

REGOLITH

written by

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This is not based on real events or people or ideologies.

## INT. LECTURE THEATER

A NASA lecture theater full of bright-eyed astronauts listens intently, whilst a man paces up and down behind a lectern, yelling and gesticulating wildly. That man is former astronaut and moon walker NEIL ARMSTRONG.

NEIL ARMSTRONG

In summary, remember the three tenets of moon survival. One: choose your moon weapon wisely. Two: wear your moon glasses at all times. And three: show those damn commies what they're up against. Make no mistake, my friends. The soviet union is a machine. A machine that turns people into corpses, rendering their flesh for fuel, that seeks only to propagate itself. But fear not, I say. Because one day, we will live on the moon, we will have sex on the moon, and we will have children on the moon, moon children, and the moon will belong to America forever. Does anyone have any questions?

A single hand goes up at the back of the room. It's the hand of DOOMED ASTRONAUT MIKE SMITH.

NEIL ARMSTRONG

Yes?

MIKE

What is it like being on the moon? Cut all the bullshit. We're not the press. Tell us the truth. What's it really like up there?

Neil furrows his brow, deep in thought.

NEIL ARMSTRONG

The truth is... it's like a paradise. Beyond words or feelings. Life here is empty, by comparison. This place is dead. Poisoned. The poison kills everything it touches...

Armstrong trails off, muttering something about poison under his breath.

MIKE

Mr Armstrong?

Armstrong starts, as if being woken from a trance.

NEIL ARMSTRONG  
 What? Oh, uh, class dismissed.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA CORRIDOR  
 As Armstrong exits the lecture theater, he notices Mike, standing at odds with the rush of young astronauts, organising his notes. He approaches Mike for some astronaut posturing.

NEIL ARMSTRONG.  
 So. You're the new generation of moon men.

MIKE  
 Yes, that's right.

He sniffs.

NEIL ARMSTRONG  
 I can smell it. You're weak. You won't last three days up there.

MIKE  
 I don't respect you, Neil. I don't respect anyone but myself.

NEIL  
 You're nobody. You respect nobody.

MIKE  
 Go change your piss bag, or whatever it is you people do. You'll never stop me. I'm going to the moon, and you'll never stop me.

NEIL ARMSTRONG  
 (quietly)  
 I had a vision. A vision from god. It told me that you would destroy everything, Mike Schmidt. That you would destroy the moon itself.

MIKE  
 Maybe I will.

Mike spits. Neil, with sudden and uncharacteristic energy, pulls a tiny bronze statue of himself out of his pocket and tries to clobber Mike with it. He manages to hit Mike on the head, but Mike shrugs it off. As a crowd forms around them, Mike pulls out his own moon weapon, a shiny large-caliber revolver, and shoots Neil in the leg. Neil struggles, then collapses on the floor, leaving a trail of astronaut blood on the space-age linoleum. He's in immense pain.

## INT. WERNER VON BRAUN'S OFFICE

Mike is one of seven people waiting in a large, wood-panelled office. The other six are doomed astronauts RON MCNAIR, ELLLISON ONIZUKA, GREGORY JARVIS, CHRISTA MCAULLIFE, JUDITH RESNICK and DICK SCOBEE. Most are sat down, but Judith is examining the various decorations. Model rockets. Framed diagrams of propulsion systems. A picture of Von Braun shaking hands with Adolf Hitler.

JUDITH

If it were me, I would put this picture away.

DICK

Don't read too much into it, Judith. All the German scientists were drafted into rocketry programmes. He likely didn't have a choice.

Judith moves along the row of pictures. The next is of Von Braun standing outside Auschwitz and giving a big thumbs up to the camera

JUDITH

What about this one?

DICK

That one is, uh... well, it's harder to justify, but I think I will get there eventually.

Judith pays him no heed, moving to a display of an ornate japanese katana. As she's examining it, a voice comes across the intercom.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

You like my Moon Weapon, Dr. Resnick?

JUDITH

No.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

Perhaps you are not cultured enough to fully appreciate it! What you are looking at is a Japanese katana, forged from superior Japanese steel, folded a thousand times. Honourable and deadly. The perfect moon weapon.

JUDITH

Either some poor samurai stabbed himself with this, or you bought it on the shopping channel. It's sad either way. Just a different kind of sad.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

I have called you here today to inform you that you have all been selected for the delayed Challenger mission. Dick Scobee will be your commander, and Mike Smith will be your pilot. I was very impressed with your performance against Neil Armstrong, Mr. Smith. You will launch on January 28th, if weather conditions permit. Please do your best to welcome Christa McAuliffe, the first teacher in space.

(Christa smiles, waves)

I will supply you with more information soon, but do you have any immediate questions?

JUDITH

What is our mission?

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

Oh, the usual. You are to launch a TDRS, land on the moon, and spend two weeks 'scouting for rare earth metals'.

MIKE

Earth metals? On the moon? Don't be ridiculous, man.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

At every scouting site, you are expected to plant at least one american flag. And if you should happen to discover any secret soviet moon bases, you must be prepared to use your moon weapons and fight to defend the moon at any cost. Oh, and one more thing...

A compartment on Von Braun's desk slides open. Inside are seven pairs of glasses with transparent lenses.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

These are moon glasses. Once you leave Earth's atmosphere, you MUST wear them, and leave them on until you return. The moon gives out harmful radiation that can damage your eyesight. These glasses will protect you. Do not, I repeat, DO NOT take them off, not even for a moment.

Everyone takes a pair of glasses. Some try them on - nothing seems different.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
Mein astronauts, we are counting on  
you to find those metals. Good luck  
and blast off.

INT. ELLISON'S HOUSE

Ellison, an unassuming but quietly intense man, sits at his kitchen table, drinking a coffee, sitting across from his friend BART SIEBEL. Ellison's apartment is untidy, full of papers, stacks of books, and notice boards.

BART  
Where do you think they'll send you?

ELLISON  
What? To the moon.

BART  
Come on, Ellison. You can't seriously expect me to believe that the moon is REAL. Maybe they'll plug you into some incredibly sophisticated computer simulation. Or maybe they'll give you a big wad of cash to pretend that you've been to the moon, and you'll get to meet Stanley Kubrick and stuff.

ELLISON  
Bart, I have no reason to believe that the moon isn't real.

BART  
Then why did you call me?

ELLISON  
I wanted to know if you knew anything about celestial beings.

BART  
What?

ELLISON  
You know. Moon angels. Be not afraid, human. Et cetera.

BART  
Ellison, I don't have a damned clue what you're talking about.

ELLISON  
When the old testament describes creatures descending from the heavens and communicating with humans, it's not describing some  
(MORE)

ELLISON (CONT'D)

abstract place. It's describing the moon. Angels are celestial beings, creatures that live on the moon, that descended from space in order to bring messages from God. I need to find them, Bart. I need to talk to them. I need to find out what happened to God. Ever since Operation Olive Tree, everything has felt off, everything has felt wrong, somehow. The angels are the last possible link we could have to God.

BART

You've lost it.

ELLISON

I've lost it? You once told me that Bigfoot was real and you saw him in a 7/11 and he tried to walk out with a bunch of Milky Ways without paying.

BART

You can't *disprove* bigfoot. We just don't have the technology to properly prove him right now. Thirty years from now, cameras will be the size of buttons and will produce such incredible images that we will have thousands of perfect bigfoot pictures. But the moon can't be proved to be real. It disappeared. Once, in 1972, and again in 1978. It blinked out of existence, vanished like a light being turned off. There are eyewitness accounts of this happening.

ELLISON

What are you suggesting? That the moon is some kind of projection? That doesn't make any sense. People have been looking at the moon for millenia!

BART

But who's to say? What makes you think the moon they were looking at is the same one that we're looking at?

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Ron is standing in a garden. The moon radiates a bright, cold light, illuminating everything. He wanders over to a

fast-flowing stream, and watches lotus blossoms drop into the water and get lost in the current. He crosses a bridge, and walks for what feels like miles, soon realising that the garden stretches on into infinity. It's filled with carved stone idols, with soulless, human-like features. Walking onward, he comes to an ocean, and sees an image of the moon reflected in the rippling water. Peering beneath the surface, he sees destroyed spires, columns, and buildings - a sunken city. In the ripples, he thinks he can make out a mass of writhing worms just below the surface. Faces in the water, far beneath the waves. A malevolent presence far below the shimmering surface. Panicking, seeking annihilation, he plunges himself into the ocean, toward the sunken city and the writhing worms, and begins to drown.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT

Ron wakes up, bolt upright in his bed, gasping for air. He's lying in bed, in his apartment. Motley-looking teddy bear to his side. Pale moonlight seeps in around the edge of the blinds, He closes his eyes and tries to get back to sleep, but he can't, After a while, he gets dressed and heads outside.

EXT. STREET

Standing at the front of his apartment building, he gazes up at the moon. In his pocket, he finds the protective glasses given to him by Von Braun. He tries them on, looking up towards the moon. Squinting, he sees something unusual. He tries with and without the glasses just to check. With the glasses on, he can see two moons. Almost in the same spot, but not quite.

INT. NASA CAFETERIA

The NASA cafeteria bustles with activity. Ron, Ellison, Christa and Mike are having lunch and idly talking about the mission.

MIKE

Houston's a dump. I won't miss it.  
Hey, Ron, can I have some of your  
corned beef hash?

Mike doesn't wait for Ron's approval, and instead just starts eating food directly from his tray.

ELLISON

I see more homeless people every  
week. There's so many, I've started  
naming them.

RON

(awkwardly sitting there  
while Mike eats his food)  
Do you ever feel bad that we're  
going to sleep on the moon and they  
have to sleep out there in the  
street?

MIKE

No. That's a very reductive way of  
thinking. They will benefit in  
intangible ways from the fact that  
we are on the moon.

ELLISON

Yeah. Who needs a house when you  
have intangible benefits?

CHRISTA

They always look so despondent.  
Maybe if they started being happier,  
they'd be able to find a home. Like  
dogs at the pound.

MIKE

(mouth full)  
Well, if they can't hack it here, I  
say put 'em on a bus and drive 'em  
to the Soviet Union. This is  
America. We have standards. Get a  
damn job.

RON

Have any of you looked at the moon  
through your glasses?

CHRISTA

No. Why do you ask?

RON

I know this is going to sound weird,  
but I can see two moons. It's like  
there are two moons, overlaid on top  
of one another.

Ellison says nothing, but he suddenly starts paying a lot  
more attention.

RON (CONT'D)

I know, it sounds silly. But I can't  
help but think - why would there be  
two moons? If the glasses block  
harmful radiation, why can I see  
more stuff through them? It doesn't  
make sense.

## INT. NASA LIBRARY

Judith enters the NASA archives, a small, tall room packed with shelving units, stacked with books and spiral-bound papers, bisected by narrow corridors. In the corner, some desks and machines for reading microfilms. After some browsing, she grabs an enormous technical manual, sits down, and takes a tofu sandwich out of her bag. Before taking the first bite, she notices Ellison, deep in thought, hunched over some very old records.

JUDITH

Ellison?

With a start, Ellison adopts a defensive posture around the papers.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

ELLISON

I work here!

JUDITH

No, I mean, what are you reading? No offense, but you don't really seem like the academic type.

Judith peers.

JUDITH

The USS Eldridge?

ELLISON

If I don't tell you, will you leave me alone?

JUDITH

No.

Ellison sighs.

ELLISON

I have this friend who thinks that the moon is a hoax. I'm trying to prove him wrong. I've got five bucks on it. That's a lotta Oh Henry! bars.

JUDITH

That shouldn't be hard. It's right there in the sky.

ELLISON

He thinks it's a hoax because it disappeared twice in the 1970s. Or  
(MORE)

ELLISON (CONT'D)  
so he says. I can't find any  
evidence for that here...

JUDITH  
But?

ELLISON  
Well, they have this declassified  
dossier on the Philadelphia  
Experiment. Why would they have it  
here at NASA?

JUDITH  
The Philadelphia Experiment?

ELLISON  
In 1943, the US Navy was working on  
some highly experimental stealth  
technology. They decided to test it  
on a warship called the USS  
Eldridge, which was stationed in  
Philadelphia at the time. Not the  
whole warship, you understand, just  
an object on board. But the object  
in question turned everything that  
it touched invisible, and soon the  
whole ship turned invisible. Not  
only that, several of the crewmates  
apparently fused into the bulkheads,  
some got turned inside out, and some  
never turned visible again. It was,  
by all accounts, a complete  
disaster. Apparently the navy was  
worried that the technology could  
turn the entire planet invisible. So  
they put it on ice, indefinitely.

JUDITH  
You think that NASA turned the moon  
invisible with experimental stealth  
technology? Jeez, I wish I hadn't  
asked now.

ELLISON  
I'm not saying it DID happen. But it  
could have.

JUDITH  
No, it couldn't. It's physically  
impossible.

ELLISON  
Well, why else would NASA have a  
dossier on an obscure experiment  
conducted by the US Navy 40 years  
(MORE)

ELLISON (CONT'D)  
 ago? Why keep it here in the first place? They're up to something, I think. Von Braun is up to something.

JUDITH  
 Well, you're right about that, at least. That guy really ticks me off.

ELLISON  
 You know he hasn't been seen in public for 6 years? What if he's invisible?

The door to the archives is flung open by Ron, who is out-of-breath and clearly somewhat panicked. The others stare at him expectantly.

RON  
 Have you heard?

ELLISON  
 Heard what?

RON  
 (with dread)  
 Ronald Raygun is coming.

EXT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER ENTRANCE - DAY

As the Texas sun beats down, NASA minions are hurriedly rolling out a red carpet. Important people are straightening ties and collars. The enormous bulletproof presidential car rolls in and the door opens. A doddering old man - RONALD RAYGUN, gets out, and peers at his surroundings, as if temporarily startled by the sun. His wife, NANCY RAYGUN, gets out as well, and gives him a little push. He begins to walk down the red carpet, giving a combination of waves, salutes and handshakes.

RONALD RAYGUN  
 Thank you for such a warm welcome. This is truly the America of my postage stamps. A little house on the hill.

He stops by the astronauts, who have been lined up to greet him.

RONALD RAYGUN  
 Are you my stuntmen? Nancy, get me the producer. These people don't look a thing like me. I don't do my own stunts anymore. We all remember the incident. Bonzo would've killed me then and there, Nancy.

NANCY RAYGUN  
 Ronald, these are astronauts.

He stares at them for a moment without a glimmer of recognition.

RONALD RAYGUN  
 I see. Live long and prosper.

He passes them by and vacantly walks inside. A crowd of NASA personnel and journalists follow.

INT. WERNER VON BRAUN'S OFFICE

Dick Scobee standing, hands on Von Braun's desk, yelling.

DICK  
 I will not have that man on my moon mission! He's ignorant, insolent, and irresponsible! He's the three 'I's!

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
 You may be commander, Mr. Scobee, but I select who is on the mission, and I have selected Mike Smith.

DICK  
 He put Neil Armstrong in the hospital!

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
 Yes. It was most impressive, from what I am told. He will be a great moon fighter.

Just then, the door flies upon, and Mike Smith is standing in the frame.

MIKE  
 If you've got something to say, Scobee, say it to my face.

DICK  
 Okay. You are a menace to the people of this fine organisation and a liability to the mission, and I will do EVERYTHING in my power to have you removed from it, Mr. Schmidt.

Mike narrows his eyes, and strides in.

MIKE  
 I am going to the moon, Dick. There's nothing you can do to stop me. And when I get there, I'm going  
 (MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

to drop a hammer and a feather at the exact same time, and finally prove that jerk Galileo wrong.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

Silence! Both of you! Ronald Raygun is on his way right now! I need you spaceship-shape and ready for interviews, do you understand? If I do not do what he says, he will covertly sell weapons to my enemies until one of them kills me! I have made too many enemies, Mr. Scobee! Too many!

