



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

# HIGH MOON

## “Moon Pie-Lot”

Story by:

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Teleplay by:

Jim Danger Gray

Based on the Novel  
THE LOTUS CAVES  
By John Christopher

Directed by

Adam Kane

**Blue Production Draft - August 19, 2013**

**Revised Pink Pages - August 21, 2013**

**Yellow Production Draft - August 25, 2013**

**Revised Green Pages - September 9, 2013**

**Revised Goldenrod Pages - September 19, 2013**

**Revised Grey Pages - September 23, 2013**

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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, a blur 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 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. CAMERA SLIDES PAST HIM to reveal his partner:

LEON, 45, is the opposite of "astronaut": unshaven, unkempt and uncomfortably corpulent. He's happy to let Marty do all the work.

ANKLE BRACELETS flash on their legs; NUMBERS are STENCILED across their suits. Leon and Marty are prisoners.

LEON

Astronauts used to be heroes. Maybe we'll get a medal if we fix this stupid satellite.

MARTY

Those first astronauts didn't get their spacesuits from the Bureau of Prisons.

LEON

They were on the Moon for two and a half hours. I'm doing ten to twenty.

MARTY

I thought you said the first Moon landing was fake.

LEON

(yep)

All those medals they got? Only one they deserved was Best Actor.

Marty isn't listening -- he's staring up at the sky.

MARTY

Satellites don't just fall out of the sky.

LEON

This one did...

MARTY

Have you ever met a Russian? They've banked a hundred years of resentment about losing the race to get here and now they're ready to cash in.

Marty's face sinks as he spots something in the satellite.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It's toast.

LEON

Maybe it's old age?

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

MARTY

Sabotage.

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 a healthy portion of the Moon's rocky penitralia, 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: "PILGRIM GALACTIC."

Through one of the porthole windows, we spy A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FLOATING INTO THE MAIN CABIN from a lower deck. CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE WINDOW INTO:

4 INT. PILGRIM GALACTIC SHUTTLE 4

The WOMAN FLOATS GRACEFULLY through the luxurious cabin of mahogany tables and plush chairs, a tumbler of scotch upon a tray upon her well-manicured hand.

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 Pilgrim Galactic.

EVE ST. JOHN-SMYTHE, 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 St. John-Smythe.

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 St. John-Smythe family has poured generations into bringing the Moon to the people of Earth, and you still haven't answered my question.

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

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:

4A EXT. MOON - TRANQUILITY STATION - LANDING SITE

4A

The domed ceilings of the American Moon base protrude from the surface like giant golf balls in a big, gray sand trap.

The Pilgrim Galactic Shuttle touches down effortlessly on a landing pad nearby.

5 INT. PILGRIM GALACTIC SHUTTLE - AIRLOCK

5

Ian is ensconced within a sleek METAL SARCOPHAGUS, only his head protruding from the top. It WHIRS as he's spoken to by a RETRO ASTRONAUT IN A SUIT FROM 1969:

ASTRONAUT

You couldn't have chosen a better time to visit 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 121 degrees centigrade in the light -- so keep that sunscreen on. On behalf of everyone here, welcome to the future, Pilgrim. Your wait time for a live crew-member is approximately--

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

EVE

Your gravity suit is too cumbersome to put on yourself, so the sarcophagus does the heavy lifting.

With a jarring THUNK, the sarcophagus door opens. Ian emerges in a FORM-FITTING, 3/8 LENGTH UNDERGARMENT.

IAN

Doesn't leave much to the  
imagination.

Eve turns around to give him some privacy, smiling a little.

EVE

We sacrificed modesty for  
efficiency. And a view.

Ian follows her gesture to his spacesuit, folded nearby. He's  
amazed at how easily he moves.

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

IAN

Just like moving in Earth gravity.

EVE

By contrast, your spacesuit is ultra-light. Designed to be taken on and off quickly.

He begins pulling on his suit.

IAN

Snappy.

But... Ian's brow clouds as he realizes an uncomfortable question. Eve beats him to the punch:

EVE

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

IAN

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

EVE

The Pilgrim Galactic Dome has artificial gravity.

OFF HIM, TIME CUT TO:

6 EXT. TRANQUILITY STATION - LANDING SITE

6

The AIRLOCK DOOR of PILGRIM GALACTIC SLAMS OPEN and IAN EMERGES into the stark black-and-white world, taking it all in. His eyes go wide as Eve joins him -- CLAD ONLY IN A CHIC FUR COAT. She smiles, unaffected.

IAN

You don't need oxygen either?

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

EVE

Form-fitting, oxygen recycling force fields.

IAN

Beta testing?

CONTINUED:

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 Pilgrim Dome looms in the distance.

IAN

(re: the dome)

Yours?

EVE

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. 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. As Eve turns back toward her shuttle, Ian turns to face the American Base. OFF HIM, TIME CUT TO:

AN AIRLOCK DOOR SLIDES OPEN to REVEAL --

YAMA WINEHART, 24, cute but rugged, direct but charming. She stands in the polished white splendor of:

YAMA

Ian Thurgood.

Arming around finds IAN, looking dapper once more in another 3-PIECE SUIT. Yama extends a hand and a pleasant smile:

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

IAN  
The General's daughter. Pleasure.

YAMA  
All mine. I'm glad you were able to get here so fast.

She procures a HONEYCOMBED BASE ID BADGE and affixes it to his JACKET POCKET. It blends right in to the fabric.

YAMA (CONT'D)  
(full-on American pronunciation:)  
I hope Miss *Saint John Smith* gave you a pleasant ride.

IAN  
I believe it's *Sin-Jin-Smythe*. She's English.

YAMA  
Mm-hmm.

Ian smiles. He already likes her -- which is rare for him.

IAN  
I understand you're the one going into the debris ring to collect what's left of our physical evidence.

