HIGH MOON

"MOON PIE-LOT"

Story by
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Teleplay by
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Based on the Novel
THE LOTUS CAVES
By John Christopher

90 Minute Production Rewrite
June 12, 2013

TEASER

BLACKNESS.

A small BLUE DOT appears, slowly growing. We realize we're:

1 EXT. SPACE 1

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

THE MOON.

Its ragged surface fills FRAME. CAMERA WHIZZES PAST a busy MINING SITE, ablur with activity, settling a mile away:

2 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE 2

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.

LEON
It's a rock.

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.

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

Marty quickly bounds away, tracing the path of the underground root. He stops suddenly, awe covering his face. Leon steps up beside him, eyes widening.

LEON
What... is that?

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.

LEON
Do we have earthquakes on the moon?

MARTY
Not by definition...

A GIANT FIREBALL ERUPTS from a vent in the Moon's surface ten feet from them, sending them stumbling back. As quickly as it shoots up, the fire disappears in the vacuum of space.

Marty turns and bolts back for the buggy, Leon right behind.

Suddenly: WHUMP! 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 it just ingested, along with with a healthy portion of 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

3 EXT. SPACE 3

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

FOOOSH! A SLEEK SHUTTLE glides lithely by. The ship's tail fin sails past, revealing an art-deco red and white logo: "HUSSY GALACTIC." *

CUT TO:

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

4 INT. HUSSY GALACTIC SHUTTLE 4 *

The glass rests upon a tray, which rests upon a well-manicured hand which FLOATS gracefully through the luxurious cabin, encircled by mahogany tables and plush chairs.

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

IAN THURGOOD'S (35) outward appearance bears no suggestion of the manic, chaotic analysis always running in his head.

He looks up as his drink arrives, grief evaporating.

EVE
Compliments of Hussy Galactic. *

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

Ian quickly, almost unnoticeably gauges Eve.

IAN
You must be Eve Browning. *

EVE
I'm so sorry for your loss.

She takes a seat next to Ian.

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

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

EVE
I'd want revenge, too.

IAN
Justice.

EVE
State-sanctioned revenge is still revenge.

Ian smiles, impressed with her.

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

IAN
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 fly an independent contractor up here. Everybody answers to somebody.

IAN
Unless they're you, of course.

EVE
I answer to the shareholders.

IAN
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 Browning family has poured generations into bringing the Moon to the people of Earth, and you still haven't answered my question. *

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

She rises, studying him.

EVE
I hope you find your justice.

She smiles sympathetically, then departs. Ian exhales, face going slack. Hyper-control of your emotions is hard work. As remorse creeps onto his face, UPCUT TO:

5 INT. HUSSY GALACTIC SHUTTLE - AIRLOCK 5 *

Ian tries to feel comfortable in his freshly dawned spacesuit as he waits to disembark, getting the lay of the land from:

BUZZ ALDRIN *
You couldn't have chosen a better time to visit 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 Hussy Galactic, * I'm Buzz Aldrin. Welcome to the * future. Your wait time for a live crew-member is approximately --

Buzz blinks out of existence -- a hologram -- as EVE enters * the airlock, clad in a chic, retro golfing outfit.

IAN
(re: his clothes)
Going to take some getting used to.

EVE
Self-filtering, smart fiber clothing. So if you have to go, go forth and eliminate. Just -- no solids.

She pushes a button on his suit, and a PLASMA HELMET wraps around his head. It has a light green sheen to it.

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

EVE
The Hussy Galactic Dome has artificial gravity. *

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

IAN
You don't need oxygen?

She steps out into the stark black-and-white world of:

6 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE 6

A little PUFFT! of exhaust coughs out from her attractive hairpin every few seconds. Ian joins her.

EVE
Form-fitting, oxygen recycling force fields.

IAN
Beta testing?

EVE
Omega testing. I am wearing it. *

She taps on his helmet.

EVE (CONT'D)
You still get oxygen from your suit. Don't run out.

She gestures just off the dock. Below, Armstrong and Aldrin's original landing site, complete with flag, footprints and the plaque they left behind, all preserved as a monument. Beyond, the under-construction Hussy Dome looms in the distance. *

IAN
(re: the dome)
That yours?

EVE
Yes. And when it opens to the Moon's first recreational visitors in three months, we'll finally be delivering on the commitment made by this monument.
(off him)
The Moon and her helium aren't just an energy drink to quench Earth's thirst for fuel.
(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
She's a medal pinned in the night sky to commemorate mankind's greatest accomplishment and remind everybody we're capable of more.

IAN
Very inspirational.

EVE
It's going to stay that way. That little lander didn't just carry two men to the Moon, it carried the promise of bringing the Moon to everyone on Earth, and I'm not going to let sabotage, revenge *or* justice break that promise.

Eve offers a polite smile. Ian nods, respect growing.

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

She nods to a metal elevator in the side of a nearby rise. A red, white and blue sign above it reads:

U.S. PROPERTY: NO TRESPASSING.

OFF IAN, POP WIDE. The MOON FILLS FRAME, ROTATING SLOWLY.

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

WIDEN FURTHER TO REVEAL we are now:

7 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - GALE'S OFFICE 7

The Moon is actually a highly detailed hologram, floating between Ian and GEN. GALE LYNN WINEHART. He's 50, hard as nails and could kick the crap out of just about anybody.

GALE
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, A HOLOGRAM FLAG APPEARS in the space around Ian's head, enlarging and expanding to show quick demographics and images of each country's base.

GALE (CONT'D)
That leaves the Russians.

With a wave, Gale sends all but the RUSSIAN FLAG to various positions on the surface of the virtual Moon.

IAN
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.

IAN
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.

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

IAN
Why are they suspects if they're dead?

With a gesture, Gale sweeps away the other heads. Ian's left staring into the glassy eyes of his dead brother, but his expression betrays no emotion.

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

IAN
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 looks from the hologram Marty to Ian:

GALE (CONT'D)
You coming here is a mistake. You're compromised.

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

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

IAN
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 Ian, 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.

IAN
They're running out of gas.

GALE
So they put their straw in our milkshake.

