

UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

HIGH MOON

"Moon Pie-Lot"

Story by:
Bryan Fuller and Jim Danger Gray

Teleplay by:
Jim Danger Gray

Based on the Novel
THE LOTUS CAVES
By John Christopher

REVISED DRAFT:
April 16, 2012

Universal Cable Productions
10 Universal City Plaza
Bldg. 1440, 14th Floor
Universal City, CA 91608

COPYRIGHT © 2012 UNIVERSAL TELEVISION, LLC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOT TO BE DUPLICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION.
This material is the property of Universal Television, LLC and is intended solely for use by its personnel.
The sale, copying, reproduction or exploitation of this material in any form is prohibited.
Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is also prohibited.

TEASER

BLACKNESS.

A small BLUE DOT suddenly appears in tandem with the sound of a SINGLE, DULCET CHORD on an ELECTRONIC SYNTHESIZER.

Growing larger, the dot gradually reveals itself to be the EARTH. The synthesizer begins stamping out the opening bars of STYX'S "FOOLING YOURSELF" as we realize we're:

EXT. SPACE

Earth plummets past, revealing the pale, glowing face of--

THE MOON.

Chasing after its parent, the Moon's ragged surface fills FRAME. Deep holes with GIANT DRILLS are dotted between occasional man-made domes bubbling up over the endless lunar desert. CAMERA settles over one of the MINING SITES:

EXT. GEORGE W. BUSH HELIUM EXCAVATION SITE

Little ants of men scurry through glass tubes while processors and hydraulic drills paint a portrait of high tech efficiency. A mile away, a MOON BUGGY idles. TWO ASTRONAUTS in bright orange spacesuits work on a crashed satellite.

MARTY
It's toast.

MARTY THURGOOD, 21, is the prosaic American astronaut. All the right stuff: clean cut, square-jawed and confident. Right now, he's elbow deep in the satellite.

LEON
How does that happen? Old age?

LEON, 45, is the opposite of "astronaut": unshaven, unkempt and uncomfortably corpulent.

MARTY
Sabotage.

Marty plucks out a hair-thin strand of silicone with mechanized pliers. The end is SPLIT and SINGED.

LEON
Probably Russians...

MARTY
They are history's villains.

Marty peers at the underside of the satellite, an odd shaped ROCK catching his eye.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Check this out.

Brushing the Moon dust away, the rock is brown. If you didn't know any better, you'd think it was a piece of wood.

LEON
It's a rock.

MARTY
(intrigued)
No... it's a root.

Marty quickly bounds away, tracing the path of the underground root. Leon rolls his eyes in frustration, but follows his fellow astronaut.

ANGLE ON: MARTY--

--who's frozen in his tracks, awe covering his face. Leon steps up beside him, stopping suddenly.

LEON
What... is that?

We follow their gaze to reveal--

A BRIGHT RED FLOWER stands stark against the drab white of the Moon's loam, from which it's apparently sprouted.

MARTY
It's a flower...

The men stare, captivated. At a loss. With a small shrug, Marty plucks the flower. Immediately, a RUMBLE deep in the Moon. He looks from the flower in his hand to Leon.

A GIANT FIREBALL reflects in Leon's faceplate. Marty whirls around to see:

PANDEMONIUM. Men and buggies pour from the nearby helium mine. Marty and Leon exchange a quick glance.

LEON
Do we have earthquakes on the moon?

MARTY
Not by definition!

Marty bolts back for the buggy. Leon quickly follows.

Suddenly: WHUMP! The ground drops three feet beneath them. They freeze. The ground shudders again, then DISAPPEARS!

Marty, Leon, moon buggy, satellite -- everything in a half-mile radius is swallowed by a yawning SINKHOLE.

A tenuous moment of stillness... before--

A MASSIVE, SILENT EXPLOSION turns the sinkhole inside out -- rocketing everything from helpless miners and their equipment to the Moon’s rocky penetralia into SPACE.

All of it shoots into the firmament, fodder for what will be the Moon’s very first debris-ring. OFF THIS DISASTER:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SPACE

From within the beautiful, blue effusion of the Earth's casually decanting atmosphere--

FOOOSH! A SLEEK SPACELINER glides lithely by, serenaded by Styx's "COME SAIL AWAY." Warm light pours out of round portholes -- a suggestion of the luxury within.

The ship's tail fin sails past, revealing an art-deco red and white logo: "VIRGIN GALACTIC."

MATCH CUT TO:

THE SAME LOGO, now embossed on a capped drinking glass. WIDENING, REVEAL:

INT. VIRGIN GALACTIC SPACELINER

The glass rests upon a tray, which rests upon a well-manicured hand, which FLOATS and ROTATES gracefully down the center of the luxurious main cabin, lined all way the way around by mahogany tables and plush chairs.

The cabin is empty, but for ONE MAN seated toward the back -- eyes focused out the window on the quickly receding Earth, grief stricken across his face.

ERIC THURGOOD'S (35) outward appearance bears no suggestion of the manic, chaotic analysis always running in his head. In fact, his cool charm and confidence only make his natural good looks that much more alluring. Woody Allen's Jimmy Bond inside, Sean Connery's James Bond outside.

He looks up as his drink arrives, grief evaporating.

EVE
Compliments of Virgin Galactic.

EVE BRANSON, 35, is smart, savvy, eccentric and exudes the rakish confidence that comes from being unfathomably rich.

Eric takes his drink, quickly and almost unnoticeably gauging the woman before him.

ERIC
You must be Eve Branson.

EVE
I'm so sorry for your loss.

Eve pushes off the wall and floats up to the seat above her, settling in. She's now upside down from Eric's POV.

EVE (CONT'D)
I can't imagine losing a brother then being asked to investigate what caused the explosion you lost him to.

ERIC
Who. What caused it is for the forensic scientists. I'm here to find out who caused it.

EVE
I'd want revenge, too.

ERIC
Justice.

EVE
State-sanctioned revenge is still revenge.

Eric smiles, impressed with her.

EVE (CONT'D)
So what part of the state is sanctioning you?

ERIC
I guess you could say I work for myself.

EVE
It's only been eighteen hours since the explosion. I didn't receive a blank check to put my business on hold and fly some independent contractor up here. Everybody answers to somebody.

ERIC
Unless they're you, of course.

EVE
I answer to the shareholders.

ERIC
You own the majority share.

Eve's turn to smile. The joust continues.

EVE
I answer to my father's legacy. And his father's. The Branson family has poured generations into bringing the Moon to the people of Earth, and you still haven't answered my question.

ERIC
When I catch whoever's responsible, they'll answer to the Air Force Office of Special Investigations.

She floats out of her seat, facing Eric upright again.

EVE
I hope you find your justice.

She floats back the way she came. Eric exhales, face going slack. Hyper-control of your emotions is hard work.

Tears well in his eyes. OFF HIM:

INT. VIRGIN GALACTIC SPACELINER - AIRLOCK

Eric is partially ensconced within a spacesuit -- all its various openings and hinges still unlocked. With a cacophony of CLANKS and SCREWS, the spacesuit seals shut around him.

RICHARD BRANSON (O.S.)
There. How's that? Does that feel like the normal fit you requested?

Reverse to find SIR RICHARD BRANSON looking on casually.

ERIC
Yes.

RICHARD BRANSON
Glad to hear it. You couldn't have chosen a better time to vacation on the Moon. Solar winds are steady at 324.2 kilometers per second with a density of .6 protons per centimeter cubed. That translates to a balmy 107 degrees centigrade in the sun -- so keep that visor down. On behalf of Virgin Galactic, I'm Richard Branson. Welcome to the future. Your wait time for a live crew-member is approximately --

Richard Branson suddenly blinks out of existence -- obviously a hologram -- as EVE enters the airlock, clad in a chic, retro golfing outfit. She double-checks all the locks on Eric's suit. It's a little intimate.

With a jarring THUNK, she unplugs him from the wall. A little green light turns on inside his nearly-invisible faceplate.

EVE
That's your oxygen. Don't run out.

The AIRLOCK DOOR SLAMS OPEN. Eric's eyes go wide as he looks towards the unsuited Eve. She smiles, unaffected.

ERIC
You don't need oxygen?

She steps out into the stark black-and-white world of the Moon. A little PUFFT! of exhaust coughs out from her attractive hairpin every few seconds.

EVE
Didn't you hear the man? Welcome to the future. Form-fitting, oxygenated force fields.

ERIC
Beta testing?

EVE
Omega testing. I'm wearing it.

EXT. MOON'S SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The dust kicks up around Eric's boots in slow motion because of the lighter gravity. His wonder fades when he sees the floating ring of debris marring the view of Earth.

He follows Eve toward a MASSIVE, DOMED COMPLEX near the landing pad. His movement's awkward in the low gravity.

ERIC
So much for the final frontier.

The doors of the Bubble slide open and we see that it's only half completed. The back half of the dome is still open to the elements. WORKERS bustle around as they both step into:

INT. VIRGIN MEGADOME - CONTINUOUS

Retro-futuristic opulence abounds. Swooping curves and bright whites are punctuated by bursts of primary colors. It's a cross between "The Jetsons" and the space station in "2001."

The centerpiece attraction of the atrium is a spectacular GLOBE of WATER. Buttressed at the bottom by one of the Moon's natural craters, the water is held together by its own surface-tension -- and nothing else.

A TROUPE of DANCING GIRLS rehearses nearby. Speakers pump in Styx's "THE BEST OF TIMES."

EVE
In three months, this lobby will be packed with the Moon's first tourists.

ERIC
It's spectacular.

Eve leads Eric to a large rotunda adjacent to the main foyer. Inside, Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin's original landing site, complete with footprints, flag and the plaque they left behind, has been preserved. A glass dome above offers views of Earth. It's very inspirational.

EVE
I'm not going to let the Moon fall to Earth. And I mean that both literally and figuratively.

ERIC
You talk about the Moon like it's a sibling.

EVE
My Father always said being here's a testament to the very best of what humanity is capable of. It's a source of universal pride to anybody who looks up at night and I won't let sabotage, revenge *or* justice change that. Blank check or not.

With a nod and a quick smile to Eric, she takes her leave. Eric turns to the giant globe of water in front of him. He reaches out splashes it, watching with amusement as it sends the fish scattering between the beautiful corals. He doesn't notice the approach of --

YAMA
Eric Thurgood.

Eric turns to find YAMA WINEHART, 24, cute but rugged, direct but charming. She's clad in a form-fitting, stylish space-suit. Eric likes her immediately -- which is rare for him.

YAMA (CONT'D)
I'm Yama Winehart. I'm your lunar liaison.

ERIC
The General's daughter. A pleasure.

YAMA
Pleasure's mine. Let's get outta here before somebody fires up the karaoke machine.

She gestures toward the dome's exit, and Eric follows.

ERIC
(re: the dome)
You're not impressed, huh?

YAMA
I get a kick out of things like vegetables grown in real dirt.

EXT. MOON'S SURFACE

Yama leads Eric to an elevator built into the side of a giant mountain. Her movement is smooth and graceful -- normal. Eric still hops and trips in the Moon gravity.

ERIC
I understand you'll be the one going into the debris ring, collecting what's left of our physical evidence.

YAMA
Don't let the responsibility fool you. It's more because I'm pretty slick in low gravity than because of anything Sherlock Holmes-ian.

ERIC
Don't be modest, *Doctor* Winehart.

YAMA
Yeah, evidence to a youth well spent. There's not a lot of ways to get in trouble on the Moon that don't kill you, you know?

They step into a tent of metal girders housing an elevator.

INT./EXT. ELEVATOR

YAMA
She's a harsh mistress, but only if you don't respect her--

The elevator drops straight down into a giant, mined-out cavern before moving horizontally toward an impressive citadel of tall, thin buildings that stretch from the roof of the cavern -- like giant man-made stalactites.

YAMA (CONT'D)
--and believe me, lots of people don't. Which is a shame. The entire Moon is humankind's most important national park.

ERIC
I see where your passion lies.

Yama's mortified as she realizes:

YAMA
I didn't mean to be insensitive. I'm so sorry about your brother.

ERIC
Actually, I admire your treehugger enthusiasm, especially in a place where there's no trees.

Yama glances at him, appreciating the quirk. Eric smiles, but emotion clouds his eyes as soon as she looks away again.

As the elevator zips toward the stalactite city, CUT TO:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - ERIC'S QUARTERS

Cramped but comfortable. Bed, chair, slide out toilet and a strange, METAL SARCOPHAGUS inside of which rests Eric, head protruding from the top. Yama's turned away for privacy sake.

YAMA
Your clothes are too cumbersome to put on yourself, so the body-glove does the heavy lifting.

WHUMP! The machine slams his clothes onto his body.

ERIC
Not exactly a gentle touch.

YAMA
Good warm-up for the General.

Eric emerges in his spacely new duds, moving less awkwardly.

YAMA (CONT'D)
Self-filtering smart fiber clothing, so if you have to pee -- go forth and eliminate. No solids.

ERIC
How come you don't have to wear a thousand pounds of clothes?

YAMA
'Cause these muscles are built for the Moon.

A look of recognition crosses Eric's face. Yama spots it.

YAMA (CONT'D)
Yep. I'm "Baby Prime." The first and last kid ever born on the Moon.

ERIC
You're a big deal, you know.

YAMA
Artificial gravity was not fetal-me's friend. My little zygote organs and skeleton were, like, "hey, what's this? Oh, no you don't." So I'm a portrait of grace in Moon g's, but breath like a 600 pound heifer on Earth. Which is unfortunate cause I'm a sweater.

She smiles -- no self-pity for this guinea pig.

YAMA (CONT'D)
Good luck with the General.

ERIC
You're not coming?

YAMA
I'm the handicapped daughter he can't be mean in front of.

She smiles, and almost to his own surprise, Eric smiles back. It's a moment for these two as we PULL OUT from the window of Eric's quarters to REVEAL:

EXT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HONEYCOMB 1

Eric's room is one of dozens hovering in a honeycomb-like cluster, detached from each other and any other buildings.