YAMA  
One of the perks of having muscles built for the Moon.

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

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

IAN  
You're a big deal, you know.

YAMA

Living proof that artificial gravity isn't fetus friendly.

IAN

So you're not restricted by the same... *sous-vêtements* as the rest of us.

YAMA

That's right. I'm not wearing any underwear. I'm a portrait of grace in Moon g's, but breathe like a 600 pound heifer in Earth gravity. Which is unfortunate cause I'm a sweater.

She smiles -- no self-pity for this guinea pig. They stop in front of an airlock door.

YAMA (CONT'D)

(nodding, then)

Good luck with the General.

OFF YAMA, POP WIDE. The MOON FILLS FRAME, ROTATING SLOWLY. Several LARGE FLAGS COVER PORTIONS of THE LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

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. That leaves --

Gale turns for emphasis. If there's one country he really disdains, it's:

GALE (CONT'D)

--the Russians.

The virtual Moon melts away.

IAN

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

GALE

That we know of. But we can assume that 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 Marty hologram 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.

(MORE)

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

IAN (CONT'D)

(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 SHYBOY'S "EVERY TIME I SEE THE MOON".

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

In the middle of the dancers, ONE MAN, distinctly not stock footage, begins to SING IN SUBTITLED RUSSIAN:

8 CONTINUED:

8

STAN

Kazhdyy ras kak vizhu lunu/  
YA nade'yus', ty vidish'  
tozhe/Skazhy ty mne'/ ty  
pommish', tak kak ya

STAN (CONT'D)

*Every time I see the Moon/I  
wonder if you see it too/Tell  
me do you/ Remember like I  
do.*

This is STANISLAV (STAN) STAVIN, 33. He moves with Gene Kelly elegance amidst the dancers.

STAN

Zve'zdy po ne'bu/ Smotryat  
abratna, v tvai glaza/ i  
zastavlyayut/ Pomnit', tak  
kak ya?/ YA pomnyu kak lyubil  
te'bya.

STAN (CONT'D)

*And are the stars across the  
sky/Looking back into your  
eyes/ Do they make you/  
Remember like I do/ 'Cause I  
remember loving you.*

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

STAN

ne' mozhet uyti, ne mozhet  
uyti, ne mozhet uyti

STAN (CONT'D)

*Do you remember, remember, do  
you remember like I do?*

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

At the push of a button, the lights turn off, the music stops and all things Indian DISAPPEAR as the egg closes. Now also clad in mining clothes, Stan'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

Chto za spetsial'nyy povad,  
serzhant?

(off his silence)

Ty b ne pe'l i tantseval v  
rezul'tate bedstviya, razve  
chto eta ochen' asobyy  
sluchay.

TROFIM

*What's the special occasion,  
Sergeant?*

(off his silence)

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

STAN

Nizkiy uraven' morali,  
tovarisch' mayor. Avariya na  
amerikanskoy baze--

STAN

*Morale is low, Comrade Major.  
The accident at the American  
base--*

CONTINUED:

TROFIM

Avariya? Luna stala yeshche'  
bole'ye opasnoy. Amerikantsy  
byli atakovany.

TROFIM

*Accident? The Moon just got  
even more dangerous. The  
Americans were attacked.*

STAN

Kto mog by eta sdelat'? Kto  
mog --

STAN

*Who would do that? Who could -*  
-

TROFIM

Kto meneye vazhen, chem ani  
dumayut.

TROFIM

*Who is less important than  
who they think.*

He gestures to the tunnel around them.

TROFIM

I vot my zdes', na grani  
varavstva ihneva geliya. Chto  
ty predpalagayesh', chto  
amerikantsy skazhut ab etam?

TROFIM

*And here we are, on the verge  
of stealing their helium.  
What do you suppose the  
Americans would say about  
that?*

STAN

Eta udobna, chto my  
ispol'zuyem saldat kak  
shahte'rov, s adnoy starany.

STAN

*That it's convenient we use  
soldiers as miners, for one  
thing.*

(then)

Tovarisch' mayor, eta nas  
vydala?

(then)

*Was that explosion us,  
Comrade Major?*

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

TROFIM

(a threat)

Eto i yest' kak nachinayutsya  
slukhi.

TROFIM

(a threat)

*That is how rumors are  
started.*

STAN

Yest', tovarishch mayor.

STAN

*Yes, Comrade Major.*

Before Trofim can walk away though --

STAN

Eta prosto - nam ne nuzhna  
varavat' geliy-tri. Solntse  
zapuskayet yevo v kosmas,  
Luna voruet yevo. Eta  
vazabnavlyayetsya. Paetamu,  
vazmozhna, etat tunnel' byl  
pastroyen dlya ... chevo-ta  
drugova.

STAN

*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 was built for...  
something else.*

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

(CONT'D)

CONTINUED: (3)

TROFIM

Mir na Lune vseгда  
izmeryalsya v gelii, i teper'  
my razrabatyvayem yevo  
bystreyye, chem solntse mozhet  
yevo obnovit'.

(then)

Slavnyye dni buma na Lune  
ostalis' v proshlom.  
Podgotovka etavo sifonnovo  
tunnelya dlya nemedlennava  
snosa. Amerikantsy ne mogut  
obnaruzhit', chto my seychas  
sifonim ikh geliy.

TROFIM

*Peace on the Moon has always  
been measured in helium, and  
now we're mining it faster  
than the sun can refresh.*

(then)

*The Moon-boom glory days are  
over.*

*Prep this tunnel for  
immediate demolition. The  
Americans can't discover  
we're siphoning their helium  
now, not after the attack.*

As the group breaks up,

YAMA (PRE-LAP)

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

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: AN ASTRONAUT -- floating listlessly through space.  
CAMERA CLIMBS AROUND his shoulder to find a TWISTED FACE  
INSIDE THE SUIT -- LEON, the astronaut from the Teaser.  
WIDENING FURTHER, WE ARE:

9A

OMITTED

9A

10

EXT. SPACE - THE DEBRIS RING

10

The infinity of space is blurred by spinning Moon rocks and  
broken mining equipment.