At that moment, Ronald Raygun flings open the doors to Von Braun's office. Silhouetted against the bright lights of the corridor, fire burning in his eyes, he looks like the spectre of late capitalism. Mike and Dick move aside with presidential deference.

RONALD RAYGUN

Von Braun? Where the hell are you!?

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

Mein President! What brings you to this fine organisation?

RONALD RAYGUN

I... don't know. Where are you? I want to talk to you!

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

What is it, Mein President?

RONALD RAYGUN

I want to talk to you face-to-face, man-to-man, like we did in the good old days. Where are you? You're speaking to me through some kind of... mechanical device, and I don't like it!

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)

Apologies, mein president. I am not able to see you in person.

Ronald Raygun yells like an ape and pushes a single chair over.

RONALD RAYGUN

(shouting)

Curse you, Von Braun! You owe us big time! Quit hiding and come out! I need to talk to you about those damn

(MORE)

RONALD RAYGUN (CONT'D)  
 commies in space! I need to know  
 that you're on my side!

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
 Mein president, what are your  
 orders? I will carry them out  
 without question! Completely and  
 without interrogating their ethics  
 or viability! I swear!

RONALD RAYGUN  
 I want the Challenger to launch on  
 time this time! The ruskies are  
 beating us, god damn it, I could  
 swear it on my president's bones.  
 Every day I get up and I spit in my  
 president's spit jar, and one day,  
 many years from now, I'm going to  
 take that to Mr. Gorbachev and I'm  
 going to pour it on his fat, bald  
 head. Do you understand me?

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
 Mein president, the weather  
 conditions are not optimal! It will  
 not be safe to launch unless the  
 temperature improves!

RONALD RAYGUN  
 You're a smart guy! Big rocket  
 scientist brain! Figure it out!  
 Figure it out! Figure it out!

He keeps chanting and slamming his fists on Von Braun's  
 ornate table.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S.)  
 Mr. Raygun, perhaps we could  
 continue this conversation another  
 time? You are due to appear on  
 television in five minutes.

RONALD RAYGUN  
 (calm)  
 You're right. My duty calls. But  
 I'll be back, I'll always be back.  
 I'll never go away. Not even after  
 I'm dead.

Raygun leaves, and the media circus leaves with him. Dick,  
 Mike and Ron follow. Just at that moment, Ellison, Judith,  
 Christa and Gregory arrive, only to find the office  
 deserted.

WERNER VON BRAUN (O.S)  
Curse that old man! He is going to  
ruin everything.

INT. NASA CONFERENCE ROOM

Ronald Raygun, some publicity people, and the remaining astronauts (Mike, Ron and Dick) are assembled in the conference room, surrounded by TV cameras and flash photography. Raygun is staring vacantly.

RONALD RAYGUN  
My fellow Americans, space is a layer cake filled with a dark vacuum, swirling inside a mass of interplanetary dust and rocket fuel. Every day, the commies prepare to make their stake in it. They think they should all own a piece of space, a tiny piece of the soul of the universe. Well, I say, enough is enough. Proud Americans should not let space be partitioned like this. We discovered it, and we can destroy it if we want to. The moon is ours, and we intend to prove it. I, for one, commend the sacrifices that these brave astronauts have made, or will make. They lay down their lives for the good of us all.

The camera crews focus on the three astronauts.

MIKE  
Thank you, President Raygun. I am truly honoured to have this opportunity. Let's show those ruskies what we're made of.

He flashes his revolver.

RON  
Excuse me. Isn't this a scientific mission?

MIKE  
Shut up, Ron.

DICK  
As commander of this mission, I will do whatever is possible to prevent the unnecessary loss of life.

RONALD RAYGUN  
Be careful, astronauts. Sometimes, lives must be lost. Those  
(MORE)

RONALD RAYGUN (CONT'D)  
 duplicitous ruskies. They're definitely up there now, scheming, plotting... Once, many years ago, we sent four astronauts up to space, and five came back down. Five astronauts! Now you tell me, could that be anything but a commie plot?

MIKE  
 No, sir. That won't happen on my watch. I'll shoot anything that moves.

RONALD RAYGUN  
 Good man.

RON  
 Hi mom!

DICK  
 McNair! Be professional.

RONALD RAYGUN  
 And so, I say to you astronauts, good luck on your trip to the final frontier. Be strong and blast off. I know that you...  
 He trails off, fixated on something outside the window. He begins walking out of the conference room, towards an exterior door leading to a courtyard. The TV crews follow him.

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR

Ellison, Judith, Christa and Gregory are following a cable conduit. It leads them into a dimly lit maintenance corridor, unpainted breeze block walls, cables and ducts on the ceiling.

JUDITH  
 Ellison, are you sure this is a good idea? Maybe they're hiding Von Braun for a good reason.

ELLISON  
 No. This is definitely not a good idea. But I have to know. Whatever's at the end of this cable, I want answers. God damn it.

CHRISTA  
 I think it's quaint. Sort of a rustic decor.

Finally, they come to a door, unmarked and unassuming. Ellison tries it. It's locked. He motions for them to move aside, then produces his own moon weapon - a huge ice pick - and absolutely obliterates it.

INT. VON BRAUN'S REAL OFFICE

The two step into a darkened room, filled with humming electromechanical devices and trickling fluids. In the center of the room is a huge glass vat. Inside the vat, floating in an unknown liquid, is a human brain, nervous system, and a pair of eyes - a ribbony mess of white fibers, floating in the liquid. Disconcertingly, as they enter, the eyes swivel round to look at them.

WERNER VON BRAUN

Ah! Get away! I do not look my best.

ELLISON

Oh my god. Bart was right.

Christa looks away and dry-heaves. Ellison and Judith look on, aghast.

JUDITH

Holy moses.

WERNER VON BRAUN

Ah, so embarrassing! I had hoped nobody would have to see me like this. It is not very aryan, you see; I am made from foul flesh. Inferior genes.

CHRISTA

I almost felt sorry for him.

JUDITH

What the hell happened here?

WERNER VON BRAUN

About 10 years ago, I was diagnosed with a most terrible ailment. Heart and body disease. It started in my kidneys, but it soon spread throughout my body. Everything it touched, it corrupted. But you see, NASA needed me. They needed my brain. So... they extracted it.

ELLISON

While I've got you here. I have a couple of questions. About life on the moon. And the moon disappearances. And, if you've got time, the JFK assassination, the illuminati, and new Coke.

WERNER VON BRAUN

I owe you nothing! Besides, Raygun will be here soon. I need to look my best. Can you please polish my tube and then leave?

Ellison wanders over to Von Braun's container and taps on the glass.

WERNER VON BRAUN

Ow! Please, stop! That hurts! My nerves... they are sensitive.

ELLISON

Tell me everything you know! Was the moon really invisible? Why did they do it?

WERNER VON BRAUN

I am sorry, I am ignorant! I am a rocket scientist, I do not know what they do on the moon.

Ellison taps on the glass. Well, thumps it. Von Braun yelps in pain.

WERNER VON BRAUN

Okay! Okay!

ELLISON

Tell me everything you know! Or I swear to God, I'll break this glass.

Von Braun hesitates.

WERNER VON BRAUN

The first time they turned the moon invisible, then visible again. The second time, they turned it invisible, then turned on the projection. I do not know why they use the projection, but nobody has seen the real moon since 1978. As for life on the moon - I know nothing! If you want to know the truth, visit Dr. Harrison Schmidt. He's at the Jefferson Davis Hospital. Now please! Get away from the glass!

CHRISTA

Ellison, can you catch me up? I think I'm a little out of the loop.

ELLISON

There are aliens on the moon. I  
(MORE)

ELLISON (CONT'D)

think NASA has been hiding them from the world - maybe by turning the moon invisible, and replacing it with a projection. It's a big conspiracy. I can't believe it. I was right! I was right all along!

CHRISTA

That doesn't sound right.

JUDITH

This can't be everything. You're the Top Man at NASA. You're still hiding something!

She starts rifling through the various storage units. But she finds nothing of use, just VHS tapes.

JUDITH

What the hell is this? The guy doesn't have a single document or book in this whole room.

She opens one of the VHS cases.

JUDITH

Mobile Suit... Zeta Gundam?

WERNER VON BRAUN

It's this new show I've been watching. It's about big robots that fight one another in space but really it's about the politics of war and stuff. One day, I dream that I might construct a gundam of my own. 70 feet tall with chainguns for arms and a titanium endoskeleton constructed with superior german engineering!

EXT. NASA COURTYARD

Vacantly, Ronald Raygun approaches a tree, Nancy in tow. He looks up and starts jumping, holding his arms out. There's a balloon caught in the tree, but he can't reach it. Seeing this, Mike immediately starts climbing the tree, trying to reach the balloon.

Watching from afar, Ron takes the glasses out of his pocket and looks through them. Everything looks the same... except Nancy. There's something off about her. Her skin has the texture of uncooked dough. She's looking away from Ron, toward her husband in the tree, but as Ron watches her, she begins to turn her head around. Her eyes are dark and her sockets deep, her skin wrinkled and distorted, her mouth sunken. She looks straight at Ron, those deep, dark,

inhuman eyes staring into his soul. Nobody else seems to notice what's happening. Startled, he removes the glasses. Nancy is just standing there, facing away from him, watching Mike try and climb a tree. Ron gets the hell out of there, and doesn't look back.

Mike, meanwhile, eventually reaches the balloon, unsnags it, climbs back down, and hands it triumphantly to Raygun, who is overjoyed.

RONALD RAYGUN

Incredible work, son. You have done a true service to this country. When you get back from space, I owe you a personal favour.

MIKE

It's an honour, Mr. President.

NANCY RAYGUN

Mr. Smith, thank you. Can you tell me... who was that man over there? The one who was with you?

MIKE

Uh... Ron? Ron McNair?

NANCY RAYGUN

Ron McNair. I see. Thank you.

RONALD RAYGUN

Nancy, can we go home? I'm tired now, and America needs my afternoon nap.

NANCY RAYGUN

Of course, dear.

She leads him away from the tree and toward the exit. Mike watches them go.

MIKE

God, I'm good.

INT. NASA CAFETERIA

Everyone, save for Dick Scobee, is eating lunch, and discussing the events of previous days.

JUDITH

We left after we found his VHS tape collection. The guy wouldn't shut the hell up. We had to politely excuse ourselves.

ELLISON

It was mostly a bust. But we did get-

MIKE

(interrupting)

What have you got there, Judith?

JUDITH

It's a Tofu sandwich.

MIKE

(cupping hands around mouth)

Gay.

JUDITH

Mike, I want you to know that you WILL die alone.

MIKE

I will probably die doing something incredibly heroic and cool, Judith. Something that your big genius brain won't even be able to comprehend.

Gregory lights a cigarette. As far as anyone can tell, that's his lunch.

ELLISON

You don't eat meat? Not even beef?

JUDITH

No. No rational being would harm an animal for food. Besides, the idea of eating dead flesh makes me feel sick.

MIKE

If you were in a life-or-death survival situation, would you eat meat?

JUDITH

Yes, probably. Do you have any other stupid questions?

MIKE

Do you always eat Tofu or do you sometimes eat other terrible and flavourless foods?

JUDITH

For the past year, I have been trying to formulate a nutrient paste. Though I've not been successful so far.

MIKE

Pfft. Nutrient paste. You think you're so much better than me. All I can say is, we'll see if that's really true. When we get to the moon, we'll see if you can handle it or not. But don't come running to me when the ruskies arrive. Or the moon aliens. Whatever.

ELLISON

We're not going to be attacked by moon aliens. They are angelic beings!

Mike finishes his burger and takes a big bite out of Ron's.

MIKE

(mouth full)

This is crap. Aliens, moon projections, all of it. It's just a crazy conspiracy theory, probably cooked up by the ruskies to sow discord among us.

ELLISON

The launch isn't until the 28th. When we go to the moon, I want to know what I'm up against. I say we pay a visit to Dr. Harrison Schmidt.

JUDITH

Dammit, Ellison. I'll come.

Everyone else sits there in silence.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

What, the rest of you have better things to do?

MIKE

If I wanted to go to the asylum I'd visit my dad.

Gregory blows a few smoke rings in Mike's direction.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(with some pride)

He was a prolific poisoner.

CHRISTA

I'll come. I've always wanted to visit an asylum.

RON

I don't know, Judith. Asylums freak me out.

MIKE

Don't worry, Ron. You are American. You are invincible. Like Superman, or GI Joe, or Jesus.

INT. ASYLUM LOBBY

Ellison, Ron and Judith enter the asylum foyer. It's a gorgeous but austere building, with ornate tiled walls and floors, beautiful in a way, but badly in need of repair. Ron approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

RON

Hello. We'd like to visit Harrison Schmidt.

RECEPTIONIST

It's not visiting hours. Also, we don't do visits.

RON

Please! It's urgent! We have to talk to Dr. Schmidt.

ELLISON

It's official NASA business.

RECEPTIONIST

Hey, rules are rules. You're astronauts, not cops.

The receptionist sits there for a second, then changes her tune.

RECEPTIONIST

Although, perhaps if you hook me up with my old friend Andrew Jackson, I might make an exception.

Ron thinks for a moment.

RON

M'am, I am very sorry, but Andrew Jackson is dead.

Judith rolls her eyes, pulls a twenty dollar bill out of her purse and slides it across the desk. The receptionist pockets it, then looks through the patient records.

RECEPTIONIST

Ward E. Room 49. Take as long as you like, but don't start acting crazy, or we'll lock you up as well.

RON

Thank you.

INT. CORRIDOR

The astronauts gather outside a padded cell marked 49. Ellison knocks gently on the door. There's a man in a straitjacket - HARRISON SCHMIDT - sitting against the back wall.

HARRISON SCHMIDT

Go away! I'm trying to calculate pi in my head! You'll make me forget!

ELLISON

Dr. Schmidt? We need to talk to you! Please, it's urgent! It's about the moon!

HARRISON SCHMIDT

Seven... seven... nine... four... five... eight... One... five...

JUDITH

We want to know about the creatures that live on the moon.

Schmidt immediately stops counting, and stands up, walking over to the barred opening of the door. His eyes are milky white; it seems that he's completely blind.

HARRISON SCHMIDT

Why would you want to know about those?

CHRISTA

We're going. It's gonna be fun!

HARRISON SCHMIDT

Don't go. Those creatures... They ruined me. They'll ruin you.

ELLISON

Creatures? You mean aliens? Angelic beings?

HARRISON SCHMIDT

Angelic beings? Ha! These...things haunted my nightmares. They robbed me of everything - my career, my freedom, and my eyesight. They'll rob you as well. They were smarter than me. They'll be smarter than you.

ELLISON

Please, Dr. Schmidt. We're astronauts. We have to go to the moon, like bakers bake and cops shoot people and mimes run into invisible panes of glass. We need to know what we'll be up against when we get there.

He starts pacing about the cell, staring into the middle distance.

HARRISON SCHMIDT

I was a researcher of extraterrestrial life. In the early seventies, we started to receive reports of creatures living on the moon. They were described as pale, spiny tentacle-like organisms that protruded from the moon's surface, possibly burrowing through the lunar soil. I named the species 'Platonic Archaea'. We thought this ancient, primordial phylum was an evolutionary dead end, lost for millions of years, but we were wrong. Somehow, even though they died out on earth, they lived on the moon. As the name implies, they are an entirely unique form of life, unlike animals, or plants, or bacteria. I spent my whole career studying them, but I have nothing to show for it. The samples we collected from the moon always died when they were brought back to Earth. No matter what we did, they shrivelled and turned to dust. They seemed to have almost no organs, no orifices, nothing that could sustain such a complex and intelligent organism. It was a paradox that stalled my career for a decade. Eventually, I started to go blind. Swirling white dots in my vision, headaches, and then... nothing but whiteness. Several members of my team developed eye cancer. I don't know how. They're probably dead now.