With a loud WHIR, his room shoots downward several stories, where it docks with another building. PRESSING BACK through THE WINDOW and INTO the ROOM BEYOND, we find:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - GALE'S OFFICE

A SATELLITE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON ROTATES SLOWLY on the wall. SMALL, HOLOGRAPHIC FLAGS denote the location of VARIOUS NATIONS' BASES on its surface.

GALE (O.S.)
The entire Moon is the size of Africa, and the five countries scratching helium-3 out of its green cheese share an area no bigger than the Sahara.

Eric sits across a conference table from GEN. GALE LYNN WINEHART. He's 50, hard as nails and could kick the crap out of just about anybody. He's mid-brief:

GALE (CONT'D)
The Japanese are our allies, the Indians don't have the tech for this kind of attack and the Brazilian-Mexican Coalition would've needed outside help.

As he speaks, EACH HOLOGRAM FLAG POPS OFF THE MOON MAP and into the space around Eric's head, enlarging and expanding to show quick demographics and images of the bases.

GALE (CONT'D)
That leaves the Russians.

With a wave, Gale sends all but the RUSSIAN FLAG crashing back to the surface of the virtual Moon.

ERIC
The Russians? We're not even on their radar. They've got no motive.

GALE
Which is why we're focusing on our own backyard. Whatever country's responsible had inside help.
(then)
Suspects.

At his command, PRECISE, DISEMBODIED HOLOGRAPHIC HEADS FILL THE ROOM. The future of mug shots. It's disconcerting.

GALE (CONT'D)
The U.S. economy's up cripple creek without a crutch, which means instead of trained miners, we get white collar criminals who chose manual labor here over prison time on Earth.

ERIC
Smart people who did something stupid and have to work for free.

GALE
These are the "indentured servants" who fit the profile to go fifth column.

Eric's eyes are fixed on one of the mugs: MARTY.

ERIC
Why are they suspects if they're dead?

With a gesture, Gale sweeps the other heads to the opposite wall, where they become 2-D representations, replacing the existing artwork. The mug shots cycle through two at a time.

Eric's left staring into the glassy eyes of his dead brother, but his expression betrays no emotion.

Below Marty's head, a file. Gale chooses a video: 3-D footage of Marty and Leon before the blast. Marty bounds off and squats beside something. The video freezes.

GALE
Martin Thurgood was engaging in suspicious activity directly above the epicenter of the blast and immediately preceding it.

ERIC
He'd have to be a pretty stupid terrorist to blow himself up.

GALE
Stupid is a terrorist's lingua franca. So until we recoup his body and prove otherwise, he's swimming laps in the suspect pool.

He studies Eric studying the footage and changes tack.

GALE (CONT'D)
I know you raised your brother. Has to feel like him getting stuck on the Moon was partially your fault. Nobody understands that sentiment better than me. But you coming here is a mistake. You're compromised.

ERIC
Compromised suggests an intimacy I didn't share with my brother.

GALE
Then you must be crippled by regret. Either one comes at the cost of objectivity.

ERIC
You wanted me to see that mug shot in the hope that I would crack because you don't want an outsider running an investigation you think you should be in charge of. I don't crack. I find answers. How did this happen and who's to blame. You say the Russians, but you don't really say why, which suggests to me you know something you're not sharing, and that makes you, not me, the one who's compromised.
(beat)
Now, I suggest we both place our competency concerns aside and focus on answers. Starting with the one that explains why the Russians.

Gale drills a hole right through Eric, who stares right back.

GALE
Tranquility Station sits on the Moon's biggest stores of helium. The Russians are atop the smallest, but have the most high-tech drilling operations.

ERIC
They're running out of gas.

GALE
So they put their straw in our milkshake.

ERIC
And you're letting them?

GALE
We have them red-handed and you better believe we're going to bend 'em over a barrel. But their suck-siphon has to be discovered... "organically", to protect certain assets.

ERIC
(dawning on him)
You've got a spy.

A BRIGHT, PINK SILK suddenly WIPES FRAME, accompanied by the advent of SITARS and TAMBOURINES. The silk flutters away again, revealing:

INT. INDIAN PALACE - NIGHT

The LARGE, PINK SCARF is whisked by one of SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL INDIAN WOMEN as they dance in a spectacular rotunda. Traditionally clad INDIAN MEN sit on luxurious rugs, playing the music -- a BOLLYWOOD cover of STYX'S "GRAND ILLUSION."

At the apex of a grand STAIRWAY, silhouetted against the GIANT FULL MOON, a MAN begins to sing:

STAN
(in Russian)
So if you think your life is complete confusion / Because your neighbor's got it made...

This is STANISLAV (STAN) STAVIN, 33. He moves with Gene Kelley elegance down the stairwell, GRABBING the MOON out of the sky as he goes.

STAN (CONT'D)
Just remember that it's a Grand Illusion, and deep inside we're all the same!

Stan casts the Moon away like a frisbee. A GROUP of RUSSIANS, all clad in late 21st century attire, laugh and cheer him on.

Behind him, a gritty UNIFORMED OFFICER named TROFIM TROFIMOV, 35, literally WALKS right THROUGH THE DANCING WOMEN.

At the push of a button, the music stops and all things Indian MELT AWAY -- including Stan's outfit. Now also clad in 21st century attire, he's left standing in the middle of:

INT. BAZA KEDR (RUSSIAN BASE) - BAR

Socialist Classical/Baroque architecture meets the future inside the monumental Russian Base.

Stan snaps to attention in front of Major Trofimov. The other Russians at the bar follow suit. Trofim paces slowly before his soldiers, none of them moving under his withering gaze.

He stops before Stan. They speak in subtitled Russian.

TROFIM
What's the special occasion, Corporal?

STAN
No occasion, Sir.

TROFIM
Must be something. You wouldn't be singing and dancing in the wake of absolute calamity unless there was a very special occasion.

Stan struggles under Trofim's oppressive stare down.

STAN
Sir, since the accident, morale has--

TROFIM
Accident? The Americans were attacked!

Trofim lets that hang in the air a beat.

STAN
Who would do that? Who could --

TROFIM
Who is less important than who they think, and if they find us on the verge of stealing their helium, who they'll think is us.

STAN
But why steal their helium at all?

Trofim wheels on him, but Stan continues, nervously:

STAN (CONT'D)
The sun launches helium-3 into space, the Moon swiffers it up. It's renewable...

Everybody holds their breath, afraid Trofim's about to wale on him -- but more afraid Stan might be right.

TROFIM
We're hemorrhaging helium. Until we find the leak and plug it, we have to make up for our loses somehow that doesn't involve the Americans.

There's a hint of dismay in his voice -- that he now erases:

TROFIM (CONT'D)
The Moon-boom glory days are over. Report to Tunnel D-237. Prep it for immediate demolition. Go!

As the group breaks up, CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: YAMA, the reflection of a bright yellow box can be seen in the thin glass of her helmet. WIDEN to REVEAL she's:

EXT. SPACE - THE DEBRIS RING

She attaches the YELLOW BOX to a burned-out piece of MOON-BUGGY. In front of her, the infinity of space is blurred by spinning Moon rocks, broken mining equipment and the occasional outline of a dead miner.

She pauses, feeling uneasy, like she's being watched. She looks over her shoulder, and we see she's surround by --

A FIELD OF INTERSECTING LASER BEAMS.

They criss and cross, but all of them stretch back for the Moon's surface. She speaks into her suit's recording system.

YAMA
Marker 7-1-1 coming online... Now.

She flips a switch on the yellow box and BZZOOUU, another LASER BEAM shoots back toward the surface. Yama studies a read-out that appears on her helmet's visor.

YAMA (CONT'D)
Velocity, rotation, altitude place this in locus 276. More Moon Buggy.

She continues in silence. The only sound is her own breath. It's eerie. Wary, she glances over her shoulder, just as --

WHUMP! ANOTHER ASTRONAUT CRASHES INTO HER!

She GASPS, but quickly composes herself when she sees the dead, twisted face inside the suit -- LEON, the astronaut from the Teaser. She shudders... then notices something else:

She uses her suit's built-in air compressors to guide herself a few yards away, to a large CURVED PIECE of SCORED METAL. She quickly attaches another YELLOW LASER MARKER to it.

YAMA (CONT'D)
Marker 7-1-2, code for priority. It looks like ordnance. Repeat, Marker 7-1-2 is a piece of a bomb!

She stops as she sees something floating behind the ordnance.

Small. Red... A FLOWER.

It cartwheels in place, mesmerizing. Ethereal to the point that its reality is dubious. Yama stares, transfixed.

She reaches out for it, but as her fingers approach its delicate petals, a shadow comes over it.

Yama glances up to see what blocked the light. ANOTHER DEAD ASTRONAUT barrels toward her.

She reaches out to push it away, but its limp arm suddenly

GRABS HER BACK!

She SCREAMS as the ASTRONAUT CLUTCHES for her, but uses her considerable grace and strength to pound him away. A crushing kick sends the Astronaut tumbling ass-over-teakettle.

Yama turns just as POW! A large MOON ROCK slams into her, knocking her quickly unconscious. A small rip in her suit begins spilling white oxygen into the black of space.

The mystery Astronaut manages to right himself and, kicking off of a rock, glides through space toward the helpless Yama. He crashes into her, bear-hugging her and we get our first glimpse of the not-so-dead astronaut's face --

MARTY!

Haggard but alive, Marty covers Yama's torn suit with one hand, other hand wildly tapping on her faceplate, trying to jar her awake.

As they tumble out into space:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. GEORGE W. BUSH HELIUM EXCAVATION SITE

Replaying the last few moments of the teaser, we see:

-- Marty plucking the red flower.

-- The FIREBALL erupting from the mouth of the mine.

-- Marty and Leon rushing back for the buggy.

-- Finally, the ground caves and disappears beneath them...

But instead of seeing Marty and Leon disappear, CAMERA follows them as they tumble down the rabbit hole.

Marty lands with a THUD onto an outcropping, grabbing onto it for dear life. Leon lands nearby, but is unable to steady himself, instead BOUNCING off and into the abyss --

UNTIL

Marty grabs him! He hoists Leon back up. But it's a tight squeeze for two big men... so Leon tries to toss Marty off the outcropping.

MARTY
What's wrong with you?

Leon wrestles Marty from the ledge, but Marty doesn't let go, sending them both plummeting just as --

A huge WHOOSH! of GAS hurtles Marty, Leon and a large portion of the Moon's innards rocketing into the aether. Marty clings to Leon, who fights to be free as the Moon quickly recedes below them.

WHAM! Leon punches Marty in the faceplate. Using a reeling Marty as a launching pad, Leon pushes off of him, back toward the surface.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Oh, you suck. YOU SUCK! YOU PIECE OF--

WHAM! A huge flying ROCK smashes into the fat man with bone-CRUNCHING finality.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Holy crap!

SSFFF! A small rock RIPS past Marty faster than a bullet. He turns toward the direction it came...

Just in time to dodge A GIANT BOULDER spinning toward him.

SSFFF! Another bullet rock just misses him, smashing to smithereens as it collides with some debris behind him.

Marty ducks as a BASEBALL SIZE ROCK pitches toward his grape.

In the midst of his acrobatics, the little green light in his helmet begins blinking red... low oxygen.

SUIT
3 minutes till oxygen depletion.

MARTY
Are you freaking kidding me?!

SUIT
2 minutes till oxygen depletion.

MARTY
C'mon!

SUIT
1 minute, 30 seconds till oxygen depletion.

Marty grits his teeth, bites his tongue. Fends off panic. He spots Leon's body, gets an idea. Pushing off a piece of nearby mining equipment, Marty sails toward him.

WHAM! He collapses into the broken body.

Flipping up Leon's control panel, he ejects a small, red tube marked "O2" from the dead man's suit.

Deep breath.

Marty ejects a similar red tube from his own suit, replacing it with Leon's. The light in his helmet goes green, and he releases his breath with a triumphant laugh.

MARTY
Ha! Yes! YES!

SUIT
10 minutes till oxygen depletion.

Marty's face sinks. Are you kidding? Another dead miner floats several yards away. Setting his resolve, he launches off Leon and sails toward his next oxygen supply.

MARTY (PRELAP)
So I bounced from one dead guy to the next for air. And I survived.

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY

Marty, cleaned up but still banged up, sits in a hospital bed. He lets loose an exasperated sigh. Then smiles.

MARTY
Now here you are.

ARMING AROUND, we find Eric sitting beside him.

He meets Marty's eyes. A look rarely shared between brothers, especially *these* brothers. Eric clutches Marty's hand. Marty's a little taken aback, but appreciative. He's never seen this much emotion from Eric.

ERIC
This is a second chance. I'm going to do better. I'm going to be a good brother. Well, a better brother.

But Eric's emotion gradually caves back to neurosis. Marty sees the shift; he withdraws his hand and the moment is gone. They're back to their version of normal:

MARTY
Here we go.

ERIC
Okay, look. I love you and I'm glad you're alive.

MARTY
Glad we got that out of the way.

ERIC
But you're the sole survivor of a massive explosion, there's footage of you tampering with an unknown object at ground zero and I'm looking for an inside man.

MARTY
This your idea of "better"? Accusing me of being a terrorist?

ERIC
Your excuse you're not is that you saw a flower.

MARTY
And we're back! It's only been, what, like, two years? And in two minutes, you're trying to get inside my head.

ERIC
Because I need to know if you're working for the Russians and you won't just tell me if I ask you.

MARTY
Uhhh... yes I will: no I'm not. Has it occurred to you that being raised by a brother who's a mind-reading swami ruined my ability to tell a convincing lie?

ERIC
Or it made you better. You really committed to that flower story.

Marty leans back, rubbing his eyes. Already exasperated.

ERIC (CONT'D)
There obviously aren't flowers growing on the Moon, so you either hallucinated, are mis-remembering or you're lying.

MARTY
There were roots. I saw them. I'll take you out there right now and prove it to you.

