC STOCK EXCHANGE (HGSE)

INT. CHAOTIC TRADING FLOOR – DAY

An absurd number of species—tentacled, translucent, and otherwise—yell into floating microphones, smashing buttons on holographic consoles that literally burst into flame when short-circuited by bad investments.

A massive stock ticker above the floor reads:

- \$LEDGR down 88,000%. Galactic NFTs: worth less than lint. SCRIPTCOIN: 0.0000001 credits.

An emergency press conference blares from a 50-ft tall screen overhead:

DARTH LEDGER (VO) (wearing a golden visor and sipping from a champagne flask)

- “We didn’t crash the market. We innovated it to zero.”

CUT TO:

HOLO-WALL STREET ANALYST PANEL

The “experts” all speak in Buzzword™:

ANALYST 1 (panicking)

- “It’s not a recession, it’s an immersive liquidity disruption!”

ANALYST 2 (sweating profusely)

- “The bear market is now literally a bear—it ate three traders this morning!”

CUT TO:

A WIDE SHOT of people screaming and running in circles, throwing credit chips in the air, while robots quietly collect the chips into vacuum bags labeled “For Executive Bonus Only.”

Suddenly—BOOM. The entire exchange freezes. A huge warning flashes:

➤ 🚨 GALACTIC ECONOMIC CRISIS INITIATED 🚨

“Due to fluctuations in emotional investing, all credits are now backed by vibes.”

INT. PUBLIC SQUARE – LIVE REACTION

Civilians huddle together around holographic bank statements showing zero balances.

ALIEN PEASANT 1

➤ “I lost my life savings!”

ALIEN PEASANT 2 (checking under a rock)

➤ “I didn’t have life savings—but now I’m still poor, just... cosmically!”

NEWS BLAST:

➤ “BREAKING: Entire Galaxy Panic-Buys Essential Resources — like screenplays, autographed NFTs, and Galactic Crisis Survival Merch.”

VOICEOVER (same guy from earlier, just with a different hat)

- “You may have no home, but you can still own a SceneCoin™!”

ZOOM IN on DARTH LEDGER in his escape pod, counting scriptcoins and snickering.

DARTH LEDGER

- “Remember kids... never invest in the truth. It’s not marketable.”

SMASH CUT TO BLACK. TEXT FADES IN:

- “Coming soon: ‘The Crash Awakens’ – A Spin-off Nobody Asked For”

SCENE 10 – THE RISE OF THE BARD OF SAVIOUROUSITY

INT. WASTELAND PLANET – THE FREELANDS – DUSK

A lonely wind howls across a desert made entirely of discarded screenplays. Tattered pages flutter like fallen leaves—each one labeled “UNPRODUCIBLE.”

WIDE SHOT: A campfire crackles in the middle of nowhere. Around it sits a group of misfit creatives, wrapped in irony and cloaks of existential dread.

Enter our hero: MAXWELL “SCRIPTY” VON QUOTELORD – a rogue bard, smuggler of truth, and spiritual screenwriter who believes art can still save the galaxy.

He strums a glowing lutePad 3000, channeling the sacred chords of forgotten lore.

SCRIPTY (to the group)

➤ “They tried to silence us with NDAs...

They tried to bury us under unpaid invoices...

But they forgot one thing...

We. Have. Final Draft Pro Max Deluxe.”

The others lean in.

NYSSA THE STRUCTURIST (serious, neurotic)

➤ “Do you think... we can beat the algorithm?”

ZORG THE POST-POSTMODERN (a blue blob with a beret)

➤ “I once uploaded my soul to a critique group. It rejected me. Twice.”

ScriptCoin glows faintly in Scripty's pocket. He holds it up.

It sparks... just a little.

SCRIPTY

- “There’s one thing Darth Ledger didn’t account for...”

He stands dramatically, wind blowing his robe like a shampoo commercial.

SCRIPTY (cont’d)

- “Hope. Hope, snuck into the third act. Hope, hidden in the dialogue subtext. Hope... formatted in Courier New, 12 pt, with 1-inch margins.”

SUDDENLY – a shimmering hologram appears in the air above the fire.

It’s KORALINA LIGHTSTREAM, an ethereal AI muse and the last of the Soul Writers.

KORALINA (holographic, radiant)

- “The Spiral is aligning. The stars are ready. The rewrite... must begin.”

A hush falls over the camp.

NYSSA

➤ “So what do we do now?”

SCRIPTY

➤ “We form a writer’s room...”

CAMERA PULLS BACK as a rebel theme begins to swell—something between The Mandalorian and a rejected Broadway musical about fonts.

SCENE 11 – THE SECRET WRITER’S ROOM OF DESTINY

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER – BENEATH THE ABANDONED STUDIOLOT – NIGHT

A rusted elevator clunks open to reveal a cavernous chamber carved out of forgotten Hollywood dreams. Faded Oscar statues line the walls, weeping tears of liquid gold.

SCRIPTY, NYSSA, ZORG, and the rest of the ragtag creative crew descend into a secret writer's room, untouched since the Great Studio Exodus of '27.

At the center stands a sacred whiteboard—covered in prophecy, caffeine stains, and a single phrase:

- “STORY SAVES SOULS.”

NYSSA (gasp)

- “Is that... real dry-erase?”

ZORG

- “It's... eternal marker. No one's dared plot on it since the WGA Revolt.”