YAMA (O.S.)

Velocity, rotation, altitude place  
this in locus 276. More Moon Buggy.

CAMERA LEAVES Leon in his floating graveyard to find

YAMA. Working in silence. The only sound is her own breath.  
It's eerie.

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.

HER EYES WIDEN:

YAMA (CONT'D)

I think I got something...

Reversing, she's looking at a large CURVED PIECE of SCORED METAL. She quickly attaches a 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.

YAMA (CONT'D)

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. A 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

CLOSE ON: A GIANT, BEAUTIFUL EYEBALL. AS IT BLINKS,

WIDEN to find it's so large because we're seeing it through the distal end of an ANTIQUE TELESCOPE. Keep WIDENING till we REVEAL WE ARE:

10aA INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - LAB 10aA

Yama is peering out the windows of the glass-domed lab. Her table is covered with GLASS TERRARIUMS filled with VARIOUS RECOGNIZABLE EARTH FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

She doesn't notice as her father enters.

GALE

Debris ring blocking your view?

She smiles, a little, looking toward him.

YAMA

It's not the Earth I'm looking for.

Gale smiles, a familiar sadness. He leans down and kisses his daughter on the head, CAMERA PULLING OUT OF THE DOMED WINDOW.

10A INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - CORRIDOR 10A

A GUARD stands sentry outside the door. The placard beside him identifies the room beyond as "INFIRMARY -- BAY 4." CAMERA PRESSES THROUGH THE WINDOW IN THE DOOR TO FIND--

11 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY 11

--Marty, cleaned up but banged up, sleeping. His bed is surrounded by a LARGE, BLACK CONTAINMENT RING that projects a floor-to-ceiling FORCE FIELD AROUND HIM.

His eyes flutter open, then focus on--

IAN, beside him, stoic. The relief in their eyes belies a very complicated relationship. Quietly:

IAN  
Hiya, Moose.

MARTY smiles a little, getting out of bed, moving toward Ian.

MARTY  
Never thought I'd be so glad to  
hear your moose call-

BZZT! He's shocked back by the Containment Ring Force Field.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Ow! Geez... What's with the --

Marty gestures to the invisible force field around him.

IAN  
The explosion was... not an  
accident.

MARTY  
What does that have to do with me?

IAN  
I don't know yet.

MARTY  
Yet?

IAN  
No. Don't read into that.  
(then)  
How did you make it up there?

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

Ian takes him in, trying to maintain control of his emotions.

IAN

And now here you are.

MARTY

And now here you are.

Ian DISABLES the CONTAINMENT RING, stepping down and taking a seat next to Marty.

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 be...

Fifty thousand adjectives all jockey to get out at once. Emotional openness is too excruciating. Marty interjects:

MARTY

There was a flower.

IAN

Beg pardon?

MARTY

Growing right out of the Moon dirt.

Ian withdraws his hand.

IAN

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

MARTY

He said genuinely to his last living blood relative.

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 "a second chance". 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're really committing to this 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?

11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

CUT TO--

GALE, seated behind his large desk in:

11A OMITTED 11A

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 nods at the door, which slides open. Instead of leaving, Ian stares down Gale.

IAN

Connect to 123181. Authorization, Ian Thurgood.

The PURR of a PHONE DIALING FILLS the ROOM. Nobody is picking up on the other end... but Ian is unfazed. The awkward pause becomes a test of wills for the two men.

Just when the General is about to say something, a HOLOGRAM of AIR FORCE SECRETARY JONES POPS UP RIGHT BETWEEN THEM.

IAN (CONT'D)

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

JONES

There won't be a way to get home if our Helium supply chain falls even one hitch short in its get-a-long. General!

GALE

Sir.

JONES

The whole damn western hemisphere is running on batteries as it is.

(MORE)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

JONES (CONT'D)

We're already rationing electricity because of this attack. If there's another one, we're stewed.

GALE

I understand, sir.

JONES

Then why are you adding more poly-ticks to my already crumbling woodpile? This whole mess is 100 percent under Thurgood's jurisdiction and you give him whatever he needs. Am I making myself 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.

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

Gale pauses, thinking.

GALE

Any chance you haven't heard anything because they found out you're a spy?

STAN

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

GALE

Never too late to start. Stay lucky.

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 walk to the precipice of the giant, empty sinkhole. Its shadowed bottom is barely visible, hundreds of feet down.

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 gestures away from the sinkhole.

MARTY (CONT'D)

The flower was growing over there.

Horton follows him, pulling out a small device and holding it to the ground.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Ground penetrating radar?

HORTON

(nodding)

There's a cavern beneath here...

14 CONTINUED:

14

MARTY

There were no mining tunnels this far out, right? Could it be part of the sinkhole?

HORTON

No, definitely its own cave.

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: CLICK! Marty clicks into a rappel line attached to a winch on the Moon Buggy. He stares over the lip of the vent, exchanging a wary glance with Horton before lowering himself into:

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 of following, he rises and walks away.

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:

SEVERAL 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!

As Marty scrambles away, the Indian Assassin unfurls the traditional sash from his spacesuit to REVEAL A KNIFE ATTACHED TO THE END OF THE FABRIC. He whips the deadly ribbon toward Marty, who leaps back -- just barely out of its reach.

Another graceful swing of the SASH finds Marty wound inside of it, being hauled toward the Killer like a fish on a line.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

Just as he's within striking distance of the Indian, Marty manages to wriggle an arm free, SLICKLY DISENGAGING 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.

In a frenzy, he painfully 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--

MARTY

Up up up up UP UP UP UP!!

-- he rockets 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.