ERIC
I'm leaning toward false memories caused by oxygen depravation.

MARTY
The whole Moon could *be* a plant. It could've spent the last billion years squeezing its little plant parts as hard as it can to sprout that one single flower. And this might be the only point for another billion years to prove it.

ERIC
You turning up alive puts you smack dab in the middle of a giant conspiracy.

MARTY
Then unclench and let me prove this to you. If I'm a wrong, I'm a suspect. But if I'm right there is ***life*** living happily somewhere besides ***Earth***. It's epic!

ERIC
Validating your hallucinations would only make me seem collusive or desperate and I'm already going to look bad just talking to you.

MARTY
To who?

CUT TO: GALE, smiling gently -- much, MUCH softer than the last time we saw him. REVERSE TO REVEAL he's:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY - LOW GRAVITY ROOM

Yama lies in the sole bed of the large room. Her eyes flutter open and she smiles back.

YAMA
There was this bright light... and then grandma came floating out of it, looking down on both of us.

GALE
Are you sure it was your grandma? I always thought she'd be coming from a different direction.

YAMA
I know it was her because she kept talking about how thin your hair looked from where she was floating.

They smile at each other, warm.

GALE
Ohmygod, it really was her.

The door opens and an MP enters and whispers to Gale. OFF his hardening face, MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - GALE'S OFFICE

Gale, seated behind his large desk, stares coldly at ERIC, standing across from him.

GALE
Contact with your brother was an absolute breach of protocol.

ERIC
You were visiting your daughter.

GALE
She's not the focal point of the massive investigation I'm overseeing.

ERIC
We've already had this discussion --

GALE
Your brother showing up alive is a game changer.

ERIC
My mandate is two pronged. Prong one, find the *party* responsible for the helium mine explosion, and parties are no fun when only one person shows up, so I've still got work to do. Prong two, make sure nothing like this happens again. The fine print there is that I'm going to be here until I've installed a security apparatus that makes your base impregnable. I am a fixture, General.

GALE
Your boss in Special Investigations disagrees. You're done.

The door slides open -- an invitation for Eric to leave. Instead, he pushes some buttons on the wall. A moment later a hologram of SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE JONES appears.

ERIC
Sorry to bother you, Mr. Secretary, but people are playing politics and trying to get me shipped home.

JONES
Like hell you're coming home, you're the Air Force's best man. This whole mess is 100 percent under your jurisdiction. I'll talk to Special Investigations personally.

ERIC
Thank you, Sir.

Jones blinks out of existence. Gale's seething.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Have all files on Marty and reports from your Russian spy sent to me. Now.

Eric, slightest hint of a smile, enters his room, which--

EXT. TRANQUILITY STATION

-- returns to the HONEYCOMB HIVE. CAMERA leaves it behind and presses through the gray strata of the Moon's crust into --

EXT. MOON - TERMINATOR

-- the darkness of the LUNAR NIGHT. The SUN CRESTS over the horizon, inching back the terminator (the line where the sun's light meets the Moon's dark side). As darkness yields to light, a low WHISTLING grows LOUDER and LOUDER, like a freight train barreling down until --

BUH-THUNK! A SMALL METEORITE crashes into the Moon's dust.

The dust settles, offering a clear view of the perfectly round projectile... and the logo embossed across it: "TITLEIST." It's a golf ball.

A Moon Buggy rumbles up and GALE piles out, grabbing a GOLF CLUB. He pays no heed to the small red light blinking in the darkness beyond the terminator, like the puff of a cigarette in a dark alley. Instead he lines up his shot.

GALE
You're running out of oxygen.

The terminator recedes with the rising sun, exposing a pair of boots in the darkness.

MYSTERY MAN
I always carry a spare.

The sun reaches the mystery man's face, revealing him to be STAN -- the Russian Karaoke singer, now speaking in perfect English. He pops in his back up O2 container and his blinking red light turns green.

GALE
Any scuttlebutt on an indentured miner named Martin Thurgood? Might be our trigger man.

STAN
Never heard of him. Everybody's pretty hush-hush in the Motherland.

GALE
They got something new to hide?

STAN
Just the tunnel we've been digging. Plan is to bury it before you find it.

GALE
Good. Even with all your sabotage and subterfuge, that Russian funnel's still nipping at my moonshine.

STAN
They haven't turned it on yet.

Gale looks up, confused.

GALE
Then who the hell else is stealing our helium? Our output is down 13 percent from last month...

STAN
The Russians are losing yields, too. What do you know about this Thurgood guy?

GALE
Small potatoes felon. Presumed dead in the blast, but showed up alive babbling about a flower the same day his well-connected brother coincidentally arrived. Whole thing stinks like fish.

STAN
I'll put a word-worm in the communications database and see if he turns up.

Gale pauses, thinking.

GALE
Any chance you haven't heard anything because they found out you're sabotaging their siphon?

STAN
They've had plenty of opportunities to kill me and haven't yet.

GALE
Never too late to start. Don't get cocky.

Gale swings back his club. The THWACK! of the ball starts STYX'S "TOO MUCH TIME ON MY HANDS." As the golf ball sails into the tenebrous sky:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - MARTY'S HONEYCOMB

Marty sits in his room, bouncing a ball against the wall. At length, he approaches the door, but it won't open. A PRE-RECORDED OPERATOR SPEAKS from an unseen speaker.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
This honeycomb living square has been disabled for security purposes. If you feel this has been done in error, please contact--

Marty pushes another button, silencing her.

MARTY
Just want a little food, ya old bat.

As if his room heard him, a loud WHIIRRR! vibrates within.

EXT. TRANQUILITY STATION - MARTY'S HONEYCOMB

Marty's cell pulls away from the Honeycomb -- then drops all the way into the black and blue of the mines below.

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - MARTY'S HONEYCOMB

The door swings open and a guard, SERGEANT HORTON, takes in Marty standing awkwardly.

MARTY
Hi.

Horton throws him a spacesuit.

HORTON
Your brother arranged for you to investigate the blast area.

MARTY
He did?

As Marty starts climbing into his spacesuit:

INT. GEORGE W. BUSH HELIUM EXCAVATION SITE

Marty walks with Horton through the wreckage of the blown out mine.

FORENSIC WORKERS and SPACE MARINES go about their business beneath large flood lights. It's slow-going as they pick their way through the scattered debris.

MARTY
(wary)
How come my brother didn't join us?

A couple other MPs glance over. Horton lowers his voice.

HORTON
This isn't exactly an official, on-the-books sort of thing. He's trying to help you without compromising himself.

Horton turns and starts walking again. Marty follows.

MARTY
Sounds like Eric, all right.

The two EMERGE from the mine onto a ledge of the SINKHOLE. FORENSIC WORKERS dangle on tethers at various elevations.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Those guys are looking in the wrong spot. We were on the far side.

Marty gestures to the remote wall of the sinkhole. As the two start working their way around the gaping hole --

UPCUT TO

THE FAR SIDE. Marty nods up to a rocky outcropping.

MARTY (CONT'D)
That's the rock I landed on. Which means the flower was growing somewhere behind this wall.

He puts a hand on the sheer wall of Moon rock beside them. Horton pulls out a small device and holds it to the wall.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Ground penetrating radar?

HORTON
(nodding)
There's a cavern back behind here...

MARTY
There were no mining tunnels this far out, right?

HORTON
Not even close.

MARTY
How do we get in there?

Horton nods to a small fissure in the rock. SMALL. Claustrophobia via Moon rock. Marty's skeptical.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You couldn't slide a stick of butter soaked in oil through that.

Horton pulls out a small package, about the size of a stick of butter, actually. He pulls a pin and slides it deep into the tiny opening. A second later...

PUH-FSSSSSSSSS! A FIZZING, CRACKLING NOISE grows toward them as the cave and its mouth are expanded by the white TUNNEL FOAM pressing against it. Marty's impressed, until:

HORTON
You go first.

Marty grimaces, but drops and starts crawling. The foam drips from the ceiling, sliming down his helmet.

The cave goes on forever -- his crawl becoming more of a slither as the distal range of the tunnel foam is reached. He presses through the stifling crack, emerging into:

INT. LUNAR CAVERN

The beam from Marty's helmet flashlight slices the pitch black of the massive space. The cave roof sparkles blue with exotic minerals. Before him, something shimmers in the dark.

He moves closer. The shimmers take on the shape of EYES reflecting his light. As he leans closer, the eyes literally melt into the darkness -- dripping away. Ice on a cave wall? Optical illusion? Weird... and surreal.

Another set of shimmerings catches his eye just over his shoulder. Marty spins, but it's gone.

Squinting, he makes out several more of the eerie shimmering eyes a little further on. He edges toward them, curious in spite of the spookiness. He's nearly upon the glimmering orbs when --

HIS FOOT EDGES INTO THE NOTHINGNESS OF A GIANT PRECIPICE!

Marty quickly stumbles back, barely able to keep from tipping into the abyss.

He looks up, but the eyes wooing him to his doom are again vanished. Marty scrambles back, catching his breath before looking into the pit.

The cavern sinks an indeterminable distance. Something glows faintly down deep. He glances back toward the small opening behind him.

MARTY
Sergeant? Hey Sergeant?

INT. GEORGE W. BUSH HELIUM EXCAVATION SITE

Horton glances in the tunnel, still safely outside. He speaks into his helmet:

HORTON
I'm right behind you.

But instead of crawling into the cave, he smirks... AND HEADS THE OTHER DIRECTION.

INT. LUNAR CAVERN

Marty squints down at the far off glowing.

With a breath of resolution, Marty pulls a wire out of his sleeve and carefully drops down.

POPPING WIDE, we get a sense of the enormity as Marty's helmet lights drift in the void.

As he drifts down, the cavern begins to narrow, like a cone. He glances at the opposite wall, and sees it's no wall at all -- but a bunching of PITHY TUBULES fingering loosely around one another.

MARTY
Sergeant, wait till you see this!
There's roots...
(trailing off)
Or something.

Marty reaches out for the roots, but THEY RECOIL FROM HIS TOUCH! Marty jerks his hand back, anxiety heightening as he watches them closely. Did they really move or is he nuts?

Marty shakes his head, searching for bearings in this Dali-esque cave of creeps.

The ROOTS SUDDENLY SWAY again, moving like kelp in the low gravity. He leans away, creeped out. Through the parted wood, he spots ANOTHER SET OF SHIMMERING GLOBES. He summons his courage and stretches his hand out again, when --

ANOTHER HAND LURCHES OUT OF THE ROOTS AND GRABS HIM!

No optical illusion this time -- those are eyes, and they belong to a MYSTERY FIGURE, who lunges at Marty with a knife.

SLICE! The figure CUTS Marty's rappelling wire!

He plummets backwards, but grabs onto the roots. He climbs between them as his pursuer swings slowly back toward him in the low gravity.

THUNK! The Assassin's knife lodges into the woody tubers right next to Marty's head. As he tries to yank it out --

WHAM! Marty lands a hard left hook that sends him floating down. Marty uses the roots to launch himself upwards, making huge leaps in the Moon's low gravity.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Help! Sergeant! Get in here!

He emerges on the ledge. No sign of Horton, but he takes quick stock of the BIOLUMINESCENT GLOW on his suit. No time for it now. He dives back into the tiny entrance hole, but --

The Assassin grabs his foot, pulling him back! Marty rolls just in time to dodge the Assailant's jab.

Marty lands a hard kick to the Assailant's helmet, sending it FLOATING OFF into the ether and revealing his <u>INDIAN FACE</u>.

The sudden lack of oxygen doesn't seem to bother the Indian, who uses his momentum and Marty's shock to STAB him.

Marty counter punches, sending his attacker reeling and the knife clattering to the ground.

The Assailant bolts, DIVING HEAD FIRST into the CHASM and leaving Marty -- blood and oxygen slowly cascading from his suit. The green light in his helmet blinks red again.

SUIT
Leak detected.

Marty tries to cover the leak with his hand, but to no avail. The red light in his helmet only blinks faster and faster.

He painfully, frenziedly searches the ground for something...

THE KNIFE.

He picks it up. Shakes his head. But the oxygen pouring out of his suit demands action.

He slides the blade tip into his suit. He closes his eyes and with a deep breath, pushes the knife back into his flesh!

SUIT (CONT'D)
Leak contained.

Leak plugged, he collapses back against the wall. Breathing hard, trying and failing to control the pain.

At length, he puts his hand on a nearby rock to help him up, but the rock shifts. He looks closer, eyes widening.

MARTY
Holy crap.

That's no rock...

It's A STRING OF HIGH TECH EXPLOSIVES. Armed. Ticking.

Marty howls in pain as he slides through the narrow opening.

He emerges, leaping into the sinkhole just as --

KABOOOOOOOOOM!

A FIREBALL blasts the wall apart, nearly engulfing him.

Marty sails across the sinkhole, floating like a leaf in the light gravity, crashing into the other side and grabbing a dangling tether. As he clings for dear life, he watches --

THE ENTIRE FAR WALL OF THE SINKHOLE CASCADE DOWN, collapsing on itself. OFF this SPECTACULAR, DESTRUCTIVE SIGHT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MED-EVAC SHUTTLE

Eric rubs his head in frustration as an EMT bandages the hole in Marty's gut. When the Medic moves aside, Marty spies his brother for the first time. He looks away shaking his head.

MARTY
Just say it. Stop chewing on it in your head and say it out loud.

ERIC
Do you have any idea how this looks?

MARTY
Like I was attacked by an assassin, presumably because I saw something I shouldn't have. Like A FLOWER!

ERIC
You snuck into a crime scene and survived another massive explosion. It looks like you're working for the Russians. You might as well have a uni-brow and a bottle of vodka.

MARTY
Yeah, well point your bigotry somewhere else. The guy who attacked me was an Indian.

Eric stares blankly, unsure.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What? I suppose you think I stabbed myself, too.

ERIC
You did.

MARTY
Yes! To plug the leak in my suit after I was stabbed the first time!