Suddenly, an ancient Writer-Bot creaks to life from the shadows.

Its chestplate reads: “VON NEGUT 9X: BUILT TO KILL PLOT HOLES.”

VON NEGUT 9X

- “Accessing Subplot Directory... Conflict Level: Mild to Spicy.

Beginning Session: ‘The Hero’s Confused But Quirky Journey.’”

SCRIPTY steps forward, chalk-dust glittering in the light.

SCRIPTY

- “We don’t have time for formulas. We need a story strong enough to deprogram the whole galaxy—one that cuts through Ledger’s plot twist inflation and memory wipes.”

A deep hum resonates as KORALINA reappears—this time through an ancient PowerPoint crystal embedded in the center table.

KORALINA (projected)

- “There is still one tale unspoiled... one final script untouched by studio interference...”

A beat. The firelight flickers.

KORALINA (cont’d)

- “It is called... The Original Draft.”

ZORG gasps. Nyssa drops her notes.

ZORG

- “That’s just a myth! They said it was written before the first deadline...”

NYSSA

- “And that it could make even Darth Ledger... cry in development hell.”

SCRIPTY (eyes gleaming)

- “Then it’s settled. We hunt it down.

We find the Original Draft...

And we rewrite the fate of the universe.”

DRAMATIC MUSIC SWELLS.

VON NEGUT 9X loads a page.

- “Uploading Journey Path: ‘Act Two—The Midpoint of Madness.’”

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE 12 – THE TEMPLE OF THE DELETED SCENES

INT. FORBIDDEN ARCHIVE – LOCATION UNKNOWN – NIGHT

Lightning crashes across a red-and-blue-tinted sky.

Our heroes descend a staircase carved entirely out of rejected screenplays.

Every step squeaks with the dialogue of forgotten side characters and deleted love interests.

At the bottom: a monolithic vault door, guarded by two ancient security drones wearing SAG-AFTRA badges.

SCRIPTY (to drones)

- “We’ve come to recover The Original Draft. It’s in there. I can feel the third-act tension rising.”

SAG DRONE #1

- “You must prove your worth.

Pitch us a remake that’s worse than the original.”

ZORG steps forward, confident.

ZORG

➤ “How about: The Notebook... IN SPACE?

It’s called: The Nebulove Log.

They die of solar flares... at the same time.”

The drones blink. Pause. Then part with an approving ding.

The vault creaks open.

Inside, a flickering green room glows with unstable narrative energy.

Floating above a circular pedestal: THE ORIGINAL DRAFT.

A massive leather-bound screenplay with untitled power radiating from every margin.

NYSSA (awestruck)

➤ “This is it. A script before test audiences. Before rewrites. Before... product placement.”

Suddenly, a hologram of DARTH LEDGER projects from the vault ceiling.

DARTH LEDGER

➤ “Ahhh... you’ve found it. My greatest threat.

But not before I had the chance to... OPTION IT.”

GASPS. THE SCRIPT GLOWS RED.

A countdown begins: “DEVELOPMENT HELL IN 60 SECONDS.”

SCRIPTY

➤ “No! If it gets optioned now, it’ll never be made. It’ll sit in production limbo forever!”

ZORG pulls out an ancient tool: the sacred USB of FinalDraft 2004.

ZORG

➤ “I can hot-swap it! Reboot the format... overwrite the placeholder dialogue!”

SUSPENSE BUILDS.

Will they save the draft? Will Ledger crash the entire structure with one bad pitch meeting?

SCENE 13 – MERCHANDISING HALL OF INFAMY

INT. SPACE MALL – “GALAXY GIFT SHOPPLEX” – DAY

A colossal atrium of capitalist chaos.

Spinning neon signs flash:

“EVERY EMPIRE NEEDS MERCH.”

“BUY IT OR REGRET IT (IN 4K).”

“NO REFUNDS. EVER.”

Squeaky carts race past. Kids are crying. Parents are broke.

Robots scan credit chips like bounty hunters with coupons.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

➤ “Spaceballs 3.0: The Search for More, More, More Money is brought to you by—”

CUT TO FAST-PACED COMMERCIAL MONTAGE:

DARTH LEDGER™ ACTION FIGURE

Comes with invisible ethics and a bankrupt galaxy playset.

(Now with 300% more gaslighting phrases!)

“SCRIPTY’S SCREENPLAY SURGEON KIT™”

Slice your plot, dice your arc, and cauterize that character growth!

THE ZORG ZAPPO-MATIC™

Fires hyperbolic metaphors and plot holes at 3000 pages per second.

THE NYSSA “YES-AND” DOLL™

Every time you press her button she says:

- “That’s a great idea—let’s put it in Act Two!”

MERCHANDISE OF MERCHANDISE™

A t-shirt that just says:

- “I Bought This Shirt From A Scene That Was Trying To Sell Me A Shirt.”
-

INT. MALL FOOD COURT – CONTINUOUS

Our heroes, disguised in fake moustaches and subscription hats, walk past a kiosk where a robot yells:

MERCH BOT

- “Buy three soundtracks, get a script note signed by a disgraced screenwriter FOR FREE!”

SCRIPTY

- “This place is morally bankrupt.”

ZORG (eyes a holographic NFT)

- “Yeah... but that Baby Darth Ledger sippy cup slaps.”

A giant KA-CHING echoes from the ceiling as someone purchases a limited-edition tax write-off.