HIGH MOON

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29

18 CONTINUED:

18

OFF MARTY:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18A INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - CORRIDOR 18A

Ian moves urgently down the corridor, approaching the Infirmary. The same Guard stands post at Marty's Bay. Ian gives him a curt, uncomfortable nod as he steps into:

19 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY 19

Marty is shackled. A NURSE is checking the bandage on Marty's gut when Ian enters. Ian leans against the wall, rubbing his head and studying his younger brother.

The Nurse finishes, activating the CONTAINMENT RING before leaving. As she exits past Ian, 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 stole a buggy, snuck into a crime scene and survived another massive explosion. It looks like you're working for the Russians.

MARTY

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 saw it!

IAN

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

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

This 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 25 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!

MARTY

Somebody sent him!!

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

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, decides on the deal:

HORTON

He said something in his debriefing. I don't know what.

IAN

Who's dole are you on? 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 eye lolls back and 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 not causing the last explosion.

GALE

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

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

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

Eta posledniy iz  
nih, tovarisch' mayor.

STAN

*That's the last of them,  
Comrade Major.*

TROFIM

Ochen' harasho.  
Evakuirovat'sya v perimetr  
bezopasnosti.

TROFIM

*Very well. Evacuate to the  
safety perimeter.*

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

TROFIM (CONT'D)

Ne' ty.

TROFIM (CONT'D)

*Not you.*

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

TROFIM (CONT'D)

Pakazhy mne', gde' vy burili  
na proshloy ne'de'le'.

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)

Ya hachu videt' tochnoye  
mesto.

TROFIM (CONT'D)

*I want to see the exact spot.*

Stan grimaces, but approaches a scored section of cave.

TROFIM (CONT'D)

Kapat'. Svaimi rukami.

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)

Patamu chto Luna nikagda ne' bude't takoy zhe, kak byla, to eta ne' znachit, chto my dalzhny izmenitsa. Tebe nravitsa?

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

Eta prekrasna.

STAN

*It's perfect.*

TROFIM

Izvini, chto ya razrushyl tvayu pe'snyu.

TROFIM

*I'm sorry I ruined your song.*

STAN

Vy mozhete razrushit' vse' pe'sni katoryye vy hatite, yesli eta to, kak vy sabirayetes' izvinit'sa.

STAN

*You can ruin all the songs you want if this is how you're going to apologize.*

TROFIM

Ya ne dumal, chto ty mozhesh' tak legko kupitsa.

TROFIM

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

STAN

Ha. Vy menya ne magli pazvolit' sebe do etava mamenta.

STAN

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

TROFIM

Ktoto sprosit, muzhik vernulsya domoy. My dolzhny byt' boleye ostorozhnymi chem kogda-libo. Kazhdyy smotrit drug za drugom.

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

My bude'm rabotat' nad etim.

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.

23 CONTINUED:

23

TROFIM

Day mne haroshyy start.

TROFIM

*Give me a good head start.*

As he disappears around the bend, a SHADOW lurks up behind Stan and WHUMP! A BLACK BAG is SLAPPED OVER HIS HEAD as he's JERKED back into the DARK. CUT TO:

24 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HOLDING ROOM

24

THE SAME BLACK BAG whisks off Stan's head. He's shackled to a chair bolted to the floor, seated inside the same CONTAINMENT RING that encircled Marty. Ian and Gale stand above him.

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. Have 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 would've gained nothing from an attack.

IAN

There's plenty worth killing for on  
the Moon. Food. Water? Air...  
Revenge. Love.

Ian lets that last notion hang there a minute, digesting  
Stan's stoicism and somehow seeing through it. He knows  
there's a lover... but Ian chooses another tack:

IAN (CONT'D)

So the Russians want more air.

Stan is surprised. Ian's good.

STAN

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

Ian digests that, then:

IAN

Evidence tag 0712.

A 3-D HOLOGRAM MODEL OF THE ORDNANCE Yama found in the debris  
ring SUDDENLY APPEARS in front of Ian.

IAN (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

STAN (CONT'D)

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 - CORRIDOR

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 at 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.

(then)

(MORE)

25 CONTINUED:

25

IAN (CONT'D)

General, my job is to separate the chaff of deceit from the wheat of truth and that man is a bushel of unshucked grain.

Gale pauses, considering.

GALE

He didn't give you one reason to doubt him.

IAN

Did you know he's taken a lover?  
(off Gale)  
It's a committed relationship and said lover isn't living in America.

GALE

How in Hades could you know that from talking about the Indian buckshot that crippled my mines?

IAN

He has a tell and I saw it when I mentioned love as a motive.

GALE

Even if he does have a little bacon on the side, that doesn't make him Eggs Benedict Arnold.

IAN

He values that rasher more than you. And I'll prove it, but you have to let me do my job.

As they continue:

26 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - HOLDING ROOM

26

Stan peers intently at the ordnance, concentrating. CAMERA DROPS DOWN TO HIS SHACKLES 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.

26 CONTINUED:

26

PLOP! His right hand drops to the floor, climbs up his body, onto his shoulder and jumps, bouncing off the Containment Ring's FORCE FIELD to reach the ceiling. The hand shoves the air vent above to the side and disappears into the dome.

CAMERA TRACKS the SOUND of FIVE LITTLE FINGERS PITTER-PATTERING down the side of the dome to the door -- where an ACCESS PANEL POPS OPEN from the INSIDE and the HAND EMERGES, nimbly rewiring the panel.

27 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - CORRIDOR

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 -- Emergency override, authorization, Winehart.

He pops open an access panel, working to manually override the lock. Ian stares at Stan's scrambling hands.

IAN

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

Don't shoot!

GALE

Show me your hands!

Stan immediately throws his (handless) arms up.