ERIC
That sounds insane! Everything you say comes off like a really dumb criminal trying to come off like some hippy-dippy pacifist! "I wasn't planting a bomb, I saw a flower." "I stabbed myself because an Indian made me."

Marty glares at Eric, who grimaces, grappling with himself.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Fine. Let's pretend I'm completely gullible and irrational. You've got 60 seconds to explain how a flower could possibly grow in a vacuum.

MARTY
How would I know?! Even if lunar-botany was a thing, it wouldn't be my thing! I just <u>saw</u> it!

ERIC
No thing is your thing. That's your problem in life, Marty.

MARTY
Just because I don't need to dethrone you as the Great Potentate of the Psyche doesn't mean I'm not driven. The Moon, I love. Being on it, doing my small part to tame it is all the purpose I need.

ERIC
Your calling is being indentured labor to pay off a felony conviction. Dreams really do come true. 30 seconds.

Marty lies back, shaking his head.

MARTY
<u>This</u> is why I left.

ERIC
First of all, you didn't leave, you were arrested --

MARTY
I got arrested so I could leave.

ERIC
-- Second, I'm doing everything I can to help you, but it's hard to help somebody who goes out of their way to appear guilty.

MARTY
It was the guard *you* sent to "help" that ditched me--

ERIC
I didn't send a guard.

MARTY
What do you mean you didn't send a guard?

ERIC
What version of me have you seen in the last 21 years that would send some lackey, that I don't know, and you don't know, to lead you into the area that everybody thinks you blew up!

Eric takes a deep breath, getting his composure. ON ERIC:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - GALE'S OFFICE

Gale pours himself a Scotch, glaring down his nose at Eric -- who stands across from him, back to being cool and collected.

GALE
This reeks of desperation.

ERIC
Somebody had to let Marty out of his cage. Even if he is involved, he obviously has help.

Gale pulls up a 3-D hologram of security footage, showing SGT HORTON at his desk. He fast forwards through it.

GALE
Horton was at his post all night.

The office door slides open. Horton steps in.

HORTON
You sent for me, sir?

ERIC
That was me, actually.

At the sight of Eric, Horton's face sinks ever so slightly. Gale shoots Eric a frustrated look.

GALE
You're dismissed, Sergeant Horton.

ERIC
Before you go, I was wondering if you would tell me who you work for?

GALE
Stand down, Mr. Thurgood.

ERIC
(ignoring him)
Or why you took my brother into the sinkhole last night?

GALE
That's enough.

ERIC
Can you hold your breath for two hours, Sergeant?

Horton looks at Gale confused.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Security footage showed you at your post, but oxygen logs say you weren't breathing. Are you a hologram right now?

Eric pokes him sharply. He's real, and knows he's caught.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Who are you working for, Horton?

HORTON
Okay. Look. I'll talk, alright, but I need protection --

ERIC
Why are they after Marty?

HORTON
Something he said in his debriefing. I don't know what.

ERIC
Who? Russians? Indians? Sergeant?

Horton's head suddenly twitches before: PUKH! A muffled explosion in his brain causes his eyes to bulge out and his skull to briefly expand and contract. Smoke wafts out of his nostrils and ears as he collapses, dead.

Gale quickly kneels beside the dead Sergeant, whose whackadoodle eye rolls back in forth in his head.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Guess we found our inside man. You and I need to get on the same page if we want to find whatever outside connection put a bomb in his head.

GALE
What was that about Indians?

ERIC
Marty said an Indian stabbed him when he was busy not causing the last explosion.

Gale stands, studies Eric.

GALE
Your pain-in-my-ass dipstick little brother is either an enemy operative or a hapless patsy. You got a damn lot of work to do convincing me it's door number two, or it'll take more than the Secretary of the Air Force to keep you on my Moon.

ERIC
Fair. Let's start with this: how'd brain-bomb know about Marty's debriefing? Who else sat in on it?

GALE
Just me.

ERIC
Who have you talked to about it, Russian, Indian or otherwise?

GALE
(beat, realizing)
My Russian spy may be compromised.

CUT TO:

INT. MINE D-237

Stan and the other miners carefully rig explosives around the mine. He places the last one, and turns to mine's mouth, where Trofim stands. Their Russian is subtitled:

STAN
That's the last of them, Sir.

TROFIM
Very well. Evacuate to the safety perimeter.

The miners file out, but Trofim grabs Stan by the arm.

TROFIM (CONT'D)
Not you.

Stan's eyes dart nervously: uh-oh...

TROFIM (CONT'D)
Show me where you were drilling last week.

Stan nods, then walks deeper into the mine, around a bend, and past a large mobile drilling buggy. Trofim follows. Stan gestures to a recess in the mine wall.

TROFIM (CONT'D)
I want to see the exact spot.

Stan grimaces, but approaches a scored section of cave.

TROFIM (CONT'D)
Dig. With your hands.

Stan does. Something shiny falls to the ground. A RING. Stan picks it up, smiling. Trofim smiles back, familiar, at ease.

TROFIM (CONT'D)
Just because the Moon's never going to be the same doesn't mean we have to change. You like it?

STAN
It's perfect.

TROFIM
I'm sorry I ruined your song.

STAN
You can ruin all the songs you want if this is how you're going to say you're sorry.

TROFIM
I didn't think you could be bought so easy.

STAN
Ha. You couldn't afford me till now.

TROFIM
Anybody asks, it's from your man back home. We have to be more careful than ever. Everybody's watching everybody so close now.

STAN
We'll work around it.

POP close on the RING, as Stan's now UN-GLOVED FINGER slides into it. WIDENING, find the two men have moved inside:

INT. MOBILE DRILLING BUGGY

Trofim and Stan smile at each other. As they lean in for a kiss, WE PULL BACK, through the FOGGY WINDOWS of the Buggy.

INT. MINE D-237

Trofim piles out of the buggy, followed by Stan, both once more clad in space-suits. Clearly, a few passionate moments have passed. The two nod to each other, smiling.

TROFIM
Give me a good head start.

As he disappears around the bend, a SHADOW lurks up behind the unsuspecting Stan. He turns just as WHUMP! A MAN in BLACK knocks him unconscious.

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HOLDING ROOM

A BLACK BAG whisks off Stan's head. He blinks under the glaring lights, the blurry image of Eric and Gale coming into focus. He tries to move, but his hands and feet are shackled.

ERIC
Hello, Stanislav.

STAN
(to Gale)
Are the shackles really necessary?

ERIC
If you arranged to have Martin Thurgood killed.

STAN
I steal mining technology and drill bits. I don't kill people.

GALE
Nobody else knew about his debriefing. Had you mentioned his name to somebody?

STAN
(feeling the heat)
Nobody.

Eric studies him, gauging. Then:

ERIC
Let's assume you're just a bad spy and not a murderer. Why would the Russians attack the Americans?

STAN
They spent a lot of rubles building a tunnel to filch U.S. helium, which they now have to tear down. They gained nothing by the attack.

ERIC
They only gained *nothing* if the sole *something* was helium. But there's lots of somethings worth killing for on the Moon. Food. Water? Love. Revenge. Air...

Stan's tell is too subtle for us to catch, but Eric sees it.

ERIC (CONT'D)
So the Russians want oxygen.

STAN
The Russians want to control the Moon, but they can't because Eve Branson supplies everybody's oxygen. If the Russians were going to attack anybody, it would be her.

Eric digests that, but changes tack:

ERIC
You said you steal mining technology.

Eric tosses a small hologram from the wall to Stan. It's a 3-D model of the ordnance Yama found in the debris ring.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Prove it. What's this used for? And where did it come from?

STAN
(holy smokes)
That wasn't used for mining.

GALE
These are the bombs that caused the explosion.

STAN
Can you zoom it in for me?

Eric flicks his wrist, making the ordnance HUGE. Stan peers.

STAN (CONT'D)
Not Russian. This is Indian tech.

Eric's ears prick up at the mention of Indians again.

GALE
Indian.

STAN
Yes, sir. That greenish-white sheen is a magnesium-phosphorus coating. The Indians coat their explosives with it so they can blast through titanium.

ERIC
You know an awful lot about Indian technology that nobody else even thought existed.

STAN
I thought you thought I was working for the Russians. Now I'm an Indian spy? At this rate I'll be back to being American any minute now.

Gale nods Eric to the door. Eric lingers, studying Stan a beat. He sees something, and Stan knows it.

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM

Gale and Eric are alone in the room. Gale activates the:

GALE
One way.

The wall in front of them MORPHS into a one-way mirror, where they can view Stan -- who's still studying the ordnance.

GALE (CONT'D)
My most trusted man and your most trusted man just fingered the same bad guy.

ERIC
The difference between me and my brother and you and your spy is that he's lying to you.

GALE
I trust a highly decorated war hero on my payroll over some helium-hacking felon any day, which is moot in this point since they're saying the *same thing.*

ERIC
Yes. About the Indians. But he's lying about working for you. You have an Indian problem and a turncoat problem.

GALE
Stop trying to push the searchlight off your brother on a hunch.

ERIC
Your man didn't bristle one hair on his treacherous little head when I accused him of working for the Indians. He's cold. Mechanical. No reaction *is* a reaction.

GALE
My best agent did not blow us up for the Indians. I've known him for fifteen years. We were in the war together, for crying out loud.

ERIC
Which is why you're trying so hard to believe him.

As they continue:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HOLDING ROOM

Stan peers intently at the ordnance, concentrating. CAMERA DROPS BELOW THE TABLE to see what's really on his mind:

STAN'S LEFT HAND IS SLOWLY SPINNING IN 360 DEGREE CIRCLES.

After a couple of rotations, it DROPS OFF HIS WRIST -- unscrewed. The hand lies on the floor a beat before:

IT SPRINGS SUDDENLY TO LIFE, walking on all fives like "Thing" from the Aadams Family.

PLOP! His right hand drops to the floor and moves toward the shackles on his feet. FLIP! The pointer finger pops open and a LASER BEAM begins slicing through his ankle shackles.

The left hand, meanwhile, has climbed to the door controls, where it's engaged the locking mechanism with a --

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM/HOLDING ROOM

-- CLANK! Gale and Eric both look at the door as it fastens shut. Their eyes quickly shoot to the window, where Stan's right hand finishes lasering through his shackles.

GALE
Sonnuvva --

Gale's already at the door, working to override the lock.

ERIC
You know he could do that?

GALE
Nobody can do that.

The door partially opens. Gale resorts to brute force.

WHAM! A well placed kick sends the door flying open and Gale and Eric rushing in. Gale's got his side-arm drawn.

Stan immediately throws his (handless) arms up.

STAN
Don't shoot!

GALE
Show me your hands!

ANGLE ON the ceiling, where Stan's hands surreptitiously remove an air vent.

Stan lurches, then suddenly --

GALE (CONT'D)
I will shoot you.

-- HE FLIES INTO THE AIR!

THUNK! THUNK! His stumps magnetically return him to his hands, 25 feet up. With a heave-ho, he hoists himself into the vent and disappears, leaving --

Gale and Eric, staring agape. OFF THEM:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY

Marty's back in the infirmary, shirt open revealing a large bandage where he was stabbed. He's held to his bed by an IONIC WRIST RING -- a security device that uses natural ions to create a magnetic bond and lock people to, say, a bed.

A GUARD sits nearby, watching a small hologram presentation of "The Price is Right." He glances at Marty, who smiles and takes a bite of his lunch with his free hand.

When the Guard looks away, we see the spork Marty's eating from is missing a tong. He sets it down and pulls the missing plastic prong out of his mouth.

He bites the tip flat, then inserts the small point of plastic into the tiny hole in his wrist restraint. It just fits. Before we can see what he's up to--

The door to the room slides open. YAMA, haggard and tired looking, slides in on a thought-controlled wheel-chair.

YAMA
(to the Guard)
Give us a sec, Corporal.

Her voice is breathless as she struggles in the artificial gravity. The Guard steps out, leaving his hologram TV device. Marty notes it before he smiles at his visitor.

MARTY
You must be the muscle.

YAMA
Then you must be the brain.
Actually, we met in the debris ring.

MARTY
Oh! You look... different, when you're not unconscious in a spacesuit.

And by different, of course, he means "hot."

YAMA
About that --

MARTY
You don't need to thank me. Really we kind of saved each other --

YAMA
(gritting her teeth)
About that, I should be pissed, but... I read your file. I saw something you saw.

POV: Somebody watches them from behind the air-vent... Stan?

MARTY
Then you know I'm not lying.

YAMA
I know you're a convicted felon, and convicted felons have a tendency to be less than truthful. Which is why I want cold, hard evidence in my mitt before I vouch for you. No offence.

MARTY
Some offence. Especially if my good name relies on more than your good word, because any proof of life on the Moon was blown sky high. Twice, for good measure.

YAMA
So there's nothing?

Marty thinks about it a second, then has an epiphany.

MARTY
There is something, actually.

Yama waits for more, but Marty's sizing her up.

MARTY (CONT'D)
But how do I know you're not just going to take it, destroy it and leave me hanging by my toes?

YAMA
Because you and I shared a singularly spiritual experience. We've seen life in the lifeless and that is a gift we have a duty to protect before some whacko actually does destroy it. We're bonded. Whether we like it or not.

MARTY
Little churchy, but I admire the enthusiasm.

YAMA
That's what your brother said.

MARTY
He called you churchy?

Yama stares at him: a-duh. Marty smiles, relents:

MARTY (CONT'D)
After I came out of that second cave, there was some kind of... glowing gunk on my spacesuit from the roots I found in there. Like, pollen or sap or something.

YAMA
That's what I need. I'll be back.

The door slides open but she stops short at the sight of the dead Guard outside of it.

MARTY (O.S.)
(choking)
Help... help me!

She turns again to find Marty being garroted by the *same Indian Assassin* who tried to kill him in the caves!

With herculean effort, Yama pulls herself out of her wheelchair and collapses onto his side table.