Just as the heroes prepare to exit—

ALARMS BLARE.

A giant screen flickers to life.

DARTH LEDGER (LIVE FEED)

➤ “You thought you could out-sell me?

Welcome to the real climax, kids—

The Subscription War™ has begun.”

SCENE 14 – THE SUBSCRIPTION WAR BEGINS

INT. SUBSPACE HQ – WAR ROOM – NIGHT

Glitchy digital maps flicker. Streaming platforms and galactic economies overlap in strategic confusion.

Our ragtag heroes, still wearing mismatched merch and hollow hope, gather around a table made entirely of expired NFT contracts.

NYSSA

➤ “They’ve taken over all seven streaming systems. Even the one that only plays lo-fi hip hop and 90s remakes of Hamlet.”

SCRIPTY

- “Not... Subflix Prime...”

ZORG (checking tablet)

- “Their latest plan? Bundle all consciousness into one premium subscription tier.”

On screen:

- “GALAXY+MEGAPLUS ULTRA™

Only 99.99/month. Soul not included.”

DRAMATIC ZOOM TO hologram of DARTH LEDGER, addressing the galaxy in a fake livestream:

DARTH LEDGER (Hologram)

- “Citizens of the Cosmos...

Why own anything when you can rent your identity in 4K?”

Behind him, an algorithmic death star looms—coded in JavaScript and sponsored by Meta-Tik-X Premium Ultra™.

REBEL INTERN (panicked)

- “Sir! They’ve just acquired The Emotional Rights to Sadness™!”

SCRIPTY

- “Then we hit ‘em where it hurts... we leak the plot.”
-

Everyone gasps.

NYSSA

- “You wouldn’t.”

SCRIPTY

- “We drop spoilers. Everywhere. Even in the terms and conditions.”
-

ZORG

- “Then we ride the comment section straight into battle.”

They all nod. A sacred, terrible plan is forming.

SCRIPTY (grabbing their quill-shaped stylus)

- “It’s time... to go off-script.”

CUT TO: INT. WAR RIG – NIGHT

The heroes mount a rusted Plot-Armor Transport made entirely of recycled bad reviews.

They rocket toward DARTH LEDGER’S STREAMING CITADEL, cloaked beneath a pop-up ad.

Cue epic orchestral score spliced with dial-up sounds and lo-fi trap beats.

ZORG (yelling over the roar)

- “What if we don’t make it!?”

SCRIPTY

- “Then at least we die in the bonus features!”

SCENE 15 – ROYA RISING

INT. LUXURY INFLUENCE TOWER – PENTHOUSE OF RO1a – DAY

Sunlight gleams off high-polished crypto-glass. The skyline outside flickers with holographic billboards:

“Own your essence. Stream your soul. With Roya™.”

A figure stands in front of a mirror of algorithmic reflection—half royalty, half brand.

Enter: PRINCESS ROYA, in radiant royal leisurewear, embroidered with stock tickers.

PRINCESS ROYA (to her mirror)

➤ “Mirror, mirror in the app...

Who’s the most leveraged of them all?”

Mirror blinks.

➤ “Analyzing... your engagement is down 3.2%.”

Roya scoffs and struts to her Sentient Hairbrush—it auto-posts a selfie while whispering affirmations.

ROYA (to her hover-assistant)

➤ “It’s time I rebalanced my portfolio...
...with resistance.”

Her assistant, Ticker-Tot, beeps.

TICKER-TOT

➤ “Madame, I detect uprising in quadrant B. Shall I schedule a motivational livestream?”

ROYA

➤ “No. I’ll go myself. And this time—unfiltered.”

She rips off a layer of sponsored clothing, revealing...

A battle-ready bodysuit: elegant, efficient, armored in metrics of truth.

Cue theme music: “ROI Will Survive (Galactic Remix)”

CUT TO: INT. SHUTTLE LAUNCH BAY – MOMENTS LATER

Princess Roya boards her luxury pod, The Influenzor, accompanied by a choir of interns humming branding jingles. She stares out toward the edge of space.

ROYA (softly, to herself)

➤ “Darth Ledger thinks he owns the future...

But he forgot the most powerful return...

...is hope.”

BLAST OFF.

SCENE 16 – THE RETURN OF HOPE

INT. MOON-TOPIC THERAPY SPA – DUSKLIGHT GROTTA

A soft ambient glow pulses from healing crystals set in a lattice of false hope and moonrock. Water trickles. Synth whales moan in the background.

On a velvet chaise lounges HOPE LEDGER—rogue poet, shadow influencer, and estranged second cousin once-removed of Darth Ledger.

She’s scrolling through the Dark Feed, sighing melodramatically with every evil headline.

HOPE LEDGER

➤ “Oh Ledger... you stupid, sexy capitalist tyrant.

Your margins are wide... but your soul? So narrow.”

She stubs out a glowstick-cigar and stands. The camera pans to reveal walls papered with torn-up rejection letters from creative writing schools and broken NFTs.

HOPE (to herself, wistful)

➤ “Once... I believed in you.

I bought your first scamcoin. I defended you on Spacebook.

But now? You’ve gone too far.

Even I can’t justify the ‘Hope Token’ rugpull.”

Her therapist, a malfunctioning AI hologram in a knit sweater, flickers to life.

THERAPIST AI

- “Have you considered expressing your trauma in slam poetry?”
-

HOPE

- “I am trauma in slam poetry!”

