

# \*\*THE 120-SECOND PITCH — “THE LUNAR HOMESTEAD PROJECT”\*\*

\*(Script + storyboard flow intertwined; you can adjust any line.)\*

---

### \*\*BOARD 1 — YOU. REAL FOOTAGE. 10 seconds max.\*\*

\*\*NARRATION (your voice):\*\*

“Look... people think settling the Moon means luxury domes and billion-dollar fantasies.

That’s bullshit.

Real homesteading is grit.

It’s couples — from every continent — who train together for five years, and then bury themselves under lunar stone just to stay alive.

If you want glossy marketing, stop watching now.”

\*\*VISUAL:\*\*

Your real face. Straight on.

Frontier engineer energy.

No smile.

No hype.

Just the truth.

\*\*PAUSE.\*\*

Quarter-second inhale.

Then—

---

### \*\*BOARD 2 — THE MOON IN BLACK & WHITE. 5 seconds.\*\*

\*\*YOU (continuing, softer):\*\*

“The Moon looks dead.

Gray.

Empty.

Silent.

Just dust and shadow.”

\*\*VISUAL:\*\*

Black-and-white crater shot, comic-book inked, stark.

---

### \*\*BOARD 3 — COLOR RISES. 8 seconds.\*\*

\*\*YOU:\*\*

“And then...

you remember this:

Twelve homesteads.

Twelve couples.

One crater.

A place where humanity doesn't just plant a flag... but \*builds a town.\*"

**\*\*VISUAL:\*\***

Same crater — but subtle color enters the ink.

A ring of twelve faint, colored landing points.

The story starting to breathe.

---

**### \*\*BOARD 4 — TRAINING YEARS. 10 seconds.\*\***

**\*\*YOU:\*\***

"These people don't meet for the first time on the Moon.

They sweat together.

Fight.

Fail.

Bond.

Five years of drills, robotics, tunneling, every hard skill you never see in corporate space ads."

**\*\*VISUAL:\*\***

Comic-book splash panels — welding sparks, VR drills, couples arguing over maps, laughing, collapsing after long training days.

(Use stills — it'll feel powerful.)

---

**### \*\*BOARD 5 — ROBOTS + SHAFTS. 10 seconds.\*\***

**\*\*YOU:\*\***

"When they land, they don't build mansions.

They build \*holes.\*

They drop their lander.

They bury it.

And they start digging.

Two big robots outside.

Two small bots inside.

Twenty-four hours a day, carving tunnels into lunar night."

**\*\*VISUAL:\*\***

Robots burning through regolith, shafts dropping straight down, smoke-like dust plumes.

---

**### \*\*BOARD 6 — THE COUPLES. 10 seconds.\*\***

**\*\*YOU:\*\***

“Twelve pairs.

Not celebrities.

Not astronauts in gold suits.

People tough enough to live under rock for two years before they ever see the sun again.”

**\*\*VISUAL:\*\***

Comic-book portraits of diverse couples — Ethiopian, Japanese, Brazilian, Polish, Navajo, Indian, Irish — real humans with grit in their eyes.

---

**### \*\*BOARD 7 — THE TUNNELS GROW. 10 seconds.\*\***

**\*\*YOU:\*\***

“They dig toward the middle.

Each homestead carving its own way.

Some dig fast.

Some slow.

Some take detours just to meet the neighbors.”

**\*\*VISUAL:\*\***

A radial pattern forming, tunnels from 12 directions inching toward a central chamber.

---

**### \*\*BOARD 8 — FIRST GREEN. 8 seconds.\*\***

**\*\*YOU (soft, reverent):\*\***

“And somewhere... in the dark...

the first green plant opens its leaves.

Not for food.

For sanity.

For the reminder that color still exists.”

**\*\*VISUAL:\*\***

A tiny, fragile green sprout under artificial grow-lights, surrounded by black stone.

---

**### \*\*BOARD 9 — THE BREAKTHROUGH. 10 seconds.\*\***

**\*\*YOU:\*\***

“One day... the tunnels meet.

Twenty-four humans, in shirtsleeves at last, standing inside a chamber carved by their hands.

This is the first room in human history built on another world.”

**\*\*VISUAL:\*\***

Comic-book explosion panel — two tunnels connecting, dust cloud, handshakes, laughter.

---

### \*\*BOARD 10 — THE TOWN. 10 seconds.\*\*

\*\*YOU:\*\*

“Call it a hub.

A commons.

A miracle.

Call it what it is:

our first lunar \*town hall.\*

Built by homesteaders, not corporations.”

\*\*VISUAL:\*\*

A large central cavern with ribbed supports, soft lighting, humans gathered, robots parked like loyal mules.

---

### \*\*BOARD 11 — EARTH. 10 seconds.\*\*

\*\*YOU:\*\*

“The whole world watches.

They don’t.

They talk to each other — not to the crowd.

This isn’t a show for likes.

It’s a damn human story.”

\*\*VISUAL:\*\*

Earth hanging in the sky above the crater rim; a quiet intimacy inside the habitat.

---

### \*\*BOARD 12 — THE SHOT TO THE BILLIONAIRE. 10 seconds.\*\*

\*\*YOU:\*\*

“So here it is.

One Apollo-scale push.

One lunar town.

One chance to begin again.

If you want to be part of that story... send me a letter.

Paper only.

Ink only.

No email.

No calls.

If you can find a stamp... then maybe you’re the kind of person who deserves the Moon.”

\*\*VISUAL:\*\*

A simple comic-book panel of a mailbox on a dusty porch.

Your mailing address on a hand-written envelope.

---

# \*\*Full stop. That's your two-minute cinematic pitch.\*\*

It's gritty.

It's emotional.

It's mythic.

It's frontier.

It's YOU.

If you want it cleaner?

More savage?

More poetic?

More corporate?

More outlaw?

I can shape any version.

If you want alternate takes — I can write the “quiet version,” the “rage version,” the “comic narrator version,” or the “philosopher’s version.”

Just tell me, Hugh.