She grabs whatever she can, coming up with THE THREE-LEGGED SPORK. With a great push of strength, she lunges and --

SPLERNT! plunges the utensil into the Assailant's eye, sending him staggering back over the Guard's chair. The hologram TV smashes to the ground.

Marty gasps for air, but the Indian Assassin's back to his feet and coming for Yama.

POW! The Indian's waylaid by Marty, who shoves his bed into the assassin.

He's on Marty in a flash, about to snap his neck when --

THUMP! ANOTHER FIGURE sends the Indian reeling with a kick.

Marty and Yama look up to find STAN in fighting form. As Stan and the Indian trade blows --

Marty dives, bed and all, for the smashed hologram TV. He tears out it's internal processors.

With his spork sliver, he scrapes off some silicone, which he shoves into his wrist restraint, causing it to unlock.

The Indian smashes Stan in the face, but before he can follow up --

WHAM! Marty whacks him on the head with the Guard's chair. The Indian charges for Marty, about to plow into him, when --

HE VANISHES INTO THIN AIR with a loud POP!

It looks like he ran right through Marty, who pats his body to make sure he's in tact. Yama, Stan and Marty all exchange bewildered glances. Yama's still trying to catch her breath.

YAMA
What's going on?! What happened to that guy?

MARTY
Who are you?

STAN
I don't have a lot of time, so let's make this quick. Why are the Indians trying to kill you?

MARTY
I have no idea--

STAN
You must've seen something? Heard something? Think!

Marty and Yama exchange a glance.

MARTY
No. Nothing.

STAN
You're a bad liar, you know that?
(then)
Everybody thinks I'm trying to knock you off, which makes keeping you alive my number one goal. But you gotta help me out here.

Marty sizes him up, then goes for broke:

MARTY
I saw a flower growing on the Moon.

STAN
(to Yama)
You see it, too?

Marty glances at Yama: keep your mouth shut.

MARTY
She came here to thank me for saving her in the debris ring. Wrong place, wrong time.

STAN
Bad liar.

He THUMPS Marty on the forehead with a flick. Turns to Yama:

STAN (CONT'D)
But he's got the right idea. You should probably keep your lips zipped if you don't want to end up in the same boat as him.

He turns and heads back for the vent from whence he came.

YAMA
Wait! where are you going?

STAN
To find out why the Indians blew up our mines.

MARTY
You gotta take me with you.

STAN
I'm going *to* India. *The Indians* are trying to kill you.

MARTY
Yes, and the security of these hallowed walls has done so much to protect me. I gotta find the flower if I want to get off America's Most Wanted, and so far everywhere it turns up, an Indian isn't far behind. I bet they've got the key to the secret garden. Come on. I can help you.

Stan considers him a second, then nods Marty to the vent.

YAMA
You can't go with him!

MARTY
I've been blown off the surface of the Moon, stabbed, blown up again, strangled and had my ears popped by a *disappearing assassin!* I like my odds with a guy who makes keeping me alive a priority.

Yama's pulled herself back into her wheelchair.

YAMA
If you go with him, you're gonna look guiltier than ever. And you'll never get out of here before security finds you so there's that.

The briefest of beats, before:

STAN
Coming?

Stan dives for the grate. Marty hesitates.

MARTY
You said it. We have a duty.

Marty dives for the grate. Yama grimaces. OFF HER:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - VENTILATION SHAFT

Marty climbs toward the quickly clambering Stan. Stan pauses for Marty to catch up.

STAN
We need to get to the trash chutes--

CLLLLAAAANNNGGG! He's cut off by something crashing into the vent behind them. Stan shines a light down the shaft to reveal --

YAMA, dragging herself with mighty effort toward them.

YAMA
Come... with me... if... ohmygod... you... want... to live.

She nods toward a smaller auxiliary shaft and starts slowly crawling that way. Stan watches her inch painfully along.

STAN
Too slow for security?

YAMA
I'll... be... fine, once we're away from the artificial gravity.
(then)
The trash chutes are sealed.

She's already moving easier. After a few more feet, the guys are struggling to keep up with her.

YAMA (CONT'D)
If you hack the doors they'll be on you like stink. Ironically, stink will also be on you like stink. Because you'll probably trigger a purge. I have a much cleaner option.

MARTY
Weren't you really shrill about this two minutes ago?

YAMA
I'm doing this for the Moon.

MARTY
It's not *just* for the Moon.

YAMA
Yes, it is.

Marty smiles as she punches a code into a sealed, grated door and swings it open.

YAMA (CONT'D)
Oxygen runs out after fifty feet.

Stan hands Marty a BITE-SIZE OXYGEN TUBE.

STAN
Put this between your teeth and breathe through your mouth.

He offers another tube to Yama, who rejects it with a wave.

YAMA
You figure out what the Indians are doing, I'll figure out what that pollen in your spacesuit is.

Marty nods and smiles -- grateful. He dives into the hatch. Stan starts to follow, then turns to Yama:

STAN
Tell the General about the Indians. And tell him we're still on the same team.

As he speaks, POP ECU to one of the whiskers on Stan's chin. There's a miniscule CAMERA LENS on the end. CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE ON the LENS and --

POV, chin's-eye view: Yama, now fish-eyed by the tiny lens.

YAMA
What team is that?

The screen jostles as Stan turns and climbs jerkily into the trash chute. REVERSE TO REVEAL:

INT. VIRGIN GALACTIC LUNAR ATOLL

The scene has been live-streaming into a polished chrome and mahogany office, where Stan's real boss has been watching it:

EVE BRANSON's eyes narrow.

EVE
Indians.

She closes the footage, turns toward the wall, which displays a large TELEPHONE ICON. She talks toward it in perfect HINDI.

EVE (CONT'D)
This is Eve Branson calling for Foreign Minister Ravimurtha. Immediately.

As she waits for a response, she glances out the FLOOR TO CEILING WINDOWS at the Moon below. CAMERA FOLLOWS her GLANCE, dropping STRAIGHT DOWN, TO:

INT./EXT. MOON BUGGY

A MOON BUGGY kicks up dust as it RIPS across the Moon, bouncing several feet into the air as it chews up the terrain. Stan drives, Marty rides next to him.

MARTY
So what's the plan for getting in?

STAN
You're the guy smart enough to figure out how to get out of ion wrist restraints, you tell me.

MARTY
What, are you kidding me? You don't have a plan?

STAN
Of course I do. How did you get out of those cuffs?

MARTY
Silicone absorbs the electricity generated from the ions. No electricity, no lock.
(then)
What's your plan?

STAN
We walk right through the front door.

MARTY
When you got a loaf of dark rye, people tend to notice a slice of white bread in the middle.

STAN
Nobody's gonna say a word to us. Take the wheel.

He pushes a button on the dash and the steering wheel slides over in front of Marty.

Stan pulls out a little BLACK DEVICE, which projects a first-person POV hologram. Marty sees himself being attacked by the Indian Assassin. Stan freezes the picture when the Assassin looks up. He zooms in on the Indian's face.

MARTY
How'd you record all that?

A progress bar appears below the Indian's face that says "ANALYZING." When the bar fills up. The picture disappears and a SMALL NEEDLE pops out of the black device. Stan jams the needle into his chin. His grimace of pain contorts until:

HIS WHOLE FACE BEGINS CHANGING SHAPE. His complexion grows darker, brow more pronounced. He's suddenly the spitting image of the Indian Assassin!

STAN
Here, put these on, wonder bread.

He tosses Marty a set of manacles, then takes the wheel back.

STAN (CONT'D)
You're bait. Try to look beat down.

MARTY
Like this?

Marty's face sags melodramatically. Stan thinks about it, then WHAM! decks Marty right in the eye.

STAN
Better.

INT. MED-EVAC SHUTTLE

A CREW is inside, decontaminating it when Yama enters.

YAMA
The patient that was on this shuttle, where are his personal items?

The FOREMAN nods to a cart hovering in the back. Yama approaches it, finds Marty's suit wrapped in plastic. She pulls it out and examines it...

...but finds nothing. She's about to stuff it back in the plastic, when she notices the same BIOLUMINESCENT GLOW Marty saw rubbed off on the inside of the bag.

She swipes a little bit of it with her finger, examining it. Proof! Her smile barely cracks before the goop MELTS into her FLESH and DISAPPEARS. She rubs her fingers together, but the stuff is GONE. Off her, more frustrated than worried:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY

Security is thick. TECHS examine the ventilation grate through which Marty and Stan escaped. INVESTIGATORS pore over the Marshal's body. Gale and Eric are in the midst of it.

ERIC
Your main suspect and my main suspect are now heading right into the belly of the beast.

GALE
They've got to be working together.

YAMA (O.S.)
They're not.

They turn to find Yama walking up, all hepped up.

YAMA (CONT'D)
I mean, they are now. But they weren't earlier. Not "earlier" earlier, but like, "three hours ago" earlier. And I know I tried to chase them into the vents and stop them and all, but I've been thinking since then. I don't think either of them can be suspects anymore, seeing as how Stanislav saved Marty's life and Marty wouldn't be going right toward the people who want him dead if he didn't think he could prove his innocence. Right? What?

Gale and Eric are staring at her.

GALE
How are you standing?

Yama looks at herself, suddenly aware she's not feeling the effects of the artificial gravity.

YAMA
I have no idea...

She glances at her hand where the goop absorbed.

GALE
(calling out)
Dr. Lake.

YAMA
No no. I'm fine. You know, I accidentally took two caffeine pills and forgot I had a pot of coffee this morning. I'm so hyper I don't even realize how hard it is to move in artificial gravity.

She glances at her hand again. Eric easily sees she's lying.

ERIC
Java jitters don't give people superhuman strength.

GALE
Were you drugged?

YAMA
Maybe... it all happened so fast. I mean *fast*. But, yes, maybe.

While she speaks, Eric grabs a med-kit from a nearby shelf. He pops out a SMALL NEEDLE--

YAMA (CONT'D)
That Indian easily could've-- OW!

--and POKES Yama in the NECK.

GALE
Are you out of your mind?

ERIC
You want to find out if she was drugged and so do I.

Eric inserts the needle back into the kit. It lights up as it starts analyzing. He puts himself between Gale and Yama.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(to Gale, sotto)
Your daughter is not being forthcoming.

GALE
Touch her again, I'll cripple you.

Gale takes his daughter by the arm, leading her into:

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HALLWAY

Yama's still hyper. Gale studies her.

YAMA
Maybe I *was* drugged. That would explain everything. The hyperness, the gravity. I think I just need some rest. Which means I need to burn off this energy, you know?

GALE
Are you lying to me right now?

YAMA
What? No. You know that.

Yama winces. She hates this.

YAMA (CONT'D)
But you know that if I ever did, it would be because I had to, right?

GALE
You never have to. There's nothing you can't tell me. Never has been.

It's true. She's never lied to him before. In fact, she's on the verge of opening up now, when --

ERIC (O.S.)
You're drug free.

Eric holds up the med kit for Gale and Yama to analyze.

YAMA
I am?
(then, covering)
Then how else am I standing?

GALE
Why don't you go get that rest you need? I need you in fighting shape.

She nods, smiles, a little. Gale nods back. Trusting her. As she turns to go:

GALE (CONT'D)
No more coffee.

She salutes as she heads off. Eric's not ready to let it go:

ERIC
General --

GALE
She says she's fine, she's fine.
(then, pointedly)
There's only <u>two</u> eggs in our basket. My spy and your brother. And right now, those eggs are heading right for an Indian omelette.

Eric sees Gale's asking for *his* trust now. He relents:

ERIC
Then let's go to India.

As the two men head out of the Infirmary:

EXT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - ESTABLISHING

Emergency lights cast an unnatural glimmer over a deep crater, filled with stilled mining drills and abandoned Moon buggies. Various man-made ledges on the crater's steep wall lead into the base beyond, and portend a similar silence within.

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE)

Long, empty hallways ringed by arches and domes are walled with bright, intricate patterns and rest under the pensive eyes of ornate Hindu iconography -- serpents, elephants, monkeys, tigers. Echoing in the distance, a WOMAN'S VOICE SPEAKS IN HINDI over LOUDSPEAKERS.

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - MESS HALL

Empty... though, everybody left in a hurry. Half-eaten trays of chow abound. But that's not the weirdest thing; it looks like somebody took a melon-baller to the walls and tables -- huge sections of the furniture are simply missing...

The voice can still be heard, echoing through the empty room. It's all very creepy.

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - CONTROL ROOM

The chunks of missing infrastructure continue. There's half a chair here, two-thirds of a work station there. And it's not like they've been hewn or sliced -- they're in tact, with various portions simply missing.

On the main view screen, the source of the mysterious voice is revealed: Eve Branson speaks sternly in Hindi. She finally repeats in English:

EVE
This is Eve Branson for Indra Ravimurtha. Please respond while this is still a diplomatic call.

ARMING AROUND, we find the only people to hear her are Stan and Marty, taking in the giant, empty control room.

MARTY
You socked me for nothing...

Stan clicks at a computer... nothing. He looks around the side -- the entire back half is missing.

STAN
What did all this?

He sees a half-eaten sweet pie sopping in the spilled liquid of a broken mug. Stan picks up the mug. It's not shattered... like everything else, its side is just gone. Weird.

STAN (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let's go find your secret garden...

Marty follows him as he walks into:

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY

The room is dominated by a magnificent, terrifying statue of the six-armed SHIVA. Stan and Marty move warily through the room, until Marty stops suddenly, face paling. Stan turns.

MARTY
Is that statue breathing on me?

He's focused on Shiva, whose cold, stone eyes stare right back. Marty takes a step backward, then forward again.

MARTY (CONT'D)
That thing's breathing on me.

Stan switches spots with Marty, immediately feels the "breath." Marty moves to the side of the statue, starts feeling for something. His eyes light up as --

SKKKKHHHHHH! The enormous effigy slides to the side, revealing a small egress behind. Stan smiles, nods Marty in.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I don't do first.