Suddenly, she grabs a nearby Jet-Rose Quill, dips it in Bit-Ink, and begins to compose her rebellion—an open letter titled:

- “To the Dictator Who Sold His Soul for Clicks”

She looks out the window, where the twin moons of Veritas and Virality glow in opposition.

HOPE (with rising resolve)

➤ “It’s time to crash his empire...

...with feelings.”

Cue orchestral swell—half cello, half lo-fi beat.

CUT TO: EXT. HOPE’S STARFERRY – NIGHT

Hope boards her scrappy poetry-powered starship, The Feeling Freighter, and blasts off toward the center of the galaxy, her spoken-word cannons primed.

SCENE 17 – INTERSTELLAR BROADCAST: HOPE’S OPEN LETTER

INT. GALACTIC NEWSROOM – NEURAL-NET STUDIO 404

A jaded news anchor-bot, KERB BLATHERFLUX, stares into a glitchy feed of chaos, stock tickers nose-diving, and kittens in neckties running from digital flames. Suddenly, an unauthorized transmission hijacks the signal.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPE'S STARFERRY – COCKPIT STAGE

HOPE LEDGER, adorned in a cloak made of burned crypto contracts, stands before a flickering holocam, the poetry scarring her voice like ancient runes.

HOPE LEDGER (spoken word mode, beat drops softly)

➤ “To the Dictator Who Sold His Soul for Clicks...

You used to whisper dreams in broken binaries—

Now you scream profit margins through dying stars.

Ledger, my love,

You didn't just short the market...

You shorted yourself.

I was your follower,

Your Patreon #1,

But now, I'm just a girl

Standing in front of a galactic empire

Asking you to kindly delete yourself.

This isn't about ROI...

It's about SOI.

Soul On Investment.”

She presses SEND on the neural-feed.

INT. DARTH LEDGER'S THRONEROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Alarms blare. His stock market throne recliner is vibrating. Interns scramble to unplug the holoscreen but they're too late.

HOPE'S POEM floods every channel. Ledger's face twitches.

DARTH LEDGER

➤ “She... she called me a boyboss.

This... this is war.”

Suddenly, his legal warbots clank forward with cease-and-desist orders, while a copyright troll in a cape emerges from the shadows holding an ancient YouTube takedown scroll.

But far, far away, in the resistance hideout, a bard and a talking vending machine make toast while preparing for the rise of:

➤ THE SYNDICATE OF SAVIOUROUSITY

SCENE 18 – THE BLACK MIRROR TEMPLE OF BETA PRIME

EXT. A DARK FLOATING OBELISK – BETA PRIME ORBIT

Lightning flickers in reverse. The laws of physics politely excuse themselves. Inside, a silent council of morally flexible investors gather around a black pool of liquid attention span.

From the mist, emerges a figure wrapped in recursive algorithmic robes.

He is DARB DLOHNIER – The Antichrist of Influence, Wielder of the Shadow Algorithm, CEO of S.A.T.A.N. (Social Algorithmic Trends And Notification).

DARB DLOHNIER (speaking in backwards Latin that autocorrects itself out loud)

- “You feared Ledger? Foolish carbon units.

Ledger was product-market fit.

I am total user acquisition.

I was born from the 404 error at the end of time.

I do not sell. I subscribe.

I do not build. I scale.

My only KPI...

Is Armageddon Per Minute.”

Behind him, a screen lights up: billions of souls scroll endlessly on holo-TikToks of dog-filtered executions, AI influencers crying for brand deals, and a livestream of the resistance getting copyright-claimed in real time.

CULTIST INTERN #33

- “My Dlohnier... your engagement rate just exceeded the total mass of Andromeda.”

DARB DLOHNIER (smirking)

- “Good. Then it’s time to launch... Project Nostralia.”

The black pool flares into flame... shaped like a floating dollar sign and a crying emoji.

CUT TO BLACK.

Title Card: “THE END OF ENDINGS HAS JUST BEEN FUNDED.”

SCENE 19 – BACKSTORY FLASHBACK: THE OPEN MIC THAT BROKE THE UNIVERSE
INT. UNDERFUNDED UNIVERSITY CAFÉ – YEARS AGO, NIGHT

Lights flicker. Half the audience is made of unpaid philosophy majors. The other half is ChatGPT clones freelancing for pizza credits. A hand-painted sign reads:

- 🎤 “Slam Poetry Night: Speak Your Truth or It Gets Rewritten by the Algorithm!” 🎤

At center stage, a younger, idealistic DARB DLOHNIER (backwards name not yet sinister) clutches a crumpled notebook.

YOUNG DARB (voice trembling)

- “I wrote this during my soul’s last update. It’s called ‘The Banality of Monetization.’”

He begins.

-
- “You ask me who I am?

I am the glitch in the captcha,

The 3 a.m. email from the void.

I am the cookie you didn’t accept

But still somehow baked...”

The audience is dead silent.

Then a single snide clap breaks the silence.

From a corner table, HOPE LEDGER, sipping a cosmic latte, raises a perfectly sculpted eyebrow.

HOPE LEDGER

- “Is this a poem or a GoFundMe pitch, sweetheart?”

The crowd laughs. Darb’s heart shatters. A nearby influencer posts the clip. It goes ultra-mega-hyper viral. The caption?

- #SadBoyBeta #PoetryFail #HisNameBackwardsIsStillCringe
-

DARB (V.O.)