IAN
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 straw has to be discovered "organically", to protect certain assets.

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

A BRIGHT, PINK SILK suddenly WIPES FRAME, accompanied by the advent of SITARS and TAMBOURINES. WE ARE:

8 INT. INDIAN PALACE - NIGHT 8

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."

For all of the grandeur, the distinct resolution suggests we're seeing <u>STOCK FOOTAGE</u> of A BOLLYWOOD DANCE ROUTINE.

In the middle of the dancers, ONE MAN, distinctly <u>not</u> stock footage, 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 amidst the dancers.

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

A SMALL GROUP of RUSSIANS, all clad in mining attire, laugh and cheer him on as they drink tea from thermoses.

Behind him, a gritty UNIFORMED OFFICER named TROFIM TROFIMOV, 35, literally WALKS right THROUGH THE DANCING WOMEN and up to a SMALL BOX, emanating beams of light.

At the push of a button, the lights turn off, the music stops and all things Indian DISAPPEAR -- including Stan's outfit. Now also clad in mining clothes, he's in the middle of:

9 INT. MINE D-237 (CAVES) 9

Stan snaps to attention in front of Major Trofimov. The other Russians 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?
(off his silence)
You wouldn't be singing and dancing in the wake of calamity unless there was a very special occasion.

STAN
Just... an impromptu old world tea house, Sir. Since the accident, morale has-- *

TROFIM
Accident? The Americans were attacked. *

STAN
Who would do that? Who could --

TROFIM
Who is less important than who they think.

He gestures to the tunnel around them.

TROFIM (CONT'D)
And here we are, on the verge of stealing their helium. What do you suppose the Americans would say about that?

STAN
That it's convenient we use soldiers as miners, for one thing.
(then)
Did we do this, sir?

Trofim reels on him. Places a hand on his shoulder. The calmness of it is pretty intimidating.

TROFIM
(a threat)
That is how rumors are started.

STAN
Yes sir.

Before Trofim can walk away though --

STAN (CONT'D)
It's just-- we don't need to steal helium-3. The sun launches it into space, the Moon swiffers it up. It's renewable. So maybe this tunnel <u>was</u> built for... something else.

Everybody freezes, afraid Trofim's about to wale on him.

TROFIM
We're mining faster than the sun can refresh. Everyone is digging deeper.
(then)
The Moon-boom glory days are over. Prep this <u>siphon</u> <u>tunnel</u> for immediate demolition. The Americans can't discover this tunnel. Especially not now.

As the group breaks up, CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: AN ASTRONAUT, the reflection of a bright yellow box can be seen in the thin plasma of her helmet. As she shifts, so does the glare -- allowing us our first glimpse of

YAMA WINEHART, 24, cute but rugged, direct but charming. WIDEN to REVEAL she's:

10 EXT. SPACE - THE DEBRIS RING 10

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 and broken mining equipment.

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

A FIELD OF INTERSECTING LASER BEAMS stretching back to the Moon's surface.

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 (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 --

AN ASTRONAUT DRIFTS PAST 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:

A few yards away, 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 gingerly grabs the delicate flower, but no sooner do her fingers wrap around it than a shadow comes over her.

Yama glances up to see what blocked the light. ANOTHER DEAD ASTRONAUT floats 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, LETTING GO OF THE FLOWER as she tries to wrench free.

MARTY
Stop hitting me! *

YAMA *
You're alive! *

We get our first clear look at MARTY -- haggard but alive. As he bear hugs onto her for dear life:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY 11

Marty, cleaned up but banged up, recounts his tale.

MARTY
My com-link was busted so I bounced from one dead guy to the next, using their oxygen to stay alive. *

ARMING AROUND, we find Ian across from him.

IAN
And now here you are.

MARTY
And now here you are.

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

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

But Ian's emotion gradually caves back to neurosis. He withdraws his hand and the moment is gone.

MARTY
Here we go.

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

MARTY
Glad we got that out of the way.

IAN
But you're the sole survivor of a massive explosion, there's Moon buggy 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?

IAN
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.

IAN
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?

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

Marty leans back, rubbing his eyes. Already exasperated.

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 but you won't unclench long enough to even consider it.

IAN
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, seated behind his large desk in:

12 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - GALE'S OFFICE 12

He stares coldly at Ian, standing across from him.

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

IAN
We've already had this discussion --

GALE
Your brother showing up alive is a game changer.

IAN
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 even if Marty is involved. 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.

Gale swings the door open. Instead of leaving, Ian pushes some buttons on the wall. A moment later a hologram of SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE JONES appears.

IAN
Sorry to bother you, Mr. Secretary, but the General here is playing politics and trying to get me shipped home.

JONES
(to Gale)
I've got enough poly-ticks to exterminate without you adding to my woodpile.

GALE
My apologies, sir.

JONES
This whole mess is 100 percent under Thurgood's jurisdiction.
(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)
I'll talk to Special Investigations about it personally. You give him whatever he needs. Am I clear? *

GALE *
As a bell, Sir. *

IAN
Thank you, Sir.

Jones blinks out of existence. Gale's seething.

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

OFF GALE, CUT TO:

13 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE - TERMINATOR 13

The SUN CRESTS over the horizon, inching back the terminator (the line where the sun's light meets the Moon's dark side).

Suddenly: BUH-THUNK! A SMALL METEORITE crashes into the Moon's dust. As it settles, we get a clear view of the projectile: "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 man's face, revealing STAN -- the Russian Karaoke singer, now speaking 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. New plan is to bury it before you find it.

GALE
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 and THWACK! the golf ball disappears in a cloud of Moon dust, MATCH CUT TO:

The DUST kicked up by a MOON BOOT stamping down. We are:

14 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE - SINKHOLE 14

Marty and a Sergeant named HORTON stand on the precipice of the giant sinkhole.

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

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

MARTY
Sounds like my brother, all right. *

Marty moves away from the sinkhole.

MARTY (CONT'D)
The flower was growing over there.

Horton follows him, then pulls out a small device and holds it to the ground.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Ground penetrating radar?

HORTON
(nodding)
There's a cavern beneath here...