JUDITH

Did they... drive you insane?

HARRISON SCHMIDT

Oh no, I'm perfectly sane. I think someone wanted to keep me out of the  
(MORE)

HARRISON SCHMIDT (CONT'D)  
 way. To make sure I never talked,  
 and that if I did, nobody would  
 listen. It's very hard to get  
 discharged from an insane asylum.  
 Speaking of, could you check on the  
 man in the next cell over? Rosenhan,  
 his name is. We used to talk, but I  
 haven't heard from him in a few  
 weeks. I think he might have been  
 discharged. He's a psychologist who  
 got himself committed here,  
 deliberately, as part of a study on  
 psychiatric diagnosis. He wanted to  
 see if they would detain an  
 obviously sane man.

The group peers into the next cell. The occupant is  
 slouched against a wall, drooling, staring straight ahead.  
 His head has been shaved. There's a fresh scar on his  
 forehead. Ron goes back to Schmidt's cell.

RON  
 He's... been discharged, Dr. Schmidt.

Schmidt sighs.

HARRISON SCHMIDT  
 Thank god.

The others say nothing.

ELLISON  
 Is there anything else you can tell  
 us? Anything that might help?

HARRISON SCHMIDT  
 There is one thing. I memorised the  
 selenographic coordinates for some  
 of the sites that we sampled the  
 Platonic Archaea from. Whether you  
 want to see them or simply avoid  
 them. I'm not sure. But I can  
 narrate them to you.

JUDITH  
 Please go ahead.

He narrates some coordinates out loud. Judith writes them  
 down in a little notebook.

JUDITH  
 Thank you, Doctor.

RON  
 Dr. Schmidt, you don't belong here.  
 (MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Look, we have to be on the moon soon, but, I promise, we'll come back for you. We'll get you out of here.

HARRISON SCHMIDT

Thank you. Thank you all.

He pauses.

HARRISON SCHMIDT

Shit. Does anyone remember what number I was on?

EXT. ARMSTRONG YARD

Even though it's a chilly winter evening, the good people of NASA are congregating below some heat lamps in Neil Armstrong's yard. It's the legendary NASA pre-flight barbecue. Armstrong is grilling some hot dogs, while other NASA well-knowns are hanging around. BUZZ ALDRIN is drinking himself into a stupor. Even moon floater MICHAEL COLLINS is there, sitting in a lawn chair, nursing a New Coke. Ron is talking to Buzz.

RON

And so, when Captain Kirk breaks down the wall, he discovers it's not God at all. It's actually a big computer in a cave. And he thumps it until it explodes, because God is a jerk and Captain Kirk knows it.

BUZZ ALDRIN

Haha! This captain Kirk sounds like my kinda guy! Hey, you wanna see my brass knuckles?

Neil is handing out his barbecued creations - hogdogs - a hot dog wrapped in bacon.

NEIL ARMSTRONG

Get yer hogdogs! Get 'em while they're hot!

MIKE

I'll take a hogdog.

NEIL ARMSTRONG

You're not a real astronaut, Mike. You can't have one. Now, does anybody ELSE want a hogdog?

Mike snaps his fingers. Neil simply glares.

MIKE

Do you need another ass-kicking? Get me a hogdog right now!

Armstrong snaps his brain. With a look of white-hot rage in his eyes, he pushes the grill to the floor and steps in front of Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ah, so you want a rematch, do you?

Armstrong swings at Mike with the brass statue, and Mike deftly dodges.

MIKE

Is that all you got?

Mike fires his revolver, which promptly jams. Armstrong smiles, lunges forward with the brass figurine, and knocks Mike over the head with it. This time, it connects with a sickening thwunk. Mike goes down. He vomits Ron's lunch all over himself. Armstrong, grinning, grabs the grill and pours the still-hot coal onto Mike's face. Mike screams while Armstrong just laughs. Armstrong raises his foot, preparing to kick Mike in the head, but Buzz Aldrin stops him.

BUZZ ALDRIN

That's enough, Neil.

Armstrong halts, a vacant look in his eyes. Then, he seems to snap back to reality at an almost disconcerting speed.

NEIL ARMSTRONG

I think I'll go get a beer.

He wanders into the house. A crowd gathers around Mike. Ron, Christa, Ellison and Judith clean him up a bit. His face is covered in incredibly painful-looking burns, and his scalp is bleeding profusely, but thankfully his skull is intact. He coughs, he can barely speak. Dick, who has been watching, shakes his head, but says nothing. Armstrong's wife, JANET ARMSTRONG, rushes over, and tries to clean him up.

JUDITH

Well, Mike, if you can't hack it, maybe you should get on a bus to the Soviet Union?

MIKE

(coughing)

Bitch.

Janet and some of the others grab Mike and take him inside.

## INT. ARMSTRONG HOUSE

Janet goes to get a first-aid kit, and then returns. She dabs Mike's wounds with antiseptic cotton buds and tries to bandage up his head.

JANET ARMSTRONG

I'm so sorry about my husband. He... he wasn't always like this. Something on the moon... changed him. He came back a different man. He was vacant. Angry. Easily upset. For a long time, I thought I was doing something wrong. We... manage, I suppose. There's a drawer in his dresser full of little animal bones, you know. The bones of tiny little animals. Like mice and stuff.

Mike looks good as new, except for having had the shit beat out of him.

JANET ARMSTRONG

I just wish we could go back to the way things were.

## INT. CAPE CANAVERAL READYING ROOM

The seven astronauts are undergoing their final pre-flight checks. Suits. Comms. And, of course, the eating of the ceremonial NASA peach. Mike's face is wrapped in bandages. They're being attended to by various launch engineers, and RICHARD COVEY, CAPCOM for this mission.

RICHARD COVEY

Eat this peach, and blast off.

He hands a peach to Ellison, who carefully inspects it.

ELLISON

Thank you.

RICHARD COVEY

Eat this peach, and blast off.

He hands another peach to Christa.

CHRISTA

Thank you.

RICHARD COVEY

Eat this peach, and blast off.

He hands a peach to Ron.

RON

Thank you, sir.

RICHARD COVEY  
Eat this peach, and blast off.

He hands a peach to Dick Scobee, who wordlessly accepts it and starts eating.

DICK  
(to Ron)  
You going to eat that peach, son?

RON  
I've been fantasizing about eating the NASA launch peach for 20 years, sir. Now that it's here, I'm too nervous to be hungry.

RICHARD COVEY  
Eat this peach, and blast off.

Covey hands a peach to Gregory, who also digs in.

RICHARD COVEY  
Eat this peach, and blast off.

He hands a peach to Mike, who takes it.

RICHARD COVEY  
Also, take these.

He hands Mike a nondescript orange pill bottle.

MIKE  
What's this?

RICHARD COVEY  
For your injuries.

MIKE  
Yeah, but... what is it? Painkillers?

RICHARD COVEY  
This... is the shit that killed JFK.

MIKE  
JFK was shot.

RICHARD COVEY  
Oh. Well, this is the shit that killed Nixon.

JUDITH  
Nixon isn't dead!

RICHARD COVEY  
(with purpose)  
Not yet.

He tries to hand one to Judith, but she refuses.

JUDITH  
No thanks. I'm allergic.

RICHARD COVEY  
You're allergic to the NASA peach?  
That's a bad omen.

MIKE  
(mouth full of peach)  
Allergies are weakness, Judith.

JUDITH  
Shut up, Mike! And don't talk to me  
about bad omens. I've heard the  
rumours. The engineers think the  
launch should be called off.

RICHARD COVEY  
M'am, this is not Apollo 1. This  
shuttle design is extensively tested  
and proven to work. It's been to  
space nine times already, which is  
nine times more than you have. If  
there were something wrong with the  
design, it wouldn't be going up into  
space today. So, sit back, relax,  
and enjoy the moon.

INT. CHALLENGER COCKPIT

The astronauts are all in position, in the challenger cockpit. Ron is nervous. Judith is irritable. Mike excited. Gregory seems to be smoking a cigarette inside his space suit.

Ron  
I'm glad I didn't eat that peach. I'd be puking it right now. I'm so nervous.

CHRISTA  
Positive thoughts, everyone!

MIKE  
Will you shut up?

RICHARD COVEY (O.S.)  
This is CAPCOM. You are clear to  
launch. Let's put this bird in the  
bush. Over.

DICK  
Everybody, please. Be professional.

The astronauts nod.

DICK  
CAPCOM, This is Challenger. I'm  
pushing the button...now. Over.

RICHARD COVEY (O.S.)  
Five.

A single bead of sweat drips down Ron's face.

RICHARD COVEY (O.S.)  
Four.

Christa does the sign of the cross.

RICHARD COVEY (O.S.)  
Three.

RICHARD COVEY (O.S.)  
Mike's eyes light up with a manic  
glee.

RICHARD COVEY (O.S.)  
Two.

Ellison fidgets nervously.

RICHARD COVEY (O.S.)  
One.

The team brace for extreme gees.

RICHARD COVEY (O.S.)  
Blast off.

The entire ship judders and groans. The SRBs sound like  
thunder in the ship's cabin. Every astronaut is pressed  
into their seat.

DICK  
Houston, Challenger roll program.

MIKE  
Go, you mother!

ELLISON  
LVLH.

JUDITH  
Shit hot.

DICK  
Ooohh-kaaay.

Everyone settles into their roles. Mike's eyes are fixed  
on the instruments in front of him.

MIKE

Looks like we've got a lotta wind here today.

DICK

Yeah. It's a little hard to see out of my window here.

MIKE

There's ten thousand feet and Mach point five.

DICK

Point nine.

MIKE

There's Mach one.

DICK

Going through nineteen thousand.. okay, we're throttling down.. throttling up

MIKE

Throttle up.

DICK

Roger.

MIKE

Feel that mother go.

RON

Woohoo!

MIKE

Thirty-five thousand going through one point five.

DICK

Reading four eighty six on mine.

MIKE

Yep, that's what I've got too.

DICK

Roger, go at throttle up.

MIKE

Uh oh.

DICK

What?

An agonising pause.

MIKE

I think I forgot to lock my front door.

From the front window, the view is spectacular, and the earth's atmosphere gradually thins and disappears entirely.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Challenger disappears from view as it climbs ever farther into the heavens. The SRBs drop away, one-by-one, until it's coasting through space, having insulted God by escaping Earth's gravity. The malevolent sphere that we call the moon beckons from afar.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Today is a great day to be an American. The sky is full of space rockets, the earth below is nothing but golf courses and American flags. On this day, we are invincible, and history is finally over. Blast off, Challenger astronauts, and God speed. May the moon be your oyster.

INT. CHALLENGER COCKPIT

Judith flips the visor on her space helmet down. The others do the same.

JUDITH

Mike, I owe you ten bucks.

MIKE

Ha ha! Mike's always right!

He digs around in his suit, retrieves the pill bottle, and begins to wrestle with the child-proof lock.

MIKE

Damn thing..

ELLISON

Hey everyone, guess what I smuggled on board.

CHRISTA

What?

Ellison produces a pencil.

CHRISTA

Ellison! Pencils aren't allowed in space!

ELLISON

The forbidden fruit.

MIKE

NASA spent 1.2 trillion dollars developing a pen that would work in zero-g. The commies use pencils. That makes you a commie, Ellison.

JUDITH

That's an urban myth. Pencils aren't allowed because they make graphite dust, which is conductive and can break the electronics.

Mike finally gets the lid of the container open and starts munching on pills.

ELLISON

Graphite? I thought pencils were made of lead.

JUDITH

Pencils haven't had lead in them for years.

ELLISON

You mean I've been huffing *graphite* all these years?

JUDITH

Ellison. You've been huffing graphite because you thought it was lead?

CHRISTA

That's definitely bad for you.

ELLISON

No, lead is good for you. Fluoride is bad for you. It reduces your sexual energy. That's why I put lead in my drinking water, to cancel it out.

Mike shovels more pills into his mouth.

DICK

Mike, don't you think you should go easy on the painkillers?

MIKE

No. With these, I will become like a god.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

The challenger drifts further away from Earth's surface, and toward the malevolent orb that we call the moon.

INT. CHALLENGER COCKPIT

Ellison is fiddling with his moon glasses. Everyone looks bored, and a little exasperated. They've been out here for a while.

CHRISTA

You know, I don't think I'll ever get tired of this. It's just so beautiful.

Everyone else looks on impassively. Gregory lights yet another cigarette. He takes a long drag, then offers it around to everyone. Mike accepts, but nobody else bites.

RON

No thanks. I promised my mom I would never give in to peer pressure.

He offers it to Judith, who shakes her head, and tries to avoid breathing in the smoke.

MIKE

Do you not like anything fun? You don't smoke, you don't drink, you barely eat. Please tell me you at least fuck.

JUDITH

My god, Mike. You're like a caveman. It's like there's a whole 90% of your brain that you don't use. What made this? Did your parents not love you? Did you spend your childhood in a featureless room, with no audio or visual stimuli? Or maybe you were just born a stupid ape man who thinks he's some kind of unstoppable American superhero.

Ellison, ignoring all of them, is staring at the moon, taking his glasses on and off.

MIKE

Clearly, you think about me a lot. I can tell. I'm flattered. But this Freud shit won't work on me. There's a psychic wall between you and me, Judith. You will never penetrate it. Sanctimonious bitch.

CHRISTA

Anybody know any space shanties?

JUDITH

How many books have you read in your life? Is it more than zero? Or did you learn to read from the backs of cereal packets?

RON

I know row row row row your boat.  
That's about it.

MIKE

(shouting)

You think you're so fucking clever, but that's not it, Judith. Really, you're just a loser. That's why you can't stand me. It's because you're a loser!

CHRISTA

(singing)

*There once was a star in the galaxy,  
It was named the sun and thankfully,  
It weaves a solar tapestry,*

ELLISON

Everybody, shut the hell up!

Everyone stops, stares at Ellison. The room goes quiet.

I've found out why they gave us the glasses! Try taking them off and looking at the moon.

Mike obliges, taking his glasses off and staring at the moon. He squints.

CHRISTA

Von Braun told us that was dangerous.

ELLISON

He's lying to you, Christa.

Most of the astronauts oblige, taking their moon glasses on and off while peering at the moon. From their perspective, the moon seems to disappear completely whenever they have their glasses off. Dick doesn't.

CHRISTA

Why can't I see it without the glasses?

ELLISON

The moon's invisible. That's why I could see two moons. The second moon was a projection. Bart was right.

JUDITH

So NASA really did turn the moon invisible.

DICK

As your commander, I order you to discontinue this conversation. We are not going to the moon to investigate conspiracy theories. We're here to scout for rare earth metals. You'd do well to remember that.

RON

(apologetic)

Yes, sir.

MIKE

(sarcastic)

Yes, sir.

Silently, the challenger command module drifts closer to the big, cursed rock that we call the moon.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

The moon is a deep grey expanse, pitted and pock-marked, covered in indistinct shapes. The sky is almost pure blackness, weighing on the lunar surface, pressing into it. The earth is a small blue dot, beautiful and distant. Pictures and photographs almost don't convey how eerie it is, how truly alien this place feels, how far away from everything it is. The lunar module touches down quietly and gently, perhaps a testament to Mike's skilled piloting. Slowly, the door opens and a ladder extends down. A figure appears, descends the ladder and drops to the floor. Then, it beckons the others.

DICK

Okay, everyone. Let's not make a big deal out of this. We've got work to do.

The astronauts begin to exit the module. Mike pushes in front of Ron and somewhat clumsily dismounts the ladder.

MIKE

Fuck yeah! I'm on the moon! Fuck you, Neil Armstrong! Fuck you, Dad!

He screams, spins the chamber of his revolver and then fires several shots randomly into the distance.

DICK

(yelling)

Mr. Schmidt, did you just discharge your weapon?

MIKE

Yeah!

DICK

Discharging a weapon, on the moon,  
without reason, is grounds to begin  
disciplinary proceedings.

