

Under the covers

Frederic's Dad is called Hans and he works from home. Since he's really busy, he often has to work late.

"Again?" asks his dad.

"Yup!" says Frederic, with his Dad's motorbike helmet on. "Can I stay up with you?"

Frederic's not tired. Which is perfectly normal. People often don't feel sleepy when they're supposed to.

"There's no point staying up with me. You know I'm busy - I can't stop to tell you stories. I've got to work to do. If I don't finish what I'm writing, I won't be able to go to bed!"

"Come on Dad... Just for a little while, until I feel sleepy"

But his Dad isn't listening. He starts typing again, frowning in concentration. You can almost see the steam coming out of his ears!

Frederic gets into bed, taking his treasures with him. He's decided to read a book...

UNDER THE COVERS

Frederic fastens his helmet, snuggles down, and makes himself a den under his sheets so his Dad can't see him. He knows that when his Dad's working, it's better to disappear and be as quiet as possible, because the slightest thing can make him lose his inspiration. Dad writes very fast, and the sound of his typewriter is like a comforting little song. But there are some days, like today, when the sound stops - and that's the problem, the words won't come! But in Frederic's book, the words are all there, so he opens it and starts to read.

Hans glances out of the window and sees the moon, dancing cheekily in the distance. It's here today, but perhaps tomorrow it will be hiding. He knows that Frederic is in bed and has opened his book, and he's glad he's not on his own. With an effort, he turns back to his papers, frowning. He doesn't know how the story he's writing should end. He opens his eyes wide and carries on typing.

The launch pad is crowded with people. Scientists, engineers and mechanics stare at the rocket, unable to believe their eyes. They've worked hard and today is the big day. Their dreams are about to come true! It's taken determination, imagination and lots of hard work. If everything goes well, the rocket will take off and fly straight to its objective:

the moon!

“Earth to Crew, Earth to Crew! How is everything? Over.”

“Crew to Earth! Everything's fine! The rocket's responding nicely! Over.”

“Earth to Crew, ready for countdown! Over.”

One by one, the ground crew stand clear, and the countdown rings out over the loudspeakers! **5, / 4, / 3, / 2, / 1... 0!**

Like dragons breathing fire, the rocket boosters shoot jets of flame.

There's a thunderous roar and a huge fireball covers the launch pad.

Then there's an excited babble of voices. Everyone is ecstatic, the launch has been a success!

“Earth to Crew, Earth to Crew, jettison first engine! Over.”

“Crew to Earth, first engine away! Over.”

“Earth to Crew, Earth to Crew, jettison second engine! Over.”

“Crew to Earth, second engine away! Over.”

Free of its rocket engines, the launch module gets smaller and smaller until it disappears into the darkness.

“Earth to Crew, Earth to Crew, prepare to leave orbit! Over.”

“Crew to Earth, I'm ready! We're going to jump into lunar hyperspace! Over.”

The moon watches as the tiny dot of light comes closer. Here we go again, she thinks. Time after time she's watched them come. They're such a clumsy, thoughtless bunch. Once they hit her right in the eye, and she still has a big shiner.

Nervously, the moon lets the module tickle her skin. It comes to rest on the immense white plain. From the hatch emerges a ladder, and the astronaut steps onto the moon.

I finally made it! All kinds of people have been here: Russians, Americans, Chinese, Hawaiians - and me: a little boy!

A robot car zooms up at top speed. Selena is right behind it, smiling at him happily.

“You took your time!” she says. I was starting to feel quite tired!

Sorry! It took a long time for me to get this rocket! Plus there was loads of traffic. Anyway, I was planning to get to Mars at least! So come on, let's get going, or we'll run out of fuel! Connect up the robot, ah! And don't forget the moonstone that helps you get to sleep.

The moon watches them leave. Fortunately, her good eye is still in one piece! Besides, she knows Selena: she'll be back sooner or later.

Hans yawns. Daytime already. After working all the way through the night, without finishing his script, he has to wake up his son, who's still asleep.

“Frederic! Time to get up!”

He goes to Frederic's bed and lifts the sheet. Frederic is lying there, surrounded by toys: action figures, a little truck, a spanner, the doll with red hair, a strange stone and the book that helps him sleep.

“EUREKA! I've got it! I know how to finish my script!” Suddenly it all becomes clear, the solution was right in front of his nose! It had always been there, all he needed to do was look for it in his son Frederic's dreams.

“Frederic... shall we sit here?”

“Yes, we'll get a great view! I like going to the cinema with you. What's your film about, Dad?”

“You'll see. It's a surprise - but there are spaceships, adventures, robots... I hope you like it!”

Frederic thought it was really cool to be a scriptwriter like his Dad, making up stories for people. Although personally, he thought he'd prefer to be an astronaut and travel through outer space! While they were taking their seats, the film began. Frederic read the title: **A GIRL ON THE MOON**. Then he remembered that he'd told his Dad about his dream, the dream of travelling to the moon.

“Dad... Is the film about Selena?”

Script: Carme Aymerich