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

HORTON
Not even close.

MARTY
The fireball came out of that vent there. Maybe where there's a flower, there's a garden...

Marty and Horton peer into the vent.

HORTON
You go first.

UPCUT TO:

15 INT. LUNAR CAVERN 15

Marty's helmet light cuts a sharp line of white into the black void of the cave as he lowers himself down.

He lands on terra-firma and looks around. The walls of the cave around him SPARKLE BLUE with EXOTIC MINERALS. Deeper into the darkness, far away, he sees something GLOWING.

MARTY
Sergeant? Hey Sergeant? I'm unhooking and going deeper...

As he reaches the end of his rope, he unhooks from his rappel wire and heads toward the glowing.

16 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE 16

Horton glances over the edge of the vent.

HORTON
I'm right behind you...

But instead, he rises and walks back toward his buggy.

17 INT. LUNAR CAVERN 17

Marty squints down at the far off glowing. His helmet light goes on the blink. He taps at it, trying to get it back on when

SOMETHING MOVES BESIDE HIM, scaring him spitless.

He frantically hits at his helmet light again, finally getting it to illuminate

A HANDFUL of THICK, PITHY TUBULES fingering up from the ground to the ceiling.

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

Marty reaches out for the roots, but THEY RECOIL FROM HIS TOUCH, moving like kelp in the low gravity. Marty jerks his hand back, anxiety heightening.

He notices a strange, BIOLUMINESCENT GLOW where the tubules grazed against him. Before he can look more closely--

The ROOTS SWAY AGAIN -- parting. Marty leans in for a closer look when HIS LIGHT DIES AGAIN.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You gave me a pretty ratty spacesuit!

When he manages to get the flickering light back, he's startled backwards by

AN INDIAN FACE STARING AT HIM THROUGH THE ROOTS!

Marty barely dodges as the MYSTERY FIGURE lunges fiercely at him with a knife.

The Moon's low gravity and the intermittent strobing of Marty's light lend an otherworldly, almost delirious energy to their leaps, swings and lunges.

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

Marty manages to disengage the Assailant's helmet -- but to his shock the sudden lack of oxygen doesn't affect the Indian, who uses his momentum to STAB Marty.

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

The Assailant disappears into the dark, leaving Marty -- blood and oxygen slowly cascading from his suit. The green tint of his helmet begins pulsing red.

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.

That's no rock... It's A STRING OF HIGH TECH EXPLOSIVES. Armed. Ticking.

Marty howls in pain as he gallops toward his rappelling line. He hooks in, hits the retract button and shoots up, popping onto--

18 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE 18

KABOOOOOOOOOOM! A COUGH OF MOON DUST BELCHES OUT RIGHT AFTER HIM. Marty, gasping in pain, collapses, the fresh blood on his suit standing stark against the white Moon.

OFF MARTY:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

19 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY 19

Ian 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.

IAN
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!

IAN
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
Point your bigotry somewhere else. * The guy who attacked me was an Indian.

Ian stares blankly, unsure.

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

IAN
You did.

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

IAN
That sounds insane! Everything you say comes off like a 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 Ian, who grimaces, grappling with himself.

IAN (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!

IAN
No thing is your thing. That's your problem, 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.

IAN
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.

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

MARTY
I got arrested so I could leave.

IAN
-- 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--

IAN
I didn't send a guard.

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

IAN
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!

Ian takes a breath, getting his composure. ON him, CUT TO:

20 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - GALE'S OFFICE 20

Gale pours himself a Scotch, glaring down his nose at Ian -- who stands beside Horton, calm, cool and collected.

HORTON
I was at my post all night, sir.

GALE
Security footage proves it. You're dismissed, Sergeant.

IAN
Quick question before you go. Can you hold your breath for two hours?

Horton looks at Gale confused.

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

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

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

Horton looks to Gale, but gets a stony stare back.

IAN (CONT'D)
Why are they after Marty?

Horton weighs his options and quickly decides on the truth:

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

IAN
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.

GALE
I haven't seen a brain bomb since the war.

IAN
Nowadays they can be rigged to explode based on specific neurological signatures.

GALE
Like when a mole is about to give up the goat. What was that about Indians?

IAN
Marty said an Indian stabbed him when he was busy <u>not</u> causing the last explosion.

GALE
Your pain-in-my-ass dipstick little brother is either working for the same people who did that --

Gale gestures to Horton.

GALE (CONT'D)
-- or he's 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.

IAN
Fair. Let's start with this: brain-bomb knew about Marty's debriefing. Who have you talked to about it, Russian, Indian or otherwise?

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

CUT TO:

21 INT. MINE D-237 21

Stan and the other miners carefully rig explosives around the mine. He places the last one, and turns to the 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 Moon 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 apologize.

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

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

TROFIM
Anybody asks, you've got a 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 finger slides into it. WIDENING, find the two men have moved inside:

22 INT. MOON BUGGY 22

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

TIME CUT TO:

23 INT. MINE D-237 23

Trofim piles out of the buggy, followed by Stan-- a few passionate moments have passed. The two smile at each other.

TROFIM
Give me a good head start.

As he disappears around the bend, a SHADOW lurks up behind Stan and WHUMP! A MAN in BLACK knocks him unconscious.

24 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HOLDING ROOM 24

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

IAN
Hello, Stanislav.

STAN
(to Gale)
Are the shackles really necessary?

IAN
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
Nobody.

Ian studies him, gauging. Then:

IAN
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 from the attack.

IAN
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 Ian sees it.

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

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

Ian digests that, but changes tack, tossing a small hologram from the wall to Stan. It's a 3-D model of the ordnance Yama found in the debris ring.

IAN
Know what this is?

STAN
(holy smokes)
Wasn't used for mining.

GALE
These are the bombs that caused the explosion.

STAN
This is Indian tech.

Ian'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.

IAN
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 Ian to the door. Ian lingers, studying Stan a beat. He sees something, and Stan knows it.

25 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - GALE'S OFFICE 25

Gale and Ian are alone.