ANGLE ON the ceiling, where Stan's hands cling to the air vent. A LIGHT ON EACH WRIST SUDDENLY FLIPS FROM RED TO GREEN, causing Stan to lurch. Before the saucer plate eyes of Ian and Gale--

CONTINUED:

STAN SUDDENLY LAUNCHES INTO THE AIR! HE DISAPPEARS INTO THE AIR VENT, 15 feet up, HANDS FLYING IN BEHIND HIM.

Gale and Ian stare agape.

IAN

Holy sh--

Before he finishes the thought, CUT TO BLACK AND--

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY

29

Marty, bandaged stab wound exposed, is still shackled inside the Containment Ring. The GUARD is now posted at his bedside.

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 must be the muscle.

YAMA

Then you must be the brain.

MARTY

You seemed much more... able-bodied up in that debris ring.

YAMA

My ninja skills don't translate to the infirmary's artificial gravity.

MARTY

Whoa... you mean you're--

YAMA

Yes, I'm her. I read your file... you said you saw a flower.

Marty gets serious fast, leaning forward.

MARTY

You saw it too.

YAMA

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

MARTY

Then you know I'm not crazy!

YAMA

I know that if I'm going to vouch  
for a convicted felon, I need cold,  
hard evidence in my hand -- again.

MARTY

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

YAMA

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

They gotta process evidence  
somewhere...

Yama nods. She opens the door, gliding into--

29A

INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - CORRIDOR

29A

-- and stopping short at the sight of the dead Guard outside.  
She looks up just as

THE INDIAN ASSASSIN FROM THE CAVES drops from above, deftly  
disabling her braces, then sending her and her Segway  
careening off down the hallway.

The Assassin turns back to the doorway, and the terrified  
Marty beyond. He pulls out a HIGH TECH GARROTE and starts  
moving menacingly toward Marty.

MARTY

GUARD! HELP! SOMEBODY!

CONTINUED:

Just as the Assassin is about to cross the threshold into the room--

WHAM! The Indian is waylaid by--

29A CONTINUED: (2)

29A

STAN! Swinging down from inside the infirmary door, he sends the Assassin reeling back across the hall.

The Indian recovers quickly, pulling out his MULTI-BLADED KNIFE, about to launch at Stan when--

POW! YAMA creams him with her Segway, sending him flying into the air. Just as he's about to come crashing down--

*HE DISTORTS and then VANISHES INTO THIN AIR with a loud POP! and a SIZZLE OF VAPOR.*

Yama and Stan exchange a bewildered glance.

YAMA

Where... did he go...?

STAN

If he leaves with a pop, you can bet he'll be back with a bang.

Stan, just as confused, crouches over the FILM of VAPOR left on the floor by the Assassin. He draws his finger over the film, studying it a second, then puts it in his mouth.

YAMA

That's messed up.

STAN

(to himself)  
Just DNA.

YAMA

Not making it any better.

He grabs the handles of Yama's Segway and pulls her back into:

29B INT. TRANQUILITY STATION - INFIRMARY

29B

Marty, bewildered, stares as the door shuts behind them.

MARTY

(to Stan)  
Who are you?

STAN

The guy everybody *thinks* is trying to kill you. Which is why keeping you alive is my number one priority. Why are the Indians trying to assassinate you?

MARTY

No idea.

STAN

You're not a very good liar.

Marty thinks about a second, decides to go for broke:

MARTY

I saw a flower growing on the Moon.

STAN

You see it too?

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 to leave.

MARTY

Wait! Take me with you.

STAN

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

MARTY

Which means they know about the flower. Which means they know what this is all about...

YAMA

Are you nuts? You don't even know who this guy 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 depends on keeping me alive. I can be helpful.

Stan looks at him, dubious. Marty turns his back toward them, shooting a cocky wink over his shoulder. A moment later he spins around, holding his NOW DISABLED CUFFS up for them.

Stan's impressed. He considers, then disables the CONTAINMENT RING, nodding Marty for the door.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(off Yama)

I have to find that flower. You said it. We have a duty.

YAMA

How do you think you're getting out of here? Trash chutes?

(off Stan)

YAMA (CONT'D)

If you hack the doors they'll be on  
you like stink. Ironically, stink  
will also be on you like stink.

She argues with herself internally for a second, then pulls  
out her BASE ID BADGE from her sleeve.

YAMA (CONT'D)

Access to everywhere in Tranquility  
Station. Including trash chutes.

(off Marty)

For the Moon.

MARTY

Not *just* for the Moon.

Marty smiles and winks, they start to exit, but:

YAMA

(to Stan)

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. PILGRIM 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 St. John-Smythe calling  
for Foreign Minister Ravimurtha.  
Immediately.*

She glances out the WINDOWS at the Moon below. OFF HER:

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 BIOLUMINESCENT POLLEN 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's thick. TECHS and INVESTIGATORS examine everything. Ian and Gale are in the midst of it when Yama enters. She heads for the General, but he's mid-brief with Ian:

GALE

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

YAMA

Oh... They're not working together.

They turn to find Yama, 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)  
Doctor, snap to!

Gale grabs his daughter and guides her to the nearest chair as the DOCTOR comes rushing over.

YAMA

No no. I'm fine. You know, I accidentally took two caffeine pills and forgot I had a pot of coffee this morning.

As the Doc starts scanning her, Ian spots Yama 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 other 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 wrong.

Gale steps between them, but Ian's eyes never leave Yama.

GALE (CONT'D)

(to Yama)

No more coffee.

She gives a little nod. Ian pulls Gale aside.

IAN

Java jitters don't give people superhuman strength.

GALE

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

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

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.

IAN

Now we just have to trust each other.

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

32A EXT. MOON'S SURFACE

32A

A THREE-WHEELED AMERICAN MOON BUGGY kicks up dust as it rips across the surface of the Moon.

32B INT. MOON BUGGY

32B

Stan drives, Marty rides next to him.