MIKE

Dick, you poor naive soul. This  
isn't America, this is the moon. The  
stripes on your uniform may have  
meant something on Earth, but they  
don't mean shit up here.

DICK

(grinding teeth)

Get to the base. I'll deal with you  
later.

The group begins to head towards 'the base', a squat,  
one-story building a few hundred feet away. It looks like  
it's been welded together out of old space debris. There's  
a central hub, and a few spokes, with small square rooms  
separated by narrow corridors. And one transparent dome,  
with some plants growing inside. The group rolls up to the  
airlock, opens the door, files in, and begins  
depressurisation.

INT. MOON BASE CORRIDOR

JUDITH

(sniffs)

Oh my god. That smell.

The door opens, and they're greeted by TAMMY JERNIGAN, an  
exasperated-looking woman with enormous 80s hair.

TAMMY

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the  
moon. It's not much, nor is it home.  
Sorry about the cum smell. Come on,  
this way, I'll give you the grand  
tour.

They follow Tammy through narrow, unpainted metal  
corridors, lined with rattling air ducts and buzzing  
fluorescent lights. The astronauts wrinkle their noses.  
The smell is awful.

INT. HABITAT MODULE

Eventually, they come to the habitat module, complete with  
a small kitchen. There's a mustached man, WUBBO OCKELS,  
operating some kind of futuristic microwave and humming to  
himself. He speaks with a hilarious dutch accent.

WUBBO

Ah, friends! Welcome to the moon!  
(MORE)

WUBBO (CONT'D)  
I'm Wubbo Ockels, the first Dutchman  
in space!

The group mumbles their hellos.

TAMMY  
The first, and hopefully, the last.

WUBBO  
Ah, she always makes that joke.

TAMMY  
What are you cooking there, Wubbo?

WUBBO  
Moon pie!

TAMMY  
Great. Moon pie again. I can't wait.  
Come on, this way.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Through more narrow corridors, the group reach a small room with desks, computers, and communication equipment.

TAMMY  
This is the command center. This is where we map the lunar surface. We can also call NASA on the NASAphone.

INT. ECODOME

She leads them through another corridor, which opens up into an ecodome, full of plants. Some of the group gag.

TAMMY  
This is the ecodome. I was supposed to be used for oxygenation, and to grow food. Unfortunately, SOMEONE brought a couple of slugs to the moon, 'for a joke', and they ate everything except my callery pear trees. They're great for oxygenation but they smell like cum. I wish I could say you get used to it, but you don't.

RON  
(impressed)  
Wow.

INT. SNOOZE TUBE

Tammy leads them through yet more corridors, eventually to a series of cramped-looking bunk beds. Each one offers the bare minimum of privacy and comfort.

TAMMY

This is the 24/7 party zone. You guys bring any drugs up here?

MIKE

Yeah. My drugs. Not yours.

Mike inhales a handful of his painkillers. Dick sniffs.

DICK

You smoke marijuana on the moon?

TAMMY

Now and again. It keeps me sane. It's the only green thing for miles. Well, the only green thing that doesn't smell like cum.

DICK

This whole base is a disgrace. As its commanding officer, you should be ashamed.

CHRISTA

Now, everyone, remember - positive thinking!

TAMMY

Commander, with all due respect, we're scientists, not soldiers. Everybody's nerves have been a little frayed recently. I would appreciate it if you could cut us some slack.

DICK

No, Tammy, I will not 'cut you some slack'. We have an important job to do. We're not here to enjoy ourselves. And we're certainly not here to waste government resources and disrespect Ronald Raygun by smoking the devil's lettuce!

MIKE

(agitated, pills in mouth)  
Fuck you, Dick. Fuckin' square. What are you gonna do? Are you gonna cry?  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Gonna piss your pants maybe? Maybe  
shit and cum?

CUT TO:

INT. HABITAT MODULE

Everyone is sitting around a small kitchen table. Wubbo, wearing an apron, proudly takes a large, microwave-safe dish out of the space microwave and slowly, with some level of reverence, brings it down to the table.

WUBBO

(loud)

Mooooon Pie!

The contents look disgusting. A weird mixture of rice, pasta, beans, various meats, american cheese, chocolate pudding, raisins, nuts, tinned pineapples, and multiple flavours of protein shakes. It's a disgusting, shiny, sloppy beige mixture. It sounds wet.

WUBBO

Well, dig in, everybody!

RON

Uh, Wubbo, do you mind if I ask what  
this is?

TAMMY

Wubbo takes all the moon rations  
that we get from NASA, mixes them  
together in a big bowl, puts it all  
in the microwave, and calls it moon  
pie.

Everyone except Wubbo approaches with trepidation. Ron and Christa gag. Judith tries to get a bite without meat.

RON

Wubbo, I love your enthusiasm, but...

WUBBO

Thank you! That means so much to me!  
This is an extra special moon pie to  
welcome you to the moon!

Ron looks at Wubbo, who is making a face like a dog who thinks he's being taken from a walk when he's really being taken to be put down.

RON

It's... pretty good. Can I help you  
make it next time?

Mike starts eating with a cold indifference. Tammy, Dick, Ellison, Ron and even Gregory are all visibly disgusted. Christa is trying desperately to smile.

CHRISTA  
(almost choking)  
Mmm! Delicious! You'll have to tell me the recipe sometime!

MIKE  
Tastes like shit.

He keeps eating. Judith's eyes widen as she takes a bite.

JUDITH  
Wubbo, this is delicious!

DICK  
You can't be serious. This is the worst thing I've ever eaten.

JUDITH  
No... really! I've been trying to formulate a nutrient paste for years, but I just can't seem to make one that tastes like food. This is ten times better than mine! If you could make it without meat, it'd be perfect. Wubbo, I think this is it. This could be the next big thing.

Wubbo glows with pride. He's over the moon.

DICK  
Yes, well. Let's go over tomorrow's mission plan, shall we? I've been provided with a set of possible rare earth metal deposits. I think we could make a circuit of a few of them in the moon buggy, collect a sample from each, and then do some analysis here. We have also been instructed to plant a flag at each site.

JUDITH  
Really? We're planting a flag at every single site?

DICK  
NASA has provided us with 50 compact telescoping flags.

TAMMY  
FIFTY FLAGS? And yet, when I told them I wanted a better mattress,  
(MORE)

TAMMY (CONT'D)

they told me it was expensive and difficult to bring foam to the moon. It's FOAM.

MIKE

Fuckin' whiner.

DICK

For once, I agree with Mr. Smith. People literally DIED to build this moon base. Your constant complaining is disrespectful to them.

TAMMY

No, what's disrespectful is that people died building this base and yet their entirely preventable deaths never resulted in any changes to NASA's safety procedures. People are dying just because we're all too proud to admit that something is wrong.

DICK

Garth Bonestar was perhaps the greatest astronaut of the 20th century. And I think he'd rather be remembered that way, than be remembered through a long and painful inquiry into the exact circumstances that led him to be turned into people soup.

ELLISON

Bonestar didn't die so that we could plant fifty identical flags. He died for science. He died to push back the frontiers of human knowledge.

DICK

We're scouting for rare earth metals.

MIKE

Bullshit. You heard Ronald Raygun. He just wants us to put down flags and repel commies. And let's be honest here, if there's one truly ridiculous conspiracy theory in all this, it's that the ruskies have a secret red moon base. I mean, they can barely put together a working calculator. How could they possibly have technical know-how to build something like this?

DICK

I am your goddamn COMMANDER and this is not your goddamn MOON HOLIDAY. Tomorrow, we will go and do the job that we are being PAID to do. Now, I am going to get some shut-eye. I want you all ready to leave at 0700 tomorrow.

With some considerable anger, he stands up and leaves the room.

MIKE

Fuckin' jerk.

Mike keeps eating the mystery pills, like they're a dessert.

CHRISTA

Tammy, I don't think you were being unreasonable.

JUDITH

It's so stupid. People think that if they march out somewhere with a flag and plant it in the ground, it belongs to them. But it's never that simple.

For a while, nobody says anything.

ELLISON

Tammy, Wubbo - have you ever seen aliens up here?

TAMMY

What?

ELLISON

You know. Moon Fauna.

WUBBO

Are you messing with me?

JUDITH

No. Dead serious. Have either of you seen anything unusual out there?

Tammy hesitates, then finally decides to speak.

TAMMY

I've seen things. Outside the ecodome.

ELLISON

What kinda things?

TAMMY

This is going to sound ridiculous, but... I've seen a person standing out there. A person wearing a space suit. I see them standing a few hundred meters from the ecodome while I'm tending to the plants. And everyone in the base is accounted for.

MIKE

Ruskies?

TAMMY

I doubt it. Why would they just stand there in plain view?

MIKE

Mind games.

ELLISON

What does this person do?

TAMMY

Sometimes they stand there, stock-still. Occasionally I see them move closer to where I'm working. That really freaks me out. Once or twice, I've summoned the courage to put on a suit and go look for them, but by the time I get out there, they're gone. Vanished without a trace. But I KNOW they're there. The footprints are there.

WUBBO

You never told me this.

TAMMY

It sounds ridiculous.

JUDITH

Wubbo, you've never seen it?

WUBBO

No. But then, I'm not very observant.

ELLISON

Whoah. That's not what I was expecting to hear at all.

JUDITH

We want to find out more about a species of moon flora called Platonic Archaea, which are  
(MORE)

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
 apparently like white tentacles  
 sticking up out of the ground. But  
 this... this is a ghost story. I'm  
 tempted to agree with Mike. It's  
 much more likely to be a cosmonaut.  
 That or you're just going crazy.

TAMMY  
 (spitting the words)  
 You don't have to be crazy to work  
 here. But it helps!

EXT. LUNAR GRAVEYARD

Tammy is standing outside, in a small plot of moon dirt lovingly referred to as the Moon graveyard. There are three graves in total - all makeshift, with headstones made of scrap metal or oblong rocks. The nearby graves read 'Rhea Seddon' and 'Garth Bonestar'. Christa exits the airlock, walks over and stands next to her. Tammy doesn't notice until she's standing right next to her - she practically jumps out of her skin.

CHRISTA  
 It's me! Sorry!

TAMMY  
 Jesus. That was - it's my fault. I'm  
 living in my own head.

CHRISTA  
 Why did they put the graveyard so  
 far from the base?

TAMMY  
 Well, you don't want it right  
 outside the window.

CHRISTA  
 I suppose not.

They both stand there and look at the headstones for a while.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)  
 Are you okay?

TAMMY  
 No. I don't want to be an astronaut  
 anymore.

CHRISTA  
 Why not?

TAMMY

I feel like I'm going to die. I keep thinking about Garth and Rhea. I feel like I'm falling. Like gravity's going to stop and I'm just going to fall into space and drift far away from everything. Since I started seeing the extra astronaut out there, I've just felt it, this horrible, hollow feeling, in my chest and at the base of my neck. Like, people fall off ladders or get chewed up by farm equipment, right? But there's something different about this. Dying on the moon. Like I'll be stuck here forever.

Tammy sniffs.

CHRISTA

Did you... want to be an astronaut?

TAMMY

My dream job. Everyone's dream job, I think. I feel like a musician playing to a sold-out crowd in a big stadium. Like, I've made it. Like, everything should be good now. But it's not.

CHRISTA

I ask my kids what they want to be every school year. Most of them want to be astronauts, or superman. Although one kid this year wanted to be a carrot.

Tammy laughs. In the distance, a human-like figure can just be seen standing a few hundred paces away from the two astronauts, stock-stil, quietly observing them. Maybe. Or maybe it's just a weirdly-shaped moon rock. The distance, and the grey-on-grey colouring, make it hard to pick out.

CHRISTA

You come out here a lot, don't you?

TAMMY

...yeah.

CHRISTA

Do you want my advice?

TAMMY

Go for it.

CHRISTA

Don't be unhappy.

TAMMY

(double-taking)

What do you mean?

CHRISTA

Just... try to think positive. Try and see the good things about life. Smile! You'll feel a lot better.

TAMMY

Christa, don't take this the wrong way, but I don't think that'll help. I can't just wish the darkness away.

CHRISTA

Yes, you can. You literally can. Judith, these feelings are coming from inside. The only thing that can change you... is you.

TAMMY

(annoyed)

That's crazy. You think, what, people get cancer and die because they're not positive enough? You think people wind up living in tents under railway bridges drinking tequila out of a shoe because they didn't *smile* enough?

CHRISTA

Yes, exactly. That's it exactly. My grandma died of cancer a few years ago, you know. I kept telling her to think positive but she never listened. You know what her last words to me were? She said 'I'm going to die'. I mean, that's just inviting the demon into your house. Of course she died.

TAMMY

You don't HAVE to be crazy to work here...

CHRISTA

(smiling)

Don't worry, Tammy. You'll get it eventually. I believe in you! Now let's see that beautiful smile!

TAMMY

You know what? Go fuck yourself.

(MORE)

## TAMMY (CONT'D)

This place is exactly what you  
deserve.

Tammy heads back towards the base. Christa just keeps smiling. The figure is gone.

## INT. DREAM SPACE (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Ron is having coffee with the moon-headed man, 'Mac Tonight', from the McDonald's commercials. He has the body of a man in a black suit, but his head is a huge, shining crescent moon, with sunglasses and a permanent toothy grin. Mac Tonight and Ron hit it off - they have great chemistry. They meet up later that evening for dinner - Ron has a burger, Mac has a burrito. He never takes off his sunglasses. Mac Tonight and Ron share a wild night of passion together, and give themselves entirely to one another. Ron presents Mac with a diamond engagement ring. They get married in a church that presumably marries moon people to regular people. They have two children - both are abnormally pale and shiny, with tall, crescent shaped heads. The children grow up, and Mac Tonight and Ron grow old together, though they retain the passion and love of their earlier years. On their 25th wedding anniversary, Mac Tonight stares Ron straight in the eyes while removing his moon glasses. Ron catches a glimpse of what's under them-

CUT TO:

## INT. SNOOZE TUBE

Ron wakes up in his bunk, sweating profusely, barely stifling a scream. JUDITH is in the next bed over from him.

JUDITH

(bleary)

Did you scream?

RON

Sorry.

She rolls over and tries to get back to sleep, but can't get comfortable. She gets up to go to the bathroom. The corridor she has to walk has a sharp bend right in the middle. Still in a daze, she peers through an outside window. There's a human figure in a space suit standing directly outside the window, staring at her. Suddenly wide awake, she turns, stumbles back towards the bunks, but, rounding the corner, she sees a human figure wearing a space suit in the corridor, standing, staring into one of the bunks. She turns again, runs back toward the bathroom, trying not to attract its attention. She can hear it in the corridor behind her. The figure outside the window is

gone. She reaches the bathroom, closes the door quickly but quietly, and locks it.

INT. BATHROOM

Her breathing is heavy and panicked, but she tries to be quiet. For a while, nothing. Then she hears footsteps slowly approaching outside. They stop just outside the bathroom. She freezes, not breathing, trying not to make a sound. She can feel the thing just outside, mere centimeters away. For a moment, all is silent. Then, she hears it turn and walk away. She gasps.

JUDITH  
(quietly)  
It's not real. Ghosts aren't real.  
Ghosts aren't real.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

She's woken by a sudden pounding on the door. Then, a familiar voice.

ELLISON  
Who's in there? I need to do my, uh,  
morning routine. You're taking ages!

Gingerly, she opens the door. Ellison is standing outside, looking impatient, with what looks like a dirty magazine in one hand.

JUDITH  
Oh, sorry. Guess I fell asleep.

ELLISON  
Fell asleep on the can, eh? Can't  
say I've never been there. Anyway, I  
have important business to attend  
to. Wubbo's making some coffee in  
the other room if you want some.

Gingerly, she gets up and walks back toward the habitat module. She sneaks a look at the window on her way. There's no-one outside.