GALE
My most trusted man and your most trusted man both just cried Indian. *

IAN
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.*

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

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

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

As they continue:

26 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HOLDING ROOM 26

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, standing on all fives like "Thing" from the Aadams Family. FLIP! The pointer finger pops open and a LASER begins slicing through his ankle shackles.

PLOP! His right hand drops to the floor, then starts moving quickly toward the door.

27 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HALLWAY 27

Ian and Gale walk briskly back toward the interrogation room just as

CLANK! The door suddenly locks. Gale and Ian share a surprised glance. Gale looks through the window in the door to see Stan kicking his legs free of his shackles.

GALE
Sonnuvva --

He's already working to override the lock. Eric stares at Stan's scrambling hands.

ERIC
You know he could do that?

GALE
Nobody can do that.

The door partially opens. Gale's got his side-arm drawn as they fly into:

28 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HOLDING ROOM 28

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. A LIGHT ON EACH WRIST SUDDENLY FLIPS FROM RED TO GREEN, causing--

Stan to lurch.

GALE (CONT'D)
I will shoot you.

STAN SUDDENLY LAUNCHES 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.

Gale and Eric stare agape. OFF THEM:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY 29

Marty, bandaged stab wound exposed, is shackled to the bed with some high-tech handcuffs. A GUARD sits nearby.

The door opens and YAMA slides in on a thought-controlled, modified Segway. She wears sleek bionic leg braces.

YAMA
Give us a sec, Corporal?

The Guard checks Marty's wrist restraint, then steps out. Yama steps off her Segway, moving awkwardly.

MARTY
You seemed much more... able-bodied up there.

YAMA
It's the infirmary's artificial gravity. I'm a ninja in Moon g's.

MARTY
(realizing)
Wait... you mean you're *Baby Prime*?

YAMA
First and last kid born on the Moon and living proof artificial gravity isn't fetus-friendly. I'm Yama Winehart and --

MARTY
Winehart? As in-- Baby Prime... is the General's daughter... is *you?*

YAMA
I need you to tell me about that flower.

MARTY
And I need you to tell *everybody* about it so I stop sounding like a whacko.

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

YAMA
If I'm going to vouch for a convicted felon, I want cold, hard evidence in my hand -- *again*.

MARTY
Again?

YAMA
I had the flower in my hand till you floated along and knocked it out.

MARTY
How do I know you're not going to take my cold, hard evidence and leave me hanging by my felonious toes?

YAMA
Because if it's real, you and I shared a singularly spiritual experience. We saw life in the lifeless and that is a gift we have a duty to protect. We're bonded. Whether we like it or not.

Marty sizes her up, gauging.

MARTY
Little churchy. But... There was some kind of glowing gunk on my smart fiber, pee-filtering spacesuit. Like, pollen or sap or something.

YAMA
Where's your suit now?

MARTY
Evidence locker, probably.

Yama nods. She opens the door stops short at the sight of the dead Guard outside. She looks up just as

THE INDIAN ASSASSIN FROM THE CAVES appears in the doorway, rolling her quickly backward and deftly disabling her braces.

MARTY (CONT'D)
GUARD! HELP! SOMEBODY!

The Assassin lets Yama collapse into a nearby chair, turning his attention to Marty as he pulls out a GARROTE.

Before he can strike -- WHAM! The Indian is waylaid by

STAN! The Indian quickly regroups, charging for Stan... but before they collide -- *HE VANISHES INTO THIN AIR with a loud POP!* Yama, Stan and Marty all exchange bewildered glances.

YAMA
What... just happened to that guy?

STAN
Don't know, but--
(to Marty)
Everybody thinks I'm trying to knock you off, so keeping you alive is my number one priority.

Stan deftly DISABLES Marty's wrist restraints.

STAN (CONT'D)
Consider yourself in protective custody.
(off his wariness)
Not exactly like these people are doing a bang up job.

MARTY
Good point.

Marty nods, pulls himself out of bed.

MARTY (CONT'D)
But you gotta help me find something.

YAMA
Are you nuts? We don't even know who he is!

MARTY
I've been blown off the surface of the Moon, stabbed, blown up again, almost strangled and had my ears popped by a *disappearing assassin!* I like my odds with a guy who's good reputation needs me alive. Besides, if he wanted to kill me, he wouldn't have saved my neck.

STAN
Why *do* the Indians want you dead? Or should I say, what do you want me to help you find? Same thing, right?

MARTY
I saw a flower growing on the Moon.

Stan is skeptical, so--

YAMA *
I saw it, too. In orbit. *

MARTY *
(covering for her) *
No she didn't. *
(to Yama) *
You're a bad liar. *

STAN
You're the 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. *

Stan pulls the vent duct cover off the wall. *

MARTY *
(off Yama)
You said it. We have a duty.

YAMA
You don't even have a plan. What * good is duty with no plan? *

STAN
I have a plan. All roads lead to * India. *

YAMA
And how do you get out of here? *
Trash chutes?
(off Stan)
If you hack the doors they'll be on you like stink. Ironically, stink will also be on you like stink.

She starts drawing in the air with her finger. A STRING OF NUMBERS appear on MARTY'S SLEEVE.

YAMA (CONT'D)
My access code to everywhere in Tranquility Station. Including trash chutes.
(off Marty)
For the Moon.

MARTY
Not *just* for the Moon.

Marty smiles and winks, then dives into the vent. Stan starts to follow when Yama stops him: *

YAMA *
You still didn't say who you are. *

Stan smiles, reassuring. As he does, we 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 (CONT'D)
Or who you work for... *

REVERSE TO REVEAL: *

30 INT. HUSSY GALACTIC SHUTTLE 30 *

The scene has been live-streaming into the shuttle, where Stan's real boss has been watching it. EVE's eyes narrow.

EVE
Indians...

The footage blinks off, replaced by a large TELEPHONE ICON.

EVE (CONT'D)
(subtitled Hindi)
This is Eve Browning calling for *
Foreign Minister Ravimurtha.
Immediately.

She glances out the WINDOWS at the Moon below. CAMERA FOLLOWS her GLANCE, dropping STRAIGHT DOWN, TO:

31 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - LAB 31

Yama has Marty's suit, still in its evidence bag, on her space-desk. She breaks the evidence seal and carefully pulls the suit out, spreading it across her work space.