MARTY

So what's the plan for getting in?

STAN

You're the guy smart enough to disable ion wrist restraints, you tell me.

MARTY

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

STAN

How did you get out of those cuffs?

MARTY

Silicone absorbs the electricity generated from the ions--

STAN

No electricity, no lock. Clever.

MARTY

Maybe we can just use the trash chutes again?

STAN

The Indians burn their trash.

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

STAN (CONT'D)

We're walking right through the front door.

Stan pulls out a little BLACK DEVICE, out of which a NEEDLE pops. Stan jams the needle into his chin. His grimace of pain contorts as his FLESH BEGINS TO RIPPLE.

When Marty looks over again -- Stan is suddenly the spitting image of the Indian Assassin!

MARTY

HOLY CRAP!

STAN

Relax, it's all part of the show.

MARTY

What about your clothes?

Stan just smiles as he takes the wheel back, tossing Marty's manacles at him.

STAN

Put these back on. You're bait. Try to look beat down.

32B CONTINUED: (2)

32B

MARTY

Like this?

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

STAN

Better.

33 EXT. MOKSHA 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. MOKSHA 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 FADES IN AND OUT IN HINDI, like a bad cell phone signal:

WOMAN'S VOICE

(in Hindi)

*Indra Ravimurtha ke liyea, jaldi  
jawab doo, bahut jarori rajnitak  
baat hai.*

CAMERA FINDS the source of the voice: Eve St. John-Smythe, a distorted, crackling hologram in front of one of the command consoles. She repeats in English:

EVE

This is Eve St. John-Smythe for  
Indra Ravimurtha. Please respond  
while this is still a diplomatic  
call.

ARMING AROUND, the DOOR to the CONTROL ROOM SWINGS OPEN to REVEAL MARTY and INDIAN-STAN standing in the hall just outside. The place is otherwise utterly, eerily empty.

Stan POPS HIS BLACK-BOX NEEDLE BACK INTO HIS CHIN, ERASING HIS INDIAN FACADE.

34 CONTINUED:

34

MARTY

You hit me for nothing. Where is everybody?

They move tentatively into the control room.

Stan picks up a broken mug, wary and curious. The floor is

littered with similar dropped items. He nods Marty to follow and they move into:

35 INT. MOKSHA 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?

His focus shifts between the STONE LION at the statue's base and Shiva himself, whose cold, stone eyes stare back.

\*  
\*

MARTY (CONT'D)

That thing's breathing on me.

Stan switches spots with Marty, immediately feels the "breath." Stan moves to the statue, examining the base.

\*

35 CONTINUED:

35

MARTY (CONT'D)

What are you looking for? \*

Stan glances back dismissively. \*

MARTY (CONT'D) \*

Oh. Ok. Let me just look for  
*something.* \*As Marty moves to the opposite side of the statue, Stan  
furtively allows an ELECTRONIC LOCK-PICK TO EXTEND FROM HIS  
MIDDLE FINGER into the LION'S HEAD on the STATUE'S BASE. A  
second later -- \*SKKKKHHHHH! A portion of the enormous effigy slides open,  
revealing a small egress. Stan smiles, nods Marty in. \*

MARTY (CONT'D)

I don't do first anymore.

Stan enters, Marty reluctantly following into:

36 INT. MOKSHA KILAA - CAVE SYSTEM

36

The 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:

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

FILIPOV

Tovarisch' Mayor ... pachemu serzhant v naruchnikah? I kto-

FILIPOV

*Comrade Major... why is the Sergeant in handcuffs? And who--*

TROFIM

Patamu chto on shpion.

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)

Vy vlozhili ustroystvo slezheniya v kol'tso, ne tak li? Kakoy partner delayet eto?

STAN

(to Trofim)

*You put a tracking device in the ring, didn't you? What kind of partner does that?*

CONTINUED:

TROFIM

Vidimo eta harasho, chto ya  
sdelal.

TROFIM

*Apparently it's a good thing  
I did.*

FILIPPOV  
Vy dvoye partnery?

FILIPPOV  
*You two are partners?*

MARTY (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

FILIPPOV  
Partnery v chem?

FILIPPOV  
*Partners in what?*

TROFIM  
My bol'she ne partnery.

TROFIM  
*We're not partners. Not any more.*

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Everybody's getting louder...

FILIPPOV  
(lightbulb)  
Oh moy Bog, vy oba shpiony.

FILIPPOV  
(lightbulb)  
*Oh my God, you're both spies.*

He stops and pulls his gun.

FILIPPOV (CONT'D)  
Sdatsa - vashe oruzhye, ser.

FILIPPOV (CONT'D)  
*Surrender your firearm,  
Comrade Major.*

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Whoa...

Trofim draws his gun.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Whoa!

STAN  
Vsem uspokoit'sya.

STAN  
*Everybody take it easy now.*

TROFIM  
Atstavit', ryadovoy. Eta prikaz.

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

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

MARTY (CONT'D)  
WHOA!

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

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. MOKSHA KILAA -- SANCTUARY 38

Filipov has his weapon trained on Stan and Trofim.

FILIPOV  
Kto-to dolzhen mne skazat',  
chto v  
nazvaniye Volga! Pachemu ya  
byl prosto atakovan ...  
dinozavrom?

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  
Vy sprashivayete, kak budto  
my znayem.

STAN  
*You ask that like we know.*

FILIPOV  
*Ne dvigat'sya!*

FILIPOV  
*DON'T MOVE!*

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 - CORRIDOR 39

Gale, Ian and a half-dozen SPACE MARINES move toward the entrance of the base, 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 rounding the bend in the hall.

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 why 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 a time.

GALE

So you're lying.

EVE

I'm stalling.

IAN

My experience on the Moon 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, 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!