EXT. LUNAR BASE

A gaggle of astronauts, led by Dick, is gathering outside the airlock. There are two lunar buggies, each with space for people, parked near the base.

MIKE  
Did you go to the bathroom to jerk  
off at exactly 6AM this morning?

ELLISON

On the hour, every hour.

MIKE

What?

ELLISON

It's the lead I consume. It gives me heightened sexual energy.

DICK

Everyone, let's keep the comm channel clear in case we need to-

At that exact moment, a stray bullet pierces Dick's space suit. The air gets sucked out of his lungs. Droplets of blood float out of his space suit and slowly fall to the ground.

MIKE

Ruskies! They're here!

Mike scans the horizon, but sees no trace of anyone. Ron grabs Dick, tries to cover the hole in his suit, and starts dragging him back towards the base.

RON

Quickly, quickly! Get him to the airlock! Judith - the door!

Dick wheezes. Judith opens the airlock door. Ron pushes Dick inside, steps inside and begins the pressurization process. He gasps. He's alive - barely.

INT. HABITAT MODULE

The astronauts, except for Ellison and Christa, are waiting in the kitchen. Nobody says a word. Mike is popping more painkillers and reading a book - 'The Moon is a Harsh Mistress' by Robert A. Heinlen.

WUBBO

How's the coffee?

RON

It's delicious, Wubbo. What's your secret?

Wubbo smiles.

WUBBO

It's a 50-50 mixture, coffee instant type one (freeze dried), and coffee instant type two (spray dried).

Ron takes another sip. The coffee is terrible, and he's doing a poor job at hiding it. Gregory takes four

cigarettes out of his pocket, puts them in his mouth, and lights them in a single motion.

After a moment, Judith re-enters the room. Her hands and sleeves are stained with blood.

RON

Is he gonna make it?

JUDITH

I don't know.

MIKE

You don't know?

JUDITH

I patched up the wound as best I could and gave him some morphine. I was a biomedical engineer once. I'm not a fucking medic, Mike.

She digs around and in her pocket and then places a slightly flattened bullet on the table. It's a slightly flattened .50 caliber revolver cartridge.

JUDITH

Notice anything?

Mike peers beyond the edge of his book, then retreats back behind it.

MIKE

No.

JUDITH

It's one of your fucking bullets, Mike.

MIKE

You don't know that. It could be a Russian bullet.

JUDITH

Just wait until Houston hears about this one. You're going to jail when we get back to earth, Mike. Hell, maybe we'll make a brig and throw you in it.

Mike slams the book down and stands up.

MIKE

And just who will they hear that from? Who's the commanding officer on this mission now that Dick is out of the picture?

JUDITH

I will not follow a single god-damn order from you. You are the stupidest, most arrogant, most irresponsible man I've ever met.

Mike pulls out the revolver and points it at Judith.

RON

Whoah! Mike! What the fu- what the hell?

MIKE

If you threaten your commander, it's treason. And the punishment for treason is being full of bullets and also being dead. Do you understand?

Nobody responds. Judith just stands there, frozen in shock.

MIKE

(screaming)  
Do you understand!?

JUDITH

Yes. I understand.

MIKE

Good.

He holsters the gun and leaves. Judith exhales.

RON

Are you okay?

JUDITH

Ron, you can swear. That was worth swearing over. You could have said fuck.

RON

Sorry.

Judith sits down, angry, full of adrenaline, completely defeated.

JUDITH

This is bad. This is bad. It's not turning out like in my head.

CHRISTA

Don't worry, Judith. Everything will turn out okay. I just know it!

Tammy shoots her a sideways glare. Ellison comes back from the bathroom, porno mag in hand. Everyone looks at him.

ELLISON  
What? What'd I miss?

CHRISTA  
Mike's commander now.

RON  
I think he's lost it, Ellison. He threatened Judith with his big iron.

ELLISON  
God help us.

CHRISTA  
I hope Dick gets better.

WUBBO  
Ellison, were you jerking off again?

ELLISON  
As a matter of fact... yes.

WUBBO  
I've never met a guy who jerks off as much as you.

ELLISON  
Thank you.

INT. SNOOZE TUBE

Dick is laying in his bunk. His breathing is slow and raspy, there's blood everywhere. Judith was right - she's not a medic. Mike crouches down next to him. He's holding a first-aid kit.

MIKE  
(softly)  
Hey, buddy. How you doing?

DICK  
(breathlessly)  
I hate you.

MIKE  
That's great, Dick. Does it hurt?

DICK  
Like I got hit by a... train.

MIKE  
Ssh. Don't talk. I'm gonna give you something for the pain.

He opens the first-aid kit, extracts a syringe of morphine, and injects Dick.

DICK

Mike...

Mike prepares another syringe. And injects him yet again.

DICK (CONT'D)

Was I a good commander?

MIKE

No.

Mike prepares ANOTHER syringe, and gives him a really deeply concerning dose of morphine.

DICK

I'm... sorry.

MIKE

Sssh. Only dreams now.

INT. HABITAT MODULE

The kitchen is empty. Everyone is getting ready to return to the lunar surface. But Judith and Ron are still there. Judith hasn't moved from the spot she was sitting in.

RON

Judith?

He touches her on the shoulder. She snaps back to reality.

RON

Judith?

JUDITH

What?

RON

We're going back out. There's a new mission on. We're going to Dr. Schmidt's coordinates.

JUDITH

Oh.

RON

Judith, are you okay?

JUDITH

No.

RON

Do you want to talk about it?

JUDITH

No.

RON  
Sometimes I find it helps if i-

JUDITH  
(interrupting)  
Shut up, Ron. I don't need your  
pity! Just leave me alone!

RON  
Sorry. Sorry.

Ron leaves. Judith is crying.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

Mike, Ellison, Gregory, Ron, Christa, Tammy, and Wubbo are driving out to a suspected Platonic Archaea site. Mike is driving his rover like an absolute maniac. Gregory is driving the other.

MIKE  
I think I can get some great air on  
this thing.

He aims the rover at a small ridge and floors it. The rover doesn't get great air, but it does get quite long air.

WUBBO  
Can anyone else hear me?

Silence.

ELLISON  
Okay, we're good.

WUBBO  
How much cum would you say you  
produce, on average, per day?

ELLISON  
You know, I've never measured. A  
lot. I have to drink extra water to  
stay hydrated.

WUBBO  
Wow. You are the horniest man I've  
ever met.

ELLISON  
Thank you.

WUBBO  
Ellison, I want to join the 27000  
mile high club. Will you help me?

ELLISON

You're asking to have sex on the moon?

WUBBO

Yeah. I don't want to start a relationship or anything, I just... you know, the title of the first Dutchman in space doesn't really mean that much. The Netherlands is an arbitrary place. The first man to have sex in space? Now that is an accomplishment that everyone can enjoy. I already asked Tammy and she said no. Christa is married. Judith - I don't want to bother her at a time like this. Now, if I do it with a guy, we'd technically have to share the honour. But I would want to cum first, if possible.

ELLISON

Sorry Wubbo, I'm happily married. Also, I don't wanna get AIDS.

WUBBO

Damn it. You too?

ELLISON

Maybe try Ron? I dunno, he seems lonely.

WUBBO

Thanks. I will.

Buggy #1, which is being driven by Mike, is almost to the Platonic Archaea site.

TAMMY

I don't see a damn thing. Where did you say these creatures would be?

MIKE

They should be straight ahead.

Tammy starts brandishing her moon weapon, which is a rusty flail.

MIKE

Tammy. These noble creatures could be peaceful, for all we know.

TAMMY

This place gives me a bad vibe, Mike. This whole rock gives me a bad vibe. It has from day one.

Approaching the site, they finally see what they were looking for. It's small - almost disappointingly so - and a light gray colour. It looks like a tentacle, but it has a strangely geometric quality. It's covered in sharp looking barbs. Mike and Gregory park their buggies. With some trepidation, the group approaches.

ELLISON

Wow. Alien life. I can't believe it. I can't believe I'm seeing it with my own two eyes. This is incredible!

MIKE

It looks like a rock.

CHRISTA

It probably is a rock. Aliens don't exist, after all.

RON

Which one of us should approach it? Should we say hello?

TAMMY

I don't wanna go anywhere near that thing.

A figure watches them from the middle distance. A person wearing a space suit.

WUBBO

I'll go.

With unwavering confidence, Wubbo strides up to the creature and waves politely.

WUBBO

I am Wubbo Ockels. Greetings on behalf of Earth, and the Netherlands.

Wubbo confidently extends a hand in greeting. The Platonic Archaea does not respond whatsoever. It doesn't even move. It doesn't look alive.

TAMMY

Wubbo, how's it going to hear you out in the vacuum of space?

WUBBO

Oh. I hadn't thought of that.

Wubbo starts pointing at the earth, then at himself, then at the earth again. Ellison takes out a NASA camera, awkwardly lines up a shot, and takes a photograph. The second he does, the Platonic Archaea springs to life. It snaps towards Wubbo with considerable force, knocking him

down. Then it wraps around his leg, and tries to recede into the lunar soil.

MIKE

Kill it!

Mike draws his gun and shoots, but misses. Wubbo is flailing around on the ground.

TAMMY

Are you crazy? You'll kill hum!

Mike lowers his gun. Ron grabs a grenade out of the pocket of his space suit, and holds it. It's his only weapon. Maybe it was a bad choice. He puts it back, carefully.

MIKE

Well! Don't just stand there! Do something!

It's a split-second decision. Ron sprints toward the creature, and attacks it with his fists. It lashes out at him, but he dodges nimbly. It becomes dicey when it looks like the Platonic Archaea might try to puncture Wubbo's space suit, but in the end, he manages to repel it, and it disappears into the moon dirt. The others approach. Wubbo is winded and a little shaken. It looks like there's some damage to his suit.

RON

You okay?

WUBBO

Ron, that was amazing. Where did you learn that?

RON

Taekwondo classes. Thursdays. At the rec center.

Ron examines his suit. There's a pinprick-sized hole near where the Platonic Archaea grabbed him. The extra astronaut is closer now, although nobody saw it move.

RON

Wubbo's got a puncture, we need to head back.

Tammy examines the hole into which the Platonic Archaea disappeared. It's deep - so deep she can't see anything down it. Wubbo starts to get up, which isn't particularly easy in a space suit.

TAMMY

What do you think it is - some kind of burrow?

RON

Maybe they live in the dirt and only come out to bask in the sun.

ELLISON

I got a great picture of it. I'm gonna blow the lid off this whole thing.

CHRISTA

Well, I'm still not convinced.

Wubbo starts limping back toward the buggy. Ron helps him.

WUBBO

Ow! Ow! I think I sprained my ankle.

TAMMY

It didn't seem like much on an angelic being.

MIKE

It only attacked when you took a picture of it.

Nobody disagrees.

ELLISON

But why? How would it even know?

Tammy raises a hand and points toward the figure in the middle distance. Now that it's closer, its features are clearer - it looks familiar.

TAMMY

(nervously)

The extra astronaut. It's here.

Everyone turns to look. The extra astronaut just stands there. There's something deeply off about it.

CHRISTA

Maybe we should go say hello?

MIKE

Fuck this. We're getting the hell out of here right now. Gregory - floor it!

Mike fast-walks to one of the buggies, and the others pile in. The two buggies do indeed floor it. Behind them, it seems to have disappeared.

## INT. COMMAND MODULE

In a dimly-lit corner of the command module, Christa is developing the film from Ellison's camera. Mike is standing behind her. She's humming, tunelessly.

CHRISTA

There you go, Mike. A watched kettle never boils, you know.

MIKE

This may be the most important film ever developed, Christa. Hard proof of alien life. I'm just making sure you're not doing it wrong.

CHRISTA

Aliens don't exist, Mike!

MIKE

Then what exactly did we see out there?

CHRISTA

A trick of the light, of course. You'll see it when the photos come out.

MIKE

Yeah, sure..

He pops another handful of pills.

CHRISTA

Mike, are you sure you should be taking all of those at once?

MIKE

First, call me commander. Second, yes.

He goes for another handful of pills, but finds the container empty.

MIKE

Shit. I'm out. Hope these aren't addictive.

## INT. HABITAT MODULE

Down a corridor and around a corner, Judith, Wubbo, Tammy, and Gregory are all sitting around the kitchen table.

JUDITH

It was wearing an Apollo 11 suit?

WUBBO

I'm sure of it. Ellison thinks so too.

JUDITH

That doesn't make sense. The one I-  
Judith stops.

TAMMY

You've seen it too?

JUDITH

Last night. While everyone else was asleep. It was inside the base.

TAMMY

Fuck. Inside the base?

JUDITH

I'm sorry I didn't say anything. I couldn't be sure whether I was dreaming or not. First it was outside, then inside. It was staring into the bunks.

Tammy starts looking around nervously.

WUBBO

Why doesn't it make sense?

JUDITH

The one I saw definitely wasn't an Apollo 11 suit. It was a lot more modern. It was dark, so I can't be certain.

TAMMY

Shit. There's multiple of them? I'm going to need the good shit tonight.

From somewhere, he produces a dark brown lump and drops it on the table.

INT. SNOOZE TUBE

Down another corridor, Ellison exits the bathroom, porno mag in hand, and decides to head back via the snooze tube, to check on Dick.

ELLISON

Hey Dick. You awake?

Dick doesn't say anything. The privacy curtain on his bunk is closed.

ELLISON

Dick.

ELLISON

(shouting)

DICK.

He draws the curtain. Dick is lying in the bed, obviously dead. Ellison starts prodding and poking.

ELLISON

(while prodding, poking  
and then shaking him)

Dick. C'mon. Not funny. Okay, that  
does it.

Ellison grabs the body and drags it to the floor. It hits the ground with a thunk, then it's still.

ELLISON

I swear to god, if you don't get up  
right this minute,

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR GRAVEYARD

Everyone is standing around in their space suits. Mike is dragging Dick's lifeless body toward a shallow grave in the lunar soil. He dumps the body in a somewhat matter-of-fact way, and dusts off his hands, like he's basking in a job well done.

MIKE

Would anybody like to say a few  
words?

Mike barely gives them enough time to formulate an answer.

MIKE

Very well. I will speak on your behalf. Ahem. We are gathered here today to remember Dick Scobee, beloved astronaut, commander, and American superhero. He gave his life in the line of duty, and there is no more noble or patriotic deed you can do. He was good, no doubt about it. But, if he was a better astronaut, maybe he'd still be here, instead of being in the ground. I'm just saying. Not everyone has what it takes. Now, if nobody objects, I would like to break off a piece of his finger, or maybe his nose. I'm not gonna keep it, I'll just give it to his family. You know, like a memento.

TAMMY

BOO!

The others murmur their agreement. Even Ron joins in.

MIKE

The people resent me because I speak the truth.

JUDITH

The man you killed is still warm and already you're disrespecting him.

MIKE

He was killed in a tragic accident that he could have avoided by being a more skilled astronaut.

CHRISTA

That's enough, Commander!

Ron drops to his knees and starts sobbing over Dick's grave. Judith comforts him.

MIKE

Queer.

Mike paces back and forth.

RON

(through tears)  
Fuck you!

MIKE

You wanna know something? Life isn't fair, Ron. Life is cold and hard and miserable. We're miserable on Earth and we're miserable in space. And if you weren't happy on Earth, there's no way you'll ever be happy up here.

He pauses, sniffs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(quieter)

There is no God here. There is nothing. There's just... empty space. God is dead. Poisoned. The poison kills everything it touches, and everything that dies turns to poison. It's just the way things are. And if you don't like it...

Mike trails off. The rest of the astronauts stand there in a stunned silence, staring at him. He seems to snap out of whatever trance he was in.

MIKE

Well what are you all looking at? Go back to base! We've got work to do!

INT. HABITAT MODULE

The astronauts are once again sitting down for dinner. Gregory is noodling on a beat-up acoustic guitar. Wubbo, clad in his favourite apron, is standing by the microwave, filled with anticipation.