As she lays it out, her fingers brush across the sleeve with the BIOLUMINISCENT GOOP on it. Before she can react, the GOOP ABSORBS into her SKIN.

She curses under her breath, looking over the suit for any more of the stuff, but finding none. Crap! She looks again at her fingers, but the stuff is GONE. OFF HER:

32 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY 32

Security is thick. TECHS and INVESTIGATORS examine everything. Ian and Gale are in the midst of it.

GALE
Your main suspect and my main suspect are heading right into the belly of the beast. Together.

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

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

YAMA (CONT'D)
I mean, they are now, but they weren't earlier. I mean "earlier" earlier, not like, "three hours ago" earlier. Though they weren't then, either. They clearly were meeting for the first time. What?

Gale and Ian are staring at her.

GALE
How are you standing?

Yama looks at herself, leg-brace-free and suddenly aware she's not feeling the effects of the artificial gravity.

GALE (CONT'D)
(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 just too hyper to feel like a six hundred pound heifer.

Ian spots her glancing at her hand, nervous.

IAN
(to Yama)
Did you happen to see when the security cameras were disabled?

YAMA
(shaking her head)
Maybe the Indian assassin did it before he attacked? Or whoever that guy was. He seemed wily. *

IAN
Wily enough to get out through the trash chutes without setting off any alarms. Why were you in the infirmary, by the way?

GALE
Trees don't grow on the Moon, Thurgood, so whatever *you're* barking up is actively wrong. *

Gale steps between them, waving over the Doctor. Ian's eyes never leave Yama.

GALE (CONT'D)
I still want the doctor to give you the once over.
(then)
No more coffee.

She gives a little nod. As the DOCTOR approaches, Ian pulls Gale aside.

IAN
Java jitters don't give people superhuman strength.

GALE
There's only <u>two</u> eggs in our basket. My spy and your brother. And right now, they're heading right for an Indian omelette.

IAN
Trash chutes were opened with a universal access code. Your spy have one of those?
(off him)
Remember that speech you gave me about being compromised?

Gale grimaces, now on the other side of the coin.

GALE
So I trust my daughter and you trust your brother. Let's go get answers from the folks that neither one of us has a fig's worth of loyalty for...

Ian sees Gale's asking for his trust. He nods. As the two men * head out of the Infirmary:

33 EXT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - ESTABLISHING 33

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. CAMERA SWOOPS THROUGH THE MAIN AIRLOCK and INTO:

34 INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - CONTROL ROOM 34

Arches and domes are walled with bright, intricate patterns and rest under the pensive eyes of ornate Hindu iconography.

THE ENTIRE BASE IS UTTERLY, EERILY EMPTY.

Echoing in the emptiness, a lone WOMAN'S VOICE SPEAKS IN HINDI: Eve Browning, on the main view screen. She finally repeats in English: *

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

ARMING AROUND, the only people there are Stan and Marty.

MARTY
Where is everybody?

Stan picks up a broken mug. The floor is littered with similar dropped items.

STAN
Let's go find your secret garden.

35 INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY 35

The room is dominated by a magnificent, terrifying statue of the eight-armed SHIVA. Marty stops suddenly, face paling.

MARTY
Is that statue breathing on me?

He's focused on Shiva, whose cold, stone eyes stare back.

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, examining the arms. Each hand has an eye carved into it -- one eye has a hollow pupil.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Check this out.

Stan does. AN ELECTRONIC LOCK-PICK EXTENDS FROM HIS MIDDLE FINGER into the eye. A second later, THE EYE ROTATES 180 degrees and --

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:

36 INT. MOSHKA KILAA - CAVE SYSTEM 36

A same strata of BLUE SPARKLING MINERALS he saw in the Moon Vent cave surround them.

MARTY
This looks exactly like the interior of that shaft of death I climbed into by the sinkhole. *

STAN
Could be connected. Indians might be siphoning U.S. helium. *

MARTY
That even possible?

STAN
It's been known to happen.

Marty notices the muddy imprints of flowers on the wall.

MARTY
Check this out -- *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
This is some heavy science. Game-changing, Moon-shattering, big money, I'd-kill-me-too science.

STAN
It's going to take more than some crumbling dirt to shake the pillars of creation. Like, say, an actual Indian to confirm what's really going on.

MARTY
Yeah... where *is* everybody?

Some rocks SKID behind them. Stan pushes Marty against the wall. The silhouettes of TWO ARMED MEN inch toward them.

One of the men spots Stan, and issues 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 TROFIM:

37 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE 37

Filipov and Trofim frog march Marty and Stan toward their waiting buggy. Filipov and Marty have similar confused expressions. Trofim is silent, glowering.

FILIPOV
Sir... why is the corporal in handcuffs? And who--

TROFIM
Because he's a spy.

MARTY
(to Stan)
What's the deal with you two?

Stan realizes something. Stops suddenly, turning.

STAN
(to Trofim)
You put a tracking device in the ring, didn't you? What kind of partner does that?

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. Not any more.

MARTY
Everybody's getting louder...

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

He stops 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.

THUMPTHUMP-CRUUUUUNCHH! They all reel around as a GIANT SHADOW CRAWLS OVER THEM.

MARTY
WHOA!

<u>A GIANT, 50 FOOT TALL TYRANNOSAURUS REX-LOOKING ROBOT JUST CRUSHED THEIR MOON BUGGY UNDER ITS HUGE FOOT</u>! *

Stan and Trofim exchange a bewildered look. Marty is already bolting as fast as he can. T-REX spots him and chases him-- *

ITS GIANT FOOT COMES DOWN RIGHT ON TOP OF MARTY - and keeps right on going, never breaking stride.

Stan winces, running to the spot of should-be squish, but there's nothing -- MARTY IS SIMPLY GONE!

Stan stares agog as THE ROBOT LUMBERS AWAY.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

38 INT. MOSHKA KILAA -- SANCTUARY 38

Filipov has his weapon trained on Stan and Trofim.

