

TB

TOP SECRET

AUGUST 15, 1973

MEMORANDUM FOR

H.R. Haldeman, White House Chief of Staff

SUBJECT: Selected classified transcriptions of Ceres 3
debriefings affecting National Security [REDACTED]

As I had discussed with you previously, the debriefings of astronauts Christopher Korver, Justin Cale, and Richard Brennin revealed lunar abnormalities beyond the scope of previous projections. All alternative explanations pertaining to Soviet involvement seem farfetched as mentioned next to said abnormalities. [REDACTED]

Direction as to a specific course of action is needed imminently. Few options are available; I suggest you allow us to present these in the immediate future.

The following is a 200 page transcript document containing the pertinent accounts provided by the Ceres 3 astronauts. Your expedited response is appreciated.

/S/ WILLIAM E. COLBY,



DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

TB

CERES 3 TRANSCRIPTION SELECTED COMPILATION
AUGUST 10, 1973 -- AUGUST 17, 1973

LOCATION: MOBILE QUARANTINE FACILITY.

REF: 450, Pg.3

INTERVIEWER: [NAME REDACTED]

INTERVIEWEE: **KORVER, CHRISTOPHER**

[NAME REDACTED]

...The date is August 10th, 1973.
We are conducting a debriefing...with
Commander Christopher Korver of the
Ceres 3 Lunar Module-- regarding his
mission to the lunar surface.....
Now. Going back, before the launch;
You were... you were killed in January
of '72?

KORVER

That's correct.

[NAME REDACTED]

You died in a-- in a plane crash.
Testing Air Force jet R-X34.

KORVER

Correct-- that was the cover--

[NAME REDACTED]

Of course-- and you're immediate
family is your mother, Leah. Sister
Kimberly.

KORVER

Correct.

[NAME REDACTED]

Do they know you're still alive?

KORVER

No.

[NAME REDACTED]

Before you launched, did you contact
friends or family in any way?

KORVER

No.

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[NAME REDACTED]
You understand that you cannot go
back to your former life?

KORVER
...I do.

LOCATION: MOBILE QUARANTINE FACILITY.
REF: 451, Pg.45

INTERVIEWER: [NAME REDACTED]
INTERVIEWEE: **BRENNIN, RICHARD**

*NOTE: [NAME REDACTED] is now debriefing a second astronaut,
RICHARD BRENNIN. Briefings have been re-ordered throughout
this document to best disseminate information.*

[NAME REDACTED]
After this meeting you'll be provided
with a new identity and traveled to
a city of your choosing. No contact
with acquaintances from your previous
life is permitted. Indefinitely.
You will be under 24 hour
surveillance.

No comment made by Brenninn.

LOCATION: MOBILE QUARANTINE FACILITY.
REF: 452, Pg.72

INTERVIEWER: [NAME REDACTED]
INTERVIEWEE: **CALE, JUSTIN**

*NOTE: A third astronaut, JUSTIN CALE, is now being debriefed
by [NAME REDACTED].*

[NAME REDACTED]
The consequences of non-compliance
are final. Are we clear--

CALE
--let's get this over with.

LOCATION: MOBILE QUARANTINE FACILITY.
REF: 450, Pg.8

INTERVIEWER: [NAME REDACTED]
INTERVIEWEE: **KORVER, CHRISTOPHER**

[NAME REDACTED]

This will be more detailed than normal. In addition to visual descriptions, I need emotions, opinions, and any conclusions you may have come to--

KORVER

Alright--

[NAME REDACTED]

Start from launch.

KORVER

...well.....anytime I saw one of our rockets go up-- and explode in mid launch...I wondered-- what those last few moments-- those last few seconds were like for the astronauts on board.... But now I-- now I--

CHRIS KORVER.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 450, Pg.9

--now I know. We were 42 seconds into our launch and **our rocket was gonna explode--**

Everything was shaking. Brutally. Violently.

Rich was strapped to my right-- Cale to my left-- Alarms were ringing all over the module. It was shaking so bad I could barely read my monitor--

KORVER

*Control-- failure in fuel lines 2--
3-- and 5--*

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

*Affirm-- affirm-- we are showing
fuel discharge near main engine--*

KORVER (V.O.)

I knew when that fuel hit the launch
exhaust, we would explode.

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.52

It felt like a billion volts of electricity were coursing through us it was shaking so much.

FILMMAKER'S NOTE:

Scenes written in First Person will be shot in First Person POINT OF VIEW 3D.

Scenes written in Third Person will be shot in NORMAL 3D.

A bold and underlined **CHARACTER NAME** signifies that scene is written and will be shot from that characters Point of View.

BRENNIN (V.O.)

*This isn't the way I wanted to go
out--*

*I tried to look out the window-- G-forces made it tough--
Could only see blue sky--*

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
*Second stage separation in twenty
seconds-- cannot cut fuel lines till
then--*

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 452, Pg.81

My helmet was banging my ears. Engine roar was deafening.

CALE (V.O.)

*Booster separation was everything--
It could get rid of the problem-- or
it could ignite an explosion--*

The rocket rolled-- centrifugal force was disorientating--

CALE (CONT'D)

Control-- suggest Escape System--

MISSION CONTROL
--negative. Passing Max Q--

BOOM. BOOM.

We hit something-- felt like crashing through two walls--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 450, Pg.9

I held my breath-- started breathing again-- We had just--

KORVER

*--broke sound barrier. Now at Max Q--
Now at Max Q--*

But now the turbulence was worse than ever--

Couldn't tell up from down--

Shook so much I was seeing double--

Looked like we had six guys in the module instead of three--

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5.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
*Count down to separation-- three--
two-- one--*

BAAAAAAAAANNNNNNGGGGG--

RIIIIIIPP--- RIIIIIPP---

BAAAAAAAAANNNNNNGGGGGGGG----

KORVER

No-- no--

BRENNIN

CALE

Shit--

Fuck--

THE WHOLE ROCKET SHUDDERED-- WARPED--

FIRE FLARED OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS--

EVERYTHING TURNED ORANGE--

THE SHAKING WAS PAINFUL--

BIT MY LIP-- BLOOD SPLASHED MY HELMET GLASS--

One final jolt, and then everything got real quiet...

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Ceres, separation was ugly but
successful. That booster's on fire
and headed earthbound. *Third stage
ignition, two-- one-- now--*

*Our heads snapped back into the chairs as the acceleration
kicked back in. Out the window blue sky was changing over
to black.*

KORVER (V.O.)

Awe started to set in. Here I was
in a rocket that wasn't supposed to
exist. On a mission to the Moon no
one was supposed to know about. So
secret, we had to fake our deaths.
Assume new identities. And be willing
to die for real.

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.53

I started smiling.

BRENNIN (V.O.)

The joy in my heart, the fact that we were on our way to the Moon-- the feeling-- that feeling is indescribable.

The ship rolled, angling the window so I could see Earth. God it was beautiful. We were so high up the clouds were far away.

Then it happened.

WEIGHTLESSNESS.

This was only my second time. My eyes filled with wonder, can you believe my smile got bigger?

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 450, Pg.9

Through the window, we watched as the Earth spun away counterclockwise.

KORVER (V.O.)

The Apollo astronauts found anomalies on the Moon. It was our mission to find out what the anomalies actually were.

I glanced over at Cale and Brennin.

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After the Apollo program ended the Air Force put together this mission in a rush, utilizing the same technology. They called it CERES 3. I barely knew the guys next to me. We knew the equipment, the technology, but we'd only trained together for a couple months.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Beginning Trans Lunar Injection in three. Two. One. Go.

Our ship rumbled. Accelerated.

1 - Rosen
1 - Liaison
1 - Nasca

TB

Date: August 21, 1972

To: Director
Bureau of Intelligence and Research
Department of State

From: Thomas T. Handy
Commanding General
United States Army Strategic Air Forces

Subject: REQUEST FOR EARLY TERMINATION OF APOLLO
PROGRAM

Strategic Air Force Command formally requests the transfer of all civilian space programs of and relating to lunar exploration, to Air Force control. This constitutes future Luna Orbiter, Surveyor, and Apollo Moon Missions.

62-109060-1396
Calculations of the Orbital Analysis Research Department indicate an 86 percentile of the anomaly residing in the Frigoris Rythaggras area North. Apollo 17 mission objectives have a high probability of providing location confirmation.

Prior to confirmation Air Force Command recommends a public dismantling of the Apollo program ending with Apollo 17. Privately the program would be transferred to Air Force Command and continue clandestine manned landings and analysis of said irregularity.

Air Force Command believes this the singular choice to ensure informational security regarding said irregularity.

1 - Director of Interior Intelligence
1 - Executive Chief of Staff
wes/na

KORVER (V.O.)

We broke orbit, and began our journey to the Moon. Everything operated as planned until...

CUT TO BLACK:

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Two days later.

CHRIS KORVER.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 450, Pg.15

We were out of our suits now, in our jumpers. Floating, facing random directions. No telling what's up, what's down in space.

Brennin and Cale were eating dinner. Occasionally I'd see a flake of mash potato or a sphere of water drift into my sight line.

Miles Davis, Surrey With the Fringe On Top played in the background. My choice.

I was at the aft window. Quietly. Staring at the **Earth**. It was small now. About the size of my fist. The blackness surrounding it was overwhelming.

KORVER (V.O.)

In all the universe that's all we had. A fragile home.

I looked down; in my hand was a pen and **yellow** pad of paper. I was one word into a letter.

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was to my wife. I knew she'd never get it. Could never get it. But I needed this, as a-- as a kinda therapy.

My pen hovered over that one word.

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Erika,"

I blinked--

Saw her in my memory:

Her smooth skin. Bright eyes. Genuine smile. Musical laugh.

Ocean spray drizzled over her, we were at the beach----

I blinked again--

Came back to reality. After a moment I wrote:

KORVER (V.O.)

"I know that...you're in a better place now than you were with me. But that doesn't change-- it doesn't change the--"

BRENNIN

Hey. Korv.

KORVER

Yeah.

CALE

Got a problem with radar.

I looked back, the guys were no longer eating. They were huddled over the radar monitor.

I floated in over their shoulders.

KORVER

What kinda problem.

CALE

It's giving a false contact.

The contact light was on, but the screen was blank. Only the radar arm could be seen, sweeping around.

KORVER

Reboot the console.

CALE

Did. Twice.

KORVER

Disconnect and reconnect the contact light.

Cale moved to do so-- but before he did--

BEEP.

SOMETHING GLITCHED ON RADAR-- too fast for me to see. But Cale saw it. Now his face didn't look right.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 452, Pg.88

Something popped on and off the monitor. Just a split second-- but I saw it: It was too big to fit on screen. It EXTENDED BEYOND THE RADAR.

I glanced at Korver and Brennin.

CALE (V.O.)

They knew very little about what was going to transpire on this journey. This would be their first taste.

BEEP

It happened again. But this time the contact stayed.

BRENNIN

What is it...?

Solid green filled the entire bottom half of the screen. It went off the ends. It was many times larger than our module.

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 450, Pg.16

*I floated over to the port window-- looked out. **Saw ink black. Brennin moved next to me.***

BRENNIN

No visual.

KORVER

But where're the stars?

I craned my head further to the right. Then left. Nothing. Blackness.

CALE

It's that big.

KORVER

What...?

CALE

That's how big it is. It's blocking the stars out.

My eyes had to have been huge.

*I pushed off toward the aft window. Looked out. Saw the Earth. **But not all of it.***

A corner of it was missing. And then that corner grew, and the EARTH WAS DISAPPEARING RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES. It was as if someone were dropping a black curtain over it.

BRENNIN

It's-- the sun is-- is that an eclipse--

CALE

Not that fast-- something is obstructing our view.

KORVER

This thing can't be that big.

BRENNIN

Is it-- surrounding us-- ?

THEN THE EARTH WAS GONE.

No one said a word at this point. I mean, what is there to say?

THE ENTIRE MODULE RATTLED.

Food, instruments, items not velcroed down FLEW INTO ME AND THE WALL AROUND ME-- it was the side closest to the anomaly.

BRENNIN (CONT'D)

It's got its own gravity... ?

KORVER

*This could be pulling us off course--
Check trajectory--*

CALE

--checking.

Rattling got stronger-- Could hear metal bending--

The guys held onto support bars, but their legs stretched out towards me as artificial gravity yanked on them--

KORVER

*Control, Ceres. Unknown contact on
the-- on the--*

MODULE WAS TEARING APART--

Then BOOOOOM--

--it all returned to normal. Everything began floating again.

On radar, the contact VANISHED. Just, wasn't there anymore.

CALE

It's... gone. Nothing on radar...

I looked out the window. The Earth was back. As were the stars.

KORVER

Check trajectory--

CALE

It pulled us fifteen degrees off course--

KORVER

Prepare trajectory adjustment burn.
Fifteen degrees negative. Five seconds--

BRENNIN

--preparing adjustment, negative fifteen, five seconds.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

(cut in)

---we need a reading, over.

KORVER (to radio)

It's no longer on the grid.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

(he exhaled)

Ceres-- Commander. Welcome back.

KORVER (to radio)

(I was confused)

Say again?

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Where have you been-- what's your reading-- ?

KORVER (to radio)

We're fifteen degrees off course-- about to correct--

MISSION CONTROL

No-- no-- we thought we lost you...

KORVER (to radio)

I'm not following--

MISSION CONTROL

You've been off radar over an hour.

Silence.

The three of us looked at each other...

KORVER (V.O.)

We relayed the events of the past five minutes to mission control. Somehow, five minutes for us was an hour for them. There was no explanation for how this happened.

CUT TO BLACK:

BRENNIN (V.O.)

32 hours later.

RICHARD BRENNIN.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.60

My face was pressed against the fore window. Breath was starting to fog it.

I was waiting for something big. But at that moment I could only see stars. Korver pushed his way beside me. Cale hung back.

Beep-- Beep. I looked down at my stop watch. It had counted to zero.

BRENNIN

Should be now.

We couldn't see anything happening.

KORVER

Timing's off.

Still only stars out there.

Then a total EXPLOSION of LIGHT made me flinch as a vertical sliver of silver that stretched for miles dominated our view.

THIS WAS THE MOON.

And it was the first time our eyes looked at it.

BRENNIN

That's... it's... unbelievable...

The moon crescent grew wider as our orbit curled around it. We could see its damaged skin. Billions of craters. So many it looked like an ancient war zone preserved indefinitely.

I wiped fog off the glass and snapped a couple pictures. I turned to Cale.

BRENNIN (CONT'D)

Wanna take a look?

CALE

In a bit.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *IN VULCAN LANDER*

REF: 452, Pg.93

CALE (V.O.)

Events were accelerating faster than anticipated. We had already encountered our first irregularity.

I looked from Brennin to Korver.

CALE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was ordered to withhold certain knowledge from them-- the information was that sensitive.

BRENNIN

...you two-- you're gonna have a hell of a time down there--

KORVER

--we'll look forward to a shower when we get back.

BRENNIN

I'll save you hot water.

Showers were cold in space.

KORVER

Alright. Prep the Lander. 45 minutes till touchdown--

I pushed off-- floating through a hatch into the second part of the vessel:

The Vulcan Lander.

It had two chairs and its own navigation system. This was our transportation to the Moon.

CALE (V.O.)