As Ian ACTIVATES HIS HELMET, pressing through the Airlock with Gale and Marines in tow, CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MARTY, illuminated only by the glow of his helmet, he's equal parts terrified and confused. SERVOS WHIR and PNEUMATICS BUZZ AROUND him as he moves upward--

40 INT. THE GIANT ROBOT

40

--And is coughed out the SPHINCTER of a GIANT ESOPHAGUS, onto the PLUSH, PINK TONGUE of the T-REX. He bounces down the tongue, into a CUSHY SEAT built into the pulpy faux-flesh. To his shock--

YAMA is sitting right beside him, a little smug. Before he can speak, the CAPTAIN of this dinosaur, piloting via MOTION SENSITIVE BOOTS and GLOVES, intercedes:

MIKIKO

(in Japanese)

*Auto-Pilot.*

The dinosaur keeps walking as she stops her graceful dancing-in-place and turns to face Marty:

MIKIKO (CONT'D)

Lunar Japan welcomes you.

MIKIKO KOBAYASHI, 20-30, bows gracefully. Marty turns back to Yama for explanation.

YAMA

Still *just* for the Moon.

Mikiko opens a cupboard door in one of the T-Rex's teeth, pouring a cup of tea for Marty from the teapot within.

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. I have unlimited tools to build lots of toys. Besides T-Rex, I'm also building working replicas of Triceratops and Stegosaur so people on Earth with telescopes can look back in time to when dinosaurs ruled the Moon.

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. She's full of nothing but the blood and guts of Yama Winehart.

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 very possibly because of that same sap you absorbed. 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 Pilgrim Galactic. If he knows, it's a nano-second before Eve St. John-Smythe finds out, too.

MARTY

That's why you haven't told him? She's 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.

Stan tries to get the consoles working. Trofim supervises.

STAN

Pomnite, kogda Luna byla  
spokoynym mestom dlya  
bratskikh otnosheniy i  
romantiki?

(then)

My vseгда byli real'nyye, vy  
znayete...

TROFIM

(unamused)

Tvoi ruki dazhe ne  
nastoyashchiye. Kakaya chast'  
tebya nastoyashchaya? Dve'-  
tre'tikh? Odna-tre't'?

STAN

Nevezhlivo zadavat' vopros  
kale'ke'.

TROFIM

Tol'ko isprav' avariynny  
mayak.

STAN

My, ochevidno poluchili  
bol'she zdes' ispravlyat'.

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

TROFIM

Ty ne mozhesh ispravit' to,  
chto slomano do  
neuznavayemosti.

STAN

Ya nikogda ne lgal tebe.  
Nikogda. Ya upustil, ya  
uklonilsya --

TROFIM

Skol'kikh ofitserov ty  
soblaznil krome menya?

STAN

Ty soblaznil menya.

TROFIM

Ya dazhe ne znayu, kto ty!

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

*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

Golova v banke, s legkim,  
noga i polovina pecheni  
zamochny v  
formal'degide, do--

STAN

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

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

TROFIM

Poka amerikantsy ne soberut tebya snova. Vse dlya sokhraneniya dnevnoy tseny prodazhy vashey Rodiny.

TROFIM

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

STAN

Ya ne rabotayu dlya amerikantsev. Ya dazhe ne takoy shpion.

(beat, coming clean)

Ya rabotayu dlya Eve St. John-Smythe. Ona vernula mne moyu chelovechnost', i teper' my rabotayem, chtoby sokhranit' budushcheye chelovechestva na Lune v bezopasnosti.

STAN

*I don't work for the Americans. I'm not even that kind of spy.*

(beat, coming clean)

*I work for Eve St. John-Smythe. She gave me back my humanity and now we work to keep humanity's future on the Moon secure.*

TROFIM

Tvoya chelovechnost', eto predatel'stvo.

(just a pluck of regret:)

I ty budesh' poveshen za eto.

TROFIM

*Your idealism is treason.*

(just a pluck of regret:)

*And you'll hang for it.*

OFF STAN:

42 INT. MOKSHA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY

42

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

THE ODD-SHAPED SHADOW ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HIM BEGINNING TO MOVE. It MOVES AGAIN, MULTIPLE LIMBS becoming apparent, like the arms of a dancing Shiva. Filipov notices, freezes, then looks up slowly as the sashaying shadow creeps closer.

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

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

43

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

44 INT. MOKSHA KILAA (INDIAN BASE) - SANCTUARY

44

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

TROFIM

Yevo ruki ne dolzhny delat'  
eto.

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:

CUT TO:

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

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

Gale, Eve and the Marines are with him. Gale shoots a sidelong glance at the three-wheeled American Moon Buggy Stan and Marty stole. As they all march in, wary, UPCUT TO:

46 INT. MOKSHA KILAA -- CONTROL ROOM 46

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

Ian inspects the console Stan was working on moments before.

GALE

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

IAN

Somebody else had the same idea.  
Russians.

Eve examines a separate console, finding a SHEAF OF PAPER IN A DRAWER. She slips it into her collar before anyone notices.

EVE

I'm going to search the Ambassador's office.

GALE

Corporal, Private. Escort Miss St. John-Smythe.

Ian, eyeballing her, has spotted something.

IAN

No. I'll go.

GALE

Keep a weather eye open for wayward Indians.

47 INT. MOKSHA KILAA -- SANCTUARY 47

Eve moves warily through the large room. Deep enough in, Ian catches up with her. \*

IAN

You're hiding something. \*

EVE

You'll have to be more specific. \*

IAN

What did you find back there?

\*

Eve smiles a little, caught. She procures a SMALL BLACK SHEAF of REAL PAPER from the garter beneath her dress.

\*

\*

EVE

Oxygen logs. But 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 looks over Ian's shoulder as he rifles through it.

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.

IAN

Maybe we're being poisoned right now.

EVE

Maybe you are.