FILIPOV
Somebody needs to tell me what in the name of the Volga is going on! Why was I just attacked by a... a dinosaur??

STAN
You ask that like we know.

FILIPOV
FREEZE!

Trofim was inching toward Filipov. His finger tightens around the trigger when:

STAN'S DISEMBODIED HAND suddenly pops a small NEEDLE OUT OF ITS MIDDLE FINGER and into FILIPOV'S NECK, KNOCKING HIM OUT. Trofim, more confused than ever, turns to Stan.

TROFIM
What are you?

OFF TROFIM:

39 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - AIRLOCK 39

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

IAN
Six of us. Six thousand Indians. What would Custer say?

GALE
Time to take a stand.

EVE (O.S.)
Blink that trigger happy glint out of your eyes, the Indian Base has been abandoned.

Gale and Ian turn to find Eve has entered the airlock.

EVE (CONT'D)
The Indians don't appear to be anywhere on the Moon.

GALE
None of them??

IAN
Could another base be hiding them?

EVE
No one has requisitioned the extra oxygen it would take. There's no bodies. No sign of trauma. *

GALE
Thousands of people don't just vanish into thin air. There's no air!

Ian has been studying Eve.

IAN
You didn't come here to tell us that.

EVE
I beg your pardon but I most certainly did.

IAN
Then the question is <u>why</u> you came here, seeing as we would've found all this out ourselves.

She smiles wryly -- too smart to keep lying to Ian.

EVE
There's a team of Russians already inside the Indian Base.

GALE
Since when did you start guard-dogging the Russians?

EVE
Since I found out you were racing to the Indian Base guns cocked. The Moon can only handle one international incident at time.

GALE
So you lied.

EVE
I stalled.

IAN
My experience on the Moon so far has been that there's one sixth the gravity of Earth and roughly the same quotient of truth, and stalling is just one more way to avoid it. In fact, literally the only person I've spoken to who has been honest to the point of absurdity is my brother, and if you're satisfied the Russians have had time to abscond, I'd like to go find him!

OFF IAN, locking his ammo clip into his rifle:

CLOSE ON MARTY, illuminated only by the glow of his helmet, he's equal parts terrified and confused. SERVOS WHIRR and PNEUMATICS BUZZ AROUND him. He is:

40 INT. THE GIANT ROBOT 40

A series of CLANGS and WHIRS precede the opening of a SIDE HATCH. Marty suddenly finds himself face-to-face with:

MIKIKO
Lunar Japan welcomes you.

MIKIKO KOBIYASHI, 20. Beside her -- YAMA!

YAMA
Still *just* for the Moon.

Marty, stunned, climbs into the cozy cockpit, where Mikiko dispenses tea out of the shell of a discarded robot.

MARTY
I thought everything Japanese up here was fully automated.

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

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.
(MORE)

MIKIKO (CONT'D)
Plus, I have unlimited tools to build lots of toys. Besides T-Rex, I'm also building working replicas of Tricerotops and Stegosaur so I can stage large scale robot theater for people on Earth to watch with telescopes.

Yama turns to Marty.

YAMA
I found that glowing pollen from your suit --

She holds up a hand, tamping down his excitement.

YAMA (CONT'D)
But -- it's gone. Ish. I... absorbed it. By accident.

MIKIKO
It made her go bananas.

Marty studies them both.

MARTY
You seem pretty cool with the fact your liver might be choking on lunar hemlock right now...

MIKIKO
We scanned her bodily humors.

Mikiko hands him a sheet of paper.

MIKIKO (CONT'D)
She's full of nothing but the blood and guts of Yama Winehart.

With a wave of Mikiko's leather glove, the paper PIXILATES in his HAND and DISAPPEARS. Marty looks at Yama, wary.

YAMA
I'm fine. If anything, it made me feel more... connected to the Moon.

MARTY
Uh... I respect your need for a vision quest or whatever, but look at the Indians. Oh wait. You can't, cause they're all gone.
(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)
I'm just saying -- maybe it's time to get your dad and his unlimited resources to dig for flowers so you don't end up like them... *

YAMA
His "resources" come from Hussy Galactic. If he knows, it's a nano-second before Eve Browning finds out, too. *

MARTY
Even better. She seems to be as bleeding-heart-passionate about protecting the Moon as you.

YAMA
Our versions of protecting the Moon are two totally different schools of thought. Like, I don't want to turn it into Las Vegas.
(then)
Finding this flower *is* a discovery for science. Not business. It's a discovery for us to make. *

Marty nods, starting to get it.

MIKIKO
(smiling)
T-Rex digs. *

41 INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - CONTROL ROOM 41

Stan tries to get a consoles working. 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.

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
I don't even know what you are!

STAN
A head in a jar, with a lung, a leg and half a liver soaking in formaldehyde nearby, until--

TROFIM
Until the Americans put you back together again. All for the save-a-day rate of selling out your homeland.

STAN
I don't work for the Americans. I'm not even that kind of spy.
(beat, coming clean)
I work for Eve Browning. She gave me back my humanity and now we work to keep humanity's future on the Moon secure.

TROFIM
Your humanity is treason.
(just a pluck of regret:)
And you'll hang for it.

OFF STAN:

42 INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY 42

FILIPOV blinks back to consciousness. He's been shackled to the giant Shiva statue. As struggles against his restraints, he fails to notice:

SHIVA'S EIGHT ARMED SHADOW SHIFTS ON THE FLOOR BEHIND HIM. It MOVES AGAIN, dancing almost, finally catching Filipov's eye. He freezes, angling his head up slowly, controlling his fear.

His EYES WIDEN quick as his MOUTH, flying open with a SCREAM!

43 INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - CONTROL ROOM 43

Both men react immediately. Stan's off like a shot, Trofim right behind. They race into --

44 INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY 44

-- and stop cold. All that's left of Filipov are HIS HANDS, STILL SHACKLED TO SHIVA.

TROFIM
His hands aren't supposed to do that.