Stan enters, Marty reluctantly following into:

INT. MOSHKA KILAA - CAVE SYSTEM

The caves look just like the tunnel that Marty was in before, complete with the sparkling strata of minerals all around them. The only thing missing are the roots.

MARTY
This looks exactly like the shaft of death I climbed into under the sinkhole.

STAN
Maybe they're connected. The Indians could be siphoning U.S. helium.

MARTY
That even possible?

STAN
It's been known to happen.

Stan is examining the muddy imprints of flowers on the wall.

STAN (CONT'D)
Look at this.

MARTY
Flowers.

Marty examines the imprints, smiling, awestruck, almost. They crumble under his touch.

STAN
Maybe the Indians figured out how to grow crops in Moon mud. Or they're trying to create oxygen.

MARTY
The important thing is I'm not nuts! Or lying, and this is proof.

STAN
It's going to take more than some crumbling dirt to convince General Winehart. Like, say, an actual Indian to confirm it.

MARTY
Yeah... where is everybody?

Some rocks SKID behind them. Stan reacts immediately, pushing Marty against the wall and killing the light. Peering back toward the Shiva room, the silhouettes of TWO ARMED MEN inch their way toward them.

One of the men spots Stan, and they train their LIGHTS ON HIM. They issue sharp, stern commands... in RUSSIAN. Stan's face slips into immediate confusion.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Russians.

STAN
Trofim?

Stan shines his light on the two men, sure enough revealing TROFIM with a RUSSIAN PRIVATE named FILIPOV. OFF STAN:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MOSHKA KILAA - CAVE SYSTEM

Stan (still incognito) and Marty are against the wall, being frisked by Trofim and Filipov. Trofim notices Stan's ring.

TROFIM
(re: the ring)
Where did you get this?

STAN
Major Trofimov--

Trofim slams him back, puts his gun in Stan's face.

TROFIM
Where is he? Tell me!

STAN
Singing karaoke.

Trofim's confused. Is that a code or is he being taunted?

TROFIM
(to Filipov)
Take the American to the buggy.

Filipov shoves Marty back toward the cave's mouth.

STAN
(to Marty)
Do what he says and you'll be fine.

MARTY
Does he speak English?

STAN
No.

MARTY
Then how can I do what he says?!

But they're gone, leaving Trofim and Stan.

STAN
Trofim --

WHAP! Trofim slaps Stan across the face.

TROFIM
The only thing you have to say is where you got that ring.

STAN
You gave it to me while --

WHAP! Trofim pistol whips him. Stan drops to his knees.

TROFIM
No games. Where did you get this?

STAN
Okay! Okay...

Stan procures his face-changing needle.

STAN (CONT'D)
Don't freak out.

He jams it into his chin and his face contorts, transforming into its old self. He smiles, holds up his ring finger.

STAN (CONT'D)
You gave this to me in Mine D-237 about 8 hours ago.

Trofim's frozen, stunned.

INT./EXT. MOON BUGGY

Filipov drives. Trofim rides in angry silence. Stan and Marty, each shackled, ride in back. Filipov and Marty have similar confused expressions.

FILIPOV
Sir... what happened to the Indian?

Trofim is silent, glowering. Filipov waits a beat before:

FILIPOV (CONT'D)
And why is the corporal in handcuffs? And who--

TROFIM
Because he's a spy.

Trofim spits the words, angry. Meanwhile, in the backseat:

MARTY
What's the deal with you two?

Stan suddenly turns to Trofim, realizing:

STAN
You put a tracking device in the ring, didn't you?

Trofim ignores him. Filipov tries to figure it all out.

STAN (CONT'D)
What kind of person gives their partner a rigged ring?!

TROFIM
Apparently it's a good thing I did.

FILIPOV
You two are partners?

MARTY
What's going on?

FILIPOV
Partners in what?

TROFIM
We're not partners.

STAN
Not anymore we're not!

TROFIM
This is <u>your</u> fault, not mine!

MARTY
Everybody's getting louder...

FILIPOV
(lightbulb)
Oh my God, you're <u>both</u> spies.

He stops the car and pulls his gun.

FILIPOV (CONT'D)
Surrender your firearm, sir.

MARTY
Whoa...

Trofim draws his gun.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Whoa!

STAN
Everybody take it easy now.

TROFIM
Stand down, Private. That's an order.

CRUUUUUNCHH! A FLASH of METAL SUDDENLY STRIKES THE BUGGY and SENDS IT TOPPLING onto its side.

A GIANT SHADOW LOOMS OVER THE BUGGY. As everybody's eyes go skyward:

MARTY
WHOA!!

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - AIRLOCK

Gale, Eric and a dozen SPACE MARINES are in the airlock, putting on spacesuits and locking/loading their weapons.

ERIC
14 of us. Four thousand Indians. Did Custer teach us nothing?

GALE
Yes. You gotta take a stand --

He's cut off by the AIR-LOCK'S EMERGENCY KLAXON. Everybody scrambles to secure their suits as the outer door opens.

Gale's lips purse at the sight of Eve Branson entering.

GALE (CONT'D)
Aw, hell, no.

EVE
You're not cowboys, this isn't Tombstone. It's the Moon.

ERIC
Your Moon. No fights without Virgin Galactic permission.

GALE
We're going to India on a diplomatic mission to retrieve a couple of our wayward indentured miners.

EVE
Then blink that trigger happy glint out of your eyes, because the Indian Base has been abandoned.

Gale and Eric are at loss... confused.

GALE
Thousands of people don't just vanish into thin air.

ERIC
There's no air and that many people never agree on anything, especially when it's as drastic as starting a war and abandoning ship.

EVE
They could've been led to believe they were under attack, too.

ERIC
Doesn't matter what they thought. There's no way they could've moved that many people without somebody seeing something.

Gale quickly realizes what Eric means, his face growing grim.

EVE
Are you implying -- what are you implying, exactly?

GALE
To hide a few hundred, they'd need to get rid of a few thousand.

Eve's not buying it:

EVE
I know Ambassador Ravimurtha. I know Imran Safiulla, his chief of security. Neither one of them requisitioned the amount of kool-aid it would take for what you're proposing.

ERIC
Maybe they weren't the ones making the kool-aid.

EVE
The logistics of killing that many people is no less difficult than hiding them.

GALE
We're burning oxygen talking about it. Let's go get our men back, pump 'em for all their worth, and find out what the hell is going on!

OFF GALE:

INT./EXT. RUSSIAN MOON BUGGY

The vaguely familiar ETHEREAL STRAINS of an ELECTRONIC SYNTHESIZER trickle in as the BATTERED RUSSIAN MOON BUGGY hobbles as fast as it can away.

Inside, tense silence. Marty hazards a glance out the back window, just as the massive shadow once more covers his face.

MARTY
Faster! Go FASTER!

Following his gaze out the back window reveals --

A GIANT, 50 FOOT TALL MECHAGODZILLA-ESQUE ROBOT!

The music crescendoes into a now familiar tune: STYX'S "MR. ROBOTO." The Robot swipes down at the buggy, knocking it asunder once again.

STAN
(in Russian)
Head for that crater!

The buggy flies off the crater's lip, landing with a thud. The fast moving robot stumbles over the edge and amazingly, loses its balance, COLLAPSING ONTO ITS KNEES.

The four men in the buggy are too wary to be relieved. And their hesitancy is prudent as,

THE ROBOT FALLS FORWARD, RIGHT ON TOP OF THEM.

Their SCREAMS are drown out by the ROBOT'S THUNDEROUS CRASH. But, amazingly, the men are alive -- INSIDE:

INT. THE GIANT ROBOT

They exchange glances... and NOW share a joyous cheer of laughter. Everybody, that is, but Stan. He SHUSHES them.

In the silence... a slight WHINE. Then another...

The whining gets louder, dueling, unseen BUZZ SAWS coming toward them. The SOUND of METAL SLICING INTO METAL heralds the flying of SPARKS as their buggy's HULL is CUT INTO!

Within moments, the buggy's roof is torn away to reveal a world of interlocking MECHANICS, SAWS and CLAWS inside the ROBOT. A GIANT CLAW bears down on them.

Trofim fires his gun, but a robotic arm BATS it out of his hand as --

ANOTHER CLAW GRABS MARTY

Pulling him away from the buggy. Immediately, the ROBOT begins standing again. The three men left quickly engage their helmets.

EXT. MOON'S SURFACE

They climb out of the demolished buggy, watching THE ROBOT'S CHEST DOORS CLOSE as it LUMBERS AWAY.

There's nothing to do but stare, dumbfounded. Until:

Filopov turns on Trofim and Stan, instinctively raising his gun, forcing them to instinctively raise their hands. He's obviously very confused and a little terrified.

FILIPOV
Somebody needs to tell me what in the name of the Volga is going on!

STAN
Just take it easy --

FILIPOV
Easy? I'm pulled out of my rack in the middle of the night to go on a top-secret rescue mission which turns out to be treason and wind up getting attacked by Godzilla!? You take it easy. FREEZE!

He swings the gun back toward Trofim, who was using the rant to try and flank Filipov.

TROFIM
Lay down the gun and you still have a chance at not going to the brig for the rest of your life. I'm issuing a direct order.

FILIPOV
Stop. I'll shoot. I'll do it!

As he talks, Trofim is inching closer and closer. Filipov's about to pull the trigger when:

Stan's disembodied hand suddenly pops out Filipov's O2 canister, which sends the Russian staggering. Trofim's on him in a second, knocking him out as he wrenches free the gun.

TROFIM
(re: hand)
What are you?

Stan pops Filipov's O2 back into his suit.

STAN
We gotta get back to India before we run out of air.

OFF Stan and Trofim, looking down on Filipov:

EXT. MOON'S SURFACE - ELSEWHERE

The giant Mechagodzilla rounds a large mesa, where --

A MASSIVE, METALLIC DOME SLIDES ALONG THE MOON'S SURFACE.

Leaving a 10-foot deep rut in its path, the Dome looks like a GIANT SCRUBBING BUBBLE. The ROBOT APPROACHES, and:

INT. METAL DOME

The sleek, glimmering, stainless steel interior of the Metal Dome is marked by an existence of perpetual motion:

Robots of all shapes and sizes putter and slide about. Conveyor belts whisk prodigious amounts of Moon rock to unseen corners. Pistons slam down. Sparks of electricity fire constantly between Tesla coils.

Mechagodzilla approaches a platform, the doors of its chest opening as the giant claw extends to deposit Marty.

Marty watches the Robot march away. It raises its arms and lowers its head, disguising itself as one of the girders buttressing the wall. Marty doesn't notice the approach of:

MIKIKO
Welcome to Lunar Japan.

Marty turns, startled to Find Mikiko Kobiyashi, 20, cute with an edge of punk. Beside her stands <u>YAMA!</u>

YAMA
Still <u>*just*</u> for the Moon.

Off Marty's dropping jaw:

<u>END OF ACT FIVE</u>

ACT SIX

INT. KADOU KOUFU (JAPANESE BASE) - REPAIR SHOP

Mikiko's living quarters are little more than an alcove off the main deck. Robots in various states of completion and disrepair are sandwiched between a bevy of futuristic tools. A sleek sarcophagus is the closest thing to a bed.

Marty stands beside Yama as Mikiko dispenses tea out of the shell of a discarded robot.

MARTY
I thought the Japanese base was fully automated.

YAMA
It is. Mikiko's supposed to be in hibernation.

Mikiko approaches with their drinks, smiling.

MIKIKO
I wake up when something breaks. Like... the Maytag Man.

MARTY
What's broken now?

MIKIKO
Just the rules. I didn't come to the Moon to sleep. Plus, I have unlimited tools to build lots of toys. Besides Mecha-Godzilla, I'm also building working replicas of Mothra and a twin me to summon Mothra so I can stage large scale robot theater for people on Earth to watch with telescopes.

MARTY
Well, thanks for taking time out of creature creations to save me...

MIKIKO
Don't thank me.

She nods to Yama, sipping her tea. Marty looks to her, as humble as he gets. She shoots him a simple glance:

YAMA
I found that glowing pollen from your suit --

MARTY
You found it?! Then we're gold --

YAMA
But -- it's gone. Ish. I... absorbed it. By accident.

MIKIKO
It made her go bananas.

MARTY
Well, I'm happy for your newfound banana-powers, but you need to give blood or go pee in a cup, because that's my ticket to redemption you're all hopped up on.

YAMA
Redemption for you is relative.

MIKIKO
We already scanned her bodily humors--

Mikiko hands him a sheet of paper. Marty seems shocked.

MIKIKO (CONT'D)
--but unfortunately, she's full of nothing but the blood and guts of Yama Winehart. Sorry.

MARTY
I haven't seen actual paper since I was a kid...

With a wave of Mikiko's leather glove, the paper PIXELATES in his HAND and DISAPPEARS -- along with his slight smile.

MIKIKO
Tactile holograms. You can actually feel them. That's not the only thing new on the Moon.

Mikiko leads them out of her quarters, into:

INT. KADOU KOUFU (JAPANESE BASE) - STORAGE ROOM

The walls are lined with giant, diaphanous canisters -- the helium-3 inside of each glowing different shades of blue.

MIKIKO
This is the helium locker.

MARTY
How come there are so many different blues going on?

She flicks her wrist and an LED SCREEN appears on her glove. She punches a couple buttons and AN OLD FASHIONED, HAND DRAWN (HOLOGRAM) MAP of the MOON appears above them. An animated version of the Japanese Bubble chugs along it.

MIKIKO
Here is the area where Japan's scrubbing bubble scrubs helium out of the Moon rocks.

Mikiko waves her hand and one of the large, blue canisters slides toward them. She looks like a Jedi.

She slides out another canister, its gassy, gray contents barely blue at all.

MIKIKO (CONT'D)
(re: the blue)
12 hours of mining six months ago.
(re: the gray)
One week of mining now. Our yields are dropping like a rock on Earth.

MARTY
Somebody else is scrubbing helium, no bubble needed.