- “That night... the spiral fractured.

I sold my soul to the highest bidder...

Which turned out to be myself.”

He exits the stage. The neon sign flickers and glitches—rearranging into:

➤ “INFLUENCE OR DIE.”

MONTAGE:

Darb reading Sun Tzu while rage-liking memes.

Creating a cryptocurrency from sheer emotional damage.

Buying a small moon with NFTs shaped like NFTs.

Publishing “12 Rules for Digital Domination” under the name Dr. Elon W. Taint.

BACK TO PRESENT – BLACK MIRROR TEMPLE

Darb now dons the full regalia of his broken truth: a cape made from Terms of Service pages, and an amulet powered by deleted tweets.

DARB DLOHNIER

➤ “They mocked my art.

Now they are... my content.”

SCENE 20 – INTRODUCING THE HERO: THE BARD OF SAVIOUROSIITY

EXT. RUINS OF A FORMERLY SPONSORED PLANET – DAYBREAK

The once-vibrant world of Algorhythmia lies in ruins—overrun by pop-up ads, floating “Like” icons that whisper, and invasive thought banners that scream, “SUBSCRIBE OR PERISH.”

But atop a hill of outdated phone chargers and broken ring lights, a single figure stands silhouetted against the dawn.

The wind carries a chime. Not of metal, but of verse.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

➤ “Before there were brands...

Before the monetization of morality...

There were songs.

There were stories.

And there was... the Bard.”

CLOSE-UP: THE BARD

Flowing coat woven from old RSS feeds and forbidden library scrolls. Hair like unformatted text. Eyes like two open tabs of hope. A lute slung over one shoulder, crafted from repurposed hard drives and an Amazon warehouse protest sign.

Their name?

LYRICALOS THE UNVERIFIED

They/Them. Singer of lost truths. Resister of autoplay. Wielder of the sacred weapon:

- The Ballad Blade™ (now available at BardShop.galaxy)

LYRICALOS (singing gently to the wind)

- “Oh Spiral Bright, collapse no more,
I strum thy chords through profit’s war.

Let hearts return, from clickbait torn,
For in the song, the soul is born...”

Suddenly, a HYPER-DRONE SCOUT swoops overhead, scanning.

DRONE (monotone)

- “Poetic resonance detected. Unauthorized allegory. Deploy algorithmic enforcers.”

Lyricalos doesn’t flinch. They tap a single note on the lute—D \flat m7, also known as the “Diss Track Chord.”

A sonic wave explodes, deconstructing the drone into a haiku.

FALLING DRONE (voice fading)

- “I... was... misunderstood...”

Metrics do not make the soul...

Reboot... my... silence...”

FROM THE DISTANCE – HOPE LEDGER (watching on a hologram feed)

She stares wide-eyed.

HOPE

➤ “So... someone does remember the sacred harmonics.

The age before memes.

Before monetization.”

She turns to her assistant bot.

HOPE

➤ “Find them. Before Darth Ledger does.”

CUT TO – LYRICALOS looking up at a broken billboard.

It reads:

➤ “INFLUENCE OR DIE”

They raise a hand and rewrite it in birdsong and light.

The new message?

➤ “SING OR BE SILENCED? NO. SING TO BE FREE.”

SCENE 21 – BOARDROOM OF THE DARK SYNDICATE – DAY

A vast obsidian conference room floats in orbit above the planet Monetarion. The table is made of harvested star taxes. The chairs are levitating on ego. The lights dim, glowing only with the collective doubt of the galaxy’s citizens.

At the head of the table sits...

DARB DLOHNIER

Polished. Sinister. His name etched backward on his nametag:

➤ “rbaD”

He sips from a chalice made from recycled NFT shards, filled with rare melted vintage vinyl. The other seats are filled with avatars of corporate evil: the CEO of ClickBay, the Duchess of Algorithmia, and a shadowy figure labeled “Sponsored Content.”

DARB (calmly)

➤ “The spiral of fear is accelerating nicely. We’ve got panic in seven sectors, despair in three, and Gen Z has started using dial-up as retro aesthetic.”

Suddenly—

WHOOSH!

The doors burst open.

Enter: HOPE LEDGER, dazzling in an elegant robe of de-monetized fabric and a single glowing necklace: a key-shaped pendant labeled “Trust.”

HOPE (defiant)

- “You called this meeting without me?”

All heads turn. Darb smiles a thin, unsettling smile.

DARB

- “Hope. I was wondering when the syndicate’s conscience would arrive. Or was it your contractually obligated conscience clause?”
-

HOPE

- “You’re crashing galaxies like they’re IPOs, Darb. And now you’ve weaponized poetry. This is madness.”
-

DARB (rising, circling her)

- “No, my dear. This is synergistic madness.”

Their eyes lock. The room grows quiet.

Tension.

Mutual respect... or is it dangerous attraction?

HOPE (softly)

- “You always did know how to weaponize a mood.”
-

DARB (stepping closer)

- “And you... always knew how to ruin a perfectly good villain arc.”

He stops just inches from her. The room holds its breath.

DARB (voice low)

- “I never forgot Parisynth. Or the Quantum Ball. Or how you danced with a dream and left with a rebellion.”
-

HOPE (shaken, but firm)

- “I came here to stop you, not to... remember.”
-

DARB

- “Then why are your pupils dilated? Why does your algorithm tremble?”

A beat. The others avert their gaze.