Stan nods to the trail of blood -- it leads directly into the caves beyond the Shiva. As the taunting eyes of the carved stone dare them to enter:

MATCH CUT TO:

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

45 EXT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - ESTABLISHING 45

Gale, Eve and the Marines are with him. As they march in, wary, UPCUT TO:

46 INT. MOSHKA KILAA -- CONTROL ROOM 46

Gale and his men move quickly into the room, clearing it quickly and efficiently. Nothing to be seen here.

GALE
I want these consoles fired up and cooking me a hearty dish of what-the-hell-happened-here. Now.

Ian inspects the console Stan was working on moments before.

EVE
Somebody else had the same idea.

IAN
Russians. I'm going to head for the * Ambassador's office. *

GALE
Keep a weather eye open for wayward * Indians.

47 INT. MOSHKA KILAA -- RAVIMURTHA'S OFFICE 47

Large panoramic windows encircle this crow's nest office, looking out on the crater below and the star-field above. The cherry wood furniture and plush burgundy carpets are amorphous phantasms and colorless shrouds under the pall of the emergency lighting.

Ian and Eve are in the doorway. Eve crosses to the desk, * opens the drawer. She procures a sheaf of *real* paper.

EVE
I haven't seen real paper since I was a girl.

IAN
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.

IAN
(inhaling deeply:)
Tastes like oxygen. Maybe they figured out how to make it synthetically.

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

Her hairpin coughs exhaust. Ian considers her point a quick beat, then deliberately engages his own helmet. As they talk--

A FACE OOZES OUT OF THE SHADOWS behind them, as if emerging from a pool of oil.

Ian senses it, turning to face it and pushing Eve behind him in the process. There, in the darkness, stands the imposing silhouette of AMBASSADOR INDRA RAVIMURTHA.

Eve steps forward, recognizing him:

EVE (CONT'D)
Ambassador -- Ravimurtha?

She takes a step toward him, but thinks better of it.

RAVIMURTHA
Eyes...

IAN
Sir -- What happened here?

RAVIMURTHA
Darkness...

EVE
Where are the others?

RAVIMURTHA
They're here. Eyes... in the darkness. *

IAN
(sotto, to Eve)
I can't see *his* eyes...

RAVIMURTHA
I see them. And they see you.

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

Ian pulls Eve back just before --

The SHADOWS SEEM TO GROW AROUND RAVIMURTHA, SWALLOWING HIM. With a sickening POP! he VANISHES COMPLETELY.

The inky shadows out of which Ravimurtha's face first crowned now seem to be thickening, growing further into the light. Ian and Eve instinctively back toward the door when Ian gets an eerie tingle down his spine...

He lets his eyes drift skyward, trying to control his terror when he sees the beautiful star-field above has been replaced by

DOZENS OF DISEMBODIED HUMAN EYES LOOKING DOWN UPON THEM.

As Eve matches his gaze, DOZENS AND DOZENS MORE EYEBALLS START POPPING OPEN, STARING IN FROM THE WINDOWS AROUND THEM.

OFF THESE EYES IN THE DARKNESS:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

48 INT. MOSHKA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - CAVES 48

Stan and Trofim follow the trail of Filipov's blood -- until it abruptly stops in the middle of the caves.

TROFIM
Why would it stop? Maybe he was loaded onto a transport or --

He stops suddenly as DRIP... A TEARDROP of BLOOD splatters onto his suit. Looking up, he can't see through the penetrating darkness above him.

Out the shadow -- an UNEARTHLY HISS.

STAN
Filipov?

Without taking his eyes away from the shadows, Trofim hands Stan a gun.

Out of the black just above them, a GROTESQUELY TWISTED ARM SUDDENLY STRETCHES OUT -- FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER. It's like a real life Shiva is trying to pull itself through a tear in the shadows.

Stan and Trofim turn and bolt.

Behind them, a giant, silhouetted *something* FALLS OUT OF THE RIFT IN THE SHADOW and INTO EXISTENCE.

Alternately glancing back, their helmet lights capture flashes of WHATEVER'S CHASING THEM as it cartwheels closer and closer: 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 into

49 INT. MOSHKA KILAA -- SANCTUARY 49

They head for the Control Room door. Stan tries it.

STAN
It's locked!

TROFIM
Use your special hands!

STAN
I am!

The HISSING behind loudens as the MONSTER POPS into existence nearly on top of them. Just then -- the door flies open, Stan and Trofim falling right into:

50 INT. MOSHKA KILAA -- CONTROL ROOM 50

Stan kicks the door shut and engages the lock.

Catching his breath, he turns to find a HALF-DOZEN MARINES with their WEAPONS POINTED RIGHT AT HIM. Gale stands at their center, cold as ice. Ian and Eve are beside him. Eve betrays no sign of knowing Stan.

Before anyone can speak:

WHUMP! Something crashes into the door. WHUMP! AGAIN! The Marines shift their guns between Stan and Trofim and the Door. WHUMP! Everybody takes a step back.

GALE
What is that?

STAN
A giant... human cephalopod.

WHUMP!! One more hit at the door and then silence.

GALE
What in the high hell were these *
people doing here?! *

IAN *
Where is my brother?

STAN
A 50 foot robot stepped on 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...

EVE
They’re over here.

Gale turns to find one of Stan’s disembodied hands holding a grenade, the other holding the pin.

STAN
Weapons down.

Gale gauges him a minute. He nods to his men, who comply.

STAN (CONT'D)
(to Trofim)
Get the door.

Stan and Trofim back slowly out of the room, GRENADE TOTING HANDS FOLLOWING. As soon as they're gone:

GALE
Stick a cork in every blowhole this base has and stop them before they get out!

As his men mobilize, Eric turns to the now operational console and hits a couple of buttons. A HOLOGRAPHIC SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE JONES suddenly appears.

JONES
Thurgood. This is the emergency line.

IAN
Sir, you need to you implement Section 361 immediately.

JONES
How, exactly, did an isolated explosion mushroom into a quarantine of the Moon?

IAN
An entire colony of people is missing. There are reports of... impossible biological entities. I personally witnessed a man disappear into thin air beneath the gaze of ten thousand de-socketed human eyeballs and everybody here is breathing oxygen of an unknown origin. Whatever's causing all this is some kind of something that should be contained.