ELLISON

Is being shot accidentally a hero's death?

CHRISTA

Of course. He died a hero. He died on the moon, being our commander. He gave his life in aid of a noble goal.

ELLISON

But he didn't *choose* to die, did he? He just randomly got shot. Captain Oates *chose* to die. That's what makes him a hero. I think Dick was just a guy, like Garth Bonestar. And if we'd asked him, he probably would've said no, actually, I don't want to die.

MIKE

He chose to come here. He knew the risks. That was his sacrifice.

JUDITH

Oh, so it's his fault, is it? Yeah, sure, let's not blame the guy who killed him. Let's not blame NASA and Werner von fucking Braun for sending us up here on this stupid mission. He knew the risks, and therefore, by definition, his death was a noble sacrifice, end of story.

MIKE

Well, Judith, maybe I'll write in my mission report that you killed him. You killed him with your brain games, games that you play in your head with yourself.

JUDITH

What?

She looks at Mike more closely. He's shaking, and there's a thin sheen of sweat on his forehead.

JUDITH

Mike, are you alright?

MIKE

Better than you, bitch. I don't need your pity. Stop playing mind games with me. God damn it!

As the microwave pings, Wubbo retrieves a piping hot dish of moon pie and places it on the table.

WUBBO

Look, I know everyone is feeling a little down this evening. So I made an extra special moon pie!

Ellison sniffs it and wrinkles his nose.

ELLISON

What's special about it?

WUBBO

It's made with love.

The dish seems to be made of creamed corn, cinnamon porridge, chocolate flavour protein shake, instant coffee, granola bars, pate, instant noodles and chicken. But it IS garnished with decoratively-arranged slim jims. Most of the astronauts don't care at this point. They're hungry and tired. They spoon it onto their plates and eat wordlessly.

MIKE

From today onwards, we're sleeping in shifts. Just in case. I'll draw up a rota.

CHRISTA

Good idea, Mike!

TAMMY

You know what, Wubbo? Maybe it's just because I'm super high, but I'm really enjoying this.

Judith, meanwhile, is just staring at her food, not actually eating it. Just for a moment, the extra astronaut is visible in the corridor leading to the airlock.

RON

Judith? Everything okay?

JUDITH

I'm thinking about the Platonic Archaea again.

ELLISON

There's an extra astronaut out there, haunting us, possibly coming to kill us, and you're thinking about a little space tentacle?

JUDITH

It's because I'm very smart, Ellison. I'm capable of thinking of two things at once.

ELLISON

I'll have you know that I can think a lot harder than you. I unlocked the dormant 90% of my brain by meditation, intense top lip thoughts, and frequent masturbation.

JUDITH

The creature only attacked when you used your camera, right?

ELLISON

Yeah. That's right.

JUDITH

There's something about the presence of the creatures that doesn't make sense. Dr. Schmidt said they were discovered in 1972.. But that was the FIFTH crewed landing, and god knows how many uncrewed landings there were. Then, all of a sudden, people start seeing them. Just... like that.

RON

So?

JUDITH

1972 was the year they turned the moon invisible. Then, they made it visible again, almost straight away. It wasn't turning it invisible that was the problem. I think that, when they turned it visible, they turned something that was previously invisible, visible. The Platonic Archaea. Someone at NASA must have eventually realised this, so in 1976, they turned the moon invisible, permanently, and they replaced it with a projection. So that people wouldn't have to see them.

ELLISON

So the creature lashed out at Wubbo because it didn't want to be seen.

JUDITH

Exactly. Which suggests it's a lot smarter than it looks. It knew we were taking a picture of it.

Some of the astronauts shudder.

MIKE

You got any genius revelations on the extra astronaut? We could definitely use some of those right about now. Especially if it turns up inside the base.

JUDITH

I don't know. Why did it impersonate an Apollo 11 astronaut? It could've gotten much closer if it had impersonated one of us. It doesn't make any goddamn sense.

ELLISON

Moon creatures live by their own perverse logic. Moon logic.

JUDITH

You thought they would be angels. Didn't you?

ELLISON

Yeah.

TAMMY

You're religious? They guy who jerks off every hour?

ELLISON

I used to be.

RON

What changed?

ELLISON

Mike was kinda right, in his own messed-up way. In 1955 the US government killed God. It was called 'Operation Olive Tree'. Never declassified. To this day, the whole operation is shrouded in secrecy. Breathe those words to the wrong person and you'll be killed in your sleep by an FBI assassin. It's my

(MORE)

ELLISON (CONT'D)

white whale. News of it survives in whispered confessions, rumours, and this deep, fundamental feeling of... wrongness. That we're surrounded by death, somehow. The government knows I'm onto them. That's why the FBI replaced my mother with a replicant who didn't love me.

Mike throws up on the floor.

TAMMY

Jesus, Mike.

INT. ECODOME

Ron is wandering around and touching all the plants. The ecodome is really quite beautiful. There are bright lights shining on rows of meticulously groomed callery pear trees. It's Tammy's pride and joy. In a world of gray metal corridors and grey moon rock, the ecodome is lush and colourful. But nobody goes there, because it smells like cum.

Wubbo enters.

RON

Hi, Wubbo.

WUBBO

Hey. How are you doing?

RON

I'm just holding on. Just.

WUBBO

Me too.

Wubbo approaches, admiring the plants.

RON

You know, it's funny, I've gotten so used to it, I don't even smell the cum anymore.

WUBBO

(with utmost sincerity)  
Oh. Well - would you like to?

Ron blushes, and smiles.

INT. SNOOZE TUBE

The astronauts are sleeping in their bunks. Except for Ron, who is sleeping in Wubbo's bunk. Tammy is on watch. She's sitting in a folding chair, preparing to shoot up, looking at her watch. After a while, Christa gets out of

her bunk, slowly and imprecisely, and starts wandering down the corridor. Tammy doesn't seem to care at first, but she notices the unusual way Christa is moving. She watches Christa round the corner and disappear from view. But she doesn't hear her enter the bathroom.

TAMMY

Christa?

No response.

Tammy, suddenly alert, gets up and rounds the dog leg. Nothing. She walks to the bathroom. Nothing. Panicking, she heads towards the habitat module.

INT. HABITAT MODULE

TAMMY

(louder)

Christa!

The base is deathly silent, the only noise the humming of the air recycler. No response. She pokes her head into the command module, but sees no-one. Breaking into a jog, she heads for the airlock. And that's when she sees Christa. Standing next to the supply locker, partway through putting on a space suit. She doesn't turn to look when Tammy enters. The extra astronaut is standing outside.

TAMMY

Crista! What are you doing?

Wordlessly, Christa zips the suit up and takes the helmet out of the locker. As Tammy approaches, she realises Christa's eyes are closed. She grabs Christa by the shoulders and starts shaking.

TAMMY

Christa! Wake the hell up!

Christa's eyes snap open. She looks dazed and confused, and almost loses her balance.

CHRISTA

Tammy? Where - why am I in the airlock?

TAMMY

I don't know, why WERE you in the airlock?

CHRISTA

I... I was having the most wonderful dream.

Looking outside again, the extra astronaut is gone.

## EXT. SURFACE OF EARTH

It's a beautiful day. The air is hot and clear, the sky is blue. Fishermen sit by a blue lake, sitting in a wide, shallow valley, surmounted by trees. The moon is faintly visible in the sky. It seems strangely large. Larger than usual.

A man sits beneath a railway underpass as a train thunders overhead. Water drips from above, the remnants of a storm which finally seems to have passed. The sky is clear again. The man, shielding his eyes, looks into the sky. The moon is larger. Far larger. So large it dwarfs the sun.

A woman sits in a messy apartment. The TV displays only an emergency warning message, and a tone. Static is pouring from the radio. All of the windows and doors are closed. She gets off the couch and then, with some hesitation, opens the blinds to the balcony. Her face is bathed in pale moonlight. Opening the doors and stepping outside, she is silhouetted against the moon. It's so large, it seems to take up almost the entire night sky.

## EXT. SPACE

The moon isn't really larger, of course - it's drifting towards earth. Eventually, the two collide. But there is no huge explosion, no apocalyptic impact. As it touches the Earth, it seems to stop in place. Then, slowly, radiating out from where it touched the planet's surface, the Earth seems to turn. Stone turns to moon rock, soil turns to regolith. Living things become petrified structures made from pale rock. The contamination slowly spreads across the entire planet, until everything - the apartment, the viaduct, the lake - is desolate and gray.

## INT. SNOOZE TUBE

Ron wakes with a start, again. But this time, he awakes in Wubbo's arms. Wubbo wakes up too.

WUBBO  
(groggy)

Ron?

RON  
I had another moon dream.

WUBBO  
Do you wanna tell me about it?

RON  
Maybe later. Right now, I don't  
wanna think about it.

WUBBO

That's probably for the best.

For a moment, the pair just lie there.

RON

Thank you, Wubbo. Just for a night, things feel normal again. It's like I'm home.

WUBBO

I wish we didn't have to get up tomorrow.

RON

Me too.

WUBBO

(half-asleep)

There's no real mornings on the moon. They're just something we made up.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

A group of 8 astronauts is filing out of the airlock. Tammy walks over to where she saw the extra astronaut standing. There's footprints leading off into the distance.

TAMMY

(pointing)

That's where it was. Right there.

MIKE

Today, we're not going to a Platonic Archaea site. We're going to follow this thing. And we're going to kill it. Understood?

Everyone nods. They get on the buggies and begin to drive. It's a little slow, as the footprints are often indistinct. The buggy makes its way across the moon's cratered surface, through an endless, seemingly identical series of craters, quietly undulating hills and valleys, ridges and shallow crevices. There's a sense of serenity to the lunar surface, a calm that nobody seemed to appreciate before.

CHRISTA

Isn't it beautiful?

JUDITH

No.

CHRISTA

(smiling)

It's like the landscape of a brand new country. Moon country. Where the moon people live on moon ranches in moon prairies and grow moon corn.

JUDITH

All I can see are pock-marks and pustules. Scars. Signs of disease.

CHRISTA

I think you should have a more positive attitude. You've been nothing but negative since we got here.

JUDITH

(loud)

A man fucking DIED, Christa.

Christa says nothing, just stares vacantly out toward the moon countryside, imagining little moon people putting up fences and barns and tilling fields of crops. The buggy continues its voyage, until eventually the astronauts see something in the distance. A collection of detritus, random objects strewn about the moon's surface, and a large metal object. The astronauts dismount the buggy and take a closer look. The metal object is the lower half of the Apollo 11 lander. There are some bags and other junk strewn around, a commemorative plaque, some tools, and a box with mirrors on top. Finally, there's a bleached white American flag, lying horizontally on the regolith.

Ron approaches the plaque, kneels down to read it.

RON

Here men from the planet earth first set foot upon the moon, July 1969, A.D. We came in peace for all mankind.

ELLISON

Everyone, come look at this.

The astronauts gather around. Ellison points at the ground near where the upper part of the lander took off. The regolith here has been smoothed out, due to the exhaust from the eagle's engines. But there's a message written in it. Three words, in letters a few feet tall. It says 'I AM ALIVE'.

The footprints they've been following snake around the landing site before continuing off into the distance.

## EXT. LUNAR LABYRINTH

The tracks lead into a large, carved, rectangular opening in the moon's surface. Inside, it's pitch black. Mike gets off the rover and walks up to the entrance.

ELLISON

Wow. Incredible. Maybe this is the entrance to a lunar megastructure?

CHRISTA

It's beautiful...

TAMMY

Hell no. Hell no, I am not going in there.

RON

I'm afraid of the dark.

MIKE

I am the commander of this mission and I am ordering everybody to get the fuck into in this hole!

Ron, Tammy, Judith, and Wubbo all protest. Mike waves his gun at them. He looks exhausted. He's shivering.

MIKE

If you question my authority again I will shoot. I will not hesitate.

He fires a warning shot at the ground next to Ron, who flinches.

MIKE

I will go first. The rest of you follow. Stick together. Grab a handful of moon dust as well, so that we can leave a trail. If you see an astronaut away from the main group, shoot. Keep the comms clear. Okay?

Gun first, Mike enters the labyrinth. Ellison and Christa follow, then the others. Ron clutches his grenade. Ellison is enthusiastic, but Christa just seems vacant, like she's not all there.

## INT. LUNAR LABYRINTH

Once the astronauts are out of direct eyeshot of the entrance, the whole place is pitch black. The lights on their space suits illuminate a little, but not much - maybe a few meters. After some descent, the path opens up to reveal a huge maze of identical square rooms, each with four doorways, each with smooth stone walls. The

astronauts make their way through the maze, trailing dust behind them. Nervously, they peer through each new opening, file into each new room, look around each new corner. It's dead silent. Each astronaut can hear only their own breathing. For a few minutes, this pattern repeats. All the rooms look identical, except for the occasional Platonic Archaea, protruding from the wall or ceiling. The place has an oppressive atmosphere, but also a rhythm of its own, a sense of regularity that's almost reassuring.

Looking through one of the many doorways, Judith is startled to see a figure sitting on the floor a few rooms over. She points.

MIKE

I see it. That way.

Breaking their formation, the astronauts head toward the figure. It's slouched against a wall, wearing an Apollo 11-era space suit. There's a camera on the floor in front of it. Mike approaches it very cautiously, gun drawn. It doesn't move. Just to be sure, he fires at it. The visor breaks, revealing a human skull underneath.

ELLISON

There are no records of this. Nobody ever got lost on the moon.

He moves toward the suit, and straightens out the chest so that he can get a look at the tag. It says 'ARMSTRONG'. There are only seven people in the room.

ELLISON

Armstrong.

RON

Neil Armstrong?

ELLISON

No. The other Armstrong they sent to the moon, Ron.

RON

Sorry.

Ellison picks up the camera.

ELLISON

Maybe there will be some answers on this camera.

MIKE

Take the body. Take the camera. Get back to base.

He does a quick head count. Eight people, as there should be.

MIKE

Everyone ready? Let's go.

The others breathe a sigh of relief, glad to be on their way back. The turns around. His light illuminates something shiny in the room behind them. It's a space suit. He goes for his gun, and fires, but misses twice. He's out of bullets. Reacting to the gun, the figure stops. Ellison steps out from behind Mike, swinging his moon weapon - an ice pick - toward the figure's head. It connects, shattering the visor. It's Christa. The ice pick is lodged in her left eye. Her face is covered in blood. Her suit decompresses almost instantly. The air is forced out of her lungs, and she dies.

ELLISON

(panicked)

Christa? Oh god..

Mike spins around, looking at the other astronauts. There's still eight people standing in the room. He immediately starts reloading.

MIKE

(shouting)

When I call your name, raise your hand. Judith.  
Judith raises her hand.

JUDITH

Here.

MIKE

Ellison.

Ellison grasps Christa's lifeless body in one hand, and raises his other.

ELLISON

(shakily)

Here.

MIKE

Tammy.

TAMMY

(raising hand)

Here.

MIKE

Wubbo.

WUBBO  
 (raising hand)  
 Here.

MIKE  
 Ron.

RON  
 (raising hand)  
 Here.

MIKE  
 Greg?

Greg raises his hand.

MIKE  
 It's that one!

Mike points toward one of the astronauts, one who didn't raise a hand. It's standing right in the middle of the room. But he's not done reloading, because he brought a revolver to the fucking moon. Tammy goes to attack it with her moon weapon - the flail - but it dodges easily and grabs her. Ron screams. Wubbo tries to repel it, hitting it square in the head with his frying pan. Part of the glass of the helmet shatters, and it drops her, but it seems mostly undamaged. In the dark, it's hard to see, but there's something not human inside the space suit. With dark flesh like strands of gluten, sharp spines, but moulded into a face that's almost human.

MIKE  
 Retreat!