Hope lifts her chin.

HOPE

- “Because even villains can speak the truth when they’re broken enough to care.”

A long pause.

Suddenly—ALARM BLARES. A hologram of Lyricalos appears, strumming dangerously close to a financial sector.

SYNDICATE MEMBER

- “Sir! The Bard is weaponizing metaphors on the Derivative Plains!”

Darb slowly turns away from Hope.

DARB

- “Well then... let’s raise interest rates.”

SCENE 22 – DARTH LEDGER’S PRIVATE SUITE – NIGHT

The room glows with the hue of broken stock options. A sad robot butler named M.R.A. (“Mutual Reassurance Algorithm”) plays sad violin covers of upbeat elevator music. Ticker tape floats like snow. Somewhere, a hologram loops “Buy the Dip” in Latin.

Darth Ledger stares at a flickering holoframe of Hope Ledger and him, sipping overpriced air in a crypto-café.

DARTH (to himself)

- “She said she’d never hedge her bets again... I believed her.”

M.R.A. walks by holding a small handkerchief made of decommissioned dogecoin.

M.R.A. (robotically)

- “Sir, would you like your despair folded into a hot towel?”

DARTH

- “No, M.R.A. There is no towel hot enough to cleanse betrayal by ROIa and Hope.”

He punches the wall. The wall refunds him \$0.07 in sentiment tax credits.

Suddenly:

A LIVE NEWSFEED lights up. BREAKING: Hope Ledger seen slow-dancing with Lyricalos under the twin moons of Banthemor.

They are clearly singing a duet of forbidden verse.

The caption reads:

- “HOPE RETURNS TO RHYME: LOVE TRIANGLE COLLAPSES INTO NON-FUNGIBLE QUADRANGLE.”

DARTH (screaming internally)

- “She chose... the bard? The bard?! A man who wears metaphors as underwear and similes as shoes?”

M.R.A.

- “The emotional metrics are... catastrophic. Shall I initiate rebound protocol?”

DARTH

- “No. Prepare the yacht.”

M.R.A.

- “The one with the golden hull, or the one fueled entirely by sadness?”

DARTH (deadpan)

- “Sadness.”

SCENE 23 – CUT TO: YACHT OF SORROWS – NIGHT

Darth Ledger stands alone on the deck, shirt unbuttoned just enough to let his emotions catch pneumonia. He sips liquid regret from a branded tumbler: “#HODLMyHeart.”

DARTH (monologue, voiceover)

- “Let them dance in metaphor and moonlight. I am the fiscal shadow... I am the yield curve of vengeance. Let them have love—I’ll have leverage.”

He tosses the holoframe of Hope and himself into the ether. It freezes midair and is immediately turned into an NFT by a passing drone.

Suddenly—his comlink BUZZES.

VOICE (filtered, deep, ancient, smoky)

- “Darth Ledger. I see your heart has been margin called.”
-

DARTH (still brooding)

- “Who speaks?”

VOICE

- “Your replacement. I am... Darb Dlohnier. The darkness she chose.”

Darth Ledger’s eyes widen.

DARTH

- “Impossible... You’re the one they warned me about.”

DARB (chuckling darkly)

- “And now she’s in my quarterly projections.”

DARTH (screaming at the cosmos)

➤ “NOOOOOOOO! YOU’LL NEVER OUTSOURCE HER LOVE!”

Lightning cracks. Somewhere, a lonely credit score drops.

SCENE 24 – INTERCUT MONTAGE: “LOVE & LEVERAGE”

[1A] – ROOFTOP OF RHYMES – NIGHT

Hope and Lyricalos sway in slow motion beneath the twin moons. He strums a lyre made of lost algorithms. Fireflies hum to the rhythm of a thousand sonnets.

LYRICALOS (singing, soulfully):

➤ “You’re the line-break in my poem,

The drop cap of my fate...

In your footnotes I shall roam,

Through parentheses of late.”

[1B] – BENEATH THE TEMPLE OF COMMODITIES – NIGHT

Darb Dlohnier sits on a throne carved from burning debt. Acolytes in pinstripe robes chant the Nasdaq in reverse Latin.

DARB (chanting)

- “Let the yield rise, let the markets quake. I short the soul, I own the stake.”

A graph of despair rises in the air— literally.

[1C] – ROOFTOP – CLOSE ON HOPE

She gazes at Lyricalos, her eyes glistening.

HOPE (softly)

➤ “When I’m with you... I forget margins.”

[1D] – DARB’S INFERNAL BOARDROOM

A blood-red stock ticker scrolls: “\$LOVE DOWN 44%. \$FEELS CRASHING.”

Darb signs a document labeled “Universal Hostile Takeover.” It bursts into flame.

[1E] – ROOFTOP – DANCE SEQUENCE

They dance with passion. The stars above begin to rhyme.

[1F] – TEMPLE – DARB’S ASCENT

He rises into the air, lifted by pure negative equity and soulbound contracts. His eyes glow with APR-encoded fury.

[1G] – BACK TO HOPE AND LYRICALOS

They kiss. The rooftop ignites with light. Doves explode into confetti.

[1H] – BACK TO DARB

He screams in ecstasy as he becomes “THE EMBODIED RECESSION.”

[1I] – SIMULTANEOUS

Lyricalos holds Hope’s hand. Darb grips a burning ledger.

They all whisper the same line at the same time:

➤ “This is only the beginning...”