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

JONES
You damn well better deliver me some answers soon. And keep this Quarantine business quiet!

As he blinks out of existence, CUT TO:

51 INT. THE GIANT ROBOT 51

YAMA, rubbing her hands together where the goop absorbed. Marty and Mikiko are absorbed in the big monitors showing the Robot's hands digging through Moon dirt.

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 why every country's helium yields are dropping like a rock on Earth.

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 Ian. But my head's not big enough for both of us.
(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)
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. And that means a lonely life for Ian.

YAMA
Sounds like regret. *

Marty looks down, feeling for his brother. He shakes it off. With a grin:

MARTY
Not being able to keep your own secrets was no way to go through puberty and it’s sure no way to go through life.

MIKIKO
There! Check it out...

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. Nobody ever thought first contact would be with a plant.

As the robot’s metal fingers prod it, the DOT WIDENS. Grains of Moon dust pour into it. That’s no flower, it’s a SINKHOLE!

MARTY
Back up back up BACK UP!!

As the giant ROBOT IS SWALLOWED, tumbling into BLACKNESS:

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

52 INT. SINKHOLE 52

Marty and Yama are both unconscious in the rubble of T-Rex. * Mikiko 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.

Suddenly, she CRACKLES, like a bad TV signal, before BLINKING OUT OF EXISTENCE -- *a hologram.*

53 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE - SINKHOLE 53

Mikiko's safe and sound back at the rim -- the fail-safe. A safe distance away, she strains to see down the hole:

MIKIKO
Yama? Marty? Are you there? *
(then)
Open Emergency Frequencies. Hailing General Gale Lynn Winehart!

54 INT./EXT. MOON BUGGY 54

STAN and TROFIM bobble along. Stan offers Trofim his canteen.

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

Trofim relents, takes a swig. Stan looks relieved.

TROFIM
Where are we going? We can't go back to Russia.

STAN
The Americans clearly aren't throwing open the doors anytime soon.

Trofim shakes his head.

TROFIM
I can't sit by and watch you betray my country. I also can't turn you in or you'll be executed.

STAN
You could join me.

TROFIM
I'm not a traitor.

STAN
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'll always be loyal to my country.

Trofim leans back, rubbing his head, 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.

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:

55 EXT. MOON'S SURFACE - ESTABLISHING 55

The Hussy Galactic Shuttle races over the surface. *

56 INT. HUSSY GALACTIC SHUTTLE 56 *

Ian sits silently beside Gale. Eve enters from the cockpit. TWO SPACE MARINES sit nearby.

EVE
What exactly were your brother and your daughter hoping to dig up?

IAN
I think a little grim silence might do us all some good.

EVE
Evading is an even greater enemy of the truth than stalling, Agent Thurgood. And its our allegiance to secrets and lies that that landed us in his hassle.

GALE
You holding everyone's oxygen for ransom is what caused this "hassle."

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. That idealism failed. Now you get to work *for* me, transparently, to deliver the future our forebears promised, or I bowl you over.

With that, she turns and exits again, giving a GLOBE of the MOON a derisive spin as she goes. As it ROTATES WILDLY:

57 INT. SINKHOLE 57

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.

Yama grabs a piece of metal to use as a lever. The robot doesn't shift enough for Marty to wiggle free.

YAMA
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. How much oxygen do you have, anyway?

Yama studies the various tunnels winding around them.

MARTY
I know what you're thinking, but you wander off into one of those caves you'll be lost forever.
(then)
Mikiko'll send help.

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
Three minutes?!

MARTY
I snuck out of the American base, like, four hours ago now.

YAMA
I'm going to find a clean signal to the surface. Mikiko will have extra O-2.

MARTY
Yama, don't --

YAMA
Don't die!

She bolts. Marty 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: Ian. Marty jars upward. Gale, Eve, Mikiko and the Space Marines are there, too.

MARTY
Ian... We were looking for the flower.

They stare at each other a moment. Utter relief. Suddenly, Ian lurches forward and pulls Marty into a tight embrace.

IAN
I know. I believe you.

GALE
Where is Yama?

MARTY
She's not with you? *

Ian's eyes say it all. Gale spins around, looking at the myriad of tunnels around them. OFF HIS DESPAIR:

58 INT. CAVES 58

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
1 minute to oxygen depletion.

She runs, now. Panic bubbling. Breathing in gasps till there's nothing left to gasp. She stumbles, but pushes on.

YAMA'S SUIT (CONT'D)
Oxygen depleted.

She collapses, grasping her chest. Lungs on fire. She starts dragging herself on the ground. Won't quit till she's dead. Slower... slower... she pushes with her ankles alone, teeth gritted. Using the pain to stay conscious...

Until she can't. She lies, still. The death of a hero, bathed only in the dim red glow of her helmet. Her glassy eyes are about to blink shut for the last time, until they come to rest on

A SINGLE RED FLOWER GROWING A FEW YARDS AWAY.

As she lies watching it, the FLOWER FLUTTERS in a ***BREEZE***.

Her eyes bulge and with one last heave of strength, SHE DEACTIVATES HER HELMET, GASPING AS FRESH AIR FILLS HER LUNGS!

YAMA WINEHART IS BREATHING ON THE MOON.

Relief pours over her as she pulls herself to the flower. The breeze sends her hair across her face.

She turns in the direction of the draft, a small RAY OF LIGHT cutting through 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:

59 INT. THE LOTUS CAVES 59

A jungle. Plants, water, fruit, vegetables, grass. Some of it familiar, some of it alien. Lunar Eden.

Yama's mouth falls open, joy washing over her. OFF HER, THE KEEPER OF THE MOON, CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK -- then SPEEDS UP -- giving breadth to the true immensity of the CAVES...

YAMA DISAPPEARS into the tapestry of exotic plant life as CAMERA PULLS AWAY FASTER and FASTER, now TRACKING over A STEAMING RIVER of LIQUID METHANE.

Illusory 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 --

SEVERAL SETS OF SHIMMERING EYES POP OMINOUSLY OPEN.

OFF THESE EYES IN THE DARKNESS:

END OF SHOW