Armstrong's body is dropped. Tammy scrambles to her feet. Something sharp is coming out of the hole in the extra astronaut's suit. It moves with an unnatural, skittering motion, on all fours. Every astronaut is running to the exit as fast as they can, but it's dark and disorientating. In the distance, a light is visible, the light from outside pouring in. But Tammy doesn't see it. She's lagging behind the rest of the group, and she makes a wrong turn, running into another chamber. She quickly becomes lost. Eventually, she has to slow down.

TAMMY  
 Hello? Can anyone hear me?

No response on the radio.

TAMMY  
 Please!  
 Tammy can hear nothing but her own heaving breathing. Stumbling into the next room, she sees something  
 (MORE)

TAMMY (CONT'D)

unusual. An eye. Human-like, but huge, set into a wall, staring at her. She continues on, taking short, panicked breaths. In front of her, she sees something skitter across the path. She starts heading in the opposite direction, but as she turns a corner, she comes face-to-face with it. Halfway out of the space suit, crawling out like a snake shedding its skin, still in a semi-humanoid form, but even more distorted, like a clay figure that's been stretched out. It lunges towards her, and that's the last thing she ever sees.

EXT. LUNAR LABYRINTH

The astronauts who made it out are still shaking, still catching their breath. Mike is finishing another head count.

MIKE

Ellison.

ELLISON

Here.

MIKE

Tammy.

No response.

MIKE

Tammy!?

RON

Oh god. She's still in there.

Mike starts preparing the buggy.

RON (CONT'D)

What are you doing? We have to go back for her!

MIKE

Do not re-enter the labyrinth. Those are your orders!

RON

Please, Commander! I'm begging you!

MIKE

You want to die in there too, Ron? Is that what you want? Get the fuck over it! People die all the time!

Wubbo gently takes him by the arm and starts leading him towards the buggy. Ron continues to protest.

RON

NO!

He tries to head back into the labyrinth, but Wubbo grabs his suit. Ron, caught off-balance, falls to the ground. He's crying.

WUBBO

I'm sorry, Ron. Really, I am. But we need you alive. I need you alive.

Behind them, there are a few Platonic Archaea poking out of the ground.

INT. AIRLOCK

The astronauts arrive at the airlock. Mike and Judith head for the command module. Ron and Ellison follow not far behind, Ellison clutching the camera.

JUDITH

I've gotta get out of here. I want out. I want off as soon as possible. God damn it. It's official, Mike, it's all over.

INT. HABITAT MODULE

MIKE

I'm sorry I pointed a gun at you.

JUDITH

Thank you.

MIKE

Do you forgive me?

INT. CORRIDOR

JUDITH

Go fuck yourself, Mike.

MIKE

Please. I can't have this on my conscience. What if you die?

JUDITH

Then it's your fault.

INT. COMMAND MODULE

They enter the command module. Dick Scobee is sitting at the computer terminal. Both of them stop and stare for a good 10 seconds.

DICK

Perhaps you would care to tell me why you've completely abandoned your mission and have spent the last two days wandering the surface of the moon looking for aliens?

JUDITH

You're dead.

DICK

I'm sorry?

MIKE

You are dead. You are buried in the astronaut graveyard. I gave a nice speech about you.

DICK

Is this some kind of threat?

JUDITH

Commander. What's the last thing you remember?

DICK

Mike, this is par for the course for you. But Judith? Would you throw away such a promising career like this? A temporary bout of madness on the moon - moon madness? You know where they put astronauts who go insane, don't you? You know what they do to them?

Judith thinks for a moment.

JUDITH

I'm sorry, Commander. It won't happen again.

DICK

It better not.

Judith leaves at a brisk pace.

DICK

I have taken the liberty of informing NASA of the fact that I am very much alive.

MIKE

Tammy Jernigan and Christa McAullife were killed on our last outing, Commander. A freak accident.

DICK

I see. Let us not forget their  
bravery. But we must not lose sight  
of our mission.

INT. HABITAT MODULE

Ron is not so much as sipping a cup of coffee as huddling  
around it. Ellison is just sitting there, looking  
shellshocked. Judith enters from the command module and  
heads straight for the airlock.

JUDITH

I'm going for a walk.

None of the others say anything as she leaves. Wubbo is  
sorting through the various ration packs, trying to pick  
out ingredients for his latest moon pie creation.

WUBBO

Should I add the pork and beans, or  
the yellow curry?

ELLISON

I'm not hungry.

WUBBO

Not even for moon pie?

ELLISON

All I can think about is my hand on  
an ice pick in Christa's eye. She  
was thirty-eight. Married. Two kids.

RON

It's not your fault. It was an  
accident.

ELLISON

No, it was a mistake. Not an  
accident. I didn't accidentally kill  
the woman with an ice pick, Ron!

Ellison sighs.

ELLISON

There's something inside, Ron.  
Inside this place. Something deeply  
sad and lonely. Way down deep.  
Calling me up here.

RON

Don't answer it, Ellison. Whatever  
you do, don't answer it.

Mike enters from the command center.

MIKE

Good news, everyone. Dick Scobee is alive. And he's commander now.

ELLISON

Dick Scobee? The man we buried?

MIKE

Yeah. Weird how it goes, isn't it?

ELLISON

Dick Scobee is DEAD, Mike.

MIKE

No, he's sitting in the command center sending a message to Houston.

ELLISON

(deadly serious)

Mike. Whatever is in that room isn't Dick Scobee. We are in serious danger right now.

Mike sits down. He looks like absolute shit. He's sweating all over. His eyes are bloodshot. He looks defeated.

MIKE

(quieter)

I don't care. Two people died today, and one person came back to life. If we keep going this way, we might break even.

EXT. LUNAR GRAVEYARD

Judith enters the lunar graveyard.. Dick Scobee's grave is at the far end, completely undisturbed. There are a few Platonic Archaea protruding from the ground. Standing in the pale regolith is the extra astronaut, as if it's guarding the grave. It looks at her as she enters.

JUDITH

Do you think I'm afraid to die?

The extra astronaut just stands there, listening, not acknowledging.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid of anything. I don't feel anything anymore. I saw Christa die and I felt nothing.

Judith starts walking toward the extra astronaut.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Tammy is dead and I felt nothing. I  
(MORE)

JUDITH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
told Ron I was sad, but I was faking  
it.

She's no more than a foot away from it, right next to Dick's grave. She can see something moving beneath the helmet. Wriggling. Judith produces and brandishes a butterfly knife.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
Is this something you did to me?

Slowly but surely, what lies below the helmet comes into view. It's her face. With dark eyes, the doppelganger regards her in absolute silence, an unnatural stillness. Then, Judith lunges toward it, butterfly knife in hand.

INT. HABITAT MODULE

As Wubbo puts the finishing touches on his moon pie, the atmosphere is tense. Dick is taking his place at the table, across from Ellison. He puts some papers down on the table. Ellison doesn't break eye contact with him, barely blinks. Greg anxiously smokes a cigarette.

DICK  
Good news. NASA have sent over some possible coordinates for the soviet moon base. The real deal this time - not a suspicious rock. They want us to check them tomorrow. I expect you all to be up bright and early. We've got work to do.

They hear the airlock hiss in the next room over - Judith is on her way in.

WUBBO  
Good timing!

He takes the moon pie out of the microwave and places it in the middle of the table. A truly disgusting-looking brown-grey mush. Minced beef, M&Ms, and an entire soggy bread roll are visible in the mix.

WUBBO  
Moon pie! Fresh from the oven.

RON  
Thank you, Wubbo. This is just what I needed.

Judith walks into the habitat module just as the astronauts are spooning moon pie onto their plates. She dumps Dick's petrified body directly onto the table. Ron tries not to vomit. Everyone is surprised, most of all Dick. The others stare at him.

DICK  
(shaking)  
I'm... not me... I'm not... I...

JUDITH  
(screaming)  
Mike! Kill it!  
Mike hesitates, fumbles for his six-shooter. Dick screams a deep, animalistic scream, grabs the kitchen knife from the table and lunges toward Wubbo. He sinks the knife into Wubbo's left shoulder blade, madness in his eyes, blood splattering all over the moon pie. Ron screams, shoves Dick, and starts punching him. Dick brings his leg up, and kicks Ron in the groin. Wubbo collapses to the floor, clutching his shoulder. Ron recoils. Mike takes aim and fires. The sound the gun makes in the confined area is deafening. It hits Dick straight in the head, shattering his skull instantly. His lifeless body falls forwards onto the table, filling the plates and cups with hot blood. You can see his brain through the back of his skull. The whole base seems to shake. The main power goes out, and the red emergency lights go on. Ron runs toward Wubbo, his ears ringing. Wubbo is woozy, his clothing stained with a huge amount of blood. The knife went deep. Too deep. As the ringing subsides, it's replaced by another noise. Hissing. The astronauts look at the walls behind Dick's place at the table. The bullet passed through several interior walls before hitting something flammable. There's a huge hole in the side of the command module - it looks like the bullet ignited at least one oxygen tank, maybe an oxygen line. Papers and some of the lighter objects in the base are dragged toward it as the air is sucked from the room.

MIKE  
Everyone! Space suits! Now!

INT. AIRLOCK

As the group runs toward the suits, fighting the negative pressure, Ron stays by Wubbo's side.

JUDITH

Ron! Get a grip!

Eventually, Judith drags him out of the room. He never looks forward, only back, staring at Wubbo, who is barely clinging to life. As they make their way towards the suits in the storage locker, the air is thin. They're struggling to breathe. As they put on their suits, they're hacking, coughing, rasping, then quiet as the air is sucked out of their lungs. Ron struggles to zip everything together. He goes blue in the face. It looks like he's not going to make it. Judith manages to pressurise her suit, and gasps, taking a huge breath. Mike, then Ellison, then Greg do the same. Finally, as he's about to pass out, Ron seals his helmet and pressurises. It's like liquid relief flowing into every part of his body. For a minute, the astronauts stand there and get their breath back. Then, they take stock of the damage. Ron runs back toward the habitat module.

INT. HABITAT MODULE

It's dark. Everything is bathed in a dim red light. Ron walks to Wubbo's lifeless body. He's lying on his back. His eyes are frozen in fear. Not ready to die. Ron cries. Ellison offers a silent prayer. Even Mike puts a hand on his shoulder. Judith says nothing. She scans the room. Then she stops.

JUDITH

We have to get out of here, now.

ELLISON

Why?

Judith motions towards the table.

JUDITH

Dick is gone.

Sure enough, Dick's body is missing from the kitchen table. In the darkness, it's hard to see into the other rooms. The group gets the hell out of there, as fast as possible, Ron dragging Wubbo's corpse. On their way out, they pick up any supplies they can.

EXT. LUNAR BASE

The astronauts circle round to the other side of the base. At the site of the explosion, a lot of junk has vented out the side - including Dick's papers. Mike picks them up with his clumsy astronaut hands.

ELLISON

How do we know they're real?

MIKE

We don't have a choice. It's more than a week until we're due to return. We can't radio Houston from here, and if we can't radio Houston, we won't get picked up. We'll die in the ocean.

JUDITH

Dying on Earth doesn't sound too bad to me. There's something lonely about dying in space.

ELLISON

You saw how they replaced Dick. What if you're one of them? What if you've been replaced already?

MIKE

I don't think this is a productive discussion.

ELLISON

I say we escape now, while we still can. They'll be looking for us. They'll find us.

MIKE

That's suicide.

JUDITH

I'll put in a vote for suicide.

Ellison brandishes his ice pick at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ellison. Say you kill me, here and now. You'll never know. You'll never know if I was really me or not.

ELLISON

Fuck you, Mike.

Ellison lowers the pick.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

The five remaining astronauts - Judith, Mike, Ellison, Ron and Greg - are once more heading out in the rover. Mike is driving. To call the moon 'strangely beautiful' is probably a mistake. It's a wasteland. Endless miles of nothing but gray rocks. There is a smothering silence to it; a deep melancholy that permeates everything.

RON

I left my custard donut at the base.

MIKE  
 (as if he can't quite  
 parse the words)  
 Custard... donut?

RON  
 I smuggled it up here.

JUDITH  
 You took a custard donut to the  
 moon?

RON  
 Yeah. I was going to eat it when I  
 got to space, but the time never  
 felt right. Then, as all the bad  
 stuff started happening, I didn't  
 feel like celebrating. I was going  
 to give it to Wubbo.

He sniffs, and sobs quietly.

JUDITH  
 Ron. Don't take this the wrong way,  
 but... you're always doing things for  
 other people. You never seem to do  
 anything for you.

RON  
 Sorry.

JUDITH  
 Don't apologise! Just don't be too  
 hard on yourself. It's not your  
 fault.

RON  
 (sniffing)  
 Thank you, Judith.

ELLISON  
 It's my fault. Aliens on the moon.  
 That was all my idea. Christa is  
 dead because of me. Tammy is dead  
 because of me. It's my fault. It's  
 all my fault. I... I should've talked  
 to my kid before I left.

RON  
 You have a kid?

ELLISON  
 Yeah. She's 8. Or maybe 9. Or 14.  
 You know, I stopped counting. It  
 doesn't matter.

JUDITH

Born into a dead world.

RON

Judith. I know you hate when I ask you this, but... are you okay?

JUDITH

No. Probably not for a long time. Probably not for years. I had no idea how bad things were until I came here. I just thought it was normal.

RON

Is there anything I can do?

JUDITH

No.

She takes a long pause.

JUDITH

Just know that... I'm sorry too.

EXT. SUPERIOR SOVIET LUNAR BASE

The astronauts make their way up and along a ridge skirting the edge of a large canyon.

ELLISON

Mike, there is no soviet moon base. There never was. That's the only real conspiracy theory in all this.

MIKE

That's exactly what they want you to think. Damn commies. They're crafty.

JUDITH

Come on, Mike. Do you really think we've failed to find them in literal years of scouting for 'rare earth metals'? It's bupkis.

As the astronauts head over the next ridge, they are confronted by the sight of an enormous Soviet moon base. It's multiple storeys tall, and seems to be made out of leftover sheet metal. There are several cosmonauts standing outside, talking to one another and attending to a Soviet moon buggy.

RON

Oh my god.

MIKE

Get down!

He grabs Ron, who is sticking his head over the ridge.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Get in a better position, idiot.  
This way.

RON  
For what?

The four scurry around the ridge, off to one side, to try and get closer to the base. Once they're in a position that Mike deems appropriate, he gets out his revolver and aims it over the ridge, toward the two cosmonauts working on the buggy.

MIKE  
(muttering)  
No such thing as a Soviet moon base.  
My ass.

RON  
Mike! What the hell are you doing?

MIKE  
Our mission was to come here and  
kill commies. And that is what I  
intend to do. This will be my last  
stand.

ELLISON  
Don't you think we're a little past  
that?

RON  
These people could help us! And  
you're going to kill them in cold  
blood! They're not even armed!

Mike stops aiming. There's a manic look in his eyes. Like staring into the face of death itself.

MIKE  
(intense)  
Ron, I believe in America. A land of  
freedom, of plenty, and of  
opportunity. Where even someone like  
you could become an astronaut. And  
I'm not about to let the commies  
take that away from us. Now stop  
interrupting me, or I swear to god,  
I'll shoot you, I'll shoot Ellison,  
I'll shoot Judith, I'll shoot  
everyone! God damn it!

Mike prepares to shoot. Ron charges him. Mike spins, shoots, and misses spectacularly. Ron tackles him to the ground. He goes down with little resistance. He brings the

revolver round but Ron grabs his arm. He shoots again, this time into the air. Ellison runs up and grabs the revolver out of his hand.

MIKE

Traitors! Both of you! Judith! Help me!

Ellison points the revolver at Mike. Judith just stands there, staring into space.

ELLISON

It's over, Mike.

MIKE

You naive fools! You're playing right into their game! They'll take you for everything you've got! Then you'll be sorry. I'm telling you, one day, things really will be bad. Worse than this. Far worse. And you'll look back at this moment, and you'll say 'Mike was right'. I was right.