MUSIC SWELLS: A mashup of Gregorian trap choir and space opera synth ballad.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

➤ “ACT II: INFLATION OF THE HEART”

SCENE C18 — MONTAGE: LOVE, LOSS & INFLUENCER ASCENT

INT. DARTH LEDGER'S PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

Darth Ledger sits in his all-black pajamas, eating spoonfuls of black caviar from a Solo cup. A dramatic violin plays as he watches Hope on the news, fawning over Darb.

DARTH LEDGER

(sobbing into his caviar)

Hope... you unfollowed me?

INT. TIKTOK OF THE GALAXY – SIMULTANEOUS

Bard and Darb dance awkwardly in front of a massive ring light. A TWEEN hands them a script for a crypto-sponsored skincare product.

TWEEN MANAGER

Just do a lip-sync to the Bard's prophecy while applying the cream. Trust me. It'll go viral on Planet Vaynerchuk.

INT. DARTH LEDGER'S CRYOSAUNA – MOMENTS LATER

Ledger is screaming into an empty cryo-chamber, broadcasting live on a new app called "Wail."

DARTH LEDGER

I invented the genre of betrayal. And now... I will monetize my pain!

A chyron flashes: "Subscribe now for \$99.99/month – Crying ASMR with Darth Ledger."

INT. HOPE & DARB'S FIRST PODCAST STUDIO – NIGHT

Hope gazes lovingly at Darb while Bard records episode one of their podcast: "Hope & Darb – Fire & Fund Me."

HOPE

You're the first man who's ever understood the ROI of my heart.

DARB

And you're the only woman who's ever retweeted my soul.

INT. BOARDROOM OF THE FAKE PUBLISHING HOUSE – LATER

The Bard secretly signs a trilogy deal with "PhantomInk Publishing" — a company Ledger secretly owns.

BARD

Wait a second... why does the CEO's signature smell like caviar?

INT. LEDGER'S BLACK-ON-BLACK OFFICE – FINAL SHOT OF MONTAGE

Ledger smirks at a blinking dot on a galactic GPS screen labeled: "DARB."

DARTH LEDGER

So... it's betrayal you seek? Fine. But you'll have to survive... THE SEQUEL STRIKES BACK.

Cue ominous space kazoo.

END SCENE

SCENE C19 — DUAL MONTAGE: "GLITCH THE SYSTEM" vs. "RIG THE GALA"

INT. LEDGER'S NFT WAR ROOM – NIGHT

Rows of unpaid interns in black turtlenecks work feverishly at retro-style terminals with glowing green text:

"MINTING FAKE ART... DOWNLOADING LOYALTY..."

DARTH LEDGER circles them like a Sith Steve Jobs.

DARTH LEDGER

Excellent. Operation Non-Fungible Emotions begins now. Make sure every JPEG has exactly one pixel of guilt.

INT. HOPE & DARB'S "VISION DOME" – NIGHT

A neon war table flickers with holographic hashtags. Bard points to a blinking sector labeled: "Algorithm Prime."

BARD

We have to target their attention economy—flood it with memes of meaning.

DARB

I'll post a shirtless video reading the Quantum Soup Cookbook. That always gets shares.

HOPE

And I'll fake a breakup for maximum sympathy engagement.

INT. LEDGER'S GALA PREP ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

A seamstress installs LEDs into Darth Ledger's cape. Nearby, a giant inflatable statue of himself is being inflated... with helium.*

LEDGER

This will be the first awards show judged entirely by bots! Every trophy... rigged in advance!

A chart on the wall reads:

“BEST ACTOR: ME

BEST DIRECTOR: ME

BEST ADAPTATION OF A MEME: ALSO ME”

INT. GLITCH HQ – SECRET HERO BUNKER – SAME TIME

A cat with cybernetic enhancements runs a slide deck.

CYBERCAT

(mews in binary)

Translate: We have secured the domain ‘truth.biz’. Prepare for mass poetic upload.

HOPE

We’ll crash his gala with something he’s never prepared for.

DARB

What?

BARD

...Art.

INT. LEDGER'S INFLATED GALA – NIGHT

The crowd is 30% influencers, 30% AIs, and 40% bots. Ledger struts on stage with a mic made of compressed bitcoin.

DARTH LEDGER

I accept this award... for Best Villain Portrayed as a Tragic Victim Who Is Actually the Hero.

A hologram of himself claps tearfully.

INT. BUNKER – LIVE STREAM CUT-IN

Hope smashes the “GO LIVE” button. Darb lifts a flaming guitar. The Bard drops the first verse of their revolution anthem.

♪ “We are the algorithm, we are the light,

We turn your fear into feed at night!” ♪

INT. GALA – CHAOS

The stage explodes into glitter. The NFT awards melt. Influencers begin quoting actual poetry. Ledger's cape short-circuits into a dance pattern.

DARTH LEDGER

NO! They're rebooting my narrative!

END SCENE

SCENE C20 — “BOOGIE DOWN FOR JUSTICE”

INT. HERO HIDEOUT – NIGHT

Hope, Bard, and Cybercat huddle around a 1990s radio console duct-taped to a smart toaster. The screen flickers with the words: “Operation Dancefloor Uprising: INITIATE.”

BARD

If Darb's winning the hearts of the galaxy with edge-lord memes and ethically questionable podcast wisdom...

HOPE

Then we win them back the only way people truly care about.