Eve's hairpin coughs exhaust. She smiles: Ian's on his own. Neither notices as--

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 RAVIMURTHA  
Sir -- What happened here? Darkness...

EVE  
Where are the others?

RAVIMURTHA  
They're here. Eyes... in the  
darkness. 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 ceiling above has been replaced by

HUNDREDS OF DISEMBODIED HUMAN EYES LOOKING DOWN UPON THEM.

As Eve matches his gaze, DOZENS AND DOZENS MORE EYEBALLS  
START POPPING OPEN, STARING DOWN IN TERRIFYING JUDGMENT.

OFF THESE EYES IN THE DARKNESS:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

48 INT. MOKSHA 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	TROFIM
Pachemu ano dalzhno astanavit'sya? Mozhet byt', on byl zagruzhen v transport ili --	<i>Why would it stop? Maybe he was loaded onto a transport or --</i>

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 of 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. MOKSHA KILAA -- SANCTUARY 49

They head for the Control Room door. Trofim glances back toward the monster behind them. \*

TROFIM	TROFIM (CONT'D)	
Ispol'zuy svai asobye' ruki!	<i>Use your fancy hands!</i>	*

STAN	STAN (CONT'D)	
Ispol'zuy svai asobye nogi!	<i>Use your fancy legs!</i>	*

49 CONTINUED:

49

Trofim nods and runs harder. The HISSING behind loudens as the MONSTER POPS into existence nearly on top of them. Stan and Trofim barrel right into:

\*  
\*  
\*

50 INT. MOKSHA 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 dinosaur 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)  
Otkroy dver'.

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, Ian 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 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

The Earth cannot -- CANNOT -- survive without the Moon.

(MORE)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

JONES (CONT'D)

So you damn well better deliver me  
some answers soon and keep this  
Quarantine 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 focused on the windows, watching the T-  
Rex's now LONG, ROBUST ARMS 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. Your  
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 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. I just wish my brain was big enough for both of us...

He looks down a little, feeling for his brother.

YAMA

Sounds like regret.

Marty 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. CAMERA DISCOVERS MIKIKO, UNHELMETED and UNMOVING with A PIECE OF ROBOT PROTRUDING 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 in the three-wheeled American Moon Buggy that Stan stole. Stan offers Trofim his canteen.

STAN

Chto? Ty pozvolish' se'be'  
ume're't' ot obezvozhvaniya,  
mne nazlo?

STAN

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

Trofim relents, takes a swig. Stan looks relieved.

TROFIM

Kuda my ide'm? My ne mozhem  
vernut'sa v Rossiyu.

TROFIM

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

STAN

Amerikantsy, razumeyetsya, ne  
brosyat otkrytye dveri v  
blizhayshee' vre'mya.

STAN

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

Trofim shakes his head.

TROFIM

Ya ne' magu side't' i  
smotre't', kak ty predae'sh'  
mayu stranu. Ya takzhe ne'  
magu vernut' tebya ili ty  
budesh kaznye'n.

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

Ty mozhesh' prisoyedinit'sa  
ko mne.

STAN

*You could join me.*

TROFIM

Ya ne predatel'.

TROFIM

*I'm not a traitor.*

STAN

Amerikantsy i rusскиye vsegda  
pytayutsya ubit' drug druga.  
Eto ne vpiisyvayetsya v  
utopiyu  
Eve St. John-Smythe's,  
poetomu ona  
sokhranyayet mir. So mnoy.

STAN

*The Americans and Russians  
have been trying to kill each  
other forever. That doesn't  
fit into Eve St. John-  
Smythe's utopia, so she keeps  
the peace. With me.*

TROFIM

Dumayu, vy dolzhny sledit' za  
indiytami.

TROFIM

*Guess you should've been  
watching the Indians.*

STAN

Po etomu my i nabirayem.

STAN

*That's why we're hiring.*

TROFIM

Blagorodnye' de'la nosyat  
sub"ektivnyy kharakter, i Ya  
vsegda budu predan svoey  
strane.

TROFIM

*Noble causes are subjective,  
and I'll always be loyal to  
my country.*

Trofim leans back, rubbing his head, suddenly feeling woozy.

TROFIM

Tak, chto ya dolzhen de'lat'?

TROFIM

*So what am I supposed to do?*

STAN

Zabud' vse eto. Eto  
yedinstvennyy sposob vse'  
ispravit'.

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)

Posledniye dvadtsat' chetyre  
chasa uydu, kogda ty  
prosнеш'sya.

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:

The Pilgrim Galactic Shuttle races over the surface.

Ian sits silently beside Gale. Eve leans on railing nearby,  
studying them. SPACE MARINES dot the cabin.

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 it's our allegiance to secrets and lies that landed us in this 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 leans close to him. When their helmets touch, THE PLASMA  
AROUND EACH FUSES INTO ONE BIG BUBBLE, SURROUNDING THEM BOTH.  
The result is a very intimate closeness.

SUIT

Oxygen transfer in progress.

MARTY

What are you doing? You're gonna  
need all the oxygen you can --

YAMA

It's just a couple extra minutes.

They share a moment. Marty moves in for a kiss...

But Yama pulls away, HELMETS SEPARATING AGAIN. Marty's lips meet plasma with a small FZZT! of electricity.

YAMA (CONT'D)

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!

Marty slows down his breathing, tries to stay calm as she bolts away. We stay with Yama as she heads to a fork in the tunnel. She does a quick, internal eeny-meeneey-miney, takes a deep breath and plunges in. As her light recedes into the darkness--

ANGLE ON MARTY. Breathing slowly. In the pitch blackness, in the aloneness, it's impossible to know how much time is passing. The red light in his helmet starts blinking again... going faster and faster, until --

It stops. 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.

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

Gale reels around, moving toward the wider mouth of the cave and trying to guess which of the myriad of tunnels his daughter may have taken. 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

One 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.

CONTINUED:

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