Korver was Commander. But my informational clearance superseded his. There was a reason I was here.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

KORVER (on radio)
(distorted)
Control-- we've encountered an
abnormality-- We've lost control of
the Lander-- I repeat-- we've lost
control of the Lander--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN VULCAN LANDER

REF: 450, Pg.26

Master Alarms were blaring--

Automated control had failed--

*Cale and I were in the Lander in our final approach towards
Moon landing--*

Everything had gone to shit.

**Light was flashing into my eyes-- It was the sun-- The
Lander was spinning out of control--**

KORVER
*Something's out there-- it's throwing
our trajectory off--*

**We were getting jerked-- bounced around. It turned into--
it felt like--**

CALE
--turbulence. We're in turbulence.

KORVER
We're in a vacuum-- that's impossible--

CALE
*There's air out there-- that's what
we're feeling--*

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
*Vulcan, Control. Suggest shutting
down automatic, computer has
overloaded--*

KORVER
*Shutting down automatic-- shutting
down engines--*

**I hit the switches, the thrusters went off, but we were still
spinning and getting tossed around--**

**Bellow I saw the 'black asphalt' of the Sea of Tranquility--
we were less than a mile away from the surface--**

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Suggesting parameters for reboot.
Five-- six-- two--

KORVER (to radio)
No time-- Going manual--

I took hold of the joystick--

MISSION CONTROL
Repeat--

KORVER
Going manual--

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Do not recommend-- We do not
recommend-- centrifugal force is too
great--

I restarted the engine.

CALE
*You can't burn the fuel to stop the
spin and have enough to land--*

KORVER
I can-- yes I can--

***I nudged the stick to the side-- firing the thrusters ever
so slightly, slowing the spin.***

***The turbulence cut out, we were flying smooth as glass-- but
still spinning--***

CALE
Air is gone, we're back in vacuum--

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Commander-- We strongly urge you to
reengage automatic, over--

I didn't respond.

CALE
Korver-- reengage computer--

***Sunlight flashed in. Lander spun around again-- surface was
closer than ever--***

KORVER (to radio)
Prepare for landing.

CALE
Korver. Korver--

I could hear panic in his voice. I didn't care.

I tilted the stick forward. We dropped altitude. Could feel it; closer we got to the Moon the more we felt its gravity.

KORVER
We're 400 feet out-- I need you to
read off--

I looked at the fuel gauge-- EMPTY. I estimated no more than 30 secs of thrust left--

CALE
300. 275 feet-- 25 seconds of fuel--

KORVER
(to myself)
C'mon. C'mon.

I pushed the stick forward more-- dropping us faster.

CALE
175. 145 feet-- 20 sec--

Then I nudged the stick right, slowing the spin further-- but burning more fuel. Still we were spinning too fast--

CALE (CONT'D)
*The spin is sucking fuel-- 8 seconds--
50 feet-- 25-- 15--*

--and I was diving too fast-- I had to pull out-- I yanked back and to the right--

The rockets screamed. Vulcan shook. Groaned. G-forces sunk me in my chair.

Through the bottom window I saw the surface spinning as Moon sand blew away-- we were still coming in too fast.

CALE (CONT'D)
We're too hot-- WE'RE TOO HOT--

BABOOOOM

--slammed down too hard.

HEARD METAL CRUNCHING-- OR MAYBE IT WAS MY NOSE-- MY FACE HITTING THE CONSOLE. BLOOD EVERYWHERE. YELL FROM CALE.

SOMETHING RIPPED INTO MY FACE FORCING MY EYES CLOSED--

CUT TO:

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.62

Over radio I heard the crash, metal snapping, screams. Then the com link went dark. Got chills in my stomach.

BRENNIN (to radio)

Commander come in.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Vulcan. What's your status.

Nothing was returned.

BRENNIN

(to radio)

Korver. Do you read.

MISSION CONTROL

(on radio)

Vulcan. What is your position.

I checked my receivers and transmitters just in case. They were go.

I floated over to radar. Saw tiny dots, one of which could be them. But it was just impossible to tell for sure.

BRENNIN (to Mission Control)

Control, possible location of Vulcan.

1.5 nautical miles short of target.

Coordinates: Two-three. Two-four.

Five.

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN VULCAN LANDER

REF: 450, Pg.29

I opened my eyes. We were alive. I let out a breath.

A side panel had flown off, hit me in the forehead. I was bruised but ok. I pushed it off of me. Looked around.

Lander was crooked. At an angle.

The Lander shuddered.

Not good. Maybe we were on a ledge. Lights were out.

I looked to my right at Cale. He was already looking at me. Trying to murder me with his eyes.

KORVER

...we landed.

Cale struggled with his seat belt, unfastened it.

I did the same, moved out of my seat. It was strange having gravity back-- and only 1/6th of it.

I clicked the radio buttons. It was dead. All the buttons were.

KORVER (CONT'D)

Power's out.

Cale didn't respond. I stepped over to a window and looked out to see the **surface of the Moon**.

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My eyes saw the impossible. We were on another planet. On a celestial body only 12 other human beings had set foot on. 237,000 miles from home.

(pause)

"Magnificent Desolation" was a term coined by Buzz Aldrin to describe what he saw. Contrarian words that illustrated the Moon to perfection.

Craters. Jagged rocks. Impossibly tall mountains. All of it grey. Yet somehow bright. And confoundingly beneath a sky that was unimaginably black.

It looked like the gods of war had chosen the Moon as the terminus for Armageddon.

KORVER (CONT'D)

Look at that...

Lander creaked, shuddered-- seemed to slip down a bit-- my head snapped over at Cale--

CALE

We might be hanging over a crater--
over the edge--

I moved *gingerly* across the lander next to him. Peered out his window. You could see the ground slope away into a crater...

CALE (CONT'D)

Can't tell how much of the lander leg's on firm ground. But a leg could be broken.

I silently agreed.

CALE (CONT'D)

We should move carefully-- till we
get out there and assess.

KORVER

Gotta restore power.

We hit buttons, flipped switches, turned everything to off.
I *moved carefully* over to the main breaker, opened it. Hit
reset. Nothing happened.

CALE

Check the 'L' wire-- beneath the
breakers, it gets loose--

KORVER

--yep.

Lander trembled a bit as I grabbed a tool kit. Pulled out a
screwdriver-- and began unscrewing the breaker panel.

CALE

What happened up there?

Took me a sec to figure out what he meant, I could feel the
tension in his voice.

KORVER

I took over and landed the bird.

CALE

The computer would have brought us
in fine-- and on target--

KORVER

--that thing would have aborted and
returned us to orbit. Neither of us
flew this far to go home.

I removed the breaker panel. Found wires. Started sifting
through, looking for the 'L'. I glanced over at him.

KORVER (CONT'D)

How did you know about the air-- the
atmosphere.

CALE

Made sense--

KORVER

--but we're on the fucking moon.
How did you know.

He started flipping switches I thought he flipped already.
Might of been stalling.

CALE

March 7th, 1971, ALSEP sensors left
by Apollo 14 detected water vapor
that drifted across the surface for
14 hours.

KORVER

What?

CALE

They also detected hydrogen, nitrogen
and oxygen.

KORVER

Where'd it come from?

CALE

They don't know. I think that's
part of why we're here. I was one
of the analysts that processed the
information. I put one and one
together.

I stared at him. Soaked it in. Then turned back to the
breaker. I found the 'L' wire. Its end had come out of the
battery node.

KORVER

Found it.

I plugged it in. Looked around, waiting for the lights to
turn on. Nothing. We exchanged looks. Disappoint was an
understatement.

I dug further into the box. Found two more wires unconnected.
Put them in. BOOM. Lights turned on.

KORVER (CONT'D)

Alright... alright...

BRENNIN (on radio)

---Vulcan, this is Ceres-- respond.

KORVER (to radio)

This is Vulcan. We're still kicking.

BRENNIN. KORVER. INTERCUT.

LOCATIONS: CERES 3/VULCAN LANDER

REF: 451, Pg.63/REF: 450, Pg.30

- 5 See also
- 6 References
- 7 External links

TB

History of observations

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

20th century

The possibility of ice in the floors of polar lunar craters was first suggested in 1961 by Caltech researchers Kenneth Watson, Bruce C. Murray, and Harrison Brown.^[8] Although trace amounts of water were found in lunar rock samples collected by Apollo astronauts, this was assumed to be a result of contamination, and the majority of the lunar surface was generally assumed to be completely dry.^[9] However, a 2008 study of lunar rock samples revealed evidence of water molecules trapped in volcanic glass beads.^[10]

The first direct evidence of water vapor near the Moon was obtained by the Apollo 14 ALSEP Suprathermal Ion Detector Experiment, SIDE, on March 7, 1971. A series of bursts of water vapor ions were observed by the instrument mass spectrometer at the lunar surface near the Apollo 14 landing site.^[11]

The first proposed evidence of water ice on the Moon came in 1994 from the United States military Clementine probe. In an investigation known as the 'bistatic radar experiment', Clementine used its transmitter to beam radio waves into the dark regions of the south pole of the Moon.^[12] Echoes of these waves were detected by the large dish antennas of the Deep Space Network on Earth. The magnitude and polarisation of these echoes was consistent with an icy rather than rocky surface, but the results were inconclusive.^{[13][14]} Resulting computer simulations suggested that an area up to 14,000 km² might be in permanent shadow and hence have the potential to harbour lunar ice.^[15]

The Lunar Prospector probe, launched in 1998, employed a neutron spectrometer to measure the amount of hydrogen in the lunar regolith near the polar regions.^[16] It was able to determine hydrogen abundance and location to within 50 parts per million and detected enhanced hydrogen concentrations at the lunar north and south poles. These were interpreted as indicating significant amounts of water ice trapped in permanently shadowed craters,^[17] but could also be due to the presence of the hydroxyl radical ([•]OH) chemically bound to minerals. Based on data from Clementine and Lunar Prospector, NASA scientists have estimated that if surface water ice is present, the total quantity could be of the order of 1 to 3 cubic kilometers.^{[18][19]}

More suspicions about the existence of water on the Moon were generated by inconclusive data produced by Cassini–Huygens mission,^[20] which passed the Moon in 1999. In July 1999, at the end of its mission, the Lunar Prospector probe was deliberately crashed into Shoemaker crater, near the Moon's south pole, in the hope that detectable quantities of water would be liberated. However, spectroscopic observations from ground-based telescopes did not reveal the spectral signature of water.^[21]

21st century

Deep Impact

In 2005, observations of the Moon by the Deep Impact spacecraft produced inconclusive spectroscopic data

BRENNIN

(I was relieved)
Good-- good-- was already missing
your voice, glad to hear it.

KORVER

We got some damage but we're still
flyable.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Got guys turning blue down here--
happy to hear you. Need a damage
report and system check. Then need
to travel you towards the anomaly.
We've got 3 days to do what should
be done in 10.

KORVER (to radio)

Roger-- copy that.

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER. 15 MINUTES LATER.

LOCATION: *IN VULCAN LANDER*

REF: 450, Pg.31

Cale hurriedly lowered the helmet onto my head. Curved glass
temporarily distorted my vision of his helmeted face.

KORVER (V.O.)

We had 72 hours of oxygen,
electricity, water-- And had ten
days worth of tests to do on the
anomaly. We needed to do more than
rush.

He fastened my helmet into place and the mechanical sounds
of the Lander hushed to a murmur.

I checked my pressure gauges. He checked his. Mine were
go. I spoke to him through our helmet intercom:

KORVER (CONT'D)

Are you go?

CALE

Go.

KORVER (to radio)

Control, Korver. We're suited and
go.

MISSION CONTROL

Copy that.

(MORE)

MISSION CONTROL (CONT'D)
(paused)
You're go for EVA. Go for EVA.

KORVER (to radio)
Go for EVA. Opening door.

I turned to the airlock. Reached my hand out, pulled the lever to depressurize. Air whistled out of the Lander into the vacuum. I watched the PSI dial go down to zero.

I opened the door.

Silence rushed in. The kind that makes you feel deaf. No air. Therefore no sound.

I stepped out into the

VACUUM.

I turned my back to it and worked my way down the ladder.

I looked down, my foot was one rung above the surface of the moon.

I was tense. With excitement.

I hopped down.

Landed on lunar soil.

KORVER (V.O.)
I was-- I was the thirteenth man to step on the moon. It made it all worth it... The problems, the sorrow I had with my wife. Not having kids. Living a secret life and leaving the other behind.

My eyes watered. Obscured my vision. Blinked for clarity.

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My father died when I was fifteen. Wish he could have seen this. But then again no one could. It was a mission that 'never happened'.

KORVER (CONT'D)
Control. I've touched down.

MISSION CONTROL
Affirmed. You're lucky number 13.

KORVER

Thanks-- my favorite number.

It wasn't.

I noticed that when I looked towards the sun the lunar soil was grey. But when I looked away from it the soil was beige. No one mentions these kinds of details, you just had to be here.

MISSION CONTROL

Need to reach anomaly in 65 minutes
to keep schedule.

KORVER

Copy.

I stepped away from the ladder and Cale made his way down. He didn't seem as emotional as I.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *OUTSIDE LANDER*

REF: 452, Pg.112

I stepped cautiously to the top of the ladder. Scanned the Moon horizon... Didn't see anything... I probably looked longer than I should.

KORVER

What's wrong?

CALE

Taking in the view.

Instead of climbing I jumped, dropped 14 feet to the ground. Landed light.

KORVER

You're not so fat on the Moon.

CALE

You are.

Korver pointed at the ground beneath the Lander.

KORVER

It'll hold.

The Lander was on a slope, leading down into a shallow crater. But it looked stable.

CALE

Agreed.

KORVER

Let's bring down the pony.

I looked up at the Lander. Attached to its side was a metallic contraption 7 feet tall, 4 wide.

We undid 8 latches.

Lowered it two feet to the lunar ground.

It would have been 1.5 tons on Earth, but here it was approx. 100 pounds.

We unfolded it revealing what it was:

The Lunar Rover.

It looked like the chasis of a car minus the body and doors.

We loaded it with what looked like an oversized vacuum cleaner--

CALE

Ground Penetrating Radar.

KORVER

Check.

Korver reviewed a note pad attached to his wrist as I loaded the--

CALE

Radiation Geiger.

KORVER

Check.

And--

CALE

One sub-air explosive.

KORVER

Check.

Last I crammed on **two electric drills** each 2 feet long. And their drill bits, 3 each--

CALE

And drills--

KORVER

--check. We're set.

We got in, turned it on. I was shotgun, he was driving. I took another look along the horizon.

Still didn't see anything--

KORVER (to radio) (CONT'D)
Control. We got the rover at the
starting line.

I opened my map, it was marked with precise coordinates.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Roger that, fire her up. Destination
is 23.45.678-- confirm.

CALE (to radio)
23.45.678-- affirmed.

I grabbed a lunar compass, read it. I pointed to the left.

CALE (CONT'D)
That's two--three.

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: LUNAR ROVER
REF: 450, Pg.34

I nodded. Turned the wheel. Hit the pedal and *propelled us forward.*

This thing was faster than it looked and handled like a jeep. We darted across the black and white desert, two aliens in a machine.

I turned left. Sprayed moondirt, avoided a house sized boulder. Then turned right to correct course.

CALE
Operates better than I thought.

KORVER
Air Force got a hold of it. Took
out all the civilian shit.

Every bump launched us into mini-flight in the reduced gravity. *There was something childishly fun about this thing.*

We came up to the lip of a crater. I turned right, running parallel with it.

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: LUNAR NOWHERE
REF: 450, Pg.38

KORVER (V.O.)