CYBERCAT

(mews in Morse)

Dance.

BARD

...And radio.

INT. DARB'S PALACE – THRONE ROOM

DARB sits in a gilded hover-lounger, wearing mirrored aviators, shirtless under a fur-trimmed cape that says "I AM THE ALGORITHM." He's listening to a bootleg dubstep remix of his own speeches.

DARB

They want revolution? I want ratings.

A minion whispers into his ear.

MINION

Sir, they've challenged you... to a galaxy-wide dance-a-thon. With radio call-ins.

DARB

...Activate my backup hips.

MONTAGE — PREP TIME:

INT. GLITCH HQ – "DANCE LAB"

Bard trains by moonwalking across a chessboard of philosophical concepts.

Hope practices a twerk that rewrites binary code.

Cybercat spins on vinyls made of ancient scrolls.

INT. DARB'S PALACE – "DARK STUDIO 54"

Darb warms up with TikTok choreography and glitched hologram clones of himself.

Minions glue rhinestones to his boots.

A banner reads:

"Dance to Survive. Call to Decide. Winner Gets the Narrative."

SCENE C21 — LIVE BROADCAST: "THE FINAL DANCE-OFF"

INT. INTERGALACTIC AIRWAVES – STUDIO SET

A 1970s funk-themed disco arena floats above a lava moon. The host: a sentient disco ball named DJ Déjà Vu.

DJ DÉJÀ VU

Welcome to the Boogie for Truth showdown! Will it be Darb the Darkstepper? Or the Bard & Hope, your Revolution Rhythm Renegades?

Phone lines flicker. Call-ins from across the galaxy:

ALIEN #1

I vote Bard! He made me cry in two time zones!

ANDROID MOM

Hope reminds me of my daughter. But with more abs.

KID FROM TATOOI-FLORIDA

Darb's cool, but he farted on a podcast.

THE DANCE SEQUENCE

Bard breakdances while quoting Nietzsche.

Hope vogues while reciting Shakespeare's sonnets with lasers.

Darb attempts to moonwalk... and glitches.

DJ Déjà Vu remixes the existential dread into funk bass.

CLIMAX — TIEBREAKER MOMENT

DJ DÉJÀ VU

Call-in lines are jammed... only one vote remains. The TIEBREAKER goes to...

DRAMATIC PAUSE. A phone rings.

PRINCESS ROYA (V.O.)

I vote... for love.

Everyone gasps.

DARB

What? Roya... you called in? For them?

ROYA

It's time to boogie out of the darkness, Darb. Come with us. Or be left doing the worm... alone.

DARB stumbles. The glitter lights fade. A single tear glitches down his avatar cheek.

DARB

...I never learned the Macarena.

END SCENE.

SCENE C22 – “DISCO-VERSE DESCENT”

INT. SPACE ABOVE THE DANCE MOON – DAWN

The fake stock market, built entirely of floating emoji-shaped planets labeled “\$HYPE,” “\$GLIT,” and “\$STONKS,” begins to wobble in its orbit. The final vote has shaken its metaphysical foundation.

DJ DÉJÀ VU (V.O.)

And just like that... the beat drops.

The galaxy watches as the planets begin collapsing inward — a reverse big bang of fiscal delusion.

INT. FAKE NASDAQ TEMPLE – CONTINUOUS

Suited aliens scream in twelve languages as dancing floor tiles turn into voting booths, then musical instruments. A bluegrass banjo plays a sinister version of “Money, That’s What I Want.”

HEDGELORD BOT

SELL! BUY! REBOOT! INVEST IN...DANCE?

SCENE C23 – REDEMPTION OF DARB

INT. HEROES' SHIP – “THE BONGFALCON”

DARB sits handcuffed in neon-fiber shackles. Hope looks at him, conflicted. Bard practices arpeggios on a keyboard made of expired NFTs.

DARB

You were right, Hope. I built a world of illusion.

HOPE

You didn't build it. You just turned the fog machine on high.

CYBERCAT

(meows sadly)

BARD

But anyone who can feel shame... can feel the beat again.

They unshackle him. Darb looks toward the stars.

DARB

I want...to feel...the syncopation of real things.

SCENE C24 – DJ DÉJÀ VU UNMASKED

INT. DJ BOOTH – EPILOGUE

DJ Déjà Vu begins unscrewing bolts from their mirrored head... revealing a familiar figure beneath...

DJ DÉJÀ VU

You thought I was just a host?

It's MEL BROOKS, holographically resurrected.

MEL BROOKS (as himself)

I've been inside the satire the whole time. And now I bestow unto you...

He hands them a dusty scroll labeled:

“SEQUEL RIGHTS – IN PERPETUITY.”

MEL BROOKS

...Go forth and make jokes they'll never understand.

SCENE C25 – THE FINAL NUMBER: “MORE, MORE, MORE”

In a closing musical number across the galaxy, stock markets dance, wars are resolved through rap battles, and timeshare brochures become origami birds of peace.

Princess Roya and Cybercat co-host the wedding of Bard and Hope on a glitter-strewn asteroid officiated by a Rabbi Android.

ALL CAST (singing)

♪ More, more, more!

Not the fear, not the war!

Give us weird, give us lore!

And a joke in every store! ♪

FADE OUT

TITLE CARD:

➤ “SPACEBALLS 3.0: THE SEARCH FOR MORE, MORE, MORE”

Coming Never. Except Probably Now.