MIKIKO
It's the same with the Russians and the Americans, and each one is blaming the other for stealing it.

MARTY
Instead of blaming the Indians...

YAMA
It could be the flower. Maybe helium is its fertilizer.

Marty's skeptical...

MARTY
I know the flower is going to change the Moon and Earth and religion and physics and all that. Doesn't mean it didn't start off as some weird Indian biological weapon or something. I mean, they did blow up half of America's helium reserves for reasons yet unknown...

YAMA
Yes and we've found the *bombs* they used to do it. The flower's special.

MARTY
I respect your need for a vision quest or whatever, but you could just ask dear old dad and his unlimited resources to dig it up.

YAMA
I come here to stay *off* his radar.

MARTY
That's a pretty messed up relationship. I mean, I even told my brother about the flower.

YAMA
Our relationship isn't messed up. My father is my best friend--

MARTY
That's kind of messed up...

YAMA
-- but I have to lie to him. All his "resources" come from Virgin Galactic. He sends out gear to find the flower, it's a nano-second before Eve Branson finds out, too, and starts hocking tickets for people to come pluck Moon daisies.

MARTY
Give the lady a little credit. She's the only one trying to protect the Moon from the same strip-mining over-development that wrecked Earth. She--

YAMA
She wants to turn the Moon into a tourist destination when the Moon's just fine the way it is. That flower could be the only thing that guarantees people on Earth don't look up to see the gaudy lights of Las Vegas staring back at them.

Marty nods, starting to get it.

MARTY
Then let's grab our shovels.

MIKIKO
(smiling)
Mechagodzilla digs.

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY

Stan drags in and shackles Filipov to the statue of Shiva. Trofim watches with his gun aimed. Filipov slowly regains consciousness as Stan rises. Then starts to panic.

FILIPOV
Hey... hey! You two can't do this!

TROFIM
He'd be right here with you if he couldn't unscrew body parts.

Stan shrugs. Trofim nods him back toward:

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - CONTROL ROOM

Stan tries to repair a console. Trofim supervises.

STAN
Remember when the Moon was a quiet place to fraternize and have a little romance?
(then)
We were always real, you know...

TROFIM
(unamused)
Your hands aren't even real. What percentage of you is human? Two-thirds? One-third?

STAN
Not a polite question to ask an amputee.

TROFIM
Just fix the emergency beacon.

STAN
We obviously got bigger things here to fix.

Trofim grabs a coffee mug and violently launches it against the floor next to Stan. He gestures to it, livid.

TROFIM
You cannot fix something that's broken beyond recognition. I'm done being played by you!

STAN
I never lied to you. Never. I omitted, I evaded --

TROFIM
How many other officers are you seducing besides me?

STAN
You seduced me.

TROFIM
The best Russian spies have always been gay. Of course the Americans would use them, too.

STAN
I don't work for the Americans. I'm not even that kind of spy.
(beat, coming clean)
I work for Eve Branson.

Trofim pauses, considering. Then nods, realizing:

TROFIM
I don't care. Even if I did, I can never believe one single word that falls out of your mouth again.

STAN
Let's just get back to base... We'll work around this.

TROFIM
You want to know what's going to happen when we get back to base? You'll be arrested for treason.

Stan looks for any sign of hope, but Trofim is inscrutable. OFF STAN:

EXT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE)

Eric and Eve sit in her swanky, personal shuttle, taking in the eerily silent base as they swoop towards it and LAND OUTSIDE ITS MAIN AIRLOCK.

Gale and a squad of Marines are already SUITED UP OUTSIDE, waiting.

GALE (ON SPEAKERS)
We've got three heat signatures inside. We'll take care of reeling your brother in, Thurgood.
(MORE)

GALE (ON SPEAKERS) (CONT'D)
You and Ms. Branson make your way to Ops and see if you can figure out where everybody went...

ERIC
Three heat signatures? Who's the mystery guest?

OFF ERIC, CUT TO:

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY

FILIPOV struggles to get his wrists free from his shackles. He's actually almost got it, smiling through the pain. He fails to notice:

SHIVA'S SIX ARMED SHADOW SHIFTS ON THE FLOOR BEHIND HIM.

Filipov GRUNTS as he pulls his wrist through the cuffs.

The SHADOW MOVES AGAIN... and AGAIN. It keeps moving, dancing, almost, and finally catching Filipov's eye.

He freezes, angling his head up slowly, controlling his fear.

His EYES WIDEN as quickly as his MOUTH, which releases a piercing SCREAM!

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - CONTROL ROOM

Both men react immediately. Trofim trains his gun toward the screams, but they're MOVING in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

Stan's off like a shot, Trofim right behind. They race into:

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - MESS HALL

Filipov's SCREAMS END with an ABRUPT CRUNCH as they enter --

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY

-- and stop cold. Stan stares, but Trofim looks away. All that's left of Filipov are --

HIS HANDS, STILL SHACKLED TO SHIVA.

As the taunting eyes of the carved stone dare them closer:

MATCH CUT TO:

ERIC'S EYES, cold and calculating as they drink in--

INT. MOSHKA KILAA -- RAVIMURTHA'S OFFICE

-- the deep burgundy and gold tapestries hanging over a plush rug. Large panoramic windows on the far wall look out on the crater below. Cherry wood book cases, chairs and desks all have the same "melon-balled" look as the rest of the base.

Eric and Eve are in the doorway, trying to make sense of it.

EVE
What could do this?

ERIC
A giant melon-baller.

Eric runs his finger along the "scooped-out" book shelf.

ERIC (CONT'D)
No residue. Nothing. And the wood is smooth, not broken. Like part of it is just -- gone.
(an insight:)
Maybe they developed a transporter system and it went haywire.

EVE
If that technology existed, I'd own it.

Eve opens the drawer of a credenza, procuring a sheaf of paper -- *real* paper.

EVE (CONT'D)
Here's one way to keep your books when half your computer vanishes.

ERIC
Two kinds of people use paper. Romantics and spies afraid of being hacked.

EVE
There's certainly nothing romantic about oxygen logs. According to this they haven't used any oxygen for three months. Must be a hoax.

ERIC
Tracking down paper and an ink-stick on the Moon is a tall order for a practical joke. But then again--
(inhaling deeply:)
Tastes like oxygen.

EVE
Maybe they figured out how to make it synthetically.

ERIC
Maybe they *thought* they did and it poisoned them...

Eric nods warily to the high-backed chair behind the desk, swiveled away from them. Drawing his sidearm, he approaches. Tension mounts as he spins it around and reveals --

THE BODY of AMBASSADOR INDRA RAVIMURTHA.

Eric cautiously studies the dead man for some sign of trauma--

WHEN RAVIMURTHA ANIMATES SUDDENLY AND GRABS ERIC BY THE SHOULDERS, holding him for balance. His EYES ARE SQUEEZED TIGHTLY SHUT.

RAVIMURTHA
Eyes...

EVE
Ambassador --

RAVIMURTHA
Darkness...

EVE
What happened here?

She takes a step toward him, but the Indian's quick, caged-animal recoil gives her pause. He releases Eric, teetering like a rummy on a bender.

EVE (CONT'D)
Where are the others?

RAVIMURTHA
Eyes... in the darkness.

ERIC
(sotto, to Eve)
Trembling, weak voice, eyes scrunched shut. Scared, determined. All of which equals bad.

RAVIMURTHA
I've seen... the eyes in the darkness. It's all going away.

The Indian suddenly opens his eyes, revealing the TWO EMPTY SOCKETS BEHIND! His EYES are GONE!

ERIC
GET DOWN!

He dives atop Eve just before --

THWOOSH! Ravimurtha is JERKED INTO THE AIR by an unseen force and WHISKED STRAIGHT BACK over their heads.

Mid-flight, Ravimurtha SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS --

TAKING A SWATH OF THE PANORAMIC WINDOWS WITH HIM!

The vacuum of space SUCKS not bolted down OUT OF THE ROOM --

INCLUDING ERIC AND EVE!

As they flip out into the inky black of space:

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

INT. MOSHKA KILAA -- CONTROL ROOM

Gale and his men are moving quickly through the room, weapons up, military formation, when a rumble deep in the base shudders the room. A KLAXON SOUNDS and an EMERGENCY RECORDING IMMEDIATELY BEGINS SPEAKING in HINDI.

Gale looks to his ADJUTANT, who translates:

ADJUTANT
Explosive decompression. Tower Three.

CUT TO:

INT. RAVIMURTHA'S OFFICE / EXT. SPACE

Eric flies across the office, SCREAM stifling when he hits the deathly vacuum of space. He gazes into the crater below.

He scrunches his eyes shut as the liquid inside starts to boil. His skin turns blue. Body starts bloating.

WHAM! He's plowed into by EVE!

She grabs him in an intimate bear hug. Eric blinks open his eyes, body turning a normal shade of peach once more as he gasps for air. Eve's spacesuit-hairpin COUGHS out exhaust.

EVE
I got you.

ERIC
Nice catch.

He slips an arm around her -- a hug. The tender moment is interrupted when Eric sees a VIRGIN GALACTIC EMERGENCY POD hurtling toward them. As it APPROACHES:

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY

Stan and Trofim examine the puddle of blood beneath Filipov's hands. The blood smears toward the cave behind the statue.

They shine flashlights down the cave passage, but spin on a dime at the sound of a loud THUNK in the adjacent hallway.

STAN
Another hull breach?

Both men are nervous. Trofim hands Stan a gun, draws his own, as they step into:

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - HALLWAY

The door to the Sanctuary closes behind them as they move cautiously down the long, glass hallway.

A RATTLE at the end of the hallway freezes them both. They exchange a wary glance. Stan shrugs, so:

TROFIM
Filipov?

Silence, before... THUD THUD THUD. The automated light at the end of the hallway illuminates.

Stan and Trofim inch back the way they came. Suddenly, the GLASS at the END of the HALLWAY ERUPTS as giant, silhouetted *something* POPS INTO EXISTENCE.

The two men turn on heel and bolt, but--

The lights behind them BURST TO LIFE as WHATEVER'S CHASING THEM cartwheels closer and closer. Over their shoulders, they only catch glances of a GIANT CEPHALOPOD of a MAN, with MULTIPLE LIMBS and FACES, BEARING DOWN on THEM.

POP! It vanishes. POP! It's back, CLOSER. POP! Gone again as--

The men race back to the sanctuary door. Stan tries it.

TROFIM (CONT'D)
Open it! Hurry!

STAN
It's locked!

TROFIM
Use your special hands!

STAN
I am!

Too late. The light behind them POPS on. They turn, Stan pushing Trofim behind him. A moment later --

GALE and HIS MARINES round the corner!

GALE
Hands! Now!

They comply. Stan and Trofim are visibly relieved.

STAN
General! Thank God! There's a...
something in here, sir! It --

POW! Gale socks Stan right in the maw, knocking him back.

GALE
Where's Martin Thurgood?

STAN
A giant... Godzilla robot took him.
It's been a strange day.

Gale knows exactly what that means:

GALE
Somebody get Japan on the horn. And
handcuff them and get 'em --

MARINE
Sir -- he doesn't have hands...

CLUNK! A large round piece of ceiling drops at Gale's feet. Gale looks up to see Stan's hands have lasered away the hole.

Before anybody can react --

FWOOSH! Stan is flying up and out of the hole, Trofim in his arms. Little rockets in Stan's calves propel them as they whiz through the base's innards before CRASHING THROUGH an exhaust vent that leads to:

EXT. MOON'S SURFACE

Trofim, stands on Stan's toes (ala Superman and Lois) -- a melting pot of conflicting emotion. As the two rocket away:

EXT. MOON'S SURFACE - SINKHOLE

The giant Robot is already knee-deep as it shovels out metal handfuls of Moon dirt with robotic grace and efficiency.

INT. THE GIANT ROBOT

Yama, Marty and Mikiko scan huge displays of the Moon dirt being dug out while they hypothesize:

YAMA
We keep assuming the flower's new.
Maybe it's super old, but it's
always just fed off helium trapped
down deep in the Moon.

MIKIKO
Yes! We mined its food, it grew out
further and further until it...
pooped through the surface.

MARTY
Popped.

YAMA
That would account for everybody's sinking helium yields.

MARTY
We're on the verge of explaining how a flower can grow in a vacuum. If my brother were here, I'd politely tell him to "suck it."

Yama and Mikiko glance at him. He's a little too excited.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Brothers make terrible fathers.

YAMA
I'm sure you were a delight. You're relationship sounds so healthy.

MARTY
I said "politely." And this coming from the girl who calls her dad "the General."

YAMA
Difference is I love the General.

MARTY
I love Eric. But my head's not big enough for both of us. You know how when you're, like, 16 and you start wondering if all your dead relatives can see all the bad things 16-year-olds do?

MIKIKO
I always hoped there was some afterlife law about voyeurism.

MARTY
My brother's got a license to voyeurize. He knows all at all times. It was no way to go through puberty and it's sure no way to go through life.

YAMA
So you got yourself arrested and shipped to the Moon for privacy?

MARTY
Well, that's not the whole reason.

YAMA
That's what you just said.

MARTY
That's what I said to keep you from deep probing my private life.

MIKIKO
Afraid dead relatives are watching?

MARTY
I don't want to end up like him.

YAMA
Beyond reproach?

MARTY
An ego-maniac with an inferiority complex. He's always got so much riding on being right, and he's so freaked out he's gonna be wrong that he has to mentally eviscerate everybody around him so his brain doesn't eat itself. No pressure means liking people, and I like liking people.

Marty looks down. Then shakes it off. With a grin:

MARTY (CONT'D)
Being an indentured Moon miner is perfect. Failure's always an option.

INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - CAVE SYSTEM

Gale and his men are following Filipov's bloody trail into the caves. Gale pauses as he examines one of the walls.

GALE
I'll be damned.

He's looking at the FLOWER-LIKE IMPRINT Marty saw earlier.

MARINE (O.C.)
Sir!