He laughs.

ELLISON

Ron... I hate to say this, but what if he IS right? What if they take us prisoner?

RON

He's right about one thing. There is no United States on the moon. There is no Soviet Union. There's just us.

The group heads over the ridge, with Ellison still holding Mike at gunpoint. Ron waves. The two cosmonauts look confused for a moment, but wave back.

RON

Hello? Can you hear me?

The cosmonauts don't respond.

JUDITH

They must be on a different radio frequency.

One cosmonaut says something to the other. After some awkward gesturing back and forth, one of the cosmonauts points toward the airlock. The astronauts are ushered through, and the airlock compresses.

## INT. SUPERIOR SOVIET LUNAR BASE

They take off their helmets. The cosmonaut with them is SERGEY ZALYOTIN, an anxious and confused looking man. Their appearance raises some eyebrows from other cosmonauts strolling around the base. It's huge, compared to the American lunar base, dimly-lit, and even more ramshackle. The walls look like they've been welded together out of mismatched sheet metal. The lights flicker. Occasionally, the entire base seems to groan.

SERGEY ZALYOTIN

Please, wait here. I will return with the commander.

He leaves. The Americans stand around awkwardly, still being stared at.

RON

After all this, Ronald Raygun was right.

MIKE

They'll kill us. They'll kill us for being Americans. I can feel their lust for blood.

Several of the cosmonauts laugh. One of them says something indistinct in Russian and they laugh again. Sergei returns, this time with famed cosmonaut and incredibly intense presence VALENTINA TERESHKOVA. She offers them polite but curt greetings.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Welcome to the superior Soviet lunar base. My name is Valentina Tereshkova. I am commander. Please, hand over your weapon.

She gestures with her hand. Ron hands over Mike's prized six-shooter. She picks it up as if it's a dog turd, rolls her eyes, unloads it, and pockets it.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Very unsafe to have this on the moon.

RON

Pleased to meet you, Commander. I'm Ron McNair. This is Ellison Onizuka, Gregory Jarvis, Judith Resnick and Mike Smith.

Ron offers his hand. She shakes it with a vice-like grip.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Ah. From the Challenger. We had a bet that you would blow up.

ELLISON

Commander. Our situation is grave. Several of our astronauts are dead. Our base is destroyed. We need your help.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Ha! American lunar base is destroyed. You know, Soviet high command would have me kill you.

She pauses, enjoying the panicked look on the Americans' faces.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA (CONT'D)

But, this is not the Soviet Union, this is the moon. Please, join me for a drink. We will discuss it.

INT. SUPERIOR SOVIET MESS HALL

The Soviet base doesn't have a dinner table. It has an entire mess hall. There's a man serving pate and crispbreads from behind a counter, the air smells like stew and not cum. The astronauts, along with Tereshkova and Zalyotin, are sitting around a table, drinking vodka.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

No. I have seen no such thing. Nevertheless, I believe you are telling the truth. This is a hostile world. Air full of phantoms. I can feel it. Perhaps it only attacks Americans.

MIKE

Commie piece of shit. I would shoot you right now. I would shoot all of you.

ELLISON

Mike! Diplomacy!

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Friend. I was joking. Can you not take joke? How can you live up here without joking?

Judith downs another glass of vodka.

MIKE

I am sick of your jokes, and I am  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

sick of your constant references to the so-called 'superior' soviet moon base! It's not our fault that you lost the space race!

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

What? Soviet Union did not lose the space race.

MIKE

We got to the moon first! Us! Americans!

Mike points to himself, as if it will elucidate his point.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

First satellite in space. Sputnik. Soviet Union. First dog in space. Laika. Soviet Union. First flyby of moon. Luna 1. Soviet Union. First picture of dark side of moon. Luna 3. Soviet Union. First man in space. Yuri Gargaran. Soviet Union. First woman in space. Me. Soviet Union. First spacewalk. Alexi Leonov, Soviet Union. First craft to land on moon. Luna 9. Soviet Union. First craft on venus, first space station, first spacecraft on mars. All Soviet Union. But, go ahead. Believe you won the space race. It makes no difference to me.

MIKE

That's great. Really, that's great. But the race wasn't to have the first dog in space. The race was to have the first man on the moon.

VALENTINA TERSHKOVA

You really believe that, don't you?

MIKE

With all my heart and bones.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

The collapse of capitalism will be hard on you, Mike Smith. Very hard.

MIKE

Capitalism built Houston, Texas, and it built NASA, and it built Dickey's Barbecue Pit. You know, Ms. Cosmonaut, that you can get a telephone shaped like Garfield? We

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 have seen nothing but prosperity and economic growth through two centuries of good ol' free market capitalism. If it didn't work, we wouldn't be here right now, in space, having this conversation with you.

Mike takes a huge swig of Vodka. It seems to have drastically improved his mood.

RON  
 What's it like on Mars?

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
 I don't know.

RON  
 Better than here?

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
 Almost certainly.

JUDITH  
 I don't think any of us should be here. This feels wrong. It's been wrong this whole time.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
 You Americans have some strange fascination with the moon. Tell me, what draws you to this place?

Judith knocks back more vodka.

JUDITH  
 I remember watching the first moon landing on TV. It seemed like the greatest thing. We thought we could make it into a paradise. Reshape it in the image of America. All moon hotels and space suits with fishbowl helmets and shaking hands with little green men. 60s kitsch. That's all gone now.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
 It is arrogant to think you can own the moon and put McDonald's on it.

JUDITH  
 True. But there was this... ignorant optimism in all of it. Some sense that we would prevail over adversity. I miss that.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
I never knew it.

ELLISON  
You never looked at the moon with  
wonder and awe?

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
No.

JUDITH  
Then why did you come? Why are any  
of you here?

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
Same reason as you. To put flag  
down. Scouting for rare earth  
metals, so they say.

MIKE  
I wish to defect to the Soviet  
Union.

Everybody stares at Mike. Even Tereshkova, who has been a  
picture of emotional restraint, is taken aback.

JUDITH  
What?

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
You? Three minutes ago you told me  
you wanted to shoot me.

MIKE  
Yeah, but now I want to defect.

JUDITH  
I don't believe this.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
Do you have any American state  
secrets?

MIKE  
No.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
Then the answer is no.

MIKE  
(panicked)  
Okay. I may have state secrets. But  
I can't tell you if I have them  
until I defect.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA  
You are a strange man, Mike Smith.

JUDITH

Don't offer that man a goddamn thing. He's a menace.

Mike literally collapses on his hands and knees and starts begging. It looks like he's aged ten years.

MIKE

Please! Don't make me beg! Please don't make me beg! They'll throw me in jail! They'll kill me! I'll do anything!

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Have some pride, man.

MIKE

(bubbling)

Please! I won't last a day in prison!

Mike puts his head down, heaves, pukes on the floor. Tereshkova sighs.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

We may have use for you yet. IF you behave yourself.

RON

Commander, can we use your radio? We need to get a message to NASA. Tell them we're coming home early.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Of course, comrade. I will show you to the comms room. But afterwards, I need a favour from you.

ELLISON

What kind of favour?

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

You mentioned that you have killed one of these moon creatures. Correct?

ELLISON

Yeah.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

We... have a little problem.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

The astronauts (and cosmonauts) descend a long ramp that opens into a cavernous underground space, one seemingly mined from the moon rock itself. Like the rest of the base, it's poorly-lit, but the shape at the far end is

unmistakable. Platonic Archaea. At the tip, about twenty feet up, it's the same size as the one the astronauts saw on the moon's surface. But the rock has been mined out around it, to reveal that it just keeps going going down and down, at the bottom it's so thick that you couldn't put your arms round it - not that you'd want to, because the sharp barbs go all the way down as well. As the astronauts enter, it gently undulates.

RON

Oh my lord.

SERGEY ZALYOTIN

We have been excavating for weeks.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

At first we thought we could carve it out of the ground and send it back to the USSR.

SERGEY ZALYOTIN

It tried to kill me.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

You Americans are armed to the teeth. I want you to kill it first.

The astronauts stand around and stare at it.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Well? Where is that American thirst for blood I've heard so much about?

The astronauts take out their weapons. Judith's butterfly knife, Ellison's icepick, Gregory's pickaxe. Mike shrugs. Finally, Ron takes the grenade out of his pocket. He's been carrying it everywhere. He just stares at it.

ELLISON

Good thinking, Ron.

Ron takes a cautious few steps toward the Platonic Archaea, then stops.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Go! Faster!

Ron feels the malevolent presence of the creature in front of him, then steps back, still holding the grenade.

RON

(quietly)

I'll kill me. It'll kill everyone.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

(pointing at Mike)

You. Idiot. You do it.

Mike strides up to Ron and grabs the grenade out of his hand. The manic look is back. He's breathing heavily.

MIKE

Queer. You want to see what a real American hero looks like?

Mike walks straight up to the Platonic Archaea, which doesn't react to his presence at all. He plants the grenade in the small crevice that lies between the stone floor of the chamber and the creature, then walks away. In a split second, almost imperceptibly fast, it grabs him by the leg, lifts him into the air, and brings him down, dashing his brains against the rocks. At that moment, the grenade explodes - it's deafening in the confined area, the whole base shakes. Chunks come flying out of the Platonic Archaea, splattering across the cavern, stringy and glutinous, like uncooked dough. It drops Mike's body and recedes deeper into the moon, leaving behind a huge, dark chasm. For a moment, everything is still. Then, the ground starts rumbling, like it's going to give out beneath them. It's violent and loud. The whole base shakes.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Change of plan! Everyone, get to the airlock!

EXT. SUPERIOR SOVIET LUNAR BASE

The astronauts and cosmonauts hurriedly exit the airlock. The walls of the superior soviet base and creaking and groaning under the pressure. Somewhere, multiple alarms are sounding.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

How many can your shuttle carry?

RON

Seven. But there's only room on the buggy for five.

Tereshkova speaks in Russian to some of the other cosmonauts. They nod.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

I am sending Sergei, Valeri Tokarev, and Svetlana Savitskaya with you. There is not room for them here. They can take our buggy.

ELLISON

Take one more.

RON

Ellison, what?

ELLISON

There's something here... calling  
out to me. I can't explain it.

SERGEY ZALYOTIN

Comrades! Time is short!  
Sergei has a point. The moon seems  
to be literally tearing itself  
apart.

ELLISON

It's been a pleasure knowing you.  
All of you. But I have to go. I have  
to do this.

He turns, starts walking in the other direction.

JUDITH

Ellison! I'll stay instead!

SERGEY ZALYOTIN

Comrades! Now!  
He doesn't respond. Taking one last  
look back, Judith, Ron and the  
Soviets begin to pile into buggies.

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

Good luck, Americans. In this life  
or the next. Tell Ronald Raygun I  
said he can go fuck himself.

Ron waves, politely. Gregory floors it. As the buggy  
drives away, Tereshkova continues to usher cosmonauts away  
from the building, and a huge region of the superior  
soviet moon base depressurises.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

It's a white-knuckle ride back to the American moon base.  
The moon is shaking violently, seemingly shaking itself  
apart. Not just that, huge cracks and fissures are opening  
in the lunar surface. Some are large enough to fit a  
person, or even the buggy - Gregory has to swerve to avoid  
them. The Platonic Archaea are no longer still, they're  
writhing about, trying to grab the buggy. Ellison looks  
toward the horizon, trying to spot the extra astronaut,  
but sees nothing. But he sees eyes. Human-like eyes,  
opening directly on the moon's surface - some of them as  
large as 6 feet across. Bloodshot, staring. Everywhere.

EXT. LUNAR BASE

The rumbling intensifies, and the moon's surface seems to  
split apart even more, but eventually, the familiar sight  
of the American base comes into view. The lunar module is  
waiting for them. Ellison, Judith, and Ron climb in,  
followed by the cosmonauts, and begin the takeoff

procedure. The module kicks up a huge cloud of dust, and begins to lift off.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

Ellison doesn't look back. His eyes are fixed straight ahead, on a huge fissure that's opened up in front of him. It's more than large enough for him to fit down. As if in a trance, he steps into it, and falls straight down the long, dark vertical shaft.

INT. INSIDE THE MOON

The inside of the moon is smooth and dark, and a sort of negative pressure draws Ellison deeper and deeper, always descending. The edges of the fissure, jagged at first, become smooth and steep. As he descends, the tunnel becomes more like the repeating structures of the moon labyrinth, but the walls have ornate patterns carved into them, and there are eyes everywhere. There are Platonic Archæa bisecting the cavern vertically, as thick as giant redwoods. They seem to pay no attention to him. He presses on, always downward, for a long time.

INT. LUNAR MODULE

Ron, Judith and the cosmonauts are strapped into the lunar module. There are blue skies outside, and the sounds of waves lapping outside can be heard. Everyone is relieved. The cosmonauts are talking amongst themselves, in Russian. Ron is clutching the camera.

RON

Judith?

JUDITH

Yeah?

RON

You've been acting... weird, lately.

Judith says nothing.

RON

Are you a...

JUDITH

Doppelganger?

Ron looks at the floor.

JUDITH

Ron. It doesn't matter anymore. I don't care if you think I'm a doppelganger.

RON  
It matters to me.

JUDITH  
I was gonna kill myself when I got  
back to earth. But I can do it now,  
if it'll make you happier.

RON  
Please, Judith. Just tell me what's  
wrong.

Judith sighs.

JUDITH  
It's empty.

RON  
What's empty?

JUDITH  
The middle. It's empty.

RON  
The middle of what?

JUDITH  
(crying)  
Christ, I can't deal with this. I'd  
always thought there was something  
there. You know. Something.  
Anything. Even if it was something  
bad, at least it'd be something. But  
there's not anything. It's empty.

INT. CORE OF THE MOON

Ellison is still walking. Clearly exhausted, stumbling through an endless series of near-identical caverns and chambers. The walls, carved and ornate, are covered in white tentacles, and dotted with human-like eyes. The entire place seems to be alive. The lights on his suit can barely illuminate a few meters in front of him. He presses on, through chamber after chamber. The rooms have holes in the ceiling and floor, holes that just seem to lead into more chambers. Eventually, he sees an outline in the next chamber over. A figure, standing with its back from him. Stumbling into the next room, he sees it clearly. It looks like Tammy. But she's not wearing a space suit.

ELLISON  
Tammy?

The figure turns around.

ELLISON

I'm sorry about everything. I'm so sorry.

TAMMY

I know about bugs.

She speaks with an unnatural cadence. Her eyes are dark. She seems to look through him, not at him.

ELLISON

Are you Tammy?

TAMMY

I know that bugs hatch from larvae in dead animals. A creature, crawling, wriggling. Its whole life, everything it has ever known, lived inside rotting, putrefying flesh. Living inside a carcass. A creature from a world of dead meat.

She starts gagging and dry-heaving. He looks down, and sees Platonic Archaea have come through the floor and are wrapping around his legs. As Tammy opens her mouth, Ellison can see something dark and sharp inside. As it emerges, she seems to shed her human skin, like a snake.

INT. NASA ARCHIVE

Somewhere, at some desk, in some forgotten part of NASA's archives, an archivist is looking through a collection of photos. The first few photos seem to be from the Apollo 11 moon mission, though they don't resemble any picture on record. The archivist looks at them for a moment, then feeds them into an industrial shredder. The next few pictures are random shots of the surface of the moon, with seemingly nothing for miles. Into the shredder they go. Then, the pictures depict the entrance, and some chambers, of the lunar labyrinth. The camera work is increasingly bad, the pictures shaky and at odd angles. Into the shredder they go as well. A picture of a Platonic Archaea. Then, the archivist gets to the final picture in the set. Neil Armstrong's lifeless body, slumped against the wall, taken from a few feet away. The archivist gazes at it for a moment, then feeds it into the shredder as well.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END