75 minutes later--

--we arrived.

I brought the rover to a stop. The area we were in was pretty flat. Nothing was here.

KORVER (CONT'D)

This is it?

CALE

Correct.

KORVER

You sure?

Cale double checked his map.

CALE

Positive. This is it. We're right on top of it.

He pointed to the far side. I saw rover tracks leading in the opposite direction. Those weren't ours.

CALE (CONT'D)

Those are Apollo 17's tracks, on the far side.

KORVER

(nodded)

I'll get the GPR.

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER. 10 MINUTES LATER.

LOCATION: LUNAR NOWHERE

REF: 450, Pg.40

I dropped the Ground Penetrating Radar(GPR) about 30 feet from the rover. Started booting it up. Cale had the geiger counter (radiation counter), and a drill.

KORVER

Reading anything?

CALE

Nothing-- negative.

KORVER

Control. Beginning ground penetrating radar.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Copy.

I hit a flashing green button. Felt the machine pulse and vibrate. I waited.

Couple seconds later a picture appeared on its monitor:

A couple of green lines, in the shape of a rectangle. Almost went off the screen.

KORVER
That's...there it is...

CALE
You got it--?

KORVER
--yeah.

Cale moved over my shoulder to look.

KORVER (CONT'D)
Nature doesn't do straight lines.

CALE
How big-- ?

KORVER
Eight hundred yards-- long-- at least--

CALE
Depth-- ?

KORVER
Four maybe five feet-- control are you receiving this-- ?

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
We're getting it. Suggest you move ten feet and pulse again.

KORVER
Copy.

I picked up the GPR. Moved it ten feet. Dropped it. Hit the button. Pulse. Vibrate. It started processing...

CALE
Wait a second...wait a second-- I got something.

Cale stared down at his geiger counter. I could see his furrowed brow through his helmet glass.

KORVER

What?

CALE

A reading-- radiation... 10 counts per. No it's rising, 30 counts.

An image popped on my GPR. But this time? **It was a CIRCLE,** instead of a rectangle. I was stunned.

KORVER

Now I got a circle..... What is this thing...

CALE

Just jumped to 200 counts.
Something's heating up down there.

We both looked at the ground.

I bounded over to the rover. Grabbed a drill. Attached the drill bit. Returned. Jammed it to the ground-- drilled.

It whipped through regolith-- then hit stone. I reached down, brushed away dust. Revealed obsidian rock. Solid.

CALE (CONT'D)

Whatever's down there has been there awhile. The rock melted, magma, and formed back over it--

(re: radiation counter)
--ok this thing is stabilizing.
Peaked at 200.

KORVER

Control... did Apollo 17 procure rock samples for dating?

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Affirmative.

KORVER

What kind of age are we talking here?
How long have these rocks been over this thing?

Control was silent.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

50 million years.

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER.

LOCATION: *IN VULCAN LANDER*

REF: 450, Pg.54

Cale and I were out of our suits, but covered in moondust. It was impossible to keep the soot out of the lander. We sat in the cramped space looking like exhausted miners.

I looked at radar printouts of the anomaly. 15 total. They were either RECTANGULAR or CIRCULAR outlines.

KORVER

50 million years...it's been down there. What is this thing-- ?

BRENNIN (on radio)

We gotta figure out how it all goes together. The radar contact on our way over. The atmosphere-- the turbulence, during landing--

KORVER

Opposite radar photos-- the geiger reading.

INTERCUT BRENNIN.

LOCATION: *IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE*

REF: 451, Pg.81

BRENNIN

The-- apparent age--

KORVER

50 million--

BRENNIN

--right.

KORVER

It's technology. Something's been here. Before us. Before Apollo 11.

BRENNIN

What kind of something.

...no answer from me. I looked up at Cale-- who was already looking at me. Odd.

I reached over, hit a switch that muted Mission Control.

KORVER

I worry that... that we're not--
getting the complete story from
Control.

BRENNIN

They've gotta know more than they're
telling us.

CALE

They always do.

We were quiet, thinking about how right he was.

KORVER

We only got a couple hours-- let's
get some sleep. We're gonna blow up
some of that rock-- hopefully we'll
get some answers.

CALE

Yes sir.

I grabbed my pen and **yellow pad**. Climbed up into one of two
hammocks and lied down. Yawned.

BRENNIN

Alright-- Stay warm. Ceres out.

KORVER

Vulcan out.

END INTERCUT

Cale climbed into his hammock below me.

I flipped through my pad until I got to the unfinished letter
to my wife. Smoothed out the page.

KORVER (V.O.)

(I sighed)

*"I know that...you're in a better
place now than you were with me.
But that doesn't change...what we
had. It doesn't make it any less
special."*

I continued writing--

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*"I wish-- I would have understood
that then...instead... Instead of
now, when it's too late."*

I trailed off...I was dosing...

I SAW HER FACE.

Smiling at me. She was so beautiful she was glowing.

My hand caressed her cheek.

She leaned towards me. Kissed me.

ERIKA

Baby...

Even though I was living my dream on the Moon, this was a dream I didn't want to end.

CUT TO:

RICHARD BRENNIN.

LOCATION: CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.83

I sat there. Looking at the radio. Then reached into my bag and pulled out three photos, of three kids. Mine.

BRENNIN (V.O.)

It was hard. To travel 240,000 miles... To look at-- with my own eyes what-- what billions of people never will. To be this close, and never set foot on that world.

I floated into my hammock, pictures still in my hand.

BRENNIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I-- I, delivered them to their destination-- and, I had to watch these guys fulfill my dreams.

I let go of the pictures, they floated in place.

BRENNIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I could never go back to the life I had... hope it was worth it.

CUT TO BLACK:

Tap-tap...

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER. 1 HOUR LATER.

LOCATION: VULCAN LANDER

REF: 450, Pg.55

I woke up. Heard something. Looked down through my hammock web at Cale.

CALE

I heard it.

KORVER

Meteorite?

CALE

Yeah. Or the lander's settling.

I laid back down. Looked up at the ceiling. It was quiet in here. Quieter than the command module. Less machinery.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

I looked at the door. *That's where the sound came from.*

We both sat up. Slowly. Those taps, they were perfectly measured. In perfect intervals.

I slid out of my hammock to the floor. I spoke quietly.

KORVER

Control?

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Go ahead.

KORVER

Any meteorite showers currently forecasted.

MISSION CONTROL

Negative. Clear skies. You getting rain?

I didn't answer. My eyes were glued to that door.

I crept towards it. Focused on the small 1 foot window carved into it. I could only see the black sky from this angle.

I crept closer.

No more knocks yet. Everything was quiet.

I reached the door. Touched it with my hand. And slowly brought my eyes towards the window...

...and peered out.

I saw the lunar surface. I saw the rover.....

My eyes strained, looking for something else. My breath fogged the glass. I reached up to wipe it--

BOOOOOM.

The door was hit-- I flinched back--

I looked at that door as if it were alive.

BOOOOOOOM.

That one was louder-- harder--

MISSION CONTROL (on radio) (CONT'D)
Vulcan-- what is your situation?

BOOOOOOOOOOOM.

KORVER
--something outside the door.

MISSION CONTROL	BRENNIN
(on radio)	(on radio)
Say again--	--what?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

CALE
It's trying to get inside--

The door began shaking-- looked like something was trying to pull it off its hinges--

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

THE WHOLE LANDER STARTED SHAKING--

We lost our footing-- fell down--

MISSION CONTROL	BRENNIN
(on radio)	(on radio)
Air pressure is falling--	I've got-- I see something
air leakage is occurring--	on radar-- it's surrounding
	the Lander--

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
--air pressure is reaching critical.

LANDER STARTED TO TILT OVER-- as if it were about to fall--

KORVER

Get in our suits-- get--

Something hit me in the back-- knocked me over--

KORVER (CONT'D)

Shit--

Cale helped me up-- we scrambled to our suits--

THE LANDER TILTED MORE-- equipment alarms rang crazily--

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

*We've got visual on crafts circling
lander-- but video is unclear--*

I got my legs in the suit-- slid on my arms--

MISSION CONTROL (on radio) (CONT'D)

*Vulcan-- do you have clear sight of
aggressor--*

**The lander groaned-- metal twisted-- as if it were being
squeezed to death-- it was fucking insane--**

BRENNIN (on radio)

*It's getting bigger-- or it's-- it's--
there's another one surrounding--*

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

**Cale fell as he got his second leg in his suit-- stumbled up
as he put his arm in--**

MISSION CONTROL

Lander is reaching critical--

Air was shrieking violently out the airlock--

I couldn't find my helmet-- or my gloves-- or--

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

**Again knocked off my feet-- shaking was too much-- I couldn't
get up-- Was convinced this was it for me.**

Everything silenced. Went still.

I thought time had frozen. But no, whatever was attacking
had stopped.

I let out a breath, the Lander echoed it back.

Looked over at Cale. He was hyperventilating. It was hard to breathe. Air was still whistling out.

MISSION CON.
(on radio)
*Vulcan what's your
status?*

BRENNIN
(on radio)
Are you stable--

MISSION CONTROL
(on radio)
--Vulcan come back.

BRENNIN
(on radio)
Korver-- Cale--

Was getting harder-- to breathe.

KORVER
Put it on-- your suit-- we have t--

I found my gloves-- slid them on-- fastened my helmet--

CALE
I can't-- I--

Cale struggled with his helmet-- I helped-- fastened--

*I turned on my air-- oxygen hissed in-- I took a deep breath--
was refreshing--*

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Panic. I looked over at the door.

Tap.

This time the tap came to the left of the door, on the wall--

Tap.

Further to the left. And further....

Tap... Tap... Tap... Tap...

*The tapping worked its way around to the opposite side of
the lander-- the final **tap** was a little bit louder. Then it
stopped.*

*Cale and I looked that direction, at the wall waiting for it
to continue.*

It didn't. But something else did.

RIIIIIIIIIIPPPP----- WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH HHH-----

**THE LANDER WALL DETONATED OUTWARDS-- BACKFIRED TOWARDS THE
LUNAR SURFACE-- THE SUDDEN VACUUM SUCKED EVERYTHING WITH IT--**

I slid across the floor-- helmet slammed into something-- chest hit something else-- I tumbled-- everything was total chaos-- then I flew out of the Lander-- was flying--

Hit the ground-- tumbled-- rotated-- spun-- grey dirt flew-- didn't know up from down-- then finally came to a stop.

Was on my back like a turtle. Waddled.

Tried to get up. Finally did.

Looked around frantically. Couldn't see what was doing this.

I gulped down oxygen. Saw Cale.

Moved to him. He was beneath metal carnage. I lifted it off. Helped him to his feet.

We looked around. Couldn't believe it. Couldn't comprehend what we saw.

CALE (CONT'D)

--no

KORVER

We're-- we're not-- we can't go h---

CALE

--no --no

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Vulcan-- what is your status--

Debris was everywhere. It extended several yards away. Looked like the Lander had been turned inside out. As if it had vomited its innards.

The wreckage led back to a 5 foot gash in the Landers hull. It was tilted dramatically towards the ground, one of its landing gear legs had snapped.

KORVER (V.O.)

The only home we had, 200,000 miles from Earth, was destroyed. And with it, our way back.

Something yellow caught my eye. I stepped over, reached down-- grabbed it.

BRENNIN (on radio)

Kover-- Cale-- what is your sit.

I looked at Cale. He looked back. We both had that haunted look.

I was burning through oxygen-- breathing too fast-- couldn't calm down--

KORVER (to radio)

We're-- we're not going home--

BRENNIN (on radio)

What?

KORVER (to radio)

We're not going home. We can't--

CALE (to radio)

*The LM has-- has been destroyed--
it's not repairable--*

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

What caused the damage--

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.88

I stopped listening to the guys 'cause something else grabbed my attention. It was the radar.

I watched as *something* circled back towards their position--

BRENNIN

*Something's-- something's closing on
you-- have it on radar--*

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

What is it-- ?

BRENNIN

I don't know--

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

(to Korver)

Commander attempt to obtain visual--

CALE (on radio)

No--

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: OUTSIDE LANDER

REF: 452, Pg.124

I struggled to control my breathing. Knew I was depleting oxygen too fast.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Commander attempt to obtain visual--

CALE
(to Korver)
No-- we gotta run.

I started rummaging through the debris. Intent on finding--

CALE (CONT'D)
--oxygen. We need to find the tanks--

KORVER
Brennin-- How much time-- till contact
arrives--

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE
REF: 451, Pg.88

I was looking at the radar screen. This thing was moving fast. Heading back towards them as if it was going on another bomber run. It was--

BRENNIN (to radio)
--seconds. No more than 45-- maybe
60--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: VULCAN LANDER
REF: 450, Pg.58

I bounded towards the rover--

KORVER
(to Cale)
C'mon-- c'mon--

Cale wasn't following-- He was still looking for something--

BRENNIN (on radio)
--30 seconds.

I got to the rover-- turned it on--

KORVER
Cale--

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: OUTSIDE LANDER
REF: 452, Pg.125

I grabbed an oxygen tank-- ruptured. Reached for another-- nozzle broken.

CALE

--shit.

I hopped over to another section. Was shoving wire and moon dirt away, looking for another tank--

BRENNIN

It's on top of you-- any second--

Regolith sprayed into my helmet visor-- blocking my vision--

KORVER

Get on--

It was Korver. On the rover. I bounded over-- jumped onto it-- He took off-- throttled it--

I held on as we lurched over the surface-- putting distance-- I looked back. LM was already small-- didn't see anything approaching-- yet.

We descended down into a depression-- accelerated out of it-- inertia propelled us airborne-- flew for at least 10 feet then--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *VULCAN LANDER*

REF: 450, Pg.59

--landed. Bounced and landed again--

KORVER

See anything-- ?

CALE

Nothing-- clear--

I saw a flash of light glint off his helmet--

CALE (CONT'D)

Whoa-- whoa--

KORVER

What happened?

CALE

Something flashed--

KORVER

What-- ?

CALE

*I don't know-- it's too far away--
something flashed off the LM-- like
lightning--*

KORVER

Bren where is this thing--

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.90

BRENNIN

It's there it's at the LM--

BEEP. BEEP-- Radar showed the contact leaving the LM,
pursuing the rover--

BRENNIN (CONT'D)

--no it's moving again. Tracking
you--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: VULCAN LANDER

REF: 450, Pg.60

I steered right-- drove around a crater-- *Almost fell in.*
Kept going.

MISSION CONTROL

You're burning through oxygen-- both
of you-- Less than 45 minutes left--
try to moderate breathing--

What the fuck do you say to that?

I started driving up a hill. Hill got steeper-- *rover was
beginning to slow--*

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.91

BEEEP--- the contact was catching them--

BRENNIN

It's closing-- it's closing--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: VULCAN LANDER

REF: 450, Pg.63

I pumped the throttle pedal-- *nothing-- couldn't go any faster.* Then we crested the hill-- it picked up momentum--

I steered left around a BOULDER then *slammed on the breaks-- skidded towards the*

EDGE OF A CLIFF.

Stopped just before. Cliff led down into a

HALF MILE WIDE CRATER.

Only God knew how far down it went. Looked too far. No going around it.

I backed up the rover-- Stopped adjacent to the boulder--

KORVER

--get cover.

CALE

--the boulder.

We jumped out--

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.91

BEEEEEEEEEEEP--- the contact caught up to them--

BRENNIN

It's on top of you-- it's on top of you--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: VULCAN LANDER

REF: 450, Pg.63

We scurried towards the boulder. Looked around frantically-- didn't see anything--

Slid next to boulder, kept our backs against it-- and had to-- we only had a narrow ledge between boulder and crater-- couldn't risk falling in--

KORVER

No visual-- no visual--

BRENNIN (on radio)

It's there-- it's right there-- next to you--

Back to boulder I looked left-- looked right--

KORVER

(to Cale)

You see anything-- ?

CALE

no-- here--

--He handed me the other drill.

I peered around the boulder-- looking for *something*--

All I could see was the front of the rover. Just sitting there. All I could hear was my own breathing.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *NEXT TO BOULDER*

REF: 452, Pg.125

I held the drill. Tried to look further around the boulder. Didn't see anything. Looked up. Just black sky.

Tried to slow my breathing. Couldn't.

But then I felt a vibration. From the boulder. Like something hit it.

CALE

You feel that-- ?

KORVER

--yeah.

CALE

From the boulder--

KORVER

--something hit it.

CALE

It's on the other side--

KORVER

--shit.

Gripped my drill tighter-- backed up--

Something bumped me from behind-- I flinched, looked back-- it was Korver backing into me.

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: VULCAN LANDER

REF: 450, Pg.64

I BACKED INTO SOMETHING-- looked behind-- it was Cale. I looked back to the front. At the rover. **IT WAS MOVING.**

Ever so slightly. Subtly. It was inching towards the crater.

What was pushing it?

KORVER

(whispered)
...it's moving.

CALE

--the rover?

KORVER

yeah...

It crept closer to the crater. I watched. Waited. For whatever was pushing it to come into view.

THEN THE ROVER WAS SHOVED-- it tipped over, careened down the crater wall, rolled down its height into oblivion...

But whatever was pushing it, did not come around the boulder. I couldn't see it. But something had to be there. Just out of sight. Had to be.

I watched. Didn't even blink.....

CALE

--see anything?

KORVER

--no.

CALE

AHHHHHH-- AHHHHHH--

I turned around-- Cale's drill almost hit my helmet glass--

Something metallic, shaped with incomprehensible,

GIGANTIC CONCENTRIC RINGS

bolted into Cale-- who then slammed into me--

Knocked me off my feet-- over the edge-- INTO THE CRATER...

...I tumbled end over end as I fell-- I saw the sun, then the Moon.

Sun.

Moon.

Sun.

Moon.

Moon.

MOON.

I saw the bottom of the crater-- it was coming fast-- even in lunar gravity I was falling fast--

Closed my eyes, didn't want to see IMPACT--

BA--BAAAAANG

EVERYTHING WENT BLACK:

My eyes fluttered open. It was still black. Couldn't see a thing. Realized I had lost consciousness. I had no idea how long I had been out.

Could only hear breathing. My breathing. Was hollow in the helmet.

KORVER (O.S.)

HELP-- ! HELLLP-- !

I gasped-- gagged-- my oxygen had stopped pumping.

KORVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

--can't breathe! --I

Sucked in a violent breath-- carbon dioxide filled my lungs-- felt like I was being choked-- claustrophobia set in--

KORVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

God-- please-- uhhh--

My whole body throbbed. Then again. And again. Rhythmically. Then in rhythm I felt--

--CHING

Something slammed into my helmet-- rattled my head, made my ears ring.

CHING--

Again it hit me-- painful--

KORVER (CONT'D)

--ahhhhhh

Something clutched my shoulder-- yanked me, wrenched me up--

LIGHT BLINDED ME.

I couldn't see-- Something was shaking me-- jostling me where I knelt. I blinked-- blinked-- started to see the outline of something.

I blinked again-- saw a crack in my outer helmet glass. Saw the sun. Then in front of that I saw CALE. Saw his mouth moving. But I couldn't hear him. My mic and headphones were dead.

My mouth opened. Struggled with the carbon dioxide. I still couldn't breathe. My vision was going grey.

He turned knobs and buttons on my chest. Then on my back. OXYGEN FLOWED into my helmet.

I took a deep breath. Then another. Started to stabilize. He hit more buttons that had gotten pushed in the fall. Suddenly I could hear him--

CALE

--ou OK? You OK? You hear me?

KORVER

Yeah-- yeah--

BRENNIN (on radio)

Korv you alright?

KORVER

--getting there.

CALE

Control. I've got Korver, in one piece.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Copy-- copy-- we're uh--
(relief)

--glad to hear that.

I took in a couple more breaths. Looked up. Saw the insanely high crater wall I fell from.

CALE

I hit it, with the drill. I fell before I saw what happened-- but it hasn't come back.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Control, Vulcan-- if you could
describe what you saw.

KORVER

Yeah-- well, that thing-- it wasn't
a Russian satellite.

CALE

No, it had these multiple metal cubic
parts that rotated-- 4 of them. All
together it was about 15 feet long.

KORVER

Are you sure? I saw circular--
metallic but circular-- concentric
rings--

CALE

No, it was definitely cubic. I hit
one of them with my drill.

I stumbled to my feet. Looked at my suit. It had
lacerations. Luckily none of them too deep.

KORVER

The-- the GPR took different images--
from different angles. Rectangles
and circles.

(paused)

And you-- we-- saw a different craft.
You saw one that was square-- maybe
it was rectangular? I saw one that
was circular. There's a strange
consistency here.

CALE

Excellent point.

KORVER

Whatever it is-- it's sophisticated--
technologically advanced--

BRENNIN (on radio)

--and non-human.

That thought didn't take long to sink in. We've all been
thinking it.

BRENNIN (CONT'D)

You made contact. With something
that doesn't want you there.

KORVER

Control? Got any insight here?

MISSION CONTROL
Negative. Analysis is scrubbing
tape-- detail is difficult to make
out. Got medical here-- they're
suggesting you check O2.

I sighed. Breathed in some oxygen. Looked down at my gauges.

KORVER
We're low. What-- 35 minutes? Max?

CALE
Correct. But the battery's at 7
minutes. The air-conditioner is
killing it.

KORVER
Let's head back to the LM, grab oxygen--

CALE
--I checked, they were all torn apart.

KORVER
--we need to double check.

CALE
You saw it-- the LM is destroyed--
nothing's left. Everything we have
is right here...

I looked around-- saw my drill. Saw the rover, it was propped
up on its side.

KORVER
Then this is it.

Cale didn't respond. Nor did Mission Control. Or Brennan.
There was no reason to.

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We were fucked. With no backup
oxygen, no additional batteries...no
LM...it was only a matter of time.
I'd uh...I'd be lying if I didn't
admit I was terrified. But I didn't
want to die in a crater.

I walked towards the rover.

KORVER (CONT'D)
Shut off the AC-- save battery--
we'll get cover from the sun.

I shut off my AC. Could feel it start to heat up immediately.

KORVER (CONT'D)

I'm not ready to throw in the towel.
Direct us to the nearest cave. We
gotta get out of here before that
thing brings its friends back.

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE*

REF: 451, Pg.95

I opened the map. Slid my fingers hurriedly across. Stopped
at a mountainous area not too far away:

BRENNIN

The Maskelyne is your closest option.
1.3 nautical.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *GIANT CRATER BOTTOM*

REF: 452, Pg.131

I had my map out. I tracked a destination to a different
location:

CALE (V.O.)

Rimae Hypatia. I knew we had to go
there. I had to push for it--

(to Korver)

Rimae Hypatia's, it's 1.5 nautical--

BRENNIN

--that's further, time is precious.

CALE

It's got the flatter path, less
battery drain on the rover.

BRENNIN (on radio)

Well...that'll swing you right by
Apollo 11's landing site.

KORVER

Rimae Hypatia it is-- and we'll see
a piece of history along the way.
Now we got to get out of this black
hole--

--Korver was looking up at the crater wall. I pointed to
the opposite side.

CALE

That side's not as high as this one.
Looks like we could drive out.

KORVER
(he nodded)
Yeah-- copy that.

He grunted-- rolled the rover off its side-- it THUDDed down onto all four wheels. Next to it were items that had fallen off the rover into the soil.

He grabbed something out of the dirt, the sub-air explosive--

KORVER (CONT'D)
We could use this--

He tucked it in a breast pocket--

BRENNIN (on radio)
Gents. I'm orbiting to the backside--
going to lose you in 45 seconds.
I'm switching you direct to Mission
Control--

CUT TO:

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.96

BRENNIN
--I'll be back in 10 minutes-- 33
seconds.

KORVER (on radio)
Copy that. We'll be here.

I flipped the switch and sat back in my chair. Looked out the window... saw my reflection. I could use a shave but had no motivation to do it.

Beyond my reflection I saw the Moon, and the termination line between day and night-- as I flew towards the night side.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Brennin, Control.

BRENNIN
Go ahead.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
You are being ordered to begin lunar
extraction for Ceres 3, and return
home.

My mouth hung open. Did I just hear what I thought I heard?

BRENNIN

Say again.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
We're bringing you home.

It took me a moment to answer, then--

BRENNIN

No sir-- I'll be here as long as
their breathing.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
This is a direct order--

BRENNIN

There's no way I'm leaving them to
die.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
...Stand by.

Radio silence. They were probably figuring out what to do
with me. Then a new voice I hadn't heard before said:

SHAW (on radio)
Captain, this is Tim Shaw-- CIA--

BRENNIN

--CIA? You guys are a part of--

SHAW (on radio)
--your mission is in actuality, a
joint CIA/Air Force Command--

BRENNIN
What--

SHAW (on radio)
--yes it is, and CIA is point. Your
intentions are honorable,
nevertheless I am ordering you home.
In light of Mission Status, we've
reason to believe this is the safest
course of action for you.

BRENNIN

Sir, I can't leave them-- I--

SHAW (on radio)
I understand your feelings for your
crew-- I do-- but nothing can be
done for them. It's essential for
mission continuity you return.
(MORE)

SHAW (on radio) (CONT'D)
You'll be sent back at the earliest
opportunity. And if you'll brave
it, next time you'll walk the Moon.

BRENNIN (V.O.)

Here he was-- giving me an opportunity
to fulfill a dream--

SHAW (on radio)
But I am ordering you, to leave lunar
orbit imminently.

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER. MOMENT LATER.

LOCATION: IN CRATER

REF: 450, Pg.66

I struggled with my drill. The bit was stuck. My thumb
slipped, hit the on switch-- *the drill spun up, the BIT*
rocketed off-- FLEW 8 FEET-- and thudded at Cale's feet.

CALE

--Hey

KORVER

--sorry bout that. The bit--

CALE

--it's the vacuum-- makes it stick--
even with the latch open.

I pulled the bit out of the soil-- headed for the rover.

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: ON ROVER, IN CRATER

REF: 450, Pg.66

We were on the rover. I grabbed the steering wheel. Looked
out at the opposite crater wall. It did look like we could
climb it.

KORVER

Alright--

I gunned it. We tore across the crater floor. As we
approached the wall we started to slope upwards.

I steered a bit right, so we'd ascend at an angle. But it
was still getting a bit steep.

Kinda felt like we could tip over-- but the 1/6 gravity was on our side-- I hoped.

CALE
--steeper than I thought.

KORVER
Yeah--

The rover started to slowdown-- and
STARTED TO TIP OVER--

The wheels on my side CAME OFF THE GROUND-- we were gonna tumble back into the crater--

KORVER (CONT'D)
--shit --shit, get over-- my side--
I stuck my left leg out-- Cale leaned towards me-- but we kept tilting--

THEN WE CRESTED THE CRATER RIM-- took flight for a split second-- Landed-- hard-- rough-- but stayed on our wheels.

I let out a breath.

CALE
--maybe I should drive?

KORVER
Pick a better road next time--

The front fender was broken. Dirt would spit into our face plates. Always felt like it would hit my eyes.

CALE
23 minutes O2. 40 on battery.

KORVER
If you could do this all over again,
would you?

CALE
In a heartbeat.

I smiled.

We were sweating hard. It was 130 degrees hot. Problem with helmets is you can't wipe it out of your eyes. Forced to blink it away.

KORVER
We should be passing Apollo 11 any
second. Any second...

We crested a minor hill and I looked--

KORVER (CONT'D)

...off to the left.

I didn't see anything.

KORVER (CONT'D)

You see it?

CALE

We could be off by a half a mile or so depending on the--

KORVER

--no. I obsessed over 11 for years. We're in the right place. It should be 200 yards from here-- that's Armstrong rock-- right there.

I pointed at a moon boulder-- slowed the rover.

KORVER (CONT'D)

Control. We're at 11's landing site and don't see the descent stage-- over.

No response. I stopped the rover. Looked out. There was *nothing* here. No tracks. No footsteps. No flag. It was pristine. Untouched.

KORVER (CONT'D)

Control. Where is Apollo 11?

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

It was never there.

I hate statements like that. What the hell did that mean?

KORVER

I've got a million conspiracies... swimming in my head right now. Tell me something that makes sense.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

NASA did not divulge Apollo's true landing site for national security reasons. It's touch down location was the Vaporum Region. 2,000 miles from your current coordinates.

That took the air out of me.

KORVER (V.O.)

I shouldn't have been too surprised,
but I was.

(to Control)

What was the reason.

MISSION CONTROL

We needed to explore anomalies in
that region. At the time Russia was
on our heels, we didn't want them in
our neighborhood, over.

KORVER

What did they find?

MISSION CONTROL

Nothing. Search came back negative.

I looked at Cale, he shook his head. Tapped his gauge.

CALE

...14 minutes of O2. We're under a
half mile from Rimae.

I sighed. Saddened by reality. Started the rover moving
again. Rode in silence for a bit.

KORVER

They had to know something was here
before 11.

CALE

Could be why JFK was so determined
to get here in the first place.

KORVER

Cold War was a smoke screen motivation--

CALE

Exactly--

KORVER

You ask the average American how
long Apollo was on the moon for--
they'd tell you one, maybe two hours--
If they knew it was actually 22 hours,
maybe they'd demand to see the rest
of the video...

CALE

That's one of those facts that's
hiding in plain sight--

KORVER

--yeah. There's validity to some of those.....

I trailed off because of what I saw. My foot must have slipped off the throttle cause we came to a stop.

A LUNAR LANDER.

Just sitting there. In the distance. Alone.

KORVER (CONT'D)

I thought you said...Apollo 11 was two thousand miles away...?

Cale didn't say anything.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *IN FRONT OF UNKNOWN LANDER*

REF: 452, Pg.142

I couldn't say a word.

CALE (V.O.)

I was just as shocked as he was.
More so. I recognized the lander.
(**to Korver**)
We're no where near Apollo 11.

KORVER

Then what is it?

I looked around, on the horizon. Expecting *something* to approach...

CALE

We should go to it--

I got yanked-- almost fell out of my seat. Korver had stepped on the throttle and steered right towards it.

KORVER

I wanna die knowing what it is.

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *ON ROVER.*

REF: 450, Pg.80

We were moving fast.

Arrived at the Lander and stopped. I got out of the rover. Walked towards it. Looked up at it, 30 feet tall.

It looked exactly like our lander, except for one glaring difference:

On its side was written CERES 2. One less than our mission, CERES 3.

I stared up at it, dumbfounded.

KORVER

Control. I-- I thought Apollo 17 was the last Moon mission.

No one answered me. I grabbed my drill and its parts. Attached a bit, and approached it...

...The Lander was in perfect condition. I circled around.

KORVER (CONT'D)

Control-- I thought we were the first designated Ceres mission charted.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)
Commander.... standby.

Sun flashed in my eye. I raised a hand to block it. And that's when I saw its DOOR WAS OPEN.

KORVER

What is this... ?

I reached the ladder, looked up at the door. Could only see the ceiling. I slung the drill over my back.

I climbed. Hand over hand. Rung by rung. Reached the top.

I peered in...

...no movement inside. But there were allot of shadows. It was getting harder to breathe. Oxygen was running out. Looked at gauge. 11 MINUTES.

Looked over at Cale. He wasn't looking this direction. He was looking to the horizon. Odd.

I went inside.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *BESIDE THE LANDER*

REF: 452, Pg.144

I didn't see anything on the horizon. Turned around. Looked up at Korver as he went inside.

I adjusted the radio on my chest, creating a 1 to 1 direct line with Control.

CALE

(to Control)

Control, Cale-- direct line.

MISSION CONTROL

Go ahead.

CALE

I have to tell him--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *INSIDE THE LANDER*

REF: 450, Pg.81

I squeezed into the Lander. Waited for my eyes to adjust. They did.

It was a pigsty. Dried rations everywhere. Equipment laid out haphazardly. Looked like a tornado aftermath.

KORVER

No one's in here.

I moved to the control panel. Flipped the on switch-- nothing--

KORVER (CONT'D)

Power's dead.

Something moved-- I flinched, it banged down next to me.

I spun my drill-- slashed down at it--

SOMETHING EXPLODED

I ducked-- protected my helmet as something BANGED BACK AND FORTH VIOLENTLY IN THE MODULE.

Then it stopped. Went still.

I looked up to see a ruptured OXYGEN TANK. I had hit it with my drill.

I calmed and then I smiled.

KORVER (CONT'D)

...yes.

There were three more of them.

I grabbed them--

KORVER (CONT'D)

Cale--

Headed for the door.

KORVER (CONT'D)

--you're not gonna believe what I
found.

I got to the door. Cale was walking away from the Lander.

KORVER (CONT'D)

Cale....CALE-- !

No response. His mouth was moving, but I didn't hear a
thing.....he was having a full on conversation with someone
else...

My eyes caught something in the opposite direction, lying in
the moon soil--

TWO ASTRONAUTS.

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER.

LOCATION: *NEXT TO ASTRONAUTS*

REF: 450, Pg.85

I bounded towards the astronauts...

Arrived...

They weren't simply laying down. *They were also intertwined.*

Holding each other.

Dead.

*One held the others head/helmet. The other was holding onto
the opposites chest. Their mirrored sun visors stared at me
ominously.*

*I kneeled next to the nearest one. Reached my hand towards
the visor-- started to lift it-- but its spring*

SNAPPED IT UPWARDS--

I flinched-- looked back-- saw GIGANTIC EYEBALLS PRESSED
AGAINST THE GLASS.

They were **swollen-- Decomposed-- Bacteria filled--** but had
no where to drain inside the contained environment.

I couldn't look anymore. Looked away. Over at Cale.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *BESIDE THE LANDER*

REF: 452, Pg.147

My back was to the Lander. I didn't want Korver to see my mouth moving.

CALE

Sir-- at this point it doesn't matter--

*Something shoved me-- I stumbled-- turned around-- KORVER.
His eyes were on my chest-- on the radio settings.*

I could see his mouth moving, yelling, couldn't hear him. I reached down, switched to his frequency--

KORVER

--why the fuck are you on a direct link.

He shoved me again. I stumbled back--

KORVER (CONT'D)

*What the fuck are you saying-- who
are you talking to--*

He hit my shoulder-- I lost my balance-- hit the moondust.

KORVER (CONT'D)

*Control-- Korver-- what are you doing--
TALK TO ME--*

Korver *KICKED ME--*

KORVER (CONT'D)

SOMEONE TALK TO ME--

Korver raised his foot-- I thought he was going to crush my helmet--

CALE

--OK --OK --STOP. STOP! I'll tell
you! STOP-- !

He backed off a bit. I was close to hyperventilating. I was almost out of O2.

KORVER

Start talking-- talk-- TALK--

CALE

ok-- OK-- I was on this mission--

KORVER

--what mission.

--I pointed at the astronauts.

CALE

--*their mission*.

KORVER

--*you've been here-- on the Moon-- ?*

CALE

--*no, I was in orbit. Command Module.
I-- they died and I was ordered to
return home. And they sent me on--
on-- our mission cause I knew about
it--*

KORVER

Knew what-- ?

CALE

That we're not alone.

(I took a breath)

The truth is, we're not the second
or third mission since Apollo. We're
the eleventh--

KORVER

--*WHAT?*

CALE

(breathed)

--*we're just the first to survive
this long*.

Korver took a moment. Soaking it in. *I couldn't tell what
he was going to do next--*

KORVER

Control-- affirm this.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

...affirmed. Commander we didn't
want it to come out this way. It
was mandated by CIA--

KORVER

CIA--?

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Correct. They're running point on
Ceres missions.

KORVER

Fuck-- what is this-- ? What is this-- ?

He fell silent. And went still. Sun was hitting off his helmet. I couldn't see his face. Couldn't tell what he was thinking.

He backed up, looked towards the astronauts, looked back at me.

KORVER (CONT'D)

What are-- what are we dealing with here-- what's attacking us-- ?

CALE

We don't know-- we don't know who they are, or why they're here. We're the bait. They're hoping we get some answers.

CHRIS KORVER.LOCATION: *NEXT TO LANDER*

REF: 450, Pg.87

I swallowed hard. Took a breath.

KORVER (V.O.)

Bait. I was gonna kill him. I stared at his helmet glass. Wanted to crack it, let the vacuum kill him. We're 200,000 miles from Earth-- who was gonna stop me? But then I looked back at the astronauts.

(to Cale)

What happened to them--

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER.LOCATION: *NEXT TO ASTRONAUTS*

REF: 450, Pg.89

We stood in front of the two men. You could hear our breathing laboring. We needed to get back to those oxygen tanks.

KORVER

--their suits are intact. They weren't attacked--

CALE

They killed each other.

KORVER

What?

CALE

Yeah. The one on the left is
Commander Rawlings--
(pointed to the other)
--he's Captain Kilbarger. I heard
it on the radio-- Kilbarger was
trying to take off Rawlings' helmet.

Cale shook his head. Remembering.

CALE (CONT'D)

He was convinced that was the way to
save them. Lost his mind.

Now I looked at them in a new light. They weren't just
holding each other. They were **in the middle of a fight.**

Kilbarger wasn't holding Rawlings' head, he was trying to
remove his helmet. And Rawlings had disconnected Kilbarger's
oxygen pipe.

It was an eerie snapshot in time.

KORVER

I knew Kilbarger. We did flight
school together. Thought he died in
a boating accident.

CALE

He probably thought you died too.

KORVER

Now he's really dead.

CALE

My O2's almost out-- there should be
tanks in the Lander.

KORVER

Got them-- they're next to the
ladder.....

I looked down at the astronauts feet. There was a single pair
of footprints leading about 10 yards away... to something
drawn in the sand. I couldn't make it out from here.

I walked... followed the prints to where they led. Looked
at it. *One of them had written something in the regolith,*
in large oversized letters.

It read:

KORVER (CONT'D)

Su Raef?

CALE

Raef... He could have been hypoxic--
when he wrote it--

KORVER

Or maybe it actually means something.

CALE

Su Raef. Maybe *Suez Reaf*.

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

--that's 2 miles south of your
location. We've recorded flashes in
that area for decades.

CALE

I think that region was in their
mission coordinates--

KORVER

No...no... I knew Kilbarger.

I circled around the words to the other side.

KORVER (CONT'D)

He didn't read very well-- I thought
he could have been dyslexic--

I looked at the words upside down. Now they meant something.

SU RAEF *was actually...*

KORVER (CONT'D)

....**FEAR US.**

I stared at the words. Awe struck.

CALE

...fear us.

KORVER

You couldn't get more cryptic.

CALE

Something about them-- something--

FLAAAAAAAAASH--

KORVER

Ahhh--

I was blinded-- couldn't see--

CALE

I can't see-- I can't--

I blinked-- blinked-- everything was blue-white, couldn't even see helmet glass--

I stumbled back-- my sight started to clear-- saw moondust everywhere--

FLAAAAAAAAASH--

--another one ripped through our eyes-- this time I was knocked to the ground-- tumbled a few feet--

Didn't know what was happening--

Brennin's radio cut through--

BRENNIN (on radio)

---Korver-- Cale-- I repeat-- another bogey heading your way-- bearing 233--

My vision cleared-- moondust surrounded us like fog-- Cale was stumbling around a few yards away-- I got up, moved towards the oxygen tanks--

KORVER

Get the rover-- meet me at the Lander--

I shoved him towards the rover-- I bounded towards the Lander-- more dust cleared-- then I actually saw the Lander--

IT WAS ANNIHILATED. Looked like scrap metal. Massive sparks arced over it like lightening. No fire in space.

Two of the oxygen tanks remained a few feet away from the wreckage. I headed towards them. Grabbed them.

But saw another FLASH on the horizon-- growing fast-- heading right for us--

BRENNIN

Bogey is 20 seconds away--

KORVER

I see it-- I see it--

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: AT THE ROVER

REF: 452, Pg.149

*I leapt. Landed next to the rover. Got in. Hit the throttle--
u-turned towards the Lander-- saw it-- it was destroyed--*

Skidded to a stop next to Korver-- sprayed moon soil on him--

CALE

Get in--

He did so. An oxygen tank in each arm.

KORVER

Cave's 800 yards up--

I stepped on the throttle. We accelerated.

BRENNIN (on radio)

It's right on top of you--

Things were getting brighter. Flash was close--

KORVER

I see the opening--

I could see it too. A cave mouth in the moonhill.

Suddenly everything became overbright.

*I looked back-- was **BLINDED***

FLAAAAAAAAASH--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED

LOCATION: NEXT TO ASTRONAUTS

REF: 450, Pg.93

*--everything went white. An impact hit us-- rover went up
on two wheels-- thought we were gonna turnover this time--
but the rover slammed back down-- kept going--*

*I blinked-- saw the cave opening less than a 100 yards. But
it wasn't just a cave opening.*

*I saw a pillar on one side of it. Looked like part of an
archway? I looked over at Cale--*

HE WASN'T THERE. NO ONE WAS DRIVING.

I looked back-- could only see debris and moondust falling--

**Looked forward to find a
BOULDER RACING TOWARDS ME.**

*I reached over-- tried to turn the wheel-- was too late and
SMASHED RIGHT INTO THE ROCK--*

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: LUNAR SURFACE

REF: 452, Pg.150

*I was airborne. Didn't know up from down. Hit the Moon.
Bounced up.*

*Hit again. Helmet glass cracked. Hoped it wasn't
catastrophic. At this point I was borderline unconscious.*

*But I saw the crack grow-- it got longer-- I hoped it would
stop. It didn't. Heard a whistle sound. Air escaping.*

*I hit a switch on my helmet. Tried to activate secondary
glass. It was stuck-- wouldn't move.*

I coughed-- Air was being sucked out of my lungs--

CALE

I can't breathe--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED

LOCATION: NEXT TO ASTRONAUTS

REF: 450, Pg.94

*A rover tire was spinning in my face. Rover was finished.
I immediately looked around-- saw an oxygen tank. Couldn't
see the other one.*

*I crab-crawled. Grabbed it and grabbed the drills-- started
leaping for the cave-- 40 feet away--*

CALE (on radio)

I can't breathe--

I hesitated. Looked back, couldn't see Cale.

KORVER

Where are you-- ?

CALE (on radio)

--helmet cracked.

*I kept going, reached the cave mouth-- tried to catch my
breath-- it was hard-- too much carbon dioxide in my tank--*

**Looked back. Could barely see Cale through the dust--
withering on the ground. Something else got my attention.
On the horizon.**

**Saw some kind of ship. Or vessel. But what was stunning,
is that it stretched over 1/3rd of the horizon. And it was
approaching us.**

I looked at Cale-- Back at the oxygen tank-- Then at Cale--

*I sighed-- and went for the oxygen-- Grabbed it. Hurled it
further in the cave-- turned back towards Cale.*

KORVER

Coming for you.

Heard a breathless reply in response.

***I saw something on the ship flash...flash got bigger-- closer--
fast-- I had a feeling it wouldn't miss this time.***

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: LUNAR SURFACE

REF: 452, Pg.150

**I couldn't talk-- couldn't respond to Korver-- I sucked in
a ragged breath--**

**I rolled over-- tried to stand, stumbled towards the cave a
couple feet-- went down--**

**My own breathing was getting quieter. Not enough air to
carry sound.**

**Hit my helmet glass-- still wouldn't move-- I was too weak
to try again.**

***I saw another light in the distance-- coming right for me-- in
my current state it looked like a messenger from the other
side.***

Hands grabbed me. Korver's-- he yanked me up--

KORVER

C'mon--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED

LOCATION: NEXT TO CALE

REF: 450, Pg.95

I pulled him up-- yanked him towards the cave--

It was starting to get bright again--

He couldn't really walk. But he was only 60 pounds-- I pretty much carried him-- leaping 4 feet at a time--

KORVER

C'Mon-- almost there-- almost--

I heard a grunt of acknowledgement from him--

We were ten feet away-- I

leaped, now 5--

*I leaped again just as **EVERYTHING WENT WHITE--***

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.104

I listened and watched the radar screen--

KORVER (on radio)

C'Mon-- almost there-- almost--

I heard multiple concussions-- Hits-- And then static. I adjusted reception. Static didn't clear. I knew it wouldn't.

BRENNIN (to radio)

Korver--

(I waited)

Korver. Come in.....Cale....

On ground radar I could see this enormous *something* approach their last location. And then it stopped. And I guess hovered.

BRENNIN (CONT'D)

Korver....

MISSION CONTROL (on radio)

Brennin, Mission Control, we lost signal from the surface-- are you still receiving?

BRENNIN

Negative-- Are you seeing radar-- ?

MISSION CONTROL

Affirm, we are.

BRENNIN

What is it? What are these things-- ?

MISSION CONTROL

They're not ours. Again, we are being asked to forcibly order you to return home--

I didn't respond to the request. But not intentionally. *I got distracted by my **proximity radar**.*

Something was approaching me, up here, in orbit.

I looked out the window. Couldn't see anything. Looked back at the radar. It was getting closer, faster, what could move this fast?

I looked out the window again and I saw it. The sun had this thing lit up like a star. I got a good look, and this thing didn't look anything like I thought it would.

CHRIS KORVER.

LOCATION: IN CAVE.

REF: 450, Pg.95

I came to lying on a bed of rubble. Rocks were on my legs and torso. I shoved them off.

It was dark. But I could see rocks everywhere. The cave entrance had collapsed.

My Co2 was too high-- I was close to blacking out. I could feel I was hypoxic.

Saw Cale further in. I got up-- unsteadily. Went to him. Grabbed the oxygen tank on the way.

Got to Cale-- he was blue-- barely breathing. His helmet was cracked. I tried to shut its secondary layer, it was stuck.

I unhooked his oxygen hose-- attached it to the O2 tank. His tube trembled with air. I was forcing oxygen into his helmet. Even though it was escaping from the leak.

I saw him stir a bit. I grabbed a rock.

KORVER

Ahhhh--

Slammed it down on his helmet. Slammed it again. The crack got longer-- His eyes flew open. Panicked--

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN THE CAVE

REF: 452, Pg.152

--a rock banged down into my eyes, bounced off my helmet.
The crack got longer. I panicked-- tried to move-- could
only flail my leg a little.

The rock slammed into me again-- I flinched--

CALE

Stop-- I'm sorry I-- please-- stop--

Bang-- the rock hit again-- jarred the shit out of me--

CALE (CONT'D)

I was following orders-- I was--

Bang--

KORVER

You're oxygen's still-- still--
leaking--

He tried to breathe, was laboring, his eyes were rolling--

KORVER (CONT'D)

I have to hit your helmet-- your
secondary layer-- lose-- knock it--

Bang-- **MY HELMET GLASS CRACKED COMPLETELY--** vacuum sucked at
my eyes-- lungs--

Then Korver slammed the side of the helmet, and the secondary
helmet layer finally slid down and into place-- sealing me
from the vacuum.

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CAVE.

REF: 450, Pg.97

I dropped the rock-- The world rotated 180 degrees and I
realized I was falling over-- I hit the ground-- **was out
like a light.**

Next thing I knew, I was hearing whispers in my earpiece.

CALE

--don't move...don't-- stay still....

I was on my side. Looking at a cave wall. I started to
turn my head--

CALE (CONT'D)
(he whispered)
--don't move-- !

He held me still. All I could hear was our breathing while I stared at this stupid wall.

KORVER
--how long was I out...

CALE
(he whispered)
...there's something further-- down
the tunnel...I think it's--

He stopped. I was dying to see why.

KORVER
let me up--

CALE
...move slowly...it's behind you--
about 15 yards.

I inched up into a sitting position. And slowly turned my head...

Saw more of the wall...

Then saw the length of it...

Until finally I could see further down the tunnel...

KORVER
I don't see any.....

Then my eyes adjusted--

SOMETHING WAS STANDING AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL.

**It was in shadow. I couldn't get a good read on its form,
its physique...but it was about 7 feet tall.**

CALE
It's been watching us. For about 25
minutes.

My eyes looked for my drill...it was lying by the wall.
Cale had his in hand.

KORVER
Has it-- communicated?

CALE

No. But it's gotten closer-- I haven't actually seen it move, but it's-- it's about ten feet closer now than before.

It stood there mysterious. Enigmatic.

Then I felt it, a soft *boooooom* reverberating throughout the cave... And then another...similar to a small earthquake.

KORVER

What is that--?

CALE

Behind us. They're trying to clear the cave entrance.

I sighed. Stared at our new friend.

KORVER

We have to get past this thing.

CALE

You got that explosive?

KORVER

Yeah...but not in here-- we'll bury ourselves.

It continued to stand there. Still as a statue.

KORVER (CONT'D)

--I'm going to try...and communicate.

Cale shook his head. Unsure. We felt another *boom* from behind.

CALE

You better hurry.

I looked at the thing. And slowly raised my hand...

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.LOCATION: *IN THE CAVE*

REF: 452, Pg.160

...Korv carefully held up his hand up.

KORVER

...My name is Commander Christopher Korver, of the U.S. Air Force...

The entity remained still.

CALE

Don't know how it's gonna hear you--
without one of our radios--

KORVER

(he got louder)

...My name is Commander Christopher
Korver, of the U.S. Air Force...

Still no movement.

KORVER (CONT'D)

(even louder)

...My name is Commander Christopher
Korver, of the U.S. Air Force...

CALE

Hey...hey easy--

KORVER

...My name is Commander Christopher
Korver, of the U.S. Air Force...

CALE

Why are you repeating-- ?

KORVER

I'm not. I only said it once.

I was stunned. My mouth moved to respond to that -- but
nothing came out.

I stared at it. Korver stared at it. It stared at us.

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *IN CAVE.*

REF: 450, Pg.99

My voice-- or rather-- *IT'S* voice-- stopped repeating. And
something else crackled in our earpiece--

UNKNOWN ENTITY (on radio)

Sarafai la'eed Akerenun vanchana--

I subconsciously moved back a couple steps.

AND IT MOVED CLOSER FIVE FEET.

KORVER

--shit --shit

I flinched-- continued backing up-- Cale did the same--

This thing-- it moved in an odd way. As if it were rolling and sliding at the same time. Virtually indescribable. I still couldn't really see it-- it was still in shadows.

UNKNOWN ENTITY (on radio)
Sarafai la'eed Akerenun vanchana--

Its voice was louder-- distorting in my ear--

I reached down and grabbed my drill.

THE THING MOVED AGAIN--

We did too-- our backs hit up against the collapsed cave entrance-- as it shook again, pounded from the other side-- we had no where to run.

UNKNOWN ENTITY (on radio) (CONT'D)
SARAFAI LA'EED AKERENUN VANCHANA--

My head pounded with its voice-- it physically hurt it was so loud-- I turned on my drill-- it vibrated to life--

IT GOT CLOSER--

This thing WAS ONLY TEN FEET AWAY----

KORVER
What do you want--

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN THE CAVE
 REF: 452, Pg.165

I saw some detail-- It had odd silver metallic surfaces and machinations, in sharp angles and squares--

IT WAS ACTUALLY FLOATING. And had a strange metallic TAIL type appendage that dragged on the floor--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CAVE.
 REF: 450, Pg.99

--it was an extraordinarily black, dull metal, with rounded ends and contours----

UNKNOWN ENTITY (on radio)
SARAFAI LA'EED AKERENUN VANCHANA--

KORVER
What do you want--

IT THUNDERED FORWARD-- COLLIDED INTO ME-- KNOCKED ME INTO THE WALL--

I heard a SHEARING sound-- ORANGE SPARKS SPRAYED--

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN THE CAVE

REF: 452, Pg.166

--I shoved my drill somewhere in its metallic mass-- drill shook crazily-- almost yanked out of my hand-- BLUE SPARKS EXPLODED into my face--

The entity recoiled-- a part of it hit me in the chest-- I went flying--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CAVE.

REF: 450, Pg.100

My drill was rattling on the floor-- I grabbed it--

Saw Cale hit the ground and bounce up-- hit the ceiling--

I lunged towards the thing-- drill first-- and it sunk in deep-- then proceeded to do what drills do, and bored in--

ELECTRONIC AUDIO WAVES assaulted my ears as my drill pulled itself deeper into this things metal insides--

It thrashed-- WHIPPING ME AROUND--

Sparks were erupting from its wounds-- I could barely see a thing-- I just tried to hang on--

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN THE CAVE

REF: 452, Pg.167

The cave was lit up like daylight as Korver got tossed around.

He looked like a rag doll riding a bull but hung on--

The entity was emitting an electronic tone over the radio-- it pierced my ears--

I charged it-- and threw my drill--

It ripped into its tail-- the whole thing shuddered-- then buckled--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CAVE.

REF: 450, Pg.101

THIS THING CONVULSED-- IT SHOOK--

AND THEN FINALLY WENT DOWN-- AND WENT DOWN HARD.

I rolled off of it-- fought to catch my breath. It was still. Wasn't moving.

KORVER

...man.

Cale gave me a hand. Helped me up. But he wouldn't let go. He pulled me closer. Put his hands on my shoulders. His helmet touched mine.

KORVER (CONT'D)

hey--

CALE

Thank you. *Thank you. For coming back out-- into the open, and saving me.*

KORVER

I--

CALE

Thank you. I know we don't have much time left-- but thank you, for letting me live the rest of it.

KORVER (V.O.)

This close to his face I could see his eyes. The genuine gratitude in them. I was touched.

(to Cale)

I would do it again.

He nodded, and let go.

CALE

I refilled your O2-- we've got about 2 hours depending on how much we exert.

I stared down at this thing. **Arcs of light** continued to flash within it.

It's hard to describe what it looked like. It was as an odd collection of coal black, cylindrical and spherical geometric elements.

Together they formed a-- a-- seven foot form-- that-- that had a strange, metallic tail like appendage on its end that was about three feet long, and had these odd metal scales on it.

CALE (CONT'D)

This one --it's different. From the others. It doesn't have the same shape. And what's this tail...with these-- these lizard scales?

KORVER

(I nodded)

I don't think it's a-- it's a fighter.

CALE

...how so.

KORVER

The other ones-- out there-- they fired at us. Energy based weapons or something. This one had to attack us-- with it's bare hands so to speak.

CALE

All these cubic elements are fascinating, the way they're connected--

KORVER

You mean spherical--

CALE

--no cubic.

We stared at each other.

I looked at the thing again. It's elements were clearly spherical.

KORVER

OK. I definitely, see spherical elements. Spherical.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *IN THE CAVE*

REF: 452, Pg.173

From where I was standing, it was definitely cubic. No question. It looked like a metallic rubik's cube, in a rough rectangular form-- and that odd tail.

SPLIT SCREEN KORVER/CALE POV.

We see both of their POINTS OF VIEWS simultaneously.

On the left is Korver: The machine is *spherical in nature*.

On the right is Cale: The machine is *cubic in nature*.

CALE

Huh.....let's exchange positions.

They exchange positions...and a remarkable thing occurs as they walk around the machine, trading places:

KORVER'S POV: the machine morphs from spherical to cubic.

CALE'S POV: the machine morphs from cubic to spherical.

CALE (CONT'D)

I think...that-- this technology,
may be more advanced than we can
understand...

KORVER

It feels almost-- supernatural.

CALE

I guess the question is; Who or what,
built these things-- and why.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

JUSTIN CALE POV. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *IN THE CAVE*

REF: 452, Pg.180

I kneeled. Inspected the floor. It was smoother than the walls. Worn.

CALE

Allot of traffic's been through here--
at some point. The ground's well
traveled-- smoothed out.

KORVER

I saw a pillar built into the cave
entrance-- looked like part of an
archway.

A spec of color caught my eye. On the wall. I walked over to it. I thought I could see something, behind the dirt.

I put my hand on the wall. Rubbed back and forth. Millions of years of dust drifted away...

KORVER (CONT'D)

Look at that...

I couldn't see it so close. I backed up next to Korv and took it all in:

It was a faded drawing-- or painting. **Of a blue Earth.** And a **silver Moon.** But the Moon looked different. Didn't have any of the craters that it has now. It looked smooth.

Even though they were etched into the stone, the Moon and Earth actually **switched places** as one moved by them. A strange optical illusion similar to that machine.

I looked further down the hallway. And could see the tell tale signs that--

CALE

--it repeats. Down the entire hallway. Earth and Moon. Side by side. It's a pattern.

KORVER

That relationship-- must have been important to them--

CALE

--Yeah. Critical.

KORVER

I think this thing--
(he pointed at machine)
--it was caring, or-- maintaining something in here-- down the tunnel. That's why it didn't have any weapons.

CALE

It's more of a caretaker.

I looked further down the tunnel. It faded away. *Into darkness.*

BOOOOOOMMM....

A boulder was cleared from the top of the cave opening-- letting some of the sun in--

KORVER

We have to go further in--

We grabbed our drills. Hurried towards the dark.

BOOOOOMMMM....

More light lanced into the tunnel.

The ground started to slope downwards. Became steeper. And it curved to the left.

We loped down it. Then full on daylight burst into the tunnel behind us--

CALE

Their in--

I looked back in mid stride. Tunnel was lit up like noon.

KORVER

Watch out--

I turned back around-- ran right into something huge-- ricocheted back-- hit the ground. Looked up at it:

It was a BLACK RECTANGULAR structure that stretched from floor to ceiling. Made of obsidian metal that was machine smoothed. I could see myself in its reflection.

KORVER (CONT'D)

What the hell is it-- ?

At its front was a rectangular portal. A human could easily step inside of it. By its dimensions, it looked made for something twice our height.

Behind it the tunnel dead ended. I looked towards the cave opening-- could see shadows coming in. Blotting out the light.

I looked back at the portal. AND WALKED INSIDE.

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CAVE.

REF: 450, Pg.120

Cale looked at the black cylinder a moment.

THEN HE WALKED INSIDE--

--and I saw something that terrifies me even now. **HIS BODY WAS RIPPED APART.**

I SAW SOMETHING-- UNSEEN-- PULLING HIM FROM ALL SIDES--

CALE

Uhhh-- uhhh-- Ahhhhhhhhhhhh--

--UNTIL HE WAS LITERALLY TORN APART AND DISAPPEARED AT THE EXACT SAME TIME.

His voice was cut off. Nothing more. What happened to him...? What could do that...?

I looked down the tunnel--

**A CRAFT FLEW AROUND THE CORNER-- RACED TOWARDS ME-- TOO FAST--
DIDN'T GIVE ME TIME TO THINK-- A LIGHT STARTED TO GLOW ON
ITS LEADING EDGE--**

I TOOK A LEAP OF FAITH-- LUNGED BACK INTO THE CYLINDER--

I SCREAMED-- MORE THAN I HAVE EVER SCREAMED--

I FELT BLADES RIPPING INTO ME--

MY LEGS--

MY CHEST--

MY EYES--

I FELT LIKE I HAD JUST STEPPED INTO A BLENDER--

And then I was no more.

CUT TO:

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.126

I looked out the window.

Now I counted fifteen.

Fifteen goddamn ships that had surrounded mine.

They were these *spherical sometimes cubic monstrosities*.
Made of black metal that appeared to be mashed together in
no coherent pattern or reason.

One curious consistency; each of them seemed to have a
metallic TAIL like appendage made of the same metallic
materials.

It was like my kids had made these things in arts and crafts.

Except I knew these were deadly.

And they were huge.

Each one was five to ten times larger than the command module.
And they constantly spun. Some clockwise, others counter-
clockwise. It was fucking bizarre.

I video taped them with my camera. Documenting what I could.

Was zoomed into one when I noticed it stop spinning.

I looked up with the naked eye. All of them had stopped.

BRENNIN

Hm.

(to radio)

Control, Brenninn, our friends have
stopped spinning.

BRENNIN (on radio) (CONT'D)

Control, Brenninn, our friends have
stopped spinning.

The thing is, I didn't say it the second time. My mouth
wasn't moving. I looked at the radio-- confused.

BAAAAAAAANGGGG--

THE LANDER WAS HIT-- KNOCKED ME CLEAR ACROSS TO THE OTHER
SIDE-- I HIT THE FAR WINDOW--

BAAAAAAAANGGGG--

I FLEW AGAIN-- HIT MY SEAT-- BOUNCED OFF OF IT INTO THE SUPPLY
RACK-- EVERYTHING FLEW OFF OF IT-- DISPERSING AROUND THE
MODULE--

I HEARD A WHISTLING-- HEARD AIR-- HEARD THE STRUCTURAL
INTEGRITY OF THE CRAFT GROAN AS IT FAILED--

BAAAAAAAANGGGG--

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANGGGG--

BRENNIN (CONT'D)

Aaahhhhh--

CUT TO BLACK:

CHRIS KORVER. OVER BLACK.

LOCATION: UNKNOWN

REF: 450, Pg.120

*I couldn't see myself. Couldn't feel myself. But I could
hear myself scream. Strange. But that's what happened.*

*And then I could feel that excruciating pain all over again.
But this time it was happening from the inside out. As if
someone had put these blender blades in my intestines.*

*And then I could feel my skin. Feel the suit on my skin.
And then, see myself--*

I dropped 2 feet, collapsed on the ground-- tried to catch my breath--

I rolled over. Looked around. I was in the same fucking cylinder I just left.

I got up, staggered out-- saw Cale-- but

THE CAVE WAS GONE.

Somehow we were standing in the middle of a barren desert.

*But there was no sun. Only stars. TRILLIONS OF THEM.
Without the glare from the sun, they burned hot and brilliant.*

KORVER

What the hell is this-- ?

CALE

We were moved-- somehow--

He bent over slightly--

CALE (CONT'D)

--it still hurts inside.

I looked up at the sky. After a moment I recognized a constellation--

KORVER

I think-- that's-- Pegasus...and
Aquarius...

CALE

...which would mean--

KORVER

--no.

CALE

--we went from the Earth side of the
Moon, to the far side.

KORVER

No-- that's three thousand miles--
that's not possible. I mean-- we
just got in that thing.

CALE

It-- I think it's-- it deconstructed
us, transmitted us here, and then
reconstructed us again--

KORVER

What-- ? We were teleported-- ?

CALE

Yes.

I looked back at it. Sitting there ominously in the soil.

KORVER

That means they can follow us here.

Cale pointed towards mountains. They silhouetted against the star sky.

CALE

I think those are mountains. Don't know how far they are-- but they give us the best cover.

KORVER

Agreed.

We moon ran, bounding over the terrain. Weren't as many craters on the dark side of the moon. Odd. My voice shook with each step:

KORVER (CONT'D)

Ceres, this is Korver, do you read...?

(nothing)

Ceres, Brennin, this is Korver, you up there?

CALE

Control, Cale. Come back.

He shook his head.

I looked back at the cylinder. No activity yet. We were putting good distance from it fast.

KORVER

Nothing at the cylinder.

CALE

Good--

Cale pointed to our left. A soft white glow could be seen on the moon horizon.

CALE (CONT'D)

The termination line's approaching--

KORVER

Never thought I'd see a sunrise on the moon.

CALE

Never thought I'd see allot of things
I'm seeing.

I chuckled.

I tripped. Almost fell on a couple jagged rocks.

The mountains were closer than we thought. In fact. We were there.

Boulders and rocks jutted out at haphazard angles. We had to slow down a touch. Navigated with more care.

KORVER

This terrain's very different-- from
the rest of the moon.

CALE

It's almost organized-- organized
chaos--

KORVER

--yeah, perfect description.

CALE

We should slow down. Preserve O2.

I scanned the horizon behind us. Didn't see a thing. If we didn't die by one thing, we'd die by another.

KORVER

Alright.

We slowed to a walk. In this area, it became much flatter than normal. Less regolith. Ground felt hard.

I pulled out my letter, to my wife. I could still see it's **yellow color** in the dim light. Liked holding it.

CALE

Whose the letter to?

KORVER

My wife-- I have this thing-- where
I write her, even though I can't
send it.

CALE

Why'd you divorce?

KORVER

I didn't-- she's dead.

I heard a sigh.

CALE

They put us together so fast-- we barely got to know each other.

KORVER

Yeah.

CALE

How'd she-- how'd it happen?

KORVER

We uh...she thought I loved this-- the service-- more than I loved her.

CALE

Did you?

KORVER

(I shrugged)

She didn't think there was room for both. We got in a fight about it. She took a drive to cool off....got hit head on by a-- drunk driver going the wrong way, down the freeway.

CALE

...sorry to hear that.

We clambered over a particularly large boulder.

KORVER

Who are you anyway?

CALE

What do you mean?

KORVER

Don't tell me you're Air Force.

CALE

Agency.

I looked at him.

KORVER

Yeah that fits... Always thought it was weird the CIA got created the same year Roswell happened--

CALE

1947-- it only took two months. We've been running point on this stuff ever since.

TB Roswell UFO Incident

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Roswell Daily Record, July 8, 1947, announcing the "capture" of a "flying saucer."

The **Roswell UFO Incident** was the alleged recovery of extra-terrestrial debris, including alien corpses, from an object which crashed near Roswell, New Mexico, in June or July 1947. Since the late 1970s the incident has been the subject of intense controversy and the subject of [conspiracy theories](#) as to the true nature of the object which crashed. The [United States military](#) maintains that what was actually recovered was debris from an experimental high-altitude surveillance balloon belonging to a classified program named "[Mogul](#)";^[1] however, many [UFO](#) proponents maintain that in fact a crashed [alien](#) craft and bodies were recovered, and that the military then engaged in a cover up. The incident has turned into a widely known [pop culture](#) phenomenon, making the name Roswell synonymous with UFOs. It ranks as one of the most publicized and controversial alleged UFO incidents.^[2]

Central Intelligence Agency

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

(Redirected from [Cia](#))

The entrance of the CIA [Headquarters](#)

The **Central Intelligence Agency (CIA)** is a civilian [intelligence agency](#) of the [United States government](#) responsible for providing [national security intelligence](#) to senior United States [policymakers](#). The CIA also engages in covert activities at the request of the President of the United States of America.^[5]

It is the successor of the [Office of Strategic Services](#) (OSS) formed during [World War II](#) to coordinate [espionage](#) activities behind [enemy lines](#) for the branches of the [United States military](#). The National Security Act of 1947 established the CIA, affording it "no police or law enforcement functions, either at home or abroad". One year later, this mandate was expanded to include^[*clarification needed*] "sabotage, anti-sabotage, demolition and evacuation measures...subversion [and] assistance to underground resistance movements, guerrillas and refugee liberation movements, and

KORVER

That crash have anything to do with this?

CALE

No-- no-- They don't know what this is. It's tough for them to get up here and investigate. So they plant us in.

KORVER

People should know about this. The public.

CALE

Think they could handle it?

KORVER

They'd get over it.

CALE

See what they did, to get us up here? Faking our deaths? Withholding intel from you? They have no intention of letting any of this out.

KORVER

If I made it back, I would--

Light flashed-- both of us *flinched-- ducked.*

The light grew brighter. Fast.

CALE

It's the sunrise-- it's OK.

But it wasn't OK.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *DARK SIDE OF THE MOON*

REF: 452, Pg.201

The celestial termination line swept over us. Turning night to day, and

REVEALING WHAT ACTUALLY LOOMED OVERHEAD.

I grabbed my drill-- Korver same--

THREE MASSIVE REPTILIAN FACES LOOKED DOWN ON US.

EACH FACE WAS 50 FEET LONG OF STONE STATUE, REplete WITH SCALES AND ATTACHED TO A SWEEPING REPTILIAN BODY WHOSE POSITIONING BORE A TERRIFYING RESEMBLANCE TO THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX.

WE STARED UP AT THE LIZARDS IN AWE. THEY STOOD IN A ROW, AND TOWERED OVER US LIKE THE ANTS WE WERE.

BEHIND THE SPHINXES, THEIR TAILS LED TO A PYRAMID FOUR TIMES THE SIZE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZA. ITS TIP REACHED INTO THE BLACK SKY. SO HIGH IT SEEMED LIKE IT TOUCHED ORBIT.

I looked around.

WE WEREN'T IN THE MIDDLE OF A LUNAR DESERT;

WE WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF A LUNAR CITY.

Our jaws hung open as we soaked it all in.

KORVER

This is-- this is-- beyond-- it's...

The city was in ruin, everything was decayed and decrepit. It felt more like a Vietnam war zone, than a lunar cityscape.

Whereas Egypt was shades of browns, all the structures here were shades of lunar grey. All, that is, except for the sphinxes which were a subtle green.

CALE

It's-- this is... impossible...

The city stretched on forever. In all directions.

KORVER

This was built by-- I mean-- there was a population of things-- that actually lived here...

We looked back the direction we had come. The uneven terrain we had traversed were not craters and boulders. They were collapsed buildings. Dilapidated architecture.

CALE

It's...architecturally Egyptian, but it's different-- it's--

KORVER

Egyptian-- ? But what would that mean-- ?

Each building was pyramidal in structure. Four sides meeting up at a tip. The doors had minature reptilian Sphinx's on both sides of them facing the door, and anyone who would enter.

And I should mention: All doors were 11 feet tall, denoting the size of the race that built them.

I pointed to the top of the pyramid.

CALE

Look at that--

Black support beams seemed to crisscross at the pyramid's apex.

CALE (CONT'D)

--support beams, of some sort.

KORVER

I need to know why. I need to know *who* and what these things are. That's the last thing I need.

CALE

We need a Shefdew-- an information center--

KORVER

--like one of those cave drawings...?

CALE

If it's anything like Earth, like Egypt, there should be a couple around that central pyramid. At it's foot.

We walked down what was left of a road. It ran adjacent to one of the sphinxes.

KORVER

This could take longer than we have.

CALE

Egyptians-- they-- repeated history in multiple locations. We just have to-- find a building with hieroglyphics on the inside. It'll tell us allot.

We arrived at what might have been an INTERSECTION. But it was too dilapidated to tell. What was of interest was the aged BUILDING in the center of it:

Enormous Moon and Earth drawings decorated the outside. And it was the one building, that was not pyramidal.

It had a domed ceiling. Turrets. A gate entryway. This was not Egyptian architecture...

I was in awe.

KORVER

That one. It's not Egyptian--

Right...it looked--

CALE

Greek-- It's Greek. Just like in Egypt, the library of Alexandria was Greek architecture.

We looked at each other and then bounded towards it. Arrived. Passed the staring sphinxes as we went inside the door.

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.LOCATION: *INSIDE GREEK BUILDING*

REF: 452, Pg.207

It was one large chamber. Rubble laid everywhere. It was totally devastated. But there was still plenty to see.

Immediately I noticed that--

CALE

--it's...somehow *bigger* on the inside than on the outside.

The ceiling vaulted over head. The size and scope reminded of the Roman Pantheon.

And there were drawings everywhere. Over every inch.

KORVER

Look at this...

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.LOCATION: *INSIDE GREEK BUILDING*

REF: 450, Pg.131

The drawings were like the cave art, but a little brighter. And more-- more 3 dimensional. They popped off the wall by several feet. And moved as we drifted about the room.

CALE

It's genius. Brilliance.

It was almost as if the drawings were treated like structures or architecture. Most of the art was celestial in content.

We moved towards the center of the chamber. And once we arrived there, we *knew* we had hit the sweet spot.

*From this location, the multifaceted drawings all came together as **one**.*

It was so beautiful. To see these 20 foot art pieces suspended in midair... seemingly animated.

However, the content of the art was probably better at bringing tears:

*The two most prominent pieces of dimensionalized art, were the **Earth** and the **Moon**.*

They spun on there respective axis...

Next to the Earth, serpentine, artwork of UPRIGHT LIZARDS were detailed.

While on the Moon side, the same sort of serpentine art work was represented.

It was impossible to tell the difference between these two 'peoples'.

KORVER

They look exactly alike--

CALE

It's either their gods, or it's what they-- what they actually look like--

KORVER

This is fucking surreal.

Over and over, the art would show hundreds of little dart sized projectiles -- which I realized were a type of missile -- launch from the Moon to hit **Earth**.

Then they would launch from Earth to hit the Moon.

Each time they hit **Earth**, the planet would wobble on it's axis.

Each time they hit the Moon-- craters would appear-- the craters we thought were caused by asteroids, WERE CAUSED BY AN ALIEN WAR.

KORVER (CONT'D)

The craters were caused by a-- by an alien war-- between the Earth and Moon-- ?

CALE

Before humans were-- were around.

KORVER

This is too much-- this-- I mean--

CALE

Think about it-- it makes sense-- if you look at history-- look at the landmarks and buildings that are somehow the same across oceans-- ?

KORVER

Pyramids-- in South America-- Egypt--

CALE

West Africa-- now China. You'd need a worldwide culture to achieve that. Kind of like skyscrapers now-- on every continent--

I looked hard at the Moon. At the Earth. As the missiles hit them both.

KORVER

Something isn't right. The--

I looked over at the serpentine portraits, next to Earth--

KORVER (CONT'D)

--if they were here before us...
When did we come about...? How did we come about...? ...and-- and-- why weren't we there at the same time...

I could see Cale's mind working.

KORVER (CONT'D)

We're missing something.

RAYS OF MOONLIGHT PENETRATED THE ART,

disturbing my view of it. They lanced out from holes created by huge blocks of rock that fell from one of the walls, and

POUNDED TO THE GROUND.

THEN THE ENTIRE MASS of the WALL WOBLED, AND TILTED -- IT WAS ABOUT TO COME DOWN ON TOP OF OUR HEADS.

CALE

--other side !

We scrambled-- ran-- the opposite direction--

I followed Cale-- he was heading for a hole on the opposite wall--

I glanced back-- the wall behind us was on its way down-- instants from hitting--

Cale stepped into the hole-- and the wall
SLAMMED DOWN AS I DOVE

through the hole, skidded onto the ground outside...as debris
cannonaded out of the cavity--

I got up-- to see tens of GREY ALIEN CRAFT PROWLING IN THE
SKY.

Cale ran. I followed. THEY PURSUED.

KORVER

Tight spaces-- they can't follow--

We curled in between towering debris mounds-- a SPHERICAL
CRAFT was waiting on the other side--

FLAAAAASH--

--a mound of rubble avalanched down towards us--

A rock grazed my foot-- tripped me-- I kept my footing-- a
bigger rock SLASHED INTO my back-- SENT ME FLYING-- I HIT
CALE-- WE BOTH WENT DOWN IN A PILE--

RICHARD BRENNIN. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.146

Panic. Air was leaking. The structure was creaking.
Brother, this was it for me. But I kept fighting.

I grabbed the joystick-- moved it left-- sunlight lanced in--
as the command module spun left-- just as I saw a SHIP BLAST
BY THE PORT WINDOW-- NEARLY RAMMING ME AGAIN--

BRENNIN

Control-- Control-- !

I looked out the aft window-- saw another coming for me-- I
pulled up-- ROCKETS FIRED-- MODULE GROANED-- AS IT JERKED
UPWARDS-- I WATCHED AS IT THUNDERED BY--

BRENNIN (CONT'D)

I'm under attack. I'm--

WHITE LIGHT FLASHED THROUGH ALL THE WINDOWS--

I blinked-- blinked-- the light out of my eyes to see **FIRE**.

I WAS ON FIRE.

I smacked my clothing-- tried to put it out--

Zero gravity fire doesn't have gravity to hold it down-- it can actually spread into the air-- wherever the oxygen is--

The fires on me ballooned, grew larger and LARGER--

Then I realized that I wasn't the only THING on fire. Everything else cloth based was lit up too.

Seats-- carry bags-- ALL OF IT WAS ON FIRE--

CUT TO:

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *INSIDE GREEK BUILDING*

REF: 452, Pg.211

We got up-- ran. Turned a corner into a

RUBBLE FILLED ALLEY.

The walls were pyramidal-- they sloped further away the higher up they went up-- not nearly as narrow as I was hoping--

The pyramids were perfectly lined up, and went on as far as I could see--

*I felt another **flash** behind me-- was worried it got Korver-- looked-- he was right there--*

Behind him a craft rounded the corner--

CALE

Behind you-- behind--

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: *A PYRAMIDAL ALLEY WAY*

REF: 450, Pg.131

I grabbed my drill-- spun it up-- turned-- and aimed right at the middle of that craft--

Then I unhooked the drill bit in mid spin-- it spun off and

LAUNCHED LIKE A MISSILE--

--SLAMMED INTO THE CRAFT, BURROWING DEEP-- CRAFT WOBBLED IN THE AIR-- VEERED OFF UNSTEADILY BEHIND A PYRAMID-- TRAILING SMOKE.

I stared at the smoke-- confused.

KORVER

--it's smoking--

CALE

--what?

KORVER

That thing was smoking--

We kept running-- turned down the same

STREET

**that paralleled the Great Sphinx-- but now we were going
back the way we had come--**

**I grabbed another drill bit-- the two foot-- hooked it onto
the drill. It was the last one I had.**

CALE

No-- no--

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: IN FRONT OF SPHINX

REF: 452, Pg.212

**We ran, circling back IN FRONT OF THE SPHINX, heading to its
other side and found**

CRAFTS HOVERING EVERYWHERE.

CALE

No-- no--

And they were closing in.

In front of us.

Behind us.

To the sides.

There were 100's of them. Two of us. It was almost over.

RICHARD BRENNIN.

LOCATION: IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.148

**I SCREAMED, THE FIRE WAS EATING ME ALIVE. IT WAS EVERYWHERE.
THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE MODULE. AND AIR WAS STILL LEAKING OUT--**

**I flailed towards the extinguisher. Grabbed it. Blasted
the nozzle at myself. Put myself out.**

Turned it on the module. Shot that thing everywhere. Put half the fires out. But the rest were still going.

But now I didn't care.

I sat down at the controls. They were hot to the touch.

BRENNIN

Control-- if-- if you can hear me--
I'm firing main engine to--

BAAAAANG--

I was hit again. I heard something sheer off. It spun me into a tailspin. I fired the thrusters to stabilize.

Then flipped a big red switch. Something inside the module rumbled to life. Even now I loved the way it felt. It was the main engine.

I throttled forward. My head kicked back to respect the G's.

I could feel the heat on my back. The fires were heating up again. But I knew at this point, it didn't matter.

I looked out the window as I steered towards one of the crafts-- and closed on it fast.

I wanted to take one of these things down with me. I wasn't gonna die alone.

I stared hard at this thing as I got closer, and closer, and then all I could see was its big black hull--

THE IMPACT SHATTERED ALL THE WINDOW GLASS

KNOCKED ME FROM THE CHAIR

I HIT THE CEILING--

VACUUM FLOODED IN AS PAPERS. AIR. EVERYTHING FLOODED OUT IN TOTAL FUCKING CHAOS--

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: OTHER SIDE OF SPHINX

REF: 450, Pg.132

We stopped on the other side of the SPHINX--

I launched my last drill bit-- aiming for the craft closest to us-- it moved, I missed it wide--

Cale fired his-- HIT IT DEAD ON. Smoke burst out of it as it went down-- CRASHED INTO A PYRAMID. ROCK. STONE FRAGMENTS. DEBRIS EVERYWHERE.

CALE

Don't have any left--

I was already working something else-- arming the only explosive we had.

CALE (CONT'D)

This is it. This is it for us.

We were back to back-- I finished arming the explosive and threw it. The wire un-spooled. Went taunt. Bomb landed thirty-- maybe forty feet away.

The ships maneuvered closer. Were literally right on top of us. Above us. He was right. This was it.

KORVER

It was an honor.

I hit the button.

A WALL OF ANGRY FLAME INSTANTLY MATERIALIZED.

KORVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Most people talk about their life flashing before their eyes. I saw the last seconds of my life in slow motion.

THE EXPLOSION REACHED UP AND ASSAULTED THE CRAFT OVERHEAD, DISAPPEARING THEM FROM VIEW AS A WALL OF FLAME KNOCKED US OFF OUR FEET--

CUT TO:

RICHARD BRENNIN.

LOCATION: CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE

REF: 451, Pg.149

Pure silence is not something I'd experienced before. With all the air gone the fire was out. And I couldn't hear a thing.

The module was barren, devoid of everything not tied down.

I was holding my breath in. My last breath. I exhaled...

...as another craft approached, I knew it sought to hit me one last time----

CUT TO:

JUSTIN CALE. CONTINUED.

LOCATION: OTHER SIDE OF SPHINX

REF: 452, Pg.214

I was sprawled out as I watched alien craft fall from black sky. I counted three. Felt happy about it.

The ships collided to the ground. Shook it. **AND BURST INTO FLAMES.** The **red color** an odd contrast to the lunar grey.

The other ships approached. Cautiously now.

Korver was next to me. Trying to get up. He was yelling something. Finally heard him through the static.

KORVER

we're human-- we're human--

I think he-- he took off his helmet-- and then he grabbed me--

KORVER (CONT'D)

WE'RE HUMAN--

He had lost his mind-- in the explosion--

His hands went under my chin. Could feel him undoing my helmet buckle. I stopped him-- instinct kicked in-- I FOUGHT HIM BACK.

KORVER (CONT'D)

HUMAN-- HUMAN--

CALE

WHY-- STOP--

MY HAND SLIPPED-- HE GOT TO THE BUCKLE-- LIFTED MY HELMET--

CHRIS KORVER. MOMENTS EARLIER.

LOCATION: OTHER SIDE OF SPHINX

REF: 450, Pg.133

I was on my back. In a daze. Looking at the world upside down as alien craft crashed down behind me. I looked at the **flames.**

KORVER

...fire.

I blinked. Looked up at the SERPENTINE SPHINX soaring overhead. We were at a different angle-- on its left side now, instead of its right:

AND MY MIND LITERALLY FROZE. WITH SHOCK.

FROM THIS ANGLE, THE REPTILIAN FACE OF THE SPHINX, LOOKED LIKE THE MALE FACE OF A HUMAN BEING.

Just like the optical illusions of the GROUND RADAR-- the ALIEN CRAFTS-- the CAVE DRAWINGS, and ART WORKS, this great SERPENTINE SPHINX had another face.

Looked at in this way, from this angle, the FACE OF THE SPHINX STOPPED LOOKING ALIEN, AND STARTED LOOKING HUMAN.

IT WAS HUMAN

The craft were closer than ever now-- saw multiple flashes growing brighter--

KORVER (CONT'D)

stop-- STOP--

I pounded my helmet-- hit it hard-- tried to get their attention--

KORVER (CONT'D)

We're human-- we're human--

I took a breath-- UNBUCKLED MY HELMET. TOOK IT OFF--

KORVER (CONT'D)

WE'RE HUMAN -- ! WE'RE HUMAN-- !

I took a breath-- sucked AIR IN. COUGHED IT OUT, SUCKED ANOTHER DEEP BREATH-- COUGHED HARDER-- BUT I COULD BREATHE--

THINGS STARTED GETTING BRIGHTER-- I GRABBED, CALE, TRIED TO TAKE HIS HIS HELMET OFF-- HE FOUGHT ME--

KORVER (CONT'D)

HUMAN-- HUMAN-- WE'RE HUMAN-- DON'T KILL US-- STOP--

I RIPPED CALE'S HELMET OFF-- HE KICKED ME IN THE CHEST-- KNOCKING ME SEVERAL FEET BACK TO THE GROUND.

I got my bearings...looked at the crafts...their weapon lights were still hot...but they were holding their fire.

Cale looked at me with wonder as he choked in air. I pointed to the fire. Then up at the sky at the beams we had seen.

KORVER (CONT'D)

It's a dome-- oxygen-- inside the city--

A shadow fell over me, I turned to see a SPHERICAL CRAFT descending to the ground. It landed ten or fifteen feet away.

Its smorgasbords of black metallic surfaces opened up. And a smaller ENTITY emerged. Floated out. Similar to the one we saw in the cave.

It's 'tail' dragged on the ground, and it rotated in place.

KORVER (CONT'D)

...My name is Commander Christopher Korver, of the U.S. Air Force...

But I didn't say that. That came from the ENTITY. And this time it wasn't over the radio. It came from a speaker within it that we could hear. It continued emitting its recordings:

BRENNIN (UNKNOWN ENTITY)

Control, Brennan, our friends have stopped spinning.

CALE

What's it doing-- ?

GEN. SHAW (UNKNOWN ENTITY)

Captain. Your intentions are honorable. Nevertheless I am ordering you home.

KORVER

I don't kno--

MISSION CONTROL (UNKNOWN ENTITY)

--affirmed. It's important to us, that you understand we didn't want it to come out this way.

KORVER (UNKNOWN ENTITY)

WE'RE HUMAN-- WE'RE HUMAN--

Then it fell silent.

I could hear a hum coming from it.

Then it spoke. With stolen words. Each word was a word I had spoken; or Cale; or Brennan; at one point or another.

It used these words to construct a sentence, causing the entities voice to rise and fall in a *Frankenstein cadence*.

UNKNOWN ENTITY

you. Are. Human.

I looked at it. Unsure if it wanted a response. I said--

KORVER

Yes.

UNKNOWN ENTITY
60. Million. years. **Ago.**
HUMANKIND. Created. Us.

It paused again. Continued to rotate in place. Discordant voice--

UNKNOWN ENTITY (CONT'D)
HUMANKIND. Created. Us. **to.**
defend.

KORVER
Defend against who?

UNKNOWN ENTITY
Against. HUMANKIND. HUMANKIND.
(it paused)
Moon. HUMANKIND. **had.** war. *With.*
earth. HUMANKIND. **They.** destroyed.
each. Other.
(paused again)
we. **are.** *WHAT'S.* left. on. Moon.

I felt an unsettling fear while I looked at this thing--

KORVER
Then where did--

I pointed at Cale and I--

KORVER (CONT'D)
--we come from?

UNKNOWN ENTITY
from. **few.** who. Survived. ON.
earth.
(paused)
Culture. AND. technology. was.
rebuilt. **up.** **again.** Only. now.
have. HUMANITY. reached. **the.**
point. IT. *COULD.* return. TO.
moon. 60. Million. years. LATER.

KORVER
...thank you. For sparing us--
(pointed at Cale)
--our lives.

UNKNOWN ENTITY
IT. was. **Not.** our. DECISION.

I glanced at Cale.

KORVER
Whose decision was it?

UNKNOWN ENTITY

Moon. survivors.

KORVER

There's Moon survivors? Here?

UNKNOWN ENTITY

no.

It fell silent.

UNKNOWN ENTITY (CONT'D)

*they. are. on. DIFFERENT. Planet.
they. see. you. through us.
Thought. you. were. alien. UNTIL.
they. saw. your. FACE.*

CALE

Will they return?

It paused. Maybe was receiving information.

UNKNOWN ENTITY

*yes. SOON.*KORVER

When?

UNKNOWN ENTITY

When. HUMANITY. *is. ready.*

CALE

What is the criteria for 'ready'.

KORVER

Are we too violent? Or too aggressive?

UNKNOWN ENTITY

*not. YOU... THEM. Over. CENTURIES.
their. ability. TO. Destroy.
has. MULTIPLIED.*

It took me a moment to understand that answer. To comprehend what it meant. I rocked back on my heels. The gravity of its last words sinking in.

The ENTITY retreated. Floated back into its craft.

UNKNOWN ENTITY (CONT'D)

*We. will. repair. your. ships.
and. PROVIDE. safe. passage. TO.
earth.*

I stared after this thing. My legs felt weak. I stumbled, bumped into Cale. We held each other up.

CUT TO BLACK:

RICHARD BRENNIN.

LOCATION: *IN CERES 3 COMMAND MODULE*

REF: 451, Pg.160

A final shudder shook the module...

And I was amazed, I mean, dumbfounded, as I watched through the windows as the spheres departed...

The broken glass had been replaced. The structural cracks were no more. All damage had been repaired. By them...

I looked at it all and just shook my head. The module looked better than new...

POUND. POUND. POUND...

I floated to the air lock. Opened it. KORVER AND CALE were on the other side grinning from ear to ear...

We smothered each other with hugs. Laughed. There were probably some tears there too...

CUT TO BLACK:

KORVER (V.O.)
3 days later...

CHRIS KORVER.

LOCATION: *IN CERES 3*

REF: 450, Pg.201

--we splashed down into the Atlantic. Our heads bobbed at impact. We looked out. Could see the familiar ocean waters lapping against the glass.

KORVER (V.O.)
It was an environment, so different
from where we just came from.

CUT TO:

CHRIS KORVER.

LOCATION: *IN QUARANTINE BULL PEN*

REF: 450, Pg.203

I watched as the round containment door was banged shut, sealing the three of us inside.

I turned to my locker. Opened it. Pulled out a beat up manilla envelope. Inside of it were twenty or so **yellow letters** to Erika.

I reached in my chest pocket and took out my newest one. It was torn, ripped and moon-soiled. I smoothed it out, and slid it gently on top of the others.

I looked up at the guys.

KORVER (V.O.)

We should have been happy-- to be back home. But just looking at the guys faces I could tell that-- that for some reason, we weren't.

CUT TO BLACK:

LOCATION: MOBILE QUARANTINE FACILITY.

REF: 450, Pg.220

INTERVIEWER: [NAME REDACTED]

INTERVIEWEE: **KORVER, CHRISTOPHER**

[NAME REDACTED]

Why is that--?

KORVER

Why is what?

[NAME REDACTED]

Why aren't you happy to be back?

KORVER

Because after you see another world. Everything else? Gets kinda boring.

LOCATION: MOBILE QUARANTINE FACILITY.

REF: 451, Pg.231

INTERVIEWER: [NAME REDACTED]

INTERVIEWEE: **BRENNIN, RICHARD**

BRENNIN

I think my only regret. Over the entire thing, was that I didn't get to touch down. I mean, the UFO's-- they were amazing. But I wish I was able to walk the Moon.

TB

105.

[NAME REDACTED]
I think I can do one better than
that.

LOCATION: MOBILE QUARANTINE FACILITY.

REF: 452, Pg.72

INTERVIEWER: [NAME REDACTED]

INTERVIEWEE: **CALE, JUSTIN**

CALE
What are we talking about here, how
real is this?

[NAME REDACTED]
It's very real.

CALE
Show me.

LOCATION: MOBILE QUARANTINE FACILITY.

REF: 450, Pg.221

INTERVIEWER: [NAME REDACTED]

INTERVIEWEE: **KORVER, CHRISTOPHER**

[NAME REDACTED] pushes a folder over to Korver.

[NAME REDACTED]
Open it.

He does so.

[NAME REDACTED] (CONT'D)
What does that look like to you?

KORVER
A satellite infrared. Of an
underground city. Either on Earth--
or the Moon.

[NAME REDACTED]
No. Try Venus.

KORVER
I heard you-- but I didn't hear you.

[NAME REDACTED]
What are you doing for New Years?

CUT TO BLACK:

CONTINUE TO LAST PAGE

TB

TOP SECRET

AUGUST 16, 1973

MEMORANDUM FOR

William E. Colby, Director of Central Intelligence Agency

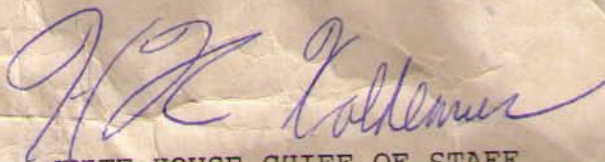
SUBJECT: Response to Lunar entity existence

As requested in conversation today, the President requires a comprehensive briefing [REDACTED] August [REDACTED]. He has specific questions he wants answered to the best of your capability. [REDACTED]

He is concerned about the surrogates claim that the ancient humans will return when they are "ready". Are there determinable calendar estimates for when this might occur?

He is particularly disturbed by the surrogates description of ancient humans as capable of greater 'violence' than us. Considering our own propensity for destruction, what degree of conflict can be anticipated with them? [REDACTED]

/S/ H.R. HALDEMAN



WHITE HOUSE CHIEF OF STAFF