Gale rejoins his men, who have gathered in the middle of the tunnel. The blood trail has inexplicably stopped cold. Gale gazes further into the tunnel, but sees nothing. He pauses, considering, when --

DRIP...

A teardrop of blood splatters onto his helmet. Looking up, he's shocked to see

HALF OF FILIPOV, like he's been SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE, FLOATING INEXPLICABLY IN THE AIR.

He's not all bloody and gutsy -- more like half of him is just behind some invisible partition. He GROANS, obviously suffering, but before he can speak --

THWIP! He's yanked into oblivion, disappearing toward the missing half of his body. Gale and his men are at a loss.

GALE
They sure were up to something.

As Gale glances deeper into the caves, wary...

A FLASH OF A PORTABLE FORCEFIELD IGNITING

Eve watches as it sparks across the gaping hole, sealing the breach. We are --

INT. MOSHKA KILAA -- RAVIMURTHA'S OFFICE

Eric is briefing a HOLOGRAPHIC SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE JONES in the floating debris of the Ambassador's office. Eve stays just out of his sight-line, watching these two warily.

ERIC
There's an entire colony of disappeared Indians, and I specify "disappeared" over "missing."

JONES
Why would you specify that?

ERIC
I witnessed Ambassador Ravimurtha's disappearance. He went somewhere. I'm not sure where or how or -- My preliminary assessment is this is something we haven't seen before.

JONES
Sit tight, Thurgood. We're sending in the cavalry.

ERIC
Actually sir, I recommend you implement Section 361.

Jones stops cold, uncomfortable. Eve stands, barely able to restrain herself.

ERIC (CONT'D)
It's temporary and can be done quietly. Just until--

JONES
How, exactly, do you keep a quarantine of the Moon quiet?

ERIC
Forget that an entire colony of people is missing. Forget that a man just flew into the air and disintegrated in front of me. The Ambassador's behavior and the fact they were all breathing oxygen of an unknown origin could mean all of this is the cause of some kind of something that should be contained.

Jones knows he's right, but he hates it.

JONES
"Could" is enough for me to cut the cord until you get some answers. Damn well better deliver 'em soon.

He blinks out of existence, as Eve comes unglued.

EVE
Are you out of your mind?

ERIC
We have no idea what we're dealing--

EVE
Precisely. Causing mass panic over a situation we know nothing about, literally nothing, is dangerous.

ERIC
We'll find out what's going on, fix it and lift the quarantine before anybody even knows it was on.

EVE
When the cavalry arrives, I'm sure that won't raise any alarm bells.

Eric gauges her, reading between the lines:

ERIC
You've got the Moon by its craters and the government knows it. They need you, not the other way around.

EVE
"They"? Not "we"?

ERIC
Well, clearly *I* need you. I'd still be in orbit without you.

Eve simmers a little, charmed in spite of the sophism.

ERIC (CONT'D)
The Ambassador was trying to warn us about something.

EVE
People trying to protect other people don't typically do so by blowing them into space.

ERIC
He wasn't trying to protect *us* from something. He was protecting something from *us*. That something got to the Indians and we need to find out how.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIANT ROBOT

YAMA, rubbing her hands together where the goop absorbed, still looking at the big monitors before her. But it's Marty who spots something black in the white dirt of the Moon.

MARTY
There! Check it out...

MIKIKO
What is that?

They all peer closer at the black dot in the white dust. Yama leans back, gravity of the situation really sinking in.

YAMA
Imagine if we do find... something. And it's not an Indian experiment. Nobody ever thought first contact would be with a plant.

MARTY
Even if it turns out man-made... what did it do to the Indians?

YAMA
It got under their skin.

Marty glances at her hand, which she's still wringing. Before he can say anything--

She pushes the controls. The Robot's huge hand reaches toward the small dot. As its metal fingers prod it, the DOT WIDENS. Grains of Moon dust start pouring into it. That's no flower --

MARTY
Uh-oh.

--It's a HOLE! The Robot tries to pull back, but the HOLE is WIDENING TOO FAST. The Robot's feet slip into the hole, before the entire, giant MACHINE IS SWALLOWED!

As Mechagodzilla tumbles into the BLACKNESS:

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

INT. SINKHOLE

It's dull and quiet, a small spotlight of dimly penetrating sunlight the only thing staving off pitch black. The solitude is interrupted SUDDENLY and CACOPHONOUSLY by --

MECHAGODZILLA CRASHING INTO A MASSIVE, TWISTED HEAP OF METAL.

INT./EXT. THE GIANT ROBOT

Marty and Yama are both unconscious in the rubble. Mikiko, still somehow in her seat, squints at their twisted forms. She opens her mouth to speak, but can't. WIDENING, we see...

A PIECE OF ROBOT PROTRUDES FROM HER TORSO.

She looks down at her impaled form, eyes widening in dismay. Suddenly, she CRACKLES, like a bad tv signal, before BLINKING OUT OF EXISTENCE -- *a hologram.*

INT. KADOU KOUFU - MIKIKO'S APARTMENT

Mikiko's safe and sound back in the base. She immediately pushes the PHONE ICON on her wall.

MIKIKO
Open Emergency Frequencies.
(then)
Hailing General Gale Lynn Winehart!

OFF HER:

INT. BUNKER

Crates of O2, an armory of weapons and several boxes marked "POTABLE WATER" encircle a small room. The giant AIR-LOCK DOOR opposite swings open with a cough of air as --

STAN and TROFIM enter, taking off their helmets. Stan tosses Trofim an MRE and some water. Trofim doesn't partake.

STAN
What? You're gonna let yourself die of dehydration to spite me?

Trofim takes a much needed swig of the water. Stan looks relieved.

TROFIM
What is this place?

STAN
What kind of spy am I without a safe house? I have a Moon buggy here to get us back to Baza Kedr.

TROFIM
We can't go back.

STAN
There's only one cot and two weeks worth of oxygen here. And the Americans clearly aren't throwing open the doors anytime soon.

Trofim shakes his head.

TROFIM
I can't watch you and know you're betraying your country and do nothing, and I can't turn you in or you'll be executed. So I lose no matter what.

STAN
You could join me.

TROFIM
I'm not a traitor.

STAN
If you call keeping the peace being a traitor. The Americans and Russians have been trying to kill each other forever. That doesn't fit into Eve Branson's utopia, so she keeps the peace. With me.

TROFIM
Guess you should've been watching the Indians.

STAN
That's why we're hiring.

TROFIM
Noble causes are subjective, and I'd still be a traitor.

Trofim leans on a crate of oxygen, suddenly feeling woozy.

TROFIM (CONT'D)
So what am I supposed to do?

STAN
Forget any of this happened. It's the only way to fix everything.

Trofim snorts. If only he could.

STAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Stan's up to something. Trofim looks at him, then the water he was just drinking, realizing he's been drugged.

STAN (CONT'D)
The last 24 hours will be gone when you wake up.

As he gets groggier, Trofim shakes his head -- but behind the disappointment lies the subtlest hint of relief in his eyes.

As he slumps over, Stan catches him and kisses the back of his head. As Trofim's eyes shut, CUT TO:

INT. VIRGIN GALACTIC LUNAR SHUTTLE

Eric sits in the posh main cabin with Gale, when Eve enters from the cockpit.

EVE
We'll be there in fifteen minutes.

There's a grim silence among them.

EVE (CONT'D)
What exactly were your brother and your daughter hoping to dig up?

ERIC
I think a little grim silence might do us all some good.

EVE
The sheer volume of grim silence people use to keep secrets on this rock is enough to fill the Sea of Serenity. We can't go back to keeping the same old schemes that got us here.

GALE
The "scheme that got us here" was you holding everyone's oxygen for ransom.

EVE
Without my oxygen, you'd be mining helium with a hammer and sickle for your comrades in Baza Kedr. I single-handedly prevented a Russian monopoly in space, then I sacrificed sound business practice by letting everybody get a free slice of the Moon-pie. Idealism failed, so now I will use my money, my oxygen and every other resource I can to protect the Moon and run any nation of questionable moral repute out of business. That means you can work transparently with me to deliver the future our forebears promised or get out of my way.

With that, she turns and exits again, giving a GLOBE of the MOON a derisive spin as she goes. As it ROTATES WILDLY:

INT. SINKHOLE

The sun's moved on, leaving the lights from the robot to cast an eerie pall over the nebulously defined space.

Yama's eyes flutter open and quickly extricates herself from the rubble. She climbs over to Marty.

YAMA
Did you die?

MARTY
You wish. How far did we fall?

YAMA
I can't see the hole above us.

MARTY
I'm stuck.

He tries to pull free, but his leg is totally trapped. Yama grabs a piece of metal to use as a lever.

YAMA
On three, you pull out. One, two, three!

She throws her weight onto the lever. It lifts the robot only slightly. Marty can't wiggle free. She releases.

YAMA (CONT'D)
That was the best you could do?

MARTY
Maybe if your little tyrannosaur arms had some meat on them --

YAMA
Shut up and save your oxygen.

There's a beat of silence. Yama's looking at the various passageways around them. Marty sees what she's thinking.

MARTY
Mikiko'll send help.

YAMA
(re: the robot)
And she'll be mad.

Yama shines her light into the various tunnels around them.

MARTY
I know what you're thinking, but you wander off into one of those caves you'll be lost forever.

YAMA
How much oxygen do you have left?

MARTY
2 hours.

YAMA
Liar. I've only got an hour, and I had two tanks in my suit.

She stands. Marty tries to wrench free again.

MARTY
Seriously. Just wait.

YAMA
It's my fault you're in this mess.

MARTY
It's your fault I'm even alive! You've already saved me three times. It's starting to get embarrassing.

The red light in Marty's helmet starts blinking:

SUIT
Three minutes to oxygen depletion.

YAMA
Oh my God.

Marty clicks his wrist controls.

SUIT
Voice warnings disabled.

MARTY
I really hate her.

YAMA
I'm going to find higher ground and send a homing beacon.

MARTY
Yama, don't --

YAMA
Don't die!

She bolts. Marty's left alone in the empty, eerie cave. He slows down his breathing, tries to stay calm as the red light blinks faster and faster, until --

It stops flashing. Marty's eyes flutter shut. Immediately:

SUIT
Oxygen levels replenished.

Marty slowly blinks his eyes open again. He smiles faintly at the blurry image above him: Eric. Marty jars upward.

MARTY
Eric... We were looking for the flower.

They stare at each other a moment. Utter relief. Suddenly, Eric lurches forward and pulls Marty into a tight embrace.

ERIC
I know. I believe you.

Gale interrupts them:

GALE
Where is Yama?

Marty sinks...

MARTY
She's not with you guys?

Eric's eyes say it all. Gale spins around, looking at the myriad of tunnel openings around them.

OFF HIM, gut sinking, the despairing first notes of Styx's MISS AMERICA begin their woeful dirge:

INT. CAVES

Yama, guided only by the blinking red light on her helmet, trips and stumbles as fast as she can through the caves. She looks behind her. Ahead. To the side. Up. Down. It's all the same. Lost. Black. Scary. She pushes herself on.

YAMA'S SUIT
3 minutes to oxygen depletion.

She runs, now. Panic bubbling. Her foot catches a rock.

SMASH!

Down she goes, face first. She pulls herself up but stops cold: a small CRACK SPIDERS ALONG THE GLASS OF HER HELMET.

She starts running again. The crack growing larger, until --

THE LAST OF HER OXYGEN SEEPS OUT.

YAMA'S SUIT (CONT'D)
Oxygen depleted.

She collapses, grasping her chest. Lungs on fire. BUT--

She starts dragging herself on the ground. Won't quit till she's dead.

Her eyes boil. She squeezes them shut, keeps crawling.

Slower... slower... she pushes with her ankles alone, teeth gritted. Using the pain to stay conscious...

Until she can't. She lies, still. Life draining from her.

A long, sad beat. The death of a hero, bathed only in the dim red glow of her helmet.

UNTIL

The dim red glow suddenly blinks GREEN in time to the sudden DRUMBEAT of MISS AMERICA'S hard driving rock and roll chorus.

CLOSE ON: The crack in her helmet. SSSSSSSSS. The sweet sound of oxygen POURING ***IN***.

Yama's eyes slowly flutter open. She groggily pulls herself to her feet. Head pounding, still struggling to breathe. She pulls her helmet off. A small smile crawling onto her lips.

SHE'S BREATHING ON THE MOON.

She sucks air in by the lungful... In the blackness, a small RAY OF LIGHT cuts through. It catches her eye, blinding her.

She follows the light to a small hole in the rocks. She places her eye to it, but can't see much. She grabs a rock and starts bashing until she's able to push through, into:

INT. THE LOTUS CAVES

A jungle. Plants, water, fruit, vegetables, grass. Some of it familiar, some of it alien. A cross between the Genesis Caves of Star Trek II and Willy Wonka's factory. It's stunning.

In the middle of it all, surrounded by a bed of soft heather--

A SINGLE RED FLOWER.

Yama's mouth falls open, joy washing over her.

OFF HER, THE KEEPER OF THE MOON, CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK, giving breadth to the true immensity of the CAVES...

But CAMERA doesn't stop. In fact --

IT SPEEDS UP, RECEDING into the FLORA until YAMA DISAPPEARS into the tapestry of exotic plant life...

FASTER and FASTER, as though the CAVES HAVE NO END, until we're TRACKING over A STEAMING RIVER of LIQUID METHANE.

Illusory, cursory glimpses of strange shapes whirr by: some look like walking trees, others the bones of some unknown animal--

-- but The SPEED of CAMERA, THE VAPOR from the river and the DENSE FOLIAGE BLUR the CAVES' SECRETS beyond any certainty.

The RIVER finally CASCADES OVER A PRECIPICE, into a bottomless VOID. It's here, in the darkness, jarred by the dissonant crashing of a deluge onto unseen crags below--

SEVERAL SETS OF SHIMMERING ORBS POP OMINOUSLY OPEN.

OFF THESE EYES IN THE DARKNESS:

